

placed before them. When completed, as above, it will contain 2078 pipes; against 1700 pipes; and 45 draw stops in the Toronto Organ; like that Organ it also contains two pairs of bellows, which however may be blown by either two or one person, and are admirably arranged, being placed along each side of the Organ, and connected in the centre by wind trunks. By this means a passage is formed between them, which affords increased facilities in reaching the action; a capital contrivance, and one which will be found extremely useful. There are 11 wind chests against 8 in the Toronto Organ; and to finish our comparison, that Organ is 25 feet by 13; height 46 feet; this is 26 by 22, and the height of the case, when put up, will be 50 feet.

We have very much pleasure in bearing testimony to the admirable arrangements of the interior of the instrument. This is a matter of great moment, and it has evidently claimed the careful attention of the talented builder, who seems determined to out-do all his former efforts, in his laudible anxiety to make his instruments as perfect as possible, both in respect to tone, materials, workmanship and finish.

Strangers will find the Organ well worthy of their attention; and parties in want of Organs for their Churches, &c., will do well to obtain a hearing and inspection of this magnificent instrument. G. F. G.

On Tuesday and Thursday the annual examination of pupils, and distribution of prizes, took place at the College of Montreal and at the St. Mary's College. We must however postpone our report of the proceedings until next week.

His Honor the Mayor has called a public meeting of the citizens of Montreal for noon to-morrow, at the City Concert Hall, in order to take the necessary steps for giving a fitting reception to Mons. De Belzeve of the French Corvette *Capricieuse*, who is daily expected.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE IN TORONTO.—We read in the *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto that the Reverend gentlemen of the St. Michael's Seminary are about to commence their new buildings on Clover Hill.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—Mr. John Keenan of Lindsay, an Irish Catholic of the Diocese of Toronto, writes to His Lordship the Bishop, engaging himself to contribute the sum of \$1,000 for the House of Providence; \$200 cash down, and the balance when called upon.

We have to return thanks for a copy of an "Essay on Canada," by J. Sheridan Hogan, Esq., to which was awarded the first prize by the Paris Exhibition Committee of Canada. The motto is appropriate—"Labor omnia vincit."

"Even Jews and Mormons could have claimed a share of public patronage for their schools."—*Montreal Witness*, July 11th.

It is thus that our saintly cotemporary sums up the atrocities of the Separate School Bill for Upper Canada, as it originally appeared, and as, with the sanction of the Catholic majority, it passed a second reading—"Even Jews and Mormons" would—had the Bill passed in its primitive form, and ere Protestant Liberalism had disfigured it with amendments—have been entitled, under its provisions, to equal civil rights with their Christian and Protestant fellow-citizens. And why not?—would we ask of the *Montreal Witness*. Are not Mormons as good as Methodists, and have not Jews as strong a claim on the country as Protestants? If you take a Jew's money, or the money of a Protestant of the Mormon persuasion, is not the Jew, or the Mormon, as much entitled to demand his share of public patronage for his schools, as is the Methodist or Presbyterian? It is amusing to see the insolence with which these Protestant sectaries treat better men than themselves—"Even Jews and Mormons"—forsooth!

A NEW PROTESTANT CHAMPION.—Mr. Gagy, a person who has acquired a certain degree of unenviable notoriety of late in our Canadian community, has come out strong, in the *Quebec Gazette*, on the Protestant interest. "Had I"—says this very honorable, and not at all egotistical gent.—we can't bring ourselves to apply the term gentleman to the notorious Gagy—"had I been Commissioner of Police there would have been no riot, no outrages committed on Protestant men and women in Protestant churches; still less any butcheries of Protestants at the doors of Protestant churches." Verily, we wish Protestantism joy of its new champion. The man and the cause are well matched.

