

of guns, each about 25 in number. On the summit of the hill above the guns are banks for several large mortars. The existence of the upper tier of cannon appears to have been unknown until the moment it opened a deadly fire on the French works. On the enemy's extreme right of all was a 10-gun battery, most commandingly placed so as to enfilade the whole French line, and beyond this come the regular stone forts of the harbor, such as the Quarantine Battery and Fort Paul.

Such a sketch will convey to your readers a tolerably accurate idea of the means of the enemy for resisting our attack upon his stronghold.

THE LANCASTER GUN.

This destructive piece of ordnance has been most advantageous to the allies, as will be seen by the following account of its operations:—

Conspicuous among the din could be plainly heard the Lancaster guns. Their sharp crack, different from the other heavy guns, was like that of a rifle among muskets. But the most singular effect was produced by its ball, which rushed through the air with a noise and a regular beat precisely like the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards' distance. This peculiarity excited shouts of laughter among our men, who instantly nicknamed it the express train; and only by that name is the gun known. The effect of the shot seems most terrible. From its deafening noise the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of 20 or 30 such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we can only afford to mount two, and even those are only fired once in eight minutes.

At eight o'clock the fire was deafening, and about that time a breeze sprung up from the south which cleared away the smoke, and allowed us a full view of what was going on. Our friend the Round Tower was then barely recognisable, the delicate attentions of the Lancaster gun having effected a most unfavorable change in its appearance as a place of strength. Not a soldier remained on its roof, the four guns on which were overthrown, and lay about like dead horses. Huge holes were also visible in its side, where masses of the solid masonry were dislodged. The earthwork round the tower was torn up and pitted with shot from the other batteries, but, beyond this, remained much the same. Between these works and the redan wall, and the Twelve Apostles on the one side, and our Crown and Green-mound batteries on the other, an awful fire of shells was being interchanged, but most of the enemy's, as usual, burst in the air.

As the view cleared, the Lancaster gun on our right redoubled its fire on the tower. I never saw such firing. Every shot told full upon the building, and the officers of all ranks who were watching the attack from the house were speculating how long the tower could stand, when suddenly there came an explosion, which, for a time, attracted all attention. To our sorrow we saw a dense mass of smoke hanging over one of the French batteries, the cause of which we guessed but too truly—the flank fire of the 10-gun battery had succeeded in blowing up one of the magazines, killing several men, and doing serious injury to the works. Thus, at the moment when it was most needed, one of the French batteries was compelled to cease firing, nor did it again resume during the rest of the day.

Our batteries were in full play, and appeared to engage more than a due amount of the enemy's attention, for the Twelve Apostles, which was completely sheltered by the land from the attack of the French ships, and quite as completely sheltered from everything but one of the Lancaster guns, began to drop red-hot hollow shot into the Crown battery. The effect of this was soon apparent. Before a dozen had been fired, one of them bounded and struck a spare ammunition waggon full of powder, which it instantly exploded. The shock was not so severe as it might have been, for the powder was comparatively unconfined. It of course killed a few of our men, but the works of the battery were uninjured. The Russians set up tremendous cheers when they saw the explosion, as they did when the batteries of our allies blew up, imagining they had done us the same mischief. Their mirth, however, was but short-lived. While in the act of cheering, a shell from the Lancaster lodged (I presume so) in the magazine of the redoubt in front of the redan wall. The explosion which followed was appalling. It made the stoutest man's blood run cold. At first it seemed as if the whole of Sebastopol was enveloped in the ruin; five minutes after, when the loose earth and smoke cleared away, and allowed us to see the extent of the mischief, we saw that only a black hole remained where the grand redoubt had stood, and that the greater part of the redan wall was blown away; so stunning appeared the effects of the terrible blow to the enemy, that it was some minutes before they fired a single gun. When they did, they concentrated their whole fire upon the battery where the fatal Lancaster gun was placed, but in vain; it was quite out of range, and their shot stopped rolling nearly 200 yards in advance of the battery. Seeing this the Russians wisely gave up the attempt to reach it and turned their attention to the French fleet, which indeed required it.

MISCELLANEOUS MEMORANDA.

