

which they are engaged, if only Russia may triumph. It would rejoice them to see the humiliation, by Muscovite brute force, of nations which they have not been able to surpass in arms in bravery, in honesty, or in intellect.

If ever the Americans contrasted more unfavorably at one time than another with the nations from which they are descended, it is now. Britain and France are engaged in a great war—a war which they did not seek, which they shrank from as long as they honourably could, which they entered into compulsorily for the defence of national justice, European safety, and the world-wide interests of freedom. The struggle declares itself a desperate one, the foe far more formidable than had been reckoned—yet they drew not back. They might save their treasures, their fleets, and their armies by sacrificing the weak and despised State on behalf of which they have interfered—but they resolve to persevere. Already the fell slaughter of successive battles has stricken thousands of noble and plebeian households with woe; but there is no despair. It is a great cause, and great nations prove themselves equal to it. More numerous than the slain are the impatient volunteers who step forward to supply their loss. The bereaved have a glorious grief—the gratitude of the commonwealth earned by the fallen is acknowledged to them. Private concerns lose their interest in the public good. The cry of the people stimulates their rulers to grander efforts. All are prepared to make sacrifices for the benefit of the State. The spirit everywhere prevailing is worthy of the great and honourable cause in which the allied nations are engaged. What, at the same moment, do we see on the other side of the Atlantic? Filibusterism incarnated in an unscrupulous President, who, has disappointed the swarms of political hucksters that relied on him, and who, himself disappointed, is being worried by importunities and fretted by their insolence.

An unprincipled Cabinet falling to pieces amidst an equally unprincipled unpopularity. Orders sent over to Europe for the American Ministers to meet in secret conference, to consider whether it is not better to bribe a poor and weak country than to fight it. Universal distrust, consequent on commercial rascalities, with which the whole Union is tainted: disrespect of municipal and political representatives, individually and collectively: religious bigotry rampant; feuds of race, murderous. In a word the second coming of Judas—the millennium of Mammon—The Almighty Dollar the idol set for worship—the stars fallen from heaven, and the stripes flaunting in a tempest of curses over the fevers of a cruel and godless mobocracy.—We know well what we are writing of, and so write warmly. We have neither patience nor toleration, but intense contempt, for a people that have neither reverence nor respect for the traditions of their country, no respect for the illustrious founders of their State, no attachment to the principles which they boastfully proclaim and who are heartless and unblushing traitors to the very blood that circulates in their veins.

From the Albany Register.

TIGHT TIMES.

This chap is round again. He has been in town for a week. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He is over on the Pier, along Quay Street, up Broadway, walks up State Street, looks in at the banks, and lounges in the hotels. He bores our merchants, and sets himself cozily in lawyers' offices. He is everywhere.

A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow is this same Tight Times. Everybody talks about him, and looks out for him everybody hates him, and a great many hard words and no little profane epithets are bestowed upon him. Everybody would avoid him if they could, everybody would hiss him from 'Change, hoot him off the Pier, chase him from Quay street, hustle him out of Broadway, kick him out of the banks, throw him out of the stores, out of the hotels but they can't. Tight Times is a bore, a burr, he will stick. Hints are thrown away on him, abuse lavished in vain; kicks, cuffs, profanity are all thrown away on him. He is impervious to them all.

An impudent fellow is Tight Times. Ask for a discount, and he looks over your shoulder, winks to the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Present a bill to your debtor, Tight Times shrugs his shoulders, rolls up his eyes, and you must call again. A wife asks for a fashionable brocade, a daughter for a new bonnet; he puts in his caveat, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed.

A great deprecator of stocks is Tight Times. He steps in among the brokers, and down goes Central to par, to ninety-five, ninety, eighty-five. He plays the deuce with Michigan Central, with Michigan Southern, with Hudson River, with New York and Erie. He goes along the railroads in process of construction, and the Irishmen throw down their shovels and walk away. He puts his mark on railroad bonds, and they find no purchasers, are hissed out of market, become obsolete, absolutely dead.

A great exploder of bubbles is Tight Times. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces; into kitting banks, and they stop payment; into rickety insurance companies and they fly to pieces; into kitting banks, and they stop payment; into rickety insurance companies and they fly to pieces.

corner lots, draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his footprint among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross. He breathes upon the cunningest schemes of speculation, and they burst like a torpedo.

