



HOW THE WAR GOES.

We continue our diary of the siege. JAN. 16th.—The thermometer was at 14° in the morning, and at 10° on the heights over Balaklava. The snow fell at night, and covered the ground to the depth of three feet; but the cold and violent wind drifted it in places to the depth of five or six feet. In the morning 1,200 French soldiers came down to Balaklava for shot and shell, and the agility, good spirits, and energy with which they ploughed through the snow, were alike admirable. The wind blew almost a gale, and the native horses refused to face it, but our poor fellows came trudging along in the same dreary string; and there was something mournful in the very aspect of the long lines of black dots inuring across the vast expanse of glittering snow between Sebastopol and Balaklava. When these dots came up you saw they had very red noses and very white faces and very beared eyes; and as to their clothes, Falstaff would have thought his famous heavy corps d'élite if he could have beheld our gallant soldiery. Many of the officers are as ragged and as reckless in dress. The Generals make appeals to their subalterns "to wear swords, as there is no other way of telling them from the men." It is inexpressibly odd to see Captain Smith, of the Foot, with a pair of red Russian leather boots up to his middle, a cap probably made out of the tops of his holsters, and a white skin coat, tastefully embroidered all down the back with towers of many colored silk, topped by a head-dress a la dustman of London, stalking gravely through the mud of Balaklava, intent on the capture of a pot of jam or marmalade. Do you wonder why we are all so fond of jam? Because it is portable and comestible, and it is a substitute for butter, is only sent out in casks and giant crocks, one of which would exhaust the transport resources of a regiment. Captain Smith is much more like this great namesake of Adelphi, when, in times gone by he made up for a smugler-burglar-bandit than the pride of the flight street, of Portsmouth, or than that hero of the Phoenix park, with golden wings like an angel, before the redness of whose presence little boys and young ladies trembled. All this would be rather facetious and laughable, were not poor Captain Smith a famished wretch with bad chilblains, approximating to frostbites, a touch of scurvy, and a severe rheumatism. Many of our men have been crippled by the cold, and of our officers, Captain Strong, of the Coldstream Guards, has been obliged to go down on leave, with one foot badly frost-bitten. JAN. 24.—The weather has become much milder and finer. The troops have supported the trying days we have gone through with admirable courage; their confidence was never shaken for one moment by the extreme severity of the temperature. We have reason to hope that the depth of the winter in the Crimea is past. We resume our work before the town with renewed activity. JAN. 27.—There is no firing on our side. The weather is frosty at night; very mild, and fine during the day. The siege works are advancing. The army is still sickly. Prince Menschikoff has gone northwards. The Russians make constant sorties, and continue firing upon the French lines and pickets. Supplies are gone up to the camp in abundance. The French 8th division has arrived. The British ship Sphinx has also arrived. Lord Raglan visited Balaklava on the 24th of January, and had an interview with Admiral Lyons. He inspected the trenches on the 25th. There are only eight Russian battalions near Tchorgoum. JAN. 28.—No change has taken place in the state of affairs before Sebastopol. From time to time the enemy throws shells and rockets into the town, but the damage done is unimportant. General Ulrich and the voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard have arrived. The troops are animated with an excellent spirit, and are full of enthusiasm. The weather continues fine; we take advantage of it to complete our works. A passage from Lord Raglan's despatch is consolatory, for he says that "if the commissariat could be provided with transport, and the huts could be brought up, there would be no other cause of suffering than the severity of a Crimean winter." We learn that supplies had gone up from Balaklava to the camp in considerable quantities. JAN. 29.—The cold weather had returned. The currents of water produced by the melting of the snow have done some injury to the earthworks before Sebastopol; but the damage was promptly repaired. The whole of the third division of the French army have taken the place of the English in the trenches, and are continuing the works. The number of English killed in our duty before Sebastopol is from 11,000 to 12,000; a vast number being in the hospitals and ambulances. Lately a thousand convalescent soldiers, French and English, left Constantinople to rejoin their corps in the Crimea.

