

We have been told that this new weapon was used in Caucasus. This may be the case, but as we are not the half-savage populations of Caucasus we could not help branding that barbarous proceeding as unworthy of a European army. Publish the fact in your journal. It will be a reply to the fine sentiments expressed by the Emperor Nicholas, which we read to-day in the papers. Everything in that sortie was strange indeed. It was evidently organized by a man of great skill and boldness. Those *lassos* the peculiar arms borne by the officers—long straight swords with poniard hilts—the nails and hammers for spiking the guns, found in their pockets, all showed that the attack was planned and conducted by men who were determined to die or succeed in the attempt. One of the officers, in his despair at not being able to climb on the *épaulement*, ran his long sword through the gabions to wound the soldiers placed behind them. One of the latter broke the sword in two with his spade, and then, leaping over the parapet, attacked the officer, who had only his broken sword to defend himself, and killed him. No doubt remains as to the worth and rank of the brave chief who commanded that *coup de main*. The next morning a flag of truce presented himself with a letter from General Osten-Sacken to General Forey, in which he expressed his deepest regret for the death of "that most distinguished officer," and requested the Commander of the besieging corps to give up his body to him. General Forey immediately acquiesced in his desire, and by the same opportunity delivered to the Russians the bodies of 26 of their comrades who had not yet been interred. This delivery took place within the buildings of the Quarantine, in the presence of an officer of an eccentric character, who spoke French very fluently, and said to us "This is a shocking work we are engaged in! What hinders you from taking the town? All this cannot amuse you. For our part, we are heartily tired of it." What did he mean by putting to us such questions? I cannot tell. I merely repeat his expressions *verbatim*. The artillery of the place has modified its firing, and has of late adopted the strange system of letting off several mortars at a time. This produces an extraordinary commotion in the air. The plan is not a bad one, for it is easier to avoid one bomb than ten.

THE AUTOPSY OF AN ARMY.

(From the Nation.)

The British Army has ceased to exist as an organized efficient force. Such is the last news from the Crimea. The superb soldiery of Alma has become a mere famished and disorganized rabble, with no more health, nor hope, nor order, nor discipline, than a squad of Irish paupers on Out-door Relief and a Public Work. At last, even the inexorable routine, which England regards as the very spirit of her system, has been rejected by those unfortunate wretches, its most faithful votaries, its most miserable victims. We dare say it is more shocking to England than the loss of a battle, or the starvation of a brigade, to learn that those demoralized battalions have at last given up even the ghost of discipline. The British soldier sells his regimentals for rum, and has ceased to salute his officers. They would mutiny if there were anything to be gained by it. As an army they have ceased to be.

The heights of Inkermann, held with such superhuman courage, the lines and trenches, whose cannon the Russians could not touch last October, are now deserted, and the French have gradually pushed their army along the whole front of the town. The labor and glory of the enterprise has devolved upon the Imperial soldiers; and of the army which so long sustained with them its perils, God only knows whether a hundred may live to see the spring. At present there are not five thousand of them proof against disease, and cold, and hunger, while every week a thousand more men succumb to the Russian Nemesis.

"My best Generals," said the Czar lately, "are Generals January, February, and March." Three weeks of January had elapsed when the last despatches left, and that General had inflicted upon the English a heavier loss than Balaklava and Inkermann. The army counted 14,000 men on New Year's Day.—They were only 12,000 at the end of the month. In the camp hospitals were upwards of 5,000 men, dying at the rate of 100 a day—and dying, in the vast majority of cases, precisely because they went to hospital. Those who had wounds or frost-bites died of an hospital gangrene; those who had colds or dysentery were seized with an hospital typhus; and both fever and gangrene had been caused by the horrible neglect through which the malaria of dead men and horses circulated around Balaklava and the camp.—The soldier who went to hospital knew he was doomed before hand, and, therefore, increased the mortality by his own despair, and by postponing the Doctor until it was too late. Nor was this awful mortality of the hospitals limited to the wretched tents in which the sick of the camp were stretched. In Scutari the common road was from the ward to the death-house. In the last letter of the *Times*, it is told that, of sixty secondary capital operations performed there lately, only one recovered. An awful gloom overhangs those crowded wards. Every man feels, from the moment he enters there, that he is drifting towards the last agony; and in the desolate stillness is often heard the sobbing of some strong soldier, who regrets the bullet that spared him in battle, to die thus ingloriously.

Thus it is, the medical authorities of the army believe that more than one-half of the soldiers at present doing duty are struggling with deadly diseases, and "wooding" death in the field as long as they can stand. When they go to the trenches you must listen to the pathetic voices with which they utter the wish that they may be shot, and never come back again to the miseries they leave behind. You must not be astonished that they are caught napping—they

have become reckless. What do they care for their miserable existence? Death is relief. Such is the language of one and all the correspondence from the Crimea.