A hard master for the poor, a cruel enemy to the laboring masses, is Tight Times. He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, and the hod-carrier from his ladder. He runs up the prices of provisions, and he runs down the wages of labor. He runs up the price of fuel, and he runs down the ability to purchase it at any price. He makes little children hungry and cry for food, cold and cry for fire and clothing. He makes poor women sad, makes mothers weep, discourages the hearts of fathers, carries care and anxiety into families, and sits, a crouching desolation, in the corner and on the earth-stones of the poor. A hard master to the poor is Tight Times.

A curious fellow is Tight Times, full of idiosyncrasies and crotchets. A cosmopolite, a wonderer, too. Where he comes from nobody knows, and where he goes nobody knows. He flashes along the telegraph wires, he takes a free passage in the cars, he seats himself in the stages, or goes along the turnpike on foot. He is a gentleman on Wall Street to-day, and a back settler on the borders of civilization to-morrow. We hear of him in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, at Vienna, Berlin, and Constantinople, at Calcutta, in China; all over the commercial world, in every great city, in every rural district, everywhere.

There is one way to avoid being bored by this troublesome fellow Tight Times. It is the only way for a country, a city, a town, as well as individual men to keep shut of his presence. Let the country that would banish him, beware of extravagance, of speculation of over-trading, of embarking in visionary schemes of aggrandisement. Let it keep out of wars, avoid internal commotions, and go right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its resources. Let the city that would exclude him be economical in its expenditures, indulging in no schemes of speculation, making no useless improvements, building no railroads that it cannot pay for, withholding its credit from mushroom corporations, keeping down its taxes, and going right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from the domestic circle be industrious, frugal, keeping out of the whirlpool of politics, indulging no taste for office, holding up his dish when pudding falls from the clouds laying by something while the sun shines to make up for the dark days, for

"Some days must be dark and dreary;" working on always with a heart full of confidence in the good providence of God, and cheerful in the hope of "the good time coming."

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

THE CAMP OF THE ALLIES.—Constantinople, Dec. 25.—Chersonesus, where most merchant ships land, is the nearest point to the French camp. Here everything has an appearance of care and comfort. On every side the French have laid down paved roads, along which, despite the unfathomable mud of the Crimea, they transport with the greatest ease their guns and provisions, and march without difficulty from one point to another. Their huts and tents stand in regular rows, and at the entrance of each street there are sign-posts to indicate the way. A strict camp police is established, and prevents the accumulation of dirt and rubbish. Between the tents innumerable baking-ovens are erected—some of stone, others portable—in which fresh bread is continually baked, so that the French soldier is not obliged, like the English soldier, to content himself with biscuit, which engenders scurvy. Without awaiting the providence of their government, they have erected warm huts, from wood collected and partly taken from demolished Tartar huts, and the smoke of their chimneys curls up pleasantly in the air. Under these circumstances there is much joviality in the French than in the English or Turkish camp. The men talk, tell tales, sing, and work merrily. The clothing of officers and men is as clean as if they were simply doing hard garrison duty. The Zouaves amuse the camp at night by stealing out individually, climbing the Russian outworks, and planting French flags upon them. The Russians are bamboozled, as at night fires are lit at quite solitary spots, upon which they fire away as hard as they can. General Canrobert, despite the wounds, is to be seen daily in the camp, but General Bosquet is the favourite of the men. The Turkish camp, which is next to the French, offers a miserable aspect—dirt, torn tents, uniform which can scarcely be taken for soldiers. Nevertheless, they squat down quietly in the mud, and smoke their pipes with complacency. Any one coming from Stamboul is welcomed by them with as much joy as if they were thousands of miles from that city. Of the Englishmen and their bravery they speak with the greatest admiration, and cannot find words enough to praise their deeds at Inkermann; but they complain of their brusque manners. We have already said so much respecting the English camps that we shall only give the description of our

