dilettanti soldiers, of used up veterans and boys, who, beyond the parade ground, have never had an hour's military education in their lives, and who, nursed in luxurious halls, have never known a damp sheet, a wet shoe, or a pinched belly, but to have the remedy for asking for. Who shall speak of all this if the press is silent, and the *Times* is to England what the HERALD is to the United States; it points the way, and others, though for decency's sake a little obstropolous for a moment, trim their sails and speedily follow. Consequently, you may be very sure that two things are not very far distant, the resignation—we will not say recall—of Lord Raglan, and the break-up of our present coalition.

Great events are before us in the year we have now entered upon. No man whose opinions are worth a groat, conceives the Czar has the slightest intention of withdrawing an inch of his pretensions, spite of the position of Austria, and the philandering conduct of Prussia. The Emperor of Russia knows perfectly well he is master of an inert strength which enables him to bide the chance of events; and a growing conviction is everywhere spreading, that though there may be great bloodshed, infinite destruction to life and property, the year 1856 will find the main question pretty much where it is at present. Under such circumstances, a cry is getting up for more vigorous councils. The present disposition is to make a holocaust of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert—those marmalade sons of war. This is one of those lath and plaster remedials for which Lord John Russell has always been famous; but the thing won't do, and nothing but an organic ministerial reconstruction will satisfy the people of England, though I should not be surprised if this tub to the whale were not first attempted. It is the talk of the clubs that Lord Palmerston is only looking for a soft place whereon to let himself fall, and get out of the ministerial domicile. It is clear that he only bides his time, but he is acute enough to know that without some terrible crisis, he will not be able to obtain that full and unbiassed control which is necessary for a vigorous policy in the existing state of affairs. In a period of war, a minister is chained to the heels of his general, and of course, if some signal success were to shine on Lord Raglan, (and he has had wonderful luck,) the ministry might hobble on for a time; but Lord Raglan has not the genius to save it, and a pamphlet just published by Sir Howard Douglas, an old officer of great experience, has dissected the whole Crimea expedition in a manner which has made a profound sensation on the public mind, and gone far to convince it that the attack on Sebastopol, from first to last, has been and continues to be a repetition of the knight of La Mancha's charge on the windmills. The brilliant exploit at Alma he declares but weakened the army, the famous flank movement to the South an egregious error, and that our efforts should have been, with the inadequate means at our disposal, confined to the north, and to cutting off the enemy's communication with Perekop. He says:—"Let Eupatoria instead of Balaklava be selected as the base of operations—let the relieving or observing army be driven out of the Crimea—and this will require 200,000 men, and then Sebastopol may be invested, and will obey the action of those laws which render the fall of besieged places after a certain time inevitable."

Some amusement has been created by the autograph letter of the Queen of England, forwarded by Mr. Sidney Herbert to the Crimea. The truth is the British monarchical puppet is placed such a dreadful way off from the poor clay which composes the people that any little theatrical emanation of this kind is not calculated to make that sentimental impression which the exalted class partaining to the War Secretary supposes. You cannot keep a people in brutal ignorance—you cannot deny them all rational relaxation—you cannot order them to union jails, called workhouses, when labor is denied them—you cannot cast them ashore under the cold shade of aristocracy—you cannot leave them to flounder in the mud, to die in trenches, waste with disease, to chill uncovered in the wintry night's blast, pay them for their pains a shilling a day, and expect them to go mad with enthusiasm at a few dramatic words which a little woman, once in a decade, chooses to write about them. The truth is, nobody knows anything about the Queen of England out of her own circle. In the Isle of Wight, which she is most fond of making her home, she is despised for the invariable parsimony which pervades the royal household, and is supposed generally to be so devoted to her own nursery duties that she has little care or feeling for anything beyond that circle. As to being a mother of her people, she has never before made any pretence to such character, and from the day of her marriage till this moment she has been to the people of England a political dummy. Prince Albert is thought to be a man of considerable tact and prudence, but his German origin, in spite of himself, biases and finally drags him down. His patronage of the arts, which he is anxious should be his chief title to renown, is shorn of half its glory by the shabbiness of his remuneration, and we ourselves once knew a young man by the name of Morrison, famous for his delineations of interiors—the artistical manner in which he could design, not only the architectural shape, but the contents of a room—who used to be continually sent for to Windsor, and who found the pay of three guineas a day so utterly inadequate to the expenses he was obliged to incur, and the interruptions it caused to his more lucrative works, that, notwithstanding the importance of the patronage, he was obliged to throw up the employment.

UNIVERSITY CLUB.

Our Berlin Correspondence.

BERLIN, Jan 9, 1855.

