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HOW THE WAR GOES.

(From the Nation.)

The great Conference of European diplomatists has re-assembled at Vienna, to negotiate the conditions of a peace; and the Czar has ordered the entire male population of his dominions to prepare for a participation in the war. England is represented in the Austrian capital by Lord John Russell, the minister whose recent "political profligacy" was rebuked by an autograph letter from Queen Victoria; and who has just been precluded from the formation of a new ministry by the desertion of his former colleagues in sheer disgust.

Three hundred thousand men is the force which the Czar intends immediately forming in the Crimea; and numerous reinforcements have already arrived in Sebastopol, where the presence of the Grand Dukes lends probability to the rumor of a swoop upon the remnant of the Allied Army.

Germany still hesitates to adopt any decisive or unanimous policy. Austria, secure in that saving clause of the December treaty, which enables her to abandon the Western Powers at any convenient time, affects an increasing desire for the independence of Turkey; Prussia formally denies that she has formed any alliance with England and France, but declares herself perfectly ready for the contingency of war; among the minor German potentates opinion steadily gravitates towards the Czar. Louis Napoleon silently chuckles over the Russian sympathies of Prussia, and organizes his Army of the Rhine!

Cold, hunger, and pestilence, day after day; every night the trenches, half filled with water; the terrible Crimean frost, and those still more fatal *sorties* from the garrison, in which the Russians are always "repulsed," but which always terminate in their carrying away a batch of prisoners or a heap of ammunition; and ghastly processions of sick and wounded on their last journey from the camp to the charnel; such is the condition of the Anglo-French force engaged in the siege of Sebastopol! It appears that "since the first day of December, 1854; down to the 20th of January, 1855, eight thousand sick and wounded men have been sent down from camp to Balaklava, and thence on ship-board."

"I know well," says the *Morning Herald* correspondent, "that we cannot be losing far short of 2,000 or 2,500 men and officers per week, and we certainly do not receive more than 1,000 in the same time as reinforcements."

"Our victorious army has shrunk into the force of a French division," comments the *Times*, "and the military honor of the country has sunk to zero."

(From the Special Correspondent of the Times.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, JANUARY 27.—The weather, thanks to Heaven, continues to be extremely favorable to us. Cold, clear nights, with a bright, unclouded moon, are followed by warm, sunny, genial days. The thermometer generally falls to 18° or 20° at 12 every night, and rises to 44° of Fahrenheit at noon the following day. So far Prince Menschikoff has not received the assistance which he is reported to have expected from "Son bon Général Janvier," and we can only anxiously pray that the aid he looks for from his other *confrère*, "Général Février," may be equally insignificant and unsubstantial. It is not unusual to have several weeks of fine weather of this kind at a corresponding period of the year in the Crimea, but all the natives concur in stating that we have still hard times before us—tempest, heavy rains, or snow, but not very intense cold, and that this introduction to the Crimean spring continues on an average for about three weeks, but that it may last twice as long. At present the more immediate effect of this change of weather is the facility of communication between Balaklava and the camp. The surface of the country and the roads, or mud tracks, are hardened by the frost for several hours each morning, and remain in a state fit for travelling over, with more or less difficulty, till the influence of the sun has resolved them into cloggy, sticky swamp. Towards dark the frost sets in again, and enables the late return parties to get out to camp with forage and stores. But, with all this, the hand of the plague is not stayed. Still sickness clings to our troops, and the poor worn-out soldiers who climbed the bloody steeps of the Alma in the splendor of manly strength, and who, full of the noblest courage and devotion, defended in broken file the heights over the Tchernaya against the swarming multitudes of the Muscovite, weak, exhausted, and "washed out" by constant fatigue, incessant wet, insufficient food, want of clothing and of cover from the weather, now die away in their tents night after night. Many of the men are too far gone to recover. Doctors and hospitals and nurses are now too late, and they sink to rest unnumberingly; and every week some freshly formed lines of narrow mounds indicate the formation of a new burial-place. It must not be by any means inferred that the French escape sickness and mortality allo-

