

Ion is now as bad as ever; much injury has also been done to the Malakoff in this manner. Our casualties during the day have not been very severe, except among the sailors of the naval brigade. One shell from the Redan entered the left attack, killing two men on the spot, and severely wounding seven others; all of these poor fellows were sailors. Lieutenant Urmsliern, of the Queen, was wounded; and Lieut. Crofton, of the Royal Engineers, was severely wounded last night. Preparations are evidently making for a general assault. Our shells, on which we entirely rely for hindering the repair of the enemy's works during the night, are going fast, and will most likely be quite gone by to-morrow night.—The tramway, to be sure, can bring up a day or two's supply, but it is wanted for other things, and besides it has been occupied all to-day in getting up 300 tons of powder from Balaklava to the front. When our supply of shell is exhausted we must storm, or quietly yield up the advantages our cannonade has given us, and sink back into the state into which we were after the attack of the 17th. A new battery also will be completed before to-morrow morning. It is to mount eight 84-pounders, and will be placed in the most advanced trench, near the middle ravine. All the embrasures, gunways, and other preparations for the ordnance are completed; in fact, two of the pieces are already placed. The remaining six will go down to-night, and the battery opens fire with the rest to-morrow morning. It will attack only the Malakoff, and great things are expected from one of such strength, situated within 500 yards of the enemy's works.

April 13.—This morning, when our batteries recommenced the effects of our assaults were still more apparent. The fire of the Flagstaff was evidently slack, even more marked so than on the previous evening. It scarcely replied one gun to the French three. The devastating traces of the shot were almost apparent. Not only are the lower tier of guns quite destroyed, but the upper seem in a fair way of following them. Two or three of them are already dismounted, and the earth of the parapets so seamed and torn that the rest of the ordnance appear as if pointing out between loose piles of earth. The flanking batteries are now being fired at, and apparently with much effect. The barrack work is also suffering much, and nearly one-third of its embrasures are empty. The Redan still shows a bold front. As I have already said, this colossal work is at so long a range from ours (1250 yards) and mounts such an enormous mass of ordnance, that it would stand its present battering for two or three weeks to come, without receiving such injury as to render it untenable. But this is a matter of no moment. The Redan, *per se*, is a strong battery, but, unlike the Flagstaff or Malakoff, is by no means so importantly situated as to necessitate our taking it by storm. The former works are the keys of the enemy's position; when they are silenced and captured the Redan will fall of itself, as it will cease to be tenable. The new battery which I mentioned last night as being formed in the advanced trench, was completed and opened this morning. The tremendous volley with which it commenced quite took the Russians by surprise. Each day they have been accustomed to see our 10-inch mortars fire from the same part of our works, and doubtless for that very reason never anticipated further molestation (which, indeed, was almost unnecessary, so well were our mortars manned) from the same quarter. The sudden and continued fire, therefore, of 8 enormous guns, in addition to their old assailants, the mortars, was a complete and unpleasant surprise. At the first discharge one of their guns was dismounted and another injured, and their artillerymen either ran away or concealed themselves, as they were not to be seen. Only one gun was fired in reply, so that for five or ten minutes our battery had nothing to do but blaze away without fear of opposition. After that time the enemy appeared to take heart, and several guns were fired, but it was fully half an hour before they made anything like a vigorous defence. Then, indeed, the fire they maintained showed that very many of the embrasures which were supposed to be silenced had merely had their guns withdrawn, and those they brought forward and well manned. For about an hour the enemy fought with good determination, but from the first they had no chance of being able to maintain it long. Directly it was seen that the Malakoff works were determined to engage our advanced battery, one face of Gordon's Battery, mounting ten guns and two mortars, was directed upon it, and the three 13-inch mortar battery at the picket house also threw its missiles against the Round Tower. With these, and with the assistance of the four 10-inch mortars near the advanced work and several columns throwing 32 lb. shell, a perfect hail was poured into our old enemy. As I have said, for a time it was well fought, but our immense shot dismounted the guns or cut up the earthworks, while the shells dropping over burst continually among its defenders. Towards eight o'clock its fire had slackened considerably, and before nine the enemy for that time gave up the contest as hopeless, and such guns as could still be used were withdrawn from the embrasures and our batteries left to do their worst upon the earthworks. During this battery fight the Mamelon, as usual, revived from its state of inaction, and to the astonishment of every one, put forward five guns and fired them continually. The demonstration, however, did little good beyond drawing on it when the Malakoff was quiet; the fire of the mortar battery at the picket-house, and under these tremendous bombs it was soon reduced to its former inaction. Our advanced work then continued to fire at the Malakoff, which never offered any serious resistance for the remainder of the day. Every twenty minutes or so two or three of its guns were run forward and fired, but beyond this it was quiet, and seemed to have no more than 20 or 30 men in it. The result of this day's bombardment has again

