

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The government having called for volunteers from the camp at Boulogne...

The intention of the government to send two divisions of the French army to the principalities...

The additional troops to be sent to the East will amount to 50,000 men...

ITALY.

In the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies the minister of foreign affairs stated that French regiments of cavalry would pass through Piedmont...

THE COUNCIL AT ROME.—The following is from a correspondent of the Leader, under date November: "On the 8th of next month the Holy Father will celebrate High Mass himself at St. Peter's..."

SPAIN.

From Spain we hear of the continued persecution of the Jesuits. The Cortes is sitting, and Espartero has resigned his office...

GERMAN POWERS.

A treaty of Alliance between Austria, England, and France was signed at Vienna, binding it is supposed, Austria to declare war against Russia...

- 1st. That Austria regards the violation of the Turkish Territory as war against itself. 2nd. That Austria will augment her force in the Principalities...

Prussia and all the Germanic States were hastily putting all their armies on a war footing. The King of Prussia in his speech to the Chambers says that the army shall be made ready for war...

EASTERN WAR.

A despatch from Bucharest, dated the 6th Dec., says that 40,000 Turks and 100 guns will be embarked at Baltselick and Varna next week for the Crimea...

From the 21st November to the 24th the bombardment continued by the Allies. Their fire did little damage and their little was constantly repaired...

On the 25th the Russians made a sortie, but were repulsed by the English, who in pursuing them took and retained 9 guns which the Russians had forgotten to spike...

On the 26th part of the garrison attacked the French lines but were repulsed with a loss of 230 men. French loss 75.

The defensive works of the English between the right of their line of attack, and Balaklava were nearly completed.

The following despatch dated the 28th, is from General Canrobert: "Rain ceased, weather improving. Our works exhibit fresh activity, and our reinforcements continue to arrive..."

The Russians in the Valley were observed to have received reinforcements; supposed to be 20,000 under Gen. Liprandi.

The details of the loss of the allies during a great gale in the Black Sea proved to be not quite so severe as at first reported. Thirteen ships, principally sailing transports, were wrecked near Sebastopol...

The Cossacks fired upon the crews while attempting to escape. One Russian frigate sank near Sebastopol. A vast quantity of clothing, ammunition and provisions was lost.

The loss of life on the part of the crews of the transports was frightful.

Admiral Hamelin had resigned the command of the French fleet in the Black Sea and has returned to France.

The British army in the Crimea comprises nine cavalry and 33 infantry regiments, but the former arm of the service does not count more than 1,700 effective mounted troopers, thus not averaging 200 to each corps...

PROPOSED REINFORCEMENTS.—Eleven regiments of infantry, and ten companies of artillery, are to increase Lord Raglan's army; consequent upon the battle of Inkerman...

It has been decided to give to all the infantry regiments in the Crimea, two additional lieutenants and two ensigns. The present number of subalterns (exclusive of the adjutant) is fourteen lieutenants and eight ensigns...

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes, taken from private letters, will assist the mind in realising the trials to which the allied troops are exposed, and the spirit with which they are borne:

"The shells of the 13 inch mortars have done our works and guns much damage; but the sailors, who are principally treated to these agreeable missiles, have got quite accustomed to them. 'Bill,' cries one fellow to another, 'here comes Whistling Dick.' The 13-inch shell has been thus baptised by them in consequence of the loudness and shrillness of the noise it makes in the air..."

Compare this with the following:—"The Turks (or, as they are now universally called, the 'Bono Johnnies,' except by the sailors, who call them 'No-bono Johnnies') have been employed for the last few nights in working in the trenches, and have done good service. The first night they set to work in Captain Chapman's attack, they worked on manfully till ten o'clock at night when a Russian shell came over them. They at once shouted out, 'We shall be killed,' and ran off as fast as they could, carrying off a portion of our working and covering parties with them. However, they were at last reformed and brought back, and then they worked on till eleven o'clock, when they declared that it was the will of Heaven, they should labor no more that night, and as they had really exerted themselves, it was considered advisable to let them go..."