Germany Drifting Towards a Great Crisis—Prussia Outmanuvered by Austria—Difficult and Anxious Position of the Former—Feeling of the Prussian Population in Favor of the Allies—Their Real Impressions with Regard to the War—Frederick William and his Hopes and Fears—The Campaign in the Crimea.

The year 1854, signalized by the commencement of one of the most sanguinary and ruinous wars that have ever desolated Europe, has found and left Prussia, and, indeed, all Germany, in a state of apparent tranquillity and external repose. True, we have a numerous army on foot; but a strong military force is always required by European governments, not so much to protect them from the attacks of their neighbors, as to permit any too exuberant demonstrations of loyalty on the part of their own subjects. True, the taxes are being raised, and a loan of thirty millions of thalers has been granted by that most accommodating body, the Prussian Chambers; but, then, one can never have too much money, and at any rate it is more advisable to borrow when you have credit than to wait till you have none. It cannot be denied that our faithful ally, the Emperor of Austria, has joined the coalition against our less faithful ally, the Emperor of all the Russias, and is urging us to follow his example; but then the Vienna conferences have been resumed. Lord Westmoreland has sent his card to Prince Gortschakoff, and the Czar has intimated his willingness to listen to any overtures not derogatory to the dignity or injurious to the welfare of his empire.

In spite of these favorable symptoms, however, it is evident that we are "drifting" towards a mighty crisis, that the neutrality which Prussia has hitherto so strenuously endeavored to preserve, is becoming more and more untenable, and that she will, at no distant period, be called upon to take an active part in the struggle, of which she has so long been an idle spectator. The fact is, that during the whole course of the negotiations that have been "dragging their slow length along" for the last twelve months, she has been regularly out-manœuvred by Austria and forced by degrees out of all the positions in which she attempted to entrench herself. First, she refused to accede to the protocol of April, by which Austria was to supersede Russia in the occupation of the Principalities; then, after this had become a *fait accompli*, she agreed to assist Austria in case of an attack upon the dominions of that Power by Russia, but refused to extend her co-operation to the defence of Moldavia and Wallachia; and finally, when the superior adroitness of the Austrian diplomatists had succeeded in wringing from her a reluctant consent to the proposal she had just rejected, the Cabinet of Vienna turned round and concluded a treaty with the Western Powers, which, though for the present restricted to the defensive, can hardly fail, sooner or later, to involve Austria in open hostilities with the colossus of the North. Now, Prussia is bound by treaty to stand by Austria in case of need; if, therefore, Austria should commence hostilities against Russia and find herself threatened by a Muscovite army on any part of her extensive frontier, ill guarded as it is by the affections of her subjects, she has right to invoke the assistance of Prussia, and the latter would have no alternative but either to refuse point blank, and thus draw upon herself the vengeance of the allied Powers, or to join the general crusade against Russia, and expose herself to the no less formidable anger of the Czar.

If the people, and not the government, had to decide, the issue would not be for a moment doubtful. Mr. Cobden's assertion, that nineteen twentieths of the inhabitants of Prussia approved of the line of policy adopted by their rulers and were averse to war, shows the honorable gentleman to be completely ignorant of the real state of public opinion in this country; on the contrary, a war, and more especially a war with Russia, is looked forward to by a great majority of the German nation as the bloody inauguration of a new and happier era, and a relief from the intolerable yoke they are now groaning under. They know that the lamentable miscarriage of the revolution of 1848 was chiefly owing to the interference of Russia; that it was the assurance of Russian support that inspired Frederick William with courage to dissolve the Legislative Assembly of Prussia and expel the representatives of the nation from the Hall of Sessions at the point of the bayonet; that it was the iron arm of the Russian autocrat that arrested the fall of the detested house of Hapsburg and fixed its boyish scion on a throne cemented with the blood of his people. Russia has long stood between them and liberty; is it to be wondered at that they are anxious for her overthrow? They are well aware that the present war is not immediately connected with the cause of freedom; that it is carried on by the man who has crushed the Roman, and betrayed the French republic, who rules over one of the most intelligent nations of Europe with more than Russian despotism, and who has just entered into close alliance with the oppressors of Hungary and Italy. But they are persuaded, and justly so, that the war, if successful, will produce much greater results than those contemplated by its originators, and that the annihilation of Muscovite influence will eventually lead to a radical change in the aspect of Europe. The sway of Louis Napoleon is of too ephemeral a nature to offer any permanent obstruction to the progress of liberty, and Austria, despised and abhorred by all parties, will find her diplomatic wiles ineffective in averting the doom that is ready to overtake her. If Russia succumbs, or is permanently estranged from the other despotic powers, the triumph of the people only remains a question of time.

