

The Church.

"Get Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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POETRY.

THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

BY JOHN T. SWARTZ.

I met a child, his feet were bare;
His weak frame shivered with the cold;
His youthful brow was knit with care
His flashing eyes his sorrow told.
Said I, "poor boy, why weepst thou?"
"My parents both are dead," he said;
"I have no where to lay my head;
Oh, I am lonely and friendless now!"
Not friendly, child; a friend on high
For you his precious blood has given;
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry—
"There are no tears in heaven!"

I saw a man in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping of his young bride's bier;
"And must we part?" he cried, "so soon?"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear,
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not."
"Weep not?" he accents with a sigh,
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
Forgotten? No! Still let her live
Sustain thy heart with anguish riven;
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears in heaven!

I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she pressed;
An infant, seemingly asleep,
On its kind mother's sheltering breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more!"
Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope
I now am called to death's gloomy shore!"
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
No be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
"There are no tears in heaven!"

Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave—
Cast down in grief, o'erwhelmed by care—
There is an arm above can save,
Then yield not thou to fell despair;
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunder echo loud;
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud;
There rest in thy Redeemer's love.
Where thy lot in life be cast,
Whatever of toil or we be given—
Be firm—remember to the last,
"There are no tears in heaven!"

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

A little captive maiden stood
Before a Syrian dame,
A worshipper of Israel's God,
From Israel's land she came.
"The Syrian bands that have us sought,
And that young maiden with them brought,
And now in heathen land she sigh'd,
A child of God apart,
No earthly friend her steps to guide,
And no other heraching heart;
But yet her father's God was there,
To point her path, and bear her prayer.

And he who pleased that child to make
A messenger of good;
For often of the seed she spake
Who in Samaria stood,
And "Would to God," she sometimes said,
"My lord were to that prophet led!"
The simple tale we need not tell,
Her words were not in vain;
Upon her mother's ear they fell,
And glorious was his gain.
His fearful leprosy was healed,
And God was to his soul revealed.

Lord, wherever I may be,
In high or lowly station,
May I be faithful found to thee,
And dumbly on thee wait;
And strive and pray thy truth to spread,
E'en like that little captive maid.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

One of the principal causes, if not the cause, of the attenuated and pallid appearance of Americans, is doubtless the neglect or rather the violation of the rules laid down by Nature for muscular development. The class of men in this country whose occupations are such as almost necessarily lead to the formation of sedentary habits is very large, larger perhaps, in proportion, than of any other commercial nation. And this will account in a measure for the fact that the various complaints, generally the concomitants of insufficient physical exercise, are more prevalent here than elsewhere. Our young men become clerks at an early age, and being thus confined to the counting-room at a time of life when the open air and constant motion of the body are indispensable, it is not surprising that they should be in their manhood so sadly deficient in muscular vigour, and exhibit so little of the athletic development that are looked for in the stern sex. With many such their lot is their fate, or is imposed as a necessity from which there is no escape, and for these there is some excuse for the loss of health and life. But what shall be said of those who make no effort to ameliorate their condition, or of that still more culpable class, who, from mere indolence, suffer their bodies to waste away, to sink into premature old age—actually paying a premium for crooked spines, humped backs, round shoulders, attenuated and drooping limbs. Such persons are guilty of a species of suicide, which, inasmuch as it is more deliberate, may be equally if not more criminal than when the "brittle thread" is severed in an instant by the victim of misfortune or delirium. In Germany, the old men thought they saw the youth degenerating, both physically and socially; and after severe study and mature reflection, recommended, through the public prints, the adoption of vocal and gymnastic exercises, as characteristic of the German race. In a short time gymnastic and vocal associations were organized throughout Germany. It is not only for proper and beautiful exercise, that one should be provided with parallel bars, &c., for there are many things at hand that may be substituted for them, which can be made at no expense or trouble, equally efficient. Fist irons can be used to develop the muscles of the arms and chest, and a rope for the lower limbs. If such simple exercises were practised daily within doors, and in the open air, by the youth of the country, there would soon be a diminution in the many defects which mar the appearance and impair the health of the people.—*Baltimore American.*

MODERN NECROMANCY.

