

for Eupatoria, and a fresh augmentation of the French troops in Baidar, principally by cavalry, and rumors of a simultaneous movement from Kertch towards the peninsula of Tchongar, seem all to indicate at last some combined movement and the end of the time of preparations. Although the end of the siege operations leaves us at liberty to employ a great number of men formerly required for the trenches, and although the destruction of the Russian fleet relieves our own from a tedious blockade, and thus gives us nearly unlimited means of transport to throw a body of men on any point of the coast, and makes it possible at any moment to choose a new base of operations, there are still no small, although by no means insuperable, difficulties in the way of a movement in advance from our side. The chief difficulties arise from our being obliged to guard the ruins of Sebastopol, in order to prevent the Russians from establishing themselves there once more. We have thus to occupy a long line and to divide our army, which gives the advantage to the Russians of operating in a central position, and of falling with their whole force upon one or other point of our line of operations. This would be indeed a hazardous operation for them if a considerable force of ours were in the north. It would be like Scipio's burning his ships; it would be throwing everything on one chance, and exposing themselves to be shut up in the south of the Crimea and starve during the winter; but it might succeed, and cause us considerable loss. To obviate this we must either destroy what is destructible on the south side, and retire behind the lines of Kamiesch and Balaklava, which would free at once the greatest part of the army for field operations, or make the south our basis of operations, forcing the plateau from Bakshiserai down the north plateau of Sebastopol, leaving only a flying corps, principally of cavalry, to harass the communications of the Russians; or else, as a third alternative, only take up positions this year which may serve as bases of operations for the next. The extensive roadmaking and hutbuilding, not only on the plateau of the Chersonese, but likewise all along the Tchernaya line up to Alsu, seems to indicate the intention of occupying this line during the winter. Everywhere the axe and spade are in just as much request as when trenches were still the order of the day.

THE ALLIES AT EUPATORIA.

September 29.—After the expedition mentioned in my last letter the army here remained quiet until yesterday, the French Generals and the Pashas exchanging visits of ceremony, and the Turks and Egyptians felicitating themselves in no small degree upon the success that had attended their enterprise. Some little matters connected with the expedition oozed out in the way of gossip; and, among other things, it was said that a captain of Tartar Lancers had deserted to the Russians during the fog; and that he had borrowed a very fine horse from a friend in order to carry out his arrangements with greater security. This story is probably true; for I can attest, from a residence of some months in Eupatoria, that the most cruel of all kinds of oppression—that in which the incompetence of rulers leaves a defenceless people at the mercy of unprincipled and rapacious subordinates—has completely alienated the native population from the Turks, in spite of original predilections, community of creed, and affinity of race and language. Yesterday afternoon the French soldiers were reviewed on the plain, and performed a few cavalry and artillery movements in their usual dashing style. Towards evening it was announced that another expedition was arranged for the night, and at about 2 o'clock this morning the troops began to move. 5,000 Egyptian infantry, with 10 field-pieces, and a party of Bashi-Bazouks, under the command of Ismail Pasha, took the road towards Sak. Achmet Pasha, the Turkish General-in-Chief, with 7,000 Turkish infantry, 2,000 cavalry, 17 guns, and some Bashi-Bazouks, went towards the interior, but in a direction bearing to the north-west; and General D'Altonville, with his cavalry, 4,000 Egyptian infantry, and five Egyptian guns, followed a course intermediate between those of the other divisions. Anticipating only a slow and weary march in the dark, I resolved to follow at daybreak; but was prevented from doing so, and could not get clear of the town until nearly 11 o'clock, although there had been some firing heard three hours before.—Once mounted and on the plain, I soon fell in with some Bashi-Bazouks, returning laden with heterogeneous plunder to their camp, and learnt from them the direction taken by Achmet Pasha's division to which they had been attached. I followed, guided by the smoke of burning villages, over ground bearing a strong general resemblance to the uncultivated outskirts of Salisbury Plain, intersected in the same way by parallel valleys separated by slight ridges of hill, and dotted here and there by tumuli. From some peculiarity of atmosphere distant objects appeared unnaturally large, and hence much nearer than they really were. I was led on, being deceived in this way, to a village on the far horizon, from which flames and smoke were issuing during about two hours that I had it in sight. I passed two other hamlets that had been hastily deserted by their owners, remnants of whose property were lying scattered about. The wretched cabins had caught fire from some burning stacks of hay; and a strong wind fanned the flame in a way that promised their entire destruction. After leaving the second of these hamlets, the road, a mere beaten track over the plain, was strewn with potatoes, eggs, and other evidences of a hasty flight. Presently I came upon an araba, broken down and abandoned, but filled with sacks of excellent barley; and at last, after a ride of about 15 miles, reached the village that had been the goal of this division of the expedition. I found there Achmet Pasha, attended by his staff; and the magnates were busy carrying little handfuls of litter from

