

works, it is admitted that on this and several other occasions they penetrated into them, they ran along the rear of our parallels, surprised the men in the trenches with a superior force, and were only driven out after an obstinate resistance. We cannot recall any instance in which as much has been done by any portion of the allied armies against the Russian lines, probably because our Generals are averse to risk their men in these ineffective contests; but the siege appears for the moment to have resolved itself mainly into the attack and defence of the Mamelon, which is regarded as the key of the position, and would enable us, if in our possession, to command a part of the town and harbor. If the siege is to continue with any prospect of success, that position must be taken; and the extreme energy and ingenuity with which the Russians endeavor to ward off our attacks on this point seem to imply a consciousness that the fate of Sebastopol turns on the possession of that hill. The more it is to be regretted that our engineers acted as if they never discovered the importance of it till it was in the hands of the enemy. The engagement of the night of the 22d-23d of March must, however, again have shown the Russians that, though we may be out-numbered, we are not to be beaten, and their attack, though partially successful at first, ended in a severe repulse. Will General Canrobert, with his own gallant troops, supported, if necessary, by the British forces in front of our attack, follow up this advantage, and secure that important position which he has already attempted to carry by main force and by regular approaches? We hope to learn within a very few days or hours that no more time has been lost, but that the attack has been resumed with equal vigor on our side. Already the fire both of shells and rockets has become far more constant and effective against the town, and a very short time ought to bring the siege operations to a crisis, or to determine the allied Generals to have recourse to other means of carrying on the campaign.—*Times*.

**STATE OF THE WORKS.**—As yet the lines of our batteries remain very nearly identical with those from which we opened fire on the 17th of October. The second parallel of our attack has, indeed, been armed with guns, and some detached works have been constructed, but no great change has been effected in the mode or form of our approaches and attack since General Jones joined. The fine weather has enabled our troops to strengthen the third parallel of another of our attacks very considerably, which is, however, still extremely weak; and it has given opportunity to improve their cover and the approaches and zigzags, and one portion of our lines is now within a couple of hundred yards of the advanced works of the Round Tower. The engineer officers allege there is great difficulty in finding men to execute the necessary works, notwithstanding the improved condition of our army, and the diminution of work and labor which has taken place since the co-operation of the French on our right. Notwithstanding the ground taken by the French, we are obliged to let the men stay for twenty-four hours at a time in the trenches. On an average, the men have three or four nights out of seven in bed. The French have five nights out of seven in bed.

**STATE OF AFFAIRS AT BALAKLAVA.**—Private letters from the Crimea continue to speak cheerfully of the progress making there, both with the railway, the fortifications, and the improvements at Balaklava. The railway is progressing most satisfactorily, and will soon be available for all the purposes of the siege. The 10-ton crane has been taken up to headquarters, where its great power will render it very useful in facilitating the unloading of the heavy materials required to carry on the operations of the siege. Foresight and energy characterize, in an admirable degree, all to whom the carrying out of the well-matured plans of the expedition has been entrusted. The men continue to enjoy excellent health, work with steady and hearty good will; and, with very few exceptions, give no cause for complaint as to their behavior. The Earl of Durham, one of the vessels which took out the navies, was to leave for England on the 23th, and the *Tonning*, on the same day, for Constantinople; the Candidate had discharged her cargo, and the *Wildfire* was in the harbor, waiting to be unloaded. Rough weather had prevented the divers from doing anything further with the wreck of the unfortunate Prince, but calm and sunshine have succeeded, and the operations will now be resumed. The weather is now delightful, and crocuses, hyacinths, and a variety of other bulbous-rooted flowers of the brightest colors spring up profusely among the tents, while the notes of the lark and finch families resound from every bush and shrub. This agreeable change has produced a corresponding one in the troops, and if an opinion may be formed from the cheerfulness and animation that pervade every countenance, it would seem that the calamities of the past are forgotten, and all are looking forward to the future with a determination to prosecute the siege with redoubled vigor. The clean, orderly, and comfortable appearance of the troops affords a striking contrast to the state of things which existed two months ago. The bastions and parapets are swept clean, the footpaths round the lines have been paved, in anticipation of more wet weather, and the works around Balaklava present an aspect that would do credit to an old fortified town. Whether Sebastopol falls sooner or later, it is gratifying to know that all is safe at Balaklava, the lines of the allies presenting too formidable an appearance for the enemy to make an attack with the smallest chance of success. Under the management of Colonel Harding, the town improves rapidly; wharfs are in course of construction, the harbor is comparatively clear of shipping, and the scavengers are in full occupation, both ashore and afloat. Should Balaklava be visited by pestilence, as some have predicted, it will not be through any neglect of the sanitary precautions within reach. So