It is an uneasy consciousness of this state of the public mind that has given rise to the vacillating and ambiguous policy pursued by the Prussian monarch and his advisers, throughout the various phases of the great Oriental embroilment. There can be very little doubt that Frederick William would be happy to espouse the cause of the Czar, to whom he is bound by the ties of interest and consanguinity, if he were not afraid of awakening a burst of indignation that would shake his monarchy to its foundation. He remembers the "Ides of March," and stands in salutary awe of their renewance, while his brother, the Prince of Prussia, though naturally of a more imperious and arbitrary character than the King himself, has had his fears excited to such a pitch that he is trying to conciliate the popular voice by declaring ostentatiously in favor of an alliance with the West, and displaying a determined hostility to Russia. Other members of the royal family, less prudent or more courageous, make no secret of their Muscovite predilections, and trust to the fidelity of the army for keeping down any revolutionary movement. One day the anti-Russian party get the upper hand, and government appears ready to yield to the "pressure from without;" the next, M. de Budberg (the Russian ambassador) demands an audience of the King, his representations are backed by the remonstrances of Prince Charles and General Gerlach, and Prussia falls back upon her old system of temporizing, and "halting between two opinions."

Had the expedition to Sebastopol met with prompt and decided success, it would no doubt have put an end to all hesitation, and scattered the scrupies of the Prussian monarch to the four winds of heaven. Frederick William is no Cato, and he would not have persisted in adhering to a cause which the gods had deserted. But in the present situation of the allies, there is no very powerful incentive for him to court their friendship. The immense resources and unflinching energy displayed by Russia have revived his admiration of the Czar, and he is probably not without hopes that the great abilities of Nicholas will enable him to emerge unscathed from the terrible struggle he is engaged in, and force his antagonists to patch up a hasty and ignominious peace. I cannot help thinking his Prussian Majesty is mistaken, although the last accounts from Vienna certainly look rather suspicious. It appears that negotiations have actually been entered into with the Russian plenipotentiary, and it is not difficult to foresee to whose advantage they will turn out. But no arrangement that would be satisfactory to Russia can be otherwise than disgraceful to France and England; and after the incredible exertions these two Powers have made and are still making to prosecute the war, it seems impossible that they should consent to terms that would leave the enemy unimpaired in strength, and ready to resume his ambitious plans at the first favorable opportunity.

We have reports from the Crimea up to the 30th ult., which, however, are only of negative importance. By that time the allied army will be 150,000, and the Russians probably 120,000 men strong, for the assurances of the *Moniteur* that the state of the roads will prevent Menschikoff from being joined by any fresh troops, are mere *pia desiderata*. There is a very good post road from Perekop to Sympheropol, and it is a fact that two divisions of infantry, under Generals Popoff and Lissenko, have arrived there since the battle of Inkermann, and that a third is on its march from Odessa. In a week or two, therefore, the tug of war is likely to re-commence in dead earnest.

A. B.

Our Paris Correspondence.

PARIS, Jan. 11, 1855.

The Weather—The Rhinoceros Dead—The Emperor of Russia Showing the White Feather—Point of Difference between England and her French Imperial Ally—Lord John Russell—Napoleonic Features—His Imerial and Apostolical Majesty of Austria—The Frowning Face of the Czar—The Grand Dukes—Degradation of Officers of the Eastern Army—The Effective Force of the French Army.

A cold bright day has broken the spell of mild, damp weather which has lately prevailed in Paris. The winter here has thus far been less inclement than usual; but rains, and fogs and mud have made it sufficiently disagreeable. One more foreign victim to the climate of Paris must now be counted—for the rhinoceros is dead. Two months sickness have at last ended the vain attempt during five years past to acclimate this interesting monster at the Garden of Plants. But the hippopotamus still survives there. The arrival of a female hippopotamus, or rather, I suppose, of a hippopotama, is daily expected to relieve his solitude and divert the good people of Paris from reflecting too much upon the accumulation of the national debt, (swollen by two freshets in the shape of loans, the first of 250,000; the second of 500,000, in less than a twelve months,) the fresh contingents required for the army—the uncertainties of Austrian, Prussian and German policy—the discouraging accounts from the Crimea—and all the sober realities, no spectral shapes, evoked by the fatal Eastern Question.

Yesterday the Paris journals announced as the capital fact of the week the arrival of despatches from Vienna remarkable for their pacific tendency. The rumor of a special alliance between France and Austria altogether independent of that based on the triple treaty of the 2d of December, has occasioned less uneasiness here than in England. The Emperor, after reflecting, as is his wont, upon the propositions deliberated in solemn council about a month ago, at the suggestion, perhaps, of the English cabinet, as to whether any modifications of the constitution in a liberal sense were advisable, has probably come to the conclusion that whatever might be the advantages of an alliance with liberty and revolution, these would be counterbalanced by their perils. He prefers, doubtless, at least for the present, to maintain Europe in the classical condition of a war between government and government. In an alliance with the Austrian Emperor for the mutual conservation of the limits of their territorial possessions, he consults less the interests of England than his own. England and he, it is obviously, have not precisely the same game to play.

