

continuing to bombard and cannonade until it is destroyed, at the short distance which now separates us from it, while the main body of the allied troops may be kept ready to repel any attack of the Russian army, if not to attack it. I am assured that an English officer who has just arrived in Paris from the Crimea, on his way to England, confirms in most particular the "horrible and heartrending" accounts which have been repeatedly given of the condition of our army. "Confirms" is, perhaps, not the word;—according to him, it is difficult for any one to give a correct idea of the state of utter misery to which our men are reduced. As to Lord Raglan, if what he says may be relied on, nothing can be more disgraceful than his conduct. It had been stated that the French are so much better off for supplies than the English because the distance of their camp from Chersonese is so much shorter than ours from Balaklava. On a reference to the map of the position, it will be seen that the distance of General Bosquet's division from the place of landing is greater than ours from the port where our supplies are buried in the mud. The French established themselves originally in fewer numbers than the English, and yet they lost no time in making roads for the transport of supplies and stores."

Another correspondent says:—"On this, the 8th day of January, some of the Guards, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Household Brigade, are walking about in the snow without soles to their shoes.—The warm clothing is going up to the front in small detachments. Never shall I forget the bitter sarcastic laugh with which a number of an illustrated weekly journal, which came by last mail, was handed round a tent full of officers, who indulged in sad merriment over the fancy sketch of our British soldiers in their winter clothing of furs and waterproofs, with a fine wooden edifice, 'capable of containing any number of men on paper,' in the background, suggestive of nice hot cooking and snug lying 'o' nights. I don't know how the French get on, but I know this, that our people do not get a fair chance for their lives while wintering in the Crimea—at least up to the date of my letter. Providence has been very good to us. With one great exception, which must have done as much mischief to the enemy as to ourselves, we have had wonderful weather since the expedition landed in the Crimea. The other day I was passing through the camp of the 50th Regiment of the line (French) and urging my poor steed thro' heaps of mud, when an officer came out of his tent and, with the unfailing kindness and courtesy of our allies, invited me to dismount and take a glass of the brandy which had been sent out by the Emperor as a Christmas gift. Although he was living in a tent, the canvas was only a roof for a capacious and warm pit in which there was a bright wood fire sparkling cheerily in a grate of stones. We 'trinked' together and fraternized as our allies will always do when our officers give them a chance. My host, who had passed through his grades in Africa, showed me with pride the case of sound Bordeaux, the box of brandy, and the pile of good tobacco sent to him by Napoleon, III.—'le premier ami du soldat.' A similar present had been sent to every officer of the French army, and a certain quantity of wine and brandy and tobacco had been sent to each company of every regiment in the Crimea. That very same day I heard dolorous complaints that the presents sent by the Queen and Prince Albert to our army had miscarried, and that the Guards and Rifles had alone received the Royal bounty in the very acceptable shape of a ton of Cavendish. Several presents of the same most grateful and useful luxury had been sent to different regiments by persons who took an interest in them from former or present connexion."—*Times*.

GENERAL CANROBERT'S OPINION OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.—The *Manchester Examiner*, a very well informed journal, has the following curious statement, which, if true, crowns the disgrace of the English arms:—"A question has been asked, whether the government has not received a confidential report from some competent person as to the direction of the war? It is believed that General Canrobert, like Lord Raglan, has been accused of temporising and incapacity, and he has found it necessary to send an explanatory report to Paris. It is said that in this report, a copy of which has been communicated to the Duke of Newcastle, the French commander attributes the delay which has taken place before Sebastopol to the British army, which, being wretchedly victualled, and badly cared for, has been wanting in vigilance, slow in its movements, unskilful in the military works essential to such a siege, and often a cause rather of embarrassment than of assistance to the French troops. It was after this report that the Emperor decorated General Canrobert with the military medal. If the government have actually received a copy of this report, which is confirmed in its essentials by private correspondence from the spot, we may easily comprehend the position in which it places them as well as Lord Raglan; and it is in reference to it that a rumor has arisen of their desire to send Sir De Lacy Evans to India, in succession to the late Lord A. Fitzclarence." The above statement receives some degree of confirmation from the following passage in a leading article of the *Times* of Saturday, in reply to the attack made on that journal by Lord Winchelsea:—