an adjoining yard, and laying them against some large stacks of excellent coal that did not burn fast enough to satisfy the Pasha's organ of destructiveness, although they had long maintained a bonfire visible for many miles. Just in advance of this village was Sibley Bey, with his Bashi-Bazouks. They had surprised the place in the morning, but had taken no prisoners, as the few soldiers there had made their escape, leaving behind them 20 sabres, several carbines, and the epaulettes of the officer in command, whose very handsome Lancer's shako fell off, moreover, in his flight, and was found to contain a watch of some value. The Bashi-Bazouks were much elated by their trophies, and those who could obtain a sword or a gun at once added it to the number of the weapons that already dangled in all directions from their saddles or their persons. Around and behind the village the troops were resting after their march, and Cossacks were perched on the brow of the next hill ready to give intimation of the slightest movement of their adversaries. Sibley Bey estimated the force in front of him at a few hundred men, all cavalry, and with no guns. They had retreated without striking a blow, keeping pace with the advance of the Turks, and halting when they halted. About two o'clock the Pasha was satisfied with the hold obtained by the fire upon the stacks of coal, and a recall was ordered. Somewhere or other, in the advance, two prisoners had been taken—an old white-headed lieutenant, and a common soldier. These unfortunates, with three camels, made up the tale of captives; but the before-mentioned barley araba and another cart found in one of the villages had been seized as spoils of war, and the Turks turned their steps towards Eupatoria, with the air of men whose faces were white, and who had performed exploits worthy of a place in history. A terrible blow awaited their self-sufficiency. The French had found themselves opposite to eight squadrons of cavalry and six field-pieces, and, from some reason or other—possibly a strange and unnatural relish for fighting—they not only managed to advance faster than the enemy could retreat, but charged up to the battery, sabred the gunners, captured the guns, with their carriages, horses, tackle, and everything complete, and took 200 men, with as many horses. This was accomplished at a cost of six men killed and 10 wounded, and the victors declared that they had left 50 or 60 Russians dead upon the field, besides some 20 or 30 wounded whom I saw riding upon the gun carriages. The unwounded prisoners were marched in, and were, judging from appearances, anything but downcast at their lot. They were mostly fine, soldierlike looking men; and there were two officers among them—one a Pole, from Wilna. We have heard here, from deserters and other sources, that the army outside has suffered great privations; but such tales are completely contradicted by the aspect of the prisoners taken to-day—as well as by that of a dead Russian soldier, whose body, stripped by plunderers, I saw upon the plain and stopped to notice. When the converging lines of return brought the French and the Turks together, the latter looked sadly chafallen, and the two prisoners, the camels, and the carts were no longer magnified into a case for exultation. It is supposed that this and the last expedition, by the capture of the artillery and the destruction of the places of shelter and the stores of forage, will leave the country about here free from the Russians for the present; but the question may well be asked—why was not this done before? An army of Turks, varying from 10,000 to 50,000 strong, has occupied Eupatoria for 11 months, and their only advance beyond their entrenchments was a ludicrous and disgraceful failure, having for its object the occupation of Sak, the very village destroyed on Tuesday; whence they withdrew, in a retreat that was almost a flight, because a body of Russians, not half the number of the assailants, threw one shell at them.—Two thousand Frenchmen arrive; and in nine days two expeditions are planned and executed—both successful, and this last one eminently so. There may be sufficient reasons both for past supineness and for present activity; but I apprehend there can be no doubt that an aggressive army here would have been a thorn in the side of the enemy, would have interfered materially with the transit of provisions and stores from Perekop to Sebastopol, and would have weakened the Russian force by requiring a strong body constantly on the outside. As things have been managed, a few hundred cavalry have been sufficient to watch the Turks; and the pickets on adjacent hills have peacefully contemplated each other for so long that, about three weeks ago, a Russian captain and a corporal, both thoroughly under the influence of brandy, determined on a private cessation of hostilities upon their own account, and crossed the intervening valley to fraternise with their opposite neighbors, by whom they were most unkindly made prisoners and sent, with childish triumph, into the town.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. James Stephens, P.P., St. Johnston, has arrived in this (his native) town, after a tour of nearly two years in America. We are happy to see him in the enjoyment of good health. In a few days he proceeds to his parish, when the people of St. Johnston intend giving him a "cead mille failtha."—*Ballyshan-non Herald.*

