

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12.—It is delightful to abandon the old heading, "Siege of Sebastopol," which for the last eleven months might have been stereotyped, but it is not clear what is to be put in its place, for the enemy, having abandoned the south side, seem prepared to defend the north side, and to erect there another monument of engineering skill, and to leave there memorials of their dogged resolution. The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with so much ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place could explain the apparent contradiction. It is clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity, and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves is prodigious. One hears our engineers feebly saying "they are badly traced," and that kind of thing, but it is quite evident that the Russian, who is no match for the allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardment ever known and an eleven months' siege, that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts. The details of the French attack will have been made public ere this letter reaches you. It is sufficient to say that of the three or four points attacked, the Little Redan and the Malakoff on the right, and the Bastion Central and the re-entering angle of the Flagstaff Work on the left, but one was carried, and that was a closed work. The Great Redan, the Little Redan, and the line of defence on the left were not taken, although the attack was resolute, and the contest obstinate and bloody for both assaults and defenders. Whether we ought to have attacked the Great or Little Redan, or to have touched the left at all, is another question which is discussed by many, but which is not for me to touch upon or decide. It is certain that the enemy knew his weakness, and was too good a strategist to defend a position of which he held the key. Sebastopol in flames, his ships sunk, told the French and English soldiers were his commentators. Could we have done so, it would have been well for the English to have claimed the honour of joining in the assault on the Malakoff, the tower of which we had beaten into ruins, and to have abstained from attacking the Redan, which could offer a desperate and, as events proved, a successful resistance, till the works around the Malakoff were taken.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description when the news spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy was retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. When I rose ere daybreak, I got up to Catcart's Hill, there were not many officers standing on that favorite spot; and the sleepers who had laid down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sebastopol was ours. All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan, but the Russians having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan along their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention abandoned it, as is supposed, about twelve o'clock, and the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure, and found the place deserted by all, save the dead and dying. Soon afterwards, wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became alight—the flames shone out of the windows of the houses—rows of mansions caught and burned up, and, ere daybreak, the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye—was in fire from the sea to the Docks and Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up with a stupendous crash that made the very earth reel, early in the night. At sunrise four large explosions on the left followed in quick succession, and announced the destruction of the Quarantine Forts and the magazines of the batteries of the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Fort. In a moment afterwards the proper left of the Redan was a scene of a very heavy explosion, which must have destroyed a number of wounded men on both sides. Fortunately the soldiers who had entered it early in the night were withdrawn. The Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up, one after another, at 4.45. At 5.30 there were two of the largest and grandest explosions on the left that ever shook the earth—most probably from Fort Alexander and the Grand Magazine. The rush of black smoke, of grey and white vapours, of masses of stone, beams of timber, and masonry into the air was appalling, and then followed the roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown up into the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky—the effect of the innumerable flashes of fire glittering high up in the column of dark smoke over the town, and then changing rapidly into as many balls of white smoke like little clouds. All this time the Russians were marching with sullen step across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off material from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction and renew the fire of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet, all that remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line-of-battle ships. As soon as it was dawn the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking

enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. At nine there were many explosions in the town amid the burning ruins, and the battlements of Fort Nicholas appeared in flames. Still there was no explosion there in Fort Paul. It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments engaged on the left against the Malakoff and Little Redan marched to their tents this morning, our second division was drawn up on the parade ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched passed as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the second division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, and the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by. Mingled with the plunderers, from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with calots or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labours. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and took the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions, and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, and were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catherine. By degrees the generals, French and English, and the staff officers, edged down upon the town; but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for 48 hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelou and Malakoff. The ground here is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosion of the bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen, returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform great-coat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who dashed all the way into the camp with a Zouave and an Indegene. There were ghastly sights on the way, too, Russians who had died, on one dying as they lay, brought so far forward the hospitals from the fatal Malakoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionades, and of zig-zags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and trading gaily among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full token of the bloody fray, we came at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full twenty feet in height above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns.—The tricolor waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled braves who are lying all around, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some 20 or 22 feet deep, and 10 feet broad. See here is the place where the French crossed—here is the bridge of planks and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had 200, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling ladders? See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a lying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they got on once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are those embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than eighteen feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each row recedes towards the top it leaves in the ledge below an excellent banquet for the defenders. Inside, the sight is too horrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded and there are five distinct piles of dead formed to clear away. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shako, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, cases and canisters, horse powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is impossible to get a view of the whole of the Malakoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of 60 were found in the work, are all ship's guns, and mounted on ship's carriages, and worked in the same way as ship's guns. There are a few old-fashioned, odd-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the

garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villainous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations unutterable. There are several of these places, and they might set defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world; over the roof is a layer of ship's masts, cut in junks and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance was littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in on them like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes. The Malakoff is a closed work; it is only open at the rear to the town, and the French having once got in, threw open a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Grand Redan and to the Little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated, to re-take the place. They brought up their field guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and supports, while Strauge's battery from the Quarries carried death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karabehnai. With the Malakoff the enemy lost Sebastopol. The ditch outside towards the north was yet full of French and Russians piled over each other in horrid confusion. On the right, towards the Little Redan, the ground was literally strewn with bodies as thick as they could lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians lay in the work in heaps, like carcasses in a butcher's cart, and the wounds, the blood—the sight exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakoff we came upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead, and the Russians have crept away into holes and corners of every house, to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it, under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left, we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. A steamer is blazing in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean, and white, and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere.

RUSSIA. The Krens Zeitung, at Berlin, prints the violent partisan of Zouave, prints a letter from St. Petersburg of the 11th, containing the following passage: "We have suffered horrible loss. General Yussouff is dead; General Chroleff, Martinca, Zaroff, and Wejenokoff, adjutant of the Emperor, are severely wounded; Kolton is taken; Rissner."

In the Gazette Militaire, of St. Petersburg, dated the 17th instant, we read the following: "The Nova has reached the capital, from all parts of the empire, of the complete formation of the troops of the reserve, and of the departure of the first levy of dragoonettes and national militia, who will probably rendezvous at Kief. The reserves number about 300,000 men, consequently the Russian army, after deducting the divisions sent to the Crimea and to the seat of war in Asia, numbers upwards of 400,000 bayonets independently of the guards and grenadiers, and the battalions of the national guard, some detached corps stationed in Finland, and of the guards of the interior."

MISCELLANEOUS. Orders have been received at Portsmouth to discontinue any further shipment of shells for the Crimea. A detachment from the British Gorman legion has arrived from Canada, detachment consists of 9 officers and 134 rank and file. We learn on good authority that the French lost only one man in their attack on the Malakoff before they took possession of that work. Lord Panmure continues to receive very favorable accounts of the progress towards recovery of the wounded in the attack on the Redan. The Algiers journals state that the news of the fall of Sebastopol was received with great enthusiasm by the Arab Population of the whole colony. Letters from the Dardanelles, dated the 14th inst., speak of further operations among the Haali-Bazanks. A whole regiment of Arabs had attempted to desert, but had been prevented. An order has arrived at Shortness for all the British and Russian-Finnish prisoners of war taken at the capture of Bombarand to be held in readiness to leave by the steam-transport Perseverance for Libos, to be exchanged there for English and French prisoners taken by the Russians. 2000 men, belonging to the 1st battalion of grenadier guards, 2nd battalion of Coldstreams and 2nd battalion of the Scots fusilier guards, will proceed from London direct to the Crimea in the first week of October. Messrs Shortridge, Howell, and Jessop, of Shortridge and Sons, Works, Willey-street, Edinburgh, are engaged in the manufacture of a cast-steel gun for the government, and it is said with every probability of success. Several of the 'navvies' who went from the neighbourhood of West Ham to the Crimea, to construct the railway at Balaklava, have returned home within the last few days. Most of them have saved something considerable out of their earnings, and have brought home several Crimean relics, consisting of Russian muskets, swords, &c.

OPENING OF THE PROVINCIAL FAIR AT COBURG.

