

likely occupy them, and our forces are certainly not strong enough to invest them and the north side at the same time. It seems that there is nothing for it but patience. Every day the difficulties of Russia in feeding her Crimean army and in supplying the munitions of war to Sebastopol will increase. The transport of the Crimea has been "used up" some time ago, and the present carts and cattle from Poland have been brought down, and are engaged in conveying provisions and matériel to the place. Although Russian iron is excellent, it cannot last for ever—guns must wear out, and shot and shell do not grow. With the sea at our command, we find it difficult to keep up the supply of shot and shell for our batteries, and, even when we do land them, although we possess a railway half-way to the trenches, our difficulties seem only to begin. What means Russia would adopt to keep her batteries efficient in winter is, I trust, matter of very profitless speculation, because there is no reason to think that the place will be able to hold out so long against sap and mine, bombardment and cannonade, particularly when General Canrobert "enlarges his circle" of operations. Every day we diminish our distance from the enemy, who does, it must be said, his best to meet us; but, although his outworks are advanced, the line of his batteries on the left has been performed considerably retarded. As our advances are made, the parallels behind are strengthened and put into a fit state for mounting guns in them, which will be close to the enemy's works, and produce a corresponding effect, though with increased loss and damage to ourselves from the Russian guns. The process thus goes on, in proportion to our strength and the enemy's weakness, day after day, and bit by bit the ground is won from them; and, though the town itself may be defended by infinitesimal batteries to the water's edge, so long as we can keep our works clear of the enemy, and can maintain our fire against them, there can be no doubt of ultimate success, if the external army is unable to force the allies to raise the siege. Our batteries are nearly silent; a few guns and mortars reply to an occasional shot from the Redan and Round Tower at long intervals, and there seems to be a ship behind the Round Tower, which harasses our right attack by an odd shell now and then. What a contrast to the French on our left, and even on our right! They have never ceased to fire, and the Russians return shot for shot from the mass of ruins and rubbish in which their batteries are enveloped. The day before yesterday the enemy opened a new battery, which is up among the houses of the town, on a ridge near the Governor's house, and directed a very heavy fire on the French, with a diversion now and then on the left of our left attack. In the right attack yesterday, we had two gunners killed and the batteries of two guns broken; but, although these batteries have all been severely handled, they have reduced the fire of the Mamelon and of the Round Tower with great success. Still we must give the French every praise for the perseverance of their attack, deprived as they have been of their fair share of support from our fire for some days back. They have certainly atoned for their failure on the 17th of October, which was caused by the melancholy accidents to their magazines. There are mysterious whispers that we shall "open fire again in a few days" with an allowance of 100 rounds a gun per diem. A supply of some useful 56 and a few 68-pounder guns has been brought up from Balaklava to the batteries, and considerable additions have been made to our armament since I last wrote. A moderate supply of 13-inch bomb-fuses has been raked together, and, if promises are to be trusted, we really shall effect great things on this the third commencement of the siege. Up to the date of this present letter there is no material change in the position of the allied armies before Sebastopol, or in the attitude of the enemy within and outside the city. On Tuesday evening, soon after dusk, a heavy fusillade began on our left between the French and the Russians, which never ceased till dawn. It seemed as if a pitched battle were going on, and the volume of sound, the incessant heavy rolls of musket and Minié, recalled the contests of Inkermann and the Alma. It is scarcely known in camp what all the firing was about, but the rumor is that an enormous force of Russians threw themselves suddenly on the advanced portions of the works on the left; were repulsed by our gallant allies, who rushed after them into the very outworks of the Flagstaff Bastion, and seized on the Russian rifle-pits, where they maintained a desperate conflict for several hours; but were finally forced to retire, as the whole force of the Russians opposite our left was brought to bear upon them. The loss on both sides must have been very heavy. I could see very distinctly yesterday a new gabion-work on the French left, towards the Quarantine Fort, with French soldiers inside it, so that it is very probable our allies have established a new sap in that direction, and that a portion of the fight took place around it. Nothing is more difficult to ascertain than the particulars of these nocturnal encounters. The right-hand man does not know what his left-hand man is doing, and the great labor of ascertaining the truth with respect to the proceedings of our own expeditionary force on such occasions is aggravated and becomes utterly thrown away in the case of our allies. After a cannonade and furious firing which would keep a stranger in a state of intense excitement all night, it is common to hear some such dialogue as this the following morning:—"I say, Smith, did you hear the row last night?"—"No, what was it?"—"Oh, blazing away like fury. You don't mean to say you didn't hear it?"—"Not a sound; came up from the trenches last night, and slept like a top."—"Halloo, Jones, (to distinguished cocked that on horseback, riding past), tell us what all the slindy was about last night?"—"Slindy! was there?"—"By Jove, yes; I think I did hear some firing—the French and the Russians, as usual, I suppose."—"No, it