On the whole, it is the contrast of the French camp; there are no roads, if we except one made recently to convey the terrible mortars.—On all sides, between the torn tents dead cattle, horses, and oxen are rotting, and no one thinks of removing the pest-bringing carcasses. Officers and men are so badly off for clothes that may be placed on a par with the Turks. The officer does not give himself the slightest trouble in the world about the fate of the private, his food, dress, or shelter; he leaves all that to the care of the commissariat. Lord Raglan lives in his house, and for days together is not visible. The wooden huts sent from England lie dissiecta membra in the water, and will lie there useless, until the nails for putting them together arrive out. My friend, who is a merchant, had the opportunity of making some characteristic observations—among others, that the Englishmen always asked for brandy and champagne, while the Frenchmen asked for needles and thread. Before every English bureau he observed empty casks and broken champagne and brandy bottles. The inhabitants of the villages which lie scattered between Sebastopol and Balaklava, at first the friends, have become, in consequence of probably necessary severe treatment, the bitter enemies of the allies, so that they are feared as spies, and not one of them is allowed to leave his hut without an escort my informant also had a close view of the besieged fortress. He declares that there is not the slightest indication of a breach, and that the walls of Sebastopol appear intact and unapproachable. To his question, 'When will the place be taken?' a Zouave replied, 'When there are three Thursdays in one week!' Despite this reply the whole camp is eager for the assault. General Canrobert never rides through the camp without being followed by cries of 'L'assaut, mon General,' from all quarters.

A witness of the sally of the Waldimir from this port, he assures me that, though she did go out, she proceeded timidly enough, and as soon as the Terrible got under weight steamed back again as fast as she could. In returning, the Waldimir missed the small entrance, and ran foul of the mast of one of the sunken ships, which protruded melancholy enough out of the water. The English fleet are in great hopes that Sir Edmund Lyons will succeed Admiral Dundas in the command. The latter is as unpopular with the fleet as Lord Raglan is with the army. Sir Edmund Lyons, on the contrary, is looked upon as the most active, clever, and energetic officer of the Black Sea fleet. It is a fact that the masterly embarkation of the troops at Varna, the well-organised plan of sailing, and the successful landing at Eupatoria, were all managed by him. It is also a fact that no man is so well acquainted with the Russo-European and Asiatic coast as Sir Edmund Lyons, as he devoted the idle time at Bicos and Kavarna to investigations and surveys. Of his daring he has on more than one occasion given brilliant proofs.

Camp Before Sebastopol, December 30.—Early this morning a reconnaissance was made by two regiments of Highlanders and the left wing of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade (which wing is attached to the forces under the command of General Sir C. Campbell), together with a French division, consisting of two regiments of cavalry and one brigade of infantry, with six pieces of artillery, under the command of General Maurice, the whole were under the command of Sir Colin Campbell. The French portion of the reconnaissance assembled opposite the village Kadakoi, and marched across the plain in the front of that village, in the direction of the Tcherdaya and Baidar rivers. The English moved along the heights in front of our position, towards the Baidar pass. This allowed the latter to watch the movements of the French, and had anything serious occurred they might march down to their assistance. The French succeeded in driving the Cossacks and Russians from their advanced position setting fire to their huts, and driving them back to their main body but this was not accomplished without some little difficulty and obstinacy on the part of the Cossacks, who, contrary to the general rule, stood their ground with bravery.—They fired a few pieces of artillery, and one Cossack ran a Frenchman through the body with his lance. The French in this affray lost 13 killed and wounded. The village of Chergoan was set on fire; but, unfortunately, only 12 houses were burned. The French however, burned the whole of the huts occupied by the enemy in the position they retired from. If no other good was accomplished the enemy had a comfortless night, as the snow fell heavily during the night. It was expected the French would remain out all night, but after dusk they returned to quarters. The Russians remained on the alert, and were observed in motion from the hills. Colonel Gordon, Assistant-Quartermaster-General head quarters, accompanied the party.

December, 13.

The enemy after the reconnaissance of yesterday assembled in force this morning, and seemed inclined to face the allies. They shelled the working party in the trenches last night. The night was clear and moonlight, and every move on the part of the British was seen by them. So sharp did the shot and shell come from their batteries that our men were compelled

led to withdraw the working parties. One man of the light division had his leg blown off.

January 1.

