

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The *Times*' Paris correspondent writes, that preparations on a very extensive scale are going on in every department of the military service there. It is stated that they have reference to not less than three army corps, one of which is intended for the Baltic; the other, if necessary, for the Rhine; and the third for Austria. The polytechnic school will furnish a sufficient body of well-educated officers for the artillery and engineers. The spring is the period when these corps will commence their movement.

GERMAN POWERS.

The *Moniteur* announces that the German Diet, on the 8th ult., resolved that the principal contingents be put upon a war footing to be ready on a fortnight's notice. It is stated, on very excellent authority, that the Austrian army is at present in first-rate condition, ready to take the field at any moment. The military force of the empire is declared to be 594,000 bayonets, with 686 cannon, exclusive of the reserve, which, in the space of two months, will amount to 200,000 men. This enormous force it is proposed to divide into four armies, and strengthened as it is likely to be with a French army of 100,000, a campaign on the Vistula would throw the affairs of the Crimea, important as they are, into the shade. The military mission of an Austrian general to Paris, which is about to take place, will develop more fully the tactics to be adopted in the forthcoming struggle. How Prussia will relish these great preparations it is needless to inquire; but such a demonstration cannot be without its effect on her wavering and most contemptible policy. In all probability she will at the last moment be induced to act with decision. Accounts from Warsaw assure us that Russia is wide awake, however lethargic Prussia may be, to this serious combination. Should the rumor be confirmed which is current in the political salons of Paris, that a French army, exceeding 100,000 men, will cooperate with the Austrian arms, the war will be speedily decided, and the operations in the Crimea will sink into insignificance, compared with the campaign on the Vistula. The military mission of Gen. Count de Crenneville to Paris will, ere long, remove the veil which covers the future operations of Austria.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

MADRID, Wednesday, Feb. 7.—In the sitting of the Cortes, this day, the Minister of Finance proposed the sale not only of the property of the clergy, but also of the State commonalities.

French gendarmes have arrested 14 Carlists, secreted near the Spanish frontier, prepared to attempt an invasion in Navarre. On the 3rd ult., the Spanish Courts voted the first basis of the constitution,—the national sovereignty. On the 5th Mr. Madoz presented a bill to the Cortes, authorising the complete sale of the church property.

A treaty of alliance, is reported to be on the eve of being signed with Portugal on the same conditions as those made in the recent treaty with Piedmont. The Portuguese legion will, it is said, be 12,000 men.

ITALY.

A private despatch from Turin announces the adoption of the treaty of alliance by the Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday morning, Feb. 7.

The following is going the rounds of the Protestant press; but like everything else which appears in their columns on the subject of the Jesuits, it must be received with a good deal of caution, and with the understanding that when writing upon Catholic topics, it is more natural for a Protestant paper to lie than to tell the truth:—

"THE JESUITS.—The General of the Jesuits has addressed a circular dated Rome, Jan. 10, to the provincials of the order, in which he instructs them how to act with respect to the different forms of political government. The company of the Jesuits being, he says, solely a religious order, and devoted exclusively to the salvation of men's souls, the various members of it are everywhere to act as faithful subjects of the government under which they live, and in no case to interfere in political matters. In that manner only can they (the circular declares) conform to the principles on which the order is founded."

WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

If the Russian accounts from the Crimea are to be relied on, an attack was contemplated on the Western and Turkish troops, which was expected to be made on the very day—the 10th. It sounds odd to hear of Russia assuming the offensive, and facing the forces of the allied generals, when we are assured in the same breath that her troops were in want of provisions—that the Grand Duke Michael was seriously ill at Cherson—and that the contemplated attack on Sebastopol kept the enemy in check. As far as we can judge from the ample details which come to hand respecting our own troops, and the meagre accounts of the enemy's, the opposing armies are pretty much upon a par with regard to physical condition. Something decisive had probably been resolved upon from the fact of the Emperor's sons appearing once more near the scene of operation. The Grand Duke Nicholas, according to the latest reports, had left Sebastopol for Simpheropol, with a view, most probably to perfect some manoeuvring in connection with approaching events.—*Cor. Times*.

Advices from Malta to the 1st of February announce the departure of Sir George Brown for the Crimea.

