

[From the N. Y. Herald of Dec. 7.]

NEWS DIRECT FROM RUSSIA.

ARE THE CZAR AND HIS PEOPLE TIRED OF THE WAR?—RUSSIA AND HER MILITARY RESOURCES—CONSTRUCTION OF NEW FORTS AND THE STRENGTHENING OF OLD ONES—SEBASTOPOL, CRONSTADT, NICOLAIEFF AND SWEABORG—THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF RUSSIA—THE TRANSPORTATION OF PROVISIONS—ARE THE NOBLES OR SERFS DISCONTENTED? &c., &c., &c.

Concluded.

The whole line of fortifications around Sebastopol was constructed of bundles of sticks, placed upright and overlaid with earth; and the far-famed Malakoff was nothing more than a mound of earth, with a facing of stone. During the summer, however, this earth was so dry that it became quite friable, and when struck by a ball it was thrown up in a cloud of dust. Under these circumstances it was found impossible to repair the damage done by the bombardment; and in many instances where an assault was made the Allies were repulsed in a hand-to-hand encounter with the Russians.

This was one of the causes which rendered the evacuation of the southern side necessary, but it was not the only one. The Russian cannon were actually worn out, and were exploding daily, killing those who served them. Under these circumstances Gortschakoff wrote to the Emperor several weeks before the evacuation, informing him of the particulars, and received commands that he should abandon the south side whenever he should, in his judgment, think the time had arrived.

So well was it known in St. Petersburg that the south side was to be evacuated, that it was customary for the people to inquire every morning if the army had crossed over.

The trophies which were found by the allied army after they had captured their dearly earned prize, and about which they made such a parade, were the used up cannon, and the piles of balls were those which they had themselves fired into the city, and which the Russians had intended to recast to the size of their own guns. They also found powder, but it was some which had been placed in the mines, and which became so damp that it would not explode. It is not true that they got large quantities of clothing and provisions, for everything of value had been removed several days before the evacuation.

It is also worthy of notice that the Russians had constructed three bridges instead of one, and that, although their sick and wounded were left behind, yet the Allies did not dare to prevent a portion of them from returning to carry them over to the north side.

It has been asked how the Russians buried their dead, and great concern manifested to know how it happened that a terrible plague did not break out with thousands of unburied corpses lying within the narrow confines of a walled city.

In reply to this we have been informed that they did not allow their dead to lie above ground; that they were conveyed to the north side in boats, which were kept constantly running every day, and buried alongside the harbor.

Considerable mortification, it is true, was felt throughout Russia when the evacuation of the south side was known, for it was still hoped that they might be enabled to hold it. But if this was the feeling among the people and the nobility, they felt proud of the achievements of the army, and on the Czar's name day, which is the anniversary of his patron saint, and which in Russia is regarded as a festival, they showed, by their demeanor and conversation, how highly they prized the fame which had been won by their gallant countrymen in the Crimea. The streets were crowded with the populace, and even the windows were thronged with spectators, and when the Emperor appeared in public, every one seemed anxious to show by his manner their love and devotion for him, and their readiness to sacrifice everything for 'their God and their Czar.' In all the churches prayers were offered for 'the triumphant evacuation of the south side.'

The Russian calculation of their entire loss, from the commencement of the war up to the first of October, exclusive of those who have been killed in the campaign on the Danube, is one hundred and thirty thousand men. This is independent also of the loss in prisoners taken by the Allies.

The fortifications of Cronstadt have been largely increased during the present year, in anticipation of the threatened assault of the English Baltic fleet. Workmen were employed on them all last summer, and no expense has been spared to render them impregnable.

New guns of greater calibre and range have replaced the old ones, and the foundries are kept in operation day and night, forging more. This does not look as if the government was straitened for want of money.

Last year the town was fortified only on one side, but such has been the progress made since, that it is now surrounded by forts constructed of iron and stone. The north side, which was formerly the weakest, will present next year five new forts bristling with cannon, in addition to those that have been already erected.

When all these are completed there will be a perfect line of fortifications across the Gulf, and about fifteen miles from St. Petersburg. Not satisfied with these defences, the Archduke Constantine has ordered the construction of a large number of small gun boats. If Sir Charles Napier, failed to take Cronstadt in its former state, what prospect would he have now, when it has been strengthened to such an extent that it is now considered impregnable?

Nicolaieff is the pet fortress of the Russians, and is regarded as one of their best, if not supe-

rior to all others. As in the case of Cronstadt, they have taken all the old cannon out, and have mounted new ones in their place. They speak of Nicolaieff as impregnable, and they laugh at the threats of the Allies to take it, as a foolish, vainglorious boast.

