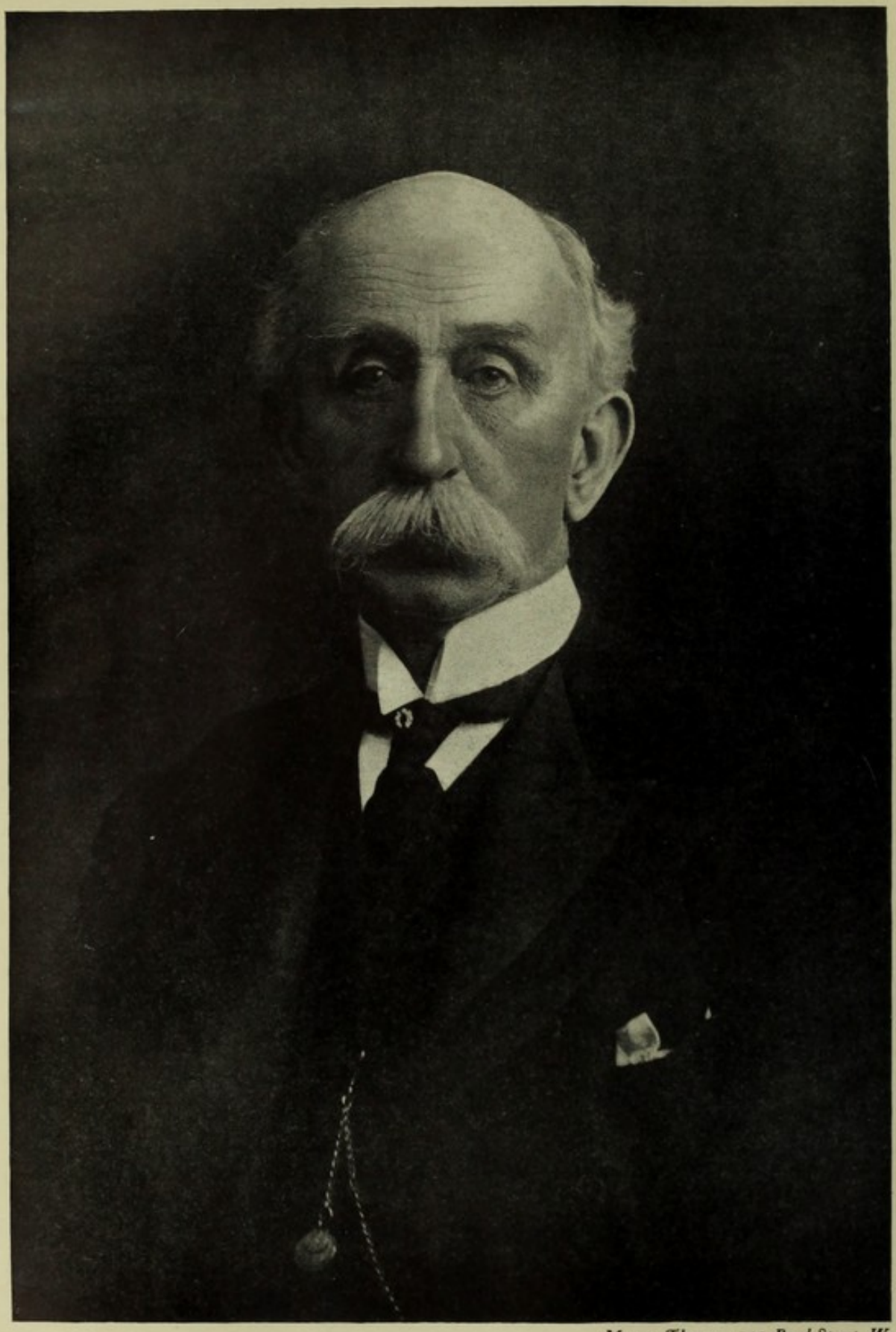
Memories of the Crimean War, January 1855 to June 1856 / by Douglas Arthur Reid.

MEMORIES OF THE CRIMEAN WAR

DOUGLAS ARTHUR REID, M.D.



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Douglas A. Reid.

MEMORIES

OF THE

CRIMEAN WAR

JANUARY 1855 TO JUNE 1856

BY

DOUGLAS ARTHUR REID, M.D.
FORMERLY ASSISTANT SURGEON
90th LIGHT INFANTRY

With a number of illustrations from Photographs and Sketches taken during and after the Siege—not hitherto published—and a comprehensive Map, showing the position of the contending Armies in the various battles.

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FREDERICK ARCHIBALD VAUGHAN

THIRD EARL CAWDOR

Note.—With the permission of the late Earl Cawdor, this book was dedicated to him. His untimely and lamented death took place while it was in the Press, to the inexpressible regret of

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

JUDGING by the number of well-educated people who have from time to time asked me what was the origin of the Crimean War, and before beginning to write down my own personal recollections of incidents that occurred during the eighteen months I was taking part in it, I think it may be worth while to refresh the memories of those who have forgotten, and to inform those who never knew, why this great struggle took place, causing, as it did, the loss of so many thousands of lives and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of money, to four of the great nations of the world.

Briefly, the story is this:

For many years before the war, the Czars of Russia had looked longingly at Constantinople, and were only waiting for some excuse to make the effort to obtain possession of it. Although they would have preferred to attain their object by diplomacy, they were not unwilling to go to war if diplomacy failed.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, strangely enough, at last seemed likely to provide a favourable opening for the accomplishment of their desires. Frequent quarrels between the Greek Christians and the Roman Catholics there, led Louis Napoleon, in 1851, to send an envoy to Constantinople with a demand that certain privileges should be granted to the Latin or Roman Catholic Christians. Simultaneously, French vessels of war appeared in the Dardanelles, and the Sultan, in a fright, at once complied with the wishes of the French Government. The Emperor of Russia, keenly on

the watch, complained that the granting of these privileges to the Roman Catholics was derogatory to the rights of the Greek Christians, whom he claimed to represent, and he demanded equal rights and privileges for them. This led to friction between France and Russia. Russian troops were moved down to the Turkish frontier while the French fleet cruised about the Mediterranean. The Czar pressed his claims on behalf of the Greek Church, and demanded a security that, after being conceded, they should be continued. England was looking on, mindful of her interests in the East, but not interfering beyond sending a despatch to both Governments, warning them to abstain from the employment of any means calculated to display the weakness of the Ottoman Empire. Time went on, and the Russian forces remained on the frontier. In March 1853, Prince Mentschikoff, as special ambassador to the Czar, arrived at Constantinople and interviewed the Grand Vizier. His attitude alarmed the Sultan, who suspected that the object of his mission was to "trample under foot the rights of the Porte, and the dignity and independence of the Sovereign." In the following month the French Government, with much self-denial in order to prevent the peace of Europe from being disturbed, withdrew its demands, and on April 25 it was announced that the misunderstanding respecting the Holy Places had been adjusted, and both France and Russia declared themselves satisfied.

Still, the Russian troops remained on the Turkish borders, under the pretext that the Emperor wanted an equivalent to the Greek Church for the privileges he had lost—i.e. by the settlement of the dispute! Then came the "Mentschikoff

Note," which demanded that the Protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey be conceded to the Emperor of Russia, and that an answer be sent in five days. The Sultan rejected these demands, and laid the case before the Ambassadors of England and France, who communicated at once with their respective Governments, with the result that both countries upheld the Sultan's decision. Prince Mentschikoff then left Constantinople. A second demand of a like nature was sent through Count de Nesselrode with an allowance of eight days for a reply. This also the Sultan rejected. The Emperor then ordered the Russian Armies to cross the Pruth, the river that divides Russia from the Danubian provinces of Turkey. This was an Act of War, though war was not formally declared. France and England then decided to uphold the Turkish Empire, and, as a first step, their combined fleets anchored in Besika Bay, near the straits of the Dardanelles.

Turkey declared war on October 4, 1853. England and France suspended diplomatic relations with Russia in February 1854, and joined in the war. Sardinia afterwards sent an army to support the Allies.

This book, I need hardly say, does not pretend to be a history of the Crimean War. It is simply a record of events that transpired in and around the British Camp in the Crimea between January 1855 and June 1856, more especially in the Light Division, of which my regiment, the 90th Light Infantry, formed a part. I say "my regiment" designedly, because, it must be remembered, the medical officers were at

that time gazetted to, and wore the uniform of, the regiments in which they served, exactly in the same way as the executive officers, and, as a rule, remained with the corps until promoted. They had relative rank according to length of service, but no military titles as in the present day—nor did they seek them.

By adopting the term "memories" I consider myself relieved from the necessity of arranging the various incidents in strictly chronological order, although I have endeavoured not to take too much latitude in this direction. It was my custom to write a home letter every week from the time I left England until my return. I have those letters in my possession at the present time, eighty of them, and in the following pages I have had recourse to them when in any doubt as to facts or dates. Here and there I have had to refer to Kinglake, Russell or some other authority to ensure accuracy, and as a check upon any camp "shaves," contained in my letters, that might not be strictly trustworthy.

Although possessed of a fairly good memory, I could not have ventured to depend upon it entirely after the lapse of fifty-five years, and all the disturbing influences of that long period, and I may say at once that if those letters had not been available this book would never have seen the light.

The photographs with which the book is illustrated were reproduced, from very faded originals, by Messrs. Hinton & Co., of 38 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and have not, as far as I am aware, ever been published before. Considering the dilapidated state of the originals, and their indistinctness of detail, the reproduction of Messrs. Hinton is quite a won-

derful performance. Without undue humility, I consider them the most important, as well as the most interesting, part of the book, and with this opinion I fancy the majority of those who read it will agree.

That the book bristles with imperfections in style and arrangement I am well aware. I ask critics to be merciful on the ground that it is my first literary venture and on the plea, that cannot be questioned, of "Anno Domini."

A few words respecting the uniform of the period may not be out of place. I joined the service in response to an appeal for "Acting Assistant Surgeons" for Home Service while the army was engaged in the Crimea, and when every available army medical officer was on duty with it.

Although liable to be told at any time that my services would no longer be required, the appointment being only a temporary one, I was compelled to incur the expense of Medical Staff uniform and outfit, comprising the following items: Full dress: Scarlet coatee with scarlet facings, gold epaulettes, cocked hat with black cock's feather, trousers with scarlet stripe. Undress: Blue single-breasted frock coat, tight at the waist, gold "scales" on shoulders; forage cap, sword with black belt, mess jacket with gold shoulder cords, military cloak, boots, gloves and stock.

I received my appointment on October 13, 1854, and was sent for duty to the Ordnance Hospital, Woolwich. In less than six weeks afterwards, without receiving any communication from the War Office, I was surprised to find myself gazetted to an Assistant Surgeoncy in the 90th Light Infantry, then in the Crimea. At the same time an order reached me

to prepare for embarkation at an early date. Just then army uniforms were in a transition state. Nothing that I had provided myself with as an Acting Assistant Surgeon on the Staff could be adapted to the position of an assistant surgeon in a regiment, except the cloak, cocked hat, trousers, sword, and boots. I had, therefore, immediately to procure a second outfit consisting of a double-breasted tunic with gold shoulder cords and regimental facings, white sword-belt, white cross belt, and pouch ornamented with the badge of the regiment (a silver bugle, surmounted by a crown and enclosing a shield with the number of the regiment), mess and shell jacket with gold shoulder cords of special pattern, green forage cap and badge, and mess waistcoat. Camp equipment, portable bed and bedding, bullock trunks, waterproof rug, canteen, supply of warm clothing and Dean and Adams revolver.

The bill for all this was a heavy one, and my pay was only 7s. 6d. a day. It took quite a year's pay to clear me of debt. But I don't think this troubled me very much. There were many more pressing things to think about at that time, both present and prospective, and it is concerning the latter that I am now going to write.

When the offer of these "acting" appointments was made, I was occupying a position in the medical department of the Brompton Consumption Hospital, which I sought and obtained a few weeks after passing my examinations in Edinburgh and London. Five days after completing my twenty-first year I was an M.D. of Edinburgh University, and in the same month, June, I held the Diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the Licence of Apothecaries' Hall, London, so

that I was ready for anything that might turn up. I little anticipated the exciting happenings of the two following years, and still less did I expect to be relating them fifty-five years after.

D. A. R.

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— NOTE. —
The Camps and Batteries are distinguished
by initials thus
E.—English.
F.—French.
T.—Turkish.
S.—Sardinian.
R.—Russian.

CHAPTER I

Embarkation.—A Transport to Myself.—The Reason.—A Catastrophe Averted.—Rough Weather.—Malta and Constantinople.—At the British Embassy.—Arrival at Balaklava.—Condition of the Town.—Crowded state of the Harbour.—Meeting with old Friends.—Intense Cold.—Difficulties of Transport.

MOORED together, alongside the jetty in Portsmouth Dockyard, on January 2, 1855, were two large transports due on that day to sail for the Crimea with reinforcements, ammunition, and supplies for the British Army. One, the *Imperatrix*, was crowded with troops—in fact it was thought at the time to be rather over-crowded—the other, the steamship *Clyde*, was empty so far as human freight was concerned. I had my orders to embark in the *Clyde*, to join the 90th Light Infantry, and on doing so was amazed to find myself the only passenger, with the exception of three purveyor's assistants in the forepart of the ship. It seemed a strange arrangement, seeing that there was a great dearth of medical officers just then, to send one out in a ship by himself when another ship, sailing the same day, would have provided him with plenty of occupation and relieved others who were over-worked and who might have been glad to have his help.

The explanation came the next day. We steamed out of Portsmouth Harbour at 8.30 on the morning of January 3 and anchored at Spithead, and, while there, twelve tons of ball cartridge were put on board, followed by a number of earthenware jars of percussion caps. On lowering the latter into the magazine one fell and was smashed, and the caps were scattered over the floor. We all turned to, with our

shoes off, and carefully collected them, thus averting what might have been a great catastrophe, for if a piece of the jar had come in sharp contact with the fulminate in one of the caps the whole magazine might have blown up and destroyed the ship and every one in it.

Now, although this explains why the *Clyde* was not filled up with troops like her sister ship, it does not quite account for my being sent out in her alone with nothing to do but to meditate on the prospect before me. What that prospect was could be gathered from war correspondents' letters and leading articles in newspapers, of which the following may be taken as a specimen.

It appeared in the *Times* of December 23, 1854.

What remains of more than 50,000 men, the best blood of this country, which now represents, 3,000 miles from home, the glory, the influence, the courage and the ability of our race? The England of European history is now in the Crimea. We have defied the largest army in the world; and, if we have not backed our challenge with quite sufficient strength or promptitude, we have at least made an effort beyond all former example. At this moment it would be rash even to conjecture the fate of those hardy survivors of the 54,000 men. Do they still maintain the unequal fight—chilled, drenched, famished, utterly neglected? Has a slight aggravation of their many ills, a drop of the thermometer some degrees below zero, or a few more inches of rain, extinguished them altogether, or left scarce enough for a safe retreat? Or may we dare to hope that desperation itself has urged the brighter alternative of a dash at the city, with a somewhat less loss of life than would attend another month of inaction? After the dreary, and even still drearier, history of the siege, we cannot hope as much.

There is no use disguising the matter. We are not speaking from our own correspondence only. We are not saying what we think

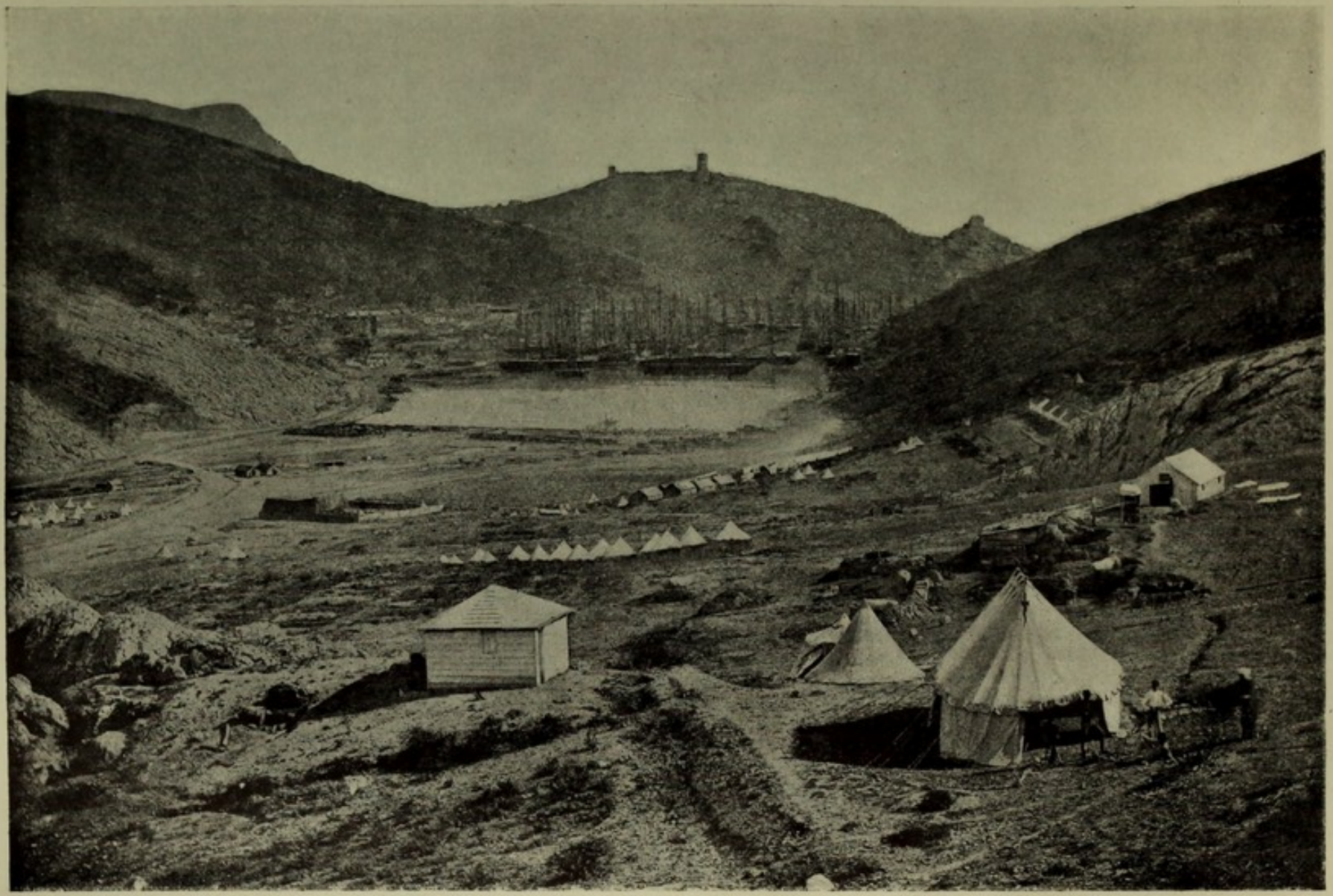
alone. We say on the evidence of every letter that has been received in this country, and we echo the opinion of almost every experienced soldier or well-informed gentleman, when we say that the noblest army England ever sent from these shores has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement. Incompetency, lethargy, aristocratic *hauteur*, official indifference, favour, routine, perverseness, and stupidity reign, revel and riot in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbour of Balaklava, in the hospitals of Scutari—and how much nearer home we do not venture to say.

