

feebly returning the fire, unable to advance, afraid to retreat, ten thousand deaths in front—ten thousand deaths behind help and hope no where. They paused for a few seconds, seemed to hesitate, but were speedily relieved from all embarrassment as to the course they should pursue by the advance of the French, whose bayonets were fixed to their rifles, and as if they intended to come up to the scratch, but instead of suiting the action to the word, they wheeled about and flung themselves down the hillside in complete disorder, the Sardinian artillery again playing upon them as before. Some hundreds threw down their arms surrendered to the French sooner than run the gauntlet once more across the aqueduct and the river. The remnant of the column got under cover on the other side of the stream, and remained there for some minutes, until two battalions of Piedmontese came out upon the plain, and throwing out skirmishers advanced upon the river. The Russians now retired in haste, and not in very good order, skirmishing as they went, until they reached the high ground on which their cavalry and the reserve of their artillery were stationed. During the pursuit the Piedmontese made some prisoners. The moment was propitious for a charge of cavalry, who might have cut them up completely. Major Grovach, the second on the Sardinian *etat-major*, accordingly brought down their four squadrons, but the colonel objected to charge in face of the Russian cavalry force, fully five thousand in number, unless he were supported by French and English. A message was accordingly sent to Gen. Maurice, the French general commanding the cavalry, requesting him to push forward a body of his men in the rear of the Piedmontese, but he declined, alleging that he had positive orders not to pursue, having returned a similar answer to a similar request on the part of Gen. Erbillon, who commanded on the heights. This is extraordinary, but true, and the only thing one can say about it is to express a hope that there was some good reason for it not visible at first sight. The greater part of the Russian artillery now retired followed up for a short distance by the French Chasseurs de Vincennes. The cavalry then advanced in an immense line, forming a crescent, from out of which issued three guns, which fired away to protect the retreat, till the last column had wound its weary way up the road to Mackenzie's farm or disappeared among the hills toward Clonlon. Nothing now remained but to visit the field of battle, on which the Zouaves had already descended like vultures, and were removing everything portable. The scene which presented itself on the banks of the river, below the canal, was something fearful beyond description, much more fearful than the ordinary horrors of a battle-field. The canal itself was choked with dead—most of whom had doubtless fallen into it living, after rolling down the hill-side, and found repose in its muddy waters—broken muskets, bags of bread, cartridges; one dark red stain on the white chalky gravel often alone marked the spot where the man first fell, and in a moment afterward tumbled back to perdition. Many had fallen after scrambling up to the brink of the aqueduct, and ere they had time to cross it, and if not caught in the bushes, rolled into the plain, breaking their bones in the descent, and lay there as we passed, shrieking in agony and imploring us to kill them and thus put an end to their suffering. Never did eye rest upon humanity in forms so mutilated, defaced and disfigured as these unhappy wretches, who lay writhing there in their bloody rags, their faces so plastered over with gore and dust that neither wife nor mother would ever have recognized son or husband in those hideous masses of mortality. Some, but they were a small minority, sought to drag themselves to the shade of the few bushes that skirted the river; some sought to hide their heads from the fiery heat of the midday sun under their tattered garments, and others lay with faces upturned and ghastly, their limbs still trembling in the last quiver, and the flies already burrowing in their wounds. Men shot down by any sort of missile, and lying where they fell gory and mutilated though they may be, is a sight, to which one gets habituated, but wounded men who have been rolled over a rough soil, and their bones broken in their progress, is one of those sights that one rarely witnesses, and which he who has once seen it never wishes to see more. On toward the bridge the dead lay thicker and thicker. On the banks of the river about it, and in the river itself, they were heaped and piled, mostly fine men in the prime of life—many with a view of *grog* and *brandy* in which bespoke long years of service. Nearly every one had a brandy bottle, either actually in his hand, or lying near him, or broken under him in his fall. I was riding with a Polish officer, who conversed with a great many of the wounded, who informed us that large quantities of brandy had been served out to the soldiers before the action, except the artillerymen. There were a great many small platforms lying about, some resembling ladders with the rungs very close, and carried by ropes slings attached to each end, as bridges to be thrown across the aqueduct. The great majority, however, passed without them. The Zouaves had made a general collection of crosses, relics, and medals, and retained them to visitors, in addition to which, picking from the dead bodies, they made small collections of money from the persons of the wounded, managing dexterously to extract it from the inside of the trousers close to the knee, where the Russian soldiers generally carry their money, while pretending to examine into the nature of their wounds, thus avoiding giving any mental pain to the sufferers. Some very fine rifles, quite new, and now seen for the first time, were found on the field, but were instantly taken possession of by the military authorities, and the sale prohibited. Judging from what I saw myself, and from comparing notes with others, and

