



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## HOW THE WAR GOES.

**DREADFUL STATE OF THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.**—The correspondent of the *Morning Post*, whose statements have usually been unexaggerated, gives the following in his communications to that journal:—

“There are very few days, be the weather ever so inclement, that Lord Raglan does not ride round the camp.”

**JAN. 1ST.**—About 500 wooden huts were stored at Balaklava. A number are first to be put up near the town to relieve the warehouses.

**JAN. 3RD.**—The stables building for the cavalry were completely swept away by a torrent, and one horse drowned. Upwards of fifty deaths to-day.—1,600 men are employed in bringing up provisions.

**JAN. 4TH.**—We have had a heavy fall of snow during last night, and it is now knee-deep. Winter seems to have set in now in earnest. No huts yet. It rained hard the whole of yesterday, completely swamping some of the tents, and the hospital of the Grenadier Guards was inundated to such an extent that the men were obliged to be shifted out of it.—To make their misery more complete a frost succeeded the rain, and snow the frost. The deaths are increasing frightfully—the daily average now is seventy. Literally speaking, the men perish from cold and want of shelter. The men have no fuel to cook with now, unless they grope under the snow in the ground for the roots. The French took down our sick again this morning on their ambulance mules, and General Canrobert has ordered that the mules return laden with provisions to the depot at head quarters.

**JAN. 5TH.**—Words cannot describe the suffering which the army must have undergone last night. During the whole of yesterday it snowed heavily, and about eight p.m. the wind veered round to the north, when it commenced freezing very sharply.—To-day snow is on the ground knee-deep, with a clear sky and a keen wind from the north that would cut a feather. This morning at daylight the men found their boots frozen like a lump of iron, and most of them had no others to put on. Their bedclothes also, notwithstanding the heat of the men's bodies, were frozen. Huts are a farce; spring will be here before half of the army obtain them. In the meantime a fearful number of men will be lost. I heard an officer say that some men going on duty into the trenches last night were actually observed to be crying, and these were men who had not quailed under the fire of the enemy at Alma and at Inkermann.—A battle is, indeed, a horrible affair, but starvation from cold is worse. Two general courts-martial on officers are now sitting. One is for the trial of Lieutenant McBoyne, of the 17th Foot, and the other for the trial of an officer of the 88th, who was found by the reconnaissance party, on the 30th Dec., within the Cossack lines. Lieutenant Ramsbottom, of the 97th Regiment, was found dead, from suffocation by charcoal, yesterday. He had come off duty in the trenches, and had closed his tent and lain down to sleep for a few hours.

**JAN. 6TH.**—Each successive day seems to increase the cold. We have had no more snow, but the frosts are most piercing, and cold winds from the north prevail. Two men perished last night while returning from Balaklava. Their bodies were found to-day. The army is in great want of pickaxes: to procure fuel, as a sufficiency of charcoal cannot be issued for their cooking. Many are compelled to eat their meat raw or go without. I have just been told that an officer of the 90th has been brought in frozen to death. The laying down of the electric telegraph wires was to have commenced yesterday, but the frost and snow has prevented it. The Royal Horse Artillery is to be employed to carry up huts for the army. It is found to be impossible to convey them by manual labor—each but weighing two and a half tons, though it only affords room for twenty-five men.

**JAN. 7TH.**—The frost still continues very severe. Last night a poor fellow in the trenches had his feet frost-bitten, and they were amputated to-day. The health of the troops seems to improve, although the weather is so severe. The last two days return gives about ninety deaths only, which is under the average. Omer Pasha has sailed for Eupatoria, where his army is to land, and he is to occupy the roads leading to Sebastopol from the interior of Russia. Eupatoria up to this time has been a source of great benefit to us for the sake of transport animals; but within this day or two a vessel has returned without being able to obtain any. Cattle and hay are still received from the Gulf of Perokop. The sheepskin coats for different regiments are being issued. I have just heard from good authority that our men were frost-bitten last night. The cold has not been so intense to-day. On the 5th the total sick and wounded in the camp was 4,332 men.