"If," says the *Times*, "Lord Winchelsea would seek for confirmatory evidence, he may obtain it from our gallant friends and allies, the French. Let him ask, if he dares, for the despatches, in which General Canrobert described to his own government the desperate condition of the English army. Let him ask, if he desires the truth, for the terms in which General Canrobert has spoken of our generals and of our staff. We are willing to be judged by the deliberate opinion of so competent an authority, and we challenge Lord Winchelsea to demand the production of such evidence. If he will rely on testimony more

easily accessible let him inquire of the Rev. S. G. Osborne, or of Mr. Augustus Stafford, what is the condition of our sick and wounded at Constantinople? In the hospital of Scutari, with its four miles of English soldiers in their agony, he will find the most expressive monument of the discretion, forethought, and philanthropy of Lord Raglan."

The following appeared in the *Times* as from a Catholic Chaplain with the army in the Crimea:—

"BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, JAN. 8TH.—My dear Brother—Here we are in the midst of dread winter, with the snow falling in heavy showers, so that it is difficult to leave the tent. You may judge how nice and comfortable we are. The strongest amongst us is struck down. As yet I have been able to attend to my duties, which, you may suppose, are on the increase. The sufferings and privations of all, but particularly of the sick, are very great. Their patience and resignation afford me great comfort and consolation. The fine army that entered the Crimea a few months ago is fast melting away; not more than one-half, or, perhaps it is more correct, one quarter, will hail the warm rays of spring. The rest will have lost life—the busy pomp and circumstances of war—thousands buried round Sebastopol, thousands at Scutari, and elsewhere. You read, as we do, the details of the comforts for the army in the Crimea;—they are nothing but cruel lies. We have received nothing of these patriotic luxuries—wooden houses, sheepskin coats, preserved meats, &c. We are weary of the siege. As regards myself, my duties would be the same, whatever changes things work; but I must confess I would much rather attend the men on the field itself than here in hospital, reduced as they are to living skeletons by this murderous dysentery. I was speaking to one of the medical officers as to the amount of the men per week who in our division alone are rendered useless to the army out here—it seems incredible—the letter is indistinct here—it looks like 800.) In our division, then, the other day we require a new regiment every week to keep up our strength. Where will the present be in a few months? The operations in the trenches go on very slowly; a few are wounded or so. Indeed, we care very little about the siege just now. Our attention is principally directed to the ways and means by which we may manage to exist the next three months. The frost has set in. It is not more severe than at home, but we feel it more situated as we are. If I could get rid of this diarrhoea, that at times is very painful, I should be as well, if not better, than when I was with you."

THE HARDSHIPS OF A STAFF OFFICER.—One of Lord Raglan's Aides-de-Camp lately complained to one of his friends who was standing at his tent door "how dreadfully disagreeable his house had become; it smoked so badly that he could scarcely live in it." His friend recommended him to take to the tent, which was always free from that nuisance.

THE HOSIERY SENT TO THE CRIMEA.—A letter from an officer now in the Crimea states that on unloading the cargoes of hosiery it was found that a large number of the woollen drawers intended for the troops were useless, as they had been made for boys between seven and ten years of age.

MEDICAL COMFORTS.—The treatment of disease is very much simplified here, as we have only about five drugs. Most of the patients lie on the ground, with one or at most two blankets and a coverlid—they, of course, keep all their clothes on. We think ourselves fortunate if we get fresh meat for them three days running; they have no tea, arrowroot, or any other little thing thought indispensable in a London hospital. To-day, for a great treat, we managed to make some oatmeal porridge for them.—Now fancy, with things in this state, having to treat bad cases of dysentery, fever, frost-bite, gunshot wounds, and the like—it is all but impossible, you will say—it is certainly most disheartening—especially, too, when you consider we have no nurses, and most of the men are covered with vermin.