without being able to say how many bodies may be in the aqueduct, I should say the number left on the field was 1500.

The usual calculation is that twice as many are wounded as are killed, and this, with between 500 and 600 prisoners, not wounded, taken by the French and Piedmontese, would make the total loss of the Russians little short of 5,000 men *hors de combat*. The divisions engaged were the 21st, 22nd, and 17th, most of them belonging to different *corps d'armes*. One had never been under fire before, and had made a rapid march from Baktschai Serai, and rested eight hours before the attack. One man, who fell high upon the hill side, assured us that he was in the last battalion of the reserve, and that every single soldier had been sent down from the heights; so that had we pursued them we might have gained the Mackenzie plateau along with them, and held it. Prince Gortschakoff commanded in chief, and Gen. Martinaloff the assaulting columns. The whole force, including cavalry and artillery, is calculated at 60,000 men. There were 60 guns in the field. There were only ten or twelve officers left on the ground, which proves that a great number must have been carried off in the retreat. The Piedmontese have lost 300 men killed and wounded; among others, General Monte Vecchio, commanding one of the brigades, who was shot through the body, and was not expected to survive through yesterday. The French have about 1,100 men *hors de combat*. I was standing at the bridge while the French were collecting the wounded from the other side and placing them in the ambulances. The Russians could see perfectly well what they were about from the Mackenzie heights, and nevertheless had the barbarity to fire from one of their batteries right into the crowd on the road. A scene of great confusion ensued; the ambulance mules galloped off, causing the wounded they were carrying to shriek with pain. It was little short of a miracle that no one was hurt by the shot, which I am told after my departure continued to be fired at intervals during the whole day. Captain Maubray's 32lb howitzers were engaged near the Sardinians, and made excellent practice, doing considerable execution. The range of these pieces is very long, and they are most formidable against uncovered troops.—*Cor. of the London Times.*

Although not quite so obstinate and sanguinary as the battle of Inkermann, which this affair resembled in many points, it was a pitched battle. The Russians, as in the battle of Inkermann, gave up manoeuvring, and confided entirely in the valor of their troops. The essential difference was in the manner of fighting. At the battle of Inkermann the great mass of the Russians fell under the fire firing and the bayonets of the infantry, while on the Tchernaya it was the guns which did the greatest execution. Most of the wounded and dead showed frightful traces of round shot, grape, shell, and canister, so that as a battlefield one could scarcely imagine anything more terrible. Nearly all the wounds were on the legs and head. On the banks of the aqueduct particularly the sight was appalling; the Russians when scaling the embankment of the aqueduct, were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries; and the dead and wounded rolled down the embankment, sometimes more than 20 feet high. The French made every possible dispatch to collect the wounded. They were laid on the open space about the bridge until the ambulances arrived. While there the Russians, who could see plainly that the French were engaged in bringing help to their own wretched countrymen, suddenly began to open with their guns upon them, repeating the barbarous practice which they had already often previously shown to the troops. A gentleman who was with me at the moment, and who speaks Russian, asked one of the poor fellows who was trying to trudge along with deep flesh wounds on both his thighs, what he thought of the behaviour of the Russians in firing among their own wounded? He answered, "They are accustomed to beat us when we are with them, and there is no wonder that they should try to ill-treat us when we are on the point of escaping their power." I saw a soldier who belonged to the last battalion of the reserves, who said that before the battle began Gortschakoff, who commanded in person, had a letter of the Emperor read before them, in which he expressed a hope that they would prove as valorous as last year when they took the heights of Balaklava, and then there was a large distribution of brandy. Not a soldier I saw who had not his bottle lying empty near him, and good-sized bottles they were too. This brandy distribution was, however, only for the infantry, whom they wished to excite to madness. The artillery got only the usual rations.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DECLINE OF CATHOLICITY IN THE WEST.—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has been engaged during the past fortnight in visiting the remote parishes of Achill, Clare Island, and Newport, for the purpose of administering confirmation, and especially with the view of enabling the people to partake of the indulgences attached to the *Triduum* in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. On Thursday, his Grace and the clergy crossed in boats to Clare Island, where he was received with enthusiasm by that truly Catholic people. Almost every single person, from ten years old upwards, availed themselves of the indulgence of the Roman Pontiff. The number confirmed exceeded two hundred, and upwards of four hundred persons approached the Holy Communion. So dense was the crowd that his Grace was obliged to preach to the congregation all administered confirmation in the open air. On Sunday, 22nd inst., the *Triduum* commenced in Achill, at the large church of Dooberilly, with the usual solemnity. The altar was lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers, and ornamented with vases containing flowers. The church, though very spacious, was so crowded that