Whatever the reason of the arrangement I have described, I, in many ways, profited by it. The captain of the *Clyde*, and the first officer were both Scotsmen of the very best type. They showed me every kindness both on the voyage and subsequently, as will appear by and by. Thanks to them, the passage was more like a yachting trip than a journey to the land of horrors described in the *Times* article quoted above.

As soon as all the ammunition was on board, we steamed away and rapidly left the white cliffs of Old England behind us. Nothing eventful happened beyond a rough time in the Bay of Biscay and a "Levanter" in the Mediterranean that delayed our progress between Gibraltar and Malta, and gave one an idea of what the sea can do if it tries. After battling with it for three days, a lull came that was very agreeable, and enabled us to speed on our way. We arrived at Malta on January 18, and after coaling and taking in two or three passengers, one of them being Captain Matthews, paymaster of the 57th, who subsequently proved a very good friend and adviser to me when in camp, we sailed again on the 21st, and reached Constantinople on the 27th, surrounded by numerous transports

conveying French and English reinforcements to the front, and steamers loaded with "navvies," who were on the way out to make roads and a railway from Balaklava to the camp before Sebastopol. I am not going to describe Constantinople further than to say that, from the sea, it is one of the most beautiful cities that could be imagined, and on going ashore and walking about its streets it struck me as one of the filthiest. In the evening a number of us, en route for the war, were invited to a reception at the British Embassy, and I was one of those who accepted. It was a brilliant gathering and very crowded. We left the insalubrious city on January 31, and steamed across the Black Sea, arriving at Balaklava on February 2 in the dusk of the evening.

It was a horrible night, bitterly cold and pouring with rain when we entered the harbour and took up our position amongst the scores of transports and miscellaneous craft with which it was crowded. Nothing could be more depressing than the outlook—dark, dismal, cheerless in the extreme. I did not leave the *Clyde* that night; being advised that it was useless to expect to find any one to whom I might report myself until the morning, and that to flounder about in the dark in the mud of Balaklava was an unsafe proceeding for a new comer. I turned in soon after dinner, and had a good sleep once more in a comfortable bed, not knowing when such a luxury would again fall to my lot. Early the next morning I went on deck to have a look round. The rain of the previous night was succeeded by a heavy fall of snow, and a white world was revealed. The deck, the spars, the ropes of the ship were covered with snow, as well as the hill sides, and the buildings in Balaklava.



Balaklava and Harbour, from the Valley. Old Genoese Forts on the hill above the town.

The thermometer had fallen to ten degrees below freezing point. I landed after breakfast, and found my way, after much wandering about, to the Commandant's office, where I thought I ought to report myself. The Commandant had gone out for a ride. I then went to seek for the Principal Medical Officer, Dr. Anderson, and was fortunate enough to find him at his post. There I found also an old college friend, George Lawson, one of the Civil Surgeons sent out by the Government to take charge of the hospitals while the Army Medical Officers were at the front. He kindly accompanied me to the commissariat or Transport Office, where I tried to get a baggage mule to convey my bullock trunks and bed to the camp of the Light Division, eight miles distant. I was informed that it was impossible to supply me with one that day, and as it was equally impossible for me to get to the front without one, there was nothing to do but to wait and spend the rest of the day in examining the town and making enquiries as to what was going on at the front. There was heavy booming of cannon in the direction of Sebastopol, indicating that something important was on foot, which made me very impatient to be there.

The "town"—which was really a fishing village, inhabited chiefly by Greeks when first occupied by our troops—was a confused aggregation of wrecked houses, a roofless church, huts of every description, stones, stables and tents; and mud, dirt and slush everywhere. I was not sorry to get back to the comforts of the ship again. The harbour was of an irregular pear shape, entered by a zig-zag or S shaped channel, the opening into which could not be distinguished when approach-

ing it from the sea, and was only wide enough to admit one ship at a time, and then only by a process of careful warping. The largest transports could lie stern-on to the so-called "wharf," which was bare rock, and land their troops and stores by means of gangways to the shore, without the intervention of a jetty or boats. The depth of the harbour had not, as far as I could ascertain, been measured; in fact, it was said to be unfathomable. About half-a-mile in length and from 150 to 250 yards wide, it was enclosed by precipitous rocky heights, on which were the ruins of fortifications supposed to have been built, ages before, by the Genoese. These forts were 200 feet above the village.

When the *Clyde* entered the harbour there must have been over 100 large vessels, transports and traders of all sorts in it, and one man-of-war, H.M.S. *Diamond*, at the farthest extremity, with her guns pointed towards the Balaklava Valley. On the following day, February 4, having again failed to procure any conveyance for my baggage, I took the opportunity of looking round to discover any friends or acquaintances that might be there. Having an introduction to Dr. Smart of the *Diamond*, I first made a call upon him. The middy who received me on deck is now a retired Admiral (Rear-Admiral Richard Evans) who owns and resides in a beautiful old castle in Pembrokeshire, not many miles from my present residence. The 14th Regiment was encamped on the side of a hill to the left of the road between Balaklava and Kadikoi. One of the Assistant Surgeons, J. M. Hyde, was a college friend and contemporary, whom I was glad to meet. The 14th were waiting to be sent to the front, where they subsequently formed a part

of the 4th Division. Hyde retired, many years ago, with the rank of Inspector-General, and died quite recently at the age of 81, to my very great regret. I also met an old school-fellow named Petrie, in the commissariat. It was pleasant to see familiar faces in this far-off, strange country. Soldiers were hardly recognizable as such, their "uniforms" being of a most varied description. For instance, the Scots Greys were arrayed in sailor's blue shirts, pea-jackets and helmets. Their chargers were dying of starvation and overwork, many of them being employed to drag boards to the front for the erection of hospital huts. It was said that the Turks were eating the flesh of the dead horses and were glad to get it.

CHAPTER II

Arrival at the Front.—Cold Reception.—First Visit to the Trenches.—Warmer Reception there.—The Hospital Tents.—Horrible Condition of the Sick and Wounded.—Fatal Curiosity.—State of the Camp.—Scarcity of Fuel.—Our Mess.—Our Rations.—Heavy Cannonading.—A Sad Duty.—Mrs. Seacole.—Her Kindness to the Sick.—My First Trench Duty.—A Narrow Escape.—Frost-bitten Soldiers.

AT last, on February 5, I was provided with two pack mules and a driver, and started for the front. My kit was strapped on to one—a bullock trunk on each side and the bedding in the middle—and I was supposed to ride the other. This would have been quite satisfactory had the saddle been as other saddles are, but a pack-saddle has altogether a different shape and is made of different material, the main part of it being of wood—here and there covered with leather, and having many large buckles and straps scattered about. The shape is that of an inverted V with the acute angle upwards, upon which the rider has to sit. The track or road, as it was called, was deep in mud and slush nearly all the way; here and there on the higher ground it was possible to walk, but for quite two-thirds of the distance, not being then provided with ammunition boots, I had to ride, and I was truly thankful when the journey came to an end. When we reached the Woronzoff road I knew we had not much farther to go, and as a matter of fact, a few more yards brought us to the 90th Camp, which was on the left front of the Light Division. Here two or three officers were strolling about. They stared at me without giving me a friendly greeting, so it became necessary for me to introduce myself, and ask the way to the Colonel's quarters

that I might report myself to him on joining the regiment. They told me the Colonel was in the trenches, and one of them kindly offered to take me there, which offer I was glad to accept. Whether it was to test my valour (of which I had made no profession) or because it was a short cut I cannot say, but, instead of proceeding through the covered way (i.e. a protected trench), he took me across an open plateau, fully exposed to the Russian fire, and where shot and shell were flying about. Of these unpleasant missiles I took no notice outwardly, though inwardly I had nasty qualms, and I was considerably relieved when we reached Gordon's battery, where I found the Colonel, who gave me a kindly welcome. After a few words I returned to camp by the same route (knowing no other) without damage. I then made the acquaintance of our Surgeon, Dr. R. C. Anderson, who, at my request, took me to the "hospital." Naturally, I expected to see a hut or building of some kind, and was much astonished when he pointed out a row of bell-tents pitched, like all the others, in the mud. I looked into some of them and found them crowded with sick, ten or twelve men in each tent with their feet towards the pole and their heads towards the curtain. They were lying on the bare ground wrapped in their great coats. It struck me that whatever was the matter with them they had a very poor chance of recovery. They were being sent down daily in batches to Balaklava for embarkation to Scutari or England. The diseases from which they suffered were chiefly dysentery and fever. The regiment had then been more than two months in camp, and this was the best they could do for their sick and wounded!

The first man of the 90th killed was a private who had the curiosity to look over the parapet of one of the batteries to see what the Russians were doing. He was the victim of an enquiring mind. One of the enemies' sharpshooters, who were always on the look out, sent a bullet through his forehead. I saw him brought in and made a mental note not to follow his example, but to curb any inquisitiveness as to the movements of our foes.

A walk round the camp revealed a very miserable state of things. Imagine a ploughed field after three days heavy rain followed by a snow storm, and you may be able to form some idea of the ground on which our tents were pitched; then imagine a cutting wind on an open plain and a temperature of 22°, no shelter of any kind except a canvas tent, not a house or a wall or a tree anywhere within sight, and you may picture the situation. Every tree and even the brushwood had been cut down and used for firewood long since. There had been vineyards, and they also had disappeared. But the roots remained in the ground, and parties of our men with much difficulty and labour grubbed them up for fuel. They often had to use pickaxes to get through the frozen ground before they could reach the roots, and it would take a fatigue party of six men a whole day to fill a small sack. If we were able to dry them they made very good fires, but it was almost impossible to dry anything at that time.

It may not be known that the wood of a vine root is very hard, almost like ebony, but of a rich brown colour. I have a snuff-box made of a block of it which I value exceedingly, although it recalls very trying experiences.

The full strength of the Regimental Medical Staff was a Surgeon, Dr. R. C. Anderson, and three Assistant Surgeons. At times one or other would be absent on leave or owing to sickness. Then a staff assistant surgeon would be sent to us for temporary duty. We found it more convenient to mess together and to have all things in common. Our senior Assistant Surgeon was R. W. Jackson (now retired Deputy Surgeon-General Sir R. W. Jackson, C.B.), I was the second and C. R. Nelson the third. He afterwards died of cholera in India.

Dr. Anderson had a tent to himself which he had dug out to the depth of about three feet, thus making it more roomy and comfortable. It was possible to stand upright in it. He was kind enough to apportion one half of it to the mess and his bed was in the other half. We had all our meals there. A description of the furniture may be interesting. The most important item was a table, made by a sailor. I mention it first, because it was an extraordinary luxury at that time; a box or a barrel generally did duty for a table. However, this one had four legs, and, though small, answered all our requirements. We had two camp stools, a potato basket and the mound round the tent pole as chairs. A deal box served as a cupboard and sideboard; a barrel also was made into another cupboard, the Doctor's bed became a sofa in the daytime, and there was a stove to warm the tent, dry our clothes and boil water. I shared a tent with Nelson, not from choice, but from necessity.

With regard to food, we did not touch our rations of salt pork. It was quite enough to see the barrels of it opened and the great slabs of pork taken out! Between the layers there

was a quantity of coarse salt. Sometimes there was an issue of what was called "fresh meat," but it was seldom eatable, and the tinned meat was worse. Balaklava supplied us with goat mutton, very lean, at 2s. a pound, and now and then we were able to buy a half-starved sheep or some poultry from the transports. No green vegetables could be obtained at any price. The coffee that was served out to us was in berry and unroasted. We had first to fry it in a frying-pan, and then grind it in the hollow of a 13-inch shell into which we fitted a round shot. By rolling the shot round and round the coffee berries were broken up into a coarse powder. The process was tedious and the result not very satisfactory. Cocoa was preferable, but, there again, we were handicapped, for ship's cocoa (nibs) required boiling for several hours and fuel was dreadfully scarce.

The cannonading that we heard on arriving at Balaklava, and which gave us the idea that some important movement was going on, proved to be nothing more than the daily and nightly bombardment that continued throughout the whole period of the siege, and to which one soon became so accustomed that it was hardly noticed. There were times, however, when, previous to an attack on any of the Russian works, a furious bombardment would go on for several hours, until the earthworks were knocked to pieces and the guns silenced. Such an event occurred two or three days after I joined, on the night of February 6 and on the following day, when there was a very hot fight between the French and the Russians near the Malakoff, where the latter were erecting new batteries. The French succeeded in constructing two batteries on our

right, in a good position to oppose them. We could see what was going on from the usual look-out place, the picket house, which was on the top of the hill in front of our camp, and on the right of the Woronzoff road. Shot and shell frequently reached this spot and sometimes rolled into the camp. On February 7 the French, who had a much larger force than the English, in opposition, it was said, to the wishes of Lord Raglan, took over the whole of the right attack in front of the Malakoff, and remained there until the end of the siege. They covered the ground from the right of the Light Division to the Tchernaya River and Inkerman Valley.

One of the first and certainly one of the saddest duties that fell to my lot, on February 12, was to accompany a sick officer of the regiment to Balaklava, and to see him safely on board one of the hospital ships for conveyance to Scutari. Captain R. H. Payne Crawfurd had been suffering from enteric fever in camp for some time, and his only chance of recovery was to send him away. He was carried on a mule litter for the whole eight miles, over the wretched track that I have already referred to. Had he been fully conscious his sufferings would have been very great; but he was in a half-delirious state, and probably his sensations were deadened to some extent. On reaching Balaklava we were directed to the wooden landing-stage, where boats were ready to take the sick and wounded to the hospital ships. Here I made the acquaintance of a celebrated person, Mrs. Seacole, a coloured woman, who, out of the goodness of her heart and at her own expense, supplied hot tea to the poor sufferers while they were waiting to be lifted into the boats. I need not say how grateful they were

for the warm and comforting beverage when they were benumbed with cold and exhausted by the long and trying journey from the front. The temperature was many degrees below freezing point.

I saw my charge safely on board the ship and he lived to be taken into the hospital at Scutari, but died on February 24. It is hard to say whether it was better to carry this officer away or to leave him where he was. The camp was poisonous and there were no hospital comforts. I doubt if just then the Scutari hospitals were any better off in either respect.

A few words more about Mrs. Seacole. She did not spare herself if she could do any good to the suffering soldiers. In rain and snow, in storm and tempest, day after day she was at her self-chosen post, with her stove and kettle, in any shelter she could find, brewing tea for all who wanted it, and they were many. Somtimes more than 200 sick would be embarked in one day, but Mrs. Seacole was always equal to the occasion. The Authorities, in recognition of her benevolent services, awarded her a Crimean Medal. Some years afterwards I met her at Charing Cross. The medal first attracted my eye, and on looking up I recognized her dusky countenance. Of course I stopped her, and we had a short talk together about Crimean times. She had a store at Kadikoi, near Balaklava, for some time, where she sold all sorts of commodities, clothing and articles of food that were luxuries to us. I need not say that she was largely patronized. Her store appears as a landmark in one of the maps in Russell's book on the war. It is there called "Mrs. Seacole's Hut."

It was soon after this that I was in orders for duty in the

trenches. The reliefs went down in the evening, through a deep ravine, when the light was fading and they could not easily be distinguished by the Russian pickets and sentries. I was attached to a party of the 77th under Captain Pechell, who informed me that he would "take care of" me. I thought this was very kind of him, but it did not seem to cross his mind that, in my capacity of Medical Officer, it might fall to my lot to take care of him.* On reaching Gordon's battery the "Doctor's bunk" was pointed out to me as a place of shelter from the shot, shell and bullets that were being continually poured forth from the Russian batteries and rifle pits. This "bunk" was about 8 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 4½ feet high, and was built into the parapet. It was constructed of balks of timber, sand bags, fascines, stones and earth, and was supposed to be bomb-proof. On crawling into it I found two or three of the trench party seeking temporary refuge and enjoying a smoke. When a heavy shot struck the parapet a tremor went through the whole structure, and, more or less, through the inmates.

Here we kept surgical dressings, instruments and such medical comforts as we could get. We each had to provide our own food until our reliefs appeared on the following evening. A servant brought something down from the mess once or twice in the day, if there was anything to bring. We could not cook in the trenches, as smoke by day or fire by night would call the attention of the Russians to our position; so we had to live the "simple life," and be content with very plain fare.

* Captain Pechell was killed in a sortie on September 3.

During the day we emerged from our shelter and took our chance of escaping the enemy's missiles. The principal danger was from the 13-inch shells, or "Whistling Dicks" as they were called, from the noise they made in the air. The Russians, after some practice, managed to get the correct range, and lobbed shells into our trenches very neatly; or, what was worse, they regulated the fuse so that the shell burst *over* a trench or battery, causing the splinters to drop in our midst. When we saw or heard them coming we all lay flat down on the ground and unless they fell into the trench they did little damage. If they exploded on the ground in the rear of the trench the splinters flew upwards and seldom did any harm.

We could not remain in our "bunk" for very long at a time. The only ventilation was by the hole through which we entered, and the air became very oppressive. Outside, the trenches were deep in mud and snow, or both, so we laid ourselves down on sandbags, which, when tightly filled, are as hard as stone. It was not safe, even if it had been possible, to go to sleep, as sorties were of nightly occurrence, and calls for the Doctor to attend wounded men were very frequent and urgent.

One night, later on, I was in the most advanced trench, reposing on two sandbags, with a third for a pillow, wrapped in my regulation great coat, when I had to respond to one of these calls, to a man badly wounded, in an unfinished part of the trench where there was scarcely any cover. My guide advised me to stoop, and I took his advice. After dressing the man's wound and sending him to camp, I returned to my former position on my hands and knees. While on the way a howitzer shell whizzed over my head at such close quarters

that I could feel the wind of it. At the same time the "ping" of rifle bullets was continuous.

In confirmation of my somewhat inadequate description of the state of the camp and trenches, I quote Russell, who, on February 19, wrote:

"Men have been frozen in their tents, and several soldiers on duty in the trenches have been removed to hospital with severe frost bites, and suffering from the effects of the bitter cold winds and frost."

Tyrrell also says in his *History of the War with Russia*:

"Such had been the terrible result of war, disease, and neglect that the army consisted nearly of reinforcement, the troops who originally landed had mostly sunk into the grave. Men were seen walking about the trenches and the camps bare-footed, though the ground was covered with snow; the result was that some lost their toes or feet with frost bite, while others were reduced to a crippled state by the excessive cold."

CHAPTER III

The Navvies.—Well Treated and Well Paid.—Comparison with Soldiers' Lot.—Kindness of Transport Ships' Officers.—Difficulties with a Sheep.—Bluejackets to the Rescue.—Increase of Sickness in Camp.—Hospital Huts at Last.—An Operation.—Changeable Climate.—Warm Clothing in Store but not Issued.—Russian Works destroyed by the French.—A Deserter.—A Reconnaissance.—High Prices of Provisions.—Dishonest Contractors.—Mortality in French Camp.—Death of the Czar.

THE ship-loads of navvies that we passed at Constantinople had now arrived and were in full work at Balaklava laying down the line of railroad to the front. They, at any rate, were well provided for, both as to housing accommodation and food. Soldiers were employed to make a wharf for them, soldiers cleared away old houses to make room for sleeping huts for them, and it was ordered that they were to live on board the ships they came out in until their huts were ready. Cattle were sent out to supply them with beef, and barrels of stout to quench their thirst! Verily, the generals might have envied them, and perhaps they did.