gether. On the contrary, our allies have suffered to a degree which would be excessive, if it were not compared with our own unfortunate standard of disease and death. They have also great numbers of horses, and to the diminution caused by illness and overwork in their ranks must be added that which accrues from the nightly *sorties* of the Russians and the heavy fire to which they are continually exposed from the enemy's batteries and sharpshooters. Nevertheless, the loss of the French is very much less than our own. The fact appears to be that our troops are overworked in the trenches, overworked in the field, overworked in camp, overworked on the roads. Every one knows that if a horse is reduced by too much labor to a certain point he cannot be saved, even if he be put into the best stable and attended by the best grooms in England. Whole regiments have vanished as if by magic. In some cases the men have not fallen in action, nor have they been exposed to the labors of the army beginning the campaign. No wonder, then, that the old soldiers of the Crimea, the men of Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava, should go at last, and share the fate of the raw levies, and of the unacclimatized regiments. Two regiments at least—that is the officers, the colors, and a few privates and non-commissioned officers, will be sent away for "re-organization." Is there not something to be learnt out of the fact that few of our officers sicken and die even in the most unhealthy regiments? If the officers are more exposed than the men to the fire of the enemy in action, they are certainly less liable than their men to disease and to the fatal effects of diarrhoea, fever, and dysentery. According to what I hear from a few people out here, who are eccentric enough to purchase a stray number of the obscure London journals, I seem to have been honored by a good deal of abuse from some of them at home for telling the truth. I really would put on my *claudes Lorraine* glass, if I could. I would if I could, clothe skeletons with flesh, breathe life into the occupants of the charnel-house, subvert the succession of the seasons, and restore the legions which have been lost; but I cannot tell lies to "make things pleasant." Any statements I have made I have chapter, and book, and verse, and witness for. Many, very many, that I have not made, I could prove to be true with equal ease; and could make public, if the public interest required it. There is not a single man in this camp who could put his hand on his heart and declare he believed that one single casualty had been caused to us by information communicated to the enemy by me or any other newspaper correspondent. The only thing the partisans of misrule can allege is, that we don't "make things pleasant" to the authorities, and that, amid the filth and starvation and deadly stagnation of the camp, we did not go about "babbling of green fields," of present abundance, and of prospects of victory. Now, suppose we come to "facts." Do people at home know how many bayonets the British army could muster at this moment? Do they believe we have 25,000, after all our reinforcements? They may be told—nay, it may be proved to them by figures at home—that the British army here consists of 55,000 men. I warn the British public not to believe that, with all our reinforcements, they reach near half that number. The grave and the hospital have swallowed them up by thousands. Just think of this "fact,"—that since the first day of December, 1854, down to the 20th of January, 1855, 8,000 sick and wounded men have been sent down from camp to Balaklava, and thence on shipboard! Shall I tell you how many have returned? And yet people at home, who gloat over the horrors of Walcheren, and consider disaster the normal end of British expeditions, tell us it is "croaking" to state the facts in such cases as these, or even to allude to them! The man who could calmly sit down and write home that all was hope, that our troops were healthy, that there was only an average mortality, that every one was confident of success, that our works were advancing, that we are now nearer to the capture of Sebastopol than we were on the 27th of last October, that transport was abundant, and the labors of our army light, might be an agreeable correspondent, but assuredly he would not lead you to form a very accurate opinion on the real state of affairs in this Camp before Sebastopol.

(From the Correspondent of the Times.)