the people could not kneel even at the "elevation," and the whole outward area was also covered by the throngs which came to share in the indulgence. His Grace and the clergy were there shortly after nine o'clock, and continued hearing confessions until nearly four in the afternoon. On the following day his Grace administered confirmation at the church of Dooberilly to upwards of 300 persons. He expressed himself highly pleased with the accurate and ready knowledge of the Christian Doctrine exhibited by the numerous crowd of young children of both sexes who presented themselves for confirmation. His Grace, as usual, addressed those to be confirmed in the Irish tongue. On the following day (Tuesday) confirmation was administered in church on the south of the island, at Kildounet, to upwards of 200 persons. The presence of the crowd was so great that his Grace was obliged to preach and confirm in the open air on the area before the church. The number who availed themselves of the *Triduum* in Achill exceeded 1,200 persons. On Wednesday, 23rd inst., the Feast of the Assumption, his Grace left the island and proceeded to the parish of Newport, to open the *Triduum*, and to administer confirmation. He preached for nearly an hour at the rural church of Newport, about six miles from the town, to a crowded congregation.—*Dublin Freeman.*

It is with deep regret we have to announce that the illness of the Right Rev. Dr. Haly, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, has terminated fatally. The venerated prelate died at ten o'clock a.m. on Sunday, the 19th August.—*Tablet.*

The town council of Cork have resolved to have nothing to do with the levying or collecting of ministers' money, leaving the government to whatever remedy the law allows them.

It is reported that Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., will vacate his seat in Clonmel, for an official situation, and that Mr. Carew O'Dwyer aspires to be his successor.

The amount of the O'Connell monument subscription in Limerick now exceeds £900.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.—Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald M.P., has offered 100l. towards establishing a public library in Ennis, under the new act for promoting free public libraries and museums in Ireland.

The Marchioness of Londonderry offers a bounty of 2l. in addition to the sum offered by government to every person on her estates joining the North Durham militia.

The County Limerick Militia, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, expect soon to sail for Gibraltar, officers and men have volunteered for foreign service.

The next of kin of Head Constable Fras. B. Browne, of the Waterford Constabulary, who died in June, 1854, at Kilkenny, are sought for by Mr. Kemmis, the Crown Solicitor. Any person knowing anything of them would do well to communicate it.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACT FOR PROVISIONS.—A Sligo paper has the following:—"An extensive London firm, Messrs. Powell and Co., have taken a large building in Sligo, suitable for the manufacture of preserved provisions for the army and navy. A screw steamer arrived on Saturday, having on board all the necessary machinery, and a large staff of assistants. Messrs. Powell have contracted with several partners for a daily supply of cattle of the prime quality, and we learn that the consumption of beef alone for the manufacture of preserved meat, soups, &c., will amount to fifty beasts per day. Many of the operatives who have arrived here spent upwards of fourteen years in Russia, where the firm carried on an extensive trade in the manufacture of preserved provisions. On the outbreak of the present war, however, they left that country, and are now engaged by the British government.