A writer in the *North American Review* after endorsing the opinion that spiritualism numbered over two millions of believers in this country, and hundreds of thousands in foreign lands, and contending that its alleged phenomena cannot all be regarded as the offspring of monomania, or fraud, proceeds to the discussion of its claims in the following style:—

THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM NOT CAUSED BY THE AGENCY OF SPIRITS.

We would maintain in the outset, that the least tenable hypothesis of all is, that which attributes the phenomena under discussion to the agency of departed spirits. If the souls separated from their bodily integuments lead a more subtle and ethereal existence than while in the flesh, how is it that they resort to a mode of intercourse so gross, slow, cumbersome, and awkward, as in the mysterious *knackings* which have given the name to this modern necromancy, and were almost solely instrumental in its earlier stages? Yet, again, in these (so-called) spiritual communications, there are often discrepancies and errors, as to matters of fact that must needs have been within the earthly cognizance of the spirit supposed to be rapping, writing, or speaking. For instance, in a well authenticated case, in which Benjamin Franklin was believed to utter himself through a young woman as a medium, and the talk was in highly Franklinian style, he (if it were he) on being questioned, was unable to recall several of the most prominent facts in his earthly life, knew not whether he had been once married or often, and could not even tell where his body was interred, hardly a less weighty consideration, though not so directly ponderable, is the general failure of these communications to indicate growth of knowledge, or of mental ability, or of moral excellence, on the part of the spirits from whom they purport to come. We admit that there is often a strong likeness in style and sentiment between these mysterious deliverances and the utterance and writings in their lifetime of the persons in whose name they are given forth; but the difference is generally one of marked defect or inferiority, such as would attach itself to the effort of imitation, whether conscious or unconscious. Thus of the renowned men whose ghosts have been brought upon the stage, the mannerism is retained without the vigor and point; while those who have received letters from the same persons when living, that display traces of richer fancy, purer taste, sounder thought, nobler sentiment.

THE MERCENARY CHARACTER OF SPIRITUALISM.

The frequently mercenary character of this necromancy goes far towards negating the idea of its spiritual origin. In almost every city in New England are Pythoneses, (not always persons of fair reputation,) who for the price of fifty cents and upwards, will command the presence and responses of the most exalted spirits that ever dwelt on earth. Exhibitions of this kind have been among the lucrative speculations of the *omnifacient* Barnum. What must be that spiritual state which lends its converse, the converse to its choicest and purest demizens, to feed the cupidity of a common showman? What kind of an immortality—how dignified, how happy—can that be, which may be disquieted by incantations of hireling women, and subjected to the impertinent teasings of any idler who has more money than brains? Would not many of the spirits professedly evoked prefer annihilation to a spiritual life which should expose them to such humiliating annoyances? For ourselves, we should deem it no more difficult to believe that the souls of the righteous are at the beck and call of mountebanks and their customers. Were we to adopt this hypothesis, we should be compelled to dismiss every happy association we had ever cherished with the life to come, and to deny almost every truth that we have held sacred with regard to the Divine attributes, the law of retribution, and the separate existence of the soul. Nay, magic and witchcraft would make up the whole of our religion, and we should find it easier to fall back upon some exploded system of polytheism, than to retain our faith in the infinite unity of God.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MEDIUM'S OWN CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is much in the phenomena under discussion which favors the belief that they have their origin in some peculiar mode of the medium's own consciousness, enlarged and modified indeed, in some instances, by the consciousness of members of the surrounding circle. It will be conceded that the communications made seldom contain anything that might not be conceived to have been present to the thought or latent in the memory of the central personage, or of some persons immediately concerned in the operation. As to the religious belief; while we can hardly suppose that in the world of spirits, there are any wide diversities of theological opinion, these alleged communications cover the entire ground, from the most evangelical Christian doctrine down to a low and feeble naturalism; and so far as we know, they correspond in their tone very closely to the existing state of belief in their respective mediums. We have seen numerous writings from a "spiritual circle" consisting of eminently devout persons, and these writings are gospel hymns,—poor poetry, but emphatically Christian in their sentiments,—exhortations to the study of the Scriptures and the imitation of the Savior, glowing representations of the power and love of the Redeemer, entreaties to friends to lead lives of prayer and holiness. On the other hand, the communications through persons of no definite faith or religious character, ignore all that is distinctive in Christianity, treat the Scriptures with supercilious indifference, eliminate all penal sanctions from the Divine law, and ring incessant changes on the single idea of universal and indefinite progress.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE LATE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

