

ed the hours of reliefs, of despatch of ammunition to the trenches, &c., so as to bother the Russian artillerymen, who are generally wont to favor us with a salvo of shot about the time when they expect our waggons and men are moving down. The French are said to have spiked five guns in their rush inside Sebastopol, mentioned by me on the 24th. I mention this in order that you may not be misled by the rumor which has arisen out of this report, to the effect that we have captured five field-pieces. General Semakine is at Tchorgoun (Kamara), which was nearly destroyed by the storm of the 14th. We can see the wrecks of the houses and walls scattered all over the site of the place. The Russians can see the whole of our flank lines tolerably well, and it must make their teeth water to see the never-ending, still-beginning, lines of carts and mules and camels, laden with provisions, sweeping on from morning till night over the muddy routes between Balaklava and the camp. Their corps of observation has moved up the hillsides towards the right of the valley, which had become a mere marsh, and was inundated to the depth of several feet. How they get their supplies is a mystery to us. They must be attenuated, the least of them.

ALLIES OF THE CZAR.—Nov. 27.—Although the men are only left for twelve hours in the trenches at a spell, they suffer considerably from the effects of cold, wet, and exposure. The prevalent diseases are fever, dysentery, and diarrhoea, and in the light division, on which a large share of the labor of the army falls, there were 350 men on the sick list a day or two ago. The men's clothes are threadbare and tattered, and are not fit to resist rain or cold. On dit that all the men will be luted by the 15th of the month, and 15,000 planks have been ordered up to Balaklava for the purpose of constructing sheds and huts. The Firebrand, Stromboli, and other vessels have already arrived with stores of wood for that purpose. Another evil from which the men suffer is one which should at once be remedied.—Before the fight at Alma, and during their fight for dear life and honor up those gory steeps, the soldiers, encumbered by knapsacks, haversacks, and greatcoats, and parched with thirst, threw away their camp kettles, and those who were provident enough to pick them up after the halt again threw them off during the forced march on Balaklava, so that there are very few camp kettles left in the camp. The soldiers consequently have only their "hookey-pots" and small tins to cook in, and are oftentimes deprived of comfortable meals in consequence. Some lard has been sent up there by the gentleman in charge of the funds entrusted to the *Times* for distribution, and though it is not cut up, it has been found most serviceable for the invalids. Mr. Maine, of the 77th, has died of fever. The marines for duty in the trenches attached to the Light Division have had plenty of hard work and have endured their full proportion of labor and sickness. They originally consisted of 300 men; they now muster about 200 men. The officers commanding them are Captains Hopkins, Timpson, and Blythe, and Lieutenants Curry, Pyn, Woodriddle, and Napier. On the heights over Balaklava are stationed the great bulk of the marines and the marine artillerymen belonging to the fleet. With the exception of a few steamers, every ship in the fleet has landed her marines, officers and men, and they formed a fine and efficient corps of 2,000 strong, now somewhat weakened by sickness. They are under the command of Colonel Hurdle.—The second in command is Colonel Fraser, who has just arrived out here from England, and all the officers in the fleet, save two or three, are with the men. The naval brigade has been much strengthened, and there are now 1,200 tars borne on the books of the Diamond, to which the sailors of the Brigade are supposed to belong. The new battery, the guns of which will be worked principally by sailors, is finished, and it only remains to pierce the parapets with embrasures. It is a fleche, and will contain twenty-six pieces of very heavy metal. The right side of the fleche commands the Inkerman road and battery; the left side sweeps the head of Inkerman Creek and commands the shipping, which will now be driven down towards Dockyard Creek. The position of this battery is on a knoll to the right, and in advance of our Lancaster and 68-pounder battery, which stands on the extreme right, and in the rear of the right attack. Why was not it made before? The French have now thrown out their picquets in advance of our posts towards the Valley of Inkerman. There is a story going that one of the French batteries on the left was fixed on the site of the practice butts of the Russian gunners—an unpleasant reason for the accuracy of their fire on the guns and magazines of our noble Allies. The Wasp is going home to England; she is in an unserviceable condition, and the Diamond, which lies alongside her at the top of the harbor, has been deprived of her guns; but I take it for granted that some ship of war will be placed in position at the head of Balaklava, so as to sweep the neck of the valley towards the Russians. There was a Polish deserter came in to-day with a strange story. He says that on the 25th, the Grand Duke Michael, reviewed a strong force of Russians (as he stated, of 12,000 men, but no reliance can be placed on the assertions of men of this class, with regard to the numbers of a force of any magnitude), and that he addressed them in a spirited speech, in which he appealed to all their passions and prejudices to exert every energy in their forthcoming effort to drive the heretics out of Balaklava into the sea. At the conclusion of this harangue the Grand Duke distributed a sum of money to the troops—two silver roubles to each private, and so on in proportion. The attack was to have been made on the 26th of November, but in consequence of the great fall of rain it was postponed to the night of the 27th. The 9th Regiment, which has just arrived, has been ordered to remain in quarters, and under canvas near the town.