A PEEP INTO SEBASTOPOL.—I had a long reconnaissance of Sebastopol to-day, in company with an officer of the Horse Artillery. It was a beautifully clear day, and at times it was almost warm.—We went up to the mound in advance and on the left of the French white picket-house, and for a long time we swept every inch of ground visible under the glass. The aspect of the place itself has changed very little, considering the hundreds of tons weight of shot and shell thrown into it; but the suburbs, of low whitewashed houses, roofed with tiles and at most

two stories high, are in ruins. The enemy have dismantled them as much as we have done. All the streets of such houses, are broken down and blocked up with masses of rubbish. The roofs, doors, and windows of the houses are all off, but the puffs of smoke from the empty frames showed that the shells were used as covers for the Russian riflemen. In front of us, and to our left, lay a most intricate and complicated-looking series of covered ways, traverses, zigzags, and parallels thrown from the seaside, close to the Quarantine Battery, and advancing gradually over the undulating land from the first lines, where the French fire was so cruelly snuffed out on the 17th of October, to the distance of 65 metres from the outer works of the Russians. The French works are admirably made—very solid and thick, and formed of abundance of strong gabions and sapperoles. Swarms of *Franc-tireurs* lined the advanced parallel, and kept up a continual pop, pop, pop, in reply to the spirts of white smoke from the Russian riflemen behind their advanced works.

The advanced Russian works from the Quarantine Fort to the crenelated wall and thence to the Flagstaff Battery seemed to me very much in the same state as the first day I saw them, with this exception, that the guns were, as far as I could discern, withdrawn from the embrasures, and the defence of the line left to riflemen. However, the muzzles of one or two guns were still visible crosswise through the embrasures, ready to be run out in a moment, and it is probable that others not visible are merely retired from fire. The Flagstaff Fort was knocked to atoms long ago, and the large buildings around it are all in ruins; but, on looking towards the ridge behind it, from which the streets of the town descend rapidly towards Fort Nicholas, and which shelters that part of the place from our fire, I could see but little difference between its present appearance and that which it presented on the 26th of September last year. People were walking about the streets, and relief parties were coming up from the seaside towards the front carrying baskets of provisions.—Between the rear of the Flagstaff Battery and this ridge the presence of earthworks, covered ways, and various defensive works could be detected in the openings along the lines of streets, and immediately behind the first Russian intrenchment is a formidable work armed with guns, which at 2 o'clock convinced us they had pretty good range and were very well laid, by thundering forth an astounding broadside in answer to some insulting fire from the French lines. The balls tore up the ground in piles of earth and dust, and dashed into the parapets, or, ploughing over their top, went roaring across the works in the rear. In an instant there was a rattling fire of rifles from the French *enfants perdus* directed at the embrasures, and the Russians slackened their fire in a few minutes, and replied to the French sharpshooters only. When the smoke cleared away, I could see the enemy and the French carrying away a few bodies on each side to the rear. The Russians not only use "colonnets" against the advanced French line, but they annoy our allies very considerably by a constant fire of grenades—a projectile which seems rather neglected in our service, though there are great authorities in favor of its use when the enemy has approached very closely. At the other side of the harbor Fort Constantine was shining brightly in the sun, its white walls blackened here and there under the line of embrasures by the smoke of the guns on the 17th of October. Behind it the new Russian forts were visible—dark walls of earth rising up through the snow, and notched like saws by the lines of embrasures. The waters of the harbor, as smooth as glass, were covered with boats, plying from one side to the other, and a small boat full of men came round the head of the Dockyard Creek towards Fort Alexander, with her white flag and blue St. Andrew's cross at the peak, as we were gazing down upon the place. The Rocket Battery on the left side of the deep ravine which runs down towards the Dockyard Creek, and widely separates our right attack from the French left attack, has been withdrawn. The large pile of Government buildings by the side of the Dockyard Creek is much injured and dismantled, large pieces of the roof and some of the windows being quite destroyed. The crenelated wall opposite the French appears to be quite uninjured. Close to the buildings by the Dockyard Creek there is a large two-decker, with a spring on her cable, lying so as to sweep the western slope of the town, should the French make a lodgment there. A small steamer with her steam up was near at hand, either for the use of the garrison or to carry off the two-decker, in case heavy guns were unmasked on her.—To the right at the other side of this creek we could see into the rear of our left attack, the earthworks and batteries of which were in beautiful order, though the guns were quite silent. The Redan and the Garden Battery, our old enemies, were silent also. The

