

iron and copper stoves, pots and pans, flues, kettles, and hundreds of similar articles, have been seized and utilised with wonderful tact. Fine well built cook-houses are constructed from the cut stone of Sebastopol, which lies in large blocks around unfinished houses or is taken from the ruined edifices and walls about the place. Mechanical ingenuity has been largely developed in the use of resources. One officer converts the funnel of a small steamer into a chimney—the other uses one of the pipes of an engine as a hot-air apparatus to heat his hut—a third has arranged a portion of machinery so that he can communicate from his saloon, sleeping-room, and dining-room (three single gentlemen rolled into one) with his cook in the adjacent kitchen, and dinner is handed through direct from the fire to the table, after the fashion of those mysterious apparatus which obey the behests of London waiters in the matter of roast meats, boiled beefs, and their satellites.

FURNITURE, CATS, DOGS, ETC.

Pictures of saints, the cratic scripture pieces in which the Muscovites delight, fat Potiphar's wives and garmentless Josephs, very plump Susannahs and very withered elders, and subjects of the kind, as well as straight-backed uncomfortable arm-chairs of walnut, heavy tables, and chests of drawers are not uncommon in the officers' huts. Cats in Sebastopol abound in camp, and are very useful, in as much as the huts are overrun with rats and mice, not to speak of other small deer, now disappearing before the march of King Frost. Dogs have come in from the deserted city, and domesticate themselves whether you will or not. There are always an odd half-dozen about my hut and tent which make night hideous with their quarrels, greyhounds, mastiffs, and sheep-dogs, and their descendants, of very mixed and distinct types.

GAME IN BAIDAR VALLEY.

From the camp of Baidar, an officer of the 1st division of the 1st corps writes:—We are encamped in the Valley of the Baidar, in the midst of woods swarming with game; the hares are of a very large size, and you may be sure we do not neglect them. The sportsmen have a good deal on their hands; they pretend that M. de Merdwinoff, the proprietor of this vast property, had a secret for fattening them and making them assume enormous dimensions. The source of the Tchernaya is at a few paces distance from us; at the moment I write it is a thin stream of water, which issues from the foot of a rocky mountain. The soldier (who is an artist as well as a soldier) has succeeded in producing complete huts, Swiss cottages, and other habitations, all very comfortable. One might fancy it a Switzerland in miniature, and our men seem to have no apprehension of winter.

THE RAILWAY AND LOCOMOTIVES.

Since last week two additional locomotives (old ones) have been landed in Balacava and placed on the railway; the little Alliance has already begun to run on the line, and, as she puffs and screeches along at the rate of eight miles an hour, with her cumbersome tail of trucks intense is the gaping wonderment and multitudinous are the marshalls! of many a crowd of Tartars, Croats, Bulgarians, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, and Heaven knows what other nationalities besides, whom heavy wages and light work have attracted to this Crimean Babel. The wire-rope so long used by the stationary engine to pull the waggon up to the incline near Kadikoi has been removed, and the entire traction of the line will, it is hoped, be done by the three locomotives now upon the rails. If this can be accomplished the gain to our transport campwards will be immense.

THE WEATHER.

Is all that can be desired at present. To-day there is a bright sun, a blue sky, studded with fleecy clouds, which drift gently along before a genial Favonius. The Muscovite poets are justified by such weather in all their praises of the climate of the Crimea. On Wednesday last, however we had a foretaste of winter. The wind was bitterly cold, the thermometer fell to 24 deg., the snow fell at intervals, and the distant mountain ranges were soon clad in white. It froze hard all day, but at two o'clock on Thursday morning the wind changed, and all the former mildness of this cheerful November returned upon us. There has not been a day yet this autumn unsuitable to military operations, and the Russians are making the most of the time like ourselves, in clearing the brushwood and forming roads between their camps.

THEATRES.—COMFORTS.—“AYE, READY.”

The project of a theatre, too, is on the tapis; the properties to be purchased at Constantinople, and their cost, with that also of a special hut, to be defrayed by a general subscription amongst the officers of all the five divisions. Altogether, there will be greater hardships in the world than we expect to suffer from during the coming three months of this same Crimean winter. Well fed, well clothed, and warmly housed, our physique is not likely to go down in condition; and when the dry winds of March again begin to blow, we shall be able to thank to render to England and to Europe a perfectly satisfactory account of any body of Muscovites whom Prince Gortschakoff's harshness may choose to leave within our reach.

