

repulsed the French at the Bastion of Careening Bay (the Little Redan), the Gervais Battery, and the Bastion Centrale, and to leave them the credit of surprising the Malakoff; but even had we held it, we must soon have retired to the north side, and we had been preparing for that contingency for some days. Such was the speech of one of their Staff to an officer of high rank in our service. There is a long song on the incidents of the war very popular in the Russian camp, in which Prince Menschikoff is exposed to some ridicule, and the allies to rigorous sarcasm. Menschikoff is described as looking out of the window of a house in Bakshiserai, and inquiring for news from Sebastopol, and courier after courier arrives and says, "Oh! Sebastopol is safe." And what are the allies doing? "Oh! they are breaking down the houses of Balaklava and eating grapes." The same news for a day or two. At last a courier tells him the allies are cutting twigs in the valleys, and that they are digging great furrows three-quarters of a mile from the place, but that they are afraid to approach it, and that the ships have begun to fire on them. "I declare they are going to besiege it," says he, "and if so I must defend it." And so he sends for his engineers, and they at first think the allies must be digging for gold, misled by ancient traditions about the mines, but at last they make a reconnaissance, and finding that the allies are really making distant approaches, they say, "Why will we have time to throw up works too," and so they draw up their plans, and Todleben says "Give me five days and I'll mount three guns for their two," and Menschikoff dances and sings, "Ha, ha! I've saved Sebastopol!" The Russians were astonished at their own success; above all, they were surprised at the supineness and want of vigilance among the allies. They tell stories of their stealing in upon our sentries and carrying them off, and of their rushing at night into our trenches, and finding the men asleep in their blankets; they recount with great glee the capture of a sergeant and five men in daylight, all sound in slumber, (poor wretches, ill fed, ill clad, and worked beyond the endurance of human nature), in one of the ravines towards Inkermann. Among many stories of the kind which I have heard, one is remarkable. When the attack on Inkermann was projected, it was arranged that one strong column of men, having crossed the bridge of the Tchernaya, near the head of the harbor, should march along the road which winds up above the quarries ravine, and which leads right upon the ground then occupied by Evans's Division, but this was conceived to be the most daring part of the enterprise, "as no doubt strong pickets would be posted on that road, and guns commanding the bridge, or taking the road, would be placed behind the scarps, and these guns would have to be taken, and the pickets and their supports driven in." "Judge of our astonishment when we found no scarps at all and not a single gun on this point." Our General cried, as he gained the level of the plateau without a shot being fired, "We have them—Sebastopol is saved!" The bridge was not repaired for the passage of men and guns till it was some time past 5 o'clock in the morning of the 5th, and the men did not begin to repair it till after dark on the preceding evening.

But, after all, we may have been saved by the very inability of our leaders. When the conflict before Sebastopol assumed such gigantic proportions it became the war itself. The armies of Russia were absorbed into it, and perished in detail. Had we taken Sebastopol at the outset, we must have been prepared, with our small army, to have met those corps d'armee which lost tens of thousands in their hasty march to relieve the place, but who, in the event of its capture, would slowly have closed around us, and the same incapacity which stood in the way of reaping the fruits of our coup-de-main in attempting the Crimean expedition, might have led to more serious evils in a protracted campaign in the open field, against a numerous and well-handled, if not a daring enemy. Success has indeed been obtained but its cost has been great. What is to be said now if much of that cost can be shown to have been a gratuitous outlay of time and money? To me, next to the grave yards, now verdant oases in the dark plateau, the most melancholy and significant object is our old parallel opened against the Malakoff, which the French took from us and adopted as the basis of their attack in the spring of 1855.

One of our officers had a long and interesting conversation with a Russian officer of some rank on the subject of the conduct of the war, and as it is worth while to hear the opinions of even one of the enemy on such a subject, I may be allowed to repeat his gossip. There were few troops of the line in Sebastopol when we marched upon Balaklava, but there were the marine equipages, numbering about 8,000 men, the garrison artillerymen, and invalid battalions, and some volunteers, in the place. The Battle of the Alma had produced such an effect on the inhabitants that there seemed to be no chance of offering the allies a resistance, and the fall of the town was regarded as certain. The Russians, however, meditated a great revenge; and knowing the strength of our army and that it could not hold the heights and storm the town at the same time, they intended, according to this officer, to have taken the very plateau on which we are now encamped, and to have fallen on our troops while we were disorganized by our success, and to have got them between the fire of the Russian shipping, of the northern forts, and of the field artillery outside the place. At first they could not understand the flank march to Balaklava, except as a manoeuvre to escape the fire of the north forts, and to get at the weak side of the city, and for three or four days they waited uncertain what to do until they learned we were preparing for a siege. It was then—that is, about five days after we appeared before the place—that they commenced their works. Men, women, and children labored at them with zeal, and for the first time a hope was entertained of saving Sebastopol, or of maintaining the defence till the corps d'armee destined for its relief could march down to raise the siege. The same officer further stated that, on the 9th of September, he was in command of the advanced posts at Mackenzie, and that his orders were "to fall back and retire with the guns on the appearance of the enemy in force." He declares that the Russians were astonished at our inactivity, and that they expected a general offensive movement as soon as we had obtained possession of the south side.