been most favorable to the allies. The Flagstaff still makes a heroic defence, but it is evidently sinking fast. The Redan is still vigorous, but on the whole line, the enemy's fire is not half that of the allies. To-day our superiority has been much more marked than ever, the Russians not replying one gun to our three or four.

April 14.—I have only time to add a line or two before the mail starts. Our bombardment continued the whole of last night, with much effect, and this morning the guns again recommenced. The fire of the enemy slackens more and more each day. There was a slight sortie last night upon the French, who are sapping up towards the Flagstaff. It was instantly repulsed, with a loss of ten or twelve killed to the Russians. There is no new feature in the cannonade of to-day, beyond that our advanced 84-pounder battery is doing considerable havoc to the works of Malakoff.

THE DEFENCES OF SEBASTOPOL.

The following description of the defences of Sebastopol as they existed immediately previous to the commencement of the bombardment, may be found interesting at the present moment. It was written by the *Times* correspondent two days before the opening of the fire on the place:—

"As I have several times told you, there is no wall of Sebastopol. There is no defence of the kind within or without its lines which ought to be called, or can be considered, a town wall; but there is a stone wall crenelated for musketry, which extends from Artillery Bay round to the Platform Bastion on the French side to our left. It is a detached wall, and offers no impediment to the artillery of an enemy directed against it. The French, however, do not regard it in the least, as it is only a long, weak curtain. The Russian batteries are before it or at its extremities, and this is the only wall about the place. At this wall I left the spectator. Taking up the view from it on the left, the eye rests on the mass of ruins in front of the French lines seamed here and there with white banks of earth, dotted with embrasures or banked up by walls of gabions. This part of Sebastopol lies between the sea at Artillery Bay and the Dockyard Creek. It is exceedingly like portions of old London after the burst of the Wide-Street Commissioners upon it. This strip of ruin, the combined work of French and Russians, is about two miles long and 300 or 400 yards broad, and it sweeps round the town like a zone or girdle. The houses inside it and close to it are more or less injured, but as the distance from the French lines becomes greater the marks of injury are less perceptible; the tall white storehouses, with roofs of sheetiron, the domes of churches, the porticos of palaces, and the stately outlines of great public buildings, shine pleasantly in the sunshine. Tier after tier of roofs rise up the crest of the hill on which this portion of the town is built, and figures steal across the field of the glass as it sweeps over the space, the streets appearing as though the owners kept a keen look out for shells. In front of this portion of the town the dun steppes are scarred all over by the lines of the French approaches, from which at intervals arise the smoke wreaths of cannon or the puffs of the rifle, answered from the darker lines of the Russians in front of the city. At night this space is lighted up incessantly by the momentary twinkle of the flashes of the Chasseurs. Then comes a deep ravine, on the shoulder of which the French have established a battery which can be directed against the Garden Battery on the other side, and the neck of the Dockyard Creek, into which the ravine runs. This ravine runs from the hollow in which Lord Raglan's house is situated down to the Dockyard Creek. At the right of this creek is Fort Paul, with a long range of dockyard buildings. In a bend of the creek there is a two-decker, with her broadside presented to the town, so as to sweep the approaches from the left. She is out of the line of fire of our batteries, and the French cannot touch her. Half way up the creek, and closer to us than the man-of-war, is a bridge of boats leading from the French side to the English side of the city, which the Russians use constantly. This bridge is also out of range.