The railroad from Balaklava to the camp had been commenced.

The Piedmontese General, Riverel, had arrived at Constantinople to make arrangements for the transport of the Sardinian army to the seat of war.

From Constantinople we learn that there are now

17,000 Turks at Eupatoria, who are in good condition, and provided with food for 100 days. There were at the end of January about 20,000 more at Varna, who were waiting to be taken across in English steamers—so that a force exceeding 40,000 will soon be in the Crimea, under the command of Omar Pacha, whose resignation, as we anticipated last week, was merely a ruse to ensure for himself the undivided command of the Sultan's troops. This force, it is added, when joined by the 9th division of the French army, now stationed at Constantinople, will occupy the northern side of Sebastopol, so as to cut off all communication with the country. We see it stated that before the end of March an additional French force will be sent to the Crimea, and in April an extended attack will be made on the works. The fall of the southern side is not now anticipated before May, and another month may be required to subdue the northern fortress. The dates of these forthcoming operations are so much more remote than was anticipated, that in their eagerness for something being speedily done, most people will experience disappointment. But great preparations require time for development, and haste in military operations is not always the prelude to success. The first attack upon Sebastopol made that apparent. In the meantime a number of circumstances may arise to precipitate events. An account from Bucharest informs us that a Russian corps in the Dobrukscha had attempted to pass the Danube, and was repulsed by the Turks with great loss, after a conflict of several hours. The Turkish forces at Ibraila, under the command of Achmet Pacha, had crossed the Danube at Goura-Jalonitz.—*European Times*.

By way of encouraging the public, too much disheartened by the gloomy aspect of affairs in the Crimea, the *London Economist* in a brief retrospect of the prominent features of the last war, shows that the disasters before Sebastopol are neither the first, nor the greatest, which have attended British arms:—

"Our contest with France under Napoleon lasted from first to last twenty-two years, from 1793 to 1815; and though during the greatest part of this period the country was zealous and hearty in the cause, though we had vast armies on foot, and though Ministers were able to command Parliamentary majorities which made them despotic and almost omnipotent,—yet it was not till the sixteenth year of the war that victory began to crown our arms. From 1793 to 1810, the history of our campaigns is one series of imbecilities and disasters. From the outbreak of hostilities till Sir Arthur Wellesley took the command in the Peninsula, our land forces were almost uniformly unfortunate, with the exception of some gallant but ineffective successes in Egypt. We began with the siege of Dunkirk, which, *more consuelo*, was entrusted to the Duke of York.—His allies were defeated and he basily retired, leaving 52 pieces of heavy artillery and a quantity of baggage and ammunition in the hands of the enemy. The expedition to Walcheren was one of our next large enterprises on the Continent, and offers a parallel unusually close to our present position. Its object was the capture and destruction of Antwerp, a most important arsenal and stronghold, which the French were doing their best to render impregnable. The expedition was well planned, and was fitted out on a grand scale. Considerable delay took place in preparing everything necessary for the undertaking; but at the end of July, 1809, the fleet sailed, consisting of 100 large ships and 80 gunboats, two trains of siege artillery, and 40,000 troops. We have the testimony of Napoleon, that if the army and fleet had pushed on and assailed Antwerp at once, it must have fallen and easy prey. It was inadequately garrisoned, and its defences were still incomplete. The orders given from home were judicious and decisive—to act promptly and to push on to Antwerp at once. Unhappily the Ministers appointed a general and an admiral who did not act harmoniously or energetically together and one or both of whom seem to have been singularly ill-selected. Delay after delay occurred:—

"The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn, stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan; Sir Richard longing to be at 'em, stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

They laid siege to Flushing instead of assaulting Antwerp and by the time they were ready to attack Antwerp, it had been strengthened and fortified so as to present a nearly hopeless enterprise. The expedition, therefore, fortified themselves in Walcheren, where fever speedily attacked the troops, decimated their numbers, and destroyed their spirits. Soon nearly half their numbers were in hospital, and the deaths reached between 200 or 300 a week. At last, five months after the magnificent and powerful army had left our shores, its miserable remnant returned home, having left 7,000 in an ignominious grave, and the rest bearing about them a malady which never left them to the end of their lives.

