

not sustain the garrison and its outlying armies, and the gullet of Perekop offers a very narrow passage to so voracious a stomach as that to be fed by Prince Gortschakoff. And what if we get our finger and thumb on that narrow gullet? With the first inroads of hunger, with the first lack of days supply, the significance of our operations of Kerch will be understood by the garrison of Sebastopol. It is understood that there are difficulties in the way of making a successful demonstration against Perekop, but difficulties are not insuperable, and the allies have had leaders who knew not the word impossible. Already the Tartars have, as far as they dared, evinced their hatred of the oppressors whose final conquest of the Crimea does not outrun the memory of men still living. They have seized on Russians and brought them in as prisoner.

THE CONDITION OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—Accounts received in Paris state that nothing can be finer than the English army, which is estimated at about 30,000 men. "They are," says a French despatch, "magnificent troops, and capable of anything. They are well fed, well clothed, and in great spirit. General Pelissier meets with an enthusiastic reception from the English whenever he appears among them."

An officer of the Sardinian Contingent, writing from Kamara, says:—

"Arriving here, I thought to find the English army in a miserable condition. But imagine my surprise to behold a magnificent army, largely provided with everything you can imagine; full of enthusiasm and complete in discipline. To us Piedmontese, accustomed to see our officers all day occupied about their men, it appeared rather strange to observe the English officers leave so much to the non-commissioned officers. They go about too often in a civilian's dress, and pass their time in sports and horse-racing. But, with all this, you shall see them when the drum beats to arms."

DIVERSIONS AT SEBASTOPOL.—The *Semaphore de Marseilles* contains the following anecdote from Sebastopol:—

"Some days ago a party of officers of the Russian garrison, wishing to avail themselves of a few hours' leisure, sent a band of music to a charming villa, surrounded by fine plantations, at the head of a small bay at the bottom of the harbor. From the French batteries, by the aid of a good spy-glass, we could see a party of elegantly dressed ladies and their partners gaily dancing on the lawn before the house. The natural politeness of the French towards the fair sex, and their innate love for the amusement in which the officers and their fair friends were engaged, made them loth to disturb them. Our artillerymen, however, thought that it would be just as well to remind them that a permission from the French for their sets superseded any authorisation from Count Osten-Sacken or from the Emperor Alexander himself, and aimed with such precision that it fell just in front of the house. No other was fired, and for the remainder of the day the party enjoyed themselves to their full bent. In the evening, however, the champagne began to produce its natural effect, and the music kept up such *tapage* that no one could sleep. It was necessary to put an end to the disturbance, and another iron messenger was placed in a mortar, and, careful aim being taken was dropped just in the middle of the grass plot. The warning was enough, as the party fled right and left. No one was hurt, but as they saw clearly that we would no longer be annoyed by their noise, the party broke up."

SPREAD OF LIBERAL IDEAS AMONG THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

It appears that the Russian soldiers who had been prisoners in the French and English camp in the Crimea, and who have been exchanged, propagate on their return to their country ideas the most subversive of Russian rule. They were particularly struck with the difference between the treatment of the English and French soldiers by their chiefs, and that which they themselves have always experienced;—the difference between the discipline practised by *men*, and submitted to by them;—and the debasing and hopeless servitude of brutalised serfs. They narrate all they have seen and heard in the allied camp, contrast their own situation with that which they have witnessed with others, and think and say that they have been hitherto treated like brutes. To be conscious of and feel keenly one's degradation is not far from the desire to throw it off, and it would be curious, if the commencement of a liberal propaganda in Russia among the lowest classes were to date from the short captivity of Russian soldiers among their enemies. These prisoners speak with wonder and enthusiasm of the clergy of the allies, so different from the ignorant and contemned popes of their own villages, whose means of exciting fanaticism consist in a gross superstition, and in practices which have more of paganism than Christianity in them. But what produced the greatest effect upon them was the manly bearing of the English and French soldiers, and the kind and respectful manner in which they are treated by their chiefs.

