

camp. Our regiment very near all got killed and wounded."

The following is an extract of a letter from the town of Sebastopol, inserted in the Gazette de Cologne.

We still exist, though the French and English use all the means in their power to destroy us. We are still keeping our ground; but how long may we be able to continue to do so.—One more slaughter like the last (Inkermann), and who knows whether we may continue to hold out. All our endeavors are fruitless and vain, for they lead to no ultimate results; although we possess superiority of numbers we shall never beat our enemies in the open country. The sang froid of the English—the fearful artillery, which devastated whole lines of our soldiers, was so harassing in their retreat, that our men formed into compact masses, in which their bullets and balls made fearful ravages.—The riflemen picked off all our officers. Our soldiers are obedient, and execute their orders mechanically; but they are much wanting in address, presence of mind, intelligence, fire, and enthusiasm. They are equally amazed and upset by the cool determination of the English, and the bold and impetuous attacks of the French.

An Officer just arrived in town, parted lately from the admirable Correspondent of the Times in the Crimea. He had messed with his regiment for some months, and was considered one of 'ours.' The chances of war had deprived him of nearly all his garments; and, when last seen, he was walking about in a Rifleman's jacket, much too small for his portly person, and his nether garments had been converted into breeches, by constant scrambling among rocks and briars. However, his health was excellent, his spirits inexhaustible, and his pen as fluent and eloquent as ever.

**JEWISH PATRIOTISM.**—It is reported that the Jews, to manifest their patriotism and loyalty to the sovereign of these realms, and thus to prove themselves worthy of the honor they seek (to be admitted into the legislature of the country) have determined at the present crisis to raise a regiment of their co-religionists, who are to be equipped at their own expense. The Barons Rothschild and Sir Moses Montefiore are at the head of this movement.

**A SOLDIER IN LOVE.**—A propos of the war in the East, there is a romantic story current in the circles of *haut ton* relative to an attachment which General Canrobert is known to entertain for the daughter of one of our Generals who fell on the 5th at the desperate battle of Inkermann. Previous to the departure of the French General with the army for the East, he had an interview with the young lady in Paris, and urged his suit with his characteristic and national enthusiasm. It is said that the interview was satisfactory, and the gallant General left expressing a chivalrous determination of winning a Marshal's baton, and thus becoming more worthy of the much-prized English beauty. Sebastopol, has, however, proved fatal to the father of the young lady; but the same officer who brought the distressing intelligence was also intrusted with a message from the wounded General Canrobert to the lady, in utter ignorance of her bereavement, dilating on his brightened prospects as one step towards his implied promise of rendering himself worthy of her hand.—Court Journal.

Public opinion in France seems to be rapidly growing in favor of England. The *Moniteur* gives expression to a common sentiment, in reproducing, with the warmest reciprocation of acknowledgements, Lord Raglan's praise of the French troops. Nor is this feeling confined to official quarters. All the journals except the *Assemblée Nationale* and the *Union*, applaud the bearing of the English at Inkermann. All the parties except the Orleanists and Legitimists do the like. "An Anglo-Parisian, in the *Times*, supplies some instances.

"I was purchasing a cigar a day or two since in a shop on the Boulevards, when a cabman came in to buy tobacco. 'Is it true,' said he, addressing a Frenchman, 'that eight thousand Englishmen kept the field against forty-five thousand Russians until Bosquet came up, and that in company with our soldiers they charged the enemy and killed nine thousand?' 'Yes.' 'Then, although I have always hated the English, and thought them false and perfidious, if an Englishman were now to fall into the Seine, I would jump after and try to save him, though I can't swim a stroke. Here are heroes; why the Old Guard could never have done more; and to think they are Englishmen, whom I have been hating all my life! But it is never too late to learn.'

**THE GREAT GRANADIER.**—The subject of the following paragraph is well known in Worcester where his stalwart proportions attracted much notice. His father is a stonemason, living at Inkbarrow, and his uncle Mr C. Davis, resides at Pershore:—"A coloured sergeant of the Grenadier Guards, P. F. Davis, has been in all the engagements in the Crimea, and has not yet received a wound. Standing six feet four inches high and weighing upwards of twenty-five stone, presents a somewhat prominent mark, and fills rather a large space in the ranks and to have

come out of the desperate battery charge at Alma and the fearful slaughtering melee on the heights of Inkermann, in both of which the balls were whistling from all quarters, and bayonets were glittering in every direction, must be ranked among the miracles of human contingency, as they utterly baffle every attempt at explanation.