The bombardment of Sweaborg, of which so much has been said by the English press, cost the Allies twenty five millions of dollars, while the loss to the Russians did not exceed one hundred and fifty thousand. In fact, from what Colonel Shaffner tells us, we think it has been rather more profitable than otherwise, so far as the Russians are concerned.

After making a terrible demonstration before the place, and expending enough powder and ball upon it to take the city twice over, they retired under the impression that they had laid it in ruins. It now appears that they only succeeded in burning a number of old Swedish workshops, which the Russians intended to remove, and for which they had a large number of workmen already employed.

There was only one brick building of any consequence destroyed. The apprehensions entertained by the besieged were so slight, that they walked about utterly regardless of the bombardment. About eighty persons were killed, and these may be looked upon as victims to their own temerity.

With the exception of the small loan which has been made since the commencement of the war, the whole expenses have been defrayed from the revenues of the country. This is no lack of means; and as a proof of this it is only necessary to state that the public works which were commenced last year are carried on with unabated vigor, and on the same extensive scale on which they were begun.

The charge has been made that the government has taken the church money, but so far from this being the fact, it is actually increasing the wealth of the church by the expenditure of millions for the erection of edifices of still greater magnificence than any yet built. The very domes of some of these are of gold, and the ornaments in the interior are of the same valuable material, and many of them studded with diamonds and other precious stones.

The yield of the gold, silver and platinum mines this year has exceeded that of any former year by three millions of dollars. In addition to this the government have forbid the exportation of the precious metals; the mint is kept in constant operation night and day and the paper rouble passes as current now as ever. When it is considered that all the money which is expended for the war is still kept in the country, and only passes from the possession of one Russian to that of another, there appears to be little reason to believe in the assertion of the Allies, that Russia is already in an impoverished condition.

There is no disguising the fact that they have entirely miscalculated the strength of their enemy, or that they have intentionally misrepresented the actual condition of things in Russia. The effects of the war are scarcely perceptible, and so little dread is entertained of the Allies that the government is making preparations for a ten years' war.

The means of the Imperial family alone, would be sufficient to carry it on at its present rate for several years, without calling upon the nobles to make the sacrifice of what they have half promised. The manufactures have been increased, and those of iron particularly are at present in a more flourishing condition than before the breaking out of hostilities.

Of the lighter branches of manufacture, such as laces and other articles of ladies' dress, Col. Shaffner showed us some very beautiful specimens, all of which, he informed us, were made by serf women. So far as we could judge, they were not inferior to anything of the kind we have seen at some of our public exhibitions.

We were also informed that the reports which have been circulated as to a feeling of jealousy and dislike existing between the members of the Imperial family are entirely without foundation, and that they are bound to each other by the closest ties of affection. They are all of one mind with regard to the war, and are resolved not to yield an inch of their territories, or agree to any terms that will compromise the pride or dignity of the country.

But above everything else they prize their position as protectors of the Christians, and will never consent to abandon it. The obligations imposed upon them in this capacity are considered the most sacred of all.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

The Tapestry Carpet; or, Mr. Pinkney's Shopping.

[By Alice B. Neal, author of 'Miss Bremer's visit to Cooper's landing,' etc.]

'That's a pretty one, mother! I was going off without the money, after all.'

'Well, I declare!' said Mrs. Pinkney, 'so you was.'

Mr. Pinkney came back into the room, and his wife gave the baby to her oldest girl, Eliza, as she rose to get the little board they had been saving all the year for the new carpet. They needed it badly enough. The one down on the parlor floor had been there, save cleaning days, ever since the Pinkneys went to housekeeping when Eliza was a baby.

It was really economical to have a new one now, for this could be cut over to do beautifully for the sitting-room, and the sitting-room carpet, darned and mended as it was, would 'hold together' some time on the front chamber, which wasn't often used. All this reasoning had been set forth, over and over again, in the family councils, until even little Jim understood the matter perfectly, and told Tom Bunker, next door, that 'our folks

were going to have a new carpet, and father was going to New York next week on purpose to get it.'

The money, which Mrs. Pinkney poured out of the wide clasp of the faded bead purse, was the united saving of husband and wife. Mr. Pinkney had agreed to give up tobacco, his wife had gone without a new winter bonnet, and had put in five dollars of her own earnings, for she was very industrious, and, notwithstanding the multitude of her household cares, found time occasionally to bind the customer shoes from her husband's shop, or take in a little plain sewing. This great purchase had been in contemplation almost three years, for, withal, ready money came in very slowly. It was a great day with the family when they concluded there was enough on hand to sanction Mr. Pinkney's trip to New York.

He had not been down to the city before in all that time. It was not absolutely necessary to his business; and 'there is the carpet, you know,' his wife would say at the proposal. So it came that the carpet was woven into the family history, as it were.

'Do get cheerful colors,' said Mrs. Pinkney, as she rolled up the change, and the five dollar gold piece, inside the bills.

