ferers to obtain an official sanction for their worship, but all in vain. Meetings of the members were then held in private houses, in woods, and in the fields. The Prefect issued a decree forbidding them, but they continued to be held, notwithstanding the issue of summonses to the attendants from the police-offices. At length a prosecution was commenced against the pastors and certain members of these independent churches, and judgment was given on the 11th of last month. The defendants, ten in number, were accused of having held unauthorised religious meetings in various parts of Haute-Vienne. On presenting themselves for the hearing of the case, they were surrounded by a considerable number of their fellow-religionists, who had come from numerous villages of the neighbourhood, and comprised persons of all classes and ages. They were defended by M. Leblond, an advocate from Paris, and by Messrs. de Valcourt and E. de Pressense, delegates from the Evangelical Society of France. The conduct throughout the examination was full of frankness. On being asked whether they had been present at the forbidden meetings, one and all replied in the affirmative, adding that they had done so from conscientious motives. "I was present," said one of them, the venerable father of a family with white locks,—"I was present as often as I could be."—The public prosecutor rested his case on the existing law, which requires official leave to be given, before religious bodies, unrecognised and unpaid by the State, can enjoy public worship according to their own views. After an eloquent and able defence from M. Leblond, and the reply of the public prosecutor, the Rev. E. de Pressense, having obtained the president's permission to add a few words for the defence, proceeded to address the court in a speech which produced a deep impression on the audience. The *Journal des Debats* here inserts a large part of this masterly address, and concludes its narrative as follows:—"Judgment was given at the same sitting. The defendants were ordered to pay the lowest fine prescribed by law, on the sole ground that these religious meetings were not authorised."

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Report

Of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Mic-Mac Missionary Society, held in the Temperance Hall, Halifax, Oct. 22.—From notes taken in Phonography by Mr. Henry Oldright, copied by Mr. Rand.

The President, Rev. Dr. TWINING, being detained at home by illness, J. W. RITCHIE, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents, took the chair, at 7½ o'clock, the spacious Hall being by this time pretty well filled. The meeting was opened by the singing of an original hymn to the good old-fashioned tune *Lenox*—one of the tunes they will sing in the Millenium,—and then the Rev. J. MILLAR offered prayer.

The chairman stated the object of the meeting. He regretted that the worthy President had been detained by illness, and read a note from Dr. TWINING indicating his deep interest in the Mission, and expressing his sorrow that he could not be present at the anniversary.

From the Report about to be submitted, it would be seen that some progress had been made during the year; that attempts had been made with some success to gather the Indians from their wanderings, and to furnish them with stated employment. It could not be a matter of surprise that a larger measure of immediate success had not attended those efforts. The Indians are widely scattered, and roving in their habits, and great pains are taken to prejudice them against our efforts. It cannot be supposed they will suddenly change. Still by patient perseverance, we may by the blessing of God, ere long look for the formation of a permanent settlement.

One effect of the enterprise upon ourselves deserves special notice—the *christian union* produced and cherished by it, among the different bodies of christians. It is thus doing good not only to the Indians but to all who are engaged in promoting it. The promotion of brotherly love, and charity among christians, is an object the importance of which in these times cannot be too highly estimated. He would not detain the meeting by any lengthened remarks, but call upon the Secretary, Rev. Mr. SPROTT, to read the Report.

The Report embodied a number of interesting facts, was well written and well read, and was listened to with the deepest attention. It referred to the purchase of land and the preparations going forward for a central missionary establishment at Hantsport. It stated that about a dozen families of Indians had during the winter resided there, and had been enabled to support themselves comfortably, while those in other parts of the Province had been reduced to starvation almost, and obliged to seek aid from the Legislature. It mentioned that a Legislative grant had been obtained for the support of a school, that the work of translation, and publishing of the Scriptures had been carried forward; that the Indians are learning to read and write. A specimen of Indian composition in a letter from an Indian to Mr. Rand was produced; the penmanship of which, it was stated, would "do credit to a schoolmaster." The letter contained a request to be allowed to join the mission at Hantsport, with his family. It was stated that some cases have already occurred exhibiting satisfactory proof of spiritual good. One touching instance was mentioned of the triumphant death of an Indian at Hantsport last winter, which might remind one of the passage of Bunyan's pilgrims through the river, and up to the celestial city through hosts of rejoicing angels, sounding their trumpets and shouting them welcome to the skies "while all the bells of the eternal city rang for joy as the pilgrims entered." "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

The financial Report was read, showing a large increase of collections and expenditures over the past year's, chiefly caused by the purchase of land and the Industrial Establishment

Rev. P. G. McGregor moved the adoption of the Report, and Chas. Robson, Esq., seconded the motion. The Report will be issued immediately and sent to Subscribers.