houses near them, as well as those in front of the right attack, and in the rear of Malakoff Tower, are in ruins. The part of the city beyond them seems untouched. To the rear of the Round Tower of Malakoff, which is still split up, and rent from top to bottom, as it was the first day of our fire, there is a perfect miracle of engineering. It is impossible to speak too highly of the apparent solidity, workmanship, and finish of the lines of formidable earthworks, armed with about 80 heavy guns, which the Russians have thrown up to enfilade our attack, and to defend this position, which is, indeed, the key of their works in front of us. One line of battery is neatly revetted with tin boxes, supposed to be empty powder-cases. This is the mere wantonness and surplussage of abundant labor. Behind this work I could see about 2,000 soldiers and workmen laboring with the greatest zeal at a new line of batteries, and laboring undisturbedly. I do not know whether we could disturb them or not, but if 13-inch mortars could be placed so as to shell them, it is undoubtedly worthy the consideration of our Generals whether they ought not to take steps to prevent such serious obstacles to our success being thrown up before our very eyes.—We had heard that our new 13-inch mortars were to be tried to-day, but I did not see a shot fired from them all the time we were there, though the Russians were shelling our right and advanced right very actively from their battery at Inkermann. There is a camp at the rear of Malakoff, and another camp is visible at the other side of the creek, close to the Citadel, on the north side. Most of the men-of-war and steamers were lying with topgallantmasts and yards down, under the spot of land inside Fort Constantine. Our third parallel, which is within a few hundred yards of the enemy's advanced works, seemed unoccupied, except by riflemen and sharpshooters, who keep up a constant fire in the place, but from my position over the British lines I could not see so well into our approaches as I could look upon those of the French from the mounds on the left of their picket-house. On the whole the suburbs are destroyed, though still susceptible of being used by the enemy to check our advance. The Russians have gone back as we have pushed forward, and have in some places thrown up more formidable works than were at first opposed to us, but our fire has undoubtedly done much damage, and steady, uninterrupted approaches must give us possession of the southern ridge of the town very speedily.

The *Presse* publishes letters dated before Sebastopol, from which we extract the following:—

"The Russians have modified their system of attack. Their *sorties*, which were from the beginning and until last month executed in a slovenly and irresolute manner are now admirably conducted. In the attack on the 15th they displayed great intrepidity. The snow appears to have excited their warlike ardor and military recollections. Perhaps it is solely owing to the change of their commanders, which, according to the deserters, is very frequent. Towards 11 o'clock on the night of the 14th, our advanced pickets gave notice of the approach of the enemy. There were then in the trenches two companies of the 95th Regiment of Infantry, and two others of the 74th, under the orders of Commander Roumejoux. Our works are so near the Russians on that point that they came down upon us nearly as soon as the news of their approach, with extraordinary boldness, their officers marching at their head. We coolly awaited them, and when sufficiently close we charged them with the bayonet. A dreadful *mêlée* ensued, but the Russians, unable to resist when attacked with the bayonet, were speedily driven back, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions they made to maintain themselves on our line and penetrate into the battery. The *mêlée* continued during their retreat, which does honor to their officers, three of whom were killed as the first rank. You will remark probably that this account pretty nearly resembles what I already wrote to you respecting the *sorties* of the Russians. They are no longer the men we had to contend with at the beginning of the siege, and I can assure you that we have now opposed to us adversaries not to be despised. Moreover, our losses indicate the fierceness of the affair. We had two captains and several men killed, and 15 wounded, amongst whom were Commander Roumejoux and two other officers. The Commander is still living, which is truly miraculous, for the upper part of his lungs has been perforated by a bayonet. The Russians left 30 killed in our trenches. The assailants formed a strong column, and were supported by a corps of reserve of a novel description. That corps, composed of men specially chosen for their agility and dexterity, was only armed with slight but solid ropes, at the extremity of which was a running noose. On arriving within reach of the batteries, and during the engagement, they threw on our soldiers those *lassos*, which they handled with much skill. They did not even spare our wounded,