Davis on one occasion defended his colours with the utmost tenacity, and literally mowed down the enemy, who made a rush to capture them. Colonel Hamilton seeing that there was nothing left for his men but the bayonet, ordered them to charge. Amidst dead and dying, first using the bayonet, then the butt end of his musket, with his arm unnerved from sheer fatigue of striking down the enemy, this sergeant who, according to a letter of an eye-witness, towered like a giant above the surrounding level of heads, and to miss whom would appear an utter impossibility, appeared at the roll call after the terrible engagement with scarcely a scratch upon him.

To enumerate the enemy killed and put hors de combat by the single arm of Davis would appear almost incredible. Davis has been in the army seventeen years, having entered the Grenadier corps as a mere lad of fifteen. In spite of his portly frame and heavy weight, he was capable of running against any man of his regiment for 100 yards, and as to jumping, he could, to use the familiar language of his comrades, 'clear a five-barred gate like a swallow.' He ran a famous race while at Worcester.

**SPIES.**—The French executed speedy justice the other day on a spy, whom they found disguised as a Tartar arabjee within their lines, and shot him so soon as they had found out all they could from him. But these Russians are very ruses. The sentinel before the house of the Provost-Marshal in Balaklava was astonished to see a horse, with a sack of corn on his back deliberately walking past him in the moonlight the other night. He went over to seize the animal, when the sack of corn suddenly became changed into a full grown Cossack, who drove the spurs into his steed, and had vanished ere the sentry had recovered his speech.

**VALOUR OF THE FRENCH.**—There was no coolness about them, and if there was, I don't think that I should say so, for our allies would never take it as a compliment. But they attacked the enemy with a fierce reckless enthusiasm which carried all before it. Their 50th regiment of line in particular covered its life with glory. It was awful to see them charge the enemy's flanks, making a thousand killed and wounded at every charge.

Sergeant Sullivan, who was so honourably mentioned in the despatches of one of our Generals before Sebastopol, is the first man below the rank of Ensign ever mentioned in a public despatch of a British General. It is said he is about to receive a commission.

As was expected, Mr Bright's letter figures in extenso in St. Petersburg Journal, and has given great satisfaction.

The subscriptions in aid of the special testimonial to the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, for their gallant conduct at Alma already amounts to £1200.

## Communications.

### NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Farewell, Old Year, thy destined race  
Will quickly have a close,  
And thou among thy fore-fathers  
Will sink into repose:  
But ere to dark oblivion's shore  
Thy spirit wings its flight,  
I fain would take thee by the hand,  
And kindly say—Good Night!

For, though thy lapse hath given birth  
To many a stormy hour;  
Though sighs and tears have mark'd the reign  
Of pain's subduing power;  
Yet hath the scene, full oft been deck'd  
In sunshine and delight;  
A thousand joys my heart hath known—  
But all are past—Good Night!

And though with thee thou bear away  
From life's still cherished store,  
Days, weeks and months, a numerous train,  
That can return no more;  
Yet will the loss prove gain to those  
Who walk in Truth's fair light,  
It brings them nearer to their home,  
Their promis'd rest—Good Night!

We part to meet no more, old Friend,  
Then let us part in peace;  
Thou speedest to Eternity  
Where strife and discord cease  
And I, if future years be mine,  
How swift soe'er their flight,  
Will strive their purpose to fulfil  
Then wish them all—Good Night!

