from its fire. Presently a Russian came coolly through an embrasure right in front of them, and, stooping down here and there, seemed to be intent on a nearer acquaintance with the dead; his temerity, or it may be his avarice, was repaid; a bullet tumbled him over, and he lay still—curiosity quenched, if not life. Our people meanwhile on the right attack were calmly shelling the Malakhoff in a cool matter-of-business sort of way, but the eternal gun on its right, that has been endued with nine months of strange vitality, launched an indirect response into the Mamelon. From and after 11 o'clock the Russians, as usual, slackened fire, nor was there any duel of artillery on a great scale after dark. During the greater part of the day we had the firing very much to ourselves, and by consequence were contented with moderate discharges. Another business occupied us, the tendance of our wounded, the burial of our dead, the summary of our losses, the combination of our next efforts. Lord Raglan in the afternoon went round the hospitals, and in the afternoon many a procession crossed the plain bearing some officer's body to its resting place. Our loss in officers killed has been great. The 88th have been the severest sufferers, having three officers killed, one missing and conjectured to be killed, and four wounded—all indeed who were engaged. The killed, Major Baillie, Captains Wray and Carbet, were buried this evening on the left of the Woronzoff road. Captain Webb is thought not to survive. The first Royals have lost Captain Mofler. Lieutenant Irby, of the 47th, has had his foot carried away. Captain Marshall, of the 68th, was killed by a fragment of shot striking him on the head. In the 49th, Major Armstrong was blown up into the air, but luckily not off the earth entirely; a fougasse exploded under him, sent him flying, and he came down almost as unrecognizable as a boy who might go clean up a chimney. Captain Lechercharn and Lieutenants Eustace and Young were likewise wounded. The four senior officers of the 62d were put *hors de combat*—Colonel Sherman, Major Dixon, Captain Foster, killed; Capt. Ingall, wounded.

RIOT AMONG THE "NAVVIES" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Wednesday evening, a very serious disturbance took place in the immediate vicinity of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, between the Navvies employed at the railway and other works in the neighbourhood, and the police. It appeared that two of the navvies stood out to fight in the roadway, when one of the constables on duty near the spot came up to them, and ordered them away. They then proceeded to a beer-shop, where several of their mates were at work, and about a quarter of an hour afterwards, as the constable who first interfered was passing by, three of the "navvies" approached him, and threatened to pitch into him. He took no notice of them, and walked away, but he had not proceeded far before he was struck in the face by one of the men, and nearly knocked down. Another constable came to his assistance, and struck the man as he was about to repeat the blow. They were immediately surrounded by a number of navvies and overpowered. The scene then became one of great confusion and alarm, there being in a very few minutes more than a hundred navvies collected on the spot. The police were reinforced, and after a lengthy struggle between thirty and forty of the ringleaders were secured. One of the police constables was so seriously injured that his life was despaired of, and another, it was stated, had his legs fractured, and others were more or less wounded.

The late eminent geologist, G. B. Greenough, has left a fortune of £180,000 all derived, it is said, from his father, a manufacturer of lozenges.

The railway about to be laid across the Isthmus of Suez will be 84 miles long. A contract has been made to construct a line of telegraph between Constantinople and Egypt.

The London papers speak of an invention which has just been submitted to the test by the scientific authorities—a leather cement, so strong and adhesive that boots and shoes are made with it, in which not a single stitch is seen or required, and the process of mending is so simple that every man may be, if not his boot-maker, at least his own boot-mender.

GENERAL PELISSIER.—In the same degree that the French army was dissatisfied with its General-in-Chief, it is proud and happy in its new Commander, and his presence has revived its confidence. He is endeared to them by his good qualities; and even his defects are in accordance with the actual disposition of the troops, and the passions which agitate them. If General Canrobert is hesitating or over prudent, General Pelissier knows what doubt or hesitation means; he is intrepid, bold, and audacious. He is of a character that brooks no delay, recoils at no obstacle; the slowness of the siege does not suit his fiery temper; and it is a matter of indifference to him, what men are lost in a *coup de main*, provided it succeeds. As he is as regardless of his own life as of that of others, and as he is always, by day or by night, as foremost in danger as a young sub-lieutenant who longs for "the cross of honor," and for promotion, no one finds it extraordinary or deserving of blame, that he is as reckless of others as he is of his own person. Those are the qualities which distinguish him, and make him popular. He is as great a favorite with the army, as his predecessor was the contrary; and at this point of fact, the army which removed General Canrobert, so it is the army which named General Pelissier. The Emperor could no more have given it to any other chief, than he could have continued General Canrobert in command. General Pelissier has won the admiration of the men by his incomparable bravery, his intelligence, and determination. Whatever has been done by the French worthy of notice since the days of Alma and Inkermann, is due to him; it is he who has ever taken the initiative, and has acted sometimes in spite of the orders of General Canrobert. It was he, as I have already stated, who first conceived the idea of the night attacks of the 2d against the approaches which the Russians had erected against the left of the French army. That I have already mentioned is fully corroborated in letters now before me. He communicated his plans of that attack to General Canrobert, who ended by approving them. Pelissier, in consequence, made his preparations. The attack was to commence at ten o'clock at night. At six o'clock, an aide-de-camp came to Pelissier's quarters with orders from General Canrobert, not to proceed with the operations for the present. "It is too late," was the reply. "We begin our work in four hours. It is kept secret; and the result was not only glorious but useful. He took nine mortars from the Russians, which were already in battery, and the feat is, I believe, without example in the campaign. The *coup* filled the measure of General Canrobert's unpopularity; it displaced Pelissier who is, and we may now indeed confidently anticipate that the war will enter into a new phase.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