I have had a look at the Russians on the hills, and assuredly there is no sign of their moving. They could not get a single gun down the hill or along the valley, their cavalry would be utterly useless in such ground; their infantry are spread over the country gathering timber for huts, and they can have no communication with Sebastopol by the Inkerman causeway, and must go round by the Upper or north road.

GLOOMY PROSPECTS.—Nov. 28.—The siege is practically suspended, and the most we do is to defend the trenches at night, and to return shot for shot whenever the enemy fire. Of course, as the cessation of the fire of our batteries allows the besieged, or rather the partially-invested force in possession of the town to do as they please, the Russians very wisely go to work to increase their internal defences, and they are said to have constructed street batteries on a large scale; but I own that, except at two points, I am not able to discover them. We have plenty of ammunition, but our guns are shaken by the continued firing, and the vents are blown to such a size that a man could put his thumb into them, the aperture being at the same time irregular and jagged. The Russians during the day do not fire more than a gun every five minutes. Sometimes the fire is quicker. Sometimes they do not send a shot oftener than once in a quarter of an hour. As the puff of smoke curls out of the embrasure, the lookout man in the battery cries, "Tower," or "Redan," or "Garden-Battery;" and when the iron messenger, whistling and roaring through the air, has thrown up a cloud of earth, and bounded away up the hill side bang goes an answering gun from one of the batteries opposite the work which has roused up our artillerymen. The fire on the French is, however, much more lively, and is kept up with some effect on their earthworks and parallels. Every night, (generally about 9 o'clock) the Flag-staff batteries, Quarantine batteries, and Wall batteries, open a furious cannonade, which lasts for from 20 minutes to 45 minutes, as hard as the men can load the guns, right into the French lines, and then follows instantly, as a matter of course, a sally, the result of which is invariable. The Russians push a strong column out of the place, rush towards the first line, drive in the pickets and riflemen, get up to the first parallel—sometimes into it—occasionally beyond it, and close to the second parallel are received as they advance by the covering parties with a deadly fire, halt and fire in return, are charged by the French, who rout and pursue them into the town, but who are obliged to retire by the flank fire of the batteries and by the mitraille of the street guns. In this way the French lose 40 or 50 men now and then, but the loss of the Russians in these sorties must be very considerable. Frequently, about daybreak in the morning, the Russians repeat the performances of the previous evening, but are not permitted to come so close.

Nov. 29.—A storm of wind and rain; the camp miserable to a degree, and Balaklava intolerable.—The heavy mortars with which the Golden Fleece was laden, have been landed, but there is no chance of moving them, or the new guns and ammunition on the wharf. The sailors' camp has been moved further towards the right and front, but the change is scarcely for the better, and the mud lies a foot deep all over the place—trying work for man and beast, particularly with short commons. By-the-by, Jack is becoming a great horseman, and his fondness for equestrian exercise, sometimes induces him to appropriate animals to which he is not entitled by the rules of the service, or by any other rules, except those laid down by his Imperial Majesty the Czar for the seizure of "material guarantees." As a friend who came to see me some time ago remarked on going through the camps, "It appears to me that the infantry are better mounted than the cavalry, and the sailors have the pick of the cavalry horses." Jack has become, in fact, a victim to the peculiar fascination exercised by the equine race over all who come in close contact with them, and has lost sight of the distinction between yours and mine completely.—Whenever an officer loses his horse he sends order to the sailors' camp for it, and there he is tolerably sure to find it. I suppose one must still head one's letter "Siege of Sebastopol," but really and truly there is no siege of the place whatever, and all this delay increases the difficulty which was caused by our original neglect and indifference towards the formidable works which we permitted the Russians to throw up with impunity, and which have converted Sebastopol into one of the most formidable defensive positions the world ever saw. If we had men enough to do it effectually, perhaps the best plan of reducing the place would be to descend into the valley, administer a sound beating to prince Menschikoff and General Liprandi, and drive them out of the field, and then quietly draw a cordon round the place, enclosing forts, citadels, earthworks, and batteries from Belbek to Balaklava. How many men would do this? Perhaps 120,000 would be sufficient. This plan suggests itself to everyone, and certainly something very like it must be done before Sebastopol falls. Our right attacks are now pushed on towards Inkerman, and command the end of the harbor, but the frigates have all got away and gone round under a point near Fort Constantine and it may be a fortnight before certain important batteries are armed, so that we have missed our prey afloat, and have done but little in closing the south-eastern entrance of the place. The French redoubt on our extreme right, however, commands the causeway completely, and our new batteries will no doubt force the Russians to draw all their supplies from the northern side of the place.