From *Patriot*, for August.

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771. He was the son of an able, but crochety father, who wasted his substance in whims, and of a mother not less brilliant and noble than she was lovely. From her—she was of French parentage—Sydney no doubt inherited that constitutional vivacity which, as he somewhere says, yielded more to him throughout his life than many farms. There were four brothers, all full of strength and spirit, "intolerable overbearing boys," and they were sent to different schools, Sydney and his brother Courtney going to Winchester, where he rapidly rose to distinction. He became captain of the school, and so constantly successful where he and his brother, that the boys at last sent a round robin to the master, declaring that they would write no more themes, if the Smiths were allowed to compete. But in spite of his successes, Sydney was not unpopular. He was a helpful, daring boy; invented cap-tulls to catch turkeys, and lent money from his little store to poorer boys than himself.

From Winchester he went to France, where he passed six months in Normandy, escaping the inquisition of the Republican Government by being enrolled as "Le Citoyen Smith, membre affilié au Club des Jacobins." One has to regard it as a special mercy that this fact was unknown to his royal antagonists of the *Edinburgh Review*. Entering New College, Oxford, he rapidly won a fellowship of £100 a year, and was thereafter left to himself. He resisted the social temptations of his delightful residence, that he might live within his means, and not only carried himself through this course, but paid a debt of £30 left by his brother at Winchester. He wished to enter the bar, but, at his father's command, took orders in the church. He did not, and never pretended to have a "mission." But he did his duties and bore his testimony just as well as if he had. His first cure was a meagre living of £50 per year, on Salisbury Plain. It is not recorded that he rivalled Miss Hannah More's "Shepherd," but he endeared himself to the poor people, and was sought out by the Squire, who finally urged him to take charge of his son, offered a handsome salary, and sent him to Germany. "In stress of politics," he was forced to put into Edinburgh, where he remained from 1797 to 1803, was married after a long engagement, and on a fortune of "six old teaspoons;" to Miss Pyllyus, a lady of good family. During this time his income was respectable, but he saved little, for he loved both generous living and generous doing. His daughter takes a laudable pride in relating how, when pinched himself for money, he once sent privately two hundred dollars to the Scotch poet Leyden, and five hundred dollars to help a lady suffering and in sickness. In 1803, his income being taken away by the completion of his pupil's education, he was urged by his brave wife to go to London. "Father he went, won reputation by his sermons and respect by his character; struggled for years on a trifling salary eeked out by much hard work; mingled in the splendid circles of Holland House, without suppliance or pretence; dared to be poor and prospered more in heart and brain than in outward things. His lectures on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution, earned for him a brilliant name; and, in 1806, the whigs, slipping into power, gave him the small living of Boston in the York-shire. The parsonage had been untenanted for one hundred and fifty years, and Sydney becoming his own architect, went to work and constructed the "ugliest and snuggest parsonage in England." The part of his life spent at Boston, is full of good and pleasant things. How he started all England with the wit and sense of Peter Plymley's letters, and satisfied his old clerk that unlike "most city folks, Master Smith was no fool;" how he attracted to his house the most delightful guests, though he lived "twelve miles from a lemon;" how he contended, alone among his fellow clergymen, for the emancipation of the Catholics, and indulged his pigs with machines "contrived to afford them the luxury of scratching;" how, in short, he worked and waited, full of kindness to all created things, and rich in "content surpassing wealth;" till he was translated by Lord Lyndhurst, in 1828, to a prebend in Bristol Cathedral; it will both please and profit the reader to learn from the biography itself. In 1831, the triumph of the reformers to which Smith did in no light degree contribute, carried him to London and gave him a place at St. Paul's. In the chapter of that Cathedral, he displayed says Dean Milman, a rare if not singular fidelity. He shirked no duty; scrambled, gaily as he was, over heaps of brick and mortar to inspect repairs, and spent days to establish the innocence of a poor child falsely accused of theft; looked sharply into the price of putty and white lead, in the interest of the cathedral, and resigned his own rights to a fine living, in favor of a poor, hard-working curate. In 1840, his brother Courtney died rich in India, and Sydney Smith became a wealthy man. His last years were spent as became his past life, and almost his last act was to give away a good living to a friendless clergyman, who came to thank him on his death bed: "I will see him," said Smith, "if he will not speak; I cannot bear that." So lived and died one of the most genuine and gifted men whom modern England has produced: a man extreme in nothing but in wit; a balanced genius, and a wholesome soul. His life was full of pleasantness and peace.