LADY BURKE.—It gives us unspeakable pleasure to be able to announce, on trustworthy authority, that Lady Burke, relict of the late Sir John Burke, Bart, Marblehill, has, after long and mature deliberation, renounced the errors of Protestantism, and become a member of the holy Roman Catholic church. She read her recantation in Bologna, where she still resides.—*Galway Mercury.*

Mr. Duffy was to sail for Australia on the 5th of November.

The last news from Mr. Lucas is that he suffers less pain but is weaker—and we grieve to add that no hope of his recovery has arisen since the last announcement. Every consolation that a Christian can have lightens the hours—that we still hope against hope, are not the last—of so grand and heroic a life.—*Nation.*

THE PRIEST AND THE INCOME TAX.—The Income Tax Commissioners have had a battle with a priest in the south of Ireland, which they have ended for the present by selling off his horse. They wanted to assess him for the tax. They asked him to swear to the amount of his income. He refused to give any information on the subject. His argument was in this fashion;—I have under the law no recognised way of support. I have no recognised existence as a clergyman. You have passed laws to punish me if I assume any title to express my rank and position in the country. Whatever money I get, whatever means of support I have, comes from the voluntary benevolence of my parishioners. I cannot recover my dues as legal debts: I have no power given me by your legislature to collect my income; in fact, I am only in the position of a beggar dependent upon alms; therefore, I will not pay you income tax. So argued the parish priest of Blarney. But the Income Tax collectors refused to acknowledge his reasoning. They seized his horse for the money, and sold it by auction for the sum of six pounds. Now Father Peyton is justified in complaining. A poor Irish priest has trouble enough in getting his dues, and little enough they are to support him. Taxation supposes protection and support from the party who taxes; but the British Government would give very little support to the Irish priest to-morrow, if his parishioners refused to pay him anything and left him to starve. Different is it with the Protestant minister; his income is assured, and, if it be not paid him at once, the minions of the law will step in to his aid and enforce the extortion of the last penny. Here is a clearly established reciprocity; the minister has a right to pay the tax to maintain the protection. But the poor Catholic priest is an alien, an outcast, hated by the Government, and unrecognised by the law; and to extort this oppressive income tax from his scanty purse is an injustice and a robbery.—*Ulsterman.*

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.—A Clonmel paper instances as an evidence of the increasing prosperity of the farming community the well-stocked haggards which are everywhere observable in the humblest farmsteads. Notwithstanding the high prices of grain, many of the holders evince no desire to part with their stocks at the current rates of the market, and are looking forward to a still further advance. The same journal announces the gratifying fact of a marked decrease in the paupers of the Clonmel Union, as contrasted with the same period in former years. "Our new colossal workhouse," says the *Chronicle*, "now contains but 716 inmates, while in 1851 the union of Clonmel sheltered no fewer than 3,300 paupers. This great and highly satisfactory reduction formed the topic of conversation at the board of guardians held on Thursday last, some members of which spoke favourably of an attempt being made—now that the paupers of nearly every union were considerably reduced—to concentrate the unions of Clonmel, Cashel, Carrick, and Clogheen."