If the soldiers at the front had been treated half as well as these navvies thousands of lives would have been saved. The splendid cart horses that were sent out for railway work were well-stabled and well-fed with hay and corn that came out in ship-loads for their special use. At this time our Cavalry horses were starving. It was, and is, a recognized fact that men cannot do hard work unless they are well nourished—the waste of the day must be replaced by wholesome food—and this principle was applied to the navvies; but our soldiers, who not

only had to do hard manual work in the trenches, but who were ill-fed and ill-clothed, who had little sleep, and who were exposed to danger of their lives every hour, were treated as if such a principle was unknown, and the consequences were disastrous.

Although the duty of accompanying the sick to Balaklava was a sad and irksome one, and the long march over the terrible track very exhausting, there was a certain advantage to be obtained by it. The transports in the harbour were our shops. The captains and pursers were good enough to spare us many comforts, such as fresh bread, a fowl, turkey, sometimes a joint of fresh meat, a goose, sugar, butter, and pickles. Also various drinkables—beer, wine, spirits, in fact anything they could spare out of their stores. With these we loaded the hospital panniers—we never returned to camp empty-handed. On one occasion I essayed to bring up a live sheep, and found it a much more difficult task than I anticipated. I had ridden down on Dr. Anderson's roan mare, a big animal, quiet enough in an ordinary way, though not sufficiently amiable to permit the sheep to be carried on the pommel of the saddle without a protest, especially as the sheep happened to be endowed with horns.

As soon as I had mounted, the sheep was lifted up and lashed to the front of me, together with sundry parcels and packages. Difficulties soon arose, the struggles of the sheep, and the prodding of its horns into her side, made the mare very fidgetty, and, at last, when about half way to the camp, the lashings gave way and the sheep fell to the ground. As its legs were tied it could not run away, but the question was

how to get the animal on the saddle again. It was an awkward dilemma, and there was no one in sight to render assistance. Ultimately two bluejackets emerged from somewhere and came to look on. I asked them if they would carry the animal to the Light Division camp. They asked what I would give them. I said, "What do you want?" "Oh! a bottle of rum," said they. To this I agreed, although I remembered that it was all we had in store at the time, saved from our rations. They fulfilled their part of the agreement and I handed them the bottle of rum, which I saw them disposing of very soon afterwards. What became of them after that I know not, but our mess was very glad to have the mutton.

About the middle of February we had two wooden huts erected for the sick, but hospital comforts were very rare indeed. Fever and scurvy were on the increase. Our poor fellows were rotting away daily from exposure, the scarcity of fresh meat and vegetables and the continual use of the salt rations. Every one hoped that the change of Ministry at home that had just taken place would result in more decisive action being taken to shorten the siege. But nothing came of it. Everything went on in the same miserable way. Meanwhile the regiments were getting weaker and weaker every day, and the work harder and harder. On the 14th I took forty-two sick men to Balaklava and embarked them for Scutari, and had to walk the whole way with mud half-way up to my knees. Not feeling equal to the return journey under the same conditions, I put up for the night in the 14th Camp at Kadikoi, sharing Hyde's tent, and, the next morning, went on board the *Clyde* and invited the captain to accompany me to the front.

After having a good look at Sebastopol, we gave him some dinner, which consisted chiefly of boiled goose and greengage pudding, and, of course, a "tot" of rum.

In the course of the day one of our men accidentally shot his hand, and it was so shattered that we had to amputate the arm. This finished his military career, and I doubt if he was very sorry.

The extraordinary variableness of the Crimean climate in February was the cause of much distress and illness in the camp. In the early part of the month spring flowers were blooming in some of the ravines. I picked a crocus on the field of Inkerman, and violets and hyacinths were beginning to make a show. On the 21st I find in one of my notes that the thermometer was two degrees below zero and the camp buried in three feet of snow. It was difficult to get from one tent to another; our men were, many of them, badly frost-bitten. When I awoke in the morning my bed was covered with snow and ice and the floor of my tent was deep in snow. It was dreadful in the trenches at this time, and the men suffered terribly. For twenty-four hours at a stretch they were unable to lie down, the trenches being full of snow or water.

It is not surprising that there was a lengthy sick list every morning.

While all this was going on we were told—and it turned out to be true—that large quantities of warm clothing, both for officers and men, were in the stores of the commissariat department at Balaklava. All that arrived in our camp consisted of eight short jackets lined with rabbit skin, and these were given to the senior officers. According to Russell:—

"The greatcoats, boots, jerseys, and mits furnished by the Government to officers and men were of excellent quality. A fur cloak, a pea jacket, a fur cap, a pair of boots, two jerseys, two pairs of drawers, and two pairs of socks were to be given to each officer."

Out of this very comfortable looking list of articles only a fur cap, a pair of boots and, after a time, a jacket lined with rabbit skin fell to my lot. We were also told that we were entitled to two pairs of blankets and a buffalo rug, but we never saw them. I purchased a sealskin coat, from an officer going home, for £2 10s., a great bargain and splendidly warm. The men had sheepskin coats with the wool inside. When they put their belts on they were strange looking creatures; coloured devices were painted on the skins, which gave them a still more weird appearance. No one would have recognized them as British soldiers. Some young ladies sent us out from England a supply of woollen cuffs or mits. These were very comfortable. Some verses accompanied them, but I do not remember what they were like. Not so comforting as the mits, perhaps!

On February 21, the day the cold was so intense, the Russians were very busy throwing up earthworks behind the Malakoff, and then, when these were finished, they threw out entrenchments between the town and the French right, and commenced important works of counter attack to stop the French advance. On the night of the 23rd the French General, Canrobert, determined to destroy these works and capture the Russian position. He succeeded, but with a heavy loss, and ultimately had to retire after spiking all the Russian guns. The French loss was 100 killed and 300 wounded, and the Russian loss much greater.

I am sorry to say that on the night of the 21st, also, a serjeant of the 90th deserted to the Russians, carrying with him the men's rations of rum, so the poor fellows had to spend the bitter night in the trenches without a drop to warm them. This traitor, no doubt, gave valuable information to the enemy. The attack on the Russian works by the French, described above, was to have been made that night, but it was postponed until the 23rd, I believe because it was thought the deserter had warned the Russians to expect it.

On February 19 a very strong reconnaissance by Sir Colin Campbell with the Highland Division, and General Vinoy with about 12,000 French was to have been made. They started, but a fearful storm, which we now call a blizzard, came on, and they had to give it up.

Everything at this time, and for long after, was very dear. The traders at Kadikoi were making fortunes out of their very inferior wares. What we could not procure from the transports was prohibitive in price and bad in quality. Stimulants were cheap as they came out free of duty. Brandy was 2s. 6d. a bottle, whisky 1s. 6d. and so on. Beer, however, was 2s. a pint bottle. It was sent out in barrels, four dozen bottles in each barrel. Very often we found several empty bottles instead of full ones, and no corks to correspond, proving that they were empty when they were packed. Tricks of this kind were too common. Even the horses were cheated; the trusses of compressed hay were weighted with stones and carcases of animals. In the latter case, of course, such of the hay as there was could not be used. The poor horses were stabled in deep holes in the ground, sometimes roofed over with boards, sacking, or any-

thing that could be found, more often with no shelter at all. This was bad enough, but to be deprived of their forage by the rascality of fraudulent contractors was the cruelest thing of all. These "stables" were overrun with rats, who devoured much of the grain, so that the horses had a very poor time altogether, and many of them died of exposure and starvation. We had frequent rat hunts, and the French soldiers carried off the slain rats for food. They impaled them on sticks, after politely asking our permission, and went off highly pleased with such a valuable addition to their larder. At the same time they asked us for biscuit, and we gave them what we could spare. This was when the English papers were comparing our lot to that of the French to the disparagement of our commissariat department. Certainly all our arrangements were bad enough, but, as far as I could judge, the French were in a worse plight, and both the deaths and sickness in their camp much greater than in ours. But they did not bury their dead with bands playing or any sort of military honours or in the daytime. In returning from Balaklava late in the evening, I have seen waggon-loads of dead bodies carried out of the French camp, in the rear of the Light Division, to be buried in pits in the ravines. I have a vivid recollection of our astonishment when we read in the newspapers the glowing accounts of the state of the French army as compared with our own. Of course the explanation is that the French Press was censored while ours was not, and war correspondents had a free run. For one reason this was a very good thing. The revelations in the letters of the *Times* correspondent led to an improved state of things, for which we were thankful.

Whether it was any comfort to our friends at home to read all the horrors is another matter.

On March 8 it was positively asserted in camp that the Emperor Nicholas was dead. While I was making a note to that effect, a Staff Officer galloped in with the news that Lord John Russell had telegraphed to Lord Raglan confirming the report. The Czar died on March 2. We began at once to speculate on the effect it would have on the war. The pounding of cannon and the fighting went on just the same. A contemporary historian of the war wrote as follows, after the burial of the Czar on March 11:

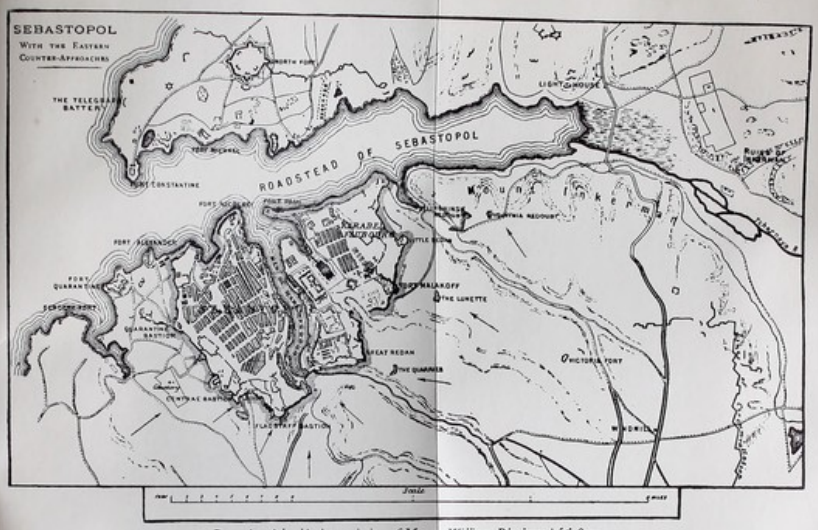
"The remains of the Emperor were left in silence and in darkness to return to dust, but his guilty ambition still disturbed the world, and his hand seemed to rise armed from the grave to smite down the peace of Europe. The evil spirit he had raised survived him, and the calamities he had created rolled on in their gloomy course, though he no longer lived to contribute to them. Half a million of brave men had been his immediate heralds to the tomb, and a million of mourners had been made by his remorseless commands; still, no living man could say that a far greater number of victims would not be offered up to the memory of the ambitious and gorgeous despot of the North."

CHAPTER IV.

French Reinforcements.—An Exciting Walk.—Visit to Inkerman.—The Caves.—A Midnight Attack.—Death of Captain Hedley Vicars.—And several other Officers.—Truce to Bury the Dead.—Heavy Losses of the French and English.—An Albanian Leader.—Hot Weather.—Issue of Winter Clothing.—The Day of Humiliation.

A LARGE force of French arrived in March and landed at Balaklava. A number of them came up to the picket house, at the top of our hill, to take a look at Sebastopol. The crowd being in full view of the Russian batteries attracted their fire, and shot and shell were soon flying about. The French then retired. Captain Matthews of the 57th and I were walking in the direction of Sebastopol at the time, when we heard one of the shells whizzing over our heads. We immediately laid ourselves down flat on the ground till it had passed over and exploded. We then walked on a little farther, when we heard another coming and repeated the manœuvre. This one fell about 100 yards from us, but did not explode. We took this second hint and returned to camp.

Life in camp was too dreary and monotonous to go on without some little variety. It was camp to trenches, trenches to camp, with an occasional journey to Balaklava in charge of sick and wounded. On the other hand it was not very safe to wander about outside our own lines. But occasionally we risked it. One Sunday Dr. Anderson, Captain Matthews and I went to the field of Inkerman to search for relics. We found an unburied Russian, or rather his skeleton, in his great coat, as he fell. We also saw the spot where Generals Cathcart



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and Goldie were killed, and visited the ruins of the village and the quarries and caves of Inkerman, where a curious white soft stone is obtained for building purposes. The walls and principal buildings in Sebastopol are constructed of it. On the opposite hill there were three or four thousand Russians, but they did not molest us. I suppose they considered we were not worth powder and shot, and we were glad they took that view of the case.

The monotony of our lives, to which I have referred, was at frequent intervals relieved in an unpleasant manner by the furious attacks of the Russians on our entrenchments and our working parties. These were generally preceded by heavy cannonading—then came a rush.

On one occasion, I remember, the rush came without the preliminary cannonading. This was on the 22nd of March, when a desperate attack was made by the Russians on the French works in front of the Mamelon and on our trenches. A very large force of Russians remained hidden in hollows in the ground until nearly midnight without being perceived. About midnight they dashed at our right advanced works and the French left. We were taken unawares, but the 7th Fusiliers and the 97th Regiment drove them back at the point of the bayonet. The 97th lost one of their finest officers—Captain Hedley Vicars—in this fight. The 34th then had to bear the brunt of a renewed attack. Their Colonel, Kelly, was wounded in the hand and taken prisoner, and an Engineer officer, Montague, was also captured, and several men. Here Major Gordon of the Engineers greatly distinguished himself before, and after, being severely wounded.

Captain Vaughton of the 90th was wounded in the leg by a large stone thrown at him by a Russian. In about an hour the enemy were driven off, but our loss was a heavy one and the French still greater. Besides Captain Vicars, Captain Chapman of the 20th, Major Brown 21st, Captain Cavendish Brown 7th Fusiliers, Lieutenant Jordan 34th, and Lieutenant Marsh 33rd were killed. The French lost thirteen officers and 170 men killed, and twelve officers and 359 men wounded. The Russian loss must have been very heavy. During the truce to bury the dead, which continued for three or four hours, I went down to the scene of the fight, and saw the dead lying in heaps in front of our advanced trenches, the whole face of which was saturated with blood. The bodies were fearfully mangled and disfigured, and were lying in pools of blood.

A small party of the 90th on fatigue duty did splendid work by driving the Russians back at the point of the bayonet, just as they were attempting to re-enter our trenches. It is related by Russell that our men kept up the fire when their ammunition was exhausted by groping about among the dead Russians and using the cartridges from their pouches. They were a working party, constructing a new trench, and Captain Vaughton made them drop their spades and pickaxes and rush into the fray at a most opportune moment.

One of the Russian Officers, during the truce, told me that the first shot from our mortar battery went into the hospital, killing seventeen men and wounding several others. The Russians had failed to locate this battery and therefore could not direct their fire upon it. Among the dead we found a

Zouave shot through the head, and bayonetted in dozens of places, pointing to the suspicion that he had been stabbed after being wounded. Our men shot an Albanian officer who was said to have been the leader of nine or ten sorties. After being shot through the chest, feeling himself mortally wounded, he walked into one of our magazines and fired a pistol into a barrel of gunpowder. The bullet went into the powder, but the flash expended itself on the wood and no explosion resulted. This was the story told by one of our men who witnessed it. The Albanian died immediately after, and a private of the 7th Fusiliers, on searching him, found thirty-one gold pieces in his pocket, a spoil of war which he was allowed to keep. He was armed with four pistols, a dagger and a scimitar. There were other Albanian officers in the Russian Army. They fought well and were splendid leaders.

Just at this time the weather was very hot and the authorities were extremely busy issuing the warm clothing which had been stored up in Balaklava for some weeks !

The above instance of wicked mismanagement, by which many lives were lost and intense suffering caused in our Army, reminds me that the day before all this fighting took place, viz., March 21st, was proclaimed, in the name of the Queen, as a day " of solemn fast, humiliation and prayer " throughout the kingdom. The feeling in the camp was that we had been sufficiently humiliated already by the blunderings of the Government that sent us out, without making proper provision for keeping us alive afterwards. It would have been right enough for the Government to prostrate themselves in dust and ashes, and abase themselves for all their misdeeds, but why

the people of England should be called upon to join them in this process of humiliation, when they were sacrificing all that was dear to them to save the country from disaster, no one could understand. The home feeling seemed to correspond with that of the Army generally. It will not be out of place to quote from one of many contemporary writers on this point. On the Sunday before the Day of Humiliation the *Examiner* had the following:

"We certainly are a people much given to the observance of precedents, we lose an Army and precedent consoles us: it always happens in the first campaign. Why does it always happen? we are strongly disposed to ask: but we are told there is no precedent for such an enquiry. We nominate unproved men to important employments, we retain proved inefficient men in high offices, and ample precedent justifies the proceeding. And now, according to precedent, we are to pray and fast on Wednesday next. We are informed, indeed, that the 21st of March is not to be a fast day. We have abandoned that Popish superstition—by no means let us fast. Well, to those who are in easy circumstances this may be a gracious dispensation. Our statesmen who have bungled, and who now bid us all humble ourselves to deprecate the consequences of their bungling—they certainly will not fast. The 21st of March will be to them as other days—excepting only that it will be a holiday. No office, no committee, no House of Commons: only attendance at Church in the morning to hear Mr. Melville, and, that popish superstition may not be countenanced in high places, dinner as usual in the evening. But there are some in this country upon whom that law is enforced, which says, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." There are some to whom daily labour is daily bread, and to whom a command to be idle is, indeed, a command to fast. This seems hard. If Ministers, or even if a Member of Parliament, were to be mulcted a day's pay, the inconvenience would not be great—the injustice perhaps still less. But these sheep—what have they done? Their part was to pay

taxes, and they have paid them; was to send forth soldiers, and they have sent them. Their work, one would say, has not been done ill or grudgingly. A severe winter has combined with the war to increase suffering: an unusually long frost has combined with a dull trade to diminish employment, and so multiply hardship; and what religion is that which, when all this has been so patiently and bravely borne, steps in and says—"Humble yourselves; give up another day's work, another day's shopkeeping, another day's wages, another day's profits; for this will be pleasing in the sight of Heaven, this will prove that the nation is lowly and penitent, this will perhaps avert some misfortune, perhaps win some favour for us—even the taking of Sebastopol? What religion, we repeat, is this that presses thus hardly on the poor, while it makes dull the conscience of the rich? A day of humiliation! Surely we are already sorely humbled. What summons will stir in us such depths of shame as the letters from the Crimea? The lines of Sebastopol—the harbour of Balaklava—the graves of Scutari—a military system tried and found wanting, a military reputation jeopardised in the sight of Europe, a national *prestige* departing from us—if the thought of these things do not humble us, would a whole month of fast days avail to do it? A year ago we fasted and prayed by precedent; we went to Church—we heard sermons; but we came away, and we went on as usual writing, and reading, and talking of our glorious army, our unequalled fleets and the magnificent spectacle which we presented to the nation. Alas! if the Privy Council day of humiliation could not keep us from boasting then, who shall say that it is wanted to keep us humble now? A day of prayer—it is a solemn phrase, not to be spoken of irreverently; but of all things, reverence is most opposed to cant. We have starved an army—therefore let us fast; we have found our vaunted system worthless—therefore, let us humble ourselves; we have taken all measures to ensure disaster, disaster has attended our efforts—therefore let us pray! But it is not reverence to be cowardly, and it is not piety to be superstitious. The gods help those who help themselves; but never did the gods lend a pitying ear to those who, in the hour of peril, when the ship was drifting towards breakers, left the ropes and betook themselves to easy prayers. Our Puritan

ancestors fought with sword in one hand and Bible in the other, but the Bible was not in the wrong hand. The Great Apostle did not desire the sailors of a disabled ship to fast, but to eat; nor was it till those resources of precaution had been taken which eventually saved the vessel that He deemed it seemly or pious to call upon the ship's company to pray."

