

well from the wet and cold. It will cheer them under their heavy trials, and mitigate the mortality. But it entirely—very far from it; so long as new regiments and fresh drafts come out periodically to recruit our army, so long shall we have a very large number of sick, at least during the winter months. It is not the tent which causes diarrhoea, and dysentery and rheumatism, and that affection of the nerves which results from a disordered state of the digestive organs; no, it is the reckless neglect of self on the part of the young soldier, who so often preferring lying down in his dripping greatcoat, even though by a little exertion, he could get something dry next his skin; and as to cooking his food, he eats his meat almost raw, and drinks a decoction of half-boiled coffee, rather than worry himself by a search for the necessary quantity of fuel.

Put such men under the shelter of the best of houses, and they would soon sicken and die. But while I warn the hopeful not to expect too much, there is, I feel, great reason to believe that a large amount of benefit will result from the railroad and huts: the former will secure a regular supply of full rations, while the latter will keep the men snug and comfortable during the hardest weather. It must also be remembered that a few huts will be provided for the covering parties, &c., so that the lying out on the trenches will be avoided. It is, I imagine sufficient if one-third of the covering parties be well on the alert—the rest may be asleep with their arms beside them, provided that at any given moment they can turn out to join their comrades. With such an arrangement the past miseries of which we have heard so much will be materially lessened, indeed, almost entirely avoided; but, as I have just proved, the young and inexperienced will continue to suffer, unless they attend closely to the state of their clothes and the proper preparation of their food. I would here suggest to the authorities the great advantage of a large coffee-roaster and coffee-mill for every regiment; perhaps a small one of each for every company would be better. Coffee well prepared is an excellent beverage; but when half roasted it produces a most injurious effect upon the stomach. The supplies, as they are commonly called, the rations, have always been excellent—all must admit this; but that the diet has, independent of every other cause, produced much bodily suffering, is most clear. Some say it is the biscuit, others the salt meat, while not a few accuse the coffee. The fact is, up to the present, no one has put forth any theory upon the matter; but it is to be hoped that some portion of the medical talent engaged in the East will be turned in this direction.—Dr. Jackson wrote a book which has long been a standard work, and why? Because he lived amid soldiers, observed them closely, studied their diet, clothing discipline, and then gave to the world the result of his labors. The government at the conclusion of the war, should offer a prize of £500 for "the best Essay upon the sanitary state of the British army during the war in the East;" and be assured that much valuable information and a lasting benefit to soldiers would result. I am sure no public money could be better spent, for the interests returned will be a thousand fold.

The shops at Balaklava are as busy as ever, with prices exorbitantly high; and I am delighted to find that my suggestion that cargoes of goods should be sent out and sold at wholesale prices, is being carried into effect. We all feel most grateful to those who have come forward so generously to save us from the claws and maws of the harpies who pay so long been gnawing the vitals of our hope. This is charity well directed. We have two more chaplains, Messrs. Bate and Freeman. The former is attached to the Engineer Park, right attack—the latter temporarily to the Cavalry Division. It is gratifying to see our troops thus cared for.—We ought to be most thankful to the Secretary-at-war and the indefatigable Chaplain-General, who must have laboured hard indeed to find so efficient a body of chaplains, and, as a body, so well adapted for the peculiar work in which they are engaged. We have had a complete clearance of our hospitals; steamers have received the poor sufferers, and they are now enjoying the many comforts afforded in the hospital at Scutari, of which I hear the highest praises. I am afraid that many will have sunk during the voyage. Should their strength have borne them up so that they arrived at Scutari, and became settled there, then every hope may be entertained of a speedy improvement; but the trials of a voyage, under the most favourable circumstances, are beyond all description great to the sick. At Balaklava very much has been done to render the soldier in hospital comfortable, and, considering the difficulties against which Dr. Hall has had to strive, fair dealing would say that he has indeed been very successful.