IRISH EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—For some time past occasional estimates have been presented of the number of returned emigrants, which seems to be rapidly on the increase; and there are many districts in Ireland where rumors are spreading of troubles to be encountered in America far greater than any now to be struggled with "in the old country." For some time these rumors were suspected to have originated with the Priests, whose calling and maintenance largely depended on the emigration being stopped; but the facts of the difficulties of the Irish in America are now becoming too evident and too widely known to permit any doubt of their reality. Not very long ago there was a native American party formed to control the immigrant element in society; and now there are the Know-Nothings, organizing a systematic discountenance (not to say persecution) of the Romish religion, and those who profess it. There have been riots and house and chapel burnings in some of the large cities of the interior, while the ports are crowded with Irish who are eager to sail away—anywhere, to get away from the low wages, high prices, and social troubles which they find in the land they were so eager to reach. Much allowance may perhaps be necessary for the representations of a Romish priest—a "pastor of Eastern Pennsylvania," in the present circumstances, and in the neighborhood of a great Know-Nothing organization; but there is enough confirmation of the Rev. Thos. Reardon's report of the condition of his countrymen to render it worthy of some attention. Meantime, the state of things at home is that which everybody seems to be aware of but the emigrants who move the pity of Father Reardon. The schools are filling, and the workhouses and jails emptying. Labourers were last week standing out for three shillings a day (with food) for harvest wages, instead of half a crown. A multitude of the young men who would but lately have emigrated, enlisted, and are gone to the East; and their families are well sheltered, fed, and clothed, by the labor of those who stay behind. Mr. Duffy finds everybody so practically immovable in the present state of Irish affairs, that he declines further agitation, and is going away; and nowhere in the British Isles has the rejoicing for the fall of Sebastopol been more fervent and universal than in the Green Island.—*London Daily News.*

THE RETURN.—Upwards of three hundred persons have returned from America to this and the neighboring counties within the last two months. About fifty arrived here on Saturday. They expect better days in old Ireland.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

A COUPLE OF VENERABLE LOVERS.—The gossips of the usually quiet town of Clogher have had a choice morsel to dwell upon, in a marriage which took place in the Cathedral church on the 24th ult. The gay Lothario, Jemmy Gordon, is about ninety-one years of age, and the blushing bride, Anderson, *alias* Neely, has seen upwards of fifty-five summers. This is the sixth time for the venerable bridegroom to be joined in Hymen's bonds, and the third for the blooming bride. It is only about three months since the hale old Jemmy was left an inconsolable widower by the death of his fifth wife. As might be expected, the assemblage in and about the cathedral witnessing the ceremony performed by the Rev. W. B. Ashe, was immense, and in the evening the town and neighboring hills were brilliantly lighted up by bonfires to mark the happy occasion.—*Armagh Guardian.*

SHOCKING OUTRAGE.—With sincere regret we select this announcement from the *Ulsterman*:—An elderly unmarried lady, named Hind, bought in the Incumbent Estates Court, some property in the County Cavan. There were on it some tenants who owed her rent, and these she summarily ejected, resolving to live upon and cultivate the farms herself. She went down to the place accordingly, and soon found her peace disturbed by notices, that threatened death if she remained. The other day, as she was driving along the road, she was attacked (so goes the story) by a couple of assassins, who beat her terribly, and put three shots into her head. The unfortunate lady was found lying on the road, insensible and covered with blood. She is not yet dead; but there are three bullets in her face or head and one has entered her brain. The outrage, as described is a truly horrible one; and, no matter how arbitrary this woman may have been in the exercise of her proprietorial rights, no punishment can be too heavy for her intending murderers. For the men who could have perpetrated so frightful a crime must be lost to all the better feelings of our nature. Miss Hinds's servant boy is committed to the Bridewell here for further examination. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, has offered a reward of £100 for such information as will lead to the apprehension and bringing to justice of the person or persons who made the murderous attack upon Miss Hinds on Friday last.—Correspondent of the *Daily Express*. A correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, writing on Tuesday night, says:—"Miss Hinds is still alive, but her case is hopeless. She has been butchered most savagely—her leg and arm broken, and two balls lodged in her head. The doctor thought it useless to extract the balls or set the broken limbs. She is now senseless: but shortly after the outrage she lodged informations against two of the ruffians, tenants of hers, and then, feeling that she had no chance of recovery, she made her will."