sounded to me as if it was in front of our right attack." Another thinks it was on the left, another somewhere else, and so the matter ends, and rests for ever in darkness under the *Invalide Russe*, the *Messenger*, or the *Gazette* throw their prismatic rays upon it. I need not say that all minute descriptions of charges at night or of the general operations are not trustworthy, and must be the mere work of the imagination. Each man fancies that the little party he is with bears the whole brunt of the work, and does all the duty of repulsing the enemy, and any one who takes his narrative from such sources will be sure to fall into errors innumerable. To "describe a night attack" or any operation—a sortie or an advance—is to do solism. From the batteries on the hills behind them one can see the flashes flickering through the darkness, and can hear the shouts of the men, but that is all—were he a combatant he would see and hear even less than the spectator. Distrust, then, all "full and true particulars" of nocturnal engagements, and be content with learning "results." Nothing affords finer scope for the exercise of the fancy than one of these fights in the dark—it is easy to imagine all sorts of incidents, to narrate the mode of advance, of attack, of resistance, of retreat, or of capture; but the recital will be found very inconsistent with the facts. The Generals whose tents are near the front have adopted the device of placing lines of stones radiating from a common centre towards the principal points of the attack, so as to get an idea of the direction in which the fire is going on at night. Even that fails to afford them any very definite information as to the course of the fight. In a day or two after the affair has been finished one may hear what really has taken place by taking infinite pains and comparing all kinds of stories. It is, in fact, a process of elimination to discover the facts. So we shall wait till the post goes.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

RETURN OF THE BISHOP OF CLOYNE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cloyne, after a sojourn of seven months in the Eternal City, arrived in Fermoy, on last Monday. So sincerely and universally beloved is his lordship by all classes of the community that for several weeks past, his return was most anxiously looked for. In the several streets through which his lordship had to pass, were erected triumphal arches from which depended banners bearing the appropriate Irish motto of *Cead mille failte*. The houses were decorated with green branches, bands of music paraded the town, playing the most enlivening airs, and when his lordship made his appearance he was met, and accompanied to his noble residence at Laurel Hill, by thousands, who testified by the most unequivocal demonstrations the excess of their joy at seeing their beloved prelate once more amongst them. At night a monster bonfire, the materials of which were of the most combustible kind, blazed forth amid the acclamations of thousands in lambent wreaths of liquid flame that seemed to reach the clouds.—*Cork Examiner*.

THE MISSION IN CROSSMAGLEN.—The Rev. Fathers of Saint Vincent de Paul are reaping an immense harvest of good by their Missionary labours at Crossmaglen. Crowds of penitents daily approach the tribunal of Penance, many of whom come from a distance of twenty to thirty miles. The Rev. Fathers are incessant in their labours, teaching the children preaching morning and evening, hearing confessions, and giving hope and consolation to all. The Rev. Mr. Lennon and his Curates are using every exertion in seconding the labours of the pious Missionaries.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

THE REV. JAMES MONKS.—Died, on the 7th instant, at his residence, in Queen-street, Dublin, aged sixty-five, the Rev. James Monks, late parish priest at St. Andrew's, Dublin.