The *Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions* is the title of a new evangelical journal published as a sort of supplement to the *Montreal Witness*, and especially devoted to the enlightenment of unhappy Canadian Papists. We find in it little worthy of note, save a highly interesting account of a religious revival at the *Point aux Trembles* institute for boys and girls, given by a Mr. Charles Roux. "This outpouring of the Spirit," we are told, "was quite unexpected and took us by surprise;" having occurred amongst the "flower of the establishment, all young men of prepossessing appearance, 18 to 24 years of age, robust and active." The "girls" were "looked bad" in a similar manner, and at the same moment several of them were converted, whilst still more were brought "under serious impressions." "O!" adds our informant, "what a delightful season it was." We should rather think it was. A good deal of "making the waist places glad."—So at least runs the Scripture, if our memory be not at fault.

PIC-NIC EXCURSION.—We would remind our readers that the Annual Excursion of the St. Patrick's Societies of this City, takes place on Wednesday next, the 18th instant.

We have received the first number of a new paper—*The Canadian Monarchist*—published at Ottawa upon Conservative, and as its name implies, monarchical, as opposed to democratic principles. It advocates a Federal Union of the Provinces, and the maintenance of our British connexion, as conducive to the promotion of the best interests of Canada; and strongly deprecates annexation to the neighboring States as "a humiliation to the true patriot."—We sincerely wish our new cotemporary a long life, and success in his advocacy of the principles which he so frankly enunciates. The *Canadian Monarchist* is well got up, and its appearance is highly creditable to its promoters.

The *Liberal Christian*, for July, has been received. The views of the Unitarian Protestant denomination are, as usual, advocated with much skill and courtesy. Amongst our Protestant theological periodicals, the *Liberal Christian* occupies the highest place.

We have to return thanks for a copy of the Report of the Superintendent of Education, in Lower Canada, which we will notice in our next. The Report is highly interesting.

The fourth of July passed off in the States without any serious casualties. There was an alarming amount of tall-talking, brilliant displays of fire works, and plenty of liquor. The Maine Law was a dead letter; and the anticipated disturbances betwixt the grog-sellers, and the Maine-acs at New York, were avoided by the prudent resolve of the Municipal Authorities not to attempt the enforcement of an absurd and impracticable law.

We have received the following letter from a non-paying subscriber:—

"London, C. W., July 9th, 1855.
"Please do not send me your paper any more, as I take more papers than I can read.
"I remain yours respectfully,
"P. DUBUC."

If Mr. Dubuc takes all his papers upon the same terms as those upon which, since the 26th of November, 1852, he has taken the *TRUE WITNESS*, he might well afford to take all the papers in the Province without being one penny the poorer. For upwards of two years Mr. Dubuc has been "taking" the *TRUE WITNESS*, but, unfortunately for us, has hitherto forgotten to comply with the usual formality of paying for what he "takes." We therefore, to save postage, take this opportunity of requesting him to remit to this office the sum of £1 13s 3d, in which he stands indebted to us. Perhaps if he paid for all the papers he took, he would soon find that he took no more than he could read.

To the exclusion of other matter, we copy from the "Special Correspondence of the London Times," the full particulars of the events of the 6th and 7th of June, and subsequent days:—

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—THE CAPTURE OF THE MAMELON AND THE QUARRIES.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, June 6.—For the third time our fire has opened along the whole range of positions. At half past 2 o'clock to-day 157 guns and mortars on our side, and above 300 on that of the French, awoke from silence to tumult. The design with which they are once more put into requisition is no doubt identical with that which has been promulgated of late by common anticipation. As much mischief as possible will be done to the Russian works for some four-and-twenty hours, and then, without parley, French and English will alike make a rush for the point nearest and most necessary to their further prosecution of the siege—the French for the Mamelon, ourselves for the pits or quarries which lie between our sap and the Redan. The two armies—one should say the four armies, but that of the Turks and Sardinians will hardly take a very prominent part in the trench work and assault—are now in strength equal to any achievement, and in spirits ever chiding the delay, and urging that one touch of the bayonet which makes all the world scamp, and even to-night Lord Raglan and General Pelissier have ridden through the camps amidst the hurrahs and acclamations of both their armies. Our fire was kept up for the first three hours with excessive rapidity, the Russians answering by no means on an equal scale, though with considerable warmth. On our side the predominance of shells was very manifest, and distinguished the present cannonade in some degree even from the last. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became apparent at various points before nightfall especially in the Redan, which was under the especial attention of the Naval Brigade. The Russians displayed however, plenty of determination and bravado. They fired frequent salvos at intervals of four and six guns, and also, by way of reprisals threw heavy shot up to our Light Division and on to the Picket-house-hill. After dark the animosity on both sides gave signs of relaxing, but the same relative advantage was maintained by our artillery.

