

right across to Oczakoff. By the bye, it is believed that General Luders was in Kinburn just before our arrival, and that he crossed to Oczakoff in a small boat the night before we arrived off the spit, leaving behind him assurances of relief to the garrison, and informing the governor he ought to hold out at least for a fortnight. The Glatton is at Kamiesch, and will not, I believe, take part in the defence. As to the blockade of the Bug and the Dneiper, it will, I presume, be raised by the first frost, and the gunboats engaged in that service will drop down and join the flotilla at Kinburn. The only thing to look forward to is a liberal enjoyment of shooting, if the Cossacks will permit it, as the whole of the shores abound with multitudes of wild fowl.

AZOFF.—NEW RAFTS.

Before the expedition started nearly all the smaller gun boats were dispatched to reinforce Captain Sherard Osborne's flotilla in the Sea of Azoff, where that active and energetic officer is harrying the Russians as a hawk purtues a field of larks. The Fancy, Lieutenant Grylla was still with the fleet; indeed, she is so badly built that she is scarcely fit for the short hacking ways in that sea, and she strains and leaks in bad weather to a dangerous degree. The attention of all naval officers is turned now to the navigation of shallow waters by vessels with heavy armament, and Commander Cowper Coles, of the Stromboli, who invented the raft Lady Nancy, which did such good service in Taganron, has constructed models of two very ingenious rafts, which have been sent to the Admiralty, and which are highly approved of by the admirals out here. Rafts of this construction would do immense service in the Sea of Azoff, and one model provides for the adaptation of steam power, which would give the raft a moderate propulsive agency of its own.

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Weekly Times.

THE WAR.

The gallant defence of Kars, where the Russians were defeated by half their number of Turks, and the victory of Omar Pasha on the Ingour, have attracted a large amount of attention to the war in Asia. The safety of Kars is now regarded as assured, for although the Russians may maintain the siege until compelled to retire by the snows of winter, it is not at all probable that General Mouravieff will risk another assault. He attacked with his whole army, and, following the usual Russian tactics, he attempted a surprise by advancing his columns under the shelter of night. His repulse by an inferior force of half-clad and half-fed Turks must have grievously cast him down, and his losses were so enormously heavy that he must be in greater force than we suppose if he dare venture on another trial of strength. We have received some details respecting General Mouravieff's army, which are interesting just now. When he crossed the Arpachet to march against Kars his whole force, including cavalry and artillery, amounted to about thirty five thousand men. It is believed that previously to the assault he received reinforcements, for regiments are named who before that time were known to be in the Caucasus. On an enumeration of all the troops which he could collect, it is calculated that, notwithstanding his losses, General Mouravieff commands in Anatolia some fifty thousand men, and this is assigned as the reason why he did not raise the siege of Kars immediately after his repulse. It must be noticed, however, that Cossack Kurds, and native militia are counted amongst his effective troops, and it has been stated that numbers of the native tribes deserted after the battle of Kars. The star of Russia is waning in the East. A portion of the allied armies will probably take part in the next campaign, which we may confidently hope will wrest from the Czar his Asiatic provinces, and erect an impassable barrier against Russian conquest in Central Asia.

At the date of our last correspondence from the camp before Sebastopol, the projected expedition to Kaffa had not sailed, and great was the impatience at the inglorious delay. Contradictory rumours were afloat, some to the effect that the generals had abandoned their intention in consequence of the lateness of the season, and others just as positive that the troops might be expected to sail from day to day. At all events, the soldiers remained on board the ships in the Bay of Kamiesch. At this distance, and with the information, probably imperfect, in our possession, it is difficult to understand why the Russians should be left undisturbed at Kaffa, and why we leave them an inch of ground on the peninsula of Kertch. In a former article we spoke of the value of the Bay of Kaffa as a winter harbour for the allied fleets, and of the peninsula as a valuable base of operations, easily held and defended. Since operations around Sebastopol are suspended there must be troops enough to spare for the reduction of Kaffa, and the men would be glad of a little employment. Meanwhile, however, we have reports of further damage done to the enemy on the Sea of Azoff. Captain Sherard Osborne has been up there in the Vesuvius, with a flotilla of gunboats, destroying the enemy's stores and fisheries. These fisheries, now totally destroyed, are described as having been of great value to the Russians. Captain Osborne says:—

"The extraordinary efforts made by the enemy to prosecute their fisheries upon this coast are the best proof of their importance. They sometimes move down 200 or 300 soldiers, who escort large launches placed upon carriages and arabas drawn by oxen laden with nets and gear as well as fishermen to work them. The fish, directly they are caught, are carted off into the interior; and when it is remembered that we have destroyed some 100 and odd launches upon one spit alone, some idea can be formed of the immense quantity of fish consumed on this coast; and, in proof of its being a large item in the sustenance of Russian soldiers, I would remind you that hundreds of tons of salted and dried fish were found and destroyed by us in the first destruction of the military depots at Genitchi in May last."