In one regiment, 700 strong, there were only two men on the sick list early this week. Returns have been called for, which will show a frightful contrast to this state of things during the terrible winter of 1854, 1855. In some regiments of the Light Division, in addition to the results of sickness, it will be seen from these returns that 20 officers and 700 rank and file have been put hors de combat out of a strength of some 28 officers and 800 rank and file in the course of this campaign. The Russians admit their losses to have been prodigious, and there can be no question that they have the most unsound and sickly army in Europe. All past campaigns prove the fact. The dirty habits of the men may account in some measure for the mortality in their camps.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.—Louis Napoleon is becoming unpopular in London. "Our august ally" has been far too successful to please the generous Great Briton, and so the English Journals are already permitted to attack the Man of Destiny in the most sensitive direction. The Times croaks like a screech-owl over the future of the Imperial infant, and Punch follows in the wake with a shower of his witless witicism. On the other side there seems to be no love lost. The supreme contempt which Louis Napoleon was always known to have entertained for the Great Briton has rapidly ripened into detestation, it appears: "The fact has become too palpable to be any longer concealed," says the Morning Advertiser, "that there is a deep and rapidly extending feeling of hostility towards this country on the part of the people of France." There it is. The language is not ours. It is the plaint of a very great British Journal—and a particularly touching plaint too—though, we confess, we cannot weep "tear for tear" with our lachrymose contemporary. Ireland will endure the rupture of the entente cordiale with philosophic composure.—Kilkenny Journal.

POLITICAL ILLUMINATIONS. (From the Press.)

All parties being now actively engaged in preparing for the approaching illuminations, any information upon the subject has general interest, and we are happy to be able to subjoin a list of some of the devices which will be exhibited by distinguished individuals:—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—A Budget in gas, with the inscription, Tax Vobiscum.

Sir Benjamin Hall—A Baronet's "Hand," in red lamps, with the motto, Excelsior.

Mr. James Wilson—A transparency, representing a Hat with the legend, "All round my Hat I wear this week's Economist."

Sir Joshua Walmsley—A device, showing a farthing candle, extinguished.

Mr. W. Williams—A view of Hampton Court Palace, with a Lambeth jackass kicking his heels against a lady's door.

Mr. Labouchere—A very elegant transparency of the Sun that will not set upon the Right Hon. Gentleman's dominions, and of the Colonies that will not stand his interference.

Mr. Ewart—A device of new patent Gallows, for the reformation of criminals, instead of their execution—the culprit is hung by the waist, instead of the neck, while a lecture is delivered to him.

Mr. V. Smith—A Coronet, and the motto, Ver-non semper virot. (Vernon will be always rather green.)

Mr. F. Peel—A remarkable Tapeworm, in red lamps.

Mr. Miall—An allegory. Dissent presents her favourite child to Britannia, saying, "I give you my all." Britannia replies, "Thank you for nothing."

Mr. Bower—A great spoon—motto, altered from Shakespeare, "There's not much matter in these Conventicles."

Lord John Russell—A transparency. The Genius of the British Constitution, supported by Reform, and attended by Appropriation Clauses, Kicks, Tests, and Corporations, and leads the Jew into her Temple, while Education guards the door, Diplomacy watches the outposts, and the City of London, sweetly smiling, congratulates her Member upon his having done it all on his own hook.

Lord Panmure—Device representing a kind uncle watching over an affectionate nephew—motto, "Take care of Dowb."

PUNCH ON HEADACHE.—The female headaches are innumerable, but they arise principally from vexation and disappointment. They may be divided into 'nervous' and 'sick' headaches. The nervous is irritable, and cannot bear being spoken to; the sick is despondent, or sulky, and bursts into tears at the least contradiction. An unpopular visitor, brought home accidentally to dinner, will produce an alarming attack of headache, and the symptoms that successively follow are instant loss of appetite, deafness, peevishness, hysteria and finally a precipitate retreat to the bed room. The poor servant feels the effects of the headache as much as any one, and do not stop in the room longer than they can help. These unfortunate headaches are very frequent about that time of the year when every one is, or is supposed to be, out of town, and do not cease until the patient has been carried to the sea side for fresh air. The milder forms will vanish upon the application of a piece of jewelry; or if the forehead is wrapped up in a new shawl, it is astonishing with what rapidly the pain disappears. Sometimes a shifting of the scene is requisite, and thus a box at the opera has been known to produce an instantaneous cure, even when the headache in question has been of the most stunning description, and the opera played his been one of Verdi's!