We (*Ulster News*) have received the following from a quarter on which we are able to place the fullest reliance. A more unjustifiable outrage, involving the liberty of an estimable Clergyman, and exposing him to the jeering insults of an ungentlemanly and swaggering clan, has rarely or ever come before the public.—One of the parish Clergymen was passing by Moore's hotel on duty at a late hour of night, when he observed a number of unfortunate characters. He endeavoured to dissuade them from such public misconduct and to send them home; but some of the gentlemen (?) who had taken a prominent part in the races resisted him, and having taken him prisoner into the hotel, detained him there for a considerable time, subject to gross insults. One of them attempted to justify his after-dinner escapade by saying he was a magistrate. When this outrage became known, the Rev. gentleman had much difficulty in protecting the perpetrators from the effects of public indignation.

MORMONISM.—The Protestant town of Belfast has recently been visited by the Mormons. Some of the peculiarities which distinguish the Mormons from other sects have already awakened the indignation of the townsmen and the comments of the newspapers. These sectarians have the misfortune to exhibit, in the nineteenth century, the practices and doctrines which distinguished and horrified the sixteenth. Mormonism is a resurrection of original Protestantism. Like the great founder of the Protestant Church of England, the Mormonites are all polygamists. Every Mormonite is the Henry VIII., of private life. The Mormonites, besides, are Americans, who do not recognise the right of a king to make a monopoly of wickedness. Every Mormonite has six or more wives, precisely like Henry the monster. The Protestantism of the present time are shocked at the heinous indecency, in a private individual, which a king upon his throne manifested to the world in the time of Luther and Calvin. The example set by the royal founder of English Protestantism is imitated by the Mormonites, to a certain extent, but they do not carry it to bloodshed, i. e., they do not strangle the partners of their beds. We beg leave to remind our Protestant friends in Belfast, that the Mormonites in their city are far less disgusting than the wretches who founded their heresy in England. The Mormonites, it is true, are polygamists, but they have never beheaded, quartered, or cut up, or tried to destroy men of learning and piety as the early "reformers" did; they have never been even accused of murdering a Bishop Fisher or a Sir Thomas More. They are certainly guilty of some of the crimes of the "reformers." Even modern Protestantism has its blemishes. The Belfast journalists abuse the Mormonites, but we have yet to learn that the country of Deseret, like that of England, is covered with infanticide. The disciples of Joe Smith have never denounced an increase of population as a calamity. Such immoral doctrines, are peculiar, we believe, to British heretics. While Protestants reverence the teachings of Luther or Calvin, they have no right to denounce such a man as Joe Smith. Luther, by his own confession, was a hincous profligate, and Calvin, by reputation, was worse than Luther, Mormonism clearly illustrates the so-called "Reformation," and until Protestants treat it with tolerance they have no right to complain that the authors of their heresy were persecuted. Let them remember, when they are inveighing against the Mormonites, that primitive Protestants were such miscreants as these. Let them also bear in mind that if modern heresy is less obscene and loathsome, this is owing to the great Catholic monarchs of European Christendom who compelled the Protestants to respect decency and human nature. In other words, the Catholic kings arrested the deluge of vice with which early Protestantism threatened to drown the world. The disciples of Calvin and Luther were the Mormonites of the sixteenth century. Let the Ulster Calvinists look at the Mormonites, and remember that were it not for royal "persecution" they would be now wallowing in the gross sensuality that disgraces these fanatics. Seeing the decency, the order that surrounds them, and seeing the beastly licentiousness of their visitors, Protestants must likewise see reasons without number to bless the institutions which schooled their heresy into self-restraint. It has been the misfortune of Mormonism to spring up in a country where Catholicity is only known to be persecuted. There is no great Catholic monarchy in America, like that of Phillip II. in Europe, to save civilisation by repressing the eruption and outrages of fanatical ignorance and barbarism. America is a purely Protestant country, and Protestantism in that continent has inevitably developed its innate and original character in the disgusting heresy of Mormonism. Mormonism is a mirror in which Protestantism see its own image with horror—Protestants see what they once were—would that they could profit by the lesson.—*Tablet.*