The foregoing is a fair sample of Press opinion at the time. I could quote others but space will not permit.

CHAPTER V

Death of Surgeon Le Blanc.—A Suspected Spy.—An Awkward Incident.—Flogging Parade.—Death of Captain Bainbrigge.—Tremendous Bombardment.—Violent Gale.—The Generals looking on.—Continued Bombardment.—Capture of Rifle Pits.—Death of Colonel Egerton.—Russian attempts to re-take the Pits.—Intended Assault on April 28th.—Deferred at Request of the French.—More Rifle Pits.—Destroyed by the French.—Restored by the Russians.—Review of the French Army by General Canrobert.

THE shots of the Russians were not the only dangers to which we were exposed. On March 17th, St Patrick's Day, Surgeon Le Blanc of the 9th Regiment, returning to camp from a visit to a friend, after dark, got near the French lines and was challenged by a sentry with the usual *qui va là?* Not knowing the pass-word he made no reply. The sentry repeated the challenge with the same result. He then, carrying out his orders, raised his rifle and shot the Doctor dead. It was not safe to wander far away from one's own camp at night at this period, when every one was on the alert, and when it was very easy to lose one's way, all the camps being so much alike.

A sharp look-out was kept for spies. An amusing incident occurred one night in the trenches. I was in the Doctor's bunk when a man was brought to me by a non-commissioned officer and guard for identification, as he had, on being arrested, stated that Dr. Reid of the 90th knew him. As the guard knew I was on duty in the trenches that night, they brought him straight to me. I held up a lantern and stared at him. "Who are you," I said; "Why, you know me," he replied.

"I am Bellingham, Assistant Surgeon of the 7th Fusiliers." I told the guard there was no Assistant Surgeon of that name in the 7th, and that his statement was not correct. They were going to march him off when I stopped them, and explained that there was a dispenser of that name attached to the regiment, an unqualified man who was acting as a Medical Officer, and that I knew the prisoner as such, and they might release him and let him go back to his duty: I would vouch for him.

Another incident connected with a Medical Officer was more serious. I was calling on a friend in another Division, when he casually mentioned that one of their Assistant Surgeons was under arrest for refusing to go to the trenches. I asked if I might see him, and I was permitted to do so. I found him in a very unhappy frame of mind, but he was firm in his resolve not to go into the trenches. He said, "I did not come into the service to be shot." "Well," I said, "You will be shot if you refuse to go, so you had better make the best of it and take your chance." However, he did not go, nor was he tried by Court Martial. The regiment sent him home, and he was afterwards transferred to a regiment in Canada, where there was no fighting. Cases of this kind were exceedingly rare. It struck me as rather strange that old soldiers, who had never been under fire, would turn white when in orders for trenches, while the newly joined lads were eager to go and were always ready for a dash, or even for that most dangerous post of all, a parapet sentry. Very few of our old soldiers had ever been in action, but they knew how to handle a musket or a rifle, which is more than could be said of the majority of the younger ones, many of whom hardly knew how to load or

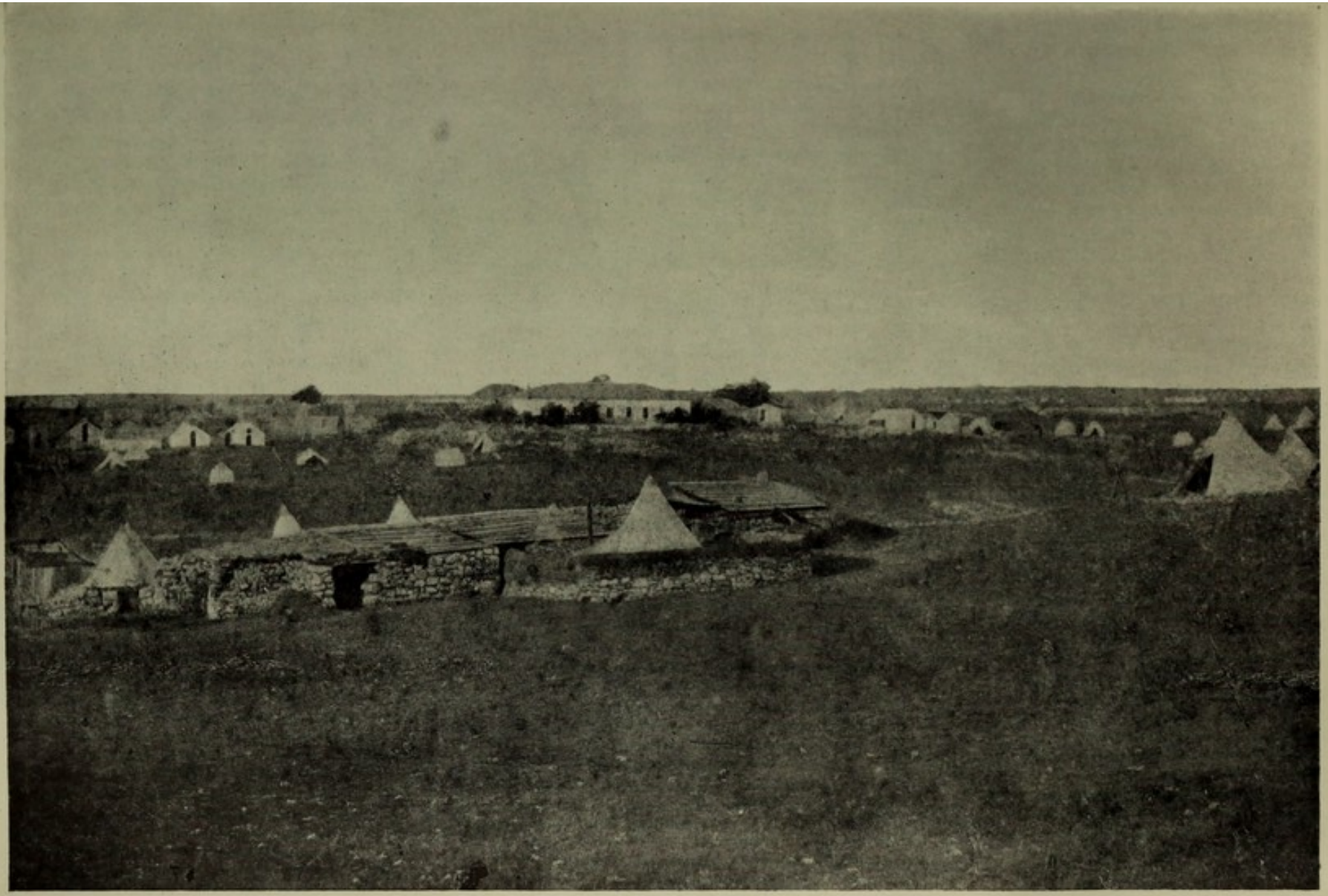
fire. Some were unsafe to send to the trenches until they had received a little musketry instruction. They were the rawest of raw recruits.

The most trying ordeal that the Medical Officers had to go through was attendance at "flogging parade." Drunkenness and being asleep on sentry duty were the two principal offences and the punishment in each case was generally 50 lashes with a "cat-o'-nine tails." I had to be present one morning when five men in turn were tied up to the "triangle" to receive this horrible punishment on their bare backs. It was in my power to decide when they could not bear any more, and I need not say they did not always receive the full number. As soon as the flogging was over, the men were taken to hospital until they were fit for duty. On the occasion I have described there would have been a sixth man, had it not been for the opportune arrival of the mail. It was in this way. The man, who had been repeatedly promoted to be a non-commissioned officer, and reduced to the ranks for drunkenness, was the son of a clergyman. On the morning that he was to be flogged for the same offence, the Colonel received a letter recommending him for a commission as Ensign. In the circumstances the sentence was remitted, but he did not get his commission. Private interest was not strong enough for that.

In the month of April the bombardment went on almost continuously, occasionally slackening off, to be renewed with greater ferocity after the short lull, the purpose of which was either to cool the guns, rest the gunners or bring up a further supply of ammunition. On the 4th we counted 78 shells and 55 round shot fired at one of our batteries. We gave them

shot for shot in reply. This was only one out of the great number of batteries facing the Russian works, every one of which was in action for several hours. The Russians often fired salvoes or volleys instead of singly, and killed a great many of our men. An Engineer Officer named Bainbrigge was blown to pieces by a shell; his head was found lying at his feet, one leg was entirely lost, his right hand was blown off and when found it was grasping the hilt of his sword. After all this enormous expenditure of ammunition and loss of life we were no nearer the capture of Sebastopol than before. The earthworks were soon repaired and the cannonading went on day after day with very slight variation.

On the 9th of April (Easter Monday) after a boisterous night, a gale of wind and pouring rain, getting worse towards morning and converting the ground into sticky mud, with a thick mist overhanging the Camp and Forts of Sebastopol, the Allied batteries simultaneously opened a tremendous fire on the Russian defences. The English armament engaged was as follows: Twenty 13 inch mortars, sixteen 10 inch mortars, twenty 24 pounders, forty-two 32 pounders, fifteen 8 inch guns, four 10 inch guns and six 68 pounders; total 123. The French had a much larger number on the right and left of us. The enemy were taken by surprise and it was some time before they began to return our fire. The first of their batteries to come into play were the Garden and Redan, then the Malakoff and Mamelon, and finally the Inkerman and Careening Bay batteries. But the air was so thick, the sky so clouded and the gale so violent that it was not easy to see or hear what was happening beyond our own lines of fortifications. The cannon-



Headquarters of Lord Raglan and his Staff.

ading went on continuously, in spite of the elements; and there were a few on-lookers on Cathcart's Hill, the picket house and other points of observation. These were the hardy ones who could stand water as well as fire. Sir John Campbell was one of them and an aide-de-camp; also General Dacres. They were in front of Cathcart's Hill. General Jones, commanding the Engineers, paid a visit to the batteries in action and Lord Raglan took up his usual position where, had the weather been clearer, he could have reviewed the whole position.

The bombardment went on day after day and night after night until the 18th, when it began to slacken, partly from want of ammunition and partly because the men at the guns were worn out. As regards our prospect of taking Sebastopol the result was disappointing, for the enemy were able to repair their shattered batteries and replace their silenced guns, as fast as we destroyed them. In the end the position was "as you were," except that many valuable lives were lost.

The Light Division was concerned in an engagement on the night of the 19th of April, which, unfortunately resulted in the death of a splendid officer, Colonel Egerton of the 77th, who commanded the party; but it was a success in the end. In front of the Redan, opposite our right attack, the Russians had dug out some large pits from which their riflemen worried us considerably. Several times our shot and shell had dislodged them and driven them back to their batteries, but at night they returned, repaired damages and re-opened fire upon our advanced battery. It was therefore decided to capture the pits, to hold one and destroy the others. The party of the 77th, supported by a wing of the 33rd, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, moved

down towards the rifle pits. It was then dark but the Russians caught sight of them and immediately opened fire. The 77th men did not wait to reply, but rushed upon them with the bayonet, and after a short but sharp struggle, drove them out of two pits and followed them up the slope behind them.

As soon as they were in the pits, the English Engineers began to strengthen the defences, by throwing up a parapet, and then, in spite of the heavy fire from the Russian batteries, proceeded to connect the trench of the nearest rifle pit with our advanced trench. This they succeeded in carrying out. At about 2 o'clock the following morning the enemy made a desperate attempt to recover the pits, but were driven back at the point of the bayonet and had to return once more to their batteries. It was in this attack that Col. Egerton fell, mortally wounded. The rifle pit was held by our men, who did great service by firing at the Russians in the embrasures of the Redan and in reducing the fire of the Russian rifle pits on its flank. On the following night the Russians tried again to capture the pits but were repulsed by the 41st, the Regiment that had relieved the 77th. The 41st lost 15 men killed and wounded by the Russian fire. At last, the pit was filled in with earth and levelled, and the men retired.

Soon after this we heard rumours of an attack on Sebastopol, and it soon became known that a Council of War had been held on April 24th, at which it was decided that the place was to be assaulted on the 28th at 1 p.m. The English were to attack the Redan, and the French the batteries to the right and left, namely, the Flagstaff Battery, the Central Bastion, the White Works and the Quarantine Battery. In the evening the French

Admiral informed General Canrobert that the French Army of reserve would arrive in a week from Constantinople, and that the Emperor would probably come out to take command in person! Therefore the assault must be deferred.

On the night of the 24th, Russian working parties began to make more rifle pits in front of the Flagstaff Battery, close to the French advanced works. Our Allies at once went out and attacked them, very soon driving them back with the bayonet. A stronger party of Russians returned and began excavating, covered by their guns, but they were again driven away. The fight lasted for seven hours and the loss was very heavy on both sides. When morning broke it was discovered that the Russians had, after all, made some pits and were occupying them.

The whole of the French Army of observation under General Bosquet was reviewed on April 25th, by General Canrobert. It was an imposing spectacle, but was rather spoilt by the want of space for military evolutions. It was held on the ridge of the plateau on which the allies were encamped. There were present forty-five battalions of infantry, two regiments of heavy cavalry, two regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, with sixty pieces of field Artillery. Several English Generals accompanied General Canrobert; amongst them were Generals Estcourt, England and Pennefather and a number of Staff Officers and a large number of English Officers, mounted and on foot.

General Canrobert addressed a square of officers, advising them to be ready for a call to speedy action against Sebastopol. It may not be etiquette to cheer the remarks of a General in the French service, at any rate there was none on this occasion.

CHAPTER VI

Lord Raglan visits the Camp Hospitals.—Medical Supplies very Scarce.—Hospitals Overcrowded.—State of the Wounded.—Visit of Miss Nightingale.—Her Work at the Hospitals.—The Lady with the Lamp.—Sermon by Dr. Melville on her Mission.—National Testimonial.—£50,000 Collected.—Her Death in 1910.

LORD RAGLAN paid a surprise visit to our Camp Hospital after the huts had been erected. He expressed himself as much pleased with its equipment and with the kind of huts supplied. I cannot say that we were satisfied. That they were an improvement upon the tents previously used as a hospital there can be no question; but the huts were constructed of thin boards, and the roofs were not protected by felt and consequently were not weatherproof. As to the equipment, the supply of medical and surgical necessaries was meagre in the extreme, and as to medical comforts there were none. We could not get proper diet for the patients, nor could anything be cooked properly. An order came out that as many sick as possible should be sent away home and not detained at Scutari, where the hospitals were becoming overcrowded. This was a sensible arrangement, as it enabled us to keep our regimental hospital more free for the reception of recent casualties, which were coming in continually. Some of the wounded men were dreadfully troubled by the flies that, in spite of all precautions, managed to get to their wounds, with the result that very often on removing the dressings we found them full of maggots. It must be borne in mind that antiseptic treatment was not available fifty-five years ago, for the

simple reason that our present-day antiseptics were unknown. We managed to kill the maggots by filling the wounds with calomel, which happened to be one of the drugs of which we had a plentiful supply, and for which we had little other use. The water that we used to *cleanse* the wounds was by no means free from impurities, so that there was ample reason for getting the poor fellows out of camp as soon as they could be moved.

Not very long after Lord Raglan's visit, I was one day walking about the camp when I noticed a group of mounted officers, some evidently of high rank, approaching our lines. They turned out to be Lord Raglan, General Pelissier, and a number of Staff Officers, English and French, escorting Miss Florence Nightingale who had come up from Scutari to see what provision had been made for the sick and wounded at the front. She visited the hospital, and I am afraid what she saw must have made her woman's heart bleed. But her visit was productive of much good. Through her report and her influence the arrangements were improved and went on improving until the time came when, long before the war was over, we had almost a superabundance of medical comforts and even luxuries sent to the hospital.

While writing the above (August, 1910) the whole country is lamenting the death of this Angel of Mercy—for such she proved—and, as one of the band of survivors who had the privilege of seeing her at her work and its splendid results, I cannot refrain from quoting, from two or three sources, proofs of the estimation in which she was held. Mr. Macdonald, who was entrusted by the *Times* to administer the relief fund collected by that journal, writes thus of Miss Nightingale:

"Both Newton and Struthers—two of the principal doctors at the Scutari Hospital—it may be a consolation to know, were tended in their last moments, and had their dying eyes closed, by Miss Nightingale herself. Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a "Ministering Angel," without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and, as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the Medical Officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgement and promptitude and decision of character. . . . I candidly assert that, but for Miss Nightingale, the people of England would scarcely, with all their solicitude, have been spared the additional pang of knowing, which they must have sooner or later, that their soldiers, even in hospital, had found scanty refuge and relief from the unparalleled miseries with which this war has hitherto been attended."

In a sermon preached on the Day of Humiliation at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. Dr. Melville, speaking generally of the nurses, of whom Miss Nightingale was the pioneer and head, said:

"Above all, the war had called forth one fine and noble trait: it had shown that numbers of the weaker sex, though born to wealth and bred in luxury, were ready to renounce every comfort and to brave every hardship that they might minister to the suffering, tend the

Miss Florence Nightingale.

wounded in their agony, and soothe the last struggles of the dying. God bless them in their heroic mission—it might almost be said in their heroic martyrdom—for in walking those long lines of sick beds, in devoting themselves to all the ghastly duties of a hospital, they were doing a harder thing than had been allotted to many who had mounted the scaffold or dared the stake."

I hardly like to write it, but whether I do so or not the fact remains, though the number of those living at the present time who can verify it may be few, that the Seniors in the Medical Department of the Army at Scutari looked askance at this innovation, this encroachment on their right to manage the hospitals in their own way. Possibly they had a feeling that their management would not bear the light, or the keen scrutiny of this band of intelligent women, who had come out to see for themselves if all the stories told by the newspaper correspondents were true, and who were determined, under the direction of their splendid leader, Miss Nightingale, to do their utmost to improve the state of the hospitals and ameliorate the condition of the crowds of wretched sufferers contained in them. But the cold reception accorded to these courageous and noble-hearted women was soon changed to a feeling of thankfulness for their assistance and reverence for the self-sacrificing way in which they did their good work.

It was soon recognized that a trained nurse is not only a help but a necessity in every hospital, both to doctor and patient, and we now find that Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service is an integral part of the British Army, and has in its ranks one matron in chief, two principal matrons, 26 matrons, 107 sisters, and 157 staff nurses, who are working at the principal military stations throughout the

Empire. What better monument could be erected to the "Lady of the Lamp"?

Miss Nightingale died on August 13th, 1910, in her ninety-first year, mourned, it may truly be said, by the whole world.