The new year has arrived without the occurrence of any remarkable event upon which to congratulate ourselves. Perhaps I cannot commence with a more interesting announcement than the present numerical condition of the British army opposed to the Russians. Here are the numbers, which I have on the best authority:—

| | |
|---------------|--------|
| Sergeants | 2,191 |
| Drummers | 656 |
| Rank and file | 38,086 |

Total 40,932

Of this number, there are at the present time sick and wounded:—

| | |
|---------------|--------|
| Sergeants | 565 |
| Drummers | 107 |
| Rank and file | 12,747 |

Total 13,419

I visited Balaklava this morning. Nothing can equal the confusion—the mass of consignments of warm clothing, blankets, hutting materials, stoves, charcoal, forage, barrels of beer, and pork—all jumbled into one heterogeneous mass. A barrel of pork stands beside a bale of blankets here, and a stove beside hutting materials there, and so on. So rapid have been the arrivals, and so eager for disembarking, that the wharf and all round is like one vast storehouse without form, fashion or order. From the huts which arrived the Quarter-master-General has determined to erect a few at Kadakoi as a receiving store, to ease the store at Balaklava. The harbour is very small, and hence the confusion. The town does not afford a sufficiency of stowage for the immense mass of clothing and the hutting materials which arrive daily.

As regards the former, as usual the roofing is on board one ship, the body of the hut on board another; one vessel is here, the other God knows where. Boards and timbers are being issued. To-day each regiment has been authorised to draw 5,000 feet of sheeting, 100 pieces of scantling, and 100 pieces of rafters: this is for the purpose of the hospitals in camp. Officers and men are allowed roofing, &c. for walls of huts which they may have built, but the question arises, how are they to get it up? Only by carrying it up on their backs. Some baggage horses have been landed lately, but still these are not sufficient. The general opinion is that we shall neither have huts nor anything else before the cold weather sets in, and that cannot be long. If we had conveyances up to the camp all would be well, and we should relieve the harbour very much. There are four ships now in the quest of baggage animals, and it is to be hoped they may soon return. Already a fearful number of men fall sick from exposure to cold. The British lose upwards of 300 by death every week, so that they had need receive an extra regiment every fortnight. I must, however admit that a great many of this number are wounded in action or in the trenches.

Sir Edmund Lyons paid a visit to Lord Raglan yesterday morning, after his lordship and staff had attended divine service.

The Turkish troops are employed in carrying gabions up to the trenches from Balaklava and from St. George's Monastery, where 200 of the Guards are still employed under Lieut. Col. Fordyce Scots Fusilier Guards.

The French are actively engaged in digging holes in the ground, over which their small tents are fitting admirably. The French were short of rations yesterday. Their roads, as well as ours, are in a bad state. The railroad, which we hear is to be laid down from Balaklava to camp, will be a great blessing. Correspondent Morning Post.

THE APPEARANCE OF OUR SOLDIERS.—You cannot think what fine fellows our old soldiers begin to look. They have stood the test for the past six months (it was no ordinary one); their frames have become inured to the dirt and exposure of the field; the thick moustache, whiskers, and beard give a rough and ready and soldier-like expression to the face, and with all this the whole bearing indicates that valuable confidence which, in action, so powerfully tends towards success; but think not that an army in the Crimea is at all like a regiment at Portsmouth—Very far from it. At home all is neat and clean as a pin; here, dress is the roughest kind. Who is this now passing? Surely he must be some stranger from the wilds of Tartary! No, he is one of the now renowned army. Upon his head, instead of a shako, he has placed the comfortable lamb's-skin cap of the country, taken from some terrified Crim; on his back is the cloak of a Russian, not much the better for mud and dirt; around his legs are skins, or stout rags, as the case may be, tied on with spun yarn, or a peice of rope picked up from a rubbish heap; his shoes and far above his ankles are covered with thick mud; in his mouth is a short clay, the campaigner's dearest friend and he marches along with the air of a hero, with his nod for this comrade, and word for that, apparently as contented, if not so clean, as when walking in full fig down the streets of dear old England. The French are better off than our men—all our winter clothing have gone down in the Prince steamer. To every French soldier are issued a well dressed sheep-skin coat, and a pair of garters of the same material.