

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The success of the French loan has been a great triumph for the government. More than four times the sum required was subscribed. This shows both that the people must have made great advances in martial prosperity of late years, and that they have unbounded confidence in the stability of the existing government.

But it is not to the middle and lower classes in France that the desire to take the loan was confined. The great establishments of credit, the most powerful banking firms, had also subscribed to a considerable amount, but which it is clear the government cannot avail itself of. Neither will the Minister of Finance accept the sums offered by so many to cover the entire subscription, irrespectively of the instalments. His doing so would divert too large a sum from legitimate trade.

Taking into account all the stimulus of present and prospective gain the fact is not the less worthy of remark. The desire of gain alone could scarcely induce so many thousands to hand over, to force as it were, the savings of their lives on a government that did not inspire confidence, and that was not respected.

There is another thing which is not the less remarkable in this affair, and that is the existence of the immense resources which France, harassed and convulsed as she has been by revolutions, still has at her command, and which she can produce in an incredibly short space of time.—*Times* Correspondent.

It was reported and believed in Paris on the 26th Jan., that the Military Convention between Austria, France, and England will be signed at Vienna within the next forty-eight hours. By one of the clauses of this convention an auxiliary French army will be allowed to march across Lombardy and Austrian States to take part in the war on Danube.

THE GERMAN POWERS.

AUSTRIA AND THE CONFEDERATION.—In consequence of the Russian foray in the Dobrukscha Count Buol has addressed a circular despatch to the German courts of the 14th Jan. adverting to that expedition as a reason for not believing the assurances of Russia that it will confine itself to the defence of its own frontiers. Count Buol appeals to the good sense of the German government, and asks them whether they can believe that the aspect of affairs in the East has lost any of its threatening character.—He declares that it is the first conviction of his government that the whole of Germany should be placed in a condition to command respect. He intimates that the imperial minister who presides in the council of the confederation at Frankfort has instructions to propose that at least one-half of the contingents to the army of the Diet shall be immediately placed on a war footing.

A despatch, said to be addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the Prussian minister, has been published. This defines with clearness the position which Prussia actually occupies, as well as that which she has forfeited. She is told that she cannot at will take up the rights of a great power, and lay down its responsibilities; that she cannot have the gains of war, without sharing the battle; that she cannot enjoy the advantages of confidence on the part of other governments without deserving it.

THE FOREIGN LEGION.—The Senate of Lubeck has just issued a prohibition of foreign enlistment in that free town. Prussia has published prohibitions in Treves and Magdeburg.

RUSSIA.

The Russian government has established at Theodosia some vast hospitals, to which the wounded and sick were being sent from the Crimea. The works on the new fortifications which are being erected round Odessa on the land side are carried on with the greatest possible activity. Between ten and twelve hundred workmen are employed on them daily, and great confidence is felt that the space traced out by the military engineers will be completely finished and armed in the course of next February. Every arrangement has been made for collecting near Perekop an army of reserve eighty thousand strong. The order came from St. Petersburg to make as formidable as possible the position of the Isthmus, which it is desired to hold at every cost.

A letter, purporting to proceed from St. Petersburg, dated the 10th ult, says that for some time past numerous relays are posted at intervals of four leagues from Odessa to Sebastopol for the purpose of conveying as soon as the snow is frozen over reinforcements to the amount of 40,000 men for the Russian army. It is expected that the Russians will have on the 15th February an army of 160,000 men in the Crimea. At St. Petersburg complaints are heard against Prince Menschikoff, who, strange to say, is accused by the imperial entourage, and even by the people, of excessive prudence, and a total want of that perilous quality which sometimes impels a general to leave a good deal to chance. He is accused of being too faithful a disciple of General Koutousoff, who is said to have fought, in spite of himself, the battle of the Moskowa in 1812, which was disastrous to the Russians, and not to have displayed sufficient energy in preventing the French from penetrating into Russia. The people are beginning to get clamorous against the Prince, and discontented even with the command in the event of Menschikoff's removal, with Liprandi as his second. In case of a change it is not certain whether the Prince will be summoned to St. Petersburg, or be left in the Crimea with the duty of defending the city during the assault, while Osten Sacken commands the army in the field. The letters

repeat the assurance that the feeling of the population of St. Petersburg is decidedly for war."