The following is extracted from a letter by T. D'Arcy McGee, "on the Irish Emigration to the United States," addressed to the editors of the Irish press without distinction of party:—

"New York, May 8, 1855.

"I take leave to address you, gentlemen, upon a subject of common interest, the annual emigration from Ireland, but not with the vain hope of abating its quantity. That quantity is defined by laws which no argument can suspend or repeal—the sharp laws of dire necessity, which, without being either written or printed, do irresistibly execute themselves.

"The quantity of the emigration being fixed by the force of events, its direction is the only open question left us to consider; as friends and advisers and part of this people.

"For many years this Republic has received the bulk and pith of our emigration. It seems now to say that it has had enough of Irish servile work; that it desires a diminution of the supply. It is for us to say, (for you, gentlemen, for me, for all of us), whether the emigrant Irish ought to take the hint, or to go on as if it had never been given.

"To return to the business of this letter; how ought we to interpret the recent expressions of American public opinion in relation to our emigrants? Much, no doubt, might be said on either side. Those who are here may have one line of duty to pursue; those who purpose emigrating to some new country are still free to look around them. They ought to be told frequently, until they become familiar with the facts, what state of society they may expect to en-

counter here. They ought to be told that the British Provinces of North America are not necessarily miserable and uninhabitable, because the British flag flies at Quebec. That flag, without feudal landlordism, without a national debt, without a State Church, is without its worst terrors; with a Constitution freer than Ireland achieved in 1782, it is a symbol of titular sovereignty, which conduces to protection rather than oppression. To a country like Canada, a federal connexion and an Imperial flag is the best foreign alliance; the best guarantee of peaceful progress, under a Parliament of her own election. I know well the repugnance of our countrymen to live under that flag, even where it covers no real power; but I know also, that, if they still must come to North America, they will find some attractions in the Provinces, which they will no longer find in these States. The population in possession are less hostile to them; Catholicity is socially established there; parents can still supervise the education of their own children; life is not gambled away in a feverish desire for sudden riches; justice between man and man, or class and class, is to be had in the Provincial Courts of law. As journalists, you, gentlemen, can verify my assertions, or ascertain wherein they fail to be just. Already a small number of our countrymen have abandoned the United States, to settle in Canada West. The Emigrant Agent for that province, Mr. Hawke, has, in his report for the present year, estimated Canada's gain in this class at 20,000, and he very naturally attributes this fact to the action of the proscriptive party here, 'against foreigners, and especially against the Irish Catholics.' So you perceive that the people themselves have begun to find out that the British flag does not of itself outweigh actual social wrongs, though perpetrated under the standard of a Republic.

"Another class of our settlers, possessed of small means (from \$500 to 5,000), are pouring back into Ireland. I learn from the shippers of passengers at this port, that the return emigration already proceeds at the ratio of 500 per week. Since the first of January the departures are said almost to balance the arrivals—a highly curious and instructive fact. It is for you, gentlemen, I respectfully submit to encourage or discourage this return of the tide; it is for you to tell us what openings in town and country, in trade or land, may await these 'foreigners at home.' If their present purpose is rash and likely to be ruinous, raise your powerful voices in time, I beseech you, so that thousands of others, now on the verge of returning, may be saved from the trials and losses of re-emigration.