THE BAPTIST.

Some French spies came in late last evening from the neighbourhood of Simpheropol, bringing the very doubtful intelligence that the Russians were rapidly preparing to evacuate that town and the surrounding districts, preliminary to a total withdrawal from the Crimea.

The same individuals announced the approach also of a strong cavalry and artillery force of the enemy in this direction from Karagort, and orders were accordingly sent round at half-past ten o'clock last night for the brigade to be saddled up and ready to start at a moment's notice. At daylight this morning, Gen. d'Altonville has already left the town with a strong force of his own troops, and both the Egyptians and ourselves are momentarily expecting the other to follow. It is not expected however, that there will be any collision, the Russian object being in all probability to reconnoitre, and not to give battle in open field. As the steamer's anchor, however, is already heaving up, I have no time to add a note of what may take place, but shall do so by the next mail.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Morning Courier.
A FOUL PLOT HATCHING.

Whilst the Russian organs in Austria, Prussia and England would fain persuade us that the Czar is going to give in; whilst the willing or hired mouthpieces of Government camarillas and peace cliques in this country assert that Russia has no longer any overweening pride or intention for mischief; what is the attitude of the autocratic ruler himself? What are the measures our enemies take to exhibit their love of peace? The answer is plain enough. Read the recent addresses of the Autocrat and of his priestly and military retinue. There the Muscovite sovereign, once more repeating that the enemy has “only entered blood-stained ruins,” glories in the brilliant condition of the Russian troops, and asserts that they are “ready to meet again and again, the allies, and to uphold the glory of Russian arms by sacrificing themselves for faith, throne, and country.” That all-powerful God—it is said, in another address of General Golovin, to the national militia of Smolenak, “the all-powerful God will gird your loins with vigour; and the audacity of our foes will be dashed to the ground whenever meeting the iron front of the true sons of orthodox Russia.” “Never,” exclaimed the metropolitan of Moscow, “will the sacred Chersonese, that holy cradle of orthodoxy, be conquered by the heretic hosts of the enemy.” The blessed Vladimir, the saint of the Crimea, in his own person beholds you from heaven fighting for his cause, and he strengthens your arm in the struggle. “Unhappy France! proud, but now abased and jeopardised Britain!” shouts Innokenti, the Archbishop of Odessa—“You are unholy firebrands that will be extinguished by the wrath of God, and Russia, protected by his mercy, will raise herself yet higher; a glory to herself, a boon for the well being even of her enemies!” And this is the power, we are told that has abated its pride. And we are to pause in the contest against such arrogant foes! We have given specimens of the cooing of the Russian dove. Now, let us look at the armaments peace-loving Russia accumulates at this juncture. She fortifies Kiev; she entrenches herself at Moscow; she labours at the defence of St. Petersburg; she levies the arriere ban of her own population; new conscriptions are decreed throughout the empire; Minie rifles manufactured on an enormous scale. Appeals are made to the lesser nobility to enter the military service; the construction of railways is ordered, not for the purposes of commerce, but for facilitating war; the roving tribes between the Caspian and the Azoff Sea are converted into cavalry squadrons; line-of-battle ships and war steamers constructed in the Dnieper and the bug, and (somewhat useless, it is true, but still significant measure) even six new battalions of marines are formed at Nicolaieff. Such is Russia. Ever threatening, ever ambitious, ever making ready for assault, ever playing the double game of an astute, mendacious diplomacy, and of vast military preparations. And we are now asked in the middle of our career, when we possess a lucky chance of curtailing that unprincipled, menacing, and overgrown power, to lay down our arms, and listen to another diplomatic comedy of Titoff and Gortschakoff; to again chill the national enthusiasm at home and the ardour of our soldiers abroad; to lose a third winter for the sake of Vienna Conferences and Austrian sham treaties; to create anew dissension among ourselves; and, in the mean time, allow the enemy of Europe to repair his battered armour, and to tread once more the arena with his overbearing pretensions unhumiliated. The curse of the nation upon him who would advise such a betrayal of the country. There is a foul plot hatching. At a time when the popular classes are united on the question of the war, when great towns equally with small communities, not only pronounce with contempt against pro-Russian peace schemes, but even demand that the oppressed nationalities be called upon to take part in the struggle—at this time, sinister rumours of Austrian and Prussian negotiations, and of ministerial changes at home, unfavourable to our cause, are flying about; and, curious to observe, they take birth at the very moment when a royal personage from abroad has come through France to visit the English court. Unfortunately the surprising inactivity in which the allied armies have been kept, gives a likelihood to these reports of negotiation. The ambiguous circular too, addressed by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Belgian and other courts, increases the impression that there are some cowardly projects in the wind. Of