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N. B.—There is one view of the case which the above writer loses sight of; it is the possibility, perhaps the probability, of *infernal* agency. We have not seen enough of this strange, and doubtless wicked, delusion to hazard a positive opinion. But we read of some that "inasmuch as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, He gave them over to a reprobate mind" and again we remember the awful warning that in the latter times *lying spirits* should be permitted to rise the earth, the malignant subtilty of whom should be so fearfully dangerous that "if it were possible they should deceive the very" (faithful) elect.

A STORY AND A WARNING.

The *New Orleans Delta* relates the following sad story, by way of admonishing its readers against any participation in the lottery mania, which is said to prevail very extensively in that city.

A poor but industrious mechanic had been laboring for years to accumulate sufficient money to purchase a homestead for himself and family. On returning home each Saturday night he would place his weekly salary in the hands of his wife and request her to lay it by. A few months since, knowing that he must have saved a couple of thousand dollars by his industry and frugality, and learning that a piece of property was for sale in the upper portion of the city, which would be an advantageous investment, he called on the owner, and it was offered to him at a fair rate bargain.

Overjoyed with his good fortune, he hastened home to his wife, and conveyed to her the glad news, and asked for the money to close the purchase. But alas! there was no joyful response in the countenance on his wife, bursting into tears she wept most bitterly and refused to be comforted. The husband was astonished, and asked for an explanation. With head averted, and voice interrupted by heart-broken sobs, she made known to her husband the startling fact; which fell like a thunderbolt upon him crushing brain and causing reason to totter and reel from its throne—that she had wasted all his hard earnings in the purchase of Havana lottery tickets. The vacant stare from the eyes of the husband which met this astonishing disclosure plainly showed that he was no longer capable of appreciating his loss, but with a maniac laugh, wild and startling, he left his home, his wife and little ones, never more to return. A few days more passed, and his body was taken from the river, the Coroner held an inquest upon it, and a verdict of "suicide" informed the public how he died—but why he died remained a secret.

SLEEPING IN MEETING.—This custom is of remote antiquity. We read in history that when Bishop South was preaching before Charles II. and court, many of the monarch's suit went to sleep, and some of them snored, whereupon South addressed himself to Lord Lauderdale, one of the offenders, and said: "My Lord, I ask pardon for disturbing you, but I must tell you that you snore so loud that you are in danger of waking up his majesty. This warning woke up every one, and banished all desire to sleep.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