AN IRISHMAN AT SEBASTOPOL.—The correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in describing the proceedings during the time of truce before Sebastopol on the 25th, says:—All were very curious to visit the scene of attack during the time the truce was flying. The light divisions went down, and the enemy did the same; and many a lively joke was passed, such as: "What are you waiting for?" "When are you going to storm the town?" and such like; but amongst the most laughable was that of an Irishman serving in the Russian army inside the garrison, who still retains his old Irish blarney. He came running up, whilst intermixed one amongst the other, in burying the dead, and said in a strong Irish voice,

"And sure is there ever a one of yez from Belfast because if there is, here is a townsman sure. But how many is there of yez mounts in the trenches of a night sure? All this at one breath. An English soldier answered: "About two hundred. About two hundred is it," said the Russo-Irishman, "and sure ye made two thousand; and when ye come into the town? and sure we are tired waiting for ye; and now jist tell us the night ye are coming boys, and sure we'll look out for ye. Now, this is in reality, what actually passed. He afterwards said that he had been in the Russian service some time, and that he had tried several times to desert; but could not, they kept him so close. He could not desert under a flag of truce—'not lawful, not honorable.'"

THE ZOUAVES.—The Paris correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer*, thus speaks of this strange Legion at the Seat of War:—The Zouave is, if I may say so, of all countries in the world. Here and there a *mauvais sujet* possibly, in his previous civil state—that is, while still a chrysalis. The Zouaves are, further, of every rank of intellect (and many of them scholars, mathematicians, and men of science,) of which possibly you will endure a proof. A British Engineer officer, Captain Burgoyne, (lineal descendant of the renowned "Roger," endowed with "Sutton & Potten," by that mad wag, John, of Gaunt, passed through Paris lately for England, to recover from the effects of wounds. He told a friend here that in the Crimea one day last April, he was ordered with an escort of a hundred men to reconnoitre the country and endeavor to discover a spring or well, the scarcity of water in both camps having become most distressing. The expedition being about to start, and its object generally known, a Zouave, among the idlers (for the moment) who had assembled, to take a perhaps last glance at the exploring party, proposed accompanying it. The offer was accepted, and they set out.—An hour or two were fruitlessly spent in traversing and surveying the country, when suddenly the Zouave, who had chosen his own hunting ground, shouted out, "A well! A well!" Captain Burgoyne approached him asked "where?" There Captain. I have no need of *Bagnette divinatoire* to tell me there is water there." Picks and spades were accordingly put in motion. The earth on the spot indicated by the Zouave was found soft, and some of it being thrown up, a well was discovered; but instead of water the diggers came upon a mass of oats that had been shot into it by the Russians before their retreat from the station—one which they had long occupied. "C'est une trouvaille," cried the Zouave. Then stripping himself without loss of time, he tied each sleeve of his shirt at the end, and filling the whole garment with the saturated corn, threw the impromptu sack over his shoulder, and bid *Bonso Johnny* good bye, observing that it was long since the company had had such a treat as this would afford them. Desperate and ferocious, yet so faithful, kind and good natured as comrades, are these extraordinary men, that they are favorites with the whole British Army they themselves affecting most "the Guards," "the Highlanders," "the Jacks," and "the 88th."

THE IMPERIAL GUARDS IN THE CRIMEA.—On the arrival of the French Imperial Guards in the Crimea, they were considered as a sort of privileged corps, and consequently not required to do duty in the trenches before Sebastopol. This did not fail to give rise to some feelings of jealousy amongst the rest of the army, and one night a witty Zouave wrote on the tents of the Guards the following words:—" *Ea Garde demeure ici, mais elle ne se rend pas aux tranchées!*" (The Guards live here, but don't go to the trenches.) This caustic allusion to the proud motto of the former Imperial Guards—" *Ea Garde meurt, mais elle ne se rend pas!*" (the Guards die, but never surrender)—so wounded the feelings of their present successors, that they petitioned General Canrobert to exempt them from their privilege, and allow them to take their turn in the trenches. The permission was granted, and their gallant conduct in the sanguinary night attacks on the 22d and 23d of last month, has completely obliterated the envy and jealousy previously entertained against them by the other corps of the French army.