In feeble health, seeking neither applause nor reward, with an indomitable will to carry out her mission of mercy, she was preserved to see the accomplishment of her noble work at Scutari and in the Crimea. She returned to England, her health wrecked, to lead a long and invalid life, during which she continued, from a sick couch, to support and encourage numberless beneficent works, that for all time will be associated with her name. When it was proposed that a testimonial should be offered her, a sum of £50,000 was soon collected, the Army alone contributing over £4,000. When she asked to be allowed to decline it, and to devote the money to the furtherance of trained nursing for the public good, a great meeting was held in London, and the following resolution was proposed by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and unanimously carried :—

That the noble exertions of Miss Nightingale and her associates in the hospital, and invaluable services rendered by them to the sick and wounded of the British forces, demand the grateful recognition of the British people ; that it is desirable to perpetuate the memory of Miss Nightingale's signal devotion, and to record the gratitude of the Nation by a testimonial of a substantial character, and that, as she has expressed her unwillingness to accept any tribute designed for her own personal advantage, funds be raised to enable her to establish an institution for the training, sustenance and protection of nurses and hospital assistants.

The result of this was that a "Nightingale School of Trained Home Nurses" was established in connexion with St. Thomas's Hospital, and thus the splendid work initiated by Miss Nightingale has been continued.

Queen Victoria presented her with a medallion of white enamel, ornamented with diamonds having on it St. George's Cross and the Royal Cypher and the words "Blessed are the merciful" and "Crimea." She also presented her with the Royal Red Cross.

King Edward appointed her to the "Order of Merit" and made her a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The Corporation of London presented her with the Honorary Freedom of the City. These honours, gracefully offered, she willingly accepted.

In accordance with a special clause in her will her funeral was quiet and unostentatious, and took place in East Wellow Churchyard, Wiltshire, on August 20. A memorial service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the same day. R.I.P.

Two memorials to her are to be set up by the City of London Corporation. One will take the form of a nursing scholarship at the home attached to St. Thomas's Hospital, and the other will probably consist of a bust or portrait in the Guildhall.

This decision was taken at a meeting of the Court of Common Council, held on September 22nd, where Mr. Deputy Wallace moved :

That a scholarship be established at St. Thomas's Nursing Home in connexion with the City of London Schools, to perpetuate the

memory of the late Miss Florence Nightingale; and that it be referred to the City of London Schools Committee to consider and report as to the best means of establishing a scholarship, with power to confer with the Coal, Corn and Finance Committee.

The mover observed that the Court had, not so long ago, honoured itself, and done honour to Miss Nightingale by placing her name on the roll of Fame, and her memory was so green in the hearts of the people that it was unnecessary to repeat all that she had been enabled to accomplish for the benefit of mankind. His object was rather to ask the Court to apply the practical lessons of such a life and example to help those girls who were passing through the schools connected with the Corporation, to catch something of the inspiration and be animated by the same spirit which seemed to dominate her. Several suggestions had been made, but the one that, to his mind, seemed the best was to provide a scholarship in the School for Nursing established at St. Thomas's Hospital, in which, he might remind the Court, they were interested as governors. The details of the proposal would need to be settled hereafter, but he had the best reason for believing that the authorities at the hospital would be found very willing to fall in with the proposal. One could not help extending whole-hearted admiration to the noble profession whose work had advanced so tremendously throughout the closing years of Miss Nightingale's life; and while it would be difficult to differentiate as to the services so ungrudgingly given by all classes of nurses, still it was possible, if his proposal were adopted, that someone connected with the City might have her heart touched with live coal from the

altar of self-sacrifice, and bring satisfaction and joy to the Corporation, if, perchance, one day she found herself in charge of one of the large City hospitals. (Cheers.)

Mr. Deputy Millar Wilkinson seconded, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Deputy Morton, M.P., moved:

That it also be referred to the City Lands Committee to consider and report whether a bust, portrait, or other memorial to the late Miss Florence Nightingale should be provided, to be placed in the Guildhall.

Mr. Harvey Preen seconded, and this resolution was also unanimously carried.

At the meeting I have referred to, Lord Stanley, in supporting one of the resolutions, said:

"In the case of the soldier himself, it often happened in all wars that the enemy in his front was the least of his dangers.

The risk, the personal risk incurred in an engagement was frequently less formidable and less feared than that to which the soldier was exposed from pestilence and disease. That worst of dangers, from which brave men quailed and shrank had been encountered by a young and delicate woman. Again, the soldier was impelled to his duty by discipline, by the fame of his success if he should succeed, by the laurels which awaited him, by the praises of his commander, and the encouragements of the comrades who might be spectators of his gallantry. But none of these inspiriting motives could influence a woman—and a woman, too, who was making a new and in some respects a painful experiment. There was no splendid excitement, no laurels, nothing of what the world called "Glory" in the path which she had tracked out for herself. Nor had she any comrades to encourage her, except those whom by the force of her personal character she had induced to accompany her. Her task then was very arduous."

CHAPTER VII.

The Monastery of St. George.—A Curious Coincidence.—"Nanny."—Summer Weather.—May Day.—Incessant Bombardment.—Woronzoff Ravine.—The Valley of Death.—Russian Missiles.—Church Parade Abandoned.—Russian Attack.—Expedition to Kertch.—Its Speedy Return.—Fierce Sortie by the Russians.—Further Sorties.—A Second Expedition to Kertch.

THERE was a beautiful spot on the rocky sea coast, about eight miles' ride from our camp, to which we were accustomed to resort, generally on Sunday afternoons when we could manage to get off duty. This was the Monastery of St. George, an extensive group of buildings on the edge of a high wooded cliff, at the base of which was a shingly beach, where excellent bathing could be indulged in during the summer months. When bathing there one day I took off a ring that I was wearing and put it in my forage cap. On returning to the beach after a pleasant and refreshing swim, I found that the wind had blown my forage cap over and the ring had disappeared in the loose pebbles. I searched for it in vain. In addition to the dwelling of the monks, who were very friendly and hospitable and who generally gave us tea (made in Russian fashion with a slice of lemon instead of milk) there was a Greek church and a good residence, in which the late Commandant of Balaklava was, with his family, detained under an English guard. On the terrace below there was a fountain of very pure water. Some very pretty children were usually playing about the enclosed court, and these we found to be the children of Colonel

Stamati, the ex-Commandant. The eldest daughter, who appeared to be about sixteen, was in charge of the younger ones. On one occasion I tried to talk to her, but found it difficult to carry on a conversation, since I could not speak Russian and she could not speak English. We succeeded a little better in French. In the end I handed her a small prayer book and a pencil and signed to her to write her name in it, which she did—"Katrine Stamati." I kept the prayer book for many years as a souvenir of the occasion, but have since mislaid it. After I had been some time in practice in Tenby (it was in the year 1893) I received a letter from a lady, on a visit in another part of Pembrokeshire, asking me to appoint a convenient time to vaccinate her. I did so and she came, a sister accompanying her. After the operation was over and they were about to leave, one of them said "Our mother had a dreadful arm when she was vaccinated." I asked where that was, and she said "In the Crimea." Knowing that the Miss Katrine Stamati of the Monastery of St. George had, after the war, married an English officer named Biddulph (afterwards Sir Michael Biddulph, G.C.B.) and these ladies having the same name, I said, "Oh! then I knew your mother." They were much astonished, as they had no idea I had ever been in the Army. I then showed them a large photograph of the Monastery which I afterwards sent to Lady Biddulph. I hoped to be able to include a copy of it in this book, but since her ladyship's death, it has unfortunately been lost.

In one of our foraging expeditions to Balaklava we purchased a goat and kid. The kid made a very excellent pie

and Nanny provided us with milk for many months. Towards the end of this book it will be told what happened to her before we went home. We had a few hens, laying six or seven eggs a day. The hen-roost was under Dr. Anderson's bed, a very safe place, well out of the way of robbers of hen-roosts, and protected by the doctor's revolver. The eggs were a most welcome addition to our breakfast. We had to boil them hard, as egg cups and spoons were at a discount. To use an expression that savours of the Emerald Isle—not to be wondered at when three out of the four doctors were Irish, I being the exception—all our crockery was made of tin. The tin case of my canteen was our soup tureen, the cover of it a dish for a joint (when we had one) the "tots" or cups and the plates of the same metal. It was a great event when Dr. Anderson, one day, produced a jam pot for his cocoa. We were all dreadfully envious of him, but conceded his right to it as Senior officer. As time went on more jam pots were forthcoming and we all had one, and gradually we were able to add more crockery to our store. This enabled us to entertain our friends occasionally, especially the captains and officers of the transports, who were so good to us. They all had a great desire to see Sebastopol and the trenches, and, after showing them round we could not send them empty away. We gave them the best of our humble fare, and they seemed to appreciate it. One of our guests was Captain Priest of the *Himalaya*, then the largest troopship afloat. Another frequent and always welcome guest was Captain Henderson of the *Clyde*. There were many others whose names I have forgotten.

The climate, always varying, established a record on May 7,

when at 9 a.m. the thermometer stood at 89° in the shade. In the ravines and all sheltered places a number of spring and summer flowers, such as we find in English gardens, appeared as if by magic. Among these were crocuses, hyacinths, and violets. The flowers, the still air, the bright sky, all emblems of Peace, were cruelly balanced by the booming of cannon, the shrieking of shells, the whizz of bullets, the ping of rifles, the stretcher parties carrying dead and wounded from the trenches—the realities of War. Russell, writing at this time, is eloquent in his description of the situation. He says:

"May Day in the Crimea was worthy of the sweetest and brightest May Queen in Merry England! A blue sky, dotted with milk-white clouds, a warm, but not too hot sun, a gentle breeze fanning the fluttering canvas of the wide-spread sheets of tents, here pitched on swelling mounds covered with fresh grass, there sunk in the valleys of black mould trodden up by innumerable feet and hoofs, and scattered broadcast over the vast plateau of the *Chersonese*. It was enough to make one credulous of peace, and to listen to the pleasant whispers of home, notwithstanding the rude interruption of the cannon before Sebastopol. This bright sun, however, developed fever and malaria. The reeking earth, saturated with dew and rain, poured forth poisonous vapours, and the sad rows of mounds, covered with long lank grass, which rose in all directions above the soil, impregnated the air with disease. As the atmosphere was purged of clouds and vapour the reports of the cannon and of the rifles became more distinct. The white houses, green roofs, the domes and cupolas of Sebastopol stood out with tantalizing distinctness against the sky, and the ruined suburbs and masses of rubbish inside the Russian batteries seemed almost incorporated with the French entrenchments."

The last sentence of the above exactly describes the position, as I shall presently show; the trenches were so close together that a collision was inevitable.

From the beginning of May onwards, until September 8, the bombardment was continuous and sorties very frequent. I cannot attempt to describe, or even mention, them all, but I must, having undertaken to write "Memories" of events in which I took part, or of which I was an eye witness, dwell upon some of them more or less fully. It may truly be said that for those four months the cannonading never ceased, except during the short periods when one side or the other applied for a truce to bury the dead. The expenditure of shot and shell daily and nightly was tremendous, and the loss of life in the trenches terrible. Besides those killed in the trenches, a great many were knocked over and killed or wounded on their march through the ravines with the relief parties to the trenches. One ravine, the Woronzoff, was the most dangerous of all. The Russians had got the range, and they knew pretty accurately when the reliefs went down, and it was their custom to fire shot and shell into it at that time. So many casualties occurred that the ravine was called the "Valley of Death" or "Dead Man's" Ravine.

The illustration shows a portion of the Woronzoff Ravine after the siege, with a fatigue party carrying Russian cannon-balls to the railway trucks near the Light Division Camp for transit to Balaklava, where they were put on board ship and conveyed to England.

The missiles fired at us by the Russians were of a very varied description. To destroy our batteries and entrenchments they used heavy round shot discharged from guns five inches to eight inches in calibre; of these they had about 1,200. They had also about 500 of smaller calibre, firing

The Woronzoff or " Dead Man's " Ravine.
Caves used as magazines. Fatigue party carrying Russian shot for transport to England.

grape and canister shot; a number of 13-inch and 10-inch mortars firing shell; brass cohorns firing a shell exactly three inches in calibre and very destructive at a short range; and brass field guns for use at close quarters. The mortars fired the "Whistling Dicks" that I have already described. I had one of the cohorn shells converted into an inkstand by mounting it on a square of grey granite from the docks with a rifle cartridge for a stopper. This I preserve as one of the interesting souvenirs of the war.

We were very familiar with the large cannon balls. Our camp being well within range, they frequently trundled over the picket-house hill like cricket balls and spent themselves in our midst or rolled on into the French Camp in our rear. Sunday Morning Church Parades had to be abandoned for this reason. The Russians managed to discover the hour at which the regiment assembled for divine service and sent a few shot over the hill by way of offertory.

Referring again to the close proximity of the French and Russian lines on the left, a very sharp fight took place there on the night of May 1 and the morning of the 2nd in which the French were victorious, but not without heavy loss. The attack was made by the Russians to prevent the French from extending the entrenchments. At the truce which followed to bury the dead the burying parties found 121 dead Frenchmen and 156 dead Russians on the field. A number of Russian officers and men were taken prisoners. When they rushed out of the Central Bastion and scaled the French works their impetuosity carried them too far, and those that were not killed were made prisoners. Those that got away managed

to take most of their wounded and some of their dead with them.

On May 3 much interest was aroused in the camp by the departure of an expedition, 12,000 strong, to seize Kertch, under the command of Sir George Brown, with General D'Autemarre commanding the French. Forty steamers embarked the troops from Kamiesch and Balaklava. The English force included three Highland regiments, the 42nd, 71st and 93rd, part of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, Sappers and Miners, 700 Light Infantry, one battery of artillery, and a few of the 8th Hussars. The French took their First Corps First Division. Soon after they had started an express steamer was sent after them with orders from General Canrobert to return at once in consequence of a communication from the Emperor at Paris, which compelled him to concentrate the forces under his command in the Chersonese. Sir George Brown did not consider that he had a sufficiently strong force to go on without the French, and, although Lord Raglan gave him permission to do so, he did not avail himself of it; so the whole expedition returned and the troops were landed again on the 5th.

Whether the Russians were unaware of the return of this considerable body of men and calculated that their absence would weaken our defence if they attacked us, or whether it was mere chance, it is impossible to say, but, as a matter of fact, on the following night a fierce sortie was made on our advanced trenches, where I was on duty, and for a time it was uncertain whether we should be driven out, captured or killed. The shower of shot and shell, nine or ten at a time, happened to be aimed too high, and only a few shells struck the parapet

or fell into the trenches. A splinter of a shell struck a spade about four feet from where I was standing, and the sandbags were riddled with rifle bullets. We lost some men, but the Russians lost a great many more before they were driven out by a bayonet charge. This attack and many subsequent ones, made by the Russians to prevent our working parties from extending our saps, kept us continually on the alert. It was unsafe to use a spade or pickaxe without a rifle close at hand to repel an attack at a moment's notice.

On four successive nights the enemy made sorties on our advanced works, viz. on May 9, 10, 11, and 12. They were repulsed each time with heavy loss. At about one o'clock on the morning of the 10th, although it was very dark, our sentries discerned a large body of men moving towards the centre of our most advanced trench, where no guns had been mounted. They advanced with a rush and jumped over the parapet. Finding the trench empty they gave a cheer and hurried on towards our second parallel. This was just what they were expected to do. In the meantime our men had formed up on each side and as soon as the Russians had been fairly hemmed in, poured a tremendous volley into them. Some escaped, but the ground was strewed with dead bodies when the day broke, and our men threw them over the parapet for their comrades to bury. When they were retreating we sent fire-balls among them, and by the light these gave, we saw the Russians carrying off and burying great numbers of their dead. It so chanced that we had an unusual number of men in the trenches that night. The firing was so heavy that the whole Light Division were turned out and I went with the regiment. We

marched as far as the picket-house and were then halted and as the fight was over we had to return to camp. We had three officers and 150 men with the trench party. One man was killed and thirteen wounded. None of the officers were hit. The sorties on the 11th and 12th were less violent than the preceding one, and more easily repulsed. It is possible that the Russians were less willing to come on after the rebuffs they had already experienced.

A second expedition to Kertch, the object of which was to cut off the Russian supplies through the sea of Azov, started on May 22. The force consisted of about 4,000 English, 5,000 Turks, and 7,500 French, supported by a squadron of men of war. This was a complete success. The troops occupied the place, and enormous quantities of ammunition and stores of corn, flour, and other provisions were *destroyed*. The Allied Armies in front of Sebastopol would have been glad to have the provisions. Great quantities of clothing were divided between the troops. The guns were thrown into the sea and the magazines blown up. The storehouses were destroyed and the whole place devastated.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cholera.—Death of Major Norton, 88th Regiment.—Our Reading Room.—French Attack on Russian Earthworks.—Arrival of Sardinians.—A Ride across the Tchernaya.—A Discovery.—Fever very Prevalent.—Heavy Bombardment.—The French Attack the Mamelon.—And Capture it.—They Attempt the Malakoff.—And Fail.—Their Great Losses.

ABOUT this time cholera was rife in the camp. Major Norton of the 88th was in the trenches with me on May 17 and came into the Doctor's bunk for refreshment. He rode up from Balaklava on the 19th and was then in his usual robust health. He was attacked with cholera at 8 o'clock that night, died at 7 o'clock the next morning, and was buried in the afternoon. He was one of the most popular men in the Army—a favourite with every one. It was not an uncommon thing for men to fall out on their way to the trenches and die by the roadside in four or five hours. This was notably the case among the French relief parties.

The 90th were fortunate enough, during May, to have one of the Government huts served out to them which they fitted up as a reading room. It had a boarded floor! This was a luxury indeed, and better still, a portion of it was covered with carpet! Some easy chairs, procured at Balaklava or Kadekoi, and a few cane-seated chairs were added. The rest of the equipment comprised two tables, some camp stools, two lamps, and six candlesticks. A stove was not required just then, as the thermometer was registering 90° in the shade. The heat added to our list of pests. Mosquitoes were dreadfully

troublesome, and we had no mosquito nets to protect us from their night attacks. One night when I was roused to attend a wounded man, I saw a centipede six inches long crawling up the side of my tent. I could not wait to dispose of him then but I intended to hunt for him on my return. As this was some time after and I was tired, I turned in and went to sleep. I have already referred to the flies. As the weather became hotter, they increased in numbers and activity, and got into everything. But these were minor troubles.

Although the British forces were not engaged in them, I must not pass over the desperate series of struggles that took place on May 21 and 22 between the French and Russians for the possession of a chain of works established by General Todleben, on the cemetery ridge, in front of the Central Bastion. The position was a most important one from a strategical point of view. These works or lodgments were on high ground, commanding the French approaches, and it was no doubt the intention of the Russians to mount guns on them, in which case the French entrenchments would soon have been destroyed. To avoid this the French vigorously attacked the new lodgments, beginning with the counter approach near Quarantine Bay. About 6,000 men were engaged on each side and the fortune of war varied from hour to hour. Five times the position was captured and recaptured, the fifth time after a desperate fight the French held it securely enough to destroy the trench work, and on the night of the 23rd, after some resistance, they occupied it and turned it against the enemy. The French loss in killed,

wounded, and prisoners, was 2,303, and the Russian was 3,061.

Towards the end of May my old ship the *Clyde* arrived at Balaklava, with two or three other ships, crowded with Sardinian troops, a reinforcement for those already in the Crimea. With a friend I went down as soon as possible. The *Clyde* was outside the harbour, so we took a small boat and went off to her, and remained on board, while she made her way into the harbour. We found the Sardinian officers most friendly and agreeable. They asked us to dine with them, which gave us a still higher opinion of them! I need hardly say that we accepted their invitation. Captain Henderson managed to put us up for the night and we got back to camp in the morning.