The following is an extract of a private letter, addressed to his family in Paris, by an officer of Voltigeurs, before Sebastopol:—

"The brigade to which I belong occupies the left of the line, towards the sea, and I have only a few steps to advance to behold the town and forts of Sebastopol. We are encamped on the slope of a ravine, which hides us from the view of the enemy. The distance is such that the shells and bullets have several times ploughed up our camp. Our service consists of guarding the trenches, and of working at them. The guard returns every three days. The battalion leaves at 7 o'clock in the morning, passes round the ravine, and enters the trenches after two hours' march, and without any marked route. They defile one by one in the passages of communication, and we are generally given 400 metres to guard. We pass in the 24 hours under every sort of weather, and without shelter, having nothing whatever to amuse us except the parabolas described by the shells, the infernal din of mortars, varied by the whistling of cannon balls and bullets. The first day our men lay down on their faces as each shell passed. Now three-fourths of them look on tranquilly, observing to their comrades, 'See how it smokes its pipe.' On the other hand, the batteries fire but little up to the present, and do not reply to the guns of the enemy, which are so violent that many of the ravines are full of their balls. We often see a white flag hoisted to the top of a pole, and hear the trumpet-sound in the Russian ambulances. This, of course, means 'flag of truce.' At once the fire ceases, and a vast number of heads are seen to pop up from under the earth to the open air. The Russians hold up to the French bottles and glasses, as if they invited them to drink each other's health. The French reply by flourishing their tin cans, and then they pledge each other's health. The bearer of the flag of truce advances on horseback, stops at about 100 paces from our trenches, while the nearest French officer goes forward to re-

ceive the despatches. Yesterday witnessed a meeting of the kind. The *parlementaire* courteously took his glove from his right hand, and shook that of a captain of Chasseurs who had gone out to meet him. So you see all the Russians are not the Cossacks they have been taken for. The *parlementaire* retires; the white flag is pulled down, and the murderous din recommences as before.

"During the night sharpshooters are thrown out in front of the trenches. They are generally selected from among the Voltigeurs, and as I have the honor to form part of the *corps d'élite*, I have had many times the pleasure of passing 12 hours of the night in a hole, having to struggle against cold, sleep, and projectiles. The labor of the trenches is nearly as painful as the guards, with this difference that you pass 12 instead of 24 hours at it. At the entrance to the camp our men, instead of reposing themselves, are obliged to go 2½ leagues in search of a fagot of wood to cook their soup. In spite of all these fatigues, I am very well in health, and enjoy amply all the comforts which the solicitude of the Emperor provides us with. Owing to him, our table is furnished abundantly; nay, sumptuously. What think you of Bordeaux wine, salmon, herrings, cigars, sugar, coffee, together with the haricots *de rigueur*, and potatoes at 1f. the kilo?"

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

(From the *Nation*.)

The British army is annihilated. No other word can express what has befallen that splendid expedition, of which the rear rolled through our streets with flaming banners and impatient tread only a few weeks ago. Day by day they rot away with loathsome diseases, or are frozen and famished. Cholera, and typhus, and tertian ague poison the air around them with plague. All the horrors of Moscow, and horrors more awful still, rage in that foredoomed camp. Skull, Skibbereen, Ennistymon, Kilrush, at their worst afforded no more awful spectacles of human misery and British blundering than may be seen along the Balaklava road. One might fancy that the Crimea was another Connaught in a famine, with another Board of Public Works, and starving men to feed, and a road to make, and the carrying of shot and shell substituted for breaking stones, and strong men, day by day, dwindling into skeletons, and the earth yawning with the dead—only, indeed, that the aim now is not to get rid of a surplus population.