'And a pretty pattern, pa,' added Eliza, who was fast growing up to the time when the parlor furniture would be a special consideration to her.

'Don't forget my new shawl. I wish I could pick it out myself.'

'Or my 'Easy Reader,' said Jim.

'Yes—yes,' said Mr. Pinkney, buttoning his overcoat once more, 'no danger.'

'I think,' Mrs. Pinkney added, with considerable hesitation of face and manner, 'you had better get my merinow, and done with it. There's the money—eight dollars. I want a good brown; and, perhaps, when Sprague's new goods come, there won't be the color I want after all. They say things are so cheap in New York.'

'Well,' said Mr. Pinkney, 'is that all? because it's time I was off; the boat goes in half an hour, and I hate to get there just as the bell rings.'

It was plain, Mr. Pinkney did not go to New York every day. He nodded to his acquaintances with a very important air, as he went down street, carrying his old-fashioned valise in his hand. He 'stepped up to the captain's office and settled,' without being requested to do so by the black man with the dinner-bell. Then he selected his berth, and put his valise under his pillow, while he went on deck until supper-time, when you may be sure that he had his money's worth of stewed oysters, fried eggs, and beef-steak.

Mr. Pinkney, having but one day to spare in the city, was up betimes, almost as soon as the boat touched the wharf. He bought the first morning paper that was offered, and read it in at Sweet's, where he went for his breakfast. Reading the advertisements carefully, Mr. Pinkney's attention was arrested by the following:—

"Imperial Carpet Emporium!"
WORLD'S FAIR AT LONDON!

The Great Exhibition Medallion, Aubusson, Royal, Parisian Velvet Carpet! Woven expressly for the Great Exhibition. Received per steamer Atlantic—opened this day. Similar to that ordered expressly by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, for the Royal Palace at Windsor. Also just received, the largest and richest assortment of Velvet, Tapestry and Brussels Carpeting ever exhibited in this city. Remember! at the Imperial Carpet Emporium, 55 Bowery!

Mr. Pinkney was delighted. It was so fortunate that he should happen to stumble on that advertisement, for, of course, he might just as well go to the fountain-head of carpets at once, as to lose time by looking in at little shops, where there could not be much of an assortment. And what would Mrs. Pinkney say to his having seen a carpet like Queen Victoria's! He only wished she was there to behold it with him. How he would 'astonish the natives!' when he got back to Rhinbeck!

There was no difficulty in finding the Emporium, once in the Bowery. There were carpets streaming from every window, rugs flaunting from the awning, great rolls of matting, gay oil-cloths standing on the sidewalk, all bearing enormous placards of marvellous excellence and cheapness, set forth in the most staring black and white letters and numerals.

Mr. Pinkney, being naturally a bashful man, would have been almost afraid to venture into such a fashionable establishment, had it not been for the politeness of a very handsomely dressed young gentleman, who was sauntering carelessly past with his hands in his pockets, evidently enjoying the most elegant leisure.

'Walk in?' said he, in the most affable manner, nodding towards the store.

Mr. Pinkney was very grateful for this unlooked-for kindness from a stranger.

'Why, yes,' said he, with a lingering embarrassment. 'I had a little errand in this line.'

'From the country, I suppose,' said the obliging young man.

Mr. Pinkney wondered how he had discovered it, but answered that he was.

'Well, you couldn't do better,' said his new acquaintance, 'I pledge you my word and honor, sir, than at the Emporium, in all New York. In all New York, sir!'

Mr. Pinkney was delighted at having his own judgment so favorably and forcibly confirmed.

'Are you acquainted in here, sir?' he inquired, as he tried to summon courage to go in, and make his wants known.

'Slightly—slightly, sir. Here, Dawson, Jones—some of you come here immediately, and attend to this gentleman.'

The obliging young man resumed his walk, without waiting to be thanked; and Mr. Pinkney, finding himself quite at home by the introduction, followed the attentive salesman into the first department.

'What can we show you to-day sir? Carpets, oil-cloths, matting, window-shades, anything or everything, sir,' said Mr. Dawson, rubbing his hands, and then pointing about carelessly, as if to

introduce his customer to the 'largest and richest assortment' in New York city!

'Carpets?' said Mr. Dawson. 'Certainly, sir. What would you choose to look at—velvet, tapestry, Brussels—'

'I should be pleased,' said Mr. Pinkney, modestly, but emboldened by all this attention and kindness, 'to see the—the—that carpet of Queen Victoria's.'

'This way, sir,' and Mr. Dawson added facetiously, 'suppose you didn't think of buying it this morning, did you?'

