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IMPROVEMENTS IN KILLING.

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* had a very interesting article on improvements in fire-arms, from which we extract the following:

It is much easier to describe the various improvements than it is to estimate what their probable effects may be on the science of war, when they are brought to the test of actual experiment, though cases in doubtful than very great advantages to the possessors of troops armed with the improved weapons must result from them, and that the general who appreciates their effects will be master of the situation.

As bullets have been hitherto fought, the usual practice has been for the opposing armies to arrange themselves in battle array at distances ranging from 600 to 1200 yards from one another; at which the armies were about 1200 yards apart. At such distances musketry was out of the question, as was the fire of grape or any other, except round shot from field guns, and even that was so uncertain and innocuous against bodies of men that no decisive results could be obtained from it. It was necessary, therefore, that one of the armies should cross the intervening space to get at the other. This they could do in one fashion that suited them, and the assailants advanced to within 200 or 300 yards of their opponents, without suffering any serious damage. As they came on at rate of 100 yards in a minute, within two or three minutes at the utmost from the time of the army coming under fire, they were upon our opponents, and either forced them to retire or were beaten back, with a loss that was wonderfully small, considering what it ought theoretically to be under such circumstances.

All this must now be altered. It will be impossible to range troops at less than 2000 yards, or they would be able to shoot each other down with their rifles, even without an enemy to answer them. Suppose that at 2000 yards, or to avoid their effect the men must lie down on the ground, or hide themselves behind some shelter of the country. Battles are for well by outmanœuvring, and the question will remain how armies are to get at one another; for, even supposing that at 2000 yards each side manage can be done by the rifle practice, still, when over a column or body of troops advances within 1000 yards of a division drawn up to receive it, they will be pretty sure to do some execution, and the longer they elapse before they can close, and it will accordingly encourage them to know that, if repulsed, they must be less exposed to the fire of their enemies' rifles.

One curious suggestion for getting over a portion at least of the difficulty, would be to accustom the men as skirmishers, in such manoeuvrings that artillery would have little or no effect on them, and even rifle practice be very harmless, considering the instantaneous of an incident to the heat and excitement of a battle field. This, no doubt, would be a practicable manoeuvre if there were no rifles in the field, but if infantry do advance far from their supporters, and in such loose formation that they cannot collect and form squares at very short notice, it will expose them to cavalry charges that we have seen to prevent themselves being ridden over and cut to pieces. Even abstracting the element of fire, it is a question if it is desirable that, as both armies can throw out skirmishers, and in that respect be equal, no decisive result can be expected from such a mode of fighting.

In the Crimea the generals seem to have felt this, though the arms then employed were not what they have since become, and their efforts were not appreciated as they now are. At the Alma the allies rushed at the Russians the moment they came within ranges without manoeuvring, and at Inkerman they did the same thing, the Russians, evidently dreading the passage of the gulf in daylight, stole upon the British in the dark, and the fight became a hand-to-hand struggle. This difficulty will frequently be felt in future, if one army can not shoot on the other manœuvres, to take it at a disadvantage. As far as we can at present judge, the fight probably will be between the two artillories till the one gains a superiority, and is then enabled to turn its attention to the infantry, and such a force has decimated them and rendered them unsteady, one army will rush as rapidly as possible at the other, and a hand-to-hand fight decide the day. In all future wars battles will in future be fought, it seems tolerably evident that close formation and heavy infantry drills are out of date, and that light infantry manœuvres are essential, not only to enable the soldier to use with the greatest possible effect the improved weapons which have been put into his hands, but also to prevent his presenting such a target to the fire of the enemy as battalions in close formation and with slow movements must do.

SYMPATHY FOR AUSTRIA IN ENGLAND.

[From the London News, May 24.]

The Austrian party in England—compact, insidious, powerful, inventive, rich in royal influence and aristocratic sympathy, reinforced by all the parasites, flatterers and pedants, all the renegades and fanatics and fools, all the worn out schemers, all the adulatory rakes, all that is decrepit and debauched, all that is base and slavish and cynical in the political world, all that is tainted with poetry and abhorrent to Protestantism in the religious world—finds, we deeply regret to see, an army of dupes and zealots ready to its hands in the echoing chorus of vociferous clamours.