Commander Commerell, of the gun-vessel Wesel, performed a very gallant and daring exploit in the course of these operations. He had heard that the Russians had collected a large quantity of corn and forage at the mouths of the Sulghir and Kara-su-rivers, on the Crimean shore of the Putrid Sea. On the night of the 10th of October, accompanied by the mate, a quartermaster, and two seamen, he contrived to haul a small boat across the Spit of Arabat, and launched it on the other side. He landed with the petty officer and one man on the other side, and, after proceeding two miles and a half they discovered the stacks, which they set on fire, and entirely destroyed. Some Cossacks encamped in a neighbouring village were alarmed, and came down on horseback to the number of thirty or forty. Commander Commerell and his daring companions had to run for their lives, and effected a very narrow escape. The forage and corn amounted to about 400 tons, and was stacked on the banks of the Sulghir, evidently for conveyance by water, as the river is navigable for barges, and there are towing paths on either bank. This achievement had in it the old spirit and contempt of danger that belong to the British sailor. On the 5th and 6th of November Captain Osborne inflicted a much heavier blow on the enemy by the destruction of enormous quantities of grain and forage of this year's harvest, which was completely stacked in six tiers extending two miles along the coast, near Gheishliman. This was intended to be conveyed partly to the Crimean army, after the formation of the ice in the Gulf of Azoff, and partly to the army of the Caucasus, and the enemy thought it secure from any naval attack. The accounts of the destruction of so much food, wanted in the markets of Europe, is pitiable, but such is war; and we must slay, burn, and destroy, in our terrible mission, before we can force our enemy to submit. It requires the consciousness of a just cause, and the certain knowledge that it is only by inflicting such damage on our enemy, that we can speedily restore the blessings of peace, to reconcile us to all this destruction of God's good gifts. But in the designs of Providence good is worked out through suffering and what to our intelligence represents itself as unmitigated evil.

In summing up our Crimean intelligence we have to record an accident in the camp attended by most deplorable results. On the 15th inst., in the afternoon, an explosion of a large mass of gunpowder took place at the French siege train. The fire was communicated to the British siege train close to it, in which there was no powder but a number of live shells. In the French battery there were a great number of shells, which were thrown by the explosion all over the camp. The loss of life, and the damage done were lamentable. On the British side one officer was killed, two were severely wounded, and two slightly. About one hundred and thirty seven non-commissioned officers and men were wounded more or less severely. The French had thirty killed, including two officers and some hundred wounded, among whom are ten officers. The cause of the first explosion is unknown, and it may have arisen from the proverbial carelessness of soldiers. The loss of stores and ammunition can be easily borne, but it is truly melancholy to think of men who have escaped the siege and the battle suddenly swept away when in the full enjoyment of life and security.

It seems now to be placed beyond doubt that we must sustain another year of war. There are rumours of a disposition on the part of the Russian Government to negotiate for peace, but they rest on no solid foundation. On the contrary their preparations for continuing the contest are pushed forward with the greatest diligence. The new levy is being enforced with more than customary stringency, and there can be no doubt that Russia will employ the winter months to bring an enormous army into the field; but it may be taken, that if she prove as unfortunate in the next campaign as in the last, she will be forced to yield through sheer exhaustion. The progress of the war has served to dispel many illusions, and amongst others those that prevailed respecting the power and resources of Russia. We have found her strong where we believed her weak, and weak where she was supposed to be strongest. We were accustomed to speak of countless Muscovite hordes ready to pour upon Europe the floods of a new barbarian invasion. We gave the Czar credit for inexhaustible armies, and we believed that to achieve the conquest of Europe he only needed the means of marching and feeding his legions. We were amused with stories of the insincerity, if not the total absence of the commissariat in the Russian army, and we were led to believe that they swarmed like locusts, devouring all before them, and leaving devastated wastes in their rear. We were told that the forts of Sebastopol were shams, which would crumble to pieces at the recoil of their guns, that most of the guns were what the sailors call