A POLITE TURK.—"BONO JOHNNY."—John Turk is by no means an industrious laborer in the trenches; he digs a few minutes, gives a grunt, and then sits down. A very vehement and zealous commanding officer of a distinguished Fusilier corps was the other night in the trenches when the Turks were digging

and seeing one rather more ill than the rest, gesticulated violently at him, and induced him to work a little. Johnny, however, soon gave up and on the pantomimic action being repeated, very politely handed the spade to the colonel. Between the three allied armies the mystic word, "Bono," appears to be the great medium of salutation. An English soldier and a French soldier meet; perhaps the former commences with "Bono Francis," and the answer is "Bono Anglis. With a Turk it is "Bono Johnny." Each seems to think it to be the language of the other...

FEARFUL SABRE STROKES.—A correspondent of the Edinburgh Courier, writing from Balaklava, says, in an account of the charge of the heavy brigade:—"Some fearful sabre cuts were delivered. I saw one man with his head cloven to the chin, through helmet and all, so that the head appeared in two flaps; another with his arm lopped off as if it had been done by a butcher's cleaver; and a third having a deep gash into the brain from behind, severing the head nearly in two, and yet this unfortunate man was alive, and several times sat up in great agony, actually holding his head together with both hands."

SINGLE COMBAT.—Now it was a terrible but interesting conflict took place between the tallest man of the 2nd battalion of Rifles and a huge Russian Rifleman. Hannan, an Irishman, noted at the Cape for his rashness, rushed forward and fired. The shot was returned, and a second shot attempted by his opponent, but fortunately a cap could not be found. Seeing this, Hannan rushed up, and with his fist knocked the Russian over a low wall, and leaped after him. The two now grappled, and a dreadful struggle followed, in which, at last, our soldier was worsted; and a short sword was in the air to give him his death blow—nay, more, its point was through the trousers, and about to penetrate the thigh and bowels—but ere the thrust was given, a shot from Hannan's comrade and friend, Ferguson, pierced the heart of the sturdy Russian, and he fell lifeless by the side of his intended victim.

Amongst the persons taken in the battle of Inkerman was a Russian Major, who was seen stabbing the wounded men, and encouraging his men to do the same. Colonel Seymour, and a number of our brave fellows were murdered in cold blood by the Russians while lying wounded. A court martial formed by a committee of officers, sentenced the Russian Major engaged in this atrocious work to be hung; but Lord Raglan thought it would lead to retaliation, but has, however, written on the subject to Prince Menschikoff.