The ten prominent members of Parliament who flock to vestry and civic meetings in the fond belief that they are about to insist on the maintenance of strict neutrality, are easily persuaded by determined opposition from Pall Mall cliques to convert a declaration of neutrality into a cry for overwhelming armaments, and a burst of angry suspicion against our French neighbors and allies. Mr. Disraeli, with that exquisite air of unpaid lunatic which distinguishes his statistical performances in the country, tacks on another cipher to the long disbelief our minds of the impression that war is costly and burdensome.

When a Chancellor of the Exchequer talks nicely of a shilling sentiment debt of eight hundred millions, and assures his constituency and the public that twenty millions extra a year are but a trifling addition to the sum, we have all the confidence in his public sentiments as in his fantastic war budgets; but we know what he means, and we on our guard; only when a Liberal member of Parliament, at a non-intervention meeting, nibbles at the tempting bait which a Tory minister holds out, hoping his little hope that he may be shagged and we may sleep, and crying his little boy of suspicion and alarm, we feel that this Austrian venous is doing its deadly work, and that English people are being drawn by Austria's yelping chase. Mr. Headlam at Newcastle, like the vestryman of St. Pancras, contributes very little that is original and nothing that is high minded to the prevalent panic about the Italian war. In their cry clapstrap, any cant, any jargon is the ally. He breathes it eagerly in, and breathes it sedulously out again. Figures full of bad designs; Sardinia, guilty, ambitious; Austria "so better," Italy irresponsible; sympathy for neither and none—that is all he has to say. We have heard it all before, and we shall hear it all a hundred times.

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But the scandal of appeals to Anglo-Saxon liberals is that France and Piedmont should seek the alliance of Imperial France, as though for the first time in her history a free government had allied itself with despotical objects with a despotism. Now, the fact is that Louis Napoleon and his two hundred thousand soldiers are not invited to establish despotic institutions in Italy, but simply and solely to aid Italy of the Austrians, and to establish, by force of arms, her national independence. The Italians may be allowed to be the keenest judges of their own wrongs and wants; and the wisest and purest of Italian patriots have taught unceasingly that independence should be the first object, and the choice of institutions only the second. We may surely leave to Italy, when her nationality shall have been recognized and vindicated, and her martial spirit steeled and tempered by many a bloody fight, to maintain against all usurpers her hard won rights, and if France deserves at least her gratitude, it is not for England to grudge it.

Who says that the Emperor of the French is not ambitious, or that his motives are entirely pure? We believe we have given the right to speak freely of the man; and in such a case as this we say, judge not. If we are to look for an instance of dramatic ambition the most flagitious and unscrupulous, we need not rub up our reminiscences of the first Napoleon. The conflict of our German friends towards Denmark in the Schleswig-Holstein affair is nearer at hand. And it is no secret that when Prussia was aggressive in 1850 her ambition found ardent and powerful support among the bitterest denouncers of the allies of Italy in 1859. For our own part, the right is always the right, and does not "follow still the changes of the moon." When M. de Montalembert, the inveterate foe to freedom so long as freedom lived in France, and its champion only when the tribune from which he had buried his invectives against freedom was struck down—when M. de Montalembert, we say, the constant friend of Papal tyranny and superstition, was attacked by his neighbors, authority, we took pride as English journalists in his vindication; but if even his persecutors became the champions of a bad cause, we are not afraid of wishing them God speed.

The Austrian Army in Piedmont—An Inside View of Austrian Operations.

