

[From the London Times' Correspondent.]

**PROGRESS OF THE WAR.**

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL, NOV. 25.

The siege has been for many days practically suspended, our batteries are used up and silent, and our army are much exhausted by the efforts of excessive labor and watching, and by the wet and storm to which they have been so incessantly exposed. It is now pouring rain—the skies are black as ink—the wind is howling over the staggering tents—the trenches are turned into dykes—in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep—our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing—they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches—they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a Prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country, and who, we are complacently assured by the home authorities, are the best appointed army in Europe. They are well fed, indeed, but they have no shelter, or rest, and no defense against the weather.

The tents, so long exposed to the blaze of a Bulgarian sun, and now continually drenched by torrents of rain, let the wet through like sieves, and are perfectly useless as protections against the weather.

A hundred military 'Ofelli' will send home word of this to England; and it is now more impossible for any English General to control the correspondence of officers and men under his command, though in despotic countries the censorship of the press may succeed in restricting to the terrified hearts and homes of families the depressing and anxious influence of letters from the seat of war.

**THE SOLDIERS' HARDSHIPS.**

Again on the 27th, 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 diarrhea, and in the light division, on which a large share of the labor of the army falls, there were 359 men on the sick list a day or two ago.

The men's clothes are thread bare and tattered, and are not fit to resist rain or cold. On dit, that all the men will be huddled 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.

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 26 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 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 sixty-eight pounder battery, which stands on the extreme right, and in rear of the right attack. Why was not it made before?

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 now have no communication with Sebastopol by the Inkerman causeway, and must go round by the upper or northern road.

Nov. 28.—All the scum of the Levant—Italians, Smyrnotes, Perotes, Greeks, and robbers—which had resolved itself for the nonce into domestic servantry, and accompanied the expedition since it left Galipoli, is gathering itself up and returning to its source. The rats think the ship is sinking; they declare they cannot endure the cold and hardships of the camp any longer, and they are getting away as fast as they can to burrow in the dingy cafes of their nasty cities. The inconvenience of this proceeding to their luckless masters, who are thus deserted in their utmost need, is excessive.

**THE FEELING IN THE CAMP.**

The Daily News' correspondent at the seat of war says: 'Of one thing I can assure you, that no one in the army, excepting headquarters, either understands the policy of, or has any desire for, another siege of six months. Not a man, not an officer, but is ready to go at it with the bayonet, and drive the Russians out of Sebastopol. Just now, after the arrival of all our reinforcements, and before the fresh regiments have paid their tribute of deaths, and disabled, to the climate, and the hardships of campaigning; just now is the time for successfully attempting an assault.'

Our effective force of infantry is between 16,000 and 18,000; our allies have had 10,000 fresh troops, and the Turks who have recently been sent in by legions, to be rationed for the Winter, may now muster to the strength of 20,000.

With these forces, and protected by the entrenchments which guard the heights, we can hold our position against the Russian army, and detach a sufficient force to carry Sebastopol. What the state of affairs will be four weeks hence, who can tell? But certain it is that our fresh troops will be decimated, and more than decimated, in their winter quarters. The 9th

have just arrived from their comfortable quarters in Malta. We shall see in a fortnight's time how well they can bear up against salt pork, outpost duty, and the sleeping in a morass. The 46th have already been tried, and found wanting. On the 25th that regiment had buried seventy of their men, 200 were in the hospital. It will take them two months to give them the full benefit of seasoning, and after that how many will remain to swell the numbers of our 'campaigners'?

**DREADFUL CONDITION OF THE TURKS AT BALAKLAVA.**

The Turks are employed in making a road—actually making a road at last! Its course will be from the town, past headquarters, up to No. 5 Battery. They are also employed in handing on shore and piling shot and shell. It is amusing to watch the miserable gravity and indifference with which these poor, miserable creatures work. Standing in rows, the men pass the shot from the flat 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 sixty-eight pound shot or thirteen 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.

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 beastly 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 callous, and have ceased even to attract passing attraction.

Raise up the piece of matting or coarse rug which hangs across the doorway of some miserable house, from within which you hear wailing 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 necessities of a 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.

**PREPARATIONS FOR STORMING SEBASTOPOL.**

Private letters received from the French camp before Sebastopol, speak of the assault of that place as an event that may soon be expected. From several points of observation everything that is done within the besieged city can be seen.

The second line of fortifications is described as very strong.

