

that it was the first Episcopal service ever performed in the Pacific by a Bishop of the Church.

That appropriately happened to be provided by the baptism of the candidates, by the pastor, which took place after the second lesson.—The names were confirmed, being several others who were prevented from being present at that time. The candidates were all of mature age, two of them being male members of the congregation.

It was curious to see from what widely distant places candidates were gathered. Probably not two of them were from the same section of country.—They were from every portion of our own land—from England—and one from China. It was an interesting circumstance, in this first confirmation on these shores, to have a representative of the millions of that heathen empire with which California is monthly increasing intercourse. The candidate was a female, a native of Canton, who at an early age ran away from her parents, in consequence of having heard that it was her intention to sell her into slavery. She went to sea, and there entered the service of a Portuguese lady, adopted their dress, and nominally their faith, &c. Subsequently she married a Portuguese gentleman who sailed from Macao on a voyage, and no more of him was ever afterwards heard.

At this time, being miserably poor, she applied to an American family living there, who, finding her a faithful and trustworthy servant, in 1837 took her with them to the Sandwich Islands. There she remained with them for six years. In 1843 she returned to America, where she entered the service of another American lady, with whom she came to San Francisco. With her she has lived—not now as a servant, but as a servant—rather as a companion—enjoying her fullest confidence. She has acquired sufficient knowledge of the English language to enable Mr. Scott to instruct and examine her for confirmation, and no shadow of doubt as to her preparation and fitness for assuming these responsibilities existed in his mind, or in that of the lady with whom she lived, who sat at her side to receive the rite at the same time.—By the way, she proved but the first fruit of many from that benighted land, who on these shores are to be gathered into the fold of the Church.

Trinity Church was crowded, and the administration of this rite was probably witnessed by many for the first time. The interest of the occasion was increased by the presence of the Missionary Bishop of Oregon, who, on his way to his Diocese, has been detained for some time in San Francisco by the illness of Mrs. Scott, from which however, we are happy to say she is entirely recovered. Bishop Scott took part of the morning service, the remainder being read by the Rev. Dr. Orange Clarke, D. D.

On Easter Monday I propose (D. V.) setting out on a tour through the mining regions, visiting Nevada, Feather River, Grass Valley, &c., to ascertain the best places for Missionary effort, when God shall put it in the hearts of laborers to offer themselves for this field.

W. INGRAHAM KIR.

San Francisco, April 10, 1845.

Selections.

A SKIRMISH IN THE BALTIC.—The following admirable letter, has been addressed by one of our sea-captains now serving in the Baltic fleet to his wife:—

"H. M. S.,—Hango Roads, May 22, 1851.

My dear Wife,—Having just come safe out of action for the first time, I cannot better relieve my mind by writing to you, for whilst I thank God for all mercies, I seem to want some nearer friend than the world to me (who are full of merriment and high spirits) to open my mind to. Whilst cruising about the mouth of the Gulf of Finland, we signalled a fish-boat, which at first tried to get away from us, but our captain sent a boat's crew to bring her to, which they speedily did. There were only two men on board, and the captain had them some time on the quarter deck, and it was quickly reported that there were ordered to pilot us up their own river. Sure enough we tacked about, and steered up a narrow channel, a boat's crew being ahead, sounding every horn, for fear of getting aground. We were accompanied by the—, of—guns. At night, just as we were about to let go the anchor, and the boat's crew had been called on board, the enemy opened fire from a point of wood and some sand banks, which were close to the water's edge. Several in the boat were wounded, they put back to the ships. Still we could not see

our enemies, nor the exact strength of their position, so we sent a regular shower of shot and shell amongst the brushwood, and we heard nothing more that night. Next morning early we weighed anchor. We expected a salute from the enemy every moment, as we could perceive on the banks mounds had been thrown up and masked batteries, as if our visit had been expected. At about five o'clock a.m., a battery opened fire upon us, and when the smoke cleared away, we could see the enemy, there appeared to be some hundreds of them on the hill close to the batteries. We sent a broadside of shot and shell amongst them, and kept on our course. They stood to their guns well, though no doubt we did great execution. The firing was kept up briskly, and rifle balls dropped amongst us, or whistled past us like hail. It was really wonderful so little damage was done. The balls cut the rigging, and went clean through the ship's side, but God Almighty had our lives in his keeping. I don't think there was a man aboard that knew what fear was. Two of our men were killed, and a few wounded, of course they were soon cleared away below. We still kept up the river, and were followed on the bank by sharpshooters, who gave us a volley from the woods every now and then, and we scattered shells amongst them whenever we had a chance of doing execution. By and by we touched the ground, and it was then time to think of Hango Roads again. One of the batteries at that time again opened fire on us, but was soon silenced, and having cut out and taken in tow a Russian bark we steamed away with her. In going down the river a small battery again opened fire, and wounded one of our men, whereupon the captain ordered out a boat's crew to go ashore and take the guns. Every man on board volunteered, so the captain picked a crew, and I was sent ashore with the marines. There were regular troops on the bank who fired on us as we pulled to land, but the broadsides of the—, what with the shell, and what with the smoke, covered our landing. We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach to keep the coast clear whilst the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about 60 yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time a broadside from the—went in among the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unluckily lost his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me—I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five and twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast was so full, as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell, but if my life could have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak, the blood poured out so, I know it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closed when a gun was fired from the—to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood where the enemy was concealed—poor fellow, he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of us, but all that seemed so far off, and the dead man so near! When we rejoined the ship, we saw eight or ten of the artillery troop come out of the wood and carry the body away, with several others lying on the bank.