In moving its adoption, Mr. MCGREGOR spoke to the following effect:

He would move its adoption he said, because it had been carefully prepared, and because it was a correct Report of our proceedings during the past year. It was very concise, and he would refer to but a few points in it. He would not dwell long upon Mr. Rand's evangelistic labors. Some people might consider it very small business to be going about from wigwam to wigwam, getting one hearer here and two or three there endeavoring to set before them the truths of the bible. But it must be remembered that it was just such small business as this that the Lord of life and glory engaged in when he was here on earth. He went about among the poor, from hut to hut, and preached the gospel to them. He spoke to them in crowds, on the mountain top, in the ship, by the wayside; or individually, in the wilderness, at Jacob's well, or wherever he met them. No missionary need be ashamed to imitate his Divine master.

He next referred to the work of translation. Protestant missionaries never neglect this. Roman Catholic missionaries never attend to it. We must either give the Mic-macs the Bible or they must die without it. And in doing this we are following in the steps of our predecessors, Elliott, and Brainard, and the men who under God labored so long and so successfully in former times among the aborigines of America. It is a significant fact that the first bible ever published in America was published in native American—in the dialect of one of the Indian tribes. In 1646, Elliot's Indian New Testament was commenced. It was issued from the Cambridge press in 1661, and dedicated to King Charles II. Shortly after the whole bible followed, and the Indian grammar, on the last page of which was written the memorable sentence, that "prayers and pains through faith in Christ Jesus, can accomplish anything."

The history of Indian missions in America is divided into two great eras. The first was previous to the American Revolution, and the second was at the commencement of the present century. The bible, or portions of it, have continued to be translated into the different dialects from time to time until the present day, and now at last the heavenly boon has reached the poor Mic-macs. While the weapons of our warfare are of this character we have nothing to fear from our adversaries. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," is the watchword by which we conquer.

Then we are aiming to reclaim the young, to teach them to read, that they may bear the message of life to their parents and playmates, and grow up a generation to fear and serve God.—This has been the course pursued among other tribes, and with a great degree of success.—Among the Cherokees, Choktaws, Chippewas, and Creeks, and others, extensive operations have been going forward for the last forty years, tending to their civilization and evangelization, of which these nations and the whole world are reaping at the present day largely of the fruits.

We have bought land. We are about building premises, &c. We did not design this at the commencement of our efforts. We did not think of it. But the success of our labors and the necessities of the case have led us on. And in this we find we are doing just what they have been compelled to do in other cases. The Indians in order to send their children to school must have a permanent residence provided, and must be furnished with employment so as to support themselves. For this purpose they must have land. In some cases it has been granted by government. In some cases it has been provided by the Indians themselves, and in others, purchased by the Missionary Societies. There prevails an erroneous impression that an Indian cahnot be induced to support himself by continuous manual labor. Some of their own proverbs have tended to foster this impression.—Thus the "untutored Indian" says, "The great Spirit has given to the white-man the spade, the hoe and the plough; but to the red-man he has given the bow and the arrow, and the spear.—The chase, the council, and war are for men; women and hedgehogs may scratch in the earth."

In almost all cases more than one kind of missionary labour is employed. Mechanical and agricultural pursuits must be introduced, and persons are engaged to give instruction in these and other branches of civilization, in connection with the gospel which maketh wise unto salvation. And not only so, but they have boarding schools, where the children are taken and educated, and taught to conduct themselves properly, and are trained to usefulness in every way. This is what we must have.

We must not withhold our contributions and our exertions under the pretext that we are not sure of success. In all christian and benevolent enterprises our *duty* and our apparent *success*, are things quite different and distinct. Scarcely can the one ever be said to depend upon the other. "Go teach all nations," is the commission; "Go preach the gospel to every creature." The command is unrestricted by conditions. On this principle the Apostles and early Christians acted. On this principle the missionary movement of later days was commenced and continued. Christian England has sent her missionaries over the Atlantic, and thence across the Pacific, and to the far-off New Hebrides, whither one of our own number, whom we lately met in this hall, is about to proceed. Every where her labours have been crowned with success. But the prospect of success has not been in all cases the ruling motive to action. Often have long years of toil and discouragement tried the faith and the patience of the saints. But the word of the Almighty, and the hand of the Redeemer from on high has beckoned the laborers onward, and success has at last crowned their efforts.

We must bear in mind that no obligation to faithful untiring efforts rests upon our missionary, which does not rest equally on us who send him forth, and engage to sustain him by our countenance, our sympathy, our contributions, and our prayers. If our annual contributions are too small to meet growing demands, we must increase them. Success in missionary efforts always calls for enlarged support. It is a happy circumstance then that more money is needed.

Some may say that the Indians have the gospel already. But this is not the case. They are ignorant of the gospel, and are looking to us for it. Shall they not have it? Every benevolent heart must respond, they shall!