The *Herald* and the *Times* correspondents' letters agree with those of the *Post* as to the distressing state of the troops and the general mismanagement. Nearly 1,000 men had been sent in for invaliding between the 3rd and 6th, but it also mentioned that some French soldiers had been frozen to death; and another letter says that the French horses and mules were dying off rapidly.

**JAN. 7TH AND 8TH.**—On the nights of the 7th and 8th, the Russians made a sortie against the parallel in advance of battery No. 19; our troops watched until they were within point blank distance, and then vigorously drove them back. They lost many killed on the ground. On the night between the 11th and 12th, 150 Russians attacked our lines, driven back after a hand to hand fight of some minutes; they left in the works 7 killed and 2 prisoners—our loss was 5 wounded.

**JAN. 13.**—A despatch from Admiral Bruat of this date reports as follows:—“The cold has been pretty sharp for the last two days. Since yesterday the weather has been milder, and the snow thawed, although the wind is still from the north.”

According to a telegraphic despatch from Prince Menschikoff, nothing extraordinary had occurred before Sebastopol up to the 14th. Indeed, it is not believed here that anything serious will occur previous to the arrival of Generals Neil and Pelissier, and the Imperial Guards.

**JESUITS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.**—The *Univers*, referring to the services of the Jesuits in the French army in the East, says:—

“The Chaplain in chief, that courageous Priest, who at the battle of Alma had his horse shot under him, and who confessed our soldiers under the fire of the Russians, is a Jesuit. The Chaplain who was found alone at Galipoli at the time the cholera exerted its most fearful ravages, who received the last sigh of Generals Ney and Garbuccia—who was obliged to pass seventeen nights without rest in bed—to be always ready in attendance upon the dying—is a Jesuit. That Missionary who struck by cholera, was in the midst of sick soldiers brought to die at Constantinople—was a Jesuit. The Emperor has nobly rendered justice to his zeal, and it is known that he has recompensed it as much as he could. The Rev. Messrs. Parabere, P.P., and Gloriot, P.P., bear the cross of honor amid the acclamations of the heroes of Alma and Inkermann.”

**THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.**—The *Monitor* informs us that the great activity of Omer Pasha and his military aptitude lead to the belief that by the 25th or 30th of January 35,000 Turks, with the necessary artillery, will disembark in the Crimea, where 12,000 are already; 11,000 men, Egyptians, Tunisians, are about to leave Constantinople, and will form a Turkish army of 60,000 men, whom Omer Pasha will command.

**STATE OF OUR ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.**—We have now been for many weeks engaged in the thankless and miserable task of communicating to the public the melancholy and disgraceful incidents which accompany the decline and decay of our great expedition to the Crimea. The public may be assured that what we have communicated to them has been fortified by an amount and concurrence of testimony such as to leave no doubt whatever as to its truth. We have hoped to the last that the magnitude of the evil would have roused, however late, our government to exertions of corresponding magnitude; but nothing effectual is done. Affairs are left in the same incompetent hands under which they have gone so rapidly and uninterceptedly to ruin, and while the tremendous crisis at which we are arrived calls for speedy, vigorous, and decisive action, the cabinet is engaged in endless discussions, which lead to no result, and waste day by day the short remnant of time which yet divides us from the coming catastrophe.—Things therefore have arrived at a point at which any further reserve would be criminal. If the partial glimpses of truth which they have obtained have not been enough to spur the nation and those who are at the head of its councils to decisive action we must see if a further and fuller disclosure may prove a more effectual stimulus.

We have no doubt, then, from the information which we receive from various and most trustworthy quarters, that the British army is menaced with a disaster to which there can be found few parallels in the dreary annals of war. We are forced to the terrible but irresistible conclusion that in a very few weeks, and even before offensive operations can be renewed, the remnant of our gallant and victorious army will have been so weakened and worn out as to be unavailable for any effective purpose.