'quakers,' and that the piles of shot were painted wood. The war has taught us that Russian armies can be moved with a rapidity and ease that our warlike neighbours cannot surpass, and which a British army might now attempt in vain—that the Russian commissariat is excellent, and that the troops have always been amply supplied; and a twelvemonths siege has testified to the solidity of the fortifications of Sebastopol, and the enormous resources of that vast arsenal. Russia is failing on the one point in which we were accustomed to regard her resources as unlimited—she wants men. The army with which Nicholas began the war has been nearly expended. He had, perhaps, half a million of well-trained and effective troops and four-fifths of them have disappeared before two years of hostilities. A German writer of authority has made a calculation of the drain of the war upon the Russian population, of which we give the results. Within the last twenty months, fifty-two men in the thousand souls have been levied in the eastern half and sixty-four men to the thousand in the western half of the empire. Allowing that there are fifteen millions of men between seventeen and forty-five in a population of sixty millions, and that is above the mark, there will be two hundred and fifty men of the required age in each thousand souls. It is calculated that one third of the persons liable, from age, to the conscription are capable of bearing arms, and, if this be correct, the Russians have but twenty men in the thousand between seventeen and forty-five left in the western, and thirty in the eastern provinces. Already the reserves of the army appear to be exhausted, and their place is taken by a raw militia. These facts require no argument to enforce them, and they may be produced as an answer to the Gladstones, the Brights, and the Cobdens, whose frightened souls have called up phantoms of Russian invincibility. We have but to persevere for another year, and the shadow that for nearly a century has hung gloomily over terrified Europe will be dispelled for ever.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855.

TERMS.—New Subscribers Twelve Shillings and Six Pence, per annum, in all cases in advance. Old Subscribers 12s. 6d. in advance, or 17s. 6d. at the end of the year. We prefer the advance price, and as it effects a large saving, we hope soon to see all our subscribers avail themselves of it.

CENTRAL BANK AGENCY, CHATHAM.

Discount days TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, Hours for business from 10 to 3 o'clock. Notes for Discount to be lodged at the Bank before 3 o'clock, on the day immediately preceding the discount day.

This paper is filed, and may be seen free of charge, at Holloway's Pills and Ointment Establishment, 234 Strand, London; where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE following interesting notice of the close of this Exhibition, we take from a long article in Lloyd's Newspaper, furnished by their Paris Correspondent. The remarks of the writer on the Emperor and the perusal of the speech which he—the Emperor—made on the occasion, will enable our readers to collect some material by which to form an estimate of the character of this most extraordinary man.

"On the 15th of the present month upwards of 20,000 people were comfortably housed in the Palace of Industry—awaiting the arrival of the Emperor to distribute the medals of honour. The show was a gorgeous one—the throne very splendid, backed by the masterpieces of living genius. For the amusement of the ladies, there were the *corps diplomatique* strolling about in their varied costumes—the Turkish ambassador hob-and-nobbing with the papal nuncio. There, too, was our misrepresentative, come, probably, with a glad heart, to see the last of the exhibition. Not a cheer was raised—not even a murmur—when he made his appearance. This allusion to his excellency reminds me of the first of the present month, on which day, the reader may remember, the nave of the exhibition was closed. In their zeal for the proper fulfilment of the Imperial Commissioners' orders, the British authorities began the work of demolition at once. The nave had not been closed many minutes when their workmen made their appearance. By the rays of oxyhydrogen lights the British activity was kept up far into the night. Lord Cowley was evidently delighted to hear that his countrymen appeared so anxious to return to their native land; and, in the exuberance of his pleasure, actually visited the nave in the evening, while the workmen were sitting upon the packing cases, at supper, to compliment Mr Thompson, the superintendent, on his vigorous measures. The compliment sprung from an evident source;—and then again—it cost nothing, not so much as the homely supper to which Mr Cole was kindly treating his workmen! To turn from our misrepresentative to

the immediate subject of this communication is a pleasing duty.