The Rev. DAVID FREEMAN, moved the second Resolution as follows:

Resolved, "That the wretched condition of the Indians, ignorant as they are in a great measure of the Word of God, and sunk in superstition, vice and misery, is deeply to be deplored; and that no efforts, and no sacrifices which may tend to disenthral them can be deemed too great for the object."

Mr. Freeman spoke to the following effect. The facts stated in the Report, and those adduced by the previous speaker, seemed nearly to have exhausted the subject. Still he would refer to them again. He would speak from the last clause of the Resolution first. Surely no efforts can be deemed too great which may be the means of delivering man from temporal and eternal perdition. Surely it ought to reach every heart and move every mind, to reflect on the position we occupy with refrence to those denizens of the forest. They have faded away before us.—We have taken possession of their lands, their lakes and rivers, their hills and villages, and they must ultimately be extirpated unless the work of destruction is arrested. It is the work of duty and charity which is aimed at by the Mic-mac mission.

Many people suppose that it is wholly useless to attempt to evangelize and civilize Indians. They say, some may be saved—one here and another there, but as a general rule the race cannot be elevated. Well, to save *one* soul is worth all our efforts, and infinitely more. But the voice of history destroys the theory that the barbarous races cannot be raised into the scale of intelligence and morals. The most degraded nations on the face of the globe have in both ancient and modern times, been reached and regenerated by the gospel. Look at Britain. What is she now? What was she once? And what does she not owe to the Bible, the gospel of salvation? What was she when that gospel dawned upon the world, and its great author came as a light in the midst of our darkness? No less barbarous, no less degraded was she than the Indians of this continent. What were the Germans then? Those regions of the earth which are now the very centre of civilization and gospel light, were a few centuries ago shrouded in moral gloom. Then why should not the Indian be blessed? Surely "the arm of the Lord is not shortened that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy that it cannot hear."

It is true that some of the Indian tribes of America have totally disappeared. Would that it were as manifest that no guilt attaches to us an account of it! But other tribes have risen and made great advance in civilization. Mr. McGregor has referred to this fact, and I need not dwell upon it. I lately read an interesting account of a camp-meeting held near Kingston, which a party of Indians were invited to attend They landed near the place, took up their cooking utensils, their tents, and canoes, and marched in Indian file into the centre of the "camp." There they arranged their canoes around in a circle, as a wall of protection; they erected their camp-poles and spread over them their coverings, and then engaged in the devotional exercises of the meeting. They had a native preacher among them. On one occasion he was requested to interpret into English what he had been saying to his people in Indian. I will read you the address "Me tellum my people they must all put away their sins and pray to Great Spirit; and the Great Spirit him give 'em new eyes to see with, and new ears to hear with, and new hearts to understand. Me tellum Indian women they must washum blanket clean and live all the same like white woman. Me tellum all they must turn from sin, and"—waving his hand as tho' smoothing everything away,—"den God make all road smoothe and even before you walk in."

The Indian races away beyond the Arkansas are rising rapidly in civilization. They have large farms; they live in comfortable houses; they have their schools, their places of worship, and their Halls of Legislation. They make their own laws, print them, execute them, and are a thriving and a rising people.

But we may find instances to the point in our own land. The march of progress is indicated by this meeting. Why, thirty years ago such a meeting could hardly have been got up here for such a purpose. Then just go out to the head of the North West Arm; there you will find an Indian house. I went out the other day with Mr. Rand to see the family residing in it. It is quite a snug little affair. It is ceiled—a nice cooking-stove occupies a conspicuous place—a bedroom is partitioned off in one corner, and there is a place for the children to sleep up stairs. Other instances occur in other parts of the Province, and other evidences may be witnessed of their capacity for instruction and improvement, resulting from the labors of your Society.

I lately heard Mr. Rand read to the Indians and converse with them. I noticed particularly the influence an ability to converse in their own tongue exercised over them. The flash of the eye, the smile of the countenance, und the volubility, the eloquence which was awakened by his remarks, were striking. I listened to it for about an hour, Mr. Rand occasionally explaining the theme of conversation. The people of the house were not present. But there was a woman there who had never seen Mr. Rand before.—She was glad to see him, she said, she had often heard of him. She stated that her own English was so deficient that she was ashamed to speak in that language. She wished that the two races were on more friendly terms. This resolution speaks of the moral degradation of the Indians. That poor woman, among other things, told how ill she had been treated by those who were bound to protect her. Her own kindred were so bad that she could not live with them, she said.

Mr. F. then gave an instance which had just come under his own eye, illustrative of the same point, and also mentioned a conversation he had just had with an Indian, which went to prove how superstitious they are, and closed his remarks by urging the Society to renewed efforts. "The great day alone can reveal all the good which has already been done, and no consideration should induce us to relax our efforts."

[To be Continued.]

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

Obituary Notices.

MRS. SPRAWL.