great, however, is the change that has taken place, that the prospect of such a visitation grows daily more remote. Routine has given place to common sense, and in almost every department one now sees a systematic application of all kinds of appliances to the furtherance of the great object in view.

**STATE OF THE TROOPS.**—As regards the general condition of the sick, fever is now gaining ground fast upon dysentery and diarrhoea, and, as has been remarked before, proves exceedingly critical from the number of relapses which take place, and which render it impossible to say when a patient is really removed beyond its influence. The severity of disease has certainly relaxed of late. The Ottawa, in her passage down with 120 sick last week, had no casualties to report. In the Light Division, at the beginning of the week, she were 677 on the sick list—235 with fever and 181 with dysentery and diarrhoea. From the 10th to the 17th the death in the same division were 18, but these deaths occurred chiefly among the old established cases. This improvement is progressive. During the month of February the admissions were one-third less than in January, and the deaths dropped from 317 to 194. As a Division, it may be said to take rank above the others in the aspect of its hospitals for cleanliness and convenience, those of the 23rd Fusiliers and the 33d especially leaving nothing to be desired. Whitewashed walls, sloping ranges of floor for the beds, macadamized paths up the centre. Shelves for the use of the occupants, washing done regularly by companies, prove at once the energy and intelligence of the regimental and the medical officers, and reflect no small credit on the inspecting officer of the division, Dr. Alexander. Sir George Brown's threatened recurrence to the tyranny of stocks and shakos is an unpleasant set off to these favourable features.

As a rule the Highland regiments are in good order and keeping. Though not answering precisely to their title, they are very much in their character and habits of the North British type; there is a certain feeling of clanship both among themselves and their officers, and an *esprit de corps* which is testified by the self-respect of the individual soldier. They have distinguished themselves in the present campaign, they occupy now a post of honour as the defenders of Balaklava, and they obey a gallant officer, proud of them, as they of him.

**SUFFERINGS OF THE RUSSIANS.**—It appears that the Russian officers at least such of them as have an opportunity of communicating with the French officers during an armistice have expressed their weariness and disgust at the war, and the delight they should feel at its conclusion. They speak of the intense sufferings they have been obliged to endure, and which are greater even than those of the French or English.

The garrison of Sebastopol was on short rations, as the authorities preferred storing up their supplies in magazines to issuing full rations.

**GENERAL FOREY.**—Ever since the commencement of the siege, contrary to the practice of the other field-officers, General Forey never once visited the men in the trenches—a neglect for which the soldiers, with that love of fun which is described as characteristic of the *Français ne-malin*, paid him off in their own way. When the first parallel was completed, the men, never having seen him in the trenches, began to make his absence a subject of conversation, and a wag stuck up his ramrod on the *épaulement* and affixed to it a paper bearing this inscription:—*Récompense à qui trouvera le Général Forey, qui s'est perdu dans la première parallèle.* This pleasantry had immense success. When the second parallel was completed the same inscription was placed on the parapet, and when the third line of trenches was completed, the pleasantry was again repeated, a "*formidable récompense*" being promised for the discovery of the missing General. This soon came to the ear of General Forey, and he forthwith repaired to Canrobert, to demand that an example should be made of the culprit; but the Commander-in-Chief pointed out that this affair could only be regarded as a joke, and ought not to be carried any further. This refusal led it is said to a violent scene, the issue of which was that General Forey was placed under arrest for a couple of hours. It is this circumstance which led to a report—to which it is unnecessary further to allude—mentioned by the correspondent of one of our contemporaries, and subsequently contradicted as calumnies by the *Moniteur*. This little anecdote sets matters right, and readily explains the "reason why" General Forey felt ill at ease in the position which he occupied.—*Globe's Paris Correspondent*.