June 7.—At 4 o'clock this morning a still and sluggish atmosphere, half mist, half the result of gunpowder, hung about the town, and the sun enflaming, as it were, all the points of view from his low level in the horizon, telescopes were put out of joint for the moment. As the day wore on it leaked out that the double attack would probably commence at 5 or 6 p.m. An immense concourse of officers, and men were gathered all the afternoon around the flagstaff on Cathcart's hill, and streamed along the spines of the three heights which wind towards Sebastopol from the English encampment. The fire on our side assumed a sudden fury about 3 o'clock, and was kept up from that hour to the critical moment with great activity. Between 5 and 6 Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill below the Limekiln, where it looks straight into the teeth of the

Redan. A flagstaff was erected with threatening ostentation shortly before he came down, and a little angle of rude wall was as hastily thrown up a breastwork. The man with the signal-rocket was in attendance, but there was a pause yet for a while. Sir Colin Campbell was observed to plant himself on the next summit still nearer to the enemy "commonly called," the Green hill. His appearance drew some fire, and the shells dropped and flashed close by, but without disconcerting his purpose of having a thorough good look-out place. It was about half-past six when the head of French attacking column came into view as it climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket was instantly thrown up as the signal of our diversion, and as instantly the small force of our men detached for the post of honour made a rush at the quarries. After one slight check they drove out the Russians, and turning round the gabions, commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon the more exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was directed to their conflict. The French went up the steep to the Mamelon in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye was upon their movements.—As an officer, who saw Bosquet wave them on, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds." In a moment some of these dim wraiths shone out clear against the sky.—The Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down in the place from above; the next moment a flag was up as a rallying-point and defiance, and was seen to sway hither and thither, now up, now down, as the tide of battle raged around it; and now like a swarm they were in the heart of Mamelon, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter here with the musket, there with the bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprise. Then there came a rush through the angle where they had entered, and there was a momentary confusion outside. Groups, some idle, some busy, some wounded, were collected on the higher side, standing to shelter, and now and then to the far corner a shell flew from the English battery facing it. But hardly had the need of support become manifest, and a gun or two again flashed from the embrasure against them, when there was another rush, another sharp bayonet fight inside, and this time the Russians went out, spiking their guns. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of Round Tower. Twice they were forced back by the onswelling flood of French, who fought as if they had eyes upon them to sketch the swift event in detail. For ten minutes or so the quick flash and roll of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosure. Then the back door, if one may use a humble metaphor, was burst open. The noise of the conflict went away down the descent on the side to the town, and the arena grew larger. It was apparent by the space over which the battle spread that the Russians had been reinforced. When the higher ground again became the seat of action,—when there came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former one was a mere reflux or eddy of the stream,—when rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French General's position, and seemed to emphasize by their repetition, some very plain command, we began to get nervous. It was growing darker and darker, too, so that with our glasses we could with difficulty distinguish the actual state of affairs. There was even a dispute for some time as to whether our allies were going in or out of the work, and the Staff themselves were by no means clear as to what was going on. At last, through the twilight, we discerned that the French were pouring in. After the interval of doubt, our ears could gather that the swell and babble of fight was once more rolling down the inner face of the hill, and that the Russians were conclusively beaten. "They are well into it this time," says one to another, handing over the glass. The musket flashes were no more to be seen within it. There was no more lightning of the heavy guns from the embrasures. A shapeless hump upon a hill, the Mamelon, was an extinct volcano, until such time as it should please us to call again into action. Then, at last, the more hidden struggle of our own men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. "How are our fellows getting on?" says one. "Oh! take my word for it, they're all right!" says another. And they were right, so far as the occupation and retention of the quarries was concerned, but had nevertheless to fight all night and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular pertinacity and recklessness of life. As it grew dark our advanced battery under the Green-hill made very pretty practice and a very pretty spectacle, by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians. From the mishappen out line of the pits a fringe of fire kept blazing and sparkling in a waving sort of curve, just like a ring of gas illumination on a windy night; the attempt to retake them out of hand was desperately pushed, the Russians pouring in a most terrific discharge of musketry, which caused us no small loss, and as it came up the gorge, contending with the fresh wind, sounded in the distance like water gulped simultaneously from a thousand bottles. Meanwhile, the fall of the Mamelon and the pursuit of the flying foe did not by any means bring the combat to an end on the side of our allies.—The Zouaves, emboldened by their success and enraged by their losses, carried their prowess a step too far, and dreamt of getting into the Round Tower by a coup de main. A new crop of battle grew up over all the intervening hollow between it and the Mamelon, and the ripple of musket shots plashed and leaped all over the broad hill-side. The combatants were not enough for victory there too, but they were enough for a sanguinary and prolonged contest, a contest to the eye far more violent than that which preceded it. The tower itself, or rather the inglorious stump of what was the Round Tower, took and gave shot and shell and musketry with the most savage ardor and rapidity. The fire of its musketry was like one shelf of flame, rolling backwards and forwards with a dancing movement, and, dwarfed as it was by the distance and seen by us in profile, could scarcely be compared to anything, small or large, except the notes of a piano flashed into fire throughout some rapid tune. Our gunners, observing the duration and aim of the skirmish, redoubled their exertions, and flung their shells into the Round Tower with admirable precision, doing immense mischief to the defenders. It was dark now, and every one of them came out against the heavens as it rose or swooped. From Gordon's Battery and the Second Parallel they streamed and plunged one after another into the enceinte up to which the Zouaves had won their way unsupported, heralded only now and then by the prompt and decisive ring of a