ANON.  
New Carlisle, December 31, 1854.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The compliments of the season to you all who subscribe to the *Miramichi Gleaner*! This is the modern, the fashionable salutation—but we must confess we prefer the old hearty hail of a happy New Year to you. Who are you that thus greets us? Do you belong to the conclave conducting and catering for that *store-house* of useful knowledge, the *Miramichi Gleaner*?—We fancy we hear some fair incognito whispering in our ears. Well 'tis true we are neither Proprietor, Editor, Printer, or even Printer's Devil. Still we fancy, that, at least for the time being, we belong to the dramatis personæ.—We feel as though we had a direct and personal interest in its success—as though the *Gleaner* had some well established claim to our affection and consideration. We have a goodly feeling towards its Dictator, though we never shook him by the hand—or wished him viva voce, a happy New Year! Because we like his paper—we like his selections—we like the high religious and moral tone breathed through its pages—we hail it as a harbinger of good—as an instructor of the rising generation—a Journal which can be pointed out as a land mark for others to steer by—and we wish that many an Editor, whose pages sometimes have met, or do still meet our eye, would take the *Gleaner* for his model. The Editorship of a Paper or other Periodical, is a far more responsible office than many persons are aware of. Potent indeed is the power of the Press—for good or evil—and we know of no greater curse upon society, than that of a bad member becoming the Editor of a Paper. 'Tis a moral leprosy—spreading its insidious poison slowly and silently—but effectually—hence our advocacy of the *Miramichi Gleaner*. We are anxious to see it widely circulated, for the two-fold purpose of benefiting the public as well as its proprietor, who deserves to be encouraged by all well-thinking persons.

The Old Year has passed away, and is numbered among the things that were. 'Tis now entered upon the mighty Chronicles of History—standing forth as it were, in evidence between the dead and the living—the past and the future—between ourselves and our Maker. We have entered on the New Year, with all its hopes and joys in perspective—for, how few however exalted or humble their position—young or old, grave or gay—but have some hope, some wish, which they fondly trust may be gratified or fulfilled.

We have just entered the threshold of futurity, and are standing where past and future meet—but ere we advance another step, let us look back on things that were, though passed away.

We take no note of time  
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man.

Young's Night Thoughts.

1854 will indeed form a memorable epoch in the History, not only of our own Nation, of Europe—but of the World. War and Pestilence, those twin scourges, have decimated our ranks. Many whom we knew—whom we have in years gone by, greeted at this season have passed into eternity, the victims of one or other of those scourges. Friends have departed to return no more—our muster roll tells a sad tale—and we see an escutcheon in lieu of the name of some, who in life we honoured and in death we mourn. These warn us that our turn may possibly be at hand—that ere the close of this New Year, our name may also be struck off the roll—or, should we be yet spared to greet another New Year, how many more whom we love, or have a regard for, may have vanished from the stage of life. We are all sensible of this—all aware that life is uncertain—still we go on from day to day, and year to year, as though the period was still far distant, and we actually held a lease of our existence. Old and young alike cling to life with a tenacity, which in numberless instances, appears almost unaccountable.—Why is this?—Because we cannot raise the curtain of futurity.—The Atheist needs no better proof than this of the immortality of the soul—For in the words of Blair:

"If there's an hereafter,  
And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man;  
Then must it be an awful thing to die."  
How true then, that—  
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
And ask them what report they bore to Heav'n."

This will indeed be time well spent. Let us all look back—let us commune with the past, and consider how, and in what manner, we have erred—how far we have or have not done unto others as we should wish to be done by. The still small voice of conscience—that silent but unerring monitor, will answer every question.—'Tis vain to attempt to trifle with or deceive it, for in so doing we but deceive ourselves. Let us then endeavour to profit by the past, "to eschew all that is evil, and cleave unto that which is good." To look forward to the New Year with hope and confidence. We who reside on the shores of the Bay Chaleurs have ample cause for thankfulness that we have escaped that dreadful scourge Cholera, which has swept over the earth during the past year. Let us hope that we may be equally favoured during this, that the pestilence may not be permitted to approach our borders. But a heavier scourge still hangs over us—War! David, King of Is-

rael, when called upon to choose between Famine, War, or Pestilence, wisely chose the latter. Forty years of peace have made us, as a Nation, forget the many evils consequent upon war. Would to Heaven we were still at peace. But now that the bloody fray has commenced we little know where it may end. With us 'tis a War of principle, one of justice. We are supporting right against might, and opposing the ambitious designs of one whose dynasty has ever asserted that the destiny of Russia was and is to conquer and rule the whole Continent of Europe.—But God forbid that the iron hoof of the Muscovite hordes should trample down the altars of civilization and liberty, so dearly purchased by the blood of our forefathers, and that the several nations of Europe should become mere Provinces, subject to the tyrannous sway of the Russian Autocrat. We shudder at the very thought! Yet monstrous and chimerical as such an event must appear, to all sane men, this is evidently the aim of Nicholas—such are his ambitious dreams—his—*Destiny!*