Toiling through the snowy sludge of those seven miles of a wretched road, every day may be seen thousands of ragged, emaciated men, struggling from the camp to Balaklava, and from Balaklava to the camp, carrying up, each man his single cannon ball, or his bag of biscuit, or sitch of pork. Sometimes the spectre of a gallant charger, which survived Balaklava for such a toil as this, faints under his load of ammunition, or rum, or rations, and falls on the way-side, and lies there a prey to the wild dogs and birds of the Chersonese. A day never passes without some of those miserable soldiers, who have to do the work of beasts of burden, dropping dead at their wretched task, and lying there beside the horses whose skeletons strew the road. The whole wide earth, in all its scenes of human misery, does not hold the parallel for that place.

Whom the sword spares, the plague—whom the plague spares, the famine—whom the famine spares, the frost slays; and the sword is the least merciful of them all. Since the summer time last year, England's only army—her Fifty-three Thousand men, in one large scarlet stream, poured down the sunny seas towards Asia. Where are they now? Let those rank graveyards—those bloody ridges—those pestilential hospital mounds and wards—those ravenous waves tell the tale. Of that splendid army—the last hope of England—her sword and her shield against foreign or civil war—only 14,000 men saluted the New Year in arms. Fourteen thousand men! One-fourth of that splendid army is all that remains. And among these the growing devastation rages thus:—"The deaths cannot be estimated at less than sixty a day. Those disabled by fatigue and sickness are said to be no fewer than a thousand a week. The survivors, wearied, wasted, famished, and exposed; still drag themselves up to the trenches, and back again to their miserable lairs, but it would be as absurd to count upon them as men in health, as to call a ship, with five feet of water in the hold, seaworthy. It is computed that of these 14,000 men there are hardly 2,000 in good health; in fact, it was, at the beginning of this month, an army of invalids, and at the beginning of this month the Crimean winter had not set in." The words are not ours. They are the words of the *Times*, in an article that reads like a howl from the very heart of England, and that is worth to the Czar more than the notes of a legion of spies.

The Crimean winter had not set in on the first of January, and the worst was yet to come. But on the 3rd and 4th it began with rain, and snow, and frost, and torrent, and tempest. First the rain fell in a deluge that swamped the tents, that swept away the cavalry stables, and inundated the hospitals.—Under its pitiless pelting, 1,600 men were occupied dragging provisions from Balaklava to the camp.—Then the snow came down all night long, with the fierce, keen, poisonous wind of the Crimean hills that drives its arid ague into the bone. The daily average of deaths had become seventy. Men were dying—literally from cold and want of shelter.—The only fuel to be had was such roots as might be delved from under the snow. The sick might die where they fell, and it was not for the French.—That night the thermometer fell to 21 degrees, and the frost began. It killed sixty horses in the night. In one division 150 men were carried out of the trenches half frozen and cramped. The clothes, the boots, the bed-clothes, the very moisture that

gathers on a blanket from a man's breath turned into hard frost. Many had become lame with chilblains. And, saddest spectacle of all! stout soldiers, who had breasted the murderous heights of Alma, and survived the hellish morn of Inkermann, were seen crying like children as they turned out in the bleaching cold and the corrosive wind of that hideous night, to take their turn of duty in the trenches.

We have two days later news—to the 7th Jan.; and every hour the eye of their calamities seemed to become deeper. Men and officers were found frozen to death. Flying in despair to a reckless use of the only fuel that could be obtained—charcoal—several officers were discovered suffocated in their tents. As the cold grew more intense, the frost had begun to bite, and the surgeons to amputate limbs destroyed by the deadly gangrene of the air. Four days of a Russian winter had struck more terror to the heart of the army than all the batteries of Sebastopol and all the bayonets of Liprandi. Well it might. Let the mercury fall a few more grades in the glass—let the winds quicken its fierce sweep by a few *versts* a minute—and such a doom might befall that worst-clad, worst-housed, worst-fed army in the universe as befell the Assyrian at Sennacherib. It is far from being impossible, it is far from being improbable, that by the next mail we may hear that the remains of the English army have been utterly exterminated by the cold. A Russian winter devoured the most powerful host that Napoleon ever had. The naked and famishing regiments who lie on the mountain ridges of the Crimea are a mere morsel in comparison.