A movement was shortly afterwards made by French, Sardinians and Turks towards Tchorgoun with the idea of pushing on to Mackenzie's Farm. But they did not do more than cross the Tchernaya river, and fortify the bridge and then retire. Of course, we watched every movement that would give us some new ground to ride over and new country to explore. This seemed a favourable opportunity. Accordingly Dr Anderson and I followed in the wake of this force, but not in sight of them. We started early in the morning and rode on until we found ourselves on the banks of the Tchernaya. The river being shallow we were able to cross it without difficulty and, seeing trees in the distance, we rode on and on until we reached a most picturesque village, which turned out to be Tchorgoun, situated at the junction of the river Chuliu with the Tchernaya. The village was surrounded with high hills on which we

found—very nearly to our cost—there was a Cossack picket. The approach to the village was by a narrow road with a hedge of roses, and yellow and white jasmine on each side, a delightful change from the barren plains around our camp. As soon as we saw the houses, we decided to explore them, taking it for granted that the French and Sardinians were in occupation of the place. We were soon undeceived. As we drew near to the first house a ball whizzed close past us. We did not take much notice of it and still went on. Very soon another and then a third came from the hill above us, and we then thought it was time to retrace our steps, which we did, rather in a hurry, but not without taking a pioneer's spade that was lying by the roadside, as a keepsake. We afterwards found that we had ridden far beyond any of our pickets, and had not the Cossacks been bad shots we might have fared badly. But we had a delightful ride, and the scent of the roses and jasmine, reminding us of home, was not soon forgotten. It was worth while to run a little risk for so much pleasure, and, after all, the dangers of the camp and the trenches were much greater without any pleasure at all.

June 2. My twenty-second birthday. I discovered that I was already turning grey!

At this time fever was rife in the camp. Nelson, who shared my tent, was struck down with it. This was not a very pleasant prospect. The day he was taken ill, I had to go to Balaklava on duty. On returning in the evening I found that Dr Anderson had removed my bed into his own tent, fearing I might take the fever. I thought it then, and think it now, a very self-denying and generous act for which I was most grateful. But he was always

doing kind things for all of us. On this day I added to my stock of curiosities a Russian artilleryman's sword, that was taken in the rifle pits on the night that Colonel Egerton of the 77th was killed.

At about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of June 6 a tremendous fire opened along the whole range of the English and French batteries. Over 150 guns and mortars on the English, and double that number on the French side. Within ten minutes it was responded to by the Russians, though with less energy. I had just started for a ride with one of our captains when, as we passed the camp of the Naval Brigade, we saw crowds of sailors going down to man the batteries. They were cheering and singing songs, and all seemed delighted to begin the fight once more.

The time for the commencement of the bombardment was kept a secret until about 2 o'clock, the intention being to take the Russians by surprise. But they were on the alert as usual, and in one way this was an advantage to us, as it enabled our gunners to aim at their embrasures, which were revealed by the puffs of smoke. We thus were able to knock over their guns and the men working them. Of course they had, to a certain extent, the same chance with us, but, as a matter of fact, our firing was so continuous for three hours, that the smoke from our guns was in clouds and not puffs, and our embrasures were seldom visible. The incessant firing of 500 heavy guns at the enemy's earthworks smashed them to pieces, which, of course, was the object of the bombardment. To put a gun out of action was an achievement to be desired, and our cannonading silenced scores of their guns. Whenever there was a lull in

the firing, many of them were remounted or replaced by new ones. The Russians were particularly smart at this work, and they seemed to have an inexhaustible supply, not only of guns but of ammunition. Our gunners protected their guns by placing sandbags over the muzzles, the trunnions and the breech. If a shot or shell struck the sandbag it glanced off, and the gun remained serviceable.

The cannonading went on all through the night on all sides. The din was tremendous. It is impossible to describe it. It was curious how the ear became accustomed to the booming of cannon. It was so much an incident of the every day life in camp that we scarcely noticed it, and it did not keep us awake at night. But the rattle of the musketry put every one on the *qui vive*—we knew then that a fight was going on, and that the regiment might be called out at any moment.

Early on the morning of the 7th I walked up to the picket house, and on looking at the Mamelon with a field-glass I observed that the greater part of it had been levelled with the ground. There were only two embrasures remaining. Every one of our shot and shell must have gone into it, and, by so doing, prepared the way for the French attack later in the day. During the morning the Russians scored a slight advantage over us by exploding a magazine in our eight-gun battery with one of their well-directed shells. One man was killed and one wounded. I noticed that the Malakoff was not so much damaged as the Mamelon. This was, of course, because our fire was chiefly directed against the latter, which was the point of assault. The Redan had suffered severely,

and a number of their embrasures appeared to be without guns. Later in the day, however, we found that there were more than we had calculated on. They had purposely been drawn back or screened.

In the course of the day Lord Raglan and General Pelissier visited the divisions and addressed words of encouragement to the troops, telling them that they would all have their turn soon. They responded with cheers and all seemed in excellent spirits. They were longing to do something to bring the dreary trench work to an end.

From about 3 o'clock in the afternoon immense columns of French crossed to the right of our division, and collected in the middle of Karabelnaia Ravine, a short distance to the right of our camp, leading to the Mamelon. They continued to gather there until about six o'clock when some 40,000 men were assembled. I had taken up a good position in front of the mortar battery, between the picket house and the twenty-one-gun battery, and this is what I saw:

Exactly at half-past six o'clock the French marched forward into their trenches and from thence—on a signal rocket being fired—advanced boldly, in good order, but very steadily, until they were close to the parapet of the Redoubt, where they made a furious rush into the work. Here a short, but very fierce struggle, took place, and in about two minutes I saw the Russians hurrying out at the other side towards the Malakoff. After being reinforced the Russians returned in great strength and drove the French back. The fighting became continuous for some minutes. The figures swaying

about from side to side, as one or other had the advantage. At last the Russians were again driven out and the French were left in occupation of the Mamelon, and then, an astounding thing happened. The Zouaves, elated at their success, darted after the retreating Russians and made an attempt to capture the Malakoff! They reached the foot of the slope, and were then stopped by a deep rocky trench and an *abatis*. As they had no ladders and they were not supported, this not being a part of the scheme of attack, a merciless fire was poured into them from the great guns of the Malakoff, while smaller ones kept up a continuous fire of grape and canister, and the musketry fire was incessant. A number were taken prisoners. All this occurred in broad daylight, and from my point of observation, where a number of onlookers had assembled, every movement of the opposing forces could be distinctly followed. We were too fascinated by the fighting to think of leaving our somewhat risky position, but we had to keep a sharp look out. Shot and shell came close to us, and some went over our heads. When we saw a round shot coming in our direction we took open order and let it go by. A navvy was killed, quite near us, because he would not get out of the way of a 68-pound shot. A sailor who saw it coming warned him, but, with an oath, he refused to move, the next moment his head was off. As soon as the French had established themselves in the Mamelon, they turned the guns on the Malakoff, for their own defence, and in preparation for another attack. The loss of the French was over 5,000 that day. Those who fell were buried in the adjacent valley where on the huge mound that covered them a large

white wooden cross was afterwards erected with this inscription :—

Ci gît
Les Braves
qui ont
si vaillement
Succumbé
dans l'attaque héroique
du Mamelon Vert.
7 Jun. 1855.

One of my trophies is a musket and bayonet taken in this engagement. It had originally had a flint lock but had been altered into a percussion by screwing a nipple into the breech. The date on it is 1841.

CHAPTER IX

The Quarries.—Attack and Capture by the Light Division.—Serious Losses.—Russian Request for a Truce to Bury their Dead.—At first Refused.—Afterwards Granted.—Divine Service in Camp.—On Trench Duty again.—Our Batteries not much Damaged.

I MUST now give a short account of the English share in the day's operations, whose task was to attack and capture "the Quarries." Unfortunately (from a spectator's point of view) we were unable to see as clearly what was going on as we were in the French attack on the Mamelon. The Quarries were on low ground in front of the Redan, while the Mamelon was a little mountain, as it were, in front of the Malakoff. The Quarries were three irregularly shaped rifle pits, that had given us a great deal of annoyance, the Russian sharpshooters having a nasty trick of picking off our men, whenever they showed themselves outside the cover of the trenches. Being within 200 yards of the Redan, it was thought that, if we had possession of them, we could pursue the same tactics on the enemy and pick off the men who were manning their guns in the Redan, and also that they would serve as a preliminary step in the final attack later on.

At 5 o'clock the whole of the regiments of the Light Division were ordered to parade with arms and accoutrements. At 6 o'clock 100 men of the 88th, 100 men of the 77th and 200 from the Second Division, supported by the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 90th, 49th and 62nd regiments, marched off under the command of Colonel Shirley of the 88th, and Colonel Robert

Campbell of the 90th, and occupied the advanced trenches. At first 1,000 went down, 400 to attack the Quarries and 600 to support them. As soon as the rocket signal was fired and the French advanced on the Mamelon, we heard firing from our advanced works, and we knew immediately that the attack had begun. Our men went forward splendidly but had to face volleys of grape and canister, besides the musketry fire from the pits. They were three times driven back with heavy loss. The fourth time they occupied them and at once began turning them, that is, making a breast-work on the other side to protect themselves from the Russian fire. Repeated attacks were made during the night by the enemy, to recapture the Quarries, and there was desperate fighting. But our men held their own, and inflicted tremendous loss on the Russians. The 90th had two officers and sixty-two men in the work and there were besides, detachments of the 88th, 77th, 7th, 62nd, 55th, 49th and 1st Royals. The 88th had four officers killed and two or three wounded. Those killed were Major Bayley, Captain Corbett, Captain Ray and Lieutenant Webb: Major Mills of the 7th was badly wounded; Colonel Sherman of the 62nd had an arm shot off, and Major Dickson of the same regiment was killed. Three officers of the 1st Royals were wounded and, I believe, some of the 77th. The 34th suffered in the night attacks while holding the pits. Out of five officers, two were killed and two wounded. These details were given to me by Colonel Campbell, who commanded and led the storming party. The other 90th officer in the attack was Captain Wolseley—now Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley—who was acting as an Engineer in the trenches. He was very

severely wounded and, although weakened almost to exhaustion by loss of blood, continued to work and fight until complete victory had been won. Colonel Campbell was hit in four places and had a most marvellous escape. One bullet struck his right shoulder, going through his tunic and grazing the skin, another spent ball, struck his arm, causing a swelling, another his left arm, while the fourth struck the plate of his sword-belt and nearly took his breath away. He was able to walk back to camp in the morning when the fight was over. His uniform was torn and covered with dust and dirt, and his face and hands scratched by the stones and hard earth, that had been scattered about by the shot, bullets and shell. We all turned out to meet him and give him a hearty cheer. Besides the men who were in the attacking party, the 90th had a reserve in the ravine, and the remainder of the regiment as a further reserve in the rear of the picket house. There was a general belief in Camp that, had a sufficient force followed up the attack on the Quarries and the Mamelon, Sebastopol might have been captured that night. In holding the Quarries our men were exposed to a very heavy fire from the Redan. We lost about fifty men a night, until our breastwork was raised and strengthened, when it became very considerably less. The Russians fired shot, shell, grape, canister, bullets, bottles and even tin plates. Their shells were loaded with nails and small pieces of iron. The French lost 500 men in the Mamelon the day after they occupied it. They very soon protected themselves, by making stronger defences and mounting guns to return the Russian fire.

On Saturday, June 9, the Russians hoisted a white flag for

a truce to bury their dead. Lord Raglan and General Pelissier were averse from granting it at such a critical time, as they feared the enemy would take advantage of it to mount more guns. Four times the flag went up with no other result than getting a shot fired at it. The fifth time the truce was agreed to, and there is no doubt the Russians made the most of their time—from 1 to 6 p.m.—in the way the generals anticipated. Seeing this we also utilized the five hours in getting more ammunition into our batteries. During the truce crowds of our men went down, some to the Mamelon, others as near as they could get to the Malakoff and Redan. They found the bodies of about 700 Frenchmen in one heap on the far side of the Mamelon. The five hours were all too short a time to bury them—no ceremony was possible.

On Sunday, the 10th, there was Divine Service in the sergeants' hut of the 19th Regiment, which many of us attended. Feeling tired after the exciting week I lay down in my tent and fell asleep for an hour or two. Then, failing to eat any dinner, I thought I would go to bed. At that moment my servant came in and said, "You're for trenches to-night, Sir," so I had to start forthwith and go down with a working party, remaining with them till daylight, when I felt all right again. There was a fine pyrotechnic display to amuse us, as some of the shell set fire to a large building in Sebastopol, and made a great blaze. I was surprised to find how little damage had been done to our batteries by the Russian cannonading. In the 21-gun battery not one gun was touched. The 5-gun and 8-gun batteries suffered the most, and, as I have already mentioned, a magazine was exploded in the latter.

CHAPTER X

Heavy Bombardment.—Attack on the Redan on June 18.—A belated Change of Plan by the French General.—Disastrous Consequences.—Position of Lord Raglan.—Failure of the Attack.—Terrible Loss of Life.—Bombardment Re-opened.—Russian Guns Silenced.—Captain Elliot's Experiences.—Death of Lord Raglan.—Great Depression in Camp.

BEYOND the regular bombardment nothing of importance occurred until the second great attack took place on Waterloo Day—June 18. I suppose it was considered a day of good omen for the English. But what about the French? The result proved it to be disastrous to both, as we shall see.

A council of Generals was held on June 16, at which it was decided that the assault should be made on the morning of June 18, *after three hours' cannonade from the whole of the allied batteries*. On Sunday, the 17th, a very heavy bombardment continued throughout the day, and was followed by the placing of our men in readiness for the work of the following morning. The English column that was to assault the Redan was drawn from the Light, Second and Third Divisions, and consisted of 1,200 men. We had also 10,000 in reserve. The French were to attack the Malakoff and other works with 36,000 and 25,000 in reserve. The English column was divided into three parts—the right commanded by Colonel Shadforth of the 57th, the centre by Colonel Yea of the 7th Fusiliers, and the left by General Sir John Campbell. The troops were all under arms about midnight, and moved down to the trenches

before daylight. Lord Raglan was in the trench in rear of the Quarries battery, and General Pelissier in a battery to the rear of the Mamelon, a considerable distance from Lord Raglan's position. The attack was to be made between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning after the three hours' bombardment arranged by the Generals.

The signal to commence was to be the firing of three rockets. But what happened? Late on the night of the 17th General Pelissier broke away from the arranged plan and decided to make the attack at daybreak, without any preliminary bombardment. He announced his intention to the English Engineer-in-Chief who communicated the fatal news to Lord Raglan, but too late to avert the terrible consequences of this change of plan. The reason given by General Pelissier for his extraordinary action was that he could not place his men in the trenches in the morning without being seen by the Russians. It unfortunately happened that the French General mistook a shell fired by the enemy for the signal to attack, and ordered his men to advance. As soon as they began to pour out of their trenches, they were met by a furious outpour of shot, shell and grape from the Russian batteries, mowing them down in hundreds, and finally driving them back with tremendous loss. This premature attack of the French on the Malakoff made the task of the English on the Redan almost hopeless, as not only the guns of the Redan but those of the Malakoff and all the other works were opened on them. Lord Raglan, however, kept faith with the French Commander, and an attempt was made to capture the Redan. Into the details of that terrible conflict I cannot enter—a full account of it will

be found in Kinglake or Russell—but a few incidents in connexion with it may not be out of place as personal "Memories."

There were some companies of the 90th already in the trenches when another detachment was sent down to the advanced work. I was in orders to go with the remainder of the regiment. I managed to get a short sleep before the regiment was turned out at 2 a.m. We were marched down to the right of the 21-gun battery, and after an hour or two advanced to the second parallel as a support, but by this time it was all over, and we were ordered back to the 21-gun battery where we remained for a considerable time. We were at no period within very close range, but a heavy fire of shot and shell was going on and we had a few casualities. While we were waiting, stretcher parties in quick succession passed us, conveying dead and wounded to the camp and the hospitals. Familiar names were given us by the bearers to our questions as to whom they were carrying. One I remember well, who greatly excited our sympathy, was Mr. Wood, a midshipman, of the Naval Brigade (now Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B.), who was severely wounded in the arm. In recognition of his great bravery and splendid services he was given a commission in the army, first in a cavalry regiment, from which he proceeded to the 90th, in which he served as a major from 1872 to 1879, when he was promoted to the command of the regiment. Thus the whirligig of time brought it about that the wounded middy of 1855 became, twenty-four years after, the commanding officer of the regiment that saw him carried wounded from the battlefield, and now, after the lapse of fifty-five years, an eye witness is writing the story! Mr. Wood

was A.D.C. to Captain Peel, R.A., who was also severely wounded on the same day.

The inevitable result of General Pelissier's alteration of the plan of action was to place Lord Raglan in a position such as no Commander of an army was ever forced into before or since. He had to choose between the profitless sacrifice of the precious lives of hundreds of his officers and men and the risk—almost the certainty—of having the honour of England impugned by his Allies. For had he given up the attack he would certainly have been accused of breach of faith. It would have been "Perfide Albion" once more. Lord Raglan played the game, but it broke his heart. Within ten days he was dead.

The commanders of the three English columns, Sir John Campbell, Colonel Yea and Colonel Shadforth were all killed. Our loss was 100 officers and 1,450 men killed and wounded. The sailors lost 52 out of 120. The French loss was 130 officers and 3,000 men. The Russians admitted a loss of 6,000. The bodies of Sir John Campbell and Colonel Yea were found close to the abattis, and there was evidence that an attempt had been made by means of grapnels to drag them into the Redan, presumably to obtain their clothing and anything valuable that they might have about them. Nearly all the slain officers were deprived of their epaulettes and boots.