the continued Austro-Russian leanings at our own court, there cannot, unhappily, be any doubt. But we put our trust in the power of the popular will. We are confident that if only this will has time to manifest itself, neither Austria can succeed in forcing another national shame upon this country, nor will the petty finality politician who recently met with so dismal a reception at Guildhall, succeeded in emerging from the obscurity to which public opinion has condemned him, for playing slight of hand with the honour of Great Britain. Let but the people be roused to the danger to which their national fame and interests are exposed, and the philo-Muscovite courtiers and their employers will have cause to repent their meditated treason.

From the London Daily News.

LOUIS NAPOLEON TIRED OF THE WAR.

It may be affirmed that the Emperor of the French begins to be weary of the war. The Emperor's finances are not in the best condition, and his present and prospective outlay is large. True the condition of French manufactures and trade is sound and healthy, and the public revenue of France has manifested a wonderful elasticity and steady tendency to increase. But if the income of the French Government is ample and increasing, its expenditure is still greater. The actual outlay for the war, and the impending outlay for corn, are serious; but if these were all, they might be met without difficulty. The French Government has other drains upon its treasury. In the first place, ever since the re-establishment of the Napoleon dynasty immense sums have been expended—immense debts incurred—in carrying on magnificent public works in every part of the empire, for the purpose of keeping the labouring classes in remunerative employment and good humour. This addition to the war and food outlay, is beginning to be seriously felt, and is giving occasion to a good deal of grumbling among the middle class. But with the certain prospect of high food prices during the winter, spring, and summer, discontinuance of this expenditure, by exciting discontent, and probably tumults, might seriously embarrass the yet unconsolidated dynasty. Again, the expenses of the court and all its retainers are enormous. The cost of the gallant attentions shown to the Queen of England, on her visit to Paris, might have tried severely the purses of Haroun Alraschid or an Aladdin. Yet these costly devices are more samples of the perennial expenditure of the French court, indulged in partly to gratify personal tastes, partly to buy golden opinions of the Parisians, and enlist adherents in every quarter of France and Europe. The court expenditure of France will not be retrenched; the expenditure upon public works cannot be retrenched without endangering the stability of the Government; the expenditure for the importation of food must be incurred. It is obvious, therefore, that the Emperor is exposed to strong temptation to close the war anyhow, in order to stop the remaining source of extra expenditure—the war. But his natural inclination to do so is kept in check by his knowledge that an inglorious termination of the war, by the wound it would inflict upon the national pride, would endanger the stability of his Government quite as much as the financial embarrassments enumerated above. It may be as is confidently asserted, that there is in the English cabinet a powerful section disposed to patch up a peace; and there can be no doubt that the Derby Disraelites and Aberdeens are so inclined. We leave out of account the gossip, too plentifully circulated, regarding the dispositions of the court. Like all the rest of the world, outside of the narrow court circle, we know nothing of these dispositions except through the medium of unauthenticated rumours from tainted sources. But even though the leaning of the court towards peace were ascertained beyond a doubt, we would not allow it any part in our calculations. The wearer of the crown of England, like any other human being, has personal predilections but those are matters with which ministers lay their account in accepting office. We are well aware that Austria is earnestly and indefatigably watching every opportunity of working upon the French and English Governments with a view to bring the war to a close. Austria wishes for peace for every commotion in Europe threatens to shake into fragments her fragile, rotten, and rickety empire. Austria, moreover, has insiduously gained a position on the Lower Danube. The plausible proposal to erect the Danubian Principalities into a neutral state, under the guarantee of the great powers, will be accompanied by another proposal to allow the Austrian army of occupation to remain there until the new institutions are consolidated, and the inhabitants accustomed to law and order. So far, then, as France, England, and Austria are concerned, the changes, as regards the question of peace or war, may be taken to stand thus:—The French Government is inclined to peace by financial difficulties. The English Government is not indisposed to peace on account of the effeminate, Sybaritic character of our statesmen.