Mr. Pinkney ventured a little laugh, as he followed Mr. Dawson. How kind and obliging this was! Now, at Sprague's, just as likely as not, he would have been kept waiting half an hour, while Mrs. Dr. Jones chose her new dress, or Mrs. Allan Tillman decided among twenty different patterns of oil-cloths.

'No pushing you one side for 'big bugs' here,' said Mr. Pinkney to himself, for he had all the narrow ill-will and jealousy towards that much scandalized portion of the community, common to his class.

'I suppose everything connected with this remarkable importation will interest you, sir,' said Mr. Dawson. 'Our firm were at an immense expense, as you will see. This, sir,' and he pointed to a long, narrow box, more like one of the great 'leaders' into Mrs. Pinkney's cistern, than anything—this, sir, is the box which contained it.'

If it had been a century-hidden, and freshly discovered mummy case, Mr. Pinkney could not have looked upon it with greater interest.

'And this, sir,' touching what appeared an immense roll of very coarse druggel, 'this is the Royal Medallion Aubusson itself!'

With the aid of an attendant shopman, Mr. Dawson, by a dexterous flourish, spread this wonderful production at the feet of our humble-minded friend. He thought of Eliza's poppies and marigolds in the garden at home, of Squire Hudson's tulip beds, of Dr. Jones's dahlias; better still—the great floral centrepiece at the Rhinbeck horticultural exhibition; the most gorgeous flower, the richest foliage, the deepest, softest moss, mingled, woven, matted together, seemed this royal medallion carpet. His eyes ached as if he had been looking at the sun. Mr. Dawson made up for his speechless admiration by a volley of information with regard to its manufacture, and the interior decorations of Windsor Castle. He knew about as much of one as the other, but Mr. Pinkney, drinking in every word for future retail use, regarded Mr. Dawson as wonderfully intelligent as he was affable; and considered himself fortunate beyond account in having had a glimpse at such undreamed-of splendors.

'Our firm,' said Mr. Dawson, 'deal of course with only the choicest manufacturers. 'Higgins and Tull' are occupied all the year, after our own orders are filled, in refurnishing the queen's various palaces. Of course you are aware that her carpets are renewed every year; or is it twice a year? Let me see?' and Mr. Dawson made a pause of recollection, with his finger applied to the tip of his nose.

'At spring and fall house-cleaning, I suppose,' ventured Mr. Pinkney; the two great events of his domestic year.

'I presume so—I presume so,' said Mr. Dawson, blandly, 'but not being a family man myself, could not say. Oh, sir, Brussels you wished to see, I think you said?'

Mr. Pinkney had said nothing of the kind. Up till to-day, his sole idea of a carpet was ingrain. He had made shoes to tread Brussels carpets; his own, meantime, had never done so. However, he could not dream of disputing the point with so intelligent a person, and, casting a lingering look on the glories of the royal medallion, he followed the leader into an extensive room, where men and boys were rolling and unrolling bales of carpeting, with a great deal of unnecessary activity, considering it was not yet nine o'clock in the day and Mr. Pinkney was the only purchaser present.

'A very superior article, sir,' and Mr. Dawson, with a skillful twitch and jerk, known only to the trade, sent a roll trundling over the floor, 'good, lively colors, latest style. Here's another—same thing, on buff and blue ground; fashionable colors this year. What are your curtains, sir?—I suppose you wish a match. Match or contrast, it's all the same; we find as many like one as the other. I prefer a contrast, decidedly—gives more of an air. Green, I think you said?—would recommend crimson ground, sir. Here is an excellent shade, bright green figures; but perhaps I misunderstood you, sir—you may prefer tapestry; most people do; to confess the truth, Brussels is a little bit behind the age.'

To tell the truth, the Brussels, tasteful and graceful as it was, looked wondrous dull after the royal medallion. It seemed to Mr. Pinkney 'a queer kind of a carpet, any way, so stiff and unfinished. To his unpractised eyes, a good, bright ingrain was infinitely superior.'

'Ingrain?' said Mr. Dawson; 'certainly, sir—directly—we have them in another department. For your dining-room or chamber carpet?—of course, many prefer ingrain for a dining-room—some of our best people, who could afford Brussels perfectly well. You said you would look at the tapestry first, I think—this way, sir. We open a new lot this morning, wonderfully cheap. Fact is, sir, competition is so great, and some people manage to secure so much of the trade that many in our line—sorry to say it, sir—but, of course, we can't help it—have failed, and an immense stock has been thrown into market, which puts prices down shamefully. We shall actually lose on any one of these carpets—obliged to afford them so cheap! I can let you have that, sir, for eleven shillings—best style of tapestry—entirely new; nothing like it has ever been offered before.'

Mr. Dawson paused to take breath, and Mr. Pinkney was seized with a sudden ambition. At first, he had gazed upon the tapestry with the same hopeless admiration with which he had be-