Let us, then, calmly and dispassionately casting aside all self-delusion, and rising superior to the folly which makes men think they can conquer or exercise difficulties and dangers by avoiding plain language, examine the actual state and prospects of our Cri-

mean army. We believe, from the best information we are able to get, that our army at the beginning of this month could only muster 14,000 bayonets; that the artillery and engineers have been reduced in a similar degree, and that the cavalry no longer exists as a force, the whole of the surviving horses having been taken up for the carriage of provisions. The deaths cannot be estimated at less than sixty a day, and those disabled by fatigue and sickness are said to be no fewer than a thousand a week. Will this fearful ratio of sickness to health remain constant—will it diminish, or will it increase? On the answer which fact and experience—not vain hopes and self-delusion—shall give to this question depends the existence or destruction of the English army. It would be mere trifling to suppose that any answer but one can be given to this question. The ratio of sickness will not diminish—will not remain constant. It will—must—fearfully and rapidly increase. We have said we have 14,000 bayonets, and corresponding numbers of other services. But in what state are these survivors? The diseases of the sick inform us only too plainly that they are not men whose health has been suddenly overpowered by acute disease, but are suffering under the effects of chronic maladies brought on by protracted exhaustion and exposure, the seeds of which they must long have carried about them while they were yet numbered among the healthy and effective part of the army. This, we have every reason to fear, is the case of the survivors: Worn, wasted, famished, and exposed, they still drag themselves up to the trenches and back again to their miserable lairs; but it would be as absurd to count on them as men in health as to call a ship with five feet of water in the hold seaworthy. It is computed that of these 14,000 men there are hardly two thousand in good health—in fact, it was at the beginning of this month an army of invalids, and at the beginning of this month the Crimean winter had not set in. With scanty food insufficient clothing, with frames thus debilitated, and minds thus dejected, without adequate shelter from ordinary weather, and without the leisure or possibility to construct it, the army has to undergo cold at least as severe as that which we now experience. The same duties are to be discharged by continually decreasing numbers, and the labor will grow constantly greater in proportion as fewer hands are left to perform it. The most sanguine do not now speak of an attack till the end of this month, and at the end of this month how many of the 53,000 men who have left these shores will survive to make that attack? We are about to lose, unless some extraordinary stroke of fortune intervenes, our one, our only army, the object of so much pride, of so much deep affection, of so much tender solicitude, the terror of our enemies in the field, and the defence and bulwark of our liberties and independence. Is the nation prepared for the disaster? Is it prepared to say, “Our brave men have perished, not because we sent them on an enterprise which was above their strength, not because we have refused to grant to them anything that was necessary for their support, nor because our allies have failed us in any point, but because we have chosen to make our army one vast job—the plaything of our aristocracy—a mart in which promotion which should be the reward of merit, is bought and sold for money—because we have been content to trust to the valour of our private soldiers, and neglected to train up officers possessing any of the attributes which fit men for command, except the universal quality of personal courage.”—*Times*.

(From the *Tablet*.)

“The other night,” writes an officer to Colonel Napier, “I was sitting beside one of our men in the trenches. I saw him eating something which he had difficulty in cutting. I offered him my knife, being sharper than his, and on examining his meat I found it was raw fresh beef. He was eating it quite contentedly.” This misery and wretchedness occurred about Christmas Day, for the letter is dated Dec. 28th, and in the meanwhile it is known that there are provisions enough at Balaklava for all the troops, allies, and enemies in the Crimea. It must be somebody's fault that things are come to this pass. The private soldier cannot get his food, except at uncertain intervals. He knows only by an effort of his memory that such a thing as regular meals exist. At first he had to roast his own coffee, without fire or pans, now he has to eat raw beef in the wet trenches, on a cold night at Christmas.

Not only is the commissariat badly managed. The same fatal sleep seems to have paralysed every movement of the army. The sick and the wounded are worse off than the negroes in the hold of a slave-ship. They have to lie in mud without medicine, warmth, or food. When, the other day, a surgeon sent for opium to stop the dysentery among his sick, he received half an ounce from the medical stores. Half an ounce of opium for a whole hospital full of patients, dying for want of medicine! This is the boasted ad-

ministration of the most practical minds of the nineteenth century.