The Russians have availed themselves of every point where resistance can be offered, and what is called the Promenade, is not the worst prepared to oppose the allies. The difficulty, however, is not so much to take Sebastopol as to keep it, for we shall be unquestionably exposed to a severe fire from the heights and fortresses on the north side. Sebastopol will probably be a complete ruin before we can get in, but ruin as it may be, there is no alternative, and the opinion is that it must be stormed and captured to satisfy the *amour propre* of the army, and produce a moral effect throughout Europe.

The Russians seem to have foreseen and provided for such a contingency, and they have made every preparation for retreat to the north side of the harbor, and have taken measures to place every impediment to our advance. The retreat of Liprandi was occasioned by the inundation of Lechnaya, and a letter from the camp speaks of it with satisfaction, the ground he had occupied being covered with wood, which can be made available for fuel and other necessities. 45,000, it is now said at the War office, is the amount of the force expected with Omar Pasha. This is about 10,000 more than was supposed. They are from the garrison of Shumla, and may therefore be considered as the flower of the Ottoman army. It is remarked that the Russians have begun to arm their ships in the harbor of Sebastopol, while a portion of the English fleet is thought to be at Sinope, and a part of the French at Constantinople.

It was surmised that the Russians were mediating a dash by sea, to try what chance there was of an attack on our diminished squadrons.

**EXPORT OF WOODEN HOUSES.**

The Sumroo, a fine ship of 1,000 tons, under the command of Capt. Henderson, arrived at the Southampton Docks, on Tuesday afternoon, to take on board wooden houses for the French troops in the Crimea. The Swiftsure, Captain

Price, of 1,800 tons, is expected for the same purpose in a day or two, and several other ships of large tonnage have been engaged to follow as soon as possible. When ready for sea they will be towed across the Bay of Biscay and to their destination by French war steamers, which are to come to Southampton for the purpose.

Several French officers have arrived at Southampton, who are specially deputed by the French Minister of War to superintend the embarkation and dispatch of these houses, which are being manufactured at Gloucester. The quantity ordered will provide accommodation for 15,000 men.

The cholera, which broke out on the night of the 23rd Nov., continues its ravages, and we cannot estimate the number of deaths from it and its ebettors in the destruction of life lower than sixty per diem. No less than eighty-five men died the night before last in 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 Lieut. Godfrey, Senior-Lieutenant of the Rifle Brigade, a young and popular officer; Lieut. 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 twenty, it is stated five are only able to work.

**THE SIEGE SUSPENDED.**

I suppose one must still head one's letters '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 toward 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 for reducing the place, would be to descend into the valley, administer a sound beating to Prince Menschikoff and General Liprandi, drive them out of the field, and then quietly draw a cordon round the place, inclosing forts, citadels, earthworks, and batteries, from the 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.

In order that people at home may know what they have to expect when Sebastopol falls, should it be taken by assault, I may as well tell them that the Russians, availing themselves of our inactivity and silence, have fortified Sebastopol four-fold within the last ten days. They have scraped the ground in front of all their batteries; they have also constructed a strong abatis 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 made sunken batteries before all their redoubts, and before the Round Tower, as well as along the scarps of the slope.

A very long reconnaissance of our lines was made at the distance of about 1,000 yards, by no less a person than the Grand Duke Michael and a very large staff, among whom our knowing people say they could see Prince Menschikoff and General Liprandi. The Grand Duke was recognizable by the profound respect paid to him by all; wherever he went hats were taken off and heads uncovered. He was also detected by the presence of a white dog which always accompanies him.

He is a fine, stout young fellow enough, but he could not have seen much about Balaklava to put him in a good humor, for he is avowed by the best telescopes to have looked mighty displeased.

While making his inspection, the enormous telescope through which he gazed was propped up on two piles of muskets and bayonets, and he made frequent reference to a very large chart which could be seen on a portable table.

The Grand Duke, after closing his review of us, rode back up the hills towards Tchernogoun. Most of the Russian cavalry have disappeared from our rear, and the force in and over the valley seems greatly diminished.

**France.**

**THE BURGUNDY DISTRICT.**—Dick Tonto, of the New York Daily Times, has set out on a journey towards Italy; in a recent letter he says:

You travel fast upon the Lyons road, and persons known to be timorous express no fear of insecurity. Fifty miles in sixty minutes was the time made upon one long stretch. But then the doors are locked at the bottom, besides being latched at the handle, so that they never fly open. There is a resident guard at every mile, occupying a stone two-story house, built by the railroad upon its own territory.

There are four hundred miles of rail, with four hundred mansions with their four hundred responsible inmates—for the most part raising families and cultivating ornamental patches.