It was between the 7th and the 16th Jan. that the winter fairly set in, and every night the frost grew harder and the wind faster and keener. Hundreds were frost-bitten in the hands, face, and feet. Cholera and scurvy spread into every tent. But on the 16th the crowning calamity came. The thermometer fell twenty degrees below freezing point. The wind careered down from the hills in one steady rushing current, in which the very blood seemed to freeze. On this day, and for the two that followed, there was not a fire lit throughout almost the entire extent of the British lines. During those two horrible days, officers and men were continually frozen to death.—The flesh came away with the clothes. When the thaw began, the dead were discovered by their boots sticking up through the snow. In the 46th Regiment alone, fourteen men died of cold on the 16th, and ten on the 17th. At the commencement of the week, 1,950 men were sent in two days to Scutari, on the following day 900 followed, and the 18th 400 more, making in all, a total of 3,000 men invalided within eight days. One or two Regiments had utterly ceased to exist; and almost every Regiment was decimated in the sense that only every tenth man survived.

From bad to worse, each day since—

"Unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster,
Till the dirges of their hopes one melancholy burden bore."

There is now not a hope of saving a remnant of the line. England looks on and lets them die, and makes no sign. Everything goes against her—the elements, her own parties—her whole system, which is in an utter deadlock and a laughing stock to the whole earth. If this be the Beginning, what is the End to be?

The French have relieved the Guards of their outpost duties, and are gradually extending themselves towards Inkermann from our right attack. What a difference there is in the relative position of the two armies from that of which we talked so much on the evening of the 17th of October, when the French fire had been completely snuffed out, and our own fire was still maintaining its strength under the batteries of the enemy! We are gradually relinquishing ground to our allies, and the front which it cost so much strength and so much health to maintain, is gradually abandoned to the more numerous and less exhausted army. Some of our regiments are reduced below the strength of a company, and it is evident that we could no longer continue to swell ourselves out to undue dimensions by "puffing" and ostentatious self-sacrifice, and to defend and cover miles of trench with an army only equal to protect half the extent of offensive works. The Russians towards Baidar seem to be melting gradually away. A Tartar who has recently passed through their lines assured a friend of mine they were not numerous, that they had suffered fearfully from the recent cold and from sickness and scarcity. He said there were about 300 horses at Baidar, and as many infantry on their flank over towards Tchougoum, and it was his opinion that the greater part of Liprandi's corps had fallen back on Bakhiserai. We have many extraordinary rumors in this Babel camp of ours. One, that Menschikoff has been recalled; another, that we are about to have a wonderful resignation; but none ventures "to fix the day" for a bombardment and assault, as is done so confidently by persons nearer home. Sir George Brown was expected back to his command in a few days.

The sanitary condition of Balaklava is beginning to excite serious apprehension. The filth of the town is now something beyond all description. Offal, dirt, waste stores, stagnant water, the refuse from English and Turkish hospitals, and some hundreds of half-decomposed horses, dogs, sheep, and oxen lie more or less in every little alley. Each house is over-crowded, and under each house are cellars, in which horses and Tartar families are stowed away. But the most serious evil of all arises from the immense number of internments which have lately taken place. We are now giving rations to 4,000 Turks; two months ago we were rationing 14,000; 8,000 of the missing 10,000 are dead and "buried" on the slope of the hill, over the harbor, though I think even a metropolitan sexton would hardly have the hardihood to call the last resting-place of a Turk here a "grave." It is merely a little trough, about eighteen inches deep, in which the bodies are laid on the bare rock, and the few handfuls of earth which have been removed in the process scattered over the corpse.—Thousands have been thus interred. The late rains in many instances have washed the earth from these graves, leaving the bodies in every stage of corruption, exposed to the eye and poisoning the air for miles around. I believe it was entirely owing to the hospital for Russian wounded being situated close at the foot of some of these plague spots that none of the unfortunate Muscovites recovered of their wounds, which almost without a single exception began to mortify and gangrene soon after the men entered the place.

The necessity of taking immediate sanitary precautions has now been forced on the authorities of the town by the outbreak of a very virulent description of fever at Balaklava, and which is beginning to spread. On the 17th a kind of council was held in Balaklava, over which Sir Colin Campbell presided, and promised that the work of cleansing the town and its neighborhood should commence that very day. Though this was very properly the decision of the council, I believe the opinion of many was that the evil had gone too far, and that with the return of hot weather nothing short of abandoning the town and encamping on the summits of the hills would be found

effectual. If any man can remedy the evil, it is Sir Colin Campbell. Throughout the whole campaign he has shown himself the steadiest and most energetic of our generals, and since the death of Cathcart and the departure of Sir De Lacy Evans, and Pennefather, is most certainly the only general in whom the whole force places entire confidence.