From the Toronto Colonist. The Provincial Fair was formally opened at Cobourg on Tuesday last. The first day had nothing particular to characterize it, as there were very few animals or articles that were new or of any value, for the accommodation of the fair, and the greater number of those who were very many—were marked tickets from which it is inferred that the show will be at least equal to that of former years. A variety of splendid vegetables were on a grand scale, and some fine carriages and several of the most improved machines. The Exhibition of the fair is a series of—The most attractive is the department with evergreens, ever and in a city side of which was a British flag and a red standard, and in the centre it tastefully exhibited the well-known flag in honor of the late General. On the right of this entry are apartments for the use of the officials connected with the management of the Exhibition. These shops, and a part of the fourth, are divided off into stalls for the accommodation of the live stock to be exhibited, occupying a large portion of it, however, being allotted for the show of poultry. The centre of this square is occupied by various temporary buildings, some devoted to refreshment stands. There is also a very large tent, intended for the reception of cereals, &c. offered for show. But the most prominent object among these temporary structures is the 3rd of July monument, a very fine and interesting monument, consisting of a green pillar supporting a dome-like top, the whole abundantly decorated with floral and flag, in progress and will present a fit adornment to such a place. Other portions of the building are devoted to positively to show the specimens of the four arts, to wit: to agricultural machines, to the collection of seeds and soil, to the real live and business of the fair, and to the museum on the first day. But after the successful opening connected with it will be highly developed and opened to view. We are indebted to the Evening Patriot for the greater portion of the foregoing particulars; but as we have a special Correspondent in attendance, we expect to be able to publish his letter to-morrow, which will give a minute account of all particulars connected with the fair. Since the above was written, we have received the following special telegraphic despatch from our Correspondent: "The Canada Company's first prize for Fall Wheat was given to Mr. M. F. Weston, of Amherstburg, second to Thomas Tindal of Smith third to A. A. Rider of Hope. Cobourg, Oct. 10. This morning the Upper Canada Provincial Exhibition was opened at London last evening. There were 2,000—Toronto in 1852, the number numbered a little over 4,000. As regards the quality of the articles exhibited, the show of this year is universally allowed to be better than any previous one. This particularly applies to the more prominent articles. In small items there are deficiencies; but in Cattle, Horses, and Agricultural Implements great improvement is perceptible. The show of Durham is very large. There are specimens from the Province such as Tyre, Wade, Cooper, Dawson, Patterson, Stone, Christie, &c., &c., Horses, Devons, and A-shires are more numerous than ever before showing how extensively they are being introduced into the Province. Some very fine Gallows are exhibited. The fat cattle are remarkably fine. Four splendid animals, bred by W. J. Wood of Toronto, were sold for \$200. The matched horses exhibited are numerous. A great display was made of a pair of grey horses, and a splendid carriage of Owen & Woods, Toronto. The show of blood horses is better than of agricultural animals. The sheep do not show much improvement on last year, although numerous. Pure Leicester, imported by Thomas Gordon of Paris, attract attention; as well as some Cheviots. The Hogs are not numerous but of good quality, both in size and large. The exhibition of grain is very large and remarkably fine. There were but six competitors for the Canada Company's prize. It has been taken by Mr. W. G. Weston of Amherstburg, Prince Edward county. The second prize of £10 given by the Association, has been awarded to Mr. Thomas Waddell of Smith county of Peterboro; and the third to Mr. A. C. Rider of Hope—all three of Ontario. The building erected for the Fruit, Flowers, and fancy articles is in the form of a circus, and a very fine structure. It is not so crowded as usual—that portion of the Exhibition being deficient, except in Ladies' work. Mr. Fleming of Toronto, and Mr. Mrs. Wade and Jeckell of the Cobourg University, have done their work admirably. In Furniture, there is nothing from Toronto; but there is a splendid bed by Joseph Head, of Trafalgar, remarkable not only for polish and tasteful selection of the wood, but for grace of design and beauty of carving. Fuller & Co., of Oshawa, show furniture which would do credit to Toronto. Some of the manufactures exhibit much improvement. Three sets of scales are exhibited from Brockville, Toronto and Hamilton, showing the fine work in iron work. The set of J. & J. Taylor, of Toronto, is a fine show. There are many other articles in iron, all deserving further mention. John Brown, of Darlington, distances all his competitors in draining tiles and pottery in general, both in design and quality. Of Agricultural Implements the exhibition is much greater than ever before; the number of reapers and mowers is immense. The newest thing in this way is shown by Mr. Oll, of St. Catharines. It is a newer design than any previous one, being all of iron, and having the running gear at the back of the machine, which makes the action more regular. It is much admired. Thomas Brigham, of Norwich, shows his Patent plough, which took the prize at the last exhibition. It contains a decided improvement in the shape of the mould board. The carriage and shafts are good, but not numerous. The set of J. & J. Taylor, of Toronto, is a fine show. There are many other articles in iron, all deserving further mention. John Brown, of Darlington, distances all his competitors in draining tiles and pottery in general, both in design and quality. Of Agricultural Implements the exhibition is much greater than ever before; the number of reapers and mowers is immense. The newest thing in this way is shown by Mr. Oll, of St. Catharines. It is a newer design than any previous one, being all of iron, and having the running gear at the back of the machine, which makes the action more regular. 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To the Editor of the Church.