During our tedious passage to the north I remarked among the steerage passengers a man who seemed to keep himself apart from the rest. He wore a uniform of the foot artillery, and sported a corporal's stripes. In the course of the afternoon, I stopped before the funnel and entering into conversation with him, learned that he had been an invalid sent home from Canada; had passed the Board in London, obtained a pension of a shilling a day and was returning to a border village, where he had been born, to ascertain whether any of his family were living, from whom he had been separated for nineteen years. He casually admitted, that during this long interval he had held no communications with his relations; and I set him down accordingly as some wild scapegrace, who had stolen from home, whose happiness his follies had compromised too often. He showed me his discharge, his character was excellent—but it only went to prove how much men's conduct will depend upon the circumstance under which they act. He had been nineteen years a soldier; was a man's-subject to strict discipline, with scarcely a free agency himself, a contented and happy man. And returned home his own master, and older by twenty years. Alas! it was a fatal free agency for him, for time had not brought wisdom. The steward told me that he had run first while his means allowed it, had missed a passage twice and had on the preceding evening come on board, when not a shilling remained to waste in drunken dissipation. I desired that the poor man should be supplied with some little comforts during the voyage; and when we landed at Berwick, gave him a trifling sum to assist him to reach his native village, where he had obtained vague intelligence that some aged members of the family might still be found.

A few evenings afterwards, I was sitting in the parlour one of the many little imps visited while rambling on the banks of the Tweed, when the writer's informant me that a sojourner was spearing after Coleridge. He was directed to attend the presence, and my fellow voyager, the artilleryman, entered the chamber, and made his military salutation.

"I thought you were at Jedburgh." "I went there, sir, but there had not been any of my family for many years residing in the place. I met an old parkman on the road, and he tells me there are some persons in this village of my name. I came here to make inquiries, and hearing that your honor was in the house, I made bold enough to ask for you."

"How you walked over?" "Yes, sir."

"It's a long walk. Go down and get some supper before you commence inquiries."

"The soldier bowed and left the room, and presently the host entered to give me directions for a route among the Cheviots, which I had contemplated to take the following day. I mentioned the soldier's errand.

"Sure enough," returned the host, "there are an odd decent couple of the name here. What is the sojour called?"

"Williams," I replied; for by that name his discharge and pension bill were filled up.

"I'll slip across the street to the audit folks," said Boniface, "and ask them a few questions."

The episode of humble life that followed was afterwards thus described to me by my host.

He found the ancient couple seated by the fire, the old man reading a chapter in his Bible, as was his custom always before he retired to rest. The landlady explained the object of the soldier's visit, and inquired if any of their children answered the description of the wanderer.

"It is our Jack P," exclaimed the old woman passionately, "and the pair ne'er-do-wells has come home to close his mother's eyes."

"No," said the landlord, "the man's name is Wolly."

"Then he's one our barns," returned the old man, with a heavy sigh.

"Well, well—His will be done!" said his benighted, turned her blue and faded eyes to heaven; "I thought the prayer I so often made would be granted, and Jack would come home an get my blessing ere I died."

"He has it," said the old man, "and the soldier, who had followed the landlord, unperceived, and listened at the cottage door, rushed into the room and dropped kneeling at his mother's feet. For a moment she turned her eyes, with fixed and glassy stare upon the returned wanderer. Her hand was laid upon his head—her lips parted, as if about to pronounce the promised blessing—but no sound issued, and she slowly leaned forward on the bosom of the long lost prodigal, who clasped her in his arms.

"Mither! mither! speak and bless me!" "Alas! the power of speech was gone forever! Joy, like grief, is often fatal to a worn out frame.

The spirit calmly passed away; the parent had lived to see and bless her lost son, and expire in the arms of one who, with all his faults, appeared to have been her earthly favorite.

The Bishop of Rochester has intimated a desire to retire from the episcopate, on account of his age and increasing infirmities. It is stated that he is likely to be succeeded in his bishopric by the Venerable Archbishop Robinson, D.D., Master of the Temple, and Canon Residentiary of Rochester Cathedral.

"Those individuals," says Confucius, "who have satisfactorily acquainted themselves with truth, cannot be better employed in serving the public, than by imparting the treasures of their knowledge to others."

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The following details of the assault itself are from a French letter, dated Constantinople the 11th instant.