Striving against nature is like holding a weather-cock with one hand, as soon as the force is taken up, it veers again with the wind.—Cotter.

THE GALLICAN CHURCH.—By rapid strides the Papal authority is marching to a more unlimited ascendancy than it ever before exercised over the Gallican Church. Two briefs of a strikingly similar nature have been promulgated. The purport of the brief relative to the training of ecclesiastical students, is to enforce the positive rule that no theological works should be used except such as were formally approved by Rome. The second brief has been addressed to the Bishop of Portogruaro in reply to a *manifesto* of his own, communicated by that prelate to Rome, on the subject of "bad books"—that is, books prohibited by the Congregation of the Index. Theological and profane literature are there equally laid claim to as completely under the jurisdiction and control of ecclesiastical license and authority. To appreciate fully, however, the result of the jurisdiction claimed, it is necessary to bear in mind a few, only a few—it would be impossible to remember all—of the works which have been at all times condemned or disapproved by the Roman congregation. Such are, for instance, Pascal, Montaigne, Molière, &c. &c. in that country, and very nearly the whole of English literature, Macaulay's History being one of the last interdicted.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE "TIGER."—Lieut. Royer, senior lieutenant of ship lost ship the Tiger, and Francis Dimach, gun room steward of the same ship, have arrived in England from Odessa and St. Petersburg. The last named has been sent on board the Victory, flag ship, in Portsmouth, and Mr. Royer expected on board to await his trial by court martial for the Tiger's loss. It appears that they left Odessa twenty-one days after the loss of their vessel, having during that time been with the rest of the crew, located in the quarantine establishment. As is already known, Lieut. Royer was summoned to St. Petersburg to see the Emperor, and he took Dimach with him as his servant. The journey to St. Petersburg was accomplished in about seven days, being by the road as far as Moscow, and the remainder of the distance by railway. Lieut. Royer had several interviews with the emperor. On ascertaining that Mr. Royer had lost his sword, a being left on board the Tiger, the Emperor presented him with a new one. Dimach on leaving St. Petersburg, had five golden ducats presented to him, to pay any expenses he might incur, but food, lodging, &c. were provided for all on the most liberal scale. Mr. Royer and his servant staid in St. Petersburg about a week, and were then granted passports, and sent on to England, travelling through Prussia, and taking the steamer at Calais for Dover. On granting his liberty to Mr. Royer, it was determined to send his servant back to Odessa, but the latter, who is a Maltese, made an appeal through an aide-de-camp to the emperor for his release, representing that he was a married man with a family, whom he wished to join. The request was granted, and before he left St. Petersburg an officer poured him out a tumbler of sherry, and asked him to drink the Emperor's health, which under the circumstances he had no objection to do. In passing through the country they fell in with twenty or thirty Englishmen, chiefly engineers, who appeared very well satisfied to live in Russia. The ultimate destination of the crew of the Tiger was not known when Lieut. Royer left Odessa, it being then arranged to send them up the country. The Emperor had ordered Mr. Dimach, the surgeon of the ship, to be released, and it was expected at St. Petersburg that the other officers and men would be exchanged.

THE FIRST PORTION OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE.—The largest ever made, and in point of circumference, also the largest at present existing, is just completed at the yard, near Greenwich, and ready for shipment. The screw-steamer "Persian," destined to carry it, will receive her singular cargo the moment she arrives from Alexandria, and the submarine works on the island of Corsica, etc., will be ready to be connected to the cable on its being laid down. The cable is about 100 miles in length, and weighs somewhere about 800 tons. It contains six copper wires, or conductors, for the electric fluid, to traverse, protected by a gutta percha covering, secured in a hempen rope, and finally surrounded by twelve iron wires of No. 7 gauge. The projector and originator, Mr. John Watkins Brett, profiting by experience, has allowed 20 miles for what is technically termed slack, and way, and for depths of the ocean. As now coiled in the yard, the cable occupies about 75 feet, taking its convex sides. The perpendicular height of the coil is about 5 feet, and the width of one side of the coil from convex to convex reaches 24 feet. The moment it is laid, London will be in immediate communication with Cagliari through the cable and about 400 miles of subterranean wire. Extensions to Malta, Turkey, &c., would give us news from the seat of war in an incredibly short space of time, and might, in the matter of rapidly forwarded orders, speedy communications of orders, known as "Cablegrams," &c., be of essential service to the country.