WELLINGTON, 15th Sept., 1855. In an article in a late number of the Church, giving an account of his Lordship the Bishop's progress through this part of the Diocese, among a good many other inaccuracies there is one which for the sake of the cause I am sure you will be delighted to correct. You remark while speaking of Wellington, "That it is to be regretted the new system finds advocates in this young parish." Now I am glad to say I have never heard a single layman in this quarter express his opinion, who was not decidedly against letting the seats; and I have heard the subject discussed in presence of all the old members, and unless some of those received into the Church during this summer, say (from not having had sufficient time to be fully indoctrinated into its evils) have advocated the new system. I know not how your informant could have fixed such a stigma on a congregation which he allows has begun so well.

The parish Church of Hillier to which this is a sort of relief has always been free, and it would be strange if a system that has worked so well in the landward part of the parish, where most of the farmers of whom the congregation is principally composed could afford to rent seats, should be changed in the village where pews would prevent many poor people from attending at all.

I am glad your informant likes "the English and thorough Church like style" of our new Church, the plans of which by the way were furnished gratuitously by Mr. Hay of Toronto, on the express condition that the seats were to be free and open.

I should not have troubled you on this subject, as I know well that the pew system will never find advocates enough in Wellington, to cause the seats in St. Andrew's Church to be let; but I believe that one free Church in full operation will do more to bring that system into general use than many sermons, and I think it right to state that when one new Church is finished the seats will assuredly be free.

I hope the time is not far distant, when the consecrated walls of our Churches which one day echo back the praises of God and the "song of the angels," shall not the next be profaned by the clatter of the auctioneer's hammer and the cling of dollars. What would our blessed Saviour have said to those who conduct in buying and selling in the Temple displeased him so much, if he had found them actually engaged in buying and selling the Temple itself.

What could be more anomalous than to consecrate a Church and give it as a sacred offering to God, and then to wring from the Lord's poor the hard earned wages of their toil for liberty to worship their Creator in the house which has probably in a great measure been built with funds subscribed by their own self-denying liberality.

If any distinction be made between individuals in the House of God, it certainly ought not to be that of dollars; and the Church under whose care the poor are in an especial manner placed by her divine founder, will never fulfill her sacred duty towards them, till the system of pew letting is entirely done away: then may the poor man kneel on the floor and forget his poverty beside his rich neighbor, and the wealthy man, when he sees the poor enjoying with him the same privilege of place in the house of God may learn to distrust his riches. A consummation devoutly wished for by

Your obedient Servant, A. WELLINGTON, Churchman.

"HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS," By S. G. GOODRICH.

To the Editor of the Church.

Sir—There are few features of the present age more gratifying than the increased liberality and candour with which men of one nation look on the institutions, manners and customs of another; we no longer consider our neighbors as "national enemies," but deem the fittest and warmest strife an emulation in arts, literature, commerce, and manufactures, a contest in a word of mutual utility. As our nearest neighbours are the United States, so we are particularly interested that nothing should mar the reciprocity of good feeling without which the commercial reciprocity, recently established between us, can neither be fully carried out, nor be of long continuance. Very annoying is it then, to take up works of popular writers and to find them panting to the evil and half-embodied feeling of natural hostility, and doubly painful when the chosen object of their scorn is our beloved mother country; and the language employed our mother tongue. Abuse in German, Spanish, Italian or French is comparatively unknown, and we can laugh at and despise it, when they "of our own household," our Anglo-Saxon brethren insult us, when their books are busily hawked about the Province, when men of eminence amongst us are ignorantly led to sanction them by enrolling their names on their subscription lists, then it becomes an Englishman to give vent to his indignation and to expose the mischievous misrepresentations of works introduced amongst us—for the edification of our students, hours, and the instruction of our children.