SPAIN.

We (*Times*) have received our Madrid correspondence of the 16th, 17th, and 18th ult.

Accounts from various parts of Spain continue to indicate the approach of a Carlist insurrection. I have seen a letter from Estella, stating that the Carlists there were in high spirits, and that persons of station and consideration had been heard to affirm that Montemolin would speedily be in Spain. The latest accounts speak of groups assembling in the streets of Estella, and giving *vivas* for Montemolin, and of alarm and closed doors among the well-affected part of the inhabitants. From the best authority I learn that similar incidents have taken place elsewhere: As yet there have been no positive acts of rebellion, but various unmistakable symptoms denote the coming of the storm.

WAR IN THE EAST.

The latest Official Dispatch from the Crimea, is the following:—

DESPATCH FROM LORD RAGLAN.

War Department, Jan. 26.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle has this day received a despatch, of which the following is a copy, addressed to his Grace by Field Marshal the Lord Raglan, G. C. B.

Before Sebastopol, Jan. 6.

My Lord Duke,—The weather has been so bad since I wrote to your Grace on the 2nd ult., that I have not been able to disembark the 39th, with a view of encamping the regiment, and it still remains on board the "Golden Fleece" in the harbor. The ground is thickly covered with snow, though not very deep. All my endeavors are directed to the speedy disembarkation and getting up of the huts, which have now arrived in considerable numbers, and the establishment of the depot of provisions, which I alluded to in my last despatch, near head quarters, which I am now enabled to do with the assistance of the 18th and 39th Regiments. The first are encamped near Balaklava, and the last are still sleeping on board the Golden Fleece. There has been no movements on the part of the enemy. I enclose a return of the casualties that have arisen up to the 4th ult.—I have, &c. RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle. MENSCHIKOFF'S LATEST.—Jan. 17.—The following despatch is published from St. Petersburg, 25th of January, having been received from Prince Menschikoff under date Jan. 17:

"The siege operations do not advance. Two successful night sorties were made on the 18th and 15th of January. We took fourteen English and nine French prisoners. The Allies lost a considerable number in killed. Arab deserters say that the Turks are treated with very little consideration by the Allies, who employ them to carry projectiles, provisions, and other loads from Balaklava.

On the 8th Lord Raglan issued a general order, publishing to the army the unanimous resolutions of the Houses of Lords and Commons, expressing their sense of the conduct of the officers non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, in the operations in which they have been engaged in the Crimea.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 11.—Gen. Brunet has arrived at Constantinople. He commands the 9th division of the French army, consisting of 12,000 men, which is hourly expected here, and destined as a reinforcement for the Crimea.—Meantime letters have been received from Gen. Canrobert complimenting Gen. Brunet on his arrival, as also precise instructions to Gen. Larchey, commander-in-chief of the French troops at Constantinople, to retain here all coming reinforcements until further orders. The cause of this sudden resolution it is of course difficult to determine. It would seem either to indicate for the present a suspension of hostilities—or that Gen. Canrobert finds himself enabled to carry out, with the force under his command, any operations which may be required at this juncture. I have seen a most interesting private letter from an officer in the camp, whose whole tenor appears an argument in favor of the latter hypothesis. Gen. Canrobert's popularity in both armies is unbounded; he is seen, day and night, in every direction along the lines, in the trenches tents, and posts of danger, fraternising with his troops, and consoling them under trials and privations. Their patience is, however, almost exhausted, and they all demand to assault the place. Gen. Canrobert on a late occasion was greeted by a general acclamation of "Vive Canrobert!" and pronounced an eloquent oration, terminating with these memorable words:—"Don't say my lads *Vive Canrobert* but cry *Vive l'Empereur*, and may this cry re-echo in the hearts of our enemies, whose last hour is at hand. You may cheer for your General when placing myself at your head, my body shall be your standard on the breach. If we have hitherto delayed the assault it is for special reasons known to myself."