**A "KILKENNY BOY" IN BATTLE.**—We have received the following letter, written by a non-commissioned officer, in the Hospital at Scutari:—

"SCUTARI, 18th March.—As your journal chronicles so many deeds of bravery amongst the soldiers of our army, I trust you will join with me in thinking that the gallant act of a Kilkennyman, however humble, ought not to be left unrecorded, particularly as from the fall of the officers under whose eyes he discharged the duty, he seems likely to lose his chance of a suitable reward. His is not like the case of the much be-puffed Herculian sergeant in the Guards, who was described to have done wonders at Inkermann, and would have worn the horns of a mighty hero had it not turned out that he was not at the battle at all. Private James Neary, 57th Regiment, at Troy's Gate in your own city, although his head may not be seen above those of his comrades, like the gigantic Guardsman who was not in the battle, has at least a much better right to hold up his head and be proud of what he did on the occasion. Although he is but five feet six inches in height, he can handle his musket as well as any Guardsman amongst them. When at Inkermann the 57th were surrounded by the

enemy in almost overwhelming numbers, Neary saw a Russian level his musket at his Colonel, Brigadier Goldie; he had himself just loaded, but had not time to cap; however, jumping forward, he at once knocked the Russian down with his musket. The Col. had seen his danger, and he at once said to Neary, "Thank you, my good fellow, you have saved my life." "I will save it better, sir," replied Neary, and capping his musket, he drove a ball through the heart of the Russian soldier, who was in the act of getting on his feet again. The Colonel called to Neary's Captain—the brave and lamented Captain Stanley, to take down the name of the man who had rendered him this assistance. But, at that moment turning round, he saw the colours surrounded by the enemy; and he at once cried to Neary, "come my brave fellow, our colours are in danger." With that they hurried forward, and were just in time, aided by the other soldier whom they rallied, to save the colours, the Colonel by cutting down a Russian sergeant, and his deliverer, Private Neary, by extracting one of them from the body of one of his own officers, a brave young gentleman who lost his life in defending them. Then came the tug of war; column after column of the enemy came rushing down on our gallant fellows; and the brave commanding officer cried, "Come, Diehard—come on my boys and let those fellows taste your steel;" and so they did, and no mistake, the Russians falling before the bayonets like nine pins; our gallant leader ever foremost, cutting and slashing about him right and left, and bravely cheering on his handful of Die-hards. The colonel fell from his horse mortally wounded, and having been carried from the field, expired in about eight hours after, to the great regret of the regiment and the army; poor Captain Stanley died on the field, and ever will be remembered in his corps as a gallant officer and a good man; whilst private Neary also came in for his share, having received a wound in the head, from the effects of which he has since been suffering in this hospital, occupying a bed contiguous to my own. However, he has now nearly recovered, and is ready to go in at Sebastopol with the best of them; and it is only to be regretted that he has not received the reward which would surely have been forthcoming, had not both Colonel Goldie and Captain Stanley unfortunately fallen in the battle.

#### THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.

T. D. McGee, of the *American Celt*, continues his interesting correspondence; from which we again lay some extracts before our Irish Catholic readers:

"Even more than with us, the Irish in England may be considered a Providential people. With us, if they continue to lose the second generation, the Catholic theory of their missionary usefulness can hardly hold, for it cannot be the will of Heaven, that an old Christian race should be fruitful of apostates. In England—in London, and throughout Yorkshire manufacturing towns—I am assured by laymen and clergymen, that they do not loose the children. In Bradford, for example, I was assured that the young Irish generation are better Catholics than their parents, better catechised, more practical, and less slavish to the person of the Pastor, not less docile to his teachings. Substantially the same thing was told me everywhere else, and, if I can rely on the concurrence of testimony, the swarms of Irish poor who have toiled and perished obscurely in England, have not possessed their souls, in vain, in a land of exile.