round shot. The Russian defence, rather than their defences, crumbled away before this tremendous fire, but, on the other hand, the attack not being fed, as it was not designed, began to languish, and died gradually away. It was a drawn battle, so far as there may be another story to tell. The French had one volunteer accompanied the French in their attack on the Mamelon—Commander Derriani, of the *Baradeo*—who conducted himself en vrai Zouave—skirmished up to the outer defences of the Round Tower, and escaped by half an inch having a bullet through his head. His services and his insignia were neither sufficient, however, to convince some of the more suspicious of his fellow-combatants. He was twice marched off as a captured Russian between two French soldiers.

June 8.—During the night repeated attacks, six in all, were made upon our men in the Quarries, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage and pertinacity, and at a great sacrifice of life, against superior numbers, continually replenished. The strength of the party told off for the attack was in all only 1,000, of whom 600 were in support. At the commencement 200 only went in, and another 200 followed. More than once there was a fierce hand to hand fight in the position itself, and our fellows had frequently to dash out in front and take their assailants in flank. The most murderous sortie of the enemy took place about 3 in the morning; then the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire, and a storm of shot was thrown in from the Strand Battery and every other spot within range. With a larger body in reserve, it is not doubtful that they could have been into the Redan in a twinkling. This is asserted freely both by officers and privates, and the latter express their opinion in no complimentary manner. They were near enough up to it to see that it was scarcely defended, and one officer lost his life almost within it. Generally speaking, the Russian gunners were not very active through the night; indeed, there was little for them to do, and they are evidently shy of throwing away ammunition. On the other hand, their fatigue parties were as busy as bees, repairing and strengthening their shaken defences, and the sentinels outside our advanced works were near enough to hear the sound of their tools, and see the light of their tobacco pipes. The French, on the other hand, were losing no time in the Mamelon, in which, by the by, they found only seven guns, five of them spiked. When the morning dawned, with the wind blowing even stronger than yesterday, the position held by both parties was one of expectation. The French were in great force within and on the outer slopes of the Mamelon, and also in possession of two out of the three offsets attached to the Mamelon on the Saponne-hill. Their dead were seen lying mixed with the Russians upon the broken ground outside the Malakoff Tower, and were being carried up in no slack succession. In the rear of the Mamelon their efforts to entrench themselves were being occasionally interrupted by shells from the ships in the harbor and from a battery not hitherto known to exist further down the hill, while, on their left front the Round Tower, still its formidable platforms of defence and its ragged embrasure above, fired upon their working parties in the western face, and upon their reserves in the background. The morning brought out on every side, along with the perception of advantage gained, and a prey lying at our feet, all the haste and circumstances of the scene, with its painful admixture of death and suffering. On our side 365 rank and file and 35 officers had been killed and wounded. On the French side nearly double the number of officers and a total of not less than 1,500 men, probably more. It has been stated as high as 3,700, but there may be error in the statement. The 88th have been the severest sufferers, having three officers killed, one missing and conjectured to be killed, and four wounded—all indeed who were engaged.