On Wednesday (August 15th) there were only 297 paupers in the Ballinastoe Workhouse—the smallest number which has been dependent on the rates for the last ten years. When in 1849 there were nearly 5,000 in the pauper and auxiliary houses, we may well congratulate the rate payers on the improved condition of the union.—*Western Star.*

There is at present in the Limerick union workhouse a female pauper, who has attained the extraordinary age of 113 years, and is in full possession of her faculties. She entered the workhouse five years ago, then aged 108, and is bed ridden for the last three years, but has a good appetite and enjoys the comforts allowed her, especially a drink of porter and a pinch of snuff. Her name is Margaret Donohoe, a native of West Watergate. On the 22nd ult., she was visited by some of the guardians, to whom she expressed herself very thankful for the comfort she enjoyed and sung five verses of "Garryowen" for them in good style!

DUBLIN, Aug. 24.—Charles Gavan Duffy is leaving our shores in despair. Two or three aspiring barristers, unwarned by the fate of Duffy, with a few of the more restless of the clergy, are trying to raise a "Presbyterian Representation" Party. The Presbyterians have just one representative of that denomination in Parliament, Mr. Kirk, the member for Nowry, and it would be far from surprising if, at the next election, the Presbyterians of that Borough should join in ousting him, in consequence of his moving the adjournment of the Maynooth discussion, which shewed that subject for the session, for the whole Presbyterian body is strong for the abolition of the Maynooth endowment, both as objecting to the National sanction being given in any form to the Roman Catholic religion, and because their own endowment has been made to give color to that of Maynooth. It would surely, not be more strange than that Mr. Duffy should be succeeded in New Ross by Mr. Tottenham, a Conservative. Our Vicerey is as active and popular as ever. He visits the Camp on the Curragh, attends college examinations, visits shows of cattle and farm produce and flowers, examines hospitals and other sanitary establishments, and is equally at fault at all. To these and in answer to addresses from various public bodies, you would suppose he had made the subject his study. Generally speaking, he is complimentary, but occasionally he meets assumption with a quiet blow. The other day an address was presented to him, (The Non-subscribing Body), which is made up of the "Remonstrant Synod of Ulster," the "Presbytery of Antrim," and the "Synod of Munster." The whole, not numbering perhaps more than forty congregations, and most of these more halcyon, for the rising generation in this country, is rapidly abandoning Unitarianism in all its forms. In their addresses they referred to religious liberty, free education, and the right of adhering to conscientious convictions; but as they, alone of all others, do not