Since my last we have had constant arrivals. The Mediterranean regiments are nearly all with us, and the Dauntless is off Balaklava with artillery and ammunition. Every possible care is taken of the new-comers and they are not sent at once into the trenches, but occupied for a time with day-work. Now that the force has been so much increased, the night duty will be greatly lessened, and the injury resulting from exposure be much the less. I am sorry to have to add the name to the list of deaths of Brig-

dier-General Adams—a more devoted soldier never breathed. I knew the general well, and have had cause for some years past to respect, and I may say, love, him. I suppose that England possessed not a better specimen of the Christian gentleman. Bodily he was finely formed, with a face of manly beauty; mentally, he was possessed of the highest accomplishments, while his soul was ever yearning towards deeds of goodness. I am no advocate for exaggerated praise. I abhor that too common error of giving to the departed virtues of which when alive they offered no tokens whatever; but of General Adams one cannot speak too highly. The country has lost a brave and promising leader—his family a treasure beyond all price—the 49th Regiment has lost its colonel and two majors, and the name of Captain Glazbrook will be in the last Gazette as major of the regiment, Vice Dalton killed in action. Lieut. Colonel Haly, of the 47th regiment, is fast recovering, and will, it is hoped, be enabled again to take the field; his conduct, and that of Major Goodwyn, on the 5th, deserve the highest reward.

As I have seen several false statements touching the movement of the Russians into position at the battle of Inkerman, I shall for the sake of truth, give the facts as to the Cossack-hill picket. It is commonly believed that at a very early hour the Russian columns and artillery were got into position and that the picket was taken entirely by surprise. This is thoroughly wrong. The following is a faithful account of the matter: When the sentries was relieved early in the morning, the men coming off reported all well, and Lieutenant Colonel Haly had arranged, not from any alarm, but as a matter of prudence a better posting of the new sentries. The plan was carried into effect, and very shortly after a report was sent in from the advanced sentry, that columns of Russians could be heard moving in the valley below—that is, from towards Sebastopol. Upon this, Lieutenant Colonel Haly went to the front to see the state of things, as the soldier might possibly be mistaken, and there found the alarm well-founded. It was now necessary to bring up the two companies in the rear, so that the position might be defended sufficiently long for the divisions to prepare for the fray; so Lieutenant Colonel Haly rode hastily back, and brought up assistance to his little band. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Russian artillery were upon Cossack-hill, ready to open upon us long before we, in the least expected that the enemy was on the move. True, the guns were drawn just outside the Sebastopol gate, under cover of the mist, and it is possible that Liprandi's army derived considerable assistance from the state of the weather; but that we were completely surprised and out-generalled, at the outset, must never be allowed. And here let it be known that the picket under Lieut. Colonel Haly not only kept a good look-out, but also behaved magnanimously. The three companies charged the Russian column as it attempted to pass down the hill, and drove it back with severe loss; here it was that Lieut. Colonel Haly and Major Goodwyn marvellously escaped. The former was struck from his horse by five bayonet thrusts, one of which penetrated his side; and, when on the ground, three bayonets wounded his legs, and one scraped his temple. Happily, at this moment, his men, who were being led on by him to the charge, came up, and delivered their leader, from his perilous position but not until he had sabred the throats of the enemy. Major Goodwyn was completely surrounded and only escaped by the aid of a dashing charger and a Colt's revolver, before which three Russians fell. I have given the above somewhat in detail, because in many quarters it is believed that the English army was quietly asleep when the cry was suddenly heard, "the Russians are upon us!" A more shameful slander upon the vigilance and bravery of the outlying pickets could not be uttered; they did their duty well, and to their early resistance we must look as an important part of the victory at Inkerman. It not seldom happens that the most worthy are neglected; it must not be so in this case. The country owes to every one engaged in the battle of Inkerman a debt of the deepest gratitude; but if to one more than others, most certainly it is to Lieutenant Colonel Haly, who so promptly gathered together his little force, and then gallantly charged a whole column of the Russian army.

We begin to have hints of the coming cold. For the time of year it is exceedingly mild; but now and then we feel the cutting blast, which if continued for the day, would call forth the thick coats and furs. The Duke of Cambridge is still at Constantinople. He has rooms in the Embassy, and is somewhat better in health, although far from well. It is not very probable that he will return to the Crimea during the winter, and some are inclined to think that his acquaintance with this interesting peninsula will not be renewed. It is not only true, but sad, that we have lost so many of our Generals, but others are about to stand forth who will rival the deeds of those who so gloriously preceded them. I might mention names, but will not to avoid invidious distinction. Time will show that our force is not devoid of military talent, notwithstanding all that has been said against the genius of the higher ranks of the army in the East.