Midnight.—Just at dusk a Russian steamer left her moorings, and went over to the far side of the harbor with some unexplained intention.

June 9.—The object of the steamer, as it turned out this morning, was to take up a berth for a man-of-war, which occupied her place at daylight, with her broadside towards the lower skirts of the Mamelon. The French are getting well on with their batteries on the Mamelon; heavy guns and mortars tugging up from Kamiesch at this moment are probably destined to do the work in it. So soon as these preparations are completed it may be hoped the Round Tower and the Redan will fall into our hands, and the former is the one key to all the positions on this side of the harbor.

12 o'clock.—At this last moment I hear it stated that the Russians are carrying shot and shell off to the other side of the harbor—which may mean that they are getting ready for a bolt; may it prove true!

The *Capricieuse* is looked for daily. The committee appointed to prepare a suitable reception for the captain and officers of this vessel—the first French ship of war that has visited Quebec since the conquest of Canada by the English, have two or three projects in view, one of which is a ball at the Music Hall, and another is an excursion to the Chaudiere, where refreshments could be had under a mammoth tent capable of containing at once two thousand persons, and where the speeches would be made, &c., the cost of the whole excursion not to exceed 5s. a head. The Captain of the Corvette will take a conspicuous part in the ceremony, of laying the corner stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of the brave French and English who fell in battle in 1760.—*Quebec Colonist*.

FIRE.—On Monday evening, about half-past six o'clock, a fire broke out in the Oil Factory of Messrs. Lyman & Savage, at Canal Basin, and we learn considerable damage was done. There were two false alarms sounded afterwards.

ARMY NEWS.—The *Limerick Chronicle* states that Lieut. General Rowan has brought home a proposition from Canada to raise two provincial regiments for service in the East, provided the ranks of field officers and subalterns are filled by Canadians. The same paper also affirms that Major General John Home, late Grenadier Guards, succeeds General Rowan as Commander of the Forces in Canada.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg to inform our subscribers on the Ottawa route, that Mr. John Meehan has kindly consented to act as our travelling agent, and will be amongst them shortly. He is fully authorised to receive monies and the names of new subscribers for the *TRUE WITNESS*.

Mr. David C. Hillyard, our travelling agent, is at present on a collecting and canvassing tour in Canada West, and we hope our friends will be prepared to receive him well. Mr. H. has a choice collection of Catholic books with him, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Industry, College Joliet, 15s; Lenoxville, E. H. Mahony, 12s 6d; P. Sheeran, 12s 6d; Finch, T. Kennedy, 10s; Clinton, U. S., J. O'Brien, 15s. Per J. O'Sullivan, Prescott, J. D. Murphy, £1. Per David C. Hillyard, Travelling Agent—Bellefleur, W. Northgreaves, 12s 6d; T. Roach, 6s 3d; D. Kirwin, 12s 6d; J. Power, 12s 6d; M. Nulty, 12s 6d; W. & R. Kelly, 10s; W. Kelly, 5s; P. O'Brien, 10s; W. Donovan, 5s; Hastings, E. Lennon, 5s; Kingston, T. Spencer, £1.