I make these remarks from a friend of mine having been entrapped into subscribing for "The History of All Nations, by S. G. Goodrich," better known as Peter Parley, by being shown lists containing the names

of Dr. McCaul, Professor Ormiston, and others of literary ability in the Province; hastily concluding that these gentlemen would not allow their names to be made use of in connection with a work whose contents they were unacquainted, he also subscribed, and on receiving the book, having some misgivings on the subject, he requested me as having more leisure just now than himself, to see if it was a book desirable to place in his children's hands. After a brief general survey, I turned to the 417th and 440th chapters, the first on the character &c. of the English, the second comprising "General views of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," from which I quote that British subjects may be learned what to expect from the book.

I will take the latter chapter first, as its invectives are of a graver character, than the other. "The Government of Great Britain," he tells us, is "monarchical in form, but with a predominant infusion of oligarchy, modified by a limited representation in one branch of the Legislature. It has no written form of Government; that which is called the British Constitution is comprised in certain usages, which have been handed down from remote ages, and modified by occasional legislative enactments. The government has no other guide or check than what may be found in this vague and confused body of laws and traditions." In this way he comments on the Houses of Parliament, the Revenue of the Empire, its National Debt, Army and Navy, &c., without any gross misstatement, but with the unfavorable bias shown by the expressions I have placed in italics—it is the summing up of the chapter that is false and intolerable.

"To an observer," he says "who looks only on the surface, Great Britain presents an object in the highest degree imposing; but on closer inspection we find that beneath this display of national glory, there is an amount of misery, injustice and corruption perhaps unparalleled in human history. Such indeed is the state of things, that the sentiment is common in England, that the country is rapidly descending to the gulf of revolution and ruin. Speedy national bankruptcy is predicted by many sagacious individuals, and this could hardly fail to result in a complete wreck of the present political system. The centralization of government and power in London is becoming distasteful to the colonies, some of which seem resolved to throw off the yoke of dependence, and thus the chief instrument by which the fabric of British wealth and power has been built up is likely soon to fail. At the same time general discontent, wasting poverty and attendant pestilence, agitation and rebellion, have been spread over portions of the country."

In order to prove this disastrous state of things, and "to show at what cost a monarchy and an aristocracy so much admired, are sustained, and how terrible is the interior of that white pulchre—a State Church," he quotes what some ardent reformer, anxious to remedy the evils he points out? Some able statesman or well known political writer, whose authority will be acknowledged, and whose truthfulness admitted. No! the worthless tract of an anonymous writer, titled the "The Black Book" is sufficient authority for this venacious compiler of History! and to spread throughout America the renown of this venal scribbler he devotes column after column of a work, which condenses the history of "the hundred day," and the whole subsequent life of Napoleon in half a page, and despatches the French Revolution of 1830, without even a passing allusion to the Ordinances, which were its proximate cause, gravely ascribing the election of Louis Philippe, as King of the French, to his descent from "that Henry the Great, whom the French idolized so much."

Some appearance of candour is, however, desirable, and our historian allows that in Great Britain "we have the highest model of Monarchy, the best specimen of Aristocracy, the most favorable example of a State Church to be found in the world," but he immediately adds, "yet to what a condition does it appear that these have brought the loyal, confiding people of the three kingdoms!" And again, after admitting "the national glory of the British empire" of Shakespeare and Milton, Clapham, Fox and Burke, Hampden and Howard, and "that England has been the bulwark of truth, religion and sound principles," he most inconspicuously concludes his chapter thus, "The evils of the political system have been wrought into the very fabric of society,—thus corrupting even the fountain of religion and morality. The leaders of the Church have been convicted of greediness and tergiversation in the national legislature, and have hardly deemed it necessary to make a show of defence. Men of the highest rank in the kingdom hesitate not to roll in luxury and splendor, the fruit of money taken from the public treasury, for which they offer no equivalent and no apology but custom and the law while the higher classes are making a display of magnificence known to no other land, one third of a million of the lower class die by famine and attendant pestilence in a single year, offering spectacles of misery and desolation which no other part of the universe can rival!" Upon what evidence this supposed misery is asserted I cannot possibly conceive, and I leave the reader to judge of the logical acumen, which can style a nation which has corrupted "even the fountains of religion and morality," the bulwark of truth, religion and sound principles!