The closer union of Austria with the allied powers has given the greatest satisfaction throughout the camp, and all now trust that she will soon join heart and hand in the defence of humanity. There are some who yet think she is playing a deep game—the nature of which time will prove to our cost; but common sense tells us that such is not the case—anything like double dealing on the part of Austria towards the allies would stir up in her own subjects that strong feeling of disgust which is always, sooner or later, driven to show in action, and a union of Germany with Russia would be the rallying cry to millions to stand forth the friends of justice and of freedom—the upholders of all that is honest. I hate to hear my friends talk nonsense, but some of them supply me with not a little, especially touching Austrian perfidy.

There are some in the world who are morbidly suspicious, and I am sorry to say that in the camp we have them not a few. Were they alone the sufferers it would signify little; but the worst of it is, these croakers and doubters go about disturbing the minds of their neighbours. It is so with ———. He abuses Austria, upholds the honesty of Prussia, qualifies the conduct of Russia, and would fain make us all as devoid of common sense as he is. My own opinion is this, Austria is but too glad to get out of the trammels of her northern patron, especially now that she can do so, and secure an alliance with England and France. But it will be said—no, Austria is not possessed of a liberal government, and therefore cannot feel with the Western Powers; but the most illiberal at times become liberal when anything is gained by it; and if the quietude of Italy and Hungary can be secured, and the trade of Germany greatly extended by the opening of the Danube to all nations, there is ample cause for Austria's movement towards us. Again, the German family from Hamburg to Gratz, can never have so changed since 1848 as to have entirely lost their yearning for freedom which was then so strongly evidenced. Is it not then, a wise act to meet the wishes of the discontented by the union with countries renowned for the freedom of their constitutions? It is in vain to talk of no freedom in France under her present regime; the maritime, i. e. the mighty Powers, are free, and union with them bespeaks, on the part of Austria, a desire gradually to improve her system of rule; and, if that desire be a growing one, undoubtedly she will thereby stand out on the face of Europe as a great and powerful, and lasting state—diametrically opposed to her present standing with the civilised world. Never was there a more favourable opportunity offered, and there are some few wise men who convinced the young Emperor of the necessity of seizing it. I cannot condemn Austria for not having at the beginning declared actively against the perfidy of Russia. Very recently the Czar had seriously assisted her, and anything more than a slow approach to hostilities could not be reasonably expected; and even now at the last moment, peace, if possible, is the cry of the Austrian government—but peace, remember based upon four most important points.

As to treachery there is none; and as sure as I am now writing this letter, so certainly will Russia rule the day that she spurns the last offer of one who fain would not strike, but, if compelled, will strike hard indeed.—That Russia will accede I cannot for one instant imagine, unless the difficulties before her compel the lowering her pride. We all know how obstinate and imperious the Emperor is, and it therefore seems next to impossible that he should now admit far more than he has already so stoutly denied. Austria will then, in all human probability, be ere long a third great power against him; and Nicholas must be a worker of miracles if he can withstand such a combination of power and intellect. A special interference of the Almighty may give Russia the victory, but most assuredly nothing else can.

But I must make up my letter, for the time of the steamer's leaving is close at hand, and this mail must not go without my budget. I have given you but little news—for this good reason, there is none to offer, and I have neither time nor inclination to fabricate any. In the mean season, allow me to wish you, I will not say a merry, but a hopeful, Christmas, and a Happy New Year. Ere another Christmas comes round, may Providence have restored peace to the world, and consolation to those who have been bereaved of dear relatives during the war.—Correspondent of the Morning Post.

The following extract from a letter of an officer of the 77th Regiment is dated "Camp before Sebastopol, 27th Nov.":—

"I have been quite a lion ever since the engagement, owing to my having been made prisoner by two Russians, and having escaped by killing one of my captors, and making the other prisoner in his turn, bringing him into camp.