Sweet indeed are the consolations of the gospel in this world of bereavement, disease, and death, to those who have been called to part with one whose memory is blessed, and whose voice, though hushed in death, yet speaketh to the internal ear, and awakens many hallowed recollections! SARAH SPRAWL, the subject of this memoir, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in the year 1781, and died at West Brook, County Cumberland, on the 11th July, 1855, having just completed her 74th year. In early life she sought and found the joys of God's great salvation, and experienced in a very high degree the efficacy of that blood which cleanses from sin, enjoying in a most satisfactory manner the consolations of the gospel flowing from a firm trust in God her Saviour. She united herself with the Presbyterian Church, with whose members she walked for many years in the greatest harmony, preserving the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. She ever discarded that narrow-minded bigotry which would have hindered her from loving all those who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity. She frequently attended the means of grace in use among the Methodists, such as Band-meetings, Love-feasts, &c.; and with a responding heart she heard them speak of the wonderful works of God.

In the year 1819, after a painful separation from the people of her choice, she embarked with two small children to follow her husband (who had left three years previous), whom she joined, and finally settled in this place. Here the means of grace were small compared with the abundance she enjoyed at home; consequently she lost much of that joy which "is unspeakable," and frequently was she powerfully tempted to hang her harp upon the willow, as it at times appeared impossible to sing the song of Zion in so strange a land. Yet a brighter day began to dawn on the place of her residence; a gracious revival of religion commenced in the autumn of 1841 under the ministry of the Rev. S. T. Rand, Baptist Minister, which was succeeded by another some years afterwards under the ministry of the Rev. W. C. Beals, Wesleyan Minister, in both of which she largely partook of the spirit's influence. During the latter she united herself with the Wesleyan Church. Shortly after this time she was confined by sickness to her room; and for upwards of three years she suffered the most excruciating pain, arising from a complication of diseases, yet she never murmured, never repined, but in the midst of it expressed her confidence in God, and her blissful hope of everlasting life.

She retained her faculties unimpaired until within a few weeks of her death; and when those symptoms of death appeared which are preludes to the stern messenger's arrival, she hailed them with conscious satisfaction; and when her speech partially failed on the day of her death, she would press her daughter's hand in an unusual manner, and fix her eyes in a manner expressive of her willingness doubtless to depart to be with Christ. Shortly after this she made a sign to be removed, and without a struggle or a groan she slept in Jesus, leaving a sorrowful husband and family to mourn the loss of one endeared by the strongest ties.

The text she selected was the 3rd chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, verse 24, which was improved by the Rev. James McKay, Presbyterian Minister, in the absence of the Rev. James Buckley at Conference, in a very appropriate and impressive discourse, and while the Christian's hope was clearly pointed out all present must have been constrained to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his." JAMES SPRAWL.

West Brook, Sept. 1855.

MR. ZACCHEUS FOWLER, OF WESTFIELD.

Died, at Westfield, N. B., August 12th, 1855, Mr. ZACCHEUS FOWLER, aged 24 years, son of Mr. Stephen Humbert Fowler. In personal appearance he was very prepossessing, being in stature considerably above the ordinary height, and having a well-developed form, with a countenance the most attractive; and, until recently, he would have been regarded by a casual observer as a strong and healthy man. But, notwithstanding these favourable indications, he had been in declining health for about two years previous to his decease. Consumption had sealed him for its victim. The past winter he spent in the West Indies, journeying from island to island, hoping thus to recruit his failing health. On his return from his pilgrimage among strangers to the home of his youth and the household of his kindred, he seemed cheered with the idea that the progress of the disease was stayed, that his bright hopes would be realised, and that the opportunities of health would be his again. But very soon unfavourable symptoms appeared, and the speedy approach of death seemed inevitable. Relinquishing all hope of a return to health, he began to seek a preparation for death, a work which he now very deeply lamented having so long deferred. He was led, however, to look upon the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and to exercise that faith in the Redeemer through which alone he felt that he could be accepted of the Father.—And while the "silver cord" was being loosed, and the "golden bowl" was about to break, and he felt that he was entering "the dark valley of the shadow of death," he was supported by grace Divine, and calmly and peacefully he passed away, at noon, on the Lord's day, to be with that Lord, which is far better.

May this dispensation be sanctified to the highest good of those who sorrow for the departed one; and as they have had to drink deep and often of the cup of affliction, and which has not yet been taken from them, may they have faith in an overruling and a good Providence. And may it be theirs to live the life of faith in the Son of God, and to enjoy a close and intimate communion with Him. And when the toils, and sorrows, and vicissitudes of this life shall have passed away, may they meet with those who have crossed the flood, in that better land, where God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of the redeemed, forevermore.

D. D. CURRIE.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1855.

The Micmac Mission.