And strange—"aye passing strange"—"for truth is stranger than fiction"—our neighbours across the border actually sympathize with the Muscovite. In a word, the rapacity of the two Eagles knows no bounds. Europe, Asia and Africa are to become the prey of the one—and the *Destiny!* of the other we are told, points to the universal dominion on this vast Continent! Aly! indeed have these slave dealing Nations chosen the King of Birds as their National emblem. But, more of this hereafter—we must devote a few leisure hours to *Destiny Sam*—our future cognomen for all thorough bred Yankees—and his Muscovite yearnings.

To us the war has thank God, so far been a thing we read of, but of which we feel no stern reality. That we may have no rumours of war on our own borders, is much to be desired by all Christians and right minded men.—But, we have no confidence in *Destiny Sam*, and we should not be at all surprised to hear that the two Eagles had fraternized—that the *Great Northern Slave Holder*, had signed a treaty offensive and defensive, with his trans-Atlantic brethren. The home Government, though somewhat late in the day, appears at length to understand something of *Destiny Sam's* diplomacy, alias duplicity. The Old English Lion is now fairly roused, and a second Greytown affair, which we have all along predicted would result from the throwing open our Fisheries, may, ere the close of the present year, embroil us with our neighbours. What avails all the writing and talking of Anglo Saxon sympathies—of ties of blood, &c., &c. 'Tis all humbug!—and it behoves the Government of these Colonies to be on their guard. Prevention is better than cure. The noble and magnificent contribution of £20,000 stg. by the Canadian Government to the Patriotic Fund, is an earnest of Colonial feeling, in this mighty struggle, and must tend to convince all Russian sympathizers, that we have not yet signed the annexation ticket.

In conclusion we beg leave Mr Editor, to wish you many happy New Years, and to assure you that we are still, your very obedient servant,

MERCATOR.

New Carlisle, 1st January, 1855.

Dear Sir,

From Dr. Curtis, New York, I have just received the following additional testimonials, as to the valuable nature of the Hygeana in complaints of the Lungs, which I wish inserted for the benefit of the afflicted public. I can further add to this important information, that a young man of this place, afflicted with Consumption, is rapidly improving by the use of this remedy.

WILLIAM FORBES.

January 12, 1855.

### VERY IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

Dr. Jones, one of the most celebrated Physicians in New York, writes as follows:—

Dr. Curtis—Dear Sir:—Having witnessed the excellent effects of your HYGEANA OR INHALING HYGEANA VAPOR and CHERRY SYRUP, in a case of chronic Bronchitis, and being much in favor of counter-irritation in affections of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, I can cheerfully recommend your Medicated Apparatus as being the most convenient and efficient mode of applying anything of the kind I have ever seen. No doubt thousands of persons may be relieved, and many cured, by using your remedies.

Your are at liberty to use this in any way you may think proper.

Respectfully, yours, &c.,

C. JOHNS, M. D.,

No. 609 Houston Street, New York.

Prof. S. Center writes as follows:—

Gentlemen,—I have recently had occasion to test your Cherry Syrup and Hygeana Vapor in a case of chronic sore throat, that has refused to yield to other forms of treatment, and the result has satisfied me, that, whatever may be the composition of your preparation, it is no imposition, but an excellent remedy. I wish for the sake of the afflicted, that it might be brought within the reach of all.

Rev. Dr. Cheever writes:—

Dear Sir.—I think highly of Dr. Curtis's Hygeana as a remedy in diseases of the throat and Lungs.—Having had some opportunity to test its efficiency, I am convinced that it is a most excellent medicine, both the syrup and the inhaling application to the chest.

The Hygeana is for sale at Chatham by Wm. Forbes, by the dozen or single package, see advertisement of Medicated Inhalation in another column.

Dr. Curtis writes to the Agent as follows:—

The Hygeana is curing cases of Asthma and other diseases of the Lungs here, such as no other medicine ever yet reached, we have sold over the thousand dollars worth the past six months.