GENERAL CANROBERT.—A correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from the Crimea, endeavours to account for General Canrobert's resignation of his command in this way:—

"There were two principal schemes for action. One, suggested by the Emperor, was the sending of a number of troops to Eupatoria, and a march from north to south to effect a junction across the Russian lines with the besieging army. Another, which was the plan conceived by General Canrobert himself, was to march from south to north—to reverse, in fact, the turning march performed after the battle of Alma. General Canrobert saw difficulties in the way of the Emperor's proposal, and has made great and unsuccessful efforts to induce Lord Raglan to concur in his own. Two councils of war were held in quick succession, at the second of which Omar Pacha was present. At this second council Lord Raglan with difficulty was brought to concur in the proposition; but the next day he sent word to General Canrobert that he could not spare a man from the trenches. Canrobert was so disheartened at this, that he sent off at once the telegraphic despatch requesting to be superseded."

Lieutenant Geneste, Dr. Easton, and Mr. Sullivan are prisoners, but wounded.

A Connecticut farmer, who a few years ago pledged himself never to sell potatoes higher than fifty cents per bushel, sold up his lot last winter at that price. A Springfield paper wishes the disorder infectious.

Patrick Murphy was handing a pot of potees to Terence O'Grady—a cannon ball grazed the rim of the measure and carried away the froth, without doing any injury to either of them. "Here's luck to ye, my jewel!" says Terence; "ye took that head off well!"

Holloway's Pills unquestionably the most efficacious Remedy in the World for Asthmatic Complaints of the Night.—The numerous cures these wonderful Pills have effected in all parts of Canada, more particularly in cases of asthma of long standing, and coughs, leave no doubt upon the mind of all who have used them that they surpass any thing of the kind ever made known; by a perseverance with this admirable remedy, the sufferer is quickly restored to health, after every other means have failed; and it is a truth beyond dispute, that there is no case of bilious disorder, or liver complaint, on that will quickly yield to the powers of this mighty medicine.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

(From Wilmer's European Times.)

Very distressing intelligence was communicated by Lord Panmure to the British public at an early hour yesterday morning, to the effect that at daylight on the morning of the 18th the English troops attacked the Redan and the French the Malakoff Tower without success. He adds, "Both the French and ourselves have suffered considerably." The 18th was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, that very day on which people at home were calculating that a great and it was hoped a successful and final effort would be made to possess Sebastopol. And this intelligence now comes to dissipate all the hopes that have been awakened, and to show the folly of sanguine anticipations. The very brevity of Lord Panmure's despatch will be viewed as alarming. His lordship is in possession of the names of the officers who have fallen in this ill-omened assault, but he witholds them from the public until he has first communicated the melancholy tidings to their relatives. This is considerate enough, and no one will be so callous as to quarrel with the brief delay; but he might have stated the number who had fallen, without any outrage to the living or the dead, and we can well conceive the alarm which we are told prevailed in the metropolis throughout the whole of yesterday, on the receipt of news at once disastrous and unexpected. All the previous accounts led to the anticipation of a comparatively easy triumph, for we were induced to believe the garrison was enfeebled by disease, and that, in addition to the horrors of sickness, were superadded the misery arising from famine, or at least scarcity. The circumstances, too, under which this painful intelligence has been given to the public, will we hope receive, as it demands, a prompt and satisfactory explanation. As early as Tuesday last rumours of reverses were current in Paris, and it was said, with something like confidence, that a great battle had been fought before Sebastopol, in which the allies were defeated. These rumours assumed a shape so definite as to seriously affect monetary transactions on the Bourse. That they were believed in the French metropolis is evident from the tone of various communications which have since appeared in the columns of the London morning papers. Was this information in possession of the Government at the time, and, if so, why has it been withheld for more than two days? On Thursday evening, the 21st, Lord Palmerston assured the House of Commons that the telegraph was again open, and that on the 17th Lord Raglan had written to say that there was considerable firing between our siege batteries and the Russian works, but that nothing of importance had occurred. In a few hours after came Lord Raglan's despatch announcing the repulse referred to which reverse occurred, he it remembered, on the 18th. All this may be capable of a satisfactory elearing up, but at present a sufficient mystery hangs about the event, to which the confusion of dates adds additional annoyance.