A VISIT TO THE FRENCH BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—A private letter from the Crimea gives some particulars of a visit paid to the French before Sebastopol. It says,—"The most curious camps are first, that of the 34th, surrounded by a wall of defence which protects it completely from a *coup de main*, and fortified like those which the soldiers of the Czar constructed in one night; second, that of the Engineers of the second corps, and, finally, that of the Zouaves. The tent of the Colonel of the last regiment is pitched in a square space, encircled with a parapet, where the soldiers have thickly sown barley, which they take the greatest care of. In the middle rises a column, cut by the hands of our brave African's and surmounted with a Russian shell of great magnitude, in which the flagstaff is inserted. In that space different compartments, beautifully green and interspersed with field flowers, have been marked out by our soldiers. The tents of these regiments are in general encircled with verdure, and the walks are traced on a very fine and very white sand, which strongly contrasts with the verdure which encircles the ground round the tents. Each soldier rivals the other in the coquetry of his adornments of his canvas shelter. Our Zouaves, whose name the campaign of the Crimea would alone have sufficed to immortalize, had their glorious deeds in Africa not placed them at the head of gallant regiments—our Zouaves, I repeat, are not merely gardeners; they are sculptors, as is proved by the two obelisk, on one of which are engraved these words: "To the brave who fell at Alma and Inkermann;" and on the other, the dates of those glorious victo-

ries. They are lithographers, as may be seen by their theatrical handbills; they are architects, painters, in fact everything.

WHAT THE MAMELON WAS LIKE, AFTER ITS CAPTURE.—Another opportunity was rapidly taken advantage of of getting a nearer look at Sebastopol, and the Mamelon was the most important of our late acquisitions was the attractive spot, whither every one who had the time and chance hastened. The French working parties had broken ground on the ascent, and were connecting their lines, distant some 200 yards, with the fort by new parallels, and were also reversing the Russian trenches outside, facing towards our advanced works. The rugged, channeled, and shot-bruised outline of the fortress grew larger and more real as you wound up to it; but the interior, altogether unknown until that moment, excited a more vivid feeling, and alike outside and inside attested the fierceness of the struggle and the pluck of the assailants. The surface of the ground within was cut into holes and pits—here like an old stone quarry, there like a bit of Crimean vineyard; some of these were the effect of bursting shells with well-timed fuses, some the cunning apparatus of the hardy and prolonged defence. Russian guns, dismounted and dented with shot-marks, lay tumbled below their embrasures; 50 or so were concealed beneath the *débris*, and some quantity of hidden powder were also rooted out of the subterranean recesses which abounded in the rock. These nests, excavated in the inner faces of the intrenchments, were left warm by their previous occupants—food and implements of labor were found in them, and among other things, a bit of fishing-net in course of construction. The nearer view alone revealed the stupedous character of the earthworks, and, if astonishment were not now a stale sentiment, the eye-witnesses would have been simply astonished at the amount of labor lavished on them. The traverses appeared to be some 18 feet in height.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. LAURENCE O'DONNELL, BISHOP OF GALWAY.—This morning, (June 23), the town was surprised by the melancholy intelligence of the sudden demise of this highly estimated Divine. For some time past he had been labouring under general debility, and his constitution, much to the sorrow of all his friends, seemed considerably shaken. But no one anticipated the sudden blow which has come on them so unexpectedly. Last evening he sat for some time with his friends, the Rev. Messrs. Roche, Commins and Usher, and conversed with his accustomed flow of spirits and that natural good humour which generally characterised him amongst his friends. This morning he sat down to breakfast, seemingly in his usual health and spirits, but he was seized with a sudden attack, and foreseeing the consequences, he had only uttered a pious exclamation when he ceased to live. The character of the deceased Prelate needs no eulogy at our hands. For a period of some twelve years he governed this diocese, and his administration of its Ecclesiastical affairs was equally appreciated both by Priests and laity. His charities were only circumscribed by his means, and many a tearful widow and orphan will mourn over the bereavement which has deprived them of a friend and father. As his life was pure and stainless, so is his death holy and laudable. May God be merciful to him.—*Galway Vindicator*.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—RETURN OF REV. DR. DONNELLY.—We are happy to announce the safe return in excellent health and spirits of the Rev. Dr. Donnelly, so long the delegate in America of the Committee of the Catholic University. The Rev. gentleman arrived in Dublin last Monday, having come home in the steamship America, which left Boston on the 6th ult.—*Tablet*.