WE have much pleasure in surrendering a portion of our space this week to the Report kindly furnished us of the Meeting of this Society on Monday evening the 22nd ult. We commend the cause to the Christian co-operation of our readers. It is a deep reproach to us that we have so long neglected the spiritual interests of the Indian He is clothed with the same immortality which gives to the white man his dignity. His soul is precious in the sight of God. The blood of Christ was shed to save it from destruction. And if we permit him to perish for want of the bread of life which God has entrusted us with, and requires us to dispense, have we not reason to dread the sentence, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink. . . Verily I say unto you, *Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.*"

Rev. J. A. James.

The celebration of the jubilee of this eminent and excellent man, as Minister of the Carrihan Congregational Chapel, Birmingham, was, as our readers will gather from the perusal of the article on our first page, an occasion on which the representatives of various religious denominations united with cordial agreement to do honor to one who for half a century has been prominent in every good work.

Mr. James is known by the productions of his pen as well in America as in England, and those who are acquainted with him only through his writings will delight to mark the universal esteem in which he is held by those who have been privileged with the familiarity of personal intercourse.

The address which the Rev. Peter McOwan read in behalf of the Wesleyans of Birmingham paid a graceful tribute to the enlarged Christian charity for which Mr. James is so conspicuous; it referred to the readiness with which on many occasions he has advocated the cause of Wesleyan Missions, and gratefully acknowledged the benefit which Wesleyans at large have derived from his works.

From the St. John Church Witness

Nova Scotian Church Affairs.

Our correspondence from the sister Province multiplies. We have received two communications from "Nova Scotian," in reference to ecclesiastical affairs in that diocese, the one upon the "*Bishop's Chapel*," the other upon the "*Synod*" (so called). In regard to the latter subject we have frequently expressed our opinion, and see no reason, from any information we have since acquired, to alter it. As to the former, we know nothing of the facts of the case, except what we derive from the communications of "Observer" and "Nova Scotian." The first rejoiced that a chapel was opened for the poor, and, we believe, contemplated this design as one that was about to be realized; he anticipated that the poor man would really find encouragement to go there, and when there, have his soul nourished with wholesome food. "Nova Scotian" intimates that such is not, in point of fact, the case; that the fashionable attendance at the chapel interferes with the attendance of the poor; that innovations are introduced which are inconsistent with the simplicity of our Protestant worship; and he more than implies, that the style of preaching is not well calculated to feed the "hungry sheep." These are matters of fact which we have no means of testing, further than by the respectability of the source from whence the information comes. This responsibility, therefore, we leave with our correspondent, and proceed to remark upon the abstract questions which his communication brings under our notice. And first, as to the *attendance* at a free chapel for the poor. We do not object to the commingling of the rich and poor. This is scriptural and desirable. But if the rich attend in such numbers as to *exclude* the poor, we think it highly objectionable. They have their pews in other churches and can attend at other times. It is not, therefore, fair, to usurp the only place which the poor man can attend. Again, if they go in fine costumes, so as to shame the poor man in his homely dress, we think they sin against their poorer brethren. It is quite true this is not a sufficient excuse for the poor man's non-attendance; but he must attend the chapel to learn this; and if the rich put impediments in his way, they are responsible for his neglect. The fine dressing of the age is very inconsistent with the simplicity of the christian character. Neither Peter nor Paul would have approved of it. We do not advocate the abolition of the distinction of ranks in society; or object to their being marked by a costume suitable to their respective conditions. But there is a medium in all things; and we much fear that, in the article of dress, that medium is very little regarded. We do not believe that the most expert milliner could, by any perfection of her art, interweave 1 Tim. ii. 9, and 1 Peter iii, 3, among the roses, pinks, heliotropes, apple blossoms, violets, jasmins, and lilies, that encircle the rim of the bonnets that the ladies now wear, in such a manner as to make the tints harmonize and the expression uniform. And what we say of the fineries of the dress, we may with equal truth affirm of all the tinsel with which the vitiated tastes of the age is endeavoring protessedly to ornament, but really to disfigure, the plain, honest, noble simplicity of our Protestant worship. One old-fashioned reading desk is worth all the lecterns and inventions for diversifying the attitudes of the clergyman, which have emanated from mediæval fancies. The whole race of novelties drawn from these sources is bad. At best they only divert the attention from more essential things. If they are substitutes for the Gospel, they are poison to the soul; if associates of it, they only mar its lustre. The truth needs no such decorations to commend it—

"No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile."

Let it be spoken in its simplicity, and it will reach the heart. The common people will hear it gladly; and the glorious Author of it will take care that it shall go home to their souls "in demonstration of the spirit and of power."

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that we mean these remarks to be *general*. The topics have been brought under our notice by our communications from Nova Scotia; but how far they are or are not applicable to anything which exists there, is for those to determine who have the opportunity of seeing and hearing for themselves. One thing we are well assured of, viz., if they are superfluous in regard to Nova Scotia, there are other localities to which they have their relevancy. The bow shot at a venture does not always fail in its results.

Roman Catholic Priesthood in America.