"One thing of Republican America you may safely assert, on the strength of my twelve years' acquaintance with it, and it is, that Irishmen are no longer felt to be indispensable here. You may safely say that the spirit of an exclusive nationality is not confined to any spot, and that its apprehensions and its anger are chiefly directed against Catholics of Irish origin. It will be for our countrymen to decide whether they will insist on intruding themselves into so hostile a state of society; whether they will, even now, receive and accept the truth, though bitter, about their boasted city of refuge in the West; whether to save their own souls and those of their children, Ireland firstly, or any new country but this, ought to have a fair trial. I leave all these considerations with them and you.

Subscribing myself, gentlemen,
With great respect,
Your very obedient servant,

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

P.S.—I should have said in the body of the letter that I do not understand the present American prejudice to be excited by an abstract hatred of our origin. The main prejudice is against our religion, and has been forced in its tropical growth by the wonderful development of the Church in these latter days. There is in many American minds a willingness to concede virtue and talent to the Irish, in the bulk; there is, even under most men's nativism, a latent sympathy with the Irish—in Ireland. It is against us here and now, as planters of the despised cross, as candidates for, or as possessed of citizenship, as striving after social right and equality with themselves, that the storm has been raised and the floodgates opened: all the waters of bitterness are out, making desolate for us the face of the land.—Let the remnant of the exodus be forewarned in time.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MAYNOOTH MOTION.—May 1st is to be a field-day against Maynooth. To write about this attack in a Catholic paper is of little use. The real object assailed is not St. Patrick's College, nor even the Irish Church, but the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion. Hatred of the Catholic religion takes, now the form of an assault upon the convents, now that of profane and obscene attack upon confession, now that of infidel arguments against the doctrine of the Sacraments; at another time, it is an attack upon Maynooth. What are we to say in answer? The real ground of attack is, that it is a Catholic College, that it trains men in the Catholic faith. To remove the objection, you must show that it is not the case. If it could be proved to be wholly inefficient, that its funds were jobbed away, that its professors did nothing, that its students had dwindled till it was nearly empty, and that those few learned nothing of the religion they professed, of anything else worthy to be known or fit to be done, the attack would lose all its force. What use, then, to show that the late report disproves all the serious charges which have been brought against the College and suggests means of correcting the imperfections which the Commissioners found in it? The more this is felt, the stronger will be the desire to be rid of it. We cannot think, however, that it is in immediate danger; Statesmen of every class would deplore its overthrow. Of twenty members who vote against it to satisfy their constituents, nineteen at least