MOUNT MELLERAY COLLEGE.—It is satisfactory to learn that the above noble institution is advancing with a rapidity beyond the expectations of its most sanguine supporters. Last year the number of students amounted to far over a hundred; and this year it has been considerably increased. A distinguished pianist gives instructions in music, and the French classes, which were formerly conducted with so much ability by one of the Rev. Professors, are now under the care of a French gentleman. Such an institution deserves the generous support of every true-hearted Catholic.—*Cork Examiner*.

FATHER MATHW.—In a letter to Dr. Hayden, of Harcourt-street, Father Mathew writes:—"I have the happiness to inform you that I received this day a most agreeable letter from St. Louis, announcing that under the patronage of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Kendrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, and the Very Rev. Dr. Higginbotham, Pastor of St. Patrick's in the city of St. Louis, a *soiree* was celebrated for my benefit, which produced the munificent sum of 1600! This money I propose to lay out on insuring my life for the benefit of my other creditors—which had not any security—especially the banks. When this assurance shall be effected I will be freed from great anxiety and misery. I mentioned in my enumeration of my debts the great uneasiness I endured on this account."

FATHER HUGHES.—The case of the Rev. Mr. Hughes came on at the Quarter Session of Dundalk, on Monday. The insolvent was opposed by the Rev. Mr. Smyly, on the ground that there was a verdict against him for assault and battery of £100. The Assistant-Barrister, after hearing the case, said it was impossible to conscientiously come to the conclusion that there was malice in the original transaction. If he thought the Rev. Mr. Hughes had been actuated by malice, then the amount of the verdict would be the basis on which he would found his remand; but believing there was not that malice in the case which the law contemplated, he thought the insolvent entitled to an immediate discharge. The Rev. gentleman was discharged.

The Irish Church Missions Society has lost £1,500 by the failure of Strahan's Bank. It was a fortnight's expenditure of the Society in Ireland; that is, above £100 a day. It is most remarkable that a Society, which expends sums so very large, presents to its subscribers no accounts. Too much attention cannot be called to this circumstance.

Queen's College in Galway is likely to be converted into a military seminary, as the education it was constituted to afford, so very few students have availed themselves of it.

We have the pleasure of referring our readers to the brief but important statement of Mr. Lucas, M.P., which will be found in another column. His indisposition will be, we sincerely trust, only temporary. Those journalists, whose wish is father to the thought, have been busily employed in circulating all sorts of rumours and insinuations about the failure of the mission of the hon. gentleman to the Eternal City. Of these absurd stories the public should take no notice. In his own good time he will explain and defend his conduct, and that too in a manner which will be somewhat unpalatable to his unscrupulous opponents, whose entire stock in trade, in the way of facts and arguments, is nothing else than a complete tissue of unfounded and random assertions. We happen to know much about the position and the prospects of the mission of Mr. Lucas; but a sense of propriety will not permit us to deal in haphazard anticipations. This much we can however safely assert, that if God spares his valuable health he will bring his mission to a successful termination.—*Tuam Herald*.