It has frequently been the subject of remark among Protestants that the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, is made up principally of persons of a foreign birth—Various conjectures have been indulged in as to the cause of this, and it has sometimes been looked upon as an indication of the anti-American spirit of the Roman Catholic church. It would seem, however, from some statements in the "Catholic Herald" of Philadelphia, which speaks in rather desponding terms of the prospects of the priesthood of this country for the future, that it has rather been the result of necessity, than of design or choice. There is a great unwillingness among the American Roman Catholics to enter the ranks of the priesthood, and hence in order to furnish the requisite supply to meet the wants of the people, the Church has been obliged to get her priesthood from abroad. The great body of them, it would seem, come from Ireland, and as the prospects of a future supply from this quarter are rather unfavourable, fears are indulged in as to the consequences to the Church. In reference to this point, the "Herald" holds the following language:

"Whence come Roman-Catholic priests to this diocese of Pensylvania, or rather from what quarter comes the material out of which they are fashioned? Few of these young men are natives of France, comparatively few are natives of this country, and without doubt the main portion of the supply is of Irish origin.

Catholicity is not very likely to be a fashionable creed in this country, for many years, if indeed it ever become so, and one of the last pursuits that Catholic parents, rich or poor, are likely to desire for their children, is the ministry of Roman Catholicism. Weak, well-meaning fathers and mothers won't encourage their sons to an avocation that will bring to their offspring obloquy along with it. So that the States are not likely to supply the ranks of the priesthood with many soldiers. and though, hitherto, Ireland, in the exhuberance of its Catholicity, has been supplying us with as many priests as would meet the exigencies of the mission here, still it cannot be doubted that the Hibernian supply is on the decline—and every year brings us less priests from that country, and less young men desirous of becoming priests, than the preceding year did. The excellent seminary of St. Charles, in this city, which had in it, a year or two years since, nearly fifty students, does not now number more than half that amount."—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

From late English Papers.

THE WAR.