MAYNOOTH.—When England was smarting under the sharp defeats it had sustained from the army of the French republic, the Government resolved upon the endowment of Maynooth, and through it upon conciliating the Catholics of Ireland. The consequence was that in the progress of the sixty years which have since elapsed, the Catholics of Ireland, confiding in the British Government, have suffered all their endowed institutions on the Continent to slip out of their hands. Upon the faith of the Irish first, and afterwards of the English Parliament, the students were withdrawn in a great measure from the establishments abroad, and the revenues of those institutions which had befriended Ireland in the hours of her sharpest trial and her direst need were allowed to pass into other hands. But now, after all this, we are told by the representatives of honest old England, forsooth, that there is no breach of faith, no violation of public contracts, no detriment to justice, in the withdrawal from us of the means of educating Priests for our altar! If this be not shameless insolence an unscrupulous tyranny we know not what it is. But it is well that the people of Ireland should understand the length and breadth, height and depth, of the monstrous injustice about to be inflicted upon them. Alas, poor unfortunate Ireland, her great error lies in the credulity in which she is incurably simple enough to indulge. Protestant England is her enemy, was her enemy, and will be her enemy as long as God, in His inscrutable providence, allows her to enjoy her dominion, her pride, and her sanguinary spirit, by which she has sustained that dominion and this pride. At first she condemned us to a dark night of barbarous bondage, in which she made it penal for our forefathers to enliven the rational nature that God gave them. She denied us education at home and she forbid it abroad. Then her institutions were endangered by her tyranny, and she relaxed for a little to take breath—she relaxed just long enough for us to lose the resources which we found in the generous hospitality of far-off lands. She gave us a grant for the purpose of Clerical education; and now, when we have lost all the resources of our ancient Church abroad—we had lost all those at home long since—they went to fatten the vultures of that alien establishment of heresy which the Irish nation loathe and will loathe—she now undertakes to cup the climax of her iniquity by depriving us of the grant to Maynooth, a grant which is no boon, which she gives us with a thousand times more, but which may sit like a lead upon the cup of her crimes, her ingratitude, her cruelty, and her impious and inhuman tyranny may be filled, and that Ireland may have no

lesson left to learn, but how to hate her oppression of God's people, and her relentless hostility to God's Church. The commission to inquire into Maynooth was an insult; for it proposed to inquire into our duties to gratify the morbid appetite of English bigotry. We ought to have resisted it, and for this reason we care not to defend any of its acts. It was deemed at the time by certain weak people to be a boon to get such a commission; it was no boon; it was simply an insult; and as long as we regard insults in the light of favors we are sure to get them in plenty.—*Tablet*. The Commissioners of National Education have determined on advancing the salaries of all their teachers from the first ult. Thus the salary of a teacher in the first division of first class will now be £46 per annum instead of £26, as hitherto; and the minimum salary of probationers is advanced from £11 to £14. The intermediate divisions are proportionably increased.—*Derry Standard*.

VISCOUNT DONERAILE has been chosen, by a majority of votes, as an Irish representative peer to sit in the House of Lords, in the room of the late Lord O'Neill.

Effects directly opposed to those anticipated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the increase of the spirit duties, are, it is said, beginning to appear in various parts of the country. The consumption is diminishing so rapidly that we are told by the *Cork Examiner* a confident belief is entertained in the distillery trade, that the right hon. gentleman will be obliged to ratchet his steps without even waiting for the close of the financial year. Of 10s. 10d., the present distillery cost of a gallon of whisky, no less than 8s. goes to the revenue; that is, 7s. 6d. for duty on the whisky, and 6d. on the malt.

A ROYAL PRESENT.—A young corporal of the 33rd Regiment, named Pierce Hoban, who was wounded severely at Alma and Inkermann, and sent to his home near Kilkenny, has received a present from the Queen of a pair of muffetees. To the present was appended a label with this inscription—"A pair of muffetees for corporal Pierce Hoban, 33rd Regiment. A gift of the Queen, and the work of the Princess Alice."

The *Waterford News* mentions that a submarine cable is being made to carry the telegraph wires under, or through, the river Suir from the railway terminus to the centre of the city of Waterford.