The next parallel we meet with was in the early portion of the Peninsular war, when the British Government had come to the determination of assisting the Spanish patriots, but had not yet learnt how to do it. Stores, provisions, clothing, arms and ammunition were sent with unexampled profusion—but they never reached the army; the agents to whom Mr. Canning entrusted their distribution proved utterly incapable. "At the period (we read) when the Marquis of Romana and the insurgents in Galicia were praying for a few stand of arms and £5,000 from Sir John Cradock, the Spanish Junta possessed many millions of money (mainly furnished to them by England,) and their magazines at Cadix were bursting with the continually increasing quantities of stores and arms arriving from England, but which were left to rot as they arrived, whilst from every quarter the demand for these things was incessant."

The retreat to Corunna comes next in order.—Sir John Moore was a consummate general; few more skilful; none more vigilant and conscientious; none assuredly in common estimation more unfortunate. He had an impossible task set him; a scanty army, inadequate magazines, cowardly and imbecile allies, and an enemy who commanded overwhelming numbers. He did much, but of course he failed of success, and of course he was assailed with the most unfounded and outrageous calumny. He was blamed for his advance; he was blamed for his retreat; he was blamed because he fought a battle; he was blamed because he had not fought it sooner; and an unworthy ministry at home (how unlike the present one!) took ad-

vantage of the popular dismay to throw upon the general the condemnation due rather to their own or to their agents' incapacity. The people who had not been trained to learn the inevitable results of war, were horror-stricken at contrasting the haggard and dilapidated troops who returned with the trim and gallant regiments who had set out a few months before, and they were at once indignant and despondent. No doubt their sufferings had been great, though their commander was not in fault. He had at one time 4,000 men out of 31,000 in hospital, and lost 4,000 in the retreat. Yet now that history has been written, we find him acquitted, and not only acquitted but applauded, by the decision of every competent authority: Soult, Napoleon, and Wellington, all concur in awarding him the highest meed of praise. He was one of our "unsuccessful great men."

But the most instructive portion of the annals of the Peninsular war is that which relates to the period after the Duke of Wellington had been promoted to the chief command. His energy, his vigilance, his foresight, his wonderful and unrivalled capacity both for conquest and for organization, none will now deny. And if we find nearly the same complaints made of him as are made or insinuated now; if we find the same sufferings endured by his army as by Lord Raglan's; if we find that he like Lord Raglan admitted the existence of "insuperable" difficulties,—surely we shall be disposed to pause before we condemn as incapable one who is apparently no worse off than a commander whose capacity has long been our admiration and was once our safety. If, further, we find he experienced and bitterly complained of that very evil which, it is now beginning to be universally believed, lies at the bottom of our disasters, viz., the incompetency and inexperience of our young officers of family, and the want of education and organization in the civil department of the service, we shall be more disposed to attack the enduring system rather than the transitory men. And, finally, if we find the opposition of that day losing sight of sense, justice, and patriotism, in their virulent criticisms not only on Ministers, but on the army itself and on the great General who led it to glory and trained it by degrees to victory; if we find that the speakers and writers of that day, as of this, played the game of the enemy, exaggerated his successes and palliated his misdeeds, encouraged his tenacity and poured despondency and dismay over the hearts of men at home, and behaved in a manner which all the noble-minded among them afterwards bitterly repented,—surely we shall disdain to act over again a course of conduct as unrighteous as it is unpatriotic and suicidal.

But all these things were so. At the commencement of the Talavera campaign, says Napier, "4,000 men (out of 27,000) were in hospital; the commissariat was without sufficient means of transport; the soldiers nearly barefooted, and totally without pay. The military chest was empty and the hospitals were full." "The battle of Talavera was fought and won by men who, for 24 hours had tasted nothing but a few grains of corn in the ear." The want of shoes actually prevented some military movements; during a month which followed the junction of the two armies on the 22nd July, the troops were literally starving—they had not received 10 days' bread; on many days they only got a little meat, without salt; on others, nothing at all. The cavalry and artillery horses had not received, at the same time, three deliveries of forage; and, in consequence, a thousand horses had died, and seven hundred were on the sick list." After this description, we are not surprised to learn that a month later, in the valley of the Guadiana, "7,000 men were in hospital"—one-third of the effective force.