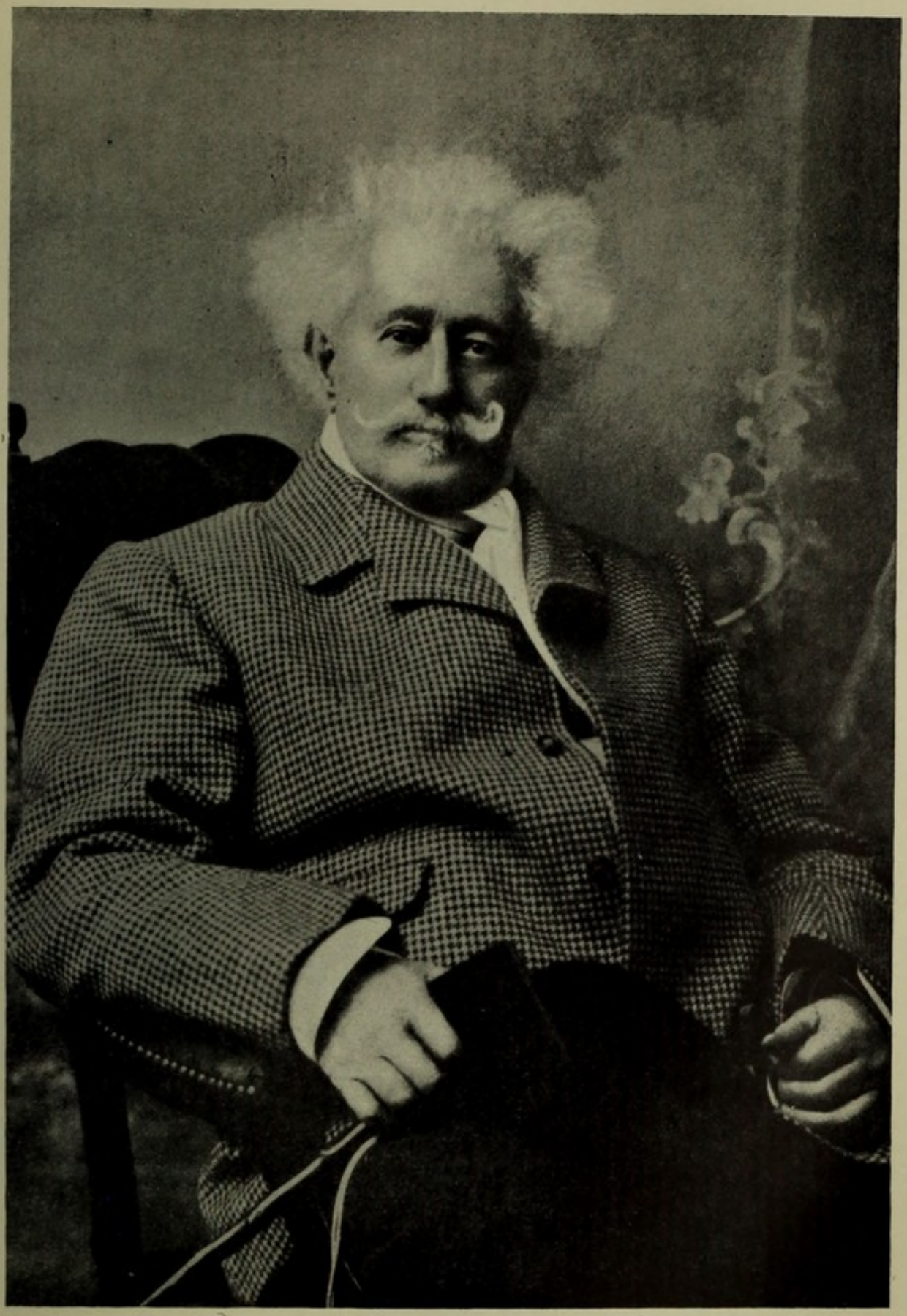
Immediately after the close of the fight, a tremendous bombardment was opened by our batteries, and continued until nearly every Russian gun was silenced. Had the original plan been carried out, instead of the altered one of General Pelissier, there is very little doubt that Sebastopol would have been in our hands at the end of the day, with a much smaller loss of life.

My friend, Captain Matthews of the 57th, dined with me on the night of the 17th, and when he returned to his camp, Colonel Shadforth, his commanding officer, sent for him and gave him a packet containing his will and other documents. He said to Captain Matthews: "If I fall, open it; if not, return it to me as it is." He was shot through the head quite early in the day. Lord Raglan had a very high opinion of him, and so had every one in the regiment.

There is a prevalent idea, among non-military people, that to be in "reserve," when a battle is going on in the front, is to be in a safe place, and that the danger only begins when the "reserve" is ordered to advance to support the attacking line. This is altogether a mistake, as I know from my own experience and from the word of a gallant officer of the 9th Foot who was with companies of his regiment on two important occasions, the attack on the Quarries on the 7th, and on the Redan on the 18th of June. Lieutenant (now Captain) William Claude Elliot, of Harwood, co. Roxburgh, who has kindly allowed me to give his portrait, writes the following:

On the night of June 7 my party of the 9th were in the front, waiting, during the attack on the Quarries, when, about daylight, we were ordered a little to the rear, up a long narrow ravine, with rocky sides in which were numerous caves. The heavy guns of the Russian batteries sent a storm of round shot into the ravine. The cannon balls bounding into it and hitting the rock, spun away amongst our men with disastrous effect.

I had been up in the front all night and was not sorry to be sent there for a rest. Then, shortly we heard an officer call out, "The Quarries are taken!" when for a time, firing from the heavy guns ceased, and a terrible fire it was for the short time it lasted. Then I



W. C. Elliot, Esq., of Harwood, N.B., late Lieutenant 9th Foot.
[Served in attack on Cemetery, 18th June, 1855.]

walked into one of the caves and lay flat on my back, quite exhausted. I heard a soldier say, "Poor Mr Elliot, he's quite done up!" I turned to a sergeant and said, "Sergeant, I'm going to sleep, and if I'm wanted awake me," and as he stood by my side I closed my eyes and went fast asleep.

With regard to June 18, the only success of that disastrous day—a costly, and, as it turned out, a perfectly useless one—was achieved by the Brigade under General Eyre, composed of the 9th, 18th, 28th, 38th and 44th Regiments—about 2,000 men in all—who attacked and captured, without much resistance, the Cemetery and a defence work connected with it. As soon as the Russians retired a tremendous fire was opened from their batteries and a heavy musketry fire from a suburb near the Dockyard creek, and from some houses below the Barrack battery. . . Concerning this affair Captain Elliot continues:

We were turned out before daylight and a large party of the 9th, some being in reserve, marched down the steep road on the left of the Greenhill battery, proceeded to the Cemetery and took possession of it, at about 4 a.m., afterwards advancing to a house, which they occupied and defended. The Russians blazed away at it and some of their cannon balls went clean through it. The officer in command, thinking the cover unsafe, ordered the men to retire, which they did one by one to the better shelter. Each man as he ran back had about one hundred bullets fired at him by the Russians. One man fell as if shot, but he got up, started again and got safely into cover. The party in reserve remained in the picket house ravine where they were exposed, as on the previous occasion, to the incessant rolling of cannon balls into their midst.

[The casualties in General Eyre's brigade of 2,000 was as follows: 31 officers, 44 sergeants and 487 rank and file. Total, 562 or more than one-fourth of the whole force.]

In the thick of the fight, when in the middle of the Cemetery, under a heavy fire of big guns and musketry, I was standing next to one of our men when a bullet passed between his arm and mine and slightly wounded the man. I turned towards him and thought he looked as if he was going to turn and leave. I held my revolver at him and pulled out my pocket handkerchief, handing it to another soldier who stood in front. I said to the wounded man, "If you think you are wounded, tell that man to tie your arm up." It was a mere scratch, and could hardly be called a wound at all. There was one very high monument in the Cemetery, behind which an officer was standing, looking at the Russian battery through a glass, when a ball came and took the top off! I think this officer was General Eyre.

The death of Lord Raglan cast a dreadful gloom over the camp. It looked as if everything was going wrong. It was felt that there was no one to take his place, and this was not far from the truth. Sir George Brown and General Codrington were ill; General Pennefather had gone home on sick leave, General Estcourt had died of cholera. It was not surprising that every one was low-spirited and pessimistic as to the future. But, nevertheless, day by day, more guns and ammunition were being brought to the front in preparation for another bombardment and a further attack upon this apparently invulnerable city.

Two opinions of Lord Raglan, one English and the other Russian, published soon after his death may be here quoted and read with interest :—

Lord Raglan's personal bravery was indisputable; to that not Alma and Inkerman alone, but his whole career testified with a mute but yet incontrovertible eloquence. But his bravery was of the passive cast; he was a type of the calm, quiet English gentleman in war ; imbued with a strict sense of duty, and ready to lay down his life in the per-

formance of it. Moulded indeed, in the school of his friend and patron the Duke of Wellington, of whom he was generally regarded as an imitator. We must affirm that we do not think Lord Raglan was of that nature which would have won high distinction without the stepping-stone of aristocratic birth and connections. The conviction that he was not a great general is universal and uncontradicted. He could perform the ordinary duties of a general satisfactorily, but he was lamentably deficient in those qualities which constitute military genius. He possessed considerable professional experience, great application, and remarkable powers of endurance, but he lacked the energy, vehemence and decision of character that are essential to the constitution of a successful and illustrious military chieftain. He was merciful in nature, amiable in disposition, gentle in his manners to those around him, though distant to his soldiers. But these qualities, however estimable in private men, are sometimes a positive failing to public ones upon whose firmness and perhaps even harshness in certain directions, the prosperity or lives of thousands depend. Hesitation in council, or slowness to action in a general, will instantly obscure all his private virtues. The dismal condition of our brave army in the Crimea, arising, to no small extent, from these defects of character in Lord Raglan, had dimmed his fame, and overthrown the popularity he acquired by the rapid and brilliant, though inconclusive, victory of the Alma. . . . . His death at the moment and under the circumstances in which it took place was melancholy and rather painful. It is sad to behold a brave old man borne down to the grave by an overpowering weight of responsibility and difficulties. Yet, it may be truly said that Lord Raglan died honourably at his post, discharging his duties to the best of his ability, after a life spent industriously in the service of his country. That this ability was not of the highest order must not be his reproach, but rather that of those who placed him in a false position.

He would have been well able to conduct a mere military demonstration against Russia; and it is evident enough that that was all that the ministry of this country at first intended. When the country drifted, as if by some blind accident, into a gigantic war, it soon became apparent that Lord Raglan was painfully misplaced in the

eminently responsible and dangerous position which aristocratic influence had assigned him. . . . . A younger, stronger, sterner man was required to command the noble army of England, and to see that the glorious energy of her young blood, heroically panting for distinction, and longing to snatch bright laurels even from the grim hand of death, should not languish in inaction, suffer from exposure, cold, incredible labour and famine; and so sink and droop and pine and die, in silence and obscurity without honour and without result. That noble army, whose patience in suffering, no less than its heroism in battle, won the admiration of Europe, required for its leader a warrior more fertile in expedient, more original in genius, more resolute in purpose, more terrible in action, more reckless in execution—one who could rise to the dazzling height of the grand position in which he was placed, contemn difficulties with the majestic scorn of greatness, trample down obstacles, receive new strength from reverses, and with a steady foot and iron hand, win his way to victory, even (if necessary) through seas of blood and mountains of the dead. Mercy in war is folly: suavity is childishness. England must not fight for pastime, or fight with hesitation; with her, battle must be a raging struggle, ending in death or victory. . . . . We would do the utmost to shun war; but, if it is inevitable, then let it be war in earnest. If it is war in earnest, we must have blood—blood enough to drown Russian ambition; blood enough to make the Northern tyranny remember the terrible vengeance of the foes she had aroused; blood enough to make her, in years to come, shrink from a repetition of her crimes; and when she begins again to harbour new designs of rapacious conquest, shudder and grow cold at heart as the fear passes before her, like a hideous and threatening spectre, that attempts to crush the weaker nations around her, may lead again to the awful deeds of vengeance showered with remorseless retribution upon her guilty head.—(*War with Russia.* Tyrrell.)

A letter from a Russian in St. Petersburg and published in *Le Nord* is written in a more generous spirit. It says:—

Lord Raglan is dead. During the entire period of the command of this noble general, he succeeded in conciliating the esteem and respect

not only of those with whom his nation was allied, but also of the enemy to whom he was opposed. He was one of the last of the heroes of that glorious English Army, which, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, illustrated the English name on so many battlefields, and of which the few remaining veterans bore on their breasts till lately, the honourable tokens. Lord Raglan was, on several occasions, distinguished by the late Emperor Nicholas, as also by the reigning Emperor. He will be personally regretted in Russia by all who had an opportunity of knowing and appreciating the nobleness of his sentiments and the uprightness of his character.

As a subject, he performed his duty by obeying the command of his sovereign; and, as a soldier, he valiantly defended the honour of his flag; but even in the execution of his duty, he preserved unblemished to his death his own personal dignity and that of his country.

He has fallen, like so many others, a victim to this disastrous war. Honoured be his memory, and respected be his grave, which will be as sacred on the soil of Russia as on that of England; and while pointing to it, no Russian will refuse to say: *Siste, viator, heroem calces.*—(The writer did not know that Lord Raglan's body was conveyed to England.)

At the desire of the Queen a pension of £1,000 a year was voted by Parliament to Lady Raglan and £2,000 a year to the eldest son and to his successor in the title. Lord Palmerston made the proposal in the House of Commons and Mr. Disraeli seconded it in these words:—

I rise to second the resolution of the noble lord, and I doubt not it will receive the unanimous acceptance and appprobation of the House. Half a century of public service, always noble, sometimes illustrious, cannot be permitted to pass away without the recognition of a nation's gratitude. The career of Lord Raglan was remarkable. Forty years ago he sealed with his blood* the close of a triumphant struggle against universal empire.

After so long an interval, it has been his fate to give his life to his

* He lost an arm at Waterloo.

country, in order to avert from it the menace of a new and overwhelming dominion. The qualities of Lord Raglan were remarkable; and it may be doubted whether they can be easily supplied. What most distinguished him, perhaps, was an elevation and a serenity of mind which invested him, as it were, with a heroic and classical repose—which permitted him to bring to the management of men, and to the transaction of great affairs the magic influence of character: and which, in his case, often accomplished results which are usually achieved by the inspiration of genius. Never was there an instance where valour of the highest temper was so happily and so signally blended with so disciplined a discretion. Courage and caution were never so united, and each quality in so high a degree. Over the tomb of departed greatness criticism should be mute; yet we may be permitted to observe, that the course of events has already sanctioned the judgment of this commander with respect to those difficulties with which it was his hard fate to cope, and which his country regrets, but which he neither chose nor created. May those who follow him encounter happier fortunes. They cannot meet a more glorious end. There is nothing more admirable than self-sacrifice to public duty. This was the principle which guided the life of Somerset, this was the principle which hallowed his end.

On the morning after Lord Raglan's death the admirals of the fleets, the generals in command of the four armies and General Canrobert were admitted to the room in which his body lay, to take a last farewell. It is recorded that General Pelissier was deeply affected, and this one can well believe, considering the part he played in the events immediately preceding Lord Raglan's death.

CHAPTER XI

Funeral of Lord Raglan.—Crimean Fever.—I go to Scutari on sick leave.—Quick recovery.—Put on Duty at the Hospital.—I Return to the Crimea.—Russian Attack on our Advanced Trenches.—A Russian Ruse.—Deadly Effect.—Subsequent Heavy Loss of the Russians.

THE Allied Armies paid their last tribute of respect to their lamented commander on Tuesday, July 3. It was a most impressive sight and one never to be forgotten. It recalled to my mind another solemn occasion, the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, which I witnessed in 1852, but the surroundings were very different. There was an order, which was more honoured in the breach than in the observance, that no one was to leave camp except those that were detailed to take part in the procession. It did not fall to my lot to be included in this list, but nevertheless I could not remain quietly in camp while it was going on. I mounted my pony and rode over to the 57th lines, and called for Captain Matthews, who agreed to accompany me to see the cortège start from Head-Quarters, and follow as far as we could. A Guard of Honour occupied the court-yard and saluted as the coffin was carried out. A roll of muffled drums announced the beginning of the solemn march from the house. The coffin was placed on a 9-pounder gun carriage, drawn by eight horses from a troop of horse artillery. It was covered with a black pall edged with white silk and a Union Jack partly covering it. On this was placed the Field-Marshal's cocked hat and sword, and a wreath of immortelles placed there by General Pelissier. The pall-

bearers were General Simpson and Omar Pasha on the one side and Generals Pelissier and Della Marmora on the other. Two mounted orderlies followed, leading Lord Raglan's favourite charger—the brown bay that he rode at Alma and Inkerman, saddled and bridled, with boots reversed in the stirrups—one of the saddest and most touching features of a military funeral. Then followed French Cavalry, French Artillery, English Cavalry, English Artillery, Turkish Cavalry, Sardinian Cavalry, the mourners and friends. As the procession moved off, the bands of the 3rd, 9th and 62nd regiments played the "Dead March" and two field batteries of artillery fired a salute of nineteen guns. The whole road was lined on each side with English and French Infantry with bands, at intervals, playing the "Dead March," each taking it up as the procession drew near. This continued for the whole seven miles to Kazatch where three batteries of Artillery fired minute guns while the ships of the two fleets did the same, as soon as the cortège was in sight. At Kazatch the body was received by Admirals Stewart and Bruat, and a number of officers of the French and English fleets, and then placed on board the launch of the flag-ship, and towed by man-of-war boats to the *Caradoc*, where it was received with full naval honours. As the *Caradoc* steamed away, she hoisted the "farewell" signal and the mournful proceedings terminated. During the day all firing from the batteries on each side practically ceased.

After being in the midst of all these terribly sad events, one had a craving for a change of scene and circumstances. This could

only be obtained by getting out of the camp, as far away as possible, and into the country. So, early one morning, three or four of us started for Baidar, a large village fifteen miles to the eastward of our lines. We understood that this place had been taken by the reconnoitering party and that the Tartar inhabitants were not disturbed. A few Russians remained in it. It was said to be the farthest point we could reach without coming in contact with any Russian pickets. For the first few miles the country was uninteresting, but we gradually came upon beautifully wooded mountains and valleys and magnificent scenery all round. We rode on and came to a Turkish camp. Signs were made to us that it was not safe to go farther, but as we were then only about three miles from Baidar we went on, following the Woronzow Road until we came to a small farm house, very prettily situated in a glen, shaded by elm trees. We dismounted and walked into the house. It was quite deserted, but a bedstead was left in one of the rooms. The only trophy that could be carried away was a wooden spoon, which I secured. Having given ourselves and our ponies a little rest and refreshment (which we took with us) we rode on to Baidar. As we approached the village we saw the natives making hay and cutting barley, just as if there were no war going on around them. On entering it we were astonished to find that every one turned round to stare at us. We were evidently the first English officers that had been there. The houses were quite undisturbed and there were no soldiers of any nationality in the place, except a Turk or two, buying eggs. The inhabitants appeared quite happy, the women spinning at the doors of their cottages and the men tending

the cattle in the farmyards. They were all very civil to us and brought out mugs of water. They also sold us some chickens for sixpence each and eggs were offered at any price we liked, but the latter we were obliged to decline on account of difficulty of transport. We could have bought sheep and oxen there also, but abstained for the same reason. We went a little beyond the village, where there was a new schoolroom just completed. There were also two small churches. The natives had large square faces and turned-up noses. Some of the women were pretty, but they have a peculiar custom of dyeing their hair red when they get old. The children were extraordinary looking little creatures, and many of them were running about quite unclad. On our way back we passed through two smaller villages, and Prince Woronzow's shooting lodge: quite a palace, beautifully situated in the midst of lovely scenery, reminding me of three places I knew, the Isle of Wight, Mount Edgecumbe and the Scottish Highlands. On returning to camp we all congratulated ourselves on having spent a pleasant day.

General Simpson was appointed "Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the Crimea" in succession to Lord Raglan. No great enthusiasm was displayed at his appointment, and no one expected that it would lead to any change for the better in our prospects. It was said that he had not much confidence in himself, and that he did not wish to accept the command, but the Government pressed it on him. He had a very good chief of the staff in General Barnard. Major-General Codrington was given the command of the Light Division. Several regiments came out at this time to reinforce our army, but they scarcely

supplied the place of the huge loss that was going on daily in the trenches—something like 300 a week. Besides the casualties in the trenches, our numbers were being reduced greatly by cholera.

After June 18 the Russians soon began to employ themselves in repairing and strengthening their works. In order to check this our batteries opened a heavy fire on them on July 10, and it was continued for four hours. Some damage was done, but not enough to justify the expenditure of ammunition that might be more useful for a subsequent bombardment.