(From the Correspondent of the London Times.) Lord Raglan shows neither ideas nor genius—nay, not even energy. He seems to live in the past rather than the present, and thinks to supply every want by his cherished Peninsular recollections, imagining that what was excellent in 1809 in Spain and Portugal must needs be the best in the Crimea in 1854 and 1855. But, with all his recollections, he seems to forget that imitating a few peculiarities of the old Duke makes a great General just as little as taking snuff imparts the genius of a Napoleon. He tries to copy, and is, therefore, as usual, a caricature of the original. Because the Duke did not care about exposing himself when it was necessary to do so, he exposes himself often where it is not wanted; nay, he exposes himself for the sake of exposing himself, instead of choosing his position where he could best overlook and direct the action. I saw him myself, in the battle of Inkermann, occupying during a great part of the day, a position where the cocked hat soon attracted an unenviable notice from the enemy's guns, and where, at the same time, nobody could find him. The Duke was cold and harsh with his soldiers; Lord Raglan caricatures him, and his coldness assumes the character of indifference. During the late storms the troops were for several days short of rations, without firewood, their tents blown down, and they themselves starving, shivering, and overworked. What would it have been to him to put on a water-proof, to ride about the camp and cheer up the men; but no one ever sees him, and I am bound to say that 19-20ths of the army don't know him. Those around him say the English soldiers must be treated so, their General ought to be for them a superior being, inaccessible to the petites misères of the soldier, who is supposed to be always doing his duty. I am inclined to doubt this; and, even if it be true, it can only be so when the soldier has thorough confidence in his General, and when he feels that there is a really superior mind watching over his interests, and that everything has been done to avert the calamity which afflicts him. This, however, is far from being the case in the present instance, and the soldier feels this as if by instinct; besides this, he has likewise occasion to make comparisons. HEALTH OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—SCUTARI, JAN. 25, 1855.—When I arrived here, early in November, the maximum number of deaths scarcely exceeded 20 a day; now it is nearly three times as high. At that time the proportion of sick and wounded was about equal; now the former vastly preponderates. Then we had only three hospitals; now we have eight, are talking of a ninth at Smyrna, are building increased accommodation for 1,000 patients in the barrack hospital, and are draughting off as fast as we can convalescents to Malta, Corfu, and home. At the period referred to wounds would heal here; for some time past they have in most cases refused to do so, or if a patient does show a tendency to get well, dysentery, fever, or consumption seize him and makes him its prey. Men no longer come down newly attacked and presenting symptoms favorable for a cure; they arrive exhausted with chronic disease firmly rooted in their broken constitutions, and almost beyond the chances of successful treatment. This is one of the darkest features in the sanitary condition and prospects of the army; for it leads us to anticipate what the probable fate will be, during the next two months, not only of the 5,000 sick now crowded in the hospitals, but of those still doing duty, who are unfit for work. Dr. Hall includes in this last class one-half the entire army; the strength of which now one hears variously estimated at from 11,000 to 14,000 men. I hope the proportion may not be even greater; for I have heard medical officers high in the service make statements which led to the inference that this was a favorable view of the facts. Whatever be the actual state of health in the army, it is quite certain that in the hospitals here, the number of cheerful, hopeful faces among the patients diminishes and the daily tour of wards and corridors discloses a steady increase of prostration and gloom. Men huddle themselves up in their bedclothes more, and the newspaper and amusing book have lost much of their former attractiveness. No reading aloud now; and as the new arrivals tell of the hardships they have gone through, it is not an unusual thing for them, overcome by the recollection, to burst into tears. SCUTARI, FEB. 1, 1855.—The accounts which are received here as to the health of the army become more dismal day after day, and they are only too dearly confirmed by the rate at which the arrivals of sick take place, and by the condition of the men when admitted into hospital. Only two days ago I met an officer holding a high position in the service, who had just returned from the Crimea. He spoke without the slightest reserve of the state of matters there—said that as an organized efficient force the army no longer existed; that all discipline and order disappeared, that the men had ceased to