The Austrian Government—like the tempting fiend in the fable, always on the look out for men under strong temptations to act dishonestly—is indefatigably whispering its insidious and perverse counsels into the ears of both. But against the wily tempter there is the formidable adversary, public opinion. We speak not merely of that honest public opinion which is earnestly bent upon the assertion of national rights, but also that scarcely less influential, though less worthy public opinion,

which shrinks sensitively from general scorn and ridicule. Even if we take only Austria, France, and England into account, the odds are against a speedy termination of the war.

But Russia must also be taken into our calculations; and, unless we are mistaken, in Russia will be found the main obstacle to the speedy huddling up of an inglorious and unstable peace pregnant with future dangers to Europe. The Russian government is not yet so weakened, or (what is nearly the same thing) so conscious of its weakness, as to consent to any terms that would afford the allies a plausible pretext for backing out of the contest in which they are engaged. The only terms to which Russia can at present be brought to consent are such that their acceptance would make the French and English governments a mockery and a by-word among the nations. The resources of France and England are ample; all that is required is that the government of the former adopt a wise economy, and the government of the latter brace their nerves to act like men. Neither in France nor England is public opinion in such a state as to admit of their governments incurring universal obloquy and contempt with safety to themselves. Our belief that the war must go on, rests not upon our confidence in the short-sighted and unstable views and dispositions of statesmen, but upon the necessity of things.

From the London Times.

THE “STAND STILL” IN THE CRIMEA.

We talk at home of “vigorous prosecution of the war,” and here everybody is in earnest; but since the 8th of September that great business seems to have stood entirely still. Who is to blame for this miserable and ludicrous fifth act to the great and glorious tragedy, the first act of which was Alma, the second Inkermann, the third the repulse of the 18th of June, the fourth the battle of the Tchernaya, and the storming of the Malakoff? There is no difficulty in answering the question. We have never been slow to censure the English Commanders; but with the English Commanders, in this instance, the blame does not rest. The recall of General Simpson followed so immediately after the 8th of September that it necessarily paralysed all exertion on his part, and General Codrington has been so short a time in command that it were utterly unreasonable to censure his inaction. But Marshal Pelissier was enumbered by no such hindrance. The telegraphic wire that brought to Paris the news of the fall of Sebastopol bore back to him for answer the *baton* of a marshal. He possesses the confidence of his government and of his army, men, material, boundless resources and opportunities, and from the 8th of September to the present day he has done nothing—absolutely nothing. Was the season too far advanced? On the 2nd of December, exactly fifty years ago, Napoleon, with an army which he had marched from Boulogne to Austerlitz, fought and won a great battle, a portion of the conflict actually taking place on the ice. Were his forces inadequate? In how many of the great battles of the world has one half the force at the disposal of the allies in the Crimea ever been brought into action? Did he dread an attack from the Russians? On the 16th of August a few thousand men defeated on the Tchernaya with ease the attempt of five times their number to force his lines. Then they had Sebastopol to fight for; now they could hope nothing beyond a barren and most improbable victory. We have waited till the last moment in hopes that something would be done. There is hardly any enterprise in which the French general had not a fair chance of success, or in which had he failed, we should have ventured to blame him; but to attempt nothing at all—to waste two months and a half of valuable time in utter inaction—to give the enemy time to recover and the enthusiasm of his own troops time to evaporate—to stand on the defensive when a thousand means of offensive warfare were open to him—to play a losing game when a winning one was in his hands, are faults so grave that we can no longer keep silence, or pretend to acquiesce in the propriety of a line of conduct so fatal to our troops and so inglorious to our arms.

A certain remedy for Sick Headache and Bile.—The most prevalent disorders to which the human frame is subject is, perhaps, sick headache and bile, suffered by both sexes and all ages, and which are the ground work, nay, the very foundation of some of the worst of disorders. Amongst the many remedies brought before the public, there is nothing which can equal Holloway's Pills for the cure of these distressing complaints, their effects are prompt and certain, and as they strike at the very root of the disease, they leave the sufferer in the enjoyment of health, after every other means have failed. These Pills will also cure all liver and stomach complaints.

From the New York National Monitor.

HYGEAN VAPOR.

Dr. Curtis has done more to ameliorate the condition of humanity afflicted with lung complaints, than any other practitioner of medicines that has struggled with the secrets of the *materia medica*, for the last century, by the invention and perfection of an instrument that will convey to the lungs a medicine in the shape of a highly Medicated Vapor which acts directly on the disease, and not, hitherto by sympathy. Those who are troubled with diseases arising from disordered lungs, will subvert their interests by giving the Hygean Vapor a trial.

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