A GHASTLY PROCESSION.—A large number of sick and, I fear, dying men were sent into Balaklava on French mule litters and a few of our bat-horses. They formed one of the most ghastly processions that ever poet imagined. Many of these men were all but dead. With closed eyes, open mouths, and ghastly attenuated faces, they were borne along, two and two, the thin stream of breath, visible in the frosty air, alone showing they were still alive. One figure was a horror—a corpse, stone dead, strapped upright in its seat, its legs hanging stiffly down, the eyes staring wide open, the teeth set on the protruding tongue, the head and body nodding with frightful mockery of life at each stride of the mule over the broken road. No doubt the man had died on his way down to the harbor. As the apparition passed, the only remarks that the soldiers made, were such as this—"There's one poor fellow out of pain, any way?" Another man I saw with the raw flesh and skin hanging from his fingers, the naked bones of which, protruded into the cold air, undressed and uncovered. This was a case of frost-bite, I presume. Possibly the hand had been dressed, but the bandages might have dropped off. All the sick in the mule litters seemed alike on the verge of the grave.—*Times Correspondent.*

OPERATION OF "THE SYSTEM."—A circumstance occurred in Balaklava to-day which I will state for the calm consideration of the public at home without one single word of comment. The *Charity*, an iron screw steamer, is at present in harbor for the reception of sick British soldiers, who are under the charge of a British medical officer. That officer went on shore to-day and made an application to the officer in charge of the Government stoves for two or three to put on board the ship to warm the men. "Three of my men," said he, "died last night from choleric symptoms, brought on their present state from the extreme cold of the ship; and I fear more will follow them from the same cause." "Oh!" said the guardian of the stoves, "you must make your requisition in due form, send it up to headquarters, and get it signed properly, and returned, and then I will let you have the stoves." "But my men may die meantime." "I can't help that; I must have the requisition." "It is my firm belief that there are men now in a dangerous state whom another night will certainly kill." "I really can do nothing; I must have a requisition properly signed before I can give one of these stoves away." "For God's sake, then, lend me some; I'll be responsible for their safety." "I really can do nothing of the kind." "But, consider, this requisition will take time to be filled up and signed, and meantime these poor fellows will go." "I cannot help that." "I'll be responsible for anything you do." "Oh, no, that can't be done!" "Will a requisition signed by the P. M. O. of this place be of any use?" "No." "Will it answer if he takes on himself the responsibility?" "Certainly not." The surgeon went off in sorrow and disgust. Such are the "rules" of the service in the hands of incapable and callous men.—*Times Correspondent.*

AWFUL MORTALITY IN THE 46TH AND 63RD REGIMENTS.—Perhaps it may modify the inveterate hostility with which the English public so unjustly pursued the gallant 46th, to learn that, as a regiment, it has almost ceased to exist. At the beginning of November last it landed at Balaklava with an effective strength of 1,100 bayonets. It now musters 117 serviceable men, and, as things are going on, it is not very improbable that, at the end of a month, even this small remnant will be reduced to the level of some of our other regiments here. For instance, there is a regiment which figures in the Army List as the 63rd, but it is only in the Army List that it can be found, as nothing remains of it out here.—The last time it was ordered for duty in the trenches, only six men paraded for service, and of this small number two were unable to proceed even as far as the tent of the Brigadier-General. The whole six were therefore ordered to return to their quarters, and the force is now disorganized; including officers, sergeants, and officers' servants, the entire complements of the 63rd is said to be under 40 men.—*Herald.*

MORTALITY AT THE MILITARY HOSPITALS IN TURKEY.—The following painful statement is published by a French contemporary, on the authority of a correspondent at Constantinople:—"The difference, in fact, between the deaths in the two nations is enormous. In the French hospitals there is only one death out of 271 cases, whilst in the English hospitals there is one out of 88."—*Globe.*

THE RUSSIAN MAJOR AT INKERMANN.—It will be recollected that after the battle of Inkermann, a Russian Major was taken prisoner in the act of stabbing the wounded in the field. It was said at the time that an opportunity would be afforded by his capture of testifying the disgust and horror of the allied armies at the barbarous conduct which this officer as well as many others of his countrymen had exhibited; and that he would be brought to public execution. His fate, however, has not been recorded in any of the correspondence from the seat of war we have yet seen published. We now learn from a letter from one of the three youthful surgeons who left Edinburgh in October last for Scutari, that the expected victim has disappointed public vengeance. "When captured he had a severe wound in his shoulder, and was sent to the hospital at Kauldee, near Scutari, which is set apart for wounded Russian prisoners, and where he died a short time ago. The doctor who attended him says he has preserved the

wounded joint "as a memorial of the monster."—*Edinburgh Courier.*

MISS NIGHTINGALE.—Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a "ministering angel" without any exaggeration in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken which when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail.