MAYNOOTH.—Mr. Spooner, with his habitual good sense, and moderation, has been enjoying another onslaught upon Maynooth—this being an admirably appropriate period, in his opinion, for exciting the religious passions of the people. The adjourned debate was resumed on Wednesday night by Mr. Maguire, who, in an able speech, defended the Catholic Church from the imputations cast upon it by the Spooners and Whitesides, and showed at the same time, how naturally such charges could be fastened upon themselves. The debate was not very protracted, and the House indeed, seems heartily sick of the theme. Captain Stuart—singularly enough—opposed the grant, because the Catholic clergy comply with the injunction given to the Apostles to "go and teach all nations." "He wished to know how it was that the College of Maynooth, which had been founded in Ireland alone, was able to send out priests elsewhere and to act as a propaganda? for it was a propaganda, and nothing less. It supplied priests to our colonies, and had sent out bishops to India and the West Indies, and to Australia." When six o'clock arrived, the debate was adjourned according to the custom of the House; and we shall probably hear little more of it this session.—*Nation*.

THE WEATHER.—THE CROPS.—The weather during the week has been all that the farmers could desire, and the crops, under its genial influence, never looked better at this period of the year. Some fields of wheat in the vicinity of Dundalk are shot into ear, and promise a very abundant crop.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

The wheat crop throughout our country exhibits an appearance of healthy growth never before exceeded. In the neighbourhood of Cloonmel especially it looks most promisingly, and in some places it is far advanced in ear. Some stems of wheat, of the description called golden drop, grown upon a farm belonging to Edward Jones, Esq., have been left at our office. They measure fully four feet in length, and the ear itself six inches. We have received a second excellent sample of wheat, grown at New Inn by the Rev. Nicholas Herbert. The ear measures nearly four inches, and the entire field from which it was taken presents an equally advanced appearance.—*Cloonmel Chronicle*.

The temperature of the weather has much improved, and the genial glow of sunshine the last three days, combined with a bright clear sky, give happy token of midsummer and its delightful associations of verdant meadow, rosie bower, and perfumed garden. Our harvest prospects are thanks to benign Providence, large and bountiful.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

THE LAND BILL.—When the House of Commons went into Committee on the Irish Land Bills on Thursday, Lord Seymour proposed that the Speaker should leave the chair, as there was no chance of the measure passing this session. Lord Palmerston opposed the motion, affirming there was a prospect of carrying the measure. Mr. Sergeant Stee declared that the bill was "not worth having with the amendments, and would be exceedingly mischievous. If he had known that the government amendments were such as they turned out to be he would never have entrusted the bill to them. The House then went into Committee on the Bill, and one of the amendments proposed by Mr. Horsman, was for the purpose of "disallowing compensation in cases of election, for non-payment of rent." This was naturally opposed by several Irish members on the ground that almost every tenant in Ireland being to some extent in arrears of rent, it gave to the landlord power at any time to eject a tenant, in order that he might appropriate to his own advantage any improvements that that tenant might have made. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Bowyer, and Mr. Maguire opposed the amendment, but it was supported by Mr. Napier, on the ground that it had been sanctioned by the House in the Bill of last year. Mr. William Keogh endorsed the statement of Mr. Napier, and the amendment was carried by a majority of 112 to 49! One of the amendments proposed by Mr. Keogh was that proposed by Sergeant Stee, to insert after Mr. Horsman's proposition the words, "being not less than two years rent of such holding." The Attorney-General for Ireland opposed the amendment, remarking that after the divisions that had taken place upon similar amendments, there could be no object in taking the sense of the house again. Ultimately, the debate was adjourned to Friday.—*Nation*.

POOR LAW REPORT.—In consequence of the news of the disaster of the 18th, hasty orders have been issued by the British Government to every military station to despatch every available soldier to the seat of war so as to fill up the gap which the artillery of the Czar has torn open in the army of England. Almost contemporaneously with these orders the Poor Law Commissioners have issued a tranquil document, which quietly but irrefragably evinces the impossibility of permanently recruiting that besieging army. The title of the document is—"Eight Annual Report of the Commissioners for Administering the Laws for Relief of the Poor in Ireland." It informs us that the wages of labour are equivalent to those of war. "Wages of a shilling per day are given where formerly the rate was fourpence, sixpence, or eightpence, while in most parts of the country a man's wages reach one shilling and sixpence, two shillings, or two and sixpence a day at certain seasons of the year." Ireland, far from having superfluous hands to wield the sword, lies, according to the report, scarcely hands enough to wield the sickle. In vain may au