Captain Peel gave one of his many proofs of determination and *sang froid* on the 15th Oct. A shell fell into the battery, upon which he instantly seized it in his arms and hurled it over the parapet, where it exploded harmlessly.

THE MAN FROM GALWAY.—A London journal, the *Patriot*, in an interesting account of the Battle of Alma, supplies the following anecdote of Mr. Dudley Perse, eldest son of Dudley Perse, of Rox-

borough, in the county of Galway, Esq., and grandson of the Viscount Guillemore:—"It is said that a very young officer of the 7th regiment was the first to gain the top, and that clambering up to one of the embrasures (between the intervals of firing and loading the gun) he jumped into the battery. So unexpected was his appearance among the Russians, and perhaps so dense the smoke, that little attention was paid him, which he, resenting as an insult, took his own way of making his presence known and respected. He carried his revolver, of which he fired the six barrels in quick succession, and, as may be supposed, with deadly aim. The Russian gunners were so vastly astonished that they left him to have his own way, and (only when he had fired his last shot) he observed one of the fellows taking up a carbine and covering him. The situation was awkward, but the officer flung his pistol at the assailant, and hit him a blow between the two eyes, which caused him to roll over stunned, and *hors de combat* for the time being."

Each day we have had parties of skirmishers out, lying sheltered among the loose large stones, about 1,000 yards in advance of our batteries; in fact, within 200 yards of the walls of the town. These fellows, firing under cover, and picking off the artillerymen at the guns, harass the Russians considerably. Each day they have been compelled to send out parties to dislodge them, which, as they advanced for that purpose across the open ground, have been exposed at the same time to the fire of both skirmishers and trenches, and of course suffered considerably. In the course of the afternoon of the second day of the siege, a private of the 33rd, who had fired his last cartridge, was crouching to join the covering party nearest to him, when two Russians, to his great surprise, sprang from behind a rock, and seizing him by the collar, dragged him off towards Sebastopol. After having recovered from his temporary stupefaction at this sudden change of route, our friend of course commenced reflecting on the possibility of an escape. The Russian who escorted him on the left side held in his right hand his own firelock, and in his left the captured Minie. By a sudden spring the 33rd man seized the Russian's firelock, and on the speculation of its being loaded, discharged it at its owner. The man rolled over dead, and his companion was not less rapidly clubbed.—Gaily picking up his own Minie, our friend returned towards the camp and joined his regiment. This little episode was witnessed by a sergeant and several other skirmishers. Another anecdote, somewhat cruel, is related of a skirmisher, who, having picked off his man, took the body to a covered spot and laid it down. He issued forth, shot a second a third Russian skirmisher, and quietly deposited their bodies in a row with the first. Then, seeing a Highlander approach, he led him by the arm to the spot and said, "That's not such a bad afternoon's bag, Willie!"

MIKE WALSH AT ALMA.—Corporal C. Lauder, a native of Athlone, writes from Scutari Hospital: "I received a musket-shot in the left hip at the taking of the Alma heights. I am getting well again, and can now walk well. Uncle Michael also received a wound of a musket-shot on the top of the head, but it did not go in deep; it is about an inch and a half long. Michael recaptured the Queen's color of the 7th Fusiliers from the Russians, and, after he gave it to us, the man he took it from was watching him coming back, and was taking a steady aim at the centre of his body, when Michael perceived him, and, just as he was pulling the trigger, Mick fell on his knees, and the ball passed on the top of his head and knocked him senseless on the ground for some time. When he was taking the color the colonel and officers shouted 'Bravo! bravo!' while the men shouted, 'Tight fellow! tight fellow, Welsh!' Michael is in barracks with his wife. Mathews got a pair of Wellington boots the first day. He will bring home plenty of money."

THE IRISH CATHOLIC ARMY.

(From the Nation.)