SEBASTOPOL STRONGER THAN EVER.—In order that people at home may know what they have to expect when Sebastopol falls, should it be taken by assault. It may be as well to tell them that the Russians, availing themselves of our inactivity and silence, have fortified Sebastopol four-fold within the

last ten days. They have scarpred the ground in front of all their batteries; they have also constructed a strong abattis, in front of all their lines—a most formidable obstacle to the progress of attacking columns. They have thrown up earthworks and mounted guns on every available point, and they have sunken batteries before all their redoubts and before the Round Tower, as well as along the scarps of the slopes.

THE SOLDIERS' ON SHORT ALLOWANCE.—The army is suffering greatly; worn out by night work, by vigil in rain and storm, by hard labor in the trenches, they find themselves suddenly reduced to short allowance, and the excellent and ample rations they had been in the habit of receiving cut off or miserably reduced. For nine days there has been, with very few exceptions, no issue of tea, coffee, or sugar, to the troops. These, however, are luxuries—not necessities of military life.

CHOLERA.—The cholera, which broke out on the night of the 28th of November, continues its ravages, and we cannot estimate the number of deaths from it and its abettors in the destruction of life lower than 60 per diem. No less than 85 men died the night before last in the camp, according to the statements I have received and believe, and the number of sick men is very large. Among the victims to cholera and fever, within the last few days, were Lieutenant Godfrey, senior Lieutenant of the Rifle Brigade, a young and popular officer; Lieutenant McLachlan, of the Royal Artillery, who was also a great favorite; and two men of the mounted staff corps recently arrived here. Of the Marine officers in the trenches only two are fit for duty. Of the naval lieutenants of the brigade of seamen, amounting to 20, it is stated only five are able to work.

FRANCE BECOMING IMPATIENT.—Yesterday evening a muster of all men in greatcoats and black trousers was ordered throughout the camp, in order to ascertain the number fit for duty. The men are in great hopes that "something will be done" consequent upon this parade. We begin to hear rumors that the French are dissatisfied at their inaction and at our want of co-operation, and these rumors, which circulate among our men freely, show what their feeling is respecting the nature of our proceedings. The French soldiers are fond of declaring that they can get into the place whenever they like and whenever they are permitted. These active little warriors are not satisfied with losing 20 or 30 men a-night in the trenches in repelling the fierce sorties of the Russians. The British soldiers, if asked whether they would prefer a fortnight in the trenches, with the certainty of taking the place, or the chances of a sanguinary assault, would, I am satisfied, almost to a man select the latter course, and so far they and the French agree in their dislike of our dilatory proceedings; but the French are well supplied with provisions, corn and fodder, and neither man nor horse in the French camp suffers from absolute hunger. However, it is generally understood that no assault will take place until forty new guns have been got into position by the French, and fifty new guns pulled up to our batteries by the British, and the process of cannonading repeated, and the process of bombarding commenced and tested. When that may be I really do not pretend to conjecture. The other day, when I rode past the first of our new guns on the way to the camp, it was stuck hard and fast in a pit of mud, about three miles outside the town, in spite of the efforts of 16 attenuated horses to drag it further.

As to the town itself, words cannot describe its filth, its horrors, its hospitals, its burials, its dead and dying Turks, its crowded lanes, its noisome sheds, its heastly purlieus, or its decay. All the pictures ever drawn of plague and pestilence, from the work of the inspired writer who chronicled the woes of infidel Egypt down to the narratives of Boccaccio, De Foe, or Moltke, fall short of individual "bits" of disease and death which any one may see in half a dozen places during half an hour's walk in Balaklava. In spite of all our efforts the dying Turks have made of every lane and street a *cloaca*, and the forms of human suffering which meet the eye at every turn, and once were wont to shock us, have now made us callous, and have ceased even to attract passing attention. Raise up the piece of matting or coarse rug which hangs across the doorway of some miserable house, from within which you hear wailings and cries of pain and prayers to the Prophet, and you will see in one spot and in one instant a mass of accumulated woes that will serve you with nightmares for a lifetime. The dead, laid out as they died, are lying side by side with the living, and the latter present a spectacle beyond all imagination. The commonest accessories of an hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness—the stench is appalling—the fetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs, and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying.

In the Russian hospitals great mortality has taken place among the wounded, and only 20 prisoners are now under treatment for wounds. Hospital gangrene broke out among them, and the stumps mortified. It is said, indeed, that some of the men were so fanatical or so ignorant that they tore the bandages off their stumps and refused to let the surgeons probe their wounds. The Avon, which has 340 sick and wounded on board, loses only about five or six men a-day. While I am dwelling on the condition of Balaklava, I may mention that there is no control whatever established over the sutlers allowed to open stores in the town, and the result is that the soldiers are fleeced enormously by the scum of Levantines who buy

up cargoes of cheap articles at Constantinople, and sell them here at enormous profits. The French, with a wise contempt for the axioms of political economy in war time, establish a surveillance over their sutlers at Kamiesch, and lay down a tariff of prices which allows a fair profit, and the result is, that they are actually far better supplied than we are in our open market. We have one or two respectable men at Balaklava, but they cannot find room in their stores for all the hungry applicants from the camp.