"In the long widowhood of the English Church, these despised strangers kept the lamp of faith burning in the dark and horrid haunts of their town misery. When no 'Archpriest,' much less Vicar Apostolic, was tolerated in the land, the Irish Friar, or secular, following in the wake of his frieze-clad countrymen, (disguised often as one of the meanest of their band), made his home in those modern Catacombs—the city within the city—of which the fashionable and the intelligent natives were totally ignorant. Often, like the venerable Challoner, the tavern was the rendezvous, where the disguised Priest could meet his scattered flock under cover of a purpose, the reverse of the real one. Often in the rural homes of that noble few, the faithful Catholic aristocracy of England, the Irish Chaplain, lurked for years, visible only to the small number of the elect, whom neither Stuart, nor Brunswick could terrify into Apostasy. At last, in God's good time, in our own eventful days, the English Church has emerged from its crypts and hiding-places, to assume its rightful place in this once Christian Kingdom. At its head stands an illustrious Hierarchy, celebrated not less for variety of talent than for holiness of life; presided over by a chief, not unworthy in courage or acquirements to take up the succession interrupted in England with Pole and Allen.

"An anecdote, not inappropriate here, was told me in York Minster the other day by an old friend from Leeds. A band of our poor countrymen sauntering about the fine-old streets of York, finding the Minster door open walked into the magnificent transept. Very soon after, Cardinal Wiseman, who was on a visit in the neighborhood, came to see the same glorious relic of the Catholic Ages of England. In the choir at the time—for the choir, as elsewhere, holds all the present people—were the Queen's Clergy, going through their make-believe Cathedral service. Some one among the crowd outside recognised the Cardinal, whose name no sooner reached the Irish laborers than they instinctively formed into two ranks, and dropped on their knees to ask his blessing. The Cardinal—so I was told—gave them his benediction with deep emotion, to the immense astonishment of the Queen's Clergy, who must have thought it either the height of audacity, or an incident fraught with manifold meanings.

"Now that the English Catholic Church—if I may so say—has been disinterred, and set on high, partly by Irish aid and zeal, it is to be hoped that its elevation will be signalized by some social improvements among the poor pioneers, or rather excavators of its long-buried remains. It is certain that the English Church owes something to the Irish instruments of its restoration, and I believe I may say, that the debt is acknowledged in no stinted spirit. The chivalrous tone of common cause with all the poor, take by then 'Oxford converts,' has produced a more generous feeling towards Irish Catholicity, than prevailed in the school of Charles Butler, Dr. Lingard, and the late

Lord Shrewsbury. To cultivate and reciprocate that spirit, is obviously the duty and the interest of our people, in Ireland, and still more in England. They want all their friends, and the Church wants all her children.

"The habits of the Irish in England, as with us, undergo many changes. The men, earning wages undreamt of at home, are too prone to run up weekly bills in the ale house. I have heard of cases where the Saturday score amounted to ten shillings in the pound! Years ago, Father Mathew, God bless him! checked drunkenness in all this class, and wholly cured some of the most depraved. But alas! man is weak, and habit strong, and the good Father is sinking fast to his rest among the vineyards of Madeira. His work has not been as permanent as it was popular. Hundreds of thousands of households do bless his name, and will ever revere his memory; but a still greater multitude, it is to be feared, have relapsed with augmented appetite, into their old vice. Riotous, noisy drunkenness is unknown; but sordid habits have eaten into the very marrow of the bones of many of our men, especially in the manufacturing cities.

"The female portion of the Irish race here, are, generally, as they are everywhere, the pink and pride of their race. Their modesty, piety, industry, are proverbial. Yet it cannot be concealed—it ought not to be concealed in an impartial view such as I mean to give you—that the lowest description of unfortunate women contains a large proportion of Irish. So I am assured by many who know English town-life for years. Why is it so? Why is an Irishwoman who has lost her shame, the most shameless of all creatures? Is it that the depth of the fall is more fully felt? that despair sets in? that all pretensions to decency are discarded? that inward remorse and terror are hidden under a super-bruizen exterior? However it may be, I cannot describe to you the shame with which I hear at night the Irish voices of abandoned women, in the streets and around the hotels. Surely, surely, something ought and will be done, to diminish this foulest stain on our national and moral character.