(Extracts from Correspondence.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—Sept 25.—There is no sign of any present intention on the part of the enemy to abandon their position on the north side. The celerity with which they throw up and finish the most formidable-looking redoubts on the land and sea side is astonishing. They are admirable diggers, and Marshal Turenne, I believe it was, who was wont to say that as many battles were won by the spade as by the musket. The fire across the roads increases in frequency and severity every day, and we have to record the loss of two men in the Buffs and a few trifling casualties from the enemy's guns, but the mortars of the French must have caused serious injury and impediment to the Russian workmen, and have greatly damaged their magazines. The Anglo French commission sits daily, and is busy apportioning the spoils of war found in the town. The number of guns of all kinds captured exceeds 4000; immense quantities of small arms have been carried off by the soldiers and sold, but there are still piles of them remaining. As the Russians lost 18,000 men betweeen the morning of the 5th and evening of the 8th of September, is likely that we captured at least 18,000 stands of arms, not to mention the muskets in store, &c., which belonged to men rendered hors de combat during the preceding part of the siege. The commission acts on the principle of dividing the spoils in proportion to the number of men actually borne on the strength of the respective armies in the camps before Sebasopol. Their labours were interrupted the other day by a Russian shell, which scarcely gave them time to adjudicate on the proprietorship of its splinters, as it burst as soon as it fell through the roof of the building in which they were sitting. If the Russians are spiteful, they will open fire some fine day on the town and make it to hot to hold us; indeed the Buffs are to be withdrawn at present, and the strength of the French in the town is to be diminished, as a useless display of force only draws the fire of the enemy's batteries. The great Road from Kadekoi to the camp gets on but slowly, but a really great work is in the course of execution in cutting a kind of canal for the waters of the streamlet which runs through the waters of the flat, marshy land close by the Railway between Kadekoi, and the top of the harbour. This work will materially tend to the strength and efficiency of the railway in winter, and will carry off the surface water which turned the whole of this marsh into a lake in winter. The Sardinians are at work on the railway from the Woronzoff Road to the main line at Kadekoi; but our engineers declare that they take such pains in elaborating, polishing, and finishing off trenches and cuttings as to lose valuable time. The French have not yet done anything towards the execution of the line laid down by Mr. Campbell from the Col de Balaklava to Kamiesch. It is creditable to Mr. Beatty's and Mr. Campbell's skill that the engineers of the Army Works Corps have not been able to devise a better line for their road than that which these gentlemen laid down for the tramway for the whole of its course. Balaklava has ceased to exist. There are only some dozen of the original houses left scattered here and there amid iron storehouses, mountainous piles of wood heaps of coal, of corn, of forage, of shot and shell, and of stores multitudinous. The harbour is trenched upon by new quays and landing places, and two long wooden jetties project far into its waters at the shallow head of the harbour, and render good service by taking the pressure of the quays at the waterside. And yet, with all this huge accumulation of stores, such a ravenous devouring animal is an army that there are some fears that we shall run short of fuel and of flour during the winter. It is astounding to hear that not a sack of flour fit for our purposes can be found in the East, and Sir George Maclean the indefatigable commissary-general, has been obliged to send by telegraph to England for 4000 bags of that necessary. In a few days the issue of bread will probably cease, and the soldiers will be obliged to go back to biscuit till fresh supplies are forthcoming. At the present moment the quantity of corn issued daily for horses, mules, and ponies in the British army is not less than 28,000 lb. The fine weather will enable us to clear the quays at Balaklava, and to accumulate stores at our divisional depots, but steps must speedily be taken to protect these stores from rain and storm. Notwithstanding the cessation of the most arduous duties of the army, and the improvement, or rather the creation of roads, the teachings of experience, and all the efforts of the authorities, I believe there will be much hardship and suffering, incidental and inseparable, perhaps from the position of our army during the winter, even if they are all hutted. At present there is not a twentieth of the men in huts. It will be hard work to make up for lost time should the huts arrive in time, and our officers are taking an exceeding wise step in sending into Sebastopol for wood. A immense train of carts, waggons, &c., went down this morning into the city to get wood out of the ruined and dilapidated houses. A tent can be made very comfortably for the winter, but single canvass is poor protection against the blasts which sweep over these dreary steppes, with the thermometer at 10 degrees. Many of the officers are hutted, or have sunk semi-subterranean residences or mined for sunken double tents, and the camp is studded all over with the dingy roofs, which at a distance look much like an aggregate of molehills. The soldiers are exceedingly healthy, and we have escaped, thank God, the diseases of the Crimean September in a wonderful manner. In order to prevent ennui or listlessness after the great excitement of so many months in the trenches, the generals of division are taking pains to drill our veterans, and to renew the pleasures long-forgotten, of parades, field-days, and inspections. In all the open ground about the camps, the visitors may see men with Crimean medals and Balaklava and Inkermann clasps, practising goose step or going through extension movements, learning, in fact the A B C of their military education, though they have seen a good deal of fighting and soldiering. Still there must be periods when the most inveterate martinets gets tired, and now the soldier, having nothing else to do, avails himself of the time and the money to indulge in the delights of the canteens. Brigade and divisional field-days fill up the week with parades and regimental inspections. Road-making occupies some leisure hours, but the officers have very little to do, and it is difficult to kill time, riding about Sebastopol, visiting Balaklava, foraging at Kamiesch, or hunting about for quail, which are occasionally after the north wind had blown, found in swarms all over the steppe, and form most grateful additions to the mess table. There is no excitement in front; the Russians are immovable in their position at Mackenzie's Farm. The principal streets of Sebastopol have lost the charm of novelty and possession. Even Cathcart's Hill is deserted, except by the "look-out officer" or by a few wandering strangers and visitors.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 29.—The contrast between the actual proceedings of the allied armies since the 9th of this month and the fevered dreams in which the public at home, as represented by the press, are indulging, is as striking as it is painful. The Russians, so far from flying in discomfort, over boundless wastes, are calmly strengthening their position on the north side. The face of the country bristles with their cannon and their batteries. As I write the roar of their guns is sounding through our camp, and occasionally equals the noise of the old cannonades, which we fondly hoped had died into silence for ever. There is no trace of any intention on their part to abandon a position on which they have lavished so much care and labour. They retired from the south side when it became untenable, shaken to pieces by a bombardment which it is impracticable for us to renew. They have now between themselves and us a deep arm of the sea, a river, and the sides of a plateau as steep as a wall. We let them get off at their leisure, and looked on, much as we would have gazed on the mimic representation of such a scene at Astley's, while the Russian battalions filed in endless column over the narrow bridge, emerging in unbroken order out of that frightful sea of raging fire and smoke, which was tossed up into billows of flame by the frequent explosions of great fortresses and magazines. What time our generals woke up and knew what was going on I cannot tell, but it is certain that they did not as a body distress themselves by any violent efforts to get a near view of the enemy's movements *early* in the morning. It was late in the day when Fort Paul blew up. At about 5 30, as well as I can now recollect, that magnificent work was shaken violently, heaved upwards, seemed to fly into pieces—the breaking masonry and embrasures emitting sheets of white smoke, lighted up fire—and then collapsed, as it were, into ruins. The mine missed in the first instance; but, so cool were the enemy, so perfectly satisfied of our inaction were they, and so convinced they had awed us by their tremendous energy in destruction, that they sent across a boat with a few men in her, about half-past 4 o'clock in the evening, who quietly landed and went into the fort, and were seen by several people in the act of entering, in order to prepare for the explosion which followed immediately after they had retired. Spies have, however, informed the authorities in the most positive manner that the Russians were prepared to retreat, and had all in readiness to cover a retrograde movement, in case the fleet succeeded in forcing a passage, and the allies evinced a determination of throwing their whole force against the north side. Their field guns and guns of position were all in readiness, and were strengthened by a very large corps of cavalry, which would hold our infantry in check, and our cavalry could not, of course, get over the water in less than several days, nor could it gain the heights of Mackenzie unless the infantry had previously established themselves there. Every thing was foreseen and calculated, and the Russians were in hopes that they might catch us at a disadvantage amid some of their fortified positions in a difficult country, and retrieve their past disasters, or, at all events, make a masterly retreat. But when they saw that all was hesitation, if not confusion, in the army of the allies, they recovered their courage, stared the situation in the face for one moment, and the next were busily employed in making the best of it, and they have now erected such batteries as to shut up the harbour to our present navy, and to render any attempt to cross it as rash as it would be undesirable. Yesterday they *finished* a new line of batteries, to-day *we begin* to make some in reply. The papers which arrived yesterday must be amusing to the authorities, for they have assuredly falsified all those absurd anticipations of further victory, of utter routs, of vigorous pursuit, and of energetic action, in which these mere writers and readers—men who have read *Thucydides* till they are stupified, and have muddled their brains poring over histories of wars and lives of Generals, and who have musty traditions about your Cæsars, Alexanders, Bonapartes, and Wellingtons, involving disagreeable inferences and comparisons—have ridiculously and unjustifiably indulged.