Another officer writes home the following incredible story:—“There is also a great deal of grumbling because Lord Raglan has ordered portions of the town to be spared.” This may be very considerate on the part of his lordship, but we were not prepared to hear what these parts were, and in all probability few will hear it without something more than surprise. The part of the town thus carefully exempted from the operation of shells and bullets is the arsenal. No wonder the Russians repair their batteries so soon, and replace their damaged guns. The arsenal is at work night and day in perfect security, and the workmen as safe from harm there as ours are in Portsmouth or Plymouth.

The history of this campaign is so sad as to force upon us the most sad anticipations. Official people seem to be struck with judicial blindness, and to be supernaturally urged to their doom. All Europe pronounced the hand of God to have been manifested in Napoleon's Russian invasion, and can we say that we are not in the same calamity? It may be that three centuries of blasphemy and pride are enough, exhaustive of the Supreme patience, and that we shall now fall inevitably before a despised barbarian, as great an enemy of God as we are, and that therefore the scourge is well adapted for the scourged. Incapacity cannot wholly explain our apathy and neglect. The country itself stands mute, with its arms folded, while the Ministers sacrifice our troops at the rate of one hundred a day. Beyond the visible ruin rise other thoughts grave and distressing, for a camp life is not the best preparation for the hour of death.

The *Times* correspondent from Scutari, writing on the 8th Jan., says:—

“The mortality in the hospitals at Scutari is still on the increase, especially among the fresh arrivals. On the 4th, 59 were buried, including one officer's lady and child, on the 5th 34, on the 6th 37, and on the 7th 49, making a total of 179 in four days.—The sick state on the last-mentioned day showed 4,342 non-commissioned officers and privates in hospital, and 55 officers. Yesterday the Europa and Arabia had come down with invalids from Balaklava, none of whom had landed. The former had 312 on board when she left, but the deaths on the voyage down are not yet reported. The latter had 321 on board, of whom 30 died on the passage.”

The following short but interesting return will be sure at the present juncture to attract attention:—“Return showing the number of ships that arrived from the army with sick and wounded, the number died on the passage, and the number of burials that have taken place at Scutari since the formation of the general depot: Number of ships arrived, 53;—number of wounded and sick conveyed from the army that originally embarked, 11,850; number died on passage, 654; number of burials at Scutari, 1,949; total burials of all persons that died at Scutari, 2,044.”

## “CAMP MEETINGS,” AND PROTESTANT DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

Camp meetings originated amongst the Presbyterians of Kentucky. The first camp meeting was held near Goseberry river, in July 1800. The ministers present were Messrs. McGready, William McGee, and a Mr. Hege. The author whose language we quote says:—“Camp meetings being once introduced, the plan spread like wild fire. The laborer quitted his task, the youth forgot his pasture, the plough was left in the furrow, age snatched his crutch, the deer enjoyed a respite upon the mountains, business of all kind was suspended, dwelling houses were deserted, whole neighborhoods were emptied, bold hunters and sober matrons, young men, and maidens, and little children, flocked to the common centre of attraction; every difficulty was encountered, every risk ventured to be present at the camp meeting.”

In connection with these camp meetings, a great variety of strange exercises grew up. Children ten or twelve years of age, were prominent actors.—Under paroxysms of feeling, persons fell down, and this was called the “falling exercise.” There were also the “jerking exercise,” the “rolling,” the “ridding,” the “dancing,” and the “barking exercises,” besides “visions,” and “trances.” At Cabin Creek camp-meeting, May 22, 1811, so many fell on the third night, that to prevent their being trod on, they were laid out on one side of the meeting house floor, like so many corpses. At Boone Creek sacrament, two hundred fell; at Pleasant Point three hundred, and at Cane Ridge three thousand, August 6, 1801.

The first instance of the “jerking exercise” was at a sacrament in East Tennessee. Persons would be jerked in all directions, over whatever object happened to be in the way. They were always left to