"I find many points of resemblance between the Irish here and in the United States. Among them this: that a small per centage of our shop-keepers have made money and are independent; an odd Irish merchant, doctor, lawyer, or writer, has, or may have, the same cheering story to tell. Again: the Irish in England, almost to a man, are ardent patriots. They have been a good deal divided and a great deal disheartened by affairs at home; they have been bountifully abused for their cause, by the natives; still they love Ireland, honor St. Patrick, and live in expectation of returning some day altogether to their own country. Though too many of them have deteriorated morally by transplanting, the majority are sound to the core; and if they ever should simultaneously forsake their present abodes, and establish themselves where they first saw the light, it would be an industrial revolution, as astonishing and as thorough as the banishment of the Moors and Jews from Spain, or the exile of the skillful Huguenots from France.

"As to their literature. I regret to be obliged to state my fears, that it is chiefly supplied from doubtful sources. The cheap London periodicals, the trashy novels of the love and murder school, have great circulation among them. The *Lamp* and the *Rambler* to some extent correct this vicious influence, but they are too scholarly for the multitude. The *Dublin Telegraph*, being a three-penny publication, is almost the only Irish weekly paper they see, but a far better thing would be, some revival of the old *Irish Penny Journal*, with wood-cuts, and a variety of contents, such as no newspapers can supply. I do not know a more meritorious work, or one more likely to succeed in skilful hands, than a cheap, illustrated paper, intended to meet the peculiar wants and tastes of the Irish in England.

"I close, as I began, with the English Church, as it at present stands. Though the days of Dr. Oates and Lord George Gordon, to all human appearances, can never return, there is yet a mass of unflinching bigotry in the English breast, which must find relief periodically. Just think of educated Protestant gentlemen questioning Dr. Newman's motives, or denying Cardinal Wiseman's wonderful powers! Yet such I have met, and men, too, who bore visibly upon them class-marks; not eccentric bigots, nor vain egotists, but men of the world, who stand well with the world. Though there may be no desire to persecute to the death, to bring the living representatives of More and Fisher to the Tower, or to Tyburn, there is certainly a bitter determination to do no justice to the motives or the merits of Catholics, high or low. Our humblest members are admittedly honest, but then 'they are so ignorant!' our able men are well educated, but then 'they are so Jesuitical.' Any subterfuge rather than justice to Catholicity!

"But hated as it is, has been, and will be, the restored Church flourishes apace. Its Cardinal, twelve Bishops, and the Abbot of St. Bernard's, Leicestershire, form its Hierarchy—to whom we may add the four Scotch Bishops, Drs. Gillis, Murdoch, Smith, and Kyle. Three eminent clergymen have the rank of 'Roman Prelates,' or 'Domestic Prelates to His Holiness.' In England proper there are about 850 priests on the mission, and, perhaps, 150 ecclesiastics in colleges and community. In Scotland, there are 100 churches and chapels, and 143 clergymen. Liverpool, the best supplied diocese, has 140 priests; Birmingham, 133; Salford, 90; and Westminster, 120; while Newport has but 26, and Plymouth but 27.—Here we see that it is the Irish centres, the manufacturing districts, where the new Church is strongest. Another curious fact is, that though the Hierarchy and Colleges are solely supplied from the native clergy, more than half the working missionaries are of Irish birth and education.

"Thus captive Israel multiplied in chains. Thus, the mystery of the catacombs is represented today, under the smiling surface of this Imperial state. Doubtless the new Church is much indebted to Donay, to Rheims, to Rome, and Oseot; but it is no less so to Maynooth, to Carlow, and rising All-Hallows. Above all is it indebted to the laboring poor of Irish origin, who have enriched it from treasures with which the gifts of the Norfolks and Shrewsburies cannot for a moment be compared."

**THE ADVENT DELUSION.**—The *Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle* learns that "considerable interest is manifested as the time fixed for some Adventists for the end of the world draws near. Ten of their converts were baptized lately. They expect to be caught up on the 17th proximo, while the earth and its inhabitants are burning up." In Boston they expect to be "caught up" on the 18th May.