INKERMANN BY MOONLIGHT.—A correspondent of one of the London papers gives the following awful narrative:—"I stood upon the parapet at about nine at night, and felt my heart sink as I gazed upon the scene of carnage around. The moon was at its full, and showed every object as if by the light of the day. Facing me was the Valley of Inkerman, with the Chernaya like a band of silver flowing gracefully between the hills, which, for varied and picturesque beauty, might vie with any part of the world. Yet I shall never recall the memory of the Inkerman Valley with any but feelings of loathing and horror; for around the spot from which I surveyed the scene lay upwards of 5,000 bodies. Many badly wounded also lay there; their low, dull moans of mortal agony struck with horrible distinctness upon the ear, or, worse still, the hoarse, gurgling cry and vehement struggles of those who were convulsed before they passed away. Around the hill small groups of men with hospital stretchers, were searching out those who still survived; and others, again, with lanterns, busily turning over the dead, looking for the bodies of officers known to be killed, but who had not been found. Here also were English women whose husbands had not returned, hurrying about with loud lamentations, turning the faces of our dead to the moonlight, and eagerly seeking for what they feared to find. These latter were far more to be pitied than the inanimate forms of those who lay slaughtered around. The ambulances, as fast as they came up, received their load of sufferers, and even blankets were employed to convey the wounded to the rear. Outside the battery the Russians lay two and three deep. Inside the place was literally full with bodies of the Russian Guardsmen, 55th and 20th. The fine tall forms of our poor fellows could be distinguished at a glance, though the grey great-coats, stained with blood, rendered them alike externally. They lay as fell, in heaps, sometimes our men over 3 or 4 Russians, and sometimes a Russian over 3 or 4 of ours. Some had passed away with a smile on their faces, and seemed as if asleep; others were horribly contorted, and with distended eyes and swollen features, appeared to have died in agony, but defying to the last. Some lay as if prepared for burial, and as though hands of relatives had arranged their mangled limbs, while others again were in the most startling positions, half standing, or kneeling, clutching their weapons, or drawing a cartridge. Many lay with both hands extended towards the sky, as if to avert a blow, or utter a prayer, while others had a malignant scowl of mingled fear and hatred; as if, indeed, they died despairing. The moonlight imparted an aspect of unnatural paleness to their forms; and as the cold damp wind swept around the hills, and waved the bougias above their upturned faces, the shadows gave a horrible appearance of vitality; and it seemed as if the dead were laughing, and about to rise. This was not the case on one spot, but all over the bloody field. The Russian soldiers, I have already remarked, were infinitely inferior in appearance to those we met at Alma. In all that relates to discipline and courage, our late antagonists were far superior. They were all clean, but ragged in the extreme. None had knapsacks, but merely a little canvas bag of that disgusting, nauseous-looking stuff they call their bread. No other provisions were found on any. The knapsacks, I presume, were left behind, in order that they might scale the heights on our left with greater facility. Every man wore strong, well-made Wellington boots of a stout rough-looking brown leather. On none that I have heard of, were found money, or books. On many were miniatures of women, and locks of hair. They appeared to have been veteran troops, as a large number bore scars of previous wounds. The dead officers, as at Alma, were with difficulty to be distinguished from the men. Their officers behaved very well."

NIGHT ATTACKS, ALARMS, AND SURPRISES.—Those night attacks, alarms, or surprises, are now matters of course. They have long ceased to be surprises; we should be more surprised if they did not occur. In fact, they have ceased to be anything except a fertile source of blasphemies against enemies in general, and Russians in particular. They are, beyond all doubt, the most disagreeable and harassing incidents

of a siege. For instance, after a laborious and exciting day—a day of such fatigue as renders rest even in a tent acceptable—you retire in all the great coats you possess to lie upon the ground. An hour or so gets you over the feeling of extreme numbness which at first leads you to suppose you have laid down in a brook by mistake, and then you gradually drop off—not to sleep, but into a hazy state of existence, conscious of cold and conscious of wanting slumber; in fact, in that peculiar condition of vitality which in England justifies the immediate intervention of the Royal Humane Society. In this ambiguous state four or five hours pass away, I mean to literal time, for if you estimate the period by your own feelings, you would expect to wake grey and decrepit. It is past two o'clock—"the wretched time of night" in the Crimea—when suddenly you feel a slight concussion in the earth, followed by a few seconds after by the deep boom of a gun; and then there comes the roar of a shell, screaming through the air, nearer, nearer, until it falls with a heavy dump outside the line of tents. Here it fortunately remains, and after roaring for a moment, like a locomotive blowing off, explodes with a loud bang, and the pieces go humming thro' the air; then, with a prophetic sigh, you guess what is to follow. Eight or ten more shells drop about the same place, too far off to hit you, but much too near to leave you perfectly unconcerned, and then five or six guns begin to go off at once and make a roar. Still the camp is quiet, and the guardsman says—"All's well, as if he was at Kensington. The cannonade continues, and after one or two temporary lulls breaks out into a regular storm. Shells pour over the hill, and fall with a "dab" into the wet soil, and you begin to see dimly the flashes of their explosions thro' the canvas of your dwelling, which at that moment you would so willingly exchange for lodgings, even in Islington. Still the Allies make no sign of turning out, though the cannonade gets hotter every moment. In another minute you can plainly hear the sharp, quick report of a musket, followed quickly by another and another. Then the cannonade ceases, and the crack of Minies spreads along our line of outposts. Still the Allies are unaccountably quiet, and you begin to wonder whether Lord Raglan intends them to be massacred in their tents, and are just getting peevish and public spirited about it, when the roll of drums in the distance tells you that the French are beating to arms."