I do not imagine for a moment that the English government is more solicious than the French Emperor for liberty in itself; but is is undeniable that England would gladly profit in the struggle in which she is engaged by the forces which liberty might bring to its aid.

On this point you may be sure there is a real difference between the two allies, which gives serious apprehensions to the statesmen of England. England is uneasy at finding herself less the ally of France (of the French), than of their Emperor.

While the journals are full of conjectures as to the anticipated Ministerial changes in the English cabinet, Lord John Russell has arrived in Paris and been received at the Tuileries. It is not likely that he will alter the predilections of Napoleon III. for his Imperial and Apostolical Majesty of Austria, to whom he has just sent the Grand Order of the Legion of Honor, in return for the order of St Stephen lately bestowed upon him by his loving cousin.

Have you heard that a more intimate cousinship than that of political conventionalism, or "connections by marriage," has been suggested, as existing between the two monarchs. Not long since, it is said, a portrait of the Emperor Joseph was being examined by a group of persons at the Tuileries, when a certain high personage suddenly asked, "Do you not notice the Napoleonic lines in this fine countenance?" "Why, yes;" exclaimed an outspoken princess—"how much he looks like the Duke of Reichstaut." You must not be surprised then if the heart of the Emperor of the French warms towards the young and chivalric Emperor of Austria.

Meanwhile the Czar wears rather a frowning face for his young cousin, as well as his *bon ami*. If it proves true that the Austrian Ambassador actually left St. Petersburg on the 3d, the tokens of the Czar's manifesto which he proclaims "sword in hand and cross in heart" of his prodigious and unceasing preparations to continue the war with relentless vigor—are unmistakeable. It will be difficult for the most sanguine believers in the efficacy of diplomacy to unravel the gordian knot which the sword has thus far failed to cut. It will be difficult for them "to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace."

The Grand Dukes who had visited their sick mother, the Empress, at Gatchina—where, it is said, her health is improving of late—were to return without long delay to Sebastopol. Thus far they have been less unfortunate than the two allied invalid Princes at Constantinople.

The degradation of Suliman Pacha, commander of the Ottoman troops at the affair of Balaklava, and of Halet Bey, who commanded the second brigade of the same division, and their condemnation to serve for seven years as rowers on the galleys of the Sultan, have produced a deep and salutary impression on the Turkish army. Their punishment cannot, however, be more severe than the laceration which public opinion in Europe would inflict upon the names of any similar culprits in the allied army.

The effective force of the French army was estimated, you remember, by the Emperor, at the recent opening of the Legislative Session, as high as 581,000. A slight calculation would suffice to show that this is a very liberal figure. I have seen an elaborate statement, according to which the effective force of the army amounted, on the 1st of December last, to scarcely 540,000. By the law of 1831, or of recruitment, the term of military service endures seven years, which is the same as to say that the army is composed of men taken from seven contingents. Legislative debates and the reports of ministers of war have shown the necessity of an annual contingent of 80,000, in order to supply an army of 500,000.

Such is the theory. Now look at the practice.

In 1840 the seven contingents were called out, making an effective of 496,000.

In 1848 the same operation was made; the effective amounted to 516,000.

In the year 1854 the army was composed of six contingents of 80,000 men, for 1847, '48, '49, '50, '51, '52, and one contingent of 140,000 men for 1853.

This augmentation of 60,000, the contingent being carried from 80,000 to 140,000, would make it seem, at first sight, that the effective force actually amounts to 570,000, which, after all, is not 581,000.

But if you successively deduct from this nominal number of 570,000, the difference between the 20,000 volunteers of 1848 and the hardly 10,000 of 1854—that is, 10,000—you have 560,000; then the 6,000 conscripts which the navy received from the contingent to the detriment of the army—that is, 6,000 more in 1854 than in 1848—you have 554,000; the loss by the ravages of cholera at least 4,000, you have 550,000; then the notable deficit of conscripts, at least 4,000 again, you have still 546,000.

But deduct, finally, the moderate sum of 10,000 for the actual losses that the army of the East has suffered by the sword and fire of the enemy, by cholera, by excessive fatigue, by maladies of all kinds, and you have left only an effective force of 536,000. Quite a sufficient quantity of food for powder, but 45,000 less than 581,000.