The London *Times* has a correspondent at the Austrian headquarters, who sends a letter from Mortara, dated May 10. He writes that the Austrians crossed the Ticino on the 28th April, *five days after the French had passed the Po at Sartirana, on their frontier.* This delay, he says, was in deference to the wish of the British Cabinet. A brigade of the 7th corps had the honor of leading the way. It crossed near Pavia, and was followed by the entire third corps. The seventh and fifth corps *d'armée* crossed at Buffalora, and the eighth and second crossed at Pavia. The entire invading force consisted of five corps *d'armée*, and were three days crossing the Ticino. The army carried with the third corps in the center, with the fifth and seventh corps forming the right, and the eighth and second the left wings. The writer says, in his date at Mortara on the 10th, This relative position having been kept until now, I need not detail the daily marches, but will briefly say that the line was gradually advanced and extended in this order, until the day before yesterday, the 8th, when the headquarters of Gen. Gyulai were at Vercelli, and the whole country north of the Po, as far as Biella in the north-west, and the Dora Baltea on the west, was occupied by Austrian troops, almost without opposition.

The Piedmontese had trenches across, and otherwise injured the roads, and placed batteries to defend them, but did not do so. At Vercelli, they burnt the magnificent railway bridge across the Sesia, but the Austrians discovered it, and with the gunpowder. The inconvenience is very remarkable, for the nature of the country is such that the choice of an army can be most easily impeded. The roads are in most cases artificially raised, the fields on each side being dead flat, and kept under water for the cultivation of rice, besides which, numerous canals, at several different levels, cross each other in every conceivable way. The chief opposition occurred at Vercelli, where there were two fine bridges across the Po. The one the Piedmontese had themselves designed, and the other the Austrians determined to destroy for them. On the 3d and 4th of May they made great demonstrations, as if to cross the river, both there and opposite Frassanella, and succeeded in mining the bridge on the 4th.

The enemy's attention being drawn to the named points, Gen. Brunet succeeded in crossing the Po at Connell with 40,000 men, on a bridge constructed by the Engineers—a corps of which, it appears, has reached a wonderful degree of efficiency. It came to Voghera, and reconnoitered to Tortona with a powerful detachment.

In retiring, he blew up the railway bridge of Frastanzia, which must be a serious blow to the allies.

In the night of the 4th to 5th, the Po rose 15 feet, and destroyed the French bridge over the Po, thus isolating him entirely.

In twenty-four hours, however, another bridge was constructed, over which he retired, with the loss of a few wagons of meat stores of bread, tobacco, etc., from Voghera.

At Valenza the unparalleled rise of the Po filled the first arches of the bridge, and still the 8th of May that the bridge was destroyed.

At Frassinetto, the intended deception was completely successful—quantities of boards, etc., were seen collecting, and a pontoon at Candia, and some hundreds of laborers; on the 3d of May, some lancers led the way across a ford of the Sesia to an island between that river and the Po. Four companies of Grenadiers followed, and half a rocket battery. The whole under the command of Col. Puschner.

The island is covered with brushwood, so the smallness of their number was concealed from the enemy, who opened a heavy fire from the western bank of the Po. This was answered by the rocket battery and grenadiers, who extended themselves along the bank. The Austrians lost on the 3d, before midnight, one man killed and eight wounded. Of the latter one has since died. At night, Capt. Sawyer, an Irishman, led over another battalion to the island, and a noise of hammering was kept up till morning, as if bridges for the passage of a large army were being constructed. During the entire night the loss to the Austrians was only three more wounded. Here, too, the rapid rise of the Sesia, which took place a few hours before that of the Po, nearly caused a loss, but happily the whole force was withdrawn in safety, owing to the unremitting exertions of the Piedmontese laborers, who saved many drowning men.

The Piedmontese reconnoitered Vercelli in the afternoon, and some skirmishing took place, but to the west of the town.

The English Thunder on Louis Napoleon.

[By Telegraph to the Cincinnati Commercial.]