But passing from this moot point to the actualities, few records of ancient or modern warfare exceed in interest the thrilling narratives which have just come to hand respecting the French and English attacks on the 17th. It is surmised, with a good deal of plausibility, that, if the French attack had been carried a step further, the Malakoff Tower, which is the key of the position, might have been taken and retained, and that the English might also have possessed themselves of the Redan as they did of the Quarries, which are crowned by the Redan. In fact, the French were at one time in possession of the Malakoff, and, after spiking seven of the guns, fell back upon the Mamelon. Upon the plateau which connects these two works the French suffered most severely. There the carnage was dreadful, for the impetuosity of our brave allies outstripped the original object of attack; and a non-military reader arrives at the conclusion that to have possessed the greater works,—if the plan of attack had originally embraced them,—would, under the circumstances, have been as easy as the possession of the miner works. It is in these details of warfare that the genius of a great commander is seen to the highest advantage; and it now seems probable that the loss of life in the first attack would have been less had the allied commanders determined upon seizing, the one the Redan, the other the Malakoff; for in returning after an interval of nearly a fortnight to the possession of the prizes so nearly, without premeditation, in their grasp, they suffered the deplorable reverses mentioned in the despatch published yesterday. In the attack of the 7th, the English are stated to have lost more than they did at the Alma; while the French loss is put down at 1,500 men, and according to some rumours, double that number will not cover their disasters. When the details of the 18th arrive, the blunder which is believed to have been committed will swell out to a magnitude which cannot fail to grieve the national heart.

A brave foe is always entitled to respect, but whatever credit may be due to the Russians for gallantry in the Crimea, they have sacrificed by treachery and murder in the Baltic. One of the most nefarious, the most cowardly, and inhuman acts in the whole history of civilised nations, was the conduct of the Russians in the matter of the Cossack's boat in the Bay of Hango. This boat reached the Russian shores under a flag of truce, for the purpose of delivering up seven Finnish seamen who had been captured, and was filled, in addition, with sixteen British seamen, including three officers. The English version is this,—that the moment the boat arrived, several hundred men sprang from a lurking place behind rocks, and their commander, who cursed the English, said the Russians would show them how to fight, and ordered his troops to fire on the defenceless men! This was answered by the English lieutenant had explained the object of his mission,—which was one of mercy. All the boat's crew except one man, a black, were killed, and the survivor, who lay at the bottom of the boat, and feigned death, succeeded in sculling back to the Cossack. The Russian version, every line of which is stamped with falsehood, declares that the Cossack's boat effected a hostile landing, the men armed, and that as enemies they were treated,—five were killed, four wounded, and one officer, one surgeon, and nine sailors made prisoners. This affair has been referred to in both Houses, and the indignation of the Legislature, like that of the British public, knows no bounds. In the Peers the members who spoke vied with each other in execrating an act which will stamp Russian rule with infamy in all future time, if the cowardly and brutal murderers are not punished accordingly to their desserts. Lord Clarendon has called the attention of the Russian Court to the dastardly affair, through the medium of the Danish Government, and, pending the inquiry, our Government will forego reprisals. No event of modern times has produced such a sensation throughout the empire.

Louis Napoleon, who was ill a few days back, is now convalescent, and the Empress is, on undoubted authority, *enceinte*.

The Great American Hair Tonic.

Bogle's celebrated Hyperion Fluid, for the growth and preservation of the Hair, is well known to be without a rival on this continent. Hundreds of imitations have started into an ephemeral existence since the introduction of this unrivalled Hair restorative, and their shops been sealed, whilst Bogle's Hyperion Hair Fluid, with a popularity never attained by any other article, goes on "conquering and to conquer." There is no malady, which can affect the Hair but can be cured by this incomparable preparation. To ladies it is invaluable; and to children's heads it lays the foundation of a good head of Hair. It is now patronized by Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, and commands an extensive sale throughout Europe.

Bogle's Electric Hair Dye converts red or grey hair into a beautiful black or brown, the moment it is applied, literally dyeing the hair without staining the skin and leaves the Hair soft and glossy without injuring its texture in the least; a decided superiority over all other Hair dyes.

Bogle's Amole Shaving compound renders that usually unpleasant operation (shaving) a decided luxury.

Bogle's Hebesiona removes Freckles and tan from the face in the shortest possible time, and is acknowledged to be the very best article for beautifying the complexion.

To be had, wholesale or retail, of W. Bogle, 227 Washington street, Boston, U. S.

And by all Druggists and perfumers throughout the Canadas, United States and Great Britain. W. R. WATSON, Agent for P. E. I.

June 19th. 1 yw