Dr. Franklin's mode of getting nearly all the pleasure of a sleigh ride, without its expenses and trouble, has certainly some sense in it. He recommended to those who could not well afford the expenses of a real sleigh ride, that you sit in the chimney corner, put your feet in a tub of very cold water for half an hour, and jingle the dinner bell all the time. Close your eyes at the same time, and imagine yourself flying along the road at the rate of twenty knots an hour, and you thus have a cheap, funny and tolerably distressing sleigh ride.

On a late excursion up the Mississippi, a gentleman in the wash room said to the captain of the boat: "Can't you give me a clean towel, captain?" "No," said the captain, "more than fifty passengers have used the towel there, and you are the first one that said a word about it!"

THE LIVER PILLS. The Liver Pills of Dr. McLane were first used by him exclusively in his own practice. So efficacious were they in all cases of Liver complaint, that they became famous, and attracting the attention of the medical faculty, passed into general use. They act with great certainty and regularity; the patient almost immediately feels the dispersion of his disease, and is gradually restored to health. With some the effect is almost miraculous, frequently experiencing immediate relief, after having for months resorted to drugs and medicines of another description, in vain. Diseases of the Liver are very common in this country, and are often frightful in character. Those who experience any of the premonitory symptoms of this dangerous and complicated disease, should at once procure a box of Dr. McLane's Pills, and perhaps, thereby, be saved a world of misery.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. McLane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

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May 9.

A NEW WORK BY MRS. SADLER.

JUST PUBLISHED—"THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS," a Tale for the Times; by Mrs. J. SADLER, author of "Willy Burke," "Alice Riordan," "New Lights, or Life in Galway," &c. &c.; 12 mo., 400 pages, with a fine engraving; muslin, 3s 9d; gilt, 5s 7 1/2d.

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BRASS CASTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. February, 1856.

MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL.

THIS SCHOOL will be REMOVED on the first of MAY next, to that large Stone Building lately erected by the Catholic School Commissioners, at the corner of Cote and Vitre streets.

Parents and Guardians are positively assured that the greatest possible attention is, and will be paid to the moral and literary training of the children composing this School.

No Teachers are or will be engaged except those thoroughly competent, and of good moral character. There are vacancies for sixteen Boarders and a great many Day Pupils. The Principal receives Boarders as members of his family, and in every respect treats them as his own children. Board and Tuition, or Tuition, extremely moderate. There will be an extra charge for Music, Drawing, and the higher branches of Mathematics.

The French department is conducted by Mons. P. Garnot.

On no account whatever will any boys be allowed to remain in the School but those of exemplary good conduct. For further particulars apply to the Principal. The most convenient time is from 4 to 5 o'clock, P.M.

W. DORAN, Principal, Member of the Catholic Board of Examiners. Montreal, March 13, 1856.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF JAMES CULLIGAN, a native of Money Point, Co. Clare, Ireland, who left Montreal in July last; when last heard from was at New Castle, near Toronto, C.W. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his sister, Ellen Culligan, 38 St. Charles Borromeo Street, Montreal, C.E.; or at this Office.

Toronto papers will confer a favor on a poor girl by inserting the above.

DONNELLY & CO., GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE, (WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,) No. 48, McGill Street, Montreal.

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BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have COMMENCED BUSINESS in the

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REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs to notify his Friends and the Public generally, that on the 1st May next, he will REMOVE his HORSE-SHOING SHOP from Haymarket Square to 23 St. Bonaventure, and corner of Little St. Antoine Streets, where he will carry on the HORSE-SHOING BUSINESS as heretofore. JAMES MALONEY. Feb. 15, 1856.

EMIGRATION.

PARTIES desirous of bringing out their friends from Europe, are hereby notified, that the Chief Agent for Emigration has received the sanction of the Provincial Government to a plan for facilitating the same, which will obviate all risks of loss or misapplication of the Money. Upon payment of any sum of money to the Chief Agent, a Certificate will be issued at the rate of Five Dollars for the Pound Sterling, which Certificate on transmission will secure a passage from any Port in the United Kingdom by Vessels bound to Quebec. These Certificates may be obtained on application to the Chief Agent at Quebec; A. B. Hawke, Esq.; Chief Emigrant Agent, Toronto; or to HENRY CHAPMAN & Co., Montreal. Dec., 1854.