PRESERVERS OF "LAW AND ORDER."—A serious row took place on Sunday night, May 6th, about half past eight o'clock, opposite the military barracks, between the depot of the 59th regiment, at present stationed here, and 2d Somerset Militia. A strong body of military and militia was brought down, headed by officers, and after some time, and with much difficulty, succeeded in restoring quiet. The combatants were brought into barracks and placed in confinement. Many of them were disfigured and presented quite a frightful appearance, showing that the row, though of short duration, was a very fierce one. We believe, however, no dangerous wound has been inflicted. The militia, though superior in numbers, came off, we understand, the worst.—*Cork Examiner*. At seven p.m., Monday evening, another affray took place between the military and the militia, which kept the city in excitement to a late hour. The disturbance recommenced by an attack made by some of the 59th Regiment upon a few of the Militia. The latter being worsted in the affray, ran through the city, where they were quickly joined by large numbers of their comrades, when forming themselves into rank and file, they proceeded at a quick rate through the Grand Parade, Patrick-street, and the principal quays, followed by an immense crowd of civilians; and encountering occasionally one or two of the 59th Regiment, the latter beat a hasty retreat. Several instances of furious personal encounters took place; stones were freely used, and belts were employed with serious effect. The 59th Regiment, having augmented their numbers soon turned the tables on their assailants, and for upwards of two hours the city was kept in a state of unceasing disquiet and commotion by the fighting of the belligerents.—*Cork Constitution*.

DEPOPULATION.—The terrible progress of the clearance system—the giant strides of depopulation—should be measured with a keen and jealous eye by every man in Ireland. As in this island every acre has an owner, and these owners have a right to depopulate their property, no man lives in Ireland except by the sufferance of land owners. Nothing more is needed in order to totally sweep the country clear of human beings, except the exercise on the part of all the owners of the indisputable right with which the British legislature has armed them. Individually, it is owing to connivance on their part, not to their impotence, that any one lingers in Ireland but landowners. They can clear every man out, and the recent progress of depopulation seems to prove that the clearance of the country is only a question of time and mercy. In such a task there is no absurdity. If Britain grow into one great factory, as it daily seems to do, Ireland may turn into one great grazing farm, as empty as Cromwell made it. The landlords, though a small number of persons, have abolished tillage to an extent that deprives the crown of the means of defence against Russia. The disasters of the war spring from the scarcity of soldiers. Comparatively few in number, the soldiers could not make roads and trenches at the same time, and owing to the want of roads, an army, which is English has been preyed on by a famine, which was intensely Irish. The clearances at home have originated the disasters abroad. At Sebastopol common sense tells us (without the aid of military science) that to surround the fortress—to girdle it with an army and a fleet letting nothing in—ought to be the first great object. But this could not be done from a paucity of soldiers, and the landlords banished or buried the men who would swell that army to efficiency. Their crowbar has blunted the sabre of England, and now they are asked by the "Administrative Reform Association" why they do not fight and destroy the Russians? Why? Because they first destroyed the Irish peasantry. Because, with the view of moulding many small parcels of land into one great farm, or for the purpose of laying the lands down into pasturage for cattle or sheep; in short, because they preferred beasts to men, they drove the working people off the land to make way for quadrupeds. It should never be forgotten that it was during the existence of the forty-shilling freeholders, when Ireland teemed with men, that England widened her Indian empire over Asia, and extended her colonial dominion round the globe. Wanting these men, without a similar population, it is impossible to retain the empire which was won through that instrumentality. The military glory of Britain has got now a large spice of the Irish famine in it.—*Tablet*.

THE EVICTIONS IN GALWAY.—Mr. McMahon's motion on this subject was in the following terms:—"To call the attention of the House to the subject matter of a Petition from certain inhabitants of the parishes of Kibegnet and Ballinakil, in the county of Galway, presented on the 26th of March; and to move the appointment of a Select Committee, to devise means for restraining the depopulation of Rural Districts in Ireland, the effect of which is to endanger the peace of those districts, to increase the amount of pauperism in the cities and towns in the United Kingdom, and otherwise to impair the strength and welfare of the Realm." The motion was to have come on Tuesday the 8th inst.—but as in consequence of the Speaker's illness there was "no house," it stands postponed. On Wednesday Mr. McMahon balloted for his next turn and the motion now stands for Tuesday, the 8th June.—*Notion*.

The agricultural reports from all parts of Ireland are very gratifying. Vegetation is progressing most favourably, and great activity prevails amongst the farmers and their workmen.

BELFAST, MAY 8.—The very favorable turn in the weather has already effected some important changes in the aspect of the cultivated lands. Already the appearance of wheat lands is quite changed; the blade has cast aside its pale, sickly hue, and healthy greenness is imparted to the young shoots.

ARMAGH.—The long continued drought and severe frost at night have retarded vegetation in this district. Grass is fully a month later than last season; both wheat and oats are in a backward state; and very little progress has been made in the sowing of flaxseed. Notwithstanding the farmers have been actively engaged in cultivating the soil.—*Armagh Guardian*.