The Emperor of the French, the subdeur of France, taking the lead in the liberation of Italy, with the wreath of triumphs not his own around his sword, and the hopes of a cause by some more than his own race profaned. Italy, forgetting and forgiving, hoping and trusting, rushes forth to meet him, and casts the profane and the profaned at his feet. Now, unless the Austrians be the declared enemy of Austria, the friends of Italy, who have grieved with her grief, would fain rejoice with her joy, and bid uneasy afterthought be still; but no man knows better than Louis Napoleon that it is the very reverse of the case, and mortified by right, unpurified by freedom, built on fraud, that its best acts shall be tainted with the memory of its worst, and the stain of its beginnings shall cling to all its nobler ends. All the ink of all the bulletins and the proclamations cannot blot out the damning reputation—the stain of Sebastiani's letter to Gorchakoff the decrees of December. The blight of that morning which struck the liberties of France to the dust, darkens, forever, the sun of the second Empire.

The cause for which the gallant legions of France are now encamped on the plains of Piedmont, is assuredly a noble and stainless cause as ever armed fought, or prized graved for, or heaven blessed. National independence is a cause to which the heart of this England of ours beats a willing and a glad response. Who can know better what it means than the sovereign race that dwells in these inviolate islands? Who can wish that in Italy, where it is now playing its last stake, civil rights of Austrian serfs should attain. An Emperor who holds the peace of Europe in the palm of his hand, and who has the hearts of half a hundred million soldiers at his bidding, cannot command the confidence and sympathy of freedom or constitutionalism in the name of glory. The Emperor of the French will be called upon to give to the world a great and rare example of penitential self-denial, before Europe will consent to regard him as a champion of civilization rather than as a conspirator in the garb of a crusader. We be not the "man of December," were France still free in thought, word, and deed, to his behest. Free to speak, free to give, and to withhold, were the hand and heart of France in arms for Italy, the world might tremble at the expectation, but it would not shrink with distrust and distraction. When France imperial has routed, as we trust she may, the hordes of Austrians, neutral Europe will be anxious to know, and the answer will decide the fate not of Italy only, but of France herself.—*London News, May 17.*

"Conversion" of Lola Montez.

The New York News comes away about Lola Montez and Mr. Thistlewaite, as follows:

Strange and inexplicable things are frequently happening in the world, but there are few more strange than the "conversion," as it is called, of the religious world, of Lola Montez. She has, it is reported us, really "experienced a change of heart," given up her wordly wave and thoughts, renounced the world and all that world is, the world and all its lights. This is even so, and Lola, the erratic, instead of forcing before the footlights, applying a cowskin to the back and shoulders of some unfortunate wight, or drawing her five-barreled "Colt" upon her offenders, has quietly settled down an humble, peaceful, exemplary, religious woman, and is living in Piccadilly, London. She has amassed a sufficient sum to purchase and pay for a house as above, which is now her receptacle and center of a large number of wealthy and pious enthusiasts of London, male and female.

Among her most constant and intimate visitors, and disciples and pupils, is her quondam friend, perhaps, in leading her into a "new born life," was Mr. Thistlewaite, the wife of a wealthy consumer of England. This lady of fashion and of the world daily drives her chariot, with four milk-white horses attached, through the streets of London on missions of mercy and religious consolation. Perhaps the color of the steeds are emblematic of the purity of Mrs. Thistlewaite and Lola Montez, and others who occasionally accompany them, we will not say, but we do say that the "establishment"—the entire "turn-out"—is one of the most magnificent and attractive in all London. When we see them drive four-in-hand who can resist her pleading?

But who is Mrs. Thistlewaite? the reader will naturally ask.

Mrs. Thistlewaite was once familiarly known as Laura Bell, an actress on the London stage of no mean parts, indeed of much celebrity, and of beauty transcendant as one of the angels who fell from heaven. She personage just enough of that spice of the devil that drew to her crowds of admirers, and was as notorious in many respects as Lola Montez herself. Tired, however, of the fickle and the follies of the world, and we suppose the poor return it gave, she turned her thought to better and holier things. Now, in riches, she, who was the beast of the rich commoner, married him, and is now a bright and shining light in Exeter Hall, and it was she who made the acquaintance of Lola Montez and led her gradually to her own way of thinking and belief, until she at last embraced the faith of her teacher and true disciple and the two are now of one mind, and, both, we hope, honestly engaged in laying up treasures for the world beyond the grave.

This is the latest phase in the life of Lola Montez.