THE ALLIES ON THE ALERT—"GUARD TURN OUT."—At the same time the signal, "Guard turn out," is passed along our lines; all the bugles begin to blow the "assemble"—there is a moment of confusion, in which oaths prevail most distinctly; and then comes a rattle and hoarse murmur, and you know that 10,000 men are under arms and falling into their ranks. But all this while your "Special Correspondent" has not moved, but, feeling for his revolver in his tent, is emphatically "bleeding" both Turks and Russians, and hoping against hope that there will be no occasion for him to turn out. During all this time, the fire of musketry has been increasing and coming nearer. Our pickets are evidently retiring, and you begin to think it is really a sortie after all.

FORWARD!—SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS.—Return. In the darkness you hear the word "Forward" roared out to the different brigades, and a peculiar jingle and clatter show that the artillery are saddling and preparing for action. With a sigh, you feel that you must go after all, and issue forth into the raw damp air and thick wet grass, which wets you as effectually as if you forded a river. The cracking of musketry and little flashes on the hills over Sebastopol soon tell which way to take; without such guides you would assuredly lose your way. You pass the batteries of artillery, at which an officer is cursing vaguely about loss of time, and, cutting across the camp, ascend the hills just as you hear the guns begin to rumble after. Our brigades are marching forward fast up the hill, in line, with supports in open column. No one is very urbane, though all yawn and shiver amazingly. These, you feel, are the appropriate compliments of the season, about the many returns of which, if things go on in that style, you have serious doubts. Arrived upon the hill, the state of affairs is seen at a glance. The Russians have fired to "try" us, and their skirmishers advanced to see if we were on the alert. If we were not, they would have spiked our guns; finding we are, they retire, content with having turned us out and harassed us for nothing. As they fall back, their batteries again take up the fire at the brow of the hill, and every one "ducks" involuntarily as the balls go whistling over his head through the darkness. As the cannonade increases the regiments draw under the hill, and in course of half an hour or so the Russians cease firing. Then the troops (by this time thoroughly numbed with cold and wet with dew) return within cantonments, having been under arms about an hour.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ALLIED ARMY.—The following is an extract from a private letter addressed by an officer in command of a French battery to a friend at Marseilles, and dated from the trenches before Sebastopol the 2nd of November:—"The Russians are defending themselves with determination, and the victory will be the more brilliant. I must first tell you that I am in an excellent position to judge the progress of the siege. We have now been before Sebastopol more than a month. The trenches were opened at seven hundred and fifty metres from the wall on the night of the 9th of October. Our fire opened on the 17th, and we had the presumption to imagine that one day would be sufficient to extinguish the enemy's fire. In less than three hours we were compelled to cease firing, in consequence of the explosion of two gunpowder magazines. We soon repaired the damage, and since then we have not ceased, and have considerably increased the number of our batteries; but it must be confessed we have not sensibly diminished the enemy's fire. This is easily explained. The Russian artillery is not only one of the first in Europe, but there never was, perhaps, a siege commenced with equal numbers against a town so formidably armed. The Russian artillery is of the first force by its calibre, and Sebastopol possesses an inexhaustible park, with an adequate supply of ammunition. The fortifications on the side we are attacking are of earth, and of an immense number. It is almost impossible to prevent the Russians from repairing them during the night, and probably constructing others behind them, as the fortress is not completely invested. We are in the Crimea in the position of an army which cannot be vanquished, for we would prefer death to a defeat or to a capitulation. I am consequently perfectly convinced that we shall succeed; but I feel not to assert that our progress has been brilliant, and when brought to a fortunate conclusion it will be one of the grandest feats of arms