A JUBILEE IN SEBASTOPOL.—Dec. 2.—It cleared up last night, and on the hills there was a sharp, but most welcome frost. There was a smart brush in front at seven o'clock this morning, but as yet I have not ascertained the particulars; it seemed, however, as if the Russians either received reinforcements or fancied they gained some success, for they cheered loudly, and all the bells of the town rang for some time. Some Turks landed to-day. There is a report that Omer Pasha is going to send us 12 battalions, and I do not know whether our men will be glad or sorry should it turn out to be true. There is no doubt they will be exceedingly sorry if the men who came to our aid now are like many of their predecessors.

It is now raining drearily. There is no prospect of the roads getting better at present. The muddy verge between the water of the harbor and the wall of the tumbledown sheds and houses of the town is covered with vast piles of cannon, shot, and shell, and a number of Turkish 80lb. guns, of large mortars, and of 32lb. ships' guns mounted on their carriages, is blocking up the narrow beach.

The Turks are employed in making a road—actually making a road at last! Its course will be from the town, past head-quarters, up to No. 5 battery. They are also employed in landing on shore and piling shot and shell. It is amusing to watch the miserable gravity and indifference with which these poor creatures work. Standing in rows, the men pass the shot from the flats to the beach with a lazy air, which is only disturbed when an unusually big fellow turns up for transmission. Then the groans, the rolling of eyes, the convulsive struggles, the grunts which pass like electric shocks from man to man with the 68 pound shot or 13-inch mortar are really astonishing, but at last the globe of metal seems to acquire heat, and is dropped in the mud like a hot potato by a suffering Mussulman. They really are weak and wretched, not naturally, but owing to sickness and bad living.

The inhabitants of the village of St. George have been sent round to Yalta in the Ardent at their own wish. Some 500 women and a few men came on board, and they seem very quiet, respectable people. Several of the women were of prepossessing appearance, and spoke French with ease and fluency, and a few spoke German and English well.

On dit that Captain Walker, aide-de-camp, to Lord Lucan, has resigned. Captain Smith, Paymaster of the Guards, is going home. Lieutenant-Colonel Bell, of the Royals, is appointed Brigadier-General. Lieutenant-Colonel Lockyer, of the 97th, is also appointed Brigadier-General of the Second Brigade of the Second Division. Thus two of the vacancies have been filled up by excellent officers. Mr. Martin, R.E., is recovering from the effects of his wounds, and a more sanitary condition prevails in the hospitals and recovery ships. The Avon, which is full of sick men, will leave to-night for Scutari. The Colombo has sailed, and the Emperor is returning to Eupatoria for cattle, which are indeed greatly needed just now. Our wounded Russians have been sent on board a sailing transport in the harbor. We hear that a man of the 79th went over to the enemy last night from our lines.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE RUSSIANS.—Dec. 9.—The cause of the Russians cheering yesterday morning is now ascertained. They had received a reinforcement of men and of provisions, and, according to the statement of a deserter, both were much needed. The supply must have been very small, indeed, for it escaped our observation, and any large body of men or waggons must have been seen entering the city. They also cheered in the morning before they came out to attack a party of the 50th Regiment, posted in the Orens—the caves in the rocks to the left of and below our left attack, in a ravine near the neck of the harbor. As our men had been out in the wet all night, they found their rifles would not go off, and, the enemy being very numerous, they were forced to fall back, and the Russians once more established themselves in the Orens. These were soon, however, made too hot to hold them, for a party of the Rifle Brigade was at once pushed down and speedily dislodged them. We lost two men killed and two severely wounded, eight men slightly wounded, in this affair.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. William Magner, parish priest of Ovens, died on the 5th December.—*Cork Examiner*.

OUR POOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.—We learn with pleasure that petitions to parliament will be laid at the different chapel doors of this city next Sunday for signature, praying both houses of parliament to send forward a sufficient number of chaplains to the Catholic soldiers and sailors now serving under the British flag in the East.—*Waterford News*.

For many years Dublin has not been visited by such a succession of storms as has prevailed from the beginning to the close of last week. During that time, with but few and short intervals, it has been blowing fierce gales from W.N.W., accompanied occasionally by torrents of rain. The mails were frequently four to six hours overdue.—*Nation*.

The accounts of trade in Ulster are rather satisfactory, as showing that the recent slight improvement in linen and yarn has been maintained; but the cotton and muslin trade in Belfast is still exceedingly depressed. Some kinds of manufactured goods in those branches are now 50 per cent. lower than they were this time last year.