The disorganization of our army during the retreat from Burgos, while under Wellington's own command, calling from him his celebrated and severe, but unjust and indiscriminate, rebuke. He was angry and described it as "surpassing what he had ever witnessed or ever read of." This was an exaggeration; but no doubt the disorders were bad enough. Here is Alison's explanation, which bears a striking resemblance to much that we hear now. "Wellington was not aware that his own well-conceived arrangements for the supply of provisions to his troops had been in many cases rendered totally nugatory, from the impossibility of getting means of transport for the stores, or from the negligence of inferior functionaries in carrying his orders into execution. In some cases, when he supposed the men were receiving their three rations a day regularly served out, they were in fact living on acorns which they picked up, or swine which they shot in the woods."

Once more. We are shocked, and naturally so, at the reports which reach us from the Crimea of the deaths by disease and the number of the sick in hospital. Well! precisely the same facts add to the gloom of the annals of our last wars. In 1811, we read of "20,000 sick in the hospital at one moment;" of "an army 30,000 strong, which could only bring 14,000 bayonets into the field;" and the returns of the Inspector General show that in the six years immediately preceding the peace "not less than 360,000 men passed through the military hospitals in Portugal."

Finally. In nearly every page of the Peninsular war, we meet with instances of incapacity, ignorance, extraordinary blunders, inconceivable mismanagement, under the very eyes of the Duke himself, and even when his brother was a leading Cabinet Minister at home, which equal, if they do not cast into the shade, those charged upon the officials here, at Scutari, and before Sebastopol. We find a wholly inefficient and ignorant commissariat department, which only learnt its duties by slow degrees and at the cost of the starved and suffering troops. We hear just the same complaints of want of horses, mules, and waggon for transport—a want only remedied two years before the termination of the war;—of the new recruits falling sick as soon as they went out; of tattered uniforms and soleless shoes; of inadequate battering ordnance, so that towns had to be taken by storm which ought to have been regularly besieged; and lastly, of mining and intrenching tools sent out so abominably bad that our troops were dependent on those they captured from the enemy, and of scaling ladders so short that they would not reach the walls they were to surmount. In a word, we find all the same official delays, negligences, stupidities, and ignorances, baffling the Iron Duke himself, which harass and perplex us now.

The *Tablet* points out the sympathy which exists between Monarchical and polyarchical despotism; betwixt the democrats of Western Europe, and the Autocrat of all the Russias:—

"The English nation has been somewhat ostenta-

tious in the hospitality or refuge afforded to the outcasts or outlaws of other lands. Some of these admirable men we have taken into favor; and from favor advanced them to place and pay, two things which no revolutionist ever yet objected to in his own person. Others, it is true, have been left to their own resources, and owe us nothing but shelter from their foes. We are a generous people, and boast loudly of our hospitality.