The Malakoff Tower, attacked with unexampled impetuosity to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," was carried after a murderous struggle on both sides. The formidable position was occupied without delay, and batteries were established on it with remarkable celerity. The little Redan of Careening Bay was also taken, but as the Russian batteries poured down a tremendous fire on those who were the first to occupy it, our men were obliged to abandon it to return to it afterwards. The few details I have picked up I send you in haste, as the last vessel anchor in two hours.

On the night of the seventh all the necessary arrangements were taken by Gen. Polissier with admirable precision. On the 8th, at midnight, our assaulting columns issued from their points, and marched on with an impetuosity beyond all description, and in spite of a terrible fire in front and a flanking fire from the little Redan, the ditch was passed, and after an hour of a murderous struggle, the French flag floated on the tower, and was hailed with one electric shout of triumph by the whole army. Batteries were instantly placed in position, and we were established in the Malakoff in a solid manner as if we had held the place for a very long time past. Our battery poured down on the Russian host a perfect storm of shells, three ships were set on fire in spite of the precautions by the Russians, and the following morning the ditch had not the least sign of the Russian trenches, and the Russian host was on the march, and the south side of the city was on fire, and the Russians passed into the north fort.

Our losses are severe. Several Generals have been killed; four are wounded. I have only been able to ascertain one name among the latter—that of General Boquet. We have, moreover, 4,000 men hors de combat. I cannot vouch for the exactness of this last number, and the first estimate is too often erroneous. The attack on the Redan by the English was made with the utmost vigor. They were repulsed three times, but when three more gallant troops returned to the charge, and remained masters of the position. The little Redan of Careening Bay was also occupied, but the Russian fire which inflicted enormous injury on the first occupants, did not allow us to maintain it.

A telegraphic despatch, received yesterday at the French Embassy, announces that the city is occupied by the allied troops. I am in hourly expectation of letters from the Crimea, which, I trust, will give more complete details than those which I now send you.

A postscript to the foregoing says: "A letter written on board the India, at 7 p.m., contains the following: "General Rivat is killed, also Colonel Chaussegny, Gen. Polissier's Chief of the Staff. The English have suffered severely."

When the Russians saw that we were masters of the Malakoff Tower. They blow up the Redan. All was in vain; but they had no time to blow up the Malakoff.

I learn from an eyewitness that the Russians blow up the Quatre Bras; as they were retreating the Quatre Bras was also on fire. We now occupy the entire of the south part of the city. The Russians set fire to the small vessels and sunk the large ones. It appears that, for those who were on board the fleet, the sight they beheld was impossible to give an idea of. The French dashed into the city undeterred by the blast.

The French generals killed in the assault are stated by the *Moniteur de l'Armée* to be Generals St. Pol, Broton, De Starnols, Rivet and Pontevras, wounded, Gen. Bosquet, Molinet, Du La Motterouge, Ouzon, Risson and Trochu.

The "Post Ampt. Gazette" contains the following particulars relative to the taking of Sebastopol:

The Malakoff Tower was taken at the first rush, and without any very considerable loss; but the unsuccessful attacks on the Redan and Central Fort, prior to this, were the cause of the loss of many important works which allowed the Russians to retire into the principal forts on the north side. These forts, constructed in the style of bastions, are all armed with three rows of cannon, Fort Nicholas alone having 100 guns. The materials used in building those forts do not consist of granite, as appears to be generally believed, but of good calcareous stone. The guns of this fort are 68-pounders. Fort Alexander, Nicholas and Paul mortars, together 200 guns; they command the port, the town, the factories, and the guns have been arranged in such a manner that the fire of 160 can be concentrated on a single point. The news of the victory of the allies was known at Constantinople on the 9th by the telegraph from Varna.

The greatest joy prevailed in the capital, and the French, English and Sardinian ambassadors, were congratulated by the ministers of the Sultan.

The following taken from the *Invalide Russe*, are the exact words of Fico Gortchakoff's despatch, announcing the evacuation of Sebastopol.