indulge in propagandism, having no missions home foreign, they get credit—whether justly or unfoundedly—for indifference more than zeal. In his reply, His Excellency gave utterance to one of those antithetical aphorisms that become the "household words" in the literature of a nation—"Religious earnestness is the breath of life to Churches; religious liberty is the pulse of health to Nations." The only thing, just now, that produces anything like a row is street preaching, which the Presbyterian Assembly and the Wesleyan Conference both sanction. In many places, the preachers are suffered to hold their meetings, and continue and conclude their services quietly. In others, however, the case is different. In Belurbet the attempt to hold meetings for street preaching, by ministers of the Assembly, led to such violence, that the Riot Act was read. The Preachers deny that they introduce controversy or insult Roman Catholics. Those who try to suppress them assert that they do, and besides, they say the very attempt is an insult, as if they were pagans, or their own clergy incapable of instructing them. The answer made is—the preachers while excluding none, have in view those who have no religion, attend no place of worship, and they think they have as good a right to speak the words of Life and Salvation, as ballad-singers or print-sellers to publish their news. The authorities, of course, do not interfere only to keep the peace, for the opponents say, there is no law against their hurraing, cheering, or singing.—*Correspondent N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE "IRISH PROTESTANT MISSION."—At the Liverpool Police Court, on Friday, a tall, reverend-looking personage, dressed in black, was placed in the dock. Police officer 216, whilst on duty the previous night, about a quarter before twelve o'clock, was informed by the keeper of an improper house in Norbury Street that "two respectable-looking men" had come in her house in a state of liquor. One of them had fallen asleep on a bed, and the other, who said he was his servant, had taken from his pocket several sovereigns. In consequence of this, he (officer 216, accompanied by 159) visited the house, and found the prisoner fast asleep. 216 aroused him, when he was severely struck several times by the prisoner. In consequence of this, they took the prisoner, who was exceedingly violent, to Bridewell, and when there the prisoner behaved in a most violent manner. The prisoner said that he was the Rev. Dr. M'Manany, and that he came from the North of Ireland. On being searched, several address cards, with the words "Rev. Dr. M'Manany," were found upon him, and also letters to the same address. There was also found in his pocket half a sheet of large post paper, containing a printed report of a meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, made up into short columns, and extracted from the *Edinburgh Witness*. The report was headed, "Edinburgh Irish Mission." (A report from the *Witness*, Saturday, July 17, 1852.) "Presbytery of Edinburgh." The introductory paragraph runs thus:—"A special meeting of this reverend Court was held in the Merchants' Hall, on Thursday, for the purpose of receiving the final report of Irish missions, and for hearing the discussion of students—Dr. Cumming, moderator." The official report then followed. The Rev. Dr. Begg, it was attributed by the reporter, made a lengthy speech, in the course of which, speaking of the Irish Mission, he said he regarded with the utmost veneration "the men who had stood in front of this battle," and who, at great personal sacrifice, of feeling, had been maintaining the cause of Protestantism in that city; and, in particular, he referred to the Superintendent of the Mission, his friend, Dr. M'Manany, as well as to the principal agents. From a passenger ticket found upon the prisoner, it appeared that £31 had been paid for a passage for himself and a friend to America. There were also found upon him six sovereigns and some odd silver. The person who, it was alleged, had represented himself as the prisoner's servant now appeared in court. The New Testament was presented to him for the purpose of administering the usual oath. He indicated, by shaking his head, that he declined to be sworn, but perpendicularly extended his right hand. He stated that he and the prisoner, on the previous night, when a little advanced in liquor, had been pushed into the house where they were found, and they were not aware where they were. Mr. Gladstone to the prisoner—"What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Nothing, your honour." Some intimation was here given by the clerk to the magistrate, who then asked—"What are you?" Prisoner—"A medical man." The magistrates said there was some reason to believe that he belonged to a different profession altogether, but that to him (the magistrate) was no matter for consideration. His conduct had been most disgraceful, and he hoped he would learn to conduct himself better when he got to America. He must pay a fine of 20s. and costs. The fine was paid, and the prisoner discharged.—*Express.*

We regret to state that the Pier at Kingstown, which the most respectable inhabitants of Dublin and its vicinity have for some time resorted to, as a favorite promenade, was converted yesterday into a scene of tumult and confusion by some four or five fanatics who attempted to get up a public preaching against "Popery." About four o'clock in the afternoon, just when the Pier was most crowded with the elite of the neighborhood, three or four of these individuals, standing in an elevated position, commenced singing in the least harmonious and most noisy manner, and soon succeeded in attracting by their antics a considerable crowd, which totally obstructed the passage, and compelled those who would have passed by to listen, at least for a time, to the most outrageous language in reference to "Popery," and "Rabbits." For a time the crowd retained their good temper despite the insults offered; but when they found that the would be apostles were transgressing the bounds of all decency, there was an evident indication that forbearance had been tested to its utmost limits. At this juncture, some persons in the crowd, who appeared to be the accomplices of these mischievous bigots, gathered round them. Some boisterous shouts were uttered, and a scene of confusion followed, which it would be difficult to describe. The irritation of the people had only the effect of eliciting still more offensive language from the missionaries; and some of the more respectable spectators, in order to prevent riot which might lead to bloodshed, gently pushed the speakers from their platform, and having once induced them to "move on," kept up the pressure, amidst cheers, shouts, and yells, until they were escorted out of the public thoroughfare. Some police who were present declined to interfere, leaving the suppression of this public nuisance to the people themselves. In Glasgow and Liverpool the authorities have put down these outrages. In Dublin the