would regard its overthrow as a serious injury to the nation. The agitation is powerful in Scotland, and, to a considerable degree, in England, and will influence many votes in the House of Commons; but even if it obtained a majority, we cannot doubt that those who composed it would sincerely desire to see their own measure rejected by the Lords. The present state of public affairs must make almost any man desire to avoid new incitements to religious discord. Ireland, no doubt is tranquil; and her strength is for the moment lessened by the famine, the pestilence, and the emigration which they have caused; but she is not weak enough to invite a proceeding so wanton and so aggravating as this. Mr. Pollard Urquhart is to move an amendment for an inquiry into "the whole state of ecclesiastical endowments in Ireland." If reasonable to weigh anything, it would be hard to resist this. The only real argument against the endowment of Maynooth is that the Protestants of England and Scotland ought not to support a College where doctrines are taught to which they conscientiously object—a strange argument in those who continue to force upon the Irish nation an enormous Establishment for a religion which it abhors. But, in truth, the attack on Maynooth does not rest on argument. Its principle is, "That should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." To show it to be unjust and unreasonable, is besides the point. It may be more important to observe that it is utterly contrary to all the principles of English government. We are in a strange state of transition. In the old state of things nothing was tolerated but the Establishment. Sweeping Acts of Parliament transferred to it huge endowments given for other purposes. All new endowments of any other bodies were prohibited and seized upon. We have now for some time come to an understanding that all religious bodies are to be as equal as is consistent with the maintenance of the Establishment, and that the State will give pecuniary assistance to all towards the education of their own members. We have in England training schools for different classes of Dissenters from the Establishment and for the Catholic Church. In Ireland, where we have the religion of a nation to deal with, we apply the same principle in another way, and endow a College. If this arrangement is to be overthrown because the religion of the Irish is unpopular in England and Scotland, we must expect, and shall have a revival of the conditions under which men of different religions have for many years lived peacefully together under the British constitution. It may be worth mentioning that the present generation has seen the British Government confiscate a very large mass of property, avowedly because it was dedicated to Catholic education. Among the ruins caused by the great French Revolution were numerous Colleges erected on the Continent for the education of English and Irish Catholics. Some of these were possessed of considerable property. When the Government of Louis XVIII. made compensation for the unjust confiscations of the Revolution, the compensation awarded for this property which belonged to British subjects, was paid to the British Government. That Government received it, but refused to restore it to its owners on the plea that it was devoted to 'superstitious uses.' All this property, as it remembered, had been rescued by devout Catholics from the exactions of the penal laws and the confiscations of our own revolutions, and for the glory of God freely offered for the education of Catholic priests. There is no possibility of quibble and evasion, as if it had been given (as we are sometimes told) to the English Church, and as if the Protestant Church of England since the Reformation was heir to the Catholic Church of England before it. All this is sad trash at best; but, anyhow, it does not apply here. It was simply the confiscation of new Catholic endowments, made by Catholics out of their own property, because they were devoted to Catholic education. A little work just published by a Protestant clergyman—"A Glimpse behind the Grilles"—mentions the facts with regard to the College of Douae; we have heard that the same injustice was practised towards foundations at Rome itself and other Continental cities. Maynooth, after all, is only a tardy and imperfect act of restitution.—*Catholic Standard*.

MAYNOOTH.—Lord Palmerston apologising to Sir Culling Eardley, for inability to receive a deputation on the subject of Maynooth, writes—"It seems, however, to be of less consequence, because I can easily imagine what the deputation would have to say to me, and while, on the one hand, I could not hope to change their opinion, I am quite sure that they would not alter mine."—*Monster News*.

CONVENT IN BELFAST.—A Convent of Mercy, with church, orphanage, and schools, is to be erected on a plot of ground on the north side of the Crumlin-road Belfast.

To demonstrate the absurdity of the Protestant cry against the promotion of Catholics to judicial offices, the *Freeman* makes the following contrast of the proportions in which the two Creeds are now represented on the Irish Bench:—There are twelve common law judges in Ireland; and of these—nine are Protestant and—three are Catholic. There are two Equity Judges in Ireland—the Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls, and—both are Protestant. There are five Equity Masters; and of the five four are Protestant and—one is Catholic. There are three Incumbered Estates Commissioners, and all three are Protestant. There is one Master in the Incumbered Estates Court, and—that one is a Catholic. There are three Bankrupt and Insolvent Commissioners, and of these—the three are Protestant. There is one Admiralty Judge—he is a Protestant. There is one Prerogative Court Judge—he is a Protestant. There are thirty-three Assistant-barristers, and of these—twenty-three are Protestant and but ten Catholic. There are four Recorders and—three are Protestant, while but one is Catholic.

THE ACCIDENT ON LOUGH GOWNA.—The Humane Society have awarded a gold medal to Lieut. Arthur Nassan Bolton, of the Royal Longford Militia, as an acknowledgment of the gallantry and courage he exhibited in rescuing Captain Dopping, Lieut. Sheldham, and Ensign Gray, from a watery grave. These officers were in the same boat with the four unfortunate gentlemen drowned in Lough Gowna, three weeks ago. Lieut. Bolton, who happened to be in a yacht near the scene of the accident, by his energy and daring, and at the risk of his own life, saved three of his comrades from an otherwise inevitable death. At an inquest held on the bodies of the drowned, the jury rendered a well-merited tribute of praise to this brave young officer. Lieut. Bolton is the son of Captain Bolton, late of the 84th regiment, of Cold Hill, County Longford.