The following letter from our gifted and kind-hearted friend, the Rev. Mr. Molloy, one of the Catholic chaplains in the East, will be read with more than ordinary interest. It is not at the expense of the British Government that Father Molloy has been enabled to undertake this arduous mission, but through the noble munificence of the Earl of Shrewsbury; and it will be seen that he has been treated with the most heartless cruelty by the British authorities at Scutari. Nevertheless, the good Priest persevered in administering the consolations of religion to the sick and dying of his flock, till he was actually refused admission to the barrack by the order of some clerical pop-injay of the Establishment! It is absolutely sickening to think that our brave countrymen are not only perilling their lives, but their immortal souls, for a Government which exhibits such course ingratitude:

"S. Pietro, in Galata, Constantinople, Oct. 12, 1854.

"MY DEAR MR. DUFFY.—I write to you, not from any obscure end of old, ill-treated Ireland, or from any part of England, her mighty oppressor, but from a place of more notoriety now than either, from the capital of the East—from the capital of the Ottoman Empire, Constantinople. Everything connected with Constantinople is now viewed with more than ordinary attention—learned with greedy avidity—heard and read in trembling anxiety by all grades, from the gross, half-brutalised facchino that groans under his enormous load, as he stumbles through the thronged and rugged streets, up to the pampered prince or pacha, who, before, knew no occupation, but the full indulgence of every animal appetite and sensual desire. A feeling, similar in extent, intensity, and terror, prevails, I can easily see, from end to end of every empire in Europe, in corresponding classes.—Under such circumstances, then, I feel confident that what I now write from this important place will be received by you and read by the people. I have been sent hither by Bishop Grant, of London, at the instance of his Grace of Dublin, and expense of an

English Catholic Peer, in order to administer to the spiritual wants of the Catholic portion of the English army. In Rome, I obtained, independent of other assistance, all the requisite and some extraordinary facilities for this mission, from the highest spiritual authority on earth. I devoted my services, such as they were, most willingly for some considerable time to the wants of the sick and wounded at Scutari hospital, which is the general depot of all the sick and wounded English engaged in the Eastern Expedition. As the authorities there refused to give me a room in that hospital or barrack, after a laborious day and sleepless night, I sometimes got myself rowed across the Straight, some three or four miles wide, for a little refreshment and sleep at our convent in Constantinople. You, and the Catholic people of Ireland, may consider this heartless and ungenerous on their part; but of this I should never complain. I was determined, as long as God sustained my strength, to struggle resolutely against every inconvenience of time, place, and prejudice that I might be able to assist, with the consolations of religion, the mangled, the mutilated heaps of agonising Irish and English which had been gathered up to this in haste, after the first fierce and sanguinary battle of Sebastopol.—Many died before they could see a Priest—many were yet alive, but utterly incapable of saying or signifying anything. It was a woful, heart-rending sight, to see some two thousand stretched in every attitude of torture—confusedly thrown in every hall, in every hole, in every passage that could receive a man. You saw some mortally wounded, yet weltering in blood—some with placid looks, bearing their pains in pale, silent sorrow—some writhing in restless frenzy—some roaring out in their excessive anguish, and some rotting, already, in their neglected ruin. Through the long, half-lighted halls and corridors, filled with such affliction, I sometimes passed at midnight, with a small taper, seeking out amid such scenes as I have described, the dying Catholic, the expiring Irishman, and every one that wanted or would admit my assistance. While thus going round at midnight, the unusually loud wailing of one, in a very remote part of this immense building, induced me to hurry on to the locality from which such loud lamentations issued—it was a young lad from Tipperary, nineteen years in the world and nine months in the army! A cannon ball had fractured his thigh, which was then cut off—I calmed him and heard his confession. He asked me not to blame his loud bawling, and said that, on the battle-field, when he fell, he bore his sufferings in silence, like a soldier, but that the intense torture he then felt was too intolerable for any human being to bear in silence or suppressed groaning. His lips were now blanched, and his heart was throbbing as if about to break. I left him, to attend to others. In the wounded crowds I could find him no more!—Numbers from almost every county in Ireland were cut down in this first fight. Oh! I thought, as I saw those mangled poor Irish fellows strewn every where around, some without arms, some without legs, and others without life—oh! I thought how dear to England's heart should be that land which gave birth to men so brave, so daring, and so reckless of danger. But my irresistible convictions of the direct reverse, compelled me to weep, in bitter silence, over their wounds, when I remembered why they fought, for whom they fell, their folly, England's systematic ingratitude and gross injustice to our dear Island of soldiers and of sorrow. I spent whole nights, till clear daylight, and whole days, till dark, administering the rites of religion and every consolation I could, indiscriminately, to all who called for my assistance or consented to have it. The good Parson, at last, bitterly resenting the silent reproach with which the opposite manners—the incessant efforts—of the Friar, who had not a place whereon to lay his head, were everlastingly, in the minds of all, upbraiding the apathy of the paid Minister, who had come, with his wife, to an hospital to eat in idleness, resolved to cut off the continuance of this odious contrast, by shutting the barrack gates against the obtrusive fellow for the future. Influenced and impelled by such feelings, he dared to ride up to me, as I walked from one barrack to the other, to ask, in impudence, on what authority I presumed to officiate in that place? He then, affecting authority and importance, told me to desist.—My answer was that I would persevere, till prevented by a power that I did not recognise in him. At this answer, the offended parson rode off in the most zealous haste to display his power over priests and military men, when his passions were moved. As I reached the hospital door, a sergeant and sentinel (both, I believe, Catholics), with firelock and fixed bayonet, started forth at once, by the parson's orders, to stop the priest, who was then bearing the bread of life and the last sacrament of the Church to some dying Irish Catholics, who had bravely fought, and fighting, fell to rise no more. I was spurred back by hands that shuddered at the odious office they executed. Remonstrance was useless. I had recourse to the adjutant for redress. He told me that as a gentleman, I might visit the barracks and see the sick, but on no account to administer any sacrament or say prayers as a priest—it so, I should be ordered out at once and without ceremony.