FIGARO.

THE WAR.

FACTS AND SPECULATIONS.

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE ASPECT OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH CAMPS.

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 signposts 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 being 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 partially taken from demolished Tartar huts, and the smoke of their chimneys curls up pleasantly in the air. Under these circumstances there is much more 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 during 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 his wounds, is to be seen daily in the camp, but General Bosquet is the favorite of the men. The Turkish camp, which is next to the French, offers a miserable aspect, dirt, torn tents, uniforms which can scarcely be recognized as uniforms, and soldiers that can scarcely be taken for soldiers. Nevertheless they squat down quietly in the mud, and smoke their pipes with complacency. We have already said so much respecting the English camps that we shall only give the description of our friend in a few words:—"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 carcases. Officers and men are so badly off for clothes that they 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 *disjecta 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 Sebastopol 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 Général*," from all quarters.

THE LADIES OF THE EXPEDITION.

Of all the ladies who accompanied or joined the expeditionary army only one remains, namely—Mrs. Duberley, wife of the paymaster of the 11th Hussars, who is quartered at Balaklava, and with whom she may be occasionally seen riding or walking. The aspect of this lady is now grave, though she was in England very fond of the gaieties of life. Many of the wives left at Malta, Therapia, Pera, &c., have been made widows by war and climate. This reminds me of an affecting anecdote that was related to me by a witness to it concerning a youthful dragoon officer's death. He was fearfully wounded in the cavalry action, and lay unhorsed and deeply groaning, when he requested some one near him not to conceive that he was groaning from "any want of pluck," but that the pain was so intense he really could not help it—that he knew he was dying, and begged that a lock of his hair might be at once cut off and sent, with his love, to his mother. This was done, and was the last that was seen of him alive. There was at that critical moment no time for further parley.

ECCENTRICITIES OF SEBASTOPOL WEATHER.

Since I last wrote (at which time we had two days of almost summer weather) we have had all sorts of eccentric atmospheric changes—bitter cold, followed by comparative heat—sunshine and hail—snow and rain; the whole interspersed with various modifications of wind, from a gentle breeze to a severe gale. These sudden changes are most remarkable: morning will gradually reveal to us a glorious sunrise, when the evening of the same day will find us enveloped in thick murky mist, out of which will spring hurricane and rain. While I am writing the aspect of the heights is as chill and miserable as any Russian can possibly desire. Fogs blow up in quick succession from the castellated crags below. It is difficult to walk upon the soft yielding mud around us, and heavy falls of rain and tremendous gusts of wind have it all their own way. Such heavy masses of falling rain as came down upon us last night I never saw exceeded, even in the tropics. —*Times' Correspondent.*

THE COURTESIES OF WAR.

About ten days ago a servant, with his master's baggage, both just arrived from England, lost his way when proceeding with it from Balaklava, to where the regiment was located, and found himself unexpectedly in the Russian army, and close to General Liprandi's tent. The General had the portmanteau opened in his presence, and taking out all documents and letters, sent them, unopened, by the servant, with a note to the owner, Mr. Chichester, of the 97th, stating what had happened, and that the rest of his property had, of course, been disposed of according to the custom of war. This strikes me as being most civilized and gentlemanlike conduct. It is more than we have done, or I am disposed to think, would do.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE AUSTRIAN AND RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE FRONTIER OF POLAND.

We read in a Hamburg letter of the 6th instant, published by the *Indépendance Belge*:—"It appears, from recent and authentic accounts, that the Austrian force quartered at Cracow and its neighborhood amounts to 52,000 men of all arms, with 68 pieces of artillery, divided into four parks, sufficiently near each other to be re-united in four or five days. According to the report of an eye witness, that artillery will not be as serviceable as might be desired, for want of strong horses, should it be obliged to take the field immediately. The Austrian *corp d'armée* is in communication with that of Lemberg, consisting of 42,000 men, and which can effect its junction with that of Cracow without any great difficulty, or with that of Gallicia, as circumstances may require. Those Austrian troops have in front of them the Russian army commanded by General Panlutin, and the first corps of infantry, under the orders of General Siewers, whose headquarters are at Radom, on the right bank of the Vistula. In virtue of an imperial rescript, dated the 25th of December, the command of General Siewers is to extend to the provinces of Livonia and Courland. We can now appreciate with a certain degree of accuracy the different positions of the Russian army assembled for the last three months in Poland. Its main force is concentrated in the triangle formed on the right bank of the Vistula, by Wilna, Grodno and Warsaw, which serves, and will always serve, as the principal point d'appui of the army of operation. With the exception of a few regiments of Russian cavalry, scattered over the country, the left bank remains without troops. Prussia, consequently, has little to fear on the side of her Polish frontiers. Another important point for the Russian army in Poland is the military line established by Marshal Paskiewitch between Zamosc and Reni, and of which Kiew is the principal key. When the Emperor Nicholas decreed the formation of a new army in Poland, I wrote to you that the Russian engineering department had received orders to complete with all possible haste the fortifications of this last place, which is now provided with an immense materiel, and in a formidable state of defence. In its vicinity is an intrenched camp, sufficiently spacious to shelter an entire army. It is evident that, in choosing this line for the basis of his first operations, the general in-chief of the Russian army will be able to direct them with security, and extend them at pleasure, on both banks of the Vistula."