salute their officers as they passed, and it was quite common to see them selling indispensable articles of clothing, in order to buy rum. It would take, he said, many months to bring back to a proper state of efficiency those who were still fit for duty, so thoroughly demoralized had they become. As for the sick, not only the regimental hospital, but the tents were full of them, and many of those who still stuck to work were quite unfit for it. It was impossible, he said, to believe the state of the army as to discipline, unless one went up and examined into it closely for himself. A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.—The following extract from a private letter written by a French officer draws a gloomy picture of the British camp:—"The English army is no longer an army. It only bears the name. Of the 56,000 men which the British Government sent to the East there remains at this moment not more than from 10,000 to 11,000, and even these are not all able to carry arms. I must add that there are, moreover, about 10,000 in the hospitals of Constantinople, and 1,000 in the ambulances at Balaklava, the remainder are gone to their long home,—a sad result of the two principal vices in the English army,—the officers, with few exceptions, have forgotten how to conduct a campaign, and the administration for the supply of provisions is absolutely null. Several transports had been laden at Venice and Trieste with planks for constructing wooden huts for the troops. When they arrived at Balaklava the English had no horses to carry them to the camp. The timber lay in the mud until the snow fell, when the soldiers burned it to warm themselves. The following is the result of the neglected state of the English army. The French have nearly completed their siege works; their trenches have been carried to within a few yards of the town. The English, on the contrary, are far behind, and a few days since their general informed General Canrobert that his effective force was not sufficient to continue their works. Some days previously the French had been compelled to occupy the batteries erected by the English at their extreme right, which command the mouth of the Tchernaya and the high road to Simpheropol, which they were no longer able to defend. Gen. Canrobert has given orders to the third division to continue the English trenches." Hitherto, the French, unlike the English troops, have enjoyed an immunity from criticism. Ugly facts, nevertheless, occasionally peep out, which reveal a world of misery. We learn, for instance, that the Zouaves, the hardiest and most resolute of the soldiers under General Canrobert, had mutinied, and had demanded a retreat from the Crimea. As many as 400 of the mutineers had arrived at Constantinople on their way to Toulon,—worn out, no doubt, in body and mind with the harassing duties to which they had been exposed, and under the influence of which they committed treason to their country. The descriptions of the weather in the Crimea vary considerably. Sometimes we hear of the intense cold, another day we are assured that the atmosphere was so genial, that the band of the Chasseurs d'Afrique played several French airs, which seemed to delight the English, who had long been deprived of pleasant sounds. These opposite accounts, following rapidly, are, no doubt, truthful; but a variable climate, we know, is always the most injurious to health, and that a winter in the Crimea is fatal to the health of troops we have had melancholy experience. (From Paris Correspondent of N. Y. Com. Advertiser.) It was a great mistake for England to place her army alongside of, and in company with the Imperial army of France, if she wished to preserve her reputation as a great military power, and avoid humiliating contrasts. The stubborn bravery and great fighting qualities of a handful of men do not constitute a nation a military power; she must have a permanent military establishment, and an organization that will meet with promptitude great emergencies. More than that, her soldiers must be willing to fight for "glory," as do the French, and not regard war in the light of a mere commercial transaction. The humiliation of the English people has been increased by the manner in which the obnoxious "foreign legion" measure has been met. After thrusting the measure on to the nation against its will, it now remains almost without results; the states in which these enrolments were to be made have placed all possible obstacles in the way, and even the people refuse to enrol themselves under the English flag for pay. In England even, few volunteers offer themselves, and the organization of the militia goes on with a tardiness which does not promise much support from that source. In this state of things, it is not surprising to hear Ministers avow that England has fallen to a secondary position among the nations of Europe, in physical force; or to hear from the nation a universal cry