"What sort of fighters are the Russians?" a sergeant of the 44th Regiment was asked. "They're very brave," he answered, "behind their walls and entrenchments, but bring them on a plain, and they're not good stuff. If 14,000 of the allies could lick 60,000, and kill, wound, and take prisoners 15,000 of them, they're not such fine chaps." The fact that the Russians do not elevate their muskets when they fire, is not generally known. "The Russians never take aim," observed a private of the 23rd Regiment, "they load their gun resting it on the left hip, and present it from the right hip when they fire. They make bad shots, and mostly wound us in the legs. The shoulder after all."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

REV. DR. CAHILL IN BELFAST.—There can be no doubt the Tory press of Belfast evinces a liberality of sentiment and feeling which deserve the highest praise in paying to Dr. Cahill, the following compliment as extracted from the *Belfast News-Letter*:—

REV. DR. CAHILL'S LECTURES.—The first of this series of scientific lectures was delivered on Monday evening in the Victoria Hall before an immense audience, which crowded every department of the room. The lecturer illustrated his subject by means of a number of very elegantly executed diagrams. He commenced with a general preface on the nobility of astronomical science, and thence proceeded to explain the principles of light, refraction, and reflection, the different kinds of lenses, the telescope, the anatomy of the eye, the microscope, &c. We candidly admit that we were agreeably disappointed by Dr. Cahill and his lecture, we came prepared to hear a ranting, superficial orator, whose merits we suspected had been overrated. We found a gentleman of exceedingly winning address, dignified deportment, profound scientific acquirements, amply gifted also with the rare and happy faculty of popularizing the most abstruse theories and difficult demonstrations, so as to render them appreciable, by the most humble intellect. His eloquence is a brilliant mixture of gorgeous description, poetical illustration, familiar, almost colloquial, plainness; graceful elocution, and occasional sallies of humor. He completely fascinated a large, intelligent, and mixed audience, by the evidence he afforded of having his heart and soul in his subject, and he was applauded almost at every pause.

DEATH OF THE REV. DENIS COTTER, KILLARNEY.—At Killarney, after a protracted and painful struggle with decline, Rev. Denis Cotter, late Parish Priest.

CONVERSION.—On Wednesday, 7th February, Mr. Nicholas Quinn, cooper, an intelligent and industrious tradesman of Thom, who has been born of Protestant parents, and who has been all his life of that persuasion, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. P. Corcoran. He died a few days afterwards, having received the sacraments and partaken of the consolations of our holy religion.—*Thom Herald.*

THE DEPUTATION TO ROME.—We (*Dublin Freeman*) have been requested by a clergyman of this diocese to publish the following extract of a letter received this week from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin:—

"Irish College, Rome, 3d Feb., 1855.
"Up to the present day, no appeal has been lodged with the authorities here against the Bishop of Ossory, or any other Irish Bishop or Archbishop. Neither has the famous memorial, so much spoken of, been presented. The lay and clerical deputation so often announced, has not as yet appeared. There is, indeed, one gentleman here who took an active part in the meetings of Callan and Thurles, but he has not exhibited credentials from any party, and, indeed, I believe he is very meritoriously employed in seeking spiritual advice and instruction from the authorities of this city, who, being anxious to gain all to Christ, and to bring those who are astray to the right path, receive all with truly paternal kindness and Christian charity. Should the members of the deputation arrive at any future day, they, too, will receive instruction and advice which may be very useful to them. From what I now state, after having made inquiries at the Propaganda and higher quarters, you may form an estimate of the value of the reports spread in Ireland, that the appeal was going on successfully, and that the deputation was most active and zealous. The truth is, nothing whatever has been done as yet. There has been no display of zeal or activity.—Your devoted servant, J. PAUL CULLEN."

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.—Mr. James Bourke is about publishing the opinions of all the statesmen of the last sixty years on the subject of the Maynooth grant. As the Conservatives have announced that, immediately after the Maynooth Report shall have been laid upon the table, they will take the sense of the house on the question, a correct summary of the parliamentary debates on the subject, since the foundation of the college, will be most useful, and, from Mr. Bourke's proved accuracy and impartiality, we are sure that he will produce such a careful digest that members on "both sides of the house" will be glad to avail themselves of a pamphlet which will save them from wading through some hundreds of volumes of Hansard. The idea is opportune, and to public speakers and writers its faithful execution will be a welcome boon. For the Catholic clergy such a publication will possess peculiar interest.