Meanwhile, the Czar looks on, content to see his ancient ally, the North Pole, wreak the loss of a battle on his enemies in the still, cold watches of the piercing night—and do what battle could not do—slacken the strong soldier's heart, and make the cold blood seem to trickle in his veins. As the last despatches closed, the Cossacks were again swarming down the Valley of the Tchernaya, and Liprandi's soldiers seemed to be amassing back to their old position again. We may, ere this day week, hear of another battle with the Allies; and with whatever side, French or Russian, be the victory, it is more than probable the wretched remnant of the British will be cut in pieces in the first onset. Else their almost infallible fate is to moulder away in the cold. A greater victory for Russia than had Inkermann been carried! To generations yet unborn in the homesteads of that noble peninsula, it shall be told how the haughty islanders came and sat in siege round Sebastopol's impregnable bastions, until those whom bayonet and bullet had spared, the storm and the snow destroyed, so that one campaign of six months left England utterly without an army. In that hour will the Irish Exodus be avenged.

(From the *Times*.)

Sebastopol is not invested. People pass in and out, day and night, as freely as they do here from one suburb of London to another. Under such circumstances, every fact that is material connected with the position of the allies is as well known—we fear it is far better known—to Prince Menschikoff as to the English Commander-in-Chief. The Russian General is perfectly well aware, through his spies, that our troops are rotting away from disease in the trenches—that they have suffered the extremities of cold and hunger—that they have not got up their ammunition—that they are not in a position to reassume the offensive. He can readily know, moreover, the actual extent and amount of the few onward steps that have been made—that such and such a position is weakly defended—that such and such a battery has been erected; but we entreat of these iracund Peers to believe that he is not accustomed to wait three weeks or a month for his information. His spies are in the camp. Greeks who are ready to serve him, not only for pay, but for pure sympathy, pass from the allied lines to the Russian posts whenever they please.

THE MORTALITY IN THE ARMY.—When the dreadful mortality of our army in the Crimea was brought under discussion on Friday last, Mr. Sidney Herbert took the opportunity of referring to the losses experienced in the Peninsular War, apparently with the impression that such disasters were rendered more excusable by precedent. We fear, however, that it would be vain to search even the annals of those exhausting campaigns for any such list of invalidings or casualties as are now periodically reported from the East. In a document now before us it is stated that, whereas the mean strength of the British force in the Peninsula amounted, in officers and men, to 66,372, the deaths in that force during the forty-one months ending the 25th of May, 1814, were 35,525, of which number 9,948 occurred in battle or from wounds. It further appears that, of the 61,511 men, exclusive of officers, composing the army, about two hundred and twenty-five in every thousand were, on an average, upon the sick list, and that their mortality was at the annual rate of 161 in 1000. Taking these figures as trustworthy, we shall find that less than a quarter of the whole force would usually be in hospital, or, putting the case in other words, that a regiment 1000 strong would be able, generally speaking, to bring upwards of 700 bayonets into the field. We have doubts whether the actual results did really correspond with these deductions, but unquestionably such invaliding as is now reported from the Crimea was never heard of in Wellington's army. It is related as a memorable circumstance, calculated to give an idea of the destruction which war, in its most dreadful intensity, might possibly cause, that when, after the most bloody fight on record, the muster of a particular regiment was called only three privates and one drummer answered to their names. But this was the result of such a battle as had scarcely ever been known for obstinacy and carnage, the regiment in question had suffered by a surprise, and it is added, that many men who had been taken or lost in the confusion escaped after the victory and rejoined their standards once more. Look, however, at the reports from Sebastopol, and it will be seen that, without any such ravages of the sword, these terrible figures find a parallel in the consequences, substantially speaking, of hardship alone. Our own correspondent circumstantially reports that on the 7th January the 63rd Regiment had only seven men fit for duty, and the 46th only 30; that a strong company of the 90th (probably 80 or 90 men) had been reduced in a few days to 14