Somehow or other our generosity does not meet with the reward which is due, according to the conceptions of every well regulated mind, to our spirited and noble conduct. We are pretty much like the simple rustic who warmed the frozen snake in his breast.—The persons we protect mock us, and their most fervent prayers—such people, however, are not much given to prayer—are for our downfall. They are quite frank with us; they tell us plainly, without ambiguity, that they not only hope for, but actually see the incipient symptoms of ruin. All this is very pleasant of course; but what can we do?—we cannot change the instincts of the snake. All these men are refugees from tyranny; so they say; these souls are so nobly tempered that they cannot bear oppression. In their eyes certain forms of government ever are oppressive, and ought, therefore, to be changed. They have an instinct more certain than reason which tells them at once where tyranny lies concealed, and for the laudable work of destroying it are they exiles from their home. They have suffered and have grown wise; they know the value of liberty, for they pay for it, and they, of all men, are, by the nature of their condition, the most bound to uphold justice and liberty, and to protest against tyrants and despotic lords. Well, they do nothing of the kind. Now, while the Czar, who is the very impersonation of tyranny, is at war with the rest of civilised Europe, these fierce republicans and fraternal democrats side with the tyrant.—They are everywhere his partisans, occasionally his spies, and at all times his earnest wellwishers. So far as oaths and maledictions can help the Russian, they are his strenuous supporters, and at every ill success of the allies they drink to the ultimate triumph of the Czar. They are not alone, certainly, for the American republicans of the most advanced sentiments of democracy sympathise with the northern tyrant, and make no secret of their hopes and fears. The pure democrat, the man of fraternity and equality, considers it to be to his interest that the Czar should prevail. It is certainly curious on the very surface, but there may be more in this than people acknowledge even to themselves. There is probably here a deeper feeling than mere political partizanship or factious divisions. These unruly spirits of the earth have one deep and dominant feeling, which rules them and directs them. Their very instinct of evil leads them to choose their champion, and he is the Autocrat of all the Russias. These political refugees are notoriously Freemasons, unbelieving men, under the implicit censure of the Church. The Christian religion has now no greater or more resolute and powerful enemy than the Czar. The principles of his Government, the habits and customs of his serfs, for subjects he has none, are based on hostility to God. The supremacy of Russia, through the propagation of the Greek schism, is the rule of his Government, and his measures are based on this, carried on by craft and dishonesty, such as Greeks alone display. All the falsehoods of the Lower Empire, all the meanness of degenerate Asiatics, all the brutal violence of northern barbarism combine together, and the result is Russian diplomacy. The men and the Government, therefore, who will set themselves forward as the unrelenting enemies of Christendom, are sure of sympathy from the outcasts of society, from the criminal seditionists, and the Freemasons of the world. The men of Lynch Law, who assault Priests merely because they are Priests, cannot but acknowledge in the Czar a friend, a colleague in evil, and a powerful help to themselves in their own detestable exploits.—They know well that the cruel wretch who can flog and starve Nuns, who sends Monks to Siberia, and who hides the native ferocity of the Tartar beneath the garb of Christian civilization, is the very man for their purpose; he is the true enemy of Priests, and the shadow of that Antichrist, for whose coming he is preparing the way, and whose ready agents will be found in the miserable men who wage war upon the order of civilised life."

Mrs. O'FLANIGAN AT SCUTARI.—The climate during the first week in June was very agreeable; but after that the days became hot, and we were obliged to sit on the ground in our tents, with the "fly" up all around it, before any degree of endurable coolness could be obtained. The rations, too, became worse in quality; and occasionally, hard, coarse beef and cask-pork were substituted for fresh lamb, and this meat was frequently thrown away by the men. Every morning a few Turks came to the camp, with eggs, lemons, perhaps, or some coarse bread; onions occasionally, and sugar. A woman of the regiment, too (whom I shall call Mrs. O'Flanigan), possessed herself of a few fowls, which went well enough with a chance Andriopole tongue, brought from Constantinople, or a bit of bacon obtained *en cadeau* from the captain of a transport. Now it was seen that the *cantinières* of the French army were not only exceedingly useful as sutlers to the camps, but looked amazingly well in their picturesque costume, as they rode behind the colonels of their several regiments on field days. The women of our force suffered, and were comparatively useless. An idea was, therefore, set on foot, of converting them into *cantinières*; and though the difficulty of costume, the waistcoat—and "that idea continued downwards"—first presented itself, it was not considered insurmountable. Mrs. O'Flanigan, then, a strong, active, clever woman in her way, and possessed of a complexion likely to wear well, and a tolerable foot and ankle, was selected for the experiment. She was provided with a dunkey and a tent, commanded to forage about the villages for supplies, and permitted to sell them at a reasonable profit, in camp. For a few days nothing could present a more hopeful appearance. Young geese, juvenile ducks, green apples—suggestive of innumerable dumpings—with a variety of fresh luxuries, threatened to make our six dozen chest dining-tables groan with plenty. The flounced mousseline-de-laine dress of the energetic dunkey rider, rose two or three inches; and the regimental tailor, in his mind's eye, already saw the grey trousers, red jacket with a charming little tail to it, and excessively short jupe, in which our sutler was not alone to rival the French *cantinière* in costume, but was to be the bright leader of a band, prepared to surround the colonel on all state occasions, like the shining satellites of a superior planet. Alas, for human hopes, founded on the stability of woman's will!