The majority of our own officers with whom I have conversed know General Canrobert by sight, and all by reputation—and they have assured me that he is exactly the man to fulfil to the letter his fatal and remarkable promise to the troops.

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE.—The *Moniteur de l'Armée* publishes the following letter: BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 31.—All along the lines we are ready for the attack. The batteries only await being unmasked to send forth their volleys. The tower in front of the English, our brave allies, and the Flag-staff Battery and the Quarantine Fort, in front of us, are the three points the occupation of which is most important. The town, however, seems prepared for a vigorous defence. Mud batteries and entrenchments stare us in the face. Traps of every description are prepared for us. But nature has done more than man to delay the ruin of this wonderfully situated city.

"Thus, behind the Flagstaff Battery there is a ravine, which will have to be descended and then re-mounted, under a cross fire from the Quarantine Battery and from part of the harbor, to enable one to establish a footing on the plateaux of the city. This plateau is covered with defences, batteries, and obstacles. The streets are barricaded. The town itself is deserted, silent, melancholy; the houses appear to have been all abandoned, and the windows are all open. At rare intervals a sentry may be seen on duty, or a workman at his labor. There is nothing stirring to indicate that there are living beings in this great city—not a sign to denote the presence of an army: the voice of the cannon is the only voice that is heard. Yet prisoners assure us that there are battalions bivouacked in every square.

"The other day a Russian officer presented himself at the point where the trenches end with a flag of truce. The works and firing immediately ceased on that point. The Russian approached, and the officer on duty went out to meet him. He was the bearer of a letter for the Commander-in-Chief. Having made his official communications, the Russian officer, who spoke very good French, inquired how we got on in the cold weather. 'We don't mind it,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the Russian, 'for our part, we are tired of it.'

AUSTRALIA.

The Great Britain steamer, from Melbourne, arrived at Cork on Monday short of coals; she has been eighty-two days on her passage; she brings 180,000 ounces of gold, and 269 passengers, all well. There is no news. The Australian markets are all bad. An outbreak had occurred at the diggings at Ballarat. The clipper ship Marco Polo, from Liverpool, arrived at Melbourne on the 25th of October, and would leave, on her return, on the 2nd of December.

AN ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

Well! I have seen a battle, or rather part—the bloodiest part—of a battle; and am amazed to find how little I have seen! If I had been told beforehand that the spectacle of two armies, arrayed front to front in a spacious valley, and assailing each other with the deadliest instruments of modern warfare, differed little to the mere eye from a review—that even to the mind of any one, "who hath no friend or brother there," the event of the day is so absorbing that at the moment he hardly heeds the human wrecks, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, which mark the course of every manœuvre—that a single combat is more stirring than a general engagement, and the anguish of one poor wounded wretch whose groans are in your ears more stirring than the most wholesale slaughter—I should have doubted. Yet such is the lesson of my own experience, and I believe that those who have witnessed such scenes would, if true to themselves, bear me out in the avowal.

I am glad, at any rate, that you do not depend upon me exclusively for an account of the battle of Balaklava. How any one, who has not somebody in the secrets of the generals by his side to explain the movements, can understand an affair of the kind, is to me a mystery. If a man is in the *melee* he only sees that. If, on the other hand, he is at a sufficient distance to take in the whole field, he sees an array of dark sparkling masses—now moving, now stationary—covered with smoke, or emerging from it. Finally, he sees a certain portion of the whole marching away, perhaps in very good order. We will suppose at such a juncture that, by good luck, he really does know that the fight is decided, and which party it is that is retreating, and that he rejoices or laments appropriately. Nevertheless, as regards all the sudden emergencies, the daring movements and sagacious plans—all, in fact, that give the battle its historical interest. Our spectator comprehends no more of them, believe me, than you comprehend of the manœuvres of a review.

