

Ward No. 1.—Four deep—Irish Soc'y's Banner.
 2 do do T. A. Soc'y's Banner.
 3 do do ditto second banner.
 4 do do ditto third banner.
 5 do do A bright blue banner
 6 do do Truckman's Banner.

FORTY SIX TAPCES.

The Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, in a carriage.

A Banner.

On they went. The devoted adherents of Religion, and the warm admirers of the Prelate, at whose call they had congregated, moved on heart and hand, prepared to do the work of charity.

Such was the extent of the Procession, that as we passed by the Commodant's corner, we could see the commencement of the line already occupying the Fortmassy heights, after having made a circuit by the bridge street and along by Mr. Stayner's Tan Yard to the Cemetery. The arrangements of the Committee were excellent. The order was perfect; and we are quite certain that the almost miraculous effort of the day was rendered much more effective by the discipline of the multitude and previous arrangements of the Committee than it otherwise could have been.

Where all were every thing one could wish, it is difficult to particularise any. But we cannot help adverting to the devoted and energetic efforts of the TAPCES. When the drain from the Tan Yard to the Brook was commenced, a drain one hundred and fifty feet long, the flags necessary to complete it were still in the quarry. Yet these fine fellows, seeming to trample on impossibilities, undertook the arduous task of supplying them. Every thing yielded to their determination. They "built the House and finished it." Ever since the great day they have spent their evenings at the work of "merry and love (assisted by many of the Parishioners).

By the time of the Bishop's arrival the Parishioners had formed in line. The Committee stood each at the head of his own division.

The banners marked the various Wards. Every thing was perfect.

One deafening cheer proclaimed his Lordship's arrival. It was repeated again and again—and crowned by "one cheer more"! Any man must be proud of such a reception. No man can merit it.

His Lordship addressed them briefly: and now the effects of that order and foresight for which the Bishop is so remarkable, became very soon apparent. The Committee came and received their commands from his Lordship. Each took with him the number and quality of men he required. Every man's work was pointed out: and in a comparatively brief period we enjoyed the novel spectacle of two thousand men offering the "sweat of their brow" as a sacrifice to Heaven. And the sweat of their brow, falling upon the earth which they were laying out for death's repose, seemed to render the two maledictions pronounced against our race—a germ of that immortality of which one had deprived us. It was a beautiful, a religiously beautiful scene, never to be forgotten.

About two o'clock the view was stirring in the extreme. We stood on the rising ground west of the Brook. Just near us were a parcel of fine fellows lustily labouring at making a Bridge. At some distance the Carpenters were in full work supplying those with the necessary timber. Before us, and in long line, hundreds laboured in making and covering in the drain referred to above. Beyond them a hill was disappearing as if by magic. All around, roads seemed to spring up from the earth ready formed by the Genii of the place. And in the distance, from one extremity of the Soldiers' Church Yard to the other, hundreds were busily engaged in reducing Fortmassy hill. Here were a group of fine youth raising a huge rock, and, as they piled the lever, singing cheerily an inspiring chorus. There a cart trotted down with a load of earth, and ten others at different points advance to get a like occupation. Here a youth who never did a day's labouring work drives headlong down