CAMP PRICES AND LUXURIES.

We read in a letter from a sub-officer of the French Engineers before Sebastopol:—"I will give you an idea of the manner in which we live. If we wish to procure anything beyond the ordinary rations we must pay 2fr. a litre for wine, 70c. the kilogramme for haricots, 90c. the kilo. for potatoes, 4fr. a kilo. sugar, and 2fr. for a wax candle. As for other things, they are beyond reason. As to our kitchen, it is a kind of hut built with dry stones and covered with our camp sacks. It is so low that we can scarcely stand upright in it, and it is here that we have all our recreations and our gossip. The rain comes through the roof as through a sieve, and in the morning the place is like a swamp. Fortunately, we eat well, are young and in good health, and have bomb-proof patience."

THE FRENCH FLOATING BATTERIES.

The following, says the *Courrier du Havre*, is a correct description of one of the floating batteries, called the Devastation, now in course of construction at Cherbourg:—As the object is to make it capable of resisting the most furious fire, no attempt has been made to gain beauty at the expense of solidity, and the consequence is that in appearance it is very like the huge barges which ply on the Seine between Havre and Rouen. It is entirely flat bottomed, so as to draw but little water, even after receiving heavy artillery. It is 51 yards long and 14 wide, and will be armed with 16 guns of 50. Its sides are of the extraordinary thickness of nearly 13 inches, and they are to be covered with sheets of iron nearly four inches thick. The ribs are from 13¾ to 15¾ inches thick, and are placed very close together. The battery will be supplied with a screw of 150 horse power, and will be covered over. Its powers of destruction will be very formidable; it will, in fact, be a floating fort. The Devastation will, it is expected, not be terminated before the end of February.

PROFESSIONAL ESTIMATE OF THE QUALITIES OF THE RUSSIAN AND ALLIED TROOPS.

The battles of the Alma and Inkermann and the siege of Sebastopol have enabled us to study the Russian army employed in the Crimea. Although this army is partly composed of troops from the Danube and the Caucasus, it is clumsy, not easily handled, and manœuvres badly in presence of an enterprising enemy. Its generals always place it for bivouack, as in a field of battle, in great masses, and they do not know how to deploy it after an attack, nor when to make it resist in a thin line. The Russian infantry is very badly armed. Some companies only have carbines made at Liege; the muskets, only recently transformed, badly kept, and with butt ends in white wood do not last long in a campaign. This infantry will never attain the level of the French infantry, which is really the first in the world for making war in woody or hilly countries, where the general in chief leaves a great deal to the initiative of the soldiers and to the chiefs of corps and battalions. In the defensive the preference must be given to the English infantry, who, under the fire of the enemy, rest immovable as a rampart. In a level and exposed country our infantry will have to modify its manner of combating, and to resume its old one. This consists in employing compact or thin order, (*épais ou mince*,) but it can only be employed with intelligent and experienced troops. Its superiority in arms and intelligence will, however, always give to our infantry the advantage over the Russian infantry, which will always lose half its value when obliged to change its place rapidly. On the Alma entire Russian battalions took to flight in surprise at the Zouaves' way of fighting, they having advanced on them in large bodies deployed, having taken advantage of all the accidents of the ground to shelter themselves and to rally, and having made against the masses a terrible use of the peculiar arms confided to their skill. At Inkermann, in the upper part of the battle-field, and on the line of the English, the Russian infantry bravely attacked the enemy, but did not know how to deploy its masses so as to bring more muskets into play, and when the French attacked their left flank entire battalions did not know how to change their position. The first ranks bravely resisted, but the following ranks fired in presenting arms. Surprised afterwards by the sharp attack of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, masses of men, instead of effecting their retreat by the crests of the hills, descended slowly to the lower parts of the ground and the ravines, where they allowed themselves to be crushed almost without defence by from 1,000 to 1,200 French. The English have so well understood the advantages which troops would have in attacking either artillery or masses of infantry, in woody or hilly countries, while preserving the order deployed by the first line, that at Inkermann they did not deploy the order in columns, which caused them to lose so great a number of men on the Alma. On the Alma the Russian cavalry was worse than timid; not a charge did it attempt. At Inkermann the nature of the ground prevented it from taking part in the affair. At Balaklava it did not dare to await the charge of two squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique. The famous Cossacks have, in fact, never attempted, even in the plain, to carry off our advanced posts or the marauders who pass our lines; but it is said that this cavalry is but little esteemed, even in Russia. As a set off to this, the Russians really possess a great superiority both over the French and the English, and especially over the French, in their artillery. The Empe or Nicholas—in, no doubt, the expectation of a war against all the nations of the south of Europe—occupied himself a good deal with that arm, which has made great progress since the wars at the beginning of the century. The cannon are of a large calibre; the carriages and caissons well made and easily moved; the artillerymen are brave and accustomed to their service; the officers know perfectly well how to choose offensive and defensive positions; they occupy them with boldness, hold them a long time, and know how to leave them without leaving their guns.—*Paris Constitutionnel.*