"It is rather a long story, but, as it may be interesting, I will relate it. On the morning of the 5th of Nov., about 3.50, I started, unluckily, very unwell, to relieve D—, of the 23d, on picket, at a place about two miles from camp, called 'the house in the ravine'—one of our most advanced, and a very important post. My party

consisted of 40 men. Our orders were to defend the place until fresh orders or a reinforcement was sent. As the name implies, we were posted in a deep ravine, the hills on one side being occupied by our troops, and on the other by an advanced picket from the second division. Just before daybreak D— had called in his men, and was on the point of marching them back to camp, when a volley was fired on the hills over us where the second division picket were posted. We immediately placed our men in skirmishing order, under cover of the walls of the ruined house. When the enemy appeared on the hills above us, we opened fire on them, which they immediately returned. We held the place about three-quarters of an hour, until the Russians began to advance up the ravine towards us, and thus take us in flank. We then, finding their fire began to tell, commenced a retreat towards camp; but you may imagine our dismay at finding, after we had only gone about 100 yards, that the enemy had entirely driven in our pickets on the hills, and had got at least a mile in our rear. No sooner did they see us retreat than they charged down the hill on us in hundreds, they followed on the top firing all the time. We were surrounded by Russians on three sides, and on the fourth was a nearly inaccessible cliff. Our only chance was to endeavour to escape by climbing this, and, accordingly, we all ran for it, with the enemy close after us. We also afforded a splendid mark to their sharpshooters on the other side of the ravine, who kept up an awful fire on us. I can now only speak of what happened to me individually. I climbed as well as I was able, expecting every moment to be my last, to within 12 feet of the brow, and then found a big rock which I could not ascend. I was so ill and exhausted that I sat down in despair behind a large stone, which sheltered me a good deal from the fire. Two Russian soldiers who had pursued us up the cliff caught sight of me, and made towards me with fixed bayonets. I drew my revolver, and took three deliberate shots at the smallest 'wickedest' looking of them. Each time the pistol missed fire. This was entirely owing to my fault. It had been loaded more than two months, and entirely neglected. You can imagine my remorse at not having been more careful. Well, the fellow then fired at me, but by the mercy of Heaven he just missed me, and hit a 23d man, who was endeavouring to escape just behind me. As he was on the point of transfixing me with his bayonet, I took a fourth and successful shot, and he rolled over the cliff, but before I could again use my pistol the second fellow had his bayonet at my throat, and I saw that further resistance was useless. My worthy captor seemed rather struck with the eligibility of the place I had chosen, as it was tolerably sheltered from fire, and he therefore sat down quietly by my side, keeping his rifle pointed towards my head, and making very expressive signs, which I could hardly misinterpret, that if I moved he would put an end to my miserable existence. He no doubt intended to take me prisoner when the fire slackened a little. I of course lay perfectly quiet, and was, in fact, so exhausted that I fell into a kind of doze or faint. When I re-opened my eyes the hill in front was still swarming with skirmishers, but you cannot imagine my delight when I saw some of them with their 'bearskins' on, proving that they were the Guards, and that they had repulsed the Russians. This sight seemed to restore all my strength, and I thought that now or never I must make my escape. My friend, seeing me apparently helpless, had removed his rifle for a time from the unpleasant proximity to my head, and I, taking advantage of this fortunate circumstance, suddenly sprang to my feet. He did the same, but, in his astonishment, he dropped his gun. I instantly hit him in the face with my fist with all my strength, and this being a mode of attack for which he was totally unprepared, he tumbled down the cliff. I rolled over with him, and we went down together for 20 or 30 yards, until checked by the stump of a tree. Luckily, I was then at the top. He now began to roar out 'Sonde! Sonde!' most lustily. I do not know what it means, but, afraid of his cries bringing some one to his assistance, I hit him on the mouth every time he shouted. This soon produced the desired effect; he crossed his two forefingers and said, 'Pardon.' I was very glad to hear it, for my strength was fast failing me; so I nodded my head, and, pulling out my revolver, I watched him in my turn. I did not shoot him, because he had spared my life previously.

Presently a 23rd man who had escaped passed near us, and I sent him to pick up the Russian rifle and to watch him while I went in search of my sword, which had dropped in the scuffle. Having found it, I returned and marched him into camp with his own rifle, which I now have, and shall certainly keep as a memento of my providential escape.

"Of my unlucky 40 men, 27 were killed or wounded, seven taken, and six only escaped unhurt. So you see we really had some sharp fighting. I was struck by a spent ball just above the knee, but it only raised a contusion, which lamed me for a week. I also had my boot grazed, and one of the rings shot off my scabbard—rather narrow escapes."

The following is an extract of a letter, from an officer, dated Balaklava, Nov. 22.

"Sebastopol must fall, and will fall now per-