Very cold and windy weather here. From the long drought the crops are beginning to suffer very sensibly. Grass looks wretchedly bad, and young or dry stock proportionately cheap.—*Clogher Correspondent of the Armagh Guardian*.

DUNDALK, MAY 9.—Though the temperature is still somewhat ungenial for May, we cannot complain. The young wheats look remarkably well. A considerable breadth of ground is now under oats and barley, the sowing of which was favored by the late dry weather. Potatoe planting has been largely speculated on in the vicinity of this town and the country generally. Several fields are just now in a state of preparation for swedes and mangel wurzel. Pasturage is rather backward; but the recent rains will stimulate that, as well as vegetation generally.—*Louth Advertiser*.

ENNISKILLEN.—A correspondent writing from Enniskillen, says:—"During the last few days I have been through a considerable portion of the counties of Armagh, Monaghan, Tyrone, and Fermanagh. I found the crops suffering every where from want of rain. The grass is very backward; indeed, it is a little better in Fermanagh than in the other three counties, but, except the forced grass, it is quite unseasonably late. A considerable quantity of seed has yet to be put in, and all the potatoes are not yet planted. Flaxseed for sowing is in great demand in all the country towns, and very large quantities were produced in Armagh, Anghnacloy, and Clones markets during the week. When all has been sown it is expected that the breadth of ground in flax will be considerable. The quality of potatoes set is very great, but those that are being planted now will run much greater risk of disease than if they had been in the ground sooner. The cereal crops look well, considering the drought, and a little rain will give them a wonderful impetus."—*Northern Whig*.

GALWAY.—The last few days have been extremely cold, a keen north-wester chilling the blood, and nipping incipient vegetation. This morning (May 5) we have been favored with several refreshing showers, which must exercise a most salutary influence on the vegetable kingdom, and the temperature has become more genial.—*Galway Vindicator*.

CAPTURE OF SNUGGERS IN ARKLOW BAY.—A capture of no little importance, as well to the revenue as to the parties immediately concerned in it, was made off Cahore Point, near the Wexford coast, on Saturday last. Whilst the revenue cutter *Sylvan*, Commander Thomas Ranil Forward, was cruising off Arklow, two smacks were observed of a somewhat suspicious appearance. A signal to lie to was at once made, but as the smacks manifested a reluctance to obey it, chase was at once given, and a capture was shortly effected without resistance. The smacks proved to be the *Caroline* and the *Shamrock*, both of Howth. On board the former were the skipper, Captain Farrier, and three seamen. Immediately on being boarded, Captain Farrier threw himself overboard, as it is presumed, and was drowned. It is not altogether certain whether the act was deliberate or accidental, but from the circumstances the former is the more probable supposition, for it is believed to be the owner of both the smacks. On board the *Caroline* were found 150 bales of smuggled tobacco, and on board the *Shamrock* 145 bales. The vessels were brought into Kingstown.

MacDonald and Co. of Glasgow employ 15,000 persons in the sewed-muslin trade in Ireland, and pay £3,000 a week as wages.

A process server recently played an ingenious trick upon Lord Bantry, after ineffectual attempts made to serve him with a writ in the West of the county Cork. It was said at one time that he was unwell, and the man had been turned out of the demesne. He saw a party of recruits soon after going to be attested, and believing Lord Bantry would be the magistrate he fell in with the party, and when his turn came to go up, instead of receiving a shilling, he presented his lordship with a shilling and the subpoena!

The law which authorises the destruction by the authorities of horses affected with glanders and farcy should be rigorously enforced. A man named Flynn, resident in Longford, died on the 27th ult. of glanders taken from his own horse. The sufferings of the deceased were intense, and were protracted through an entire week—he literally rotted to death. A second life has thus been lost through the same horse, an uncle of Flynn's having died some time since of the same fearful disease, taken from the same animal.—*Midland Counties Gazette*.

THE DINGLE COLONIES.—The *True Chronicle* publishes the recitation of a "supper" named John Leary, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Sullivan, of Dingle. The penitent gives the following account of his perversion and return. He makes it, he says, "in the hope that by some chance it may meet the eyes of those people who are taught by interested parties to look upon the hollow-hearted sopplers of Dingle as the best