MISS NIGHTINGALE AND THE NURSING DEPARTMENT OF THE EXPEDITION—RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS AMONGST "THE MINISTERING ANGELS."

The last batch of sisters and nurses, sent out under the charge of Miss Stanley, are still at Therapia, but after considerable negotiation an arrangement has been come to by which about 20 of them are to be employed here. One half come in as additional hands, the other to supply vacancies which from one cause or other have arisen in the staff which Miss Nightingale brought out with her. While the good which the nurses have done is incalculable, and admitted by every one, the success of the experiment as a feature of the medical department of the army on war service cannot be considered as decisively established until certain religious dissensions which have arisen are set at rest. Among those whose services Miss Nightingale has dispensed with are five white-veiled nuns, whose previous convent lives had not sufficiently qualified them for the duties of nursing. Their removal has given umbrage to the Roman Catholic chaplains. At the same time some of the Sellon party have not been found as efficient as was deemed desirable, and in the effort to organize a good band of nurses out of the material supplied by an outburst of zeal and devotion at home, there is some danger of the whole undertaking coming to an abrupt conclusion. Miss Nightingale is quite right in endeavoring to put her establishment upon a proper business-like footing; but doing so thus early will, I fear, make her a good number of enemies. Whether she succeeds or fails, she has at least the satisfaction of knowing that she has already done an incalculable amount of good, and that for two months, when there was no one else to act, she has been the real purveyor of these vast establishments, providing what could not be obtained through the regular channels of the service, and especially from her extra kitchen supplying comforts without which many a poor fellow would have died. Her name and benevolent services are the theme of frequent and grateful praise among the men in the trenches, and she has made the Barrack Hospital so comfortable, that the convalescents begin to show a decided reluctance to leave it.

PRESENT ASPECT OF BALAKLAVA.

The harbor of Balaklava is now like the basin of the London Docks, so crowded is it with shipping of all kinds; and from every one of these vessels, at all times of the day, supplies are being constantly landed. Along a flat, dirty causeway, rather beneath the level of the harbor, are boats and barges of all kinds, laden with biscuit, barrels of beef, pork, rum, bales of winter clothing, siege guns, boxes of Minié ammunition, piles of shell, trusses of hay, and sacks of barley and potatoes. These are landed in the wet, and stacked in the mud, until all the provisions that will spoil are sufficiently impregnated with both to be fit for issuing to the men. The motley crowd that is perpetually wading among these piles of uneatable eatables is something beyond prescription. The very ragged, gaunt, hungry-looking men, with matted beard and moustachios, features grimed with dirt, and torn great coats stiff with successive layers of mud—these men whose whole appearance speaks toil and suffering, and who instantly remind you of the very lowest and most impoverished class of Irish peasantry—are the picked soldiers from our different foot regiments, strong men selected to carry up provisions for the rest of the camp. Mixed with these are about two hundred horsemen, whose lank, feeble steeds, covered with huge "raws," seem barely able to move about with their riders through the thick, tenacious mud. The horsemen themselves are all pretty much alike—that is, they are all ragged and all muddy, yet on examining these men closely, you perceive that some have dingy brass helmets on their heads, others the small Scotch cap of the "Greys;" the remnants of red trousers indicate a hussar; while a head dress curiously misshapen discovers a lancer. From all these facts you suddenly rise to the conclusion that the queer looking *corège* is cavalry, or, rather, all that remains of the nine fine regiments which two months ago landed in the Crimea.

THE ALLIES SPOLIATORS OF CHURCHES.