"I represented this to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the English Ambassador here. I even went to Thessalia, his summer residence near the Black Sea, in order to see him. He said that redress was not within the reach of his authority, but that he might do something indirectly without obliging himself by any promise.

"A second battle has not yet taken place. Preparations on both sides of a most appalling nature, are already made for immediate engagement. It is almost certain that the killed and wounded in the next action will greatly surpass, perhaps double in number, those of the first, in which upwards of 3,000 English and Irish fell. At Varna, there is no English or Irish priest at present—here they have one; the poor Irish are dying there of dysentery and other diseases, without any of the consolations of religion. Application has been made to the French chaplains occasionally; but their own calls were too numerous to permit their services elsewhere. This account of Varna I have heard from the sick soldiers who have come from that camp, and from two Sisters of Charity, who have just come from the same place, and called on me here yesterday. Then, if young Irishmen must be soldiers and see martial service, I would beg of them, at least to get instructed in the essential parts of the Christian doctrine, and prepare by an exact confession, for a good death, before they move a foot from home; for, if they calculate on finding priests here, they will, I fear, be sadly disappointed. I have written so much, because I believe myself in conscience bound to call attention to the crying enormous injus-

tice of robbing the sick soldier of the sacred rights of religion, especially, when these rights were no expense to the public treasury or to any party connected with it. I write to you because of the high esteem in which I have always held your person, your opinions, your ability, and your zeal in the cause of Catholicity, and our common country.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Duffy, your most humble servant, and attached friend,
"ROBERT VINCENT MOLLOY, O.P.
"To C. Gavan Duffy, Esq., M.P."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.—On the 3rd inst., the first entrance examination for Students of the Catholic University, was held in the University house, Stephen's Green, when a considerable number of students from different Catholic colleges and schools presented themselves for examination. In consequence of the unavoidable absence of many prelates of the Irish Church, who are now in Rome, the ceremony of the public Inauguration is deferred till a later date.—The rector and the other authorities have marked the opening of the University by an act which reflects the highest credit on themselves, and will be hailed with unanimous delight by all Catholics.—Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Jun., having passed his entrance examination with distinction, they requested his father (Mr. John O'Connell) to allow them to present his son with a free exhibition, as a testimony of respect to the memory of his illustrious grandfather.