"It is, perhaps, a trait of the English," says this writer in his 417th chapter, "that they despise the French, and are jealous of us, (the Americans): certain it is that it is rare to find candour and sound judgement in an English writer upon either of these topics." I think my former quotations will show the extent of Mr. Goodrich's candour, though whether jealousy or a mere desire to employ the "lex talionis" is his inducement

may be more doubtful. It is at any rate refreshing to turn from the grave charges I have already commented on to lighter themes. "The English may be rejected, but they are little loved in any community throughout nearly the whole continent of Europe, they are very cordially disliked," their "personal arrogance" and "haughty exclusiveness" readily explain the almost universal sentiment of aversion entertained towards the nation.

The English are great lovers of freedom—the liberty for which they have contended includes the right of thinking, saying, writing, and doing what their opinions, inclinations, whims, or prejudices may prompt. Such is the theory of English liberty, and it really seems pretty comprehensive, but to the people of the United States, who are actually able to command an education, even for the learned professions; able to choose the country and climate in which they will live; the profession they will follow; the position they will hold in society—such liberty seems, indeed, but mockery and a delusion! Happy United States, what was Utopia compared to you; in whose fortune to climate—the honors of wood and the dowers of water—are such by choice alone, where none drink lager beer, who would prefer champagne, or dwell in wooden huts who would esteem marble palaces the pleasant abodes.

"The spirit of the British nation is betrayed by the names of their vessels of war," Abchurch, Ador, Alcto, Avenger, Basilisk, Bloodhound! "and so forth through every letter of the Alphabet, until we wind up in W, with 'Warspite, Wildfire, Woltand, Wolvorine!'—our own ships of war have no such splendid titles, but are named after our chief cities, our states, or our rivers! Pleasant point of superiority, but even WE must yield in this respect to Holy Russia with her "Three Saints" and "Twelve Apostles," and to Spain with her "San Josef" and "Santissima Trinidad!"

The national arrogance of the English, visible in their patriotic songs as "Rule Britannia" in which the dominion of the sea is boldly asserted; and the national anthem of "God save the King or Queen, which is still sang by the English on festive occasions with infinite zeal and cost. Let any one compare it with the French national song of the Marseillaise Hymn; an object of intense horror to many a good Englishman, and mark the coarse and exclusive selfishness, the profane and fulsome loyalty of the one, with the burning patriotism and generous philanthropy of the other! Alas! for the comparison, while bright England still abounds "God save the Queen," enlightened France has had in the Marseillaise and sings—the composition of a Quoin—and a pleasing compound of aristocratic chivalry, gallantry and Mariolatry! "Partant pour la Syrie."

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, C. H. S. ADDRESS TO THE REV. J. G. GEDDES, Rector of Christ Church, Hamilton.

On the return of the Rev. J. G. Geddes to this City, from a tour through Europe, he was called upon by a deputation of the Parishioners of Christ Church and presented with the following address:—

"We, the undersigned parishioners of Christ Church, Hamilton, desire to offer you our sincere congratulations on your safe return to your parish. We would request you to convey to Mrs. Geddes, the assurance that her improved state of health is a subject of heartfelt satisfaction to us. The happy connection which has long subsisted between us, but which has for a time been severed by your travels abroad, will, we trust, be resumed with the same benefit to us, who have hitherto reaped so many blessings and derived so large a profit from your faithful and zealous administration. While we remember with gratitude your past labours amongst us, we humbly pray to Almighty God that your health and strength may long be spared, and that as the sphere of your exertions is extended, you may be continually supplied with a fresh measure of His grace towards the adequate discharge of the onerous duties involved. Miles O'Reilly Church-warden, V. H. Tisdale, and a number of others. Mr. Geddes replied verbally, to the following effect:—