Do you know, I am inclined to think it is worth spending a month in camp, if only to appreciate the luxury of going to bed at the end of the time!—It is true, that when in camp I never once felt any hardship in sleeping booted and clothed; and that for the simple reason that I always did sleep as soon as I blew out the candle. But when on board the ——— I, for the first time for nearly four weeks, lay with the smooth fresh sheets lapping around me, I knew, and tasted the difference between that rude prosaic method of tumbling out of every day life into barren unconsciousness, and being deliciously wooed, lured, and coaxed into repose. I could not, indeed, help coquetting with the thing, and tried hard to keep awake a while, that I might have my fill of the sensation; but it might not be! In a quarter of an hour I was stupidly oblivious—from all which, you will perceive, it follows, that the more a man roughs it, the more luxurious his tastes become.

Sailors have so much the advantage over soldiers during actual war, that, fresh as I am from witnessing the sufferings of the latter, I find it requires an effort of reason to give the former credit for enduring anything. Then the tars are such jovial fellows. They do everything to music, and make work itself a kind of dance. There are four or five hundred of them at this moment hauling up a rope, with their feet tramping to the tune of "Rory O'More." Why, it is regular "down the middle and up again!" No one who looks for an instant at their hearty good humored faces could suppose that they felt the exercise as a toil.

What a softening, inexpressible grace is lent to a man-of-war by the middies! It is particularly striking after living in a camp exclusively composed of mature men. The army has nothing corresponding to these pretty little fellows, who, with their rosy cheeks, resemble their mammams much more than the heroes they are one day to be. To meet them, too, in the midst of stern work; and with the knowledge that it was but the other day that the poor boys were ducking their curling heads and laughing amidst shot and shell; possibly, with about the same sense of adventure as if it had been a game at snow-balls! Never dream of degeneracy in a land where mothers thus devote their offspring. Talk of Sparta—of Rome! England alone rocks her children on the wave, and War is the "wolf" which suckles them.—*A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol.*

A CONTRAST.—At this moment the Turks are full of admiration not unmingled with terror at the greatness of the Western Powers, and more especially of France. The energy of this latter nation has penetrated everywhere; her officers fill the streets of Pera, and vast masses of her men are seen daily passing up the Bosphorus to the seat of war. It is not without something like humiliation that an Englishman finds how small a part his country fills, in comparison with its ally, and how universally this struggle is spoken of by the people of the country as a war between France and Russia. This feeling is but of a few weeks' duration. When the first bayonets of the allies came into the Bosphorus it was England that caused the mouth of wonder to open in Siamboul and Scutari. The strength and stature of Englishmen, the size of their transports, the splendor of their dress, were the subjects of conversation everywhere, and the most apathetic Mussulmans would make pilgrimages of miles to behold the "waxen-skinned" Gaiours. But now all is changed. The superiority of the French military system, the evident earnestness of the Emperor's policy, and his great resources, the skill of his officers, and the general effectiveness of the forces he has sent out, afford sufficient points of evident contrast to strike even such isolated and ignorant races as inhabit this land. If anything was wanted to lessen the consideration in which we are held, it has been supplied by the Foreign Enlistment Bill—a measure which was received here with surprise, and is the common subject of conversation. No Englishman can wish to say anything that may create a moment's ill-feeling between his country and its close ally. The French have behaved all through most nobly to us; they have brought down our sick; they have made our roads; they have constructed our intrenchments; but still it must be urged that it does not suit the dignity of our country to carry on a war as a secondary State in Europe. The two nations entered upon the struggle on equal terms, and so should they carry it on. The rivalry between France and England may now be amicable, but still it is rivalry. If England cannot, with her resources and population, take her share in the war without dependence on the mercenaries of neutrals, or if she cannot send out forces bearing a fair proportion to those of her ally, let her leave the war alone and fall into the rank of a second-rate European Power. No doubt, after some time, the spirit of the British people will urge them to fit exertions, but at present they hardly seem to understand the importance of holding a high position at the present crisis, or to feel that they may be permitting the establishment of an influence as troublesome if not as dangerous as that which they will have helped to overthrow. If Great Britain will make the exertions which the time demands, she has now an opportunity to regulate for ever the position of the East, in concert with allies who will respect her because they know her power, and that she is ready at all times to put it forth. But should she continue so small a policy as dependence on the troops of allies which she may clothe or transport, she may depend that her influence, which has done so much, will shortly wane; that the struggle with Russia will not be the last in which she will have to engage, and that the end for which she has made many sacrifices will not be attained.—*London Times.*