MR. LUCAS AND THE BISHOP OF OSSORY.—When the popular agitators have for their object but to foment the division of party, they are brought, sooner or later, to the most fatal issue. Thus Ireland, so admirable at the epoch when she was agitated by the powerful voice of O'Connell, who had in view a great national object to attain, has now fallen into a most deplorable anarchy. Under these circumstances, it has become very difficult to speak of the affairs of this country without exciting susceptibilities for all parties to pretend to a degree of wisdom, their views and conduct which will not suffer any contradiction. One will comprehend that we have no desire to interpose in the great affairs of these little coalitions. We are not rash enough to venture to judge the conduct of men who aim at, without attaining, the position of political agitators. However desirous we may be to keep silence, we will mention, *en passant*, an incident which will enable our readers to comprehend the degree at which the moral anarchy we deeply regret has arrived. The gravity of circumstances determined the Episcopacy, a few months since, to summon to Dublin a National Synod, to take measures for the regulation of the course which the clergy should in future pursue in regard to political coteries. This determination was settled by a great majority of votes, and the members of the Synod, on their return to their dioceses, issued to their clergy instructions conformable to that resolution. Since this measure has been taken, it has not met with any obstacle. The priests were respectfully subject to their Bishops; but parties, if we must judge by the information which has reached us to-day, do not find their account in this abstinence of the clergy. The political leaders perceive that their influence is diminished, since the public patronage of the Bishops and their clergy has fallen off. Their ascendancy reached its climax, when they had decided, to the scandal of the whole of Ireland, to denounce publicly the Bishops, to urge the priests to resistance, under the pretext that, after all, a Bishop is not infallible, and that the priests of Ireland would, in case of doubt, ask from Rome rules for their conduct. We deplore that a man of Mr. Lucas's fame, animated with such pure intentions, could make himself the organ and the champion of this thesis, at a meeting of the Tenant League, held at Callan, in the county of Kilkenny. Mr. Lucas had mentioned, to enter into the matter alluded to, the absence of the curate of the parish, and he gave the reasons which prevented him being present at the reunion. His discourse excited against the conduct of the Bishop the hootings of the assembly, and the repeated cries of "Shame, shame!" against the venerable pastor who governs the diocese, did not cease to interrupt the speaker, who, himself, has obtained nought but plaudits and testimonies of satisfaction. We must say, nevertheless, to the honor of the clergy of Kilkenny, that those of its members who, from curiosity, assisted at the reunion, retired immediately Mr. Lucas commences his philippic against their worthy Bishop. Mr. Lucas has announced his intention to resort immediately to Rome with a deputation, with the view of laying the affair before the Sovereign Pontiff the Successor of St. Peter, towards whom he has made a profession of the most profound respect and the most entire submission. The speech of the member for Meath has obtained in the London Protestant journals the most ample publicity. The success will be greater in England than in Ireland, where one can succeed in misleading and beguiling an assembly; but where the Catholic sentiments of the people will revolt on hearing that they have hooted their Bishops. An appeal to Rome is, in the Church, a very legitimate proceeding; but, on the other hand, such appeal must have a motive which will justify it, and a precise object. Now, in the case which occupies us, the appeal would be without a motive and without an object. The clergy of Kilkenny, like those of other dioceses, are subject to their Bishop; not a murmur is heard from them; all know that the rule of conduct which was fixed for them had been determined and fixed in a synodical assembly of the Archbishops and Bishops of the country. The thought never suggested itself to the mind of any one. That the Tenant League, which reunited the last champion of Young Ireland, would excite rival pretensions against the authority of an Episcopal Synod. We cannot see, in truth, by what title Mr. Lucas and his friend pretend to interfere in this affair.—*Univers.*

SMITH O'BRIEN.—The following paragraph has been circulating through the English journals, during the week:—"Mr. Smith O'Brien recently voyaged from Malta to Gibraltar and entered into familiar conversation with many of the passengers. He looked careworn. He was obliged to leave the *Candia* at Gibraltar, as he is prohibited by the terms of his pardon, from visiting the United Kingdom. It was believed that he purposed visiting some part of Italy. He appeared sad on leaving the steamer; and, while wishing good-bye to those who were bound to England, he remarked that he scarcely knew what countryman to call himself."

A project is on foot for the construction of a line of railway from Kilrush to Kilkee.