That he felt quite overcome by this unexpected mark of kindness and respect. The last sound that died upon his ears when he took his departure some five months ago were those of their valiantly avowed, conveying their heartfelt wishes for his safety, and now when he returned to his parish, the first words that greeted him were the same kind expressions of affection and esteem. He begged to assure them that Mrs. Geddes' health had been greatly benefited by her tour, and that he himself had not only enjoyed excellent health, but also many opportunities of observation and experience, which he hoped to turn to good account for the remainder of his life. He remarked that he had visited the chief cities of the three British Isles, and had made excursions into many of the most attractive parts of the country—he had also spent some time in Paris, during the exhibition and the Queen's visit, and had made a short tour embracing the borders of Germany and the scenery of the Rhine.

The whole period of his absence, from the time he left home till his return, had been an un-interrupted season of gratification and enjoyment. The only drawback was that he should have returned to his parish in a disabled state, the result of a sharp attack of illness contracted at Montreal on his return home. Still he felt it would be wrong to murmur—there must be some

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BIRTH. On the 11th inst. the wife of Mr J. T. Powers, Printer, of a daughter. MARRIED. On Wednesday morning, at Christ's Church, by the Rev. T. J. M. W. Blackman, B. A. Frederick Crosswell, Jr., Esq., to Charlotte Kirsbath, daughter of John McCusig, Esq.

DIED. In this city, on the 16th instant, Mr Chas. Chambers, late of the County Kerry Ireland. Aged 50.

TORONTO MARKETS. Toronto, October 15, 1855. Flour—Millers' Extra Superfine, 40 @ 45 00; Farmers' 190 lb, 37 @ 40 00; Wheat Fall, 5 bus or 60 lb, 9 @ 10 00; Spring, 9 @ 10 00; Barley 1/2 bushel or 48 lbs, 5 @ 6 00; Oats—(Marrowfat), 3 @ 4 00; Clover Seed 1/2 bushel or 48 lbs, 4 @ 4 25; Beef—1/2 100 lbs, 27 @ 32 00; Pork—In the hog 100 lbs, 30 @ 31 00; Bacon—1/2 100 lbs, 45 @ 50 00; Mutton—1/2 lb, by the quarter, 0 @ 0 00; Butter—1/2 lb, 1 @ 1 12 1/2.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A RESIDENT GOVERNESS, in a Ladies Seminary, (a member of the English Church) one who can give instructions in French, English and Drawing; also, Plain and Fancy Work, if required. For particulars inquire by letter, to Mrs M. D. Chippewa Canada West. Oct 15, 1855.

THE GREAT GAZETTEER Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World. OR GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. CONTAINING A greater amount of matter than any other single volume in the English Language. Edited by J. THOMAS M.P., & T. BALDWIN, Assisted by several other gentlemen.

The above work (upon which over five years of continued labor and research, with large outlay of money, has been expended) has not been published merely to supply the deficiencies of existing Gazetteers, but to furnish a Geographical Dictionary which should be as comprehensive in its design, as perfect in its arrangement, and as complete and accurate in its execution as the best Dictionary of the English Language.

Among the many claims to superiority which this work has over all others of the kind are the following:— 1. It is a PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER, a feature as essential to the completeness of a Geographical Dictionary, as to a Dictionary of the English Language. 2. It contains above 90,000 more Geographical names than any other Gazetteer of the World. And the notices of all important places will also be found far more full and satisfactory than in any other similar work.

3. In regard to Accuracy and Correctness of Information it will be found equally superior to every other. 4. The "PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER, or GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," contains above 3100 pages. Price in strong leather binding, \$6; half-bound Morocco, \$7. For Sale by HENRY ROWSELL, Bookseller, Stationer, and Printer, King Street, Toronto.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF QUESTIONS Illustrating the Catechism of the Church of England, by the Ven. John Sinclair, A. M., Fain. Coll., Oxford, P. R. S. E. Price 10c. For Sale by H. ROWSELL, King Street, Toronto.

JUST PUBLISHED THE SACRED CATHOLIC TITHE, BY REV. ADAM TOWNLEY, 12 mo., cloth, 96 pp. Price—10c each, or 20c per dozen. For Sale by HENRY ROWSELL, King Street, Toronto.