VISIT TO A SLAVE AUCTION.—New Orleans, Jan. 18.—I have just returned from a slave auction.—The more prominent beauties of the "Institution" are perpetually thrusting themselves upon one, "will he, will he." I as little dreamed two hours ago, of attending a "negro auction," as I did of taking a trip to the moon. Let me tell you how it came about: I was sauntering along St. Louis street, ("in the French part," when I observed a crowd of negroes, composed of men, women, and children, marching under the escort of a white man towards the St. Louis Hotel.—A moment afterwards, I observed another gang going in the same direction, and soon after a third. I had the curiosity to follow them, and as I entered the rotunda of the hotel, observed, I should presume, no less than one hundred and fifty negroes ranged in front of the different auctioneers' stands. Operations had not yet commenced. Fresh "lots" of negroes were constantly coming in, and the various "dealers" were making examinations of the various "articles" on exhibition. The immense rotunda—an elegant and most fashionable affair—was thronged with spectators, buyers, dealers, and lookers-on. Some were smoking their Havanas—some were taking their toddies—some were reading their morning papers—and some were chattering on politics, the money market and the weather. The auctioneers were slowly walking to and fro upon the elevated rostrums, like men who appreciate their importance, and occasionally stooping to answer an inquiry from a customer. The laugh—the joke—the stinging repartee—the sunny smile—the cordial greeting of friends—the courteous auctioneers—the elegant hall—the flash of fashion, and the atmosphere of gentility pervading the gay throng—how unlike the horrors of my gloomy imaginings. Yet what amazing callousness. The clock strikes 12! A change comes over the spirit of the scene. The *balcons* of the auctioneers, brought down against the solid marble, act with the potency of magic upon the babbling throng. Four auctioneers, in four several sections of the Rotunda, hammering away with frightful volubility, and still more frightful gesticulation, at four several parcels of human "chattels." These four gentlemen are shouting at the tops of their voices, alternately in French and English, as if each made a point of striving to drown the voices of the others. But the gentleman on my right seems to carry off the honors both as respects strength of lungs and rapidity of utterance. I wish, my dear reader, you were standing near me, for I can give you but a very indifferent daguerreotype of the efforts of this popular stump orator. He is now engaged in hauling upon the "blook" a feeble negro woman, with a sad and sickly countenance. Having placed her in the proper position, with rather more expedition than gentleness, with commendable candor he informs the spectators that "this girl" (she is aged at least forty) "is always *pretendin'* to be sick, and does not therefore warrant her." He sells her, however, at a low figure—some \$400—and the next instant her place is supplied by a fine-looking, bright-eyed young mulatto woman, with an infant, almost perfectly white, in her arms. He informs his patrons that "this girl is named Ann, aged 22, and free from the diseases and vices designated by law;" and proceeds, alternately in French and English, somewhat thus; "How much for this girl? *Que me donnez vous pour cette esclave?*—How much do I hear for this splendid girl? Five hundred—*Cinq cents*—seven hundred—*sept cents*."