On the north side there are few houses, but there are very large magazines. First, on the western extremity of the northern shore stands Fort Constantine. The roof is covered in to a great depth with sandbags, and there are large guns mounted on it *en barbette*, but there are a large number of the embrasures empty, and do not show guns. A very heavy parapet with traverses—in fact, a line of batteries—strikes out from the north side of the fort, and crests the seaward face of the cliff, communicating with the Wasp Fort, Star Fort, and the works of the sea defences towards the mouth of the Belbek. Next to Constantine, on the harbour, there is a large earthwork, with heavy guns, behind which is the citadel, which has recently been much strengthened, and is in a commanding position on a hillside. Next come more earthworks, a large stone storehouse, and the casemated walls of Fort Catherine, with two tiers of guns; then more earthworks, till the line of defence merges into the works at Inkermann. In fact, Fort Constantine, Sivernaia, Fort Michael, and Fort Catherine, with their connecting works, and the citadel and forts in their rear, form one great battery, too far to injure us seriously behind Sebastopol, but quite able to withstand any infantry attack from the south side. The difficulty of the north side was foreseen all along—foreseen, but not provided for. In fact, there was no step taken to insure the possession of the fruits of our labour. We did not prepare for success, and we have now to face a new campaign, and the Russians have seven or eight months to strengthen themselves, to recruit their exhausted army, to gather new *materiel*, and to dispute our progress with fresh slaughter, which leaves us victory but half enjoyed.

The British army is busily engaged road-making, hutbuilding, and drilling. Large parties go down every day to Sebastopol and return with timber, doors, window-frames, joists, slabs of marble and stonework, grates, glass, locks, iron, Stourbridge firebricks, of which a large quantity was found, and various other articles of use in camp, and the huts which arise on every side are models of ingenuity in adapting Russian property to British and French uses. As yet, however, the vast majority of the soldiers are under canvas, and are likely to be so for a couple of months longer. The trenches—those monuments of patient suffering, of endurance, of courage—will soon be no more. The guns are withdrawn; indeed, they are now nearly all gone. The gabions are going fast, for the men have received permission to use them for fuel—the earthworks will speedily sink, and next spring few traces will be left of the existence of these memorable works. It is melancholy amid all these sounds of rejoicing and victory, to think that an army has been all but lost and swallowed up in these narrow dykes, and that it was "done by mistake." Our engineers drew their lines, and to them they adhered, although the Russians taught them better every day. After all, when our attack was made, the men had to run over the open for upwards of 200 yards. Let any one try to run such a distance over broken ground with a rifle and 50 rounds of ball catridge, and then say whether he is in a good condition for hard fighting at the end of it. The French had just 10 metres to run across. They had more men to work, and easier ground between the Mamelon and Malakoff, but the question is, ought our men to have been called on for such a death run at all?

The firing into the town is occasionally very heavy, and it is returned with spirit by the French mortars, and by a few guns in position. The roads advance slowly, but are solidly and well-made as far as they go, and the railway is assuming an appearance of solidity and permanence which gives satisfactory assurance of its efficiency for the winter.

I have not seen any version of the little affair at Kertch in which the 10th Hussars were engaged, but I have heard many various reports and statements on the subject, and it is said the despatch containing the particulars was lost between Balaklava and head-quarters. It is reported that a small force of the 10th went out to patrol the country towards Arabat, and that when marching in loose order they were suddenly attacked by a strong party of Cossack cavalry, who succeeded in killing two, wounding three or four, and taking 15 men prisoners. The rest of the Hussars cut their way through the enemy, and are said to have left 40 of