"The twenty thousand people rose to receive the Emperor and his sweet wife. The air became rich with the music of Barlioz—only to twang presently the nasal sounds of Prince Napoleon. The speech which the president of the imperial commissioners addressed to his sovereign was one which the twenty thousand people could afford to loose: it contained passages that, had they been heard, might have provoked untimely laughter. Imagine Prince Napoleon—the gentleman said by his own sister to have ventured to France with the *'drapeau de sa pair'*—venturing to thank the Emperor for having enabled him, in the same year, to serve the country, 'on the field of battle and in a pacific struggle.' Imagine the audacity of the man who could talk about the wonderful fairness and unbroken harmony of his presidency over the exhibition, before people who remembered the little gossip about a certain actress's travelling bag (which cost him £120,) and the princely row with the Emperor's upholsterer! Harmony! Why, the prince and his employees had been daily quarrelling with the poor company. They were fresh from a row. Had not the directors of the company, with proper dignity, refused to receive about one-fifth of the number of admissions to which he was fairly entitled, declining to take part in the ceremony without his officers! Continuing the drain upon his imagination, the prince said, or rather sang:—'Visitors have flocked to Paris from all quarters of the globe. The spectacle of moral and physical progress has developed in all—French and Foreigners—sentiments of reciprocal esteem. In this way the fraternity of nations is propagated.' I have nothing to say against such sentiments except this: that they proceed from a power, the effect of which has tended to disgust both foreigners and Frenchmen. * * * * *

The speech passed off very well, however—because nobody heard it. A certain faint squeaking could be distinguished, which reminded me of the Aztecs, when their American showmen caught hold of them; but nothing more.—When the squeak was over, I noticed that the prince bowed, and shuffled off to the side of his father, Prince Jerome. Then the Emperor depositing his hat upon the throne, felt in his coat pocket for a paper—withdrew it, and as he unfolded it, advanced towards the twenty-thousand people who were about to listen to his words. Never did man have a greater, a more attentive audience. After the nasal notes of his cousin, people were curious to hear how the man whose iron will has born him over immeasurable difficulties—who has crushed ridicule, and humbled the cold stare of foreign monarchs—how such a man could get out of the difficulty before him. The first word 'Messieurs,' ran through the vast space, and reached its remotest corners. I, who was not very near, and had certainly not heard even a stray word pronounced by Prince Napoleon, heard every syllable that fell from the lips of the Emperor. His words were clear, sharply edged, and seemed as if spoken close to your ear. You could not realise the distance that, to the perception of the eye, lay before you and the calm, the unmoved speaker. It was only when he approached the subject of the war, that there appeared to be the slightest passion in it—as the speaker, measuring every syllable, and sending it forth with the precision of his artillery, told the foreign commissioners (pointing evidently to Germany) that they should hope with him for a speedy and durable peace. But they should know that to be durable it must clearly settle the question on which the war was undertaken; and that to be prompt, Europe must pronounce either for one side or the other. At the point of civilisation where they stood, the success of armies, however brilliant, were but fleeting advantages; it was public opinion that carried the final victory. You then, said the Emperor, with a firmness that had to me the tone of a threat, who believe that the progress of agriculture, industry, and commerce in one nation contributes to the well being of other nations, and that the more reciprocal relations are multiplied the more national prejudices tend to their disappearance—tell your countrymen, when you return to your native country, that France hates no nation; that she has sympathy for all who, like herself, desire the triumph of right and of justice. Tell them that if they desire peace, they must at least pray openly for or against us—for in the midst of a vast European conflict, indifference is a bad speculation, and silence an error.

"It is almost impossible to describe to you the tone with which these words were uttered. They fell upon ears, let us hope, willing and able to interpret them rightly. They said to Austria and to Prussia—pronounce in time, or you will see the rottenness of your hesitating policy—break silence, or speedily you will see your mistake. Strange was the spectacle to me; as the loud cheers of the eighteen hundred English people about me filled the air; and as, beaming with unaffected pleasure, the Emperor and Empress bowed in our direction. As a boy, I had been awake one morning in Boulogne, by a cry—'Aux armes.' I had wandered round the ramparts to the chateau, where I had seen, through the bars of the window over the gateway, that very face which still wears the pensive look it then wore. But the voice penetrates while the face repels. The man's thoughts are the prisoners of his iron will.—When he liberates them it is that they should do him signal service. You cease to wonder over the story of his life, when you watch his motionless face—even before the enthusiasm of twenty thousand people—the English section being, it should be observed, by far the most