of despair and of revenge against the unfortunate Ministry that happened to be in power at the moment.—The natural fear now is, that France, the Bonaparte dynasty being in power, may take advantage of these circumstances; and although the alliance will be maintained, a time is coming when she will be liberated, and then will revive all the old prejudices and hatreds which only lie dormant, but are not extinct.—These developments of England's weakness only serve to powerfully consolidate and strengthen Napoleon's power; and it may well be feared that at a proper moment this power will be put in operation against England, and the cause of liberty as well. The exultation in France, taken in connection with the fact that France is physically stronger at this moment than she ever was, while England is avowedly weak, furnishes an omen which does not carry with it a bright future. Added to their misfortunes, we have now very positive and reliable assurances from Sebastopol that there can be no prospect for a long time of the downfall of the place. The sufferings and death from privation continued at the last date as frightful as ever in the English camp, and the reinforcements which arrived were scarcely sufficient to keep up the complement. The Duke of Cambridge, who arrived in Paris three days ago and one day in advance of the Prince Napoleon, stated to an American gentleman with whom he travelled from Marseilles to this city, that Sebastopol would not be taken this winter, but that it would eventually fall. The Emperor of France, in the pride which his new position and increased popularity has given him, will not for a moment think of a retreat from before Sebastopol, and every necessary effort continues to be made in sending off troops and munitions with a view to a continuance of the siege. Whatever England may be able to do, France will not be found wanting in her duty to the great enterprise in which she is engaged. Among the items of news by the last arrival from before Sebastopol, the following words in a French journal throw some light on the situation of affairs:—"Our poor allies (the English) are very unhappy. Bravery does not guard against cold; one must know how to establish a bivouac, run to a long distance for wood, give themselves a thousand troubles, before which the English soldiers shrink. Therefore what misery, what losses, they are suffering! The cold is intense; the thermometer has descended below 8 degrees (centigrade.) Add to this two feet of snow, if it is not three, and you have an idea of our situation. We support very well these rigors, but our poor mules and horses die very fast. The number of sick remains very considerable. It is said that 400 of our soldiers have had their feet frozen, while several have been found dead. It is terrible, but what are we to do? It is humanly impossible to take more prudent, more paternal measures, than those which regulate the life of our soldiers. If they are compared to the English soldiers, they are treated like "little lords." So that our allies allow themselves to be dispirited and discouraged by the least difficulty. One day lately I was returning from the chase; I had to traverse the gorge of Balaklava; English soldiers, occupied with our mules in the transport of their wooden houses, were stuck fast in the mud in the bottom of the valley. How do you think they got out of the difficulty? They set fire to the house and warmed themselves by it! I took part in it. That is one of those adventures which can never be recounted of the French army." The two princes, the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince Napoleon, who have just arrived in Paris, are both, it is said by those who have seen them, in a perfect state of health; and it is difficult to imagine why it is that the Government persists in magnifying a temporary derangement of health into an affair of such gravity as to require the presence of these gentlemen at home. Of course there are other reasons than this; but there has been too much transparency in conducting the affair to give it even the consistency of a successful farce. For the honor of the Duke of Cambridge, it should be said that, personally, he does not claim to be sick. Le Charivari contains a spirited engraving this week, representing Nicholas as a member of the peace society, offering his Vienna propositions for peace. He wears the coat and slouched hat of a quaker, and from under the coat in all directions may be seen emerging more than thirty muzzles of Colt's revolvers. This is Charivari's opinion in crayon of the Emperor Nicholas's peace intentions. (From the London Times.) It is true that every week costs our ill-fated army not less than a thousand dead or disabled; and is likely to tell also on our gallant allies; it is true that every week adds to the strength of Sebastopol and the reinforcements of the enemy in the field; it is true that every week adds to the reign of misrule at Balaklava and the camp. Yet a week so dear, so invaluable,