The most serious accident that ever occurs, is that an axletree gets hot, and this adventure happened to us at Dijon. The Burgundy country is picturesque and bold, and of course exclusively devoted to grapes, the hill sides being cultivated in terraces or stairways, each ridge being about six feet high, stacked up with infinite art and innumerable little stones, thus offering a flat surface instead of a slope. The soil, thin and barren, thus stays upon the hills and nourishes the vines, instead of tumbling down into the sweeping valley of the Rhone.

We traversed Burgundy at lightning speed, but it seemed impossible to exhaust the vines, and when we remembered that the crop had this year been blasted by disease, we could only compare the immensity of the waste to the salt water of the sea—not a drop of it fit to drink. Vines in the valleys, vines on the slopes, vines on the hill-tops, vines clambering over housesides, vines invading what ought to be flower gardens and potato patches—everything run to vines and the vines run to naught, such was the spectacle for six successive hours, at the rate of forty miles an hour. But grape districts, in France at least, are poor countries, both in soil and people and the Burgundians looked as though they would be improved by the restoration of the feudal system. They certainly could not be worse than they are—ill-clad, ill-fed, ill-lodged, and not educated at all. Their villages are as black and unwholesome to look at as a smoothed mezzotint. Men can hardly be distinguished from women; their dress and their occupation seem to be mainly the same. Neither man nor woman had yet heard of Sebastopol, so it was useless, as we stopped, to ask for the last dispatch, or Menschikoff's latest bulletin. It was out of the question to hope for news in such a country—there was nothing beyond vines—vines consumed by the oidium.

**SNUBBING A PERFUMED DANDY.**—Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract House, at Niagara Falls, was a young, foppish looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of cologne and musk. A solemn-faced odd looking man, after passing the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone, said—

'Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you—'

'What! what do you mean, sir?' said the exquisite, 'fired with indignation,' starting from his chair.

'O, get mad, now—swear, pitch round, fight—just because a man wants to do you a kindness!' coolly replied the stranger. 'But, I tell you, I do know what'll take out that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got a foul of a skunk and he—' at this instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment; and the dandy very sensibly 'cleared the coop,' and vanished up stairs.

**A SHIPWRECK.**—The Peruvian ship Grimenaza, from Swatow for Callao, with 600 emigrants, (Chinese) was lost 75 days after starting from the former port, April 25th, on the Brampton Reef, on the coast of New Holland, about 1200 miles from Sydney. She struck at about half-past one o'clock in the morning—the captain, surgeon (Mr. Lester), chief mate, and four seamen took one boat, and the second mate, carpenter, and nine seamen, took to the other and shoved off.

The ship kept on the reef that day and night, and then slid off, and went down head foremost. 590 of the Chinese perished. The boat containing the second mate, carpenter, and nine seamen was, on the 6th day after the wreck, picked up by the ship Sophie, from Sydney for Calcutta, where they landed Oct. 10.

Nothing is known of the fate of the captain and the rest of the crew.

**BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.**—A case was decided in the Common Pleas, at Cambridge, Mass., the other day, which illustrates the 'glorious uncertainties of the law.' In the spring of 1849, Tuttle of Acton, sold a cow to Brown of Concord, for fifty dollars.

Soon after the purchase, Brown discovered that the cow had one dry teat. He then requested Tuttle to allow him a discount of twelve dollars and fifty cents on the bill, and stated that he was ready to pay the balance. Tuttle refused to make any allowance for the dry teat, and sued Brown for the whole bill.

The case was decided in his favor, but was carried up on appeal, again returned to the Common Pleas, where it has remained on the docket until last Tuesday, when it was decided in favor of Brown. The costs have amounted to \$800.—[Ex.]

**NEW COIN.**—The new silver coin just issued from the U. S. Mint differs but slightly from the old issue, the general appearance being about the same. The respective weights of the various coins authorized by the acts of 1837 and 1853, are as follows:

	Act of Jan. '37.	Act of Feb. '53.
Dollars	412 1-2 grains.	No change.
Half Dollars	206 1-4 "	192 grains.
Quarter Dollars	103 1-8 "	96 "
Dimes	41 1-4 "	38 40 "
Half Dime	20 5-8 "	19 20 "
3 Cent pieces.	12 "	11 52 "

All of the silver coins are now to be made of one purity—nine parts of silver and one part alloy. The issue of three cent pieces now in circulation contains 3 parts silver and one part alloy.—[Ex.]

A man praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that, taken in large quantities, it makes fat.

'I have seen the time,' said another, 'when it made you lean.'

'When?' asked the eulogist.

'Last night—against the wall.'

'Tis only small dogs who bark; so with men; the smaller a man's calibre, the more noise he makes.

Integrity, however rough, is better than smooth dissimulation.