8th Sept. Noon.
The enemy receives nearly every day new reinforcements. The bombardment continues with unexampled violence. Our loss has been 2500 men in 24 hours.
Major Oclek.—The troops of your Imperial Majesty have defended Sebastopol to the last; but it was impossible to hold it longer on account of the internal fire which deluged the town. The troops have passed over to the north side, after repelling six out of seven assaults made by the enemy. It was only at the Konvost that we were found it impossible to eject them. The enemy will find in Sebastopol nothing but blood-stained ruins.

GENERAL BOSQUET'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.
The following is the order addressed by Gen. Bosquet to the troops under his command immediately before going into action:

Soldiers of the Second Corps and of the Reserve! On the 7th of the June you had the honor to strike proudly that first blow right to the heart of the Russian army. On the 16th Aug. you inflicted on the Tchernaya a most shameful humiliation upon our camp's army of relief. To day is the coup de grace, the coup mortelle, that you are about to strike with that firm hand

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH TO THE ARMIES.

Immediately on the receipt of the news of the capture of Sebastopol, the Emperor ordered the Marshal Minister of War to send the following despatch to General Polissier:

Honour to you! Honour to our brave army! My sincere congratulations to all!

At the same time the Minister of War wrote as follows to General Polissier, by order of his Majesty:

The Emperor requests you to congratulate in his name, the English army for the constant bravery and the moral strength of which it has given proof during this long and trying campaign.

The "Moniteur" publishes the following: "Some persons are greatly concerned about the importance of the North Fort, to which the garrison of Sebastopol retired after the capture of the town. That fort is not larger than one of the forts which surround Paris.

RUSSIA.

According to the "Invalide Russe" the allies are making their position of Kerch very strong. Emigrants from that place state that the heights near the site of Fort East are being incessantly fortified. On the 24th of August the fort was armed with 50 pieces of cannon, and more guns were expected from Sebastopol. There were in Kerch and Yonikala 1,200 French, 400 English, and 11,000 Turks.

MEDMONT.

The "Corriere Mercantile" of Genoa, of the 18th, announces the departure of more Piedmontese troops for the Crimea, and of the youngest son of the late Count Balbo. There were first of these two more or less officers in the Crimea, and the last has just left the diplomatic career to see, as already stated, as a common soldier in the present war.

RETRIBUTION OF THE RUSSIANS AT KARAS.

The Russians, who are still besieging Karas in Asia, were repulsed by the Turkish garrison in an attempt to take one of the outworks on the 7th August, with the loss of a General killed and a Colonel mortally wounded. As the winter sets in early, it is expected that the Russians, still unsuccessful, will retire before the end of the present month from Karas. They have retired already from the neighborhood of Erzurum.

FRANCE.

The corn question is described as assuming a very serious aspect. Since the rise in bread there has been considerable agitation in many quarters of Paris, and it is thought that the Government will feel it necessary to go back to the old tariff, and continue, at whatever sacrifice, to make up the difference on the bakers.

A project is spoken of for an additional centime on several indirect taxes to raise a fund for the purpose.

Bread in Paris is now at 1/4 the 4th loaf, and out of Paris 1/10, and 1/12, 20c. grain. This, for any one who knows what a poor man's life is in France, is truly serious; and unfortunately the harvest does not turn out to be an average one. Bread nearly every year is shorter than usual, and wheat and oats sown show almost everywhere a satisfactory yield.

There has been some rather serious disturbance in the departments of the Meuse and Vosges, in consequence of the high price of corn.

SPAIN.

The financial resources of the Carlists are represented by the last accounts as nearly exhausted.

An attempt has been made at a revolutionary movement in Valencia, which was, however, suppressed.

One of the Spanish papers announces that the Queen is certain, but the Government has received no official intelligence of the fact.

The Gazette states that the Government had obtained from the Bank of San Fernando an advance of 10,000,000 francs (81,250,000) on more favorable terms than previously, namely, 8 per cent.

According to the *Espana* the army is being increased and organized with all possible activity.

NAPLES.