Back was and is Laura Bell.

"And while the lamp holds out to burn," etc.

The Dark Side of the War.

A French correspondent of the Pittsburg *Gazette* writes:

"20th April—God save the country from warfare! The scenes here are distressing. Men on leave of absence, which usually are constantly renewed until the term of service expires, are snatched away from their occupations—from the apothecary shop, the dry goods store, the lawyer's office, the hospital—to shoulder a musket and march. If the war lasts another year, their prospects for life are blasted. Men cannot jump the counter at thirty, and tent and barrack are ill schools to train citizens of peaceful habits and arts. Besides, how numerous are the unfortunate brave. Today there are five hundred thousand men now tramping over the continent in gaudy uniforms, and in a few months, perhaps yesterday, would be to understand their mortal influence of battle fields and war hospitals. Parents, brothers, and sisters are aware that the sun never will shine upon them, and themselves most probably refers to the meeting beyond the grave. There are so many chances against a return."

How many families, especially in the country, will utterly ruin themselves to pay the four hundred dollars necessary to ransom their child from the "blood tax," as the conscription is so justly called in the energetic popular language. There are so many families in France living on a precarious patch of ground on the very verge of wretchedness, the sum is as a fortune to them. Nevertheless, they generally succeed in raising the money. They have been saving son by son for years against the "Conscription drawing day," and several old stocking full of silver money are hid away somewhere in the country, and, because the heirs of some corner of the cellar dirt floor. When the "bad number" is drawn, the father goes to the nearest notary and mortgages his messuage, frequently at usurious interest, his heir-forward no butcher's meat is eaten, no dinners given on the village patron saint's day, the chickens are all sold at market—not one is kept for home. If sickness or death crosses their lowly threshold, the cottage and the rest are soon at auction to "the highest bidder," and those unhappy people, who have most to into service if they be young, to the poor-house if they be old. Louis Napoleon has increased the sort of distress exceedingly since he has come to power, for in the course of seven years he takes 112,000 men from their homes—more than any previous government of France has done since the days of the Napoleons. What wonder if tears be wrung from eyes in France! What torrents of blood be is about wasting on the ground!

The Hon. Ernest Noel—a nephew of the Earl of Gainsborough, and a son of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, who, a few years since left the Church of England to become pastor of a Baptist chapel—is the last aristocratic British arrival in New York.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Gen. Jesup, Minister from Nicaragua, has been officially advised of the ratification of the Bolly contract, but with such amendments as avoid complication or impediments to the fulfillment of treaties with other nations, our own included. It concedes to M. Bolly no important grants of land or privileges until the canal shall be completed. Costa Rica, it will be recollected, first ratified this contract, and her assent to the amendments made by Nicaragua will therefore be necessary before it can take effect. From what is known here, it is not probable she will acquiesce, however. Mr. Bolly's scheme is regarded in distinguished quarters as a harmless affair.

Our Government has accepted the convention negotiated by Minister Lamar, which contains the principles of the Cass-Trisarri treaty, but dissents to the anti-filibuster clause as unnecessary. Of this the government of Nicaragua will at once be informed.

Gen. Jesup, who will leave Washington for New York tomorrow, and return to Nicaragua in the steamer of the 5th of June, is confident that when the fact is communicated, an extra session of Congress will be forthwith called to act upon the subject, and that they will strike out the objectionable clause. The last steamer brought to Jerez full authority to take measures for the re-opening of the transit route as soon as practicable, from old reasonable and liberal terms.

He indulged the hope that he will be enabled to enter into mutual satisfactory arrangements in the course of a few days. From what has already transpired, there can be little, if any, doubt of this success. He expresses himself both satisfied and gratified with the tone and feeling of the Administration toward Nicaragua.

In his absence, Senor Molina, the Costa Rica Minister, will have charge of the Nicaraguan affairs at Washington.

No particular importance is attached to the reported Walker filibuster movements in Nicaragua. The United States as well as British national vessels are in sufficient force in that quarter to intercept such expeditions, if any are contemplated.

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