The Russian newspaper called the *Journal of Odessa* publishes extracts of a letter from a resident at Livadia, one of the most lovely spots in the Crimea, describing the devastation of Count Poloski's villa during the descent at Yalta. The writer says:—"Urged by a presentiment of danger, we had packed up and buried all the most valuable contents of the houses, such as silver plate, jewelry, marbles, vases, antique busts, costly paintings, tea services, and lamps. We had also provided for the safety of the contents of the church, leaving, indeed, nothing but the bare walls. This, I repeat, was extremely fortunate; for, when the enemy came off from Yalta, they found scarcely anything to carry off. They, in fact, only got hold of 500 measures of wine, some books from the library, some remains of maccaroni, a few old plates and dishes placed purposely in the cupboards, some brass chandeliers, plated teapots, glasses, and certain utensils which you will excuse my particularizing. They made repeated inquiries after the plate, but nobody told them where it was to be found, although our domestics remained on the estate. You will perhaps inquire how we came to think it necessary to take precautions against the spoliation of the church at Livada. Are not our enemies, though foes, still Christians? Read then what is written, under date of Oct. 8th, from the advanced posts near Eupatoria: "All the villages belonging to private persons in this locality have been ravaged by the enemy. After a sortie from Eupatoria against Aknetchet, the property of Prince Worontzoff, not only was all the district ravaged and the cattle carried off, but the interior of the church was plundered, the holy images broken or stripped, and the chief one which adorned the altar split in many places. As for the people, young and old, they have been beaten and otherwise maltreated at pleasure.

THE CZAR ON STABBING THE FALLEN.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* of Dec. 29 contains the following vindication of the Russian army in the Crimea:—

The English and French press, and even the speeches of public men, have been filled with accusations of cruelty levelled by our adversaries against our brave soldiers in the Crimea. An attempt has been made to diffuse the belief that our troops despatched the wounded as they lay on the ground after the battle. We know that Prince Menschikoff met this odious accusation with the most prompt and energetic denial. We shall confine ourselves here to reminding the world that generosity and compassion are qualities so universally assigned to the Russian people, that writers most hostile to them have never dreamed of calling these in question. Who can believe that the nation which has adopted as a popular saying that beautiful maxim, "never strike a fallen enemy," could render itself guilty of these excesses? Let us, nevertheless, add that if we strenuously repel the accusation sought to be fastened on the whole body of our gallant army, we have no intention whatever of extending this justification to a few isolated facts that may have unfortunately occurred, and which, had they come to the knowledge of the military authorities, would have been checked with the vigor which is characteristic of our discipline. The facts, if they did take place, ought for the rest to be attributed to the exasperation produced in our troops by the conduct of the allied armies. Let us not forget that the Russian soldier is defending his own soil, his hearth audaciously invaded by foreigners allied to the enemies of christianity, by adversaries who respect neither churches, nor convents, nor holy bells, and that these crimes are in his eyes so many deeds of sacrilege that kindle his vengeance. We must not conceal from ourselves the fact that the sacking of the Church of Chersonesus, that ancient temple, witnessed by our soldiers from the bastions of Sebastopol, has justly exasperated them. The resistance of a people attacked in objects most sacred, most dear to its heart, in its religion as well as its homes, often assumes a fierce nature by acquiring proportions that are those of the situation. Besides, why not cite also the conduct of our enemies? Why not say, for instance, that during the battle of the 24th (Nov. 5) the Anglo French sharp-shooters, unable to resist the collision of our bayonets, threw themselves on the ground under the pretence of being wounded, but as soon as our gallant band had passed, stood up again for the purpose of firing bullets at their legs. Acts of this sort, such as we have just instanced, would amply explain the exasperation of the Russian soldier.

For the rest, let us, in finishing, remind our readers that if our adversaries are pleased to accuse us of cruelty, their own prisoners do us better justice. The chiefs of the allied armies have received irrefragable proofs of this truth.

POLITICAL SERMON OF A RUSSIAN PRELATE.

Gen. Sabelski, who commands the second cavalry reserve corps, returned to Odessa on the 18th, and attended the divine service and ceremonial on St. Nicholas's day, in honor of the Emperor. The service was held in the Preobraschenski cathedral, at ten in the morning. The archbishop delivered a discourse, which he concluded with a prayer for the long life of the monarch. As he ceased praying, the guns were heard booming from the coast batteries. The prelate observed that all true subjects saw in their master the elect of God, in whose hands are placed the destinies not merely of Russia, but of the whole world. He also reminded his hearers that Russia once stood as a barrier to shield the West from the inundation of the East, and would now prove the same firm barrier against the flood coming from an opposite direction. The Russian almanacs, he said, would have now to insert the names of Sebastopol and the Crimea by the side of Borodino and Moscow.

FREE AND EASY CHARACTER OF THE ENG