On July 14 the Russians made a sortie on the Mamelon and the works in front of it. They were repulsed with heavy loss—it was said 600, and the French 120—but this was probably too high an estimate. Captain Fraser of the 42nd jumped on the parapet to see what was going on, when a piece of shell struck him on the chest, killing him instantly. He was buried the next day. From this time onwards, the firing on both sides was incessant and the din worse than ever. The French were busily employed in pushing on their trenches towards the Malakoff, in preparation for the attack on that fortress, which could not be far distant. Our gallant Colonel, who was so severely wounded in the attack on the Quarries—Colonel Campbell—having been invalided by a Medical Board, left us on July 18 and went home on the *Jura*. We were sorry to part with him. As a parting gift he made over to our (Doctors') mess a number of very useful articles, viz, two tables, a lot of tumblers and wine glasses, plates, dishes, basins and a jug, besides a quantity of butter, jam, pickles and other luxuries, all of which were most acceptable. Colonel Campbell commanded

the regiment until November 12, 1857, when he died of wounds received at Lucknow.

After being six months in camp I began to consider myself exceedingly fortunate to have escaped sickness. I had not been once on the sick list, or lost a day's duty in the trenches or otherwise during the whole of that trying period. I believe I even boasted of it. There is an old saying, "None but the foolish boast," and I soon became an illustration of its correctness: for, towards the end of July, I felt decidedly ill with the early indications of Crimean fever—not difficult to diagnose in myself, after seeing and attending so many cases, though at first I had hopes that the headache might be the result of a ride to Balaklava at mid-day, in the blazing sun, with the thermometer at 130 degrees. I kept to my tent for a day or two, and then Dr Anderson applied for sick leave for me for a month, either to go on board ship or to Scutari hospital. In addition to the fever I had symptoms of scurvy from the deficiency of vegetable food. To sum up, I became altogether unfit for duty, and in a few days after Dr Anderson's report I was on board the *Orient* on the way to Scutari, at which much-abused place I arrived on August 7, in very bad weather, so bad that I could not land till the next day. Then I was sent to Gordon House, a Turkish house attached to the Hospital, in company with a subaltern of the 20th. We shared a room and were fairly comfortable.

The improved diet on board the ship and in the hospital very soon took effect, and I began to pick up strength almost at once. The air was none of the best, but the food was nourish-

ing, if not served up in the most enticing way. We had very little meat but any amount of poultry, large rice puddings made in deep tin dishes, and fruit tarts *ad libitum*. Peaches, grapes, melons and figs were absurdly cheap and abundant. As soon as I began to show signs of returning health the principal Medical Officer put me on duty at the Barrack Hospital As I was on sick leave I suppose I could have objected, but as they were short of medical officers I took up the work, although I should have preferred a ride into the country or a sail on the Bosphorus. Every morning I had to go round a certain number of wards containing about fifty patients, accompanied by a dresser, who had to see that my directions were carried out. In the evening the dresser went round by himself and reported to me anything that might be necessary. If there was anything urgent I paid another visit. This went on for some time quite smoothly, until one morning I received an official letter from Dr Hunter, one of the chief medical officers, as follows:

Barrack Hospital,
Scutari.
August 28, 1855.

Sir,—I beg to request to know your reasons, in writing, for not having visited your wards last night, for the information of the Deputy Inspector General of hospitals.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
T. Hunter, S.S. 1st Class.

Assistant Surgeon Reid,
etc., etc., etc.

[Reply]

Gordon House, Scutari.
August 28, 1855.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that my reason for not visiting the wards under my care last night was that my health was not yet sufficiently re-established to admit of the exertion of attending patients twice a day. The evening visit to the wards has hitherto been made by my Dresser.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Douglas A. Reid,
Assistant Surgeon 90th Light Infantry.

The following day I went down to the Transport Office to find out when the next ship was going to Balaklava. I was informed that the *Imperador* was to leave on the 31st, so I secured a passage in her, and, on returning to the Hospital I wrote to the Deputy-Inspector General to the effect that as I was considered fit for duty at Scutari I must be equally fit for duty with my regiment and consequently had sailed, "this day," for the Crimea. I took care that this letter was not delivered until after the steamer had started. Of course this was very irregular from a service point of view, but not more irregular than putting a sick man on duty. Anyhow, no complaint was made and I heard no more about it. The *Imperador* arrived at Balaklava on September 3 and the booming of guns was heard once more. It felt like returning home after a holiday-visit! Scutari was deadly dull and uninteresting. That could hardly be said of the Crimea just at this exciting time. On the very night of our arrival there was quite a big battle, which I could not get up to Camp in time to see. It is thus described

Part of Gordon's Battery, showing two guns protected by sand-bags and manned by sailors and 34th Regiment.

by Russell, and is so interesting that I make no apology for quoting him:

At a quarter past nine p.m. on September 3, a heavy fire of musketry to the left of the Makaloff showed that the enemy were attacking the French advance in front of the Mamelon. The night was dark, but clear, and for half an hour our lines were a blaze of quick, intermittent light. The Musketry rattled incessantly. Chapman's and Gordon's Batteries opened with all their voices and the Redan, Malakoff, Garden and Barrack Batteries replied with roars of ordnance. After twenty minutes of this infernal conflict the musketry fire flickered and died out, and then commenced for a quarter of an hour a general whirling of shells from both sides, so that the light of the very stars was eclipsed, and their dominion usurped by the wandering flight of these iron orbs. Twenty or thirty of these curves of fire, tearing the air asunder and uttering their shrill tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whit! as they described their angry flight in the sky, could be counted and heard at once. While it lasted it was one of the hottest affairs we have yet experienced. The Russians in this sortie attacked our advanced sap on the right once more, and were repulsed with great loss; but Captain Pechell of the 77th, a brave and beloved young officer, in setting a brilliant example to his men, was killed. The gallant 77th behaved extremely well; a party of the 97th under Captain Hutton was posted in the advanced trench on the left of the Right Attack. The Russians at midnight, attacked our working party at a new sap, and drove it in. Lieutenant Brinkley and Lieutenant Preston, with 100 of the 97th, were ordered to proceed to the right of the new sap, to act as a covering party: and on arriving at the trench they found it so crowded with men of the 23rd, that it was impossible to keep the party of the 97th together, and they were obliged to find room as well as they could. The crowded state of the trench is said to have arisen from the party of the 23rd not having re-commenced working when the firing ceased, and remaining in the trench with the covering party of the 77th. At 12.30 Lieutenant-Colonel Legh of the 97th was ordered to take his men to Colonel Bunbury of the 23rd who was in the open space in

advance of the new sap. He collected about forty-five rank and file, and, telling Lieutenant Preston to advance with the rest, proceeded to the head of the sap, which was knocked to pieces, either by the Russians when they had entered it, or by a battery on the flank of the Malakoff. Here Lieutenant Preston was slightly hit, and one man killed. About fifteen yards in front of the sap, Colonel Bunbury and a party of the 77th, under Captain Pechell, were stationed; and that party, having been relieved by a party of the 97th, Colonel Legh dispersed his men in cover as well as possible, sending out two parties of six each under Sergeants Coleman and O'Grady in advance. The Russians pushed on and commenced firing sharply from some rifle pits and large stores in front. All of a sudden they gave a loud cheer, and the men of the 97th at once stood up, expecting a rush. When the Russians saw the effect of their ruse, they fired a volley which killed and wounded several men. Lieutenant Preston, who had stepped in front of Colonel Legh, was mortally wounded, and carried to the rear by Sergeant Coleman; Sergeant O'Grady fell dead just as he had demanded permission to take the enemy's rifle-pits. Lieutenants Ware and Whitehead were sent down by Captain Hutton to assist their comrades, when the Russians again fired and wounded Lieutenant Ware; but Lieutenant Whitehead succeeded in bringing in all the wounded except Corporal Macks, who was lying close to the rifle-pits with both legs broken. Lieutenant Brinkley then came up in support. The Russians renewed their firing, but without result, and they retired from the pits before dawn, having, in this little affair, rendered three officers and twenty-four men *hors de combat.* The Russians during their retreat lost at least 600 men. The French loss was upwards of 300.

CHAPTER XII

Return to Camp.—Casualties.—Battle of the Tchernaya.—General Simpson's Despatch.—Investiture of Distinguished Officers with the Order of the Bath.—Press Comments thereon.

ON returning to camp on September 4 I found great activity everywhere, and it was evident that something important was going to happen very soon. The bombardment went on day and night as usual during the month of August with more or less fierceness, and night attacks were frequent. On one of these occasions, three officers of the 90th were wounded—Lietenant Rous, severely; Captain Wolseley, severely; and Captain Smith, slightly. A number of casualties occurred in other regiments. It will be remembered that Captain Wolseley (now Field Marshal, Viscount Wolseley) was severely wounded in the Quarries. He seemed to have a charmed life. As an Acting Engineer he was always in the most dangerous positions and never spared himself. The bullets, however, so far spared him that he lived to fight again and to become Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. One of the Staff Sergeants received an Ensign's Commission, not for any special act of bravery but, I believe, through private interest. He had never been on duty in the trenches but was very promptly put in orders to take his turn. The first night he went down, he was leaning against the parapet of the advanced trench when a heavy round shot struck the other side.

The result was that he was knocked over and received a severe concussion of the spine and had to be sent home on medical certificate. He soon afterwards retired from the service.

A most important engagement, that practically decided the fate of Sebastopol, took place on August 16, and from the name of the river near which it was fought, is called "The Battle of the Tchernaya." It does not seem to have taken as prominent a place in history as Alma and Inkerman, and yet it was a great and absolutely decisive battle fought between the French and Sardinians on one side, with one battery of English artillery, and the Russians on the other. In round figures the latter had 60,000 men and 160 guns, while the French and Sardinians had only 40,000 men and 60 guns. The Russians began the attack at five o'clock in the morning and the battle raged fiercely for four and a half hours, when the Russians were badly beaten and driven off the field, with a loss of 27 officers and 3,329 men killed, and 85 officers and 4,785 men wounded. The French lost 9 officers and 172 men killed, and 53 officers and 1,163 men wounded. The Sardinian loss was 2 officers and 62 men killed, 8 officers and 135 men wounded. The numbers actually engaged were 35,500 Russians and 23,600 French and Sardinians; the others were in reserve.

This battle was fought while I was in hospital at Scutari, and it is therefore outside my personal recollection; but I heard a good deal about it afterwards, and every one admitted that it was a splendid victory for our Allies.

General Simpson's despatch to Lord Panmure gives a very clear description of the events of the day. General Pelissier's

and General Della Marmora's are much more detailed. General Simpson's was as follows:

Before Sebastopol.
August 18, 1855.

My Lord,—In my despatch of the 14th instant, I informed your Lordship that I had reason to believe that the Russians would attempt by a vigorous attack to force us to raise the siege. This they endeavoured to do in the morning of the 16th, but the result was most glorious to those of the Allied troops who had the good fortune to be engaged.

The action commenced before daylight, by a heavy column of Russians, under the command of General Liprandi, and composed of the 6th and 17th Divisions, with the 4th and 7th Divisions in reserve, attacking the advanced posts of the Sardinians. The ground occupied by them is on commanding hills on the right of the position, on the left bank of the Souhaia river, where it forms its junction with the Tchernaya, with two advanced posts on the opposite side. These were held with very determined gallantry for a considerable time; but being separated from their supports by the river, and not having the protection of Artillery, they were compelled to leave the most advanced one.

About the same time, the 5th and 12th Divisions, to which was added a portion of the 17th, advanced against the bridge of Traktir, held by one battalion of French infantry of the line, who were for a short time obliged to yield and fall back upon the main supports; with these, however, they quickly re-took the bridge at the point of the bayonet. Again the Russians attacked with persevering courage, and were enabled to follow up their advantage by gaining the heights which rise precipitously on each side of the road; their success was but momentary—they were driven back across the river, leaving the ground covered with dead and wounded.

The Russian General, in no way daunted by the failure of his two attempts, ordered a second column, equal in force to the first, to attack; they advanced with such impetuosity, covered by the fire of their numerous artillery, that a third time the bridge was carried, and the heights above it crowned, but they were again repulsed, and retired in

great confusion into the plain, followed by the bayonets of our gallant Allies. The General Officer who commanded the column, and who was supposed to be General Read, was killed, and in his possession were found the orders for the battle, signed by Prince Gortschakoff, who commanded in person. From these it would appear that it was a most determined attempt to force us to raise the siege. Had they succeeded, Balaklava was to have been attacked by one portion of their army, whilst the heights, on which we now are, were to have been stormed by the other, at the same time a vigorous sortie was to have been made from the town on the French works on our extreme left from the Quarantine, and another on the works on our extreme right on Mount Sapoune.

The action which I have endeavoured to describe is most glorious to the Arms of the French and Sardinian troops. To meet the force of the Russians, the former had but 12,000 infantry and four batteries of artillery engaged; the latter had 10,000 men in position, 4,500 actually engaged, and twenty-four pieces of cannon.

The Russian force consisted of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery, and cavalry to the amount of 6,000. This disparity of numbers will readily explain to your lordship the difficulty that would have been experienced had an attempt been made to follow up the advantage by a pursuit. The Russian retreat, moreover, was protected by the fire from the heavy guns on the Mackenzie Heights.

The loss sustained by the Russians is estimated at between 5,000 and 6,000 men, including 600 prisoners, whilst on the part of the Allies it does not amount to more than 1,000 men.

This brilliant affair has caused the greatest delight amongst the ranks of the Allied Army; and while it adds fresh lustre to the gallant achievements of the French Arms, it is with the utmost pleasure that I have to record the intrepid conduct and gallant bearing of the Sardinian troops under General Della Marmora, who have for the first time met, conquered, and shed their blood against our common enemy, who is now disturbing the peace of Europe.

Captain Mowbray's battery of 32-pounder howitzers was placed in advance with the Sardinian troops, and did most excellent service in preventing the advance of the enemy's artillery.

Our cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir J. Scarlett, K.C.B., was placed in the plain of Balaklava, prepared to take advantage of any circumstance that might present itself, but the opportunity did not arise for calling upon their services. I regret that I am unable to give a more detailed account of the part performed by the Sardinians, as up to this time I have not received General Della Marmora's report.

I have, etc.

(Signed) JAMES SIMPSON,
General Commanding.

Lord Panmure, etc., etc.

On August 27 a grand ceremony took place at the Head Quarters of General Simpson, viz. the investiture by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, at the Queen's command, of certain distinguished officers with the Order of the Bath. They were Sir Colin Campbell, Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir H. Bentinck, Sir Houston Stewart, Sir William Codrington, Sir Richard Airey, Sir J. Yorke Scarlett, Sir Harry Jones and Sir William Eyre.

It was a full-dress function, at the termination of which the troops presented arms, the bands played "God save the Queen," and the artillery fired a Royal Salute.

A writer of the period, after describing it, makes the following comment:

It is pleasing to see Honours thus given to brave men; but we feel compelled to add that they should be given—utterly and freely, and not sold after an indirect fashion. It must have been grateful to the feelings of a brave officer to know that as a reward for his services and sufferings, he had been admitted by his sovereign to the Military Order of the Bath; but the pleasure must have been considerably qualified on his learning that he had to pay to the Officials of the Order the extravagant sum of £164 13s. 4d., for fees. Out of this sum the Dean of the Order received £22 6s. 8d. for his blessing—a price which we think we shall not be considered to be exhibiting a penurious temper, when we

say that we fancy it to be extremely dear. We think our amiable friend E., a working curate of average ability, with an income of something less than £100 a year, would be glad to part with his blessing for a twentieth part of the sum. In the time of the famous reformer, Luther, even so grand a personage as the Pope himself (and popes were then powerful Princes and not, as now, empty pontifical pageants) would part with an indulgence for Sin for the trifling consideration of 10s., certainly then, we must consider £22 6s. 8d. for the blessing of the Dean of the Order of the Bath as unconscionably extravagant.

A leading Newspaper at the same time follows an identical line of reasoning:

We feel that this is one of the abuses of a former age, and survives only through the unwillingness of those who attain distinction to object ungracefully to customary payments, or to expose the organization of the Order to which they have just been admitted. It is for the Government, or, in its default, for the public at large, to interfere and put an end to exactions which dim the brightness of the honour conferred, if they do not even lessen the eagerness to obtain it. The only Order* which in this country is the recompense of merit, awaits the worn and weary officers whom battle, disease, and hardship have spared to return to their country, or perhaps only to commence new exertions on fresh and equally fatal fields. Are such men to be called upon to fee genealogists and gentlemen ushers?

Their deeds may well stand them instead of a pedigree; the fame they have achieved is a sufficient introduction to their sovereign. Whatever may be the worldly resources of these brave men, it is equally unworthy of the Nation and the Statutes of the Order to exact such payments.

This does not apply to the present time. There are now no fees payable on the promotion of a member of the Third Class, or Companions of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, to be a Member of the Second Class, or Knights Commanders, of the Order.

*1855

CHAPTER XIII

Terrible Losses in the Trenches—and from Sickness.—Furious Bombardment.—Assault Imminent.—Order of Battle Settled.—A Russian Man-of-War Burnt.—The Russian Batteries Silenced.—A Russian Magazine Blown up.—Divisional Order to Light Division on September 7.—Before the Battle.

THERE is no doubt that at this time (the beginning of September) owing to the close proximity of the French and English advanced works to the Russian defences, the losses on both sides were terrible. On the side of the French, about 150 were killed or wounded every night, and the English lost at least fifty every twenty-four hours. This could not go on indefinitely. Sickness was also reducing our numbers. The drafts that came out were all very young and untrained soldiers. Many of them recruits who had had no musketry practice or instruction. The Russians, having been so badly beaten at the Tchernaya, the Engineers and Artillery officers of the Allied Armies recommended that a continuous bombardment, with all our guns, should be commenced on September 5 and go on for three days, and that the Malakoff and Redan should then be assaulted. To this Generals Simpson and Pelissier agreed, and at once arrangements were made to carry it into effect, and nothing was left undone to make it decisive. The French were then within twenty-five yards of the salient of the Malakoff and the little Redan. The English, as the result of their smaller numbers and the difficulties of the ground, could not get nearer to the Great Redan than 200 yards. It was

arranged that the bombardment—which was to be of the most terrible description—should be directed upon all the principal points of the Russian defences, so that their reserves could not be collected at any one spot. Then the order of battle was settled. Seeing that it would be impossible to hold the Redan until the Malakoff was captured, General Pelissier was to give a signal—the hoisting of the tricolor on that fortress—as soon as the French were in possession. Then, the firing of four rockets from Chapman's battery was to be the English signal to commence the attack on the Redan.

What, fortunately, turned out to be the final bombardment began at daylight on September 5 (I am writing this on the fifty-fifth aniversary of that day). No sooner had the sun appeared above the horizon, than three fougasses exploded against the counterscarp of the Malakoff, giving the French signal for opening fire. Three columns of smoke and earth ascended, and at the same moment

"a tremendous crash burst from the French lines, and an awful storm of iron tore over the Russian defences, carrying death and ruin with it in every direction. So terrific and tremendously powerful a volley was probably never fired before. The Russians seemed appalled or to have lost heart, for they replied but slowly and feebly. The French Artillery kept up a terrific fire from more than 200 pieces of cannon of large calibre with an astonishing energy and rapidity.

"In a few moments a great veil of smoke spread from the guns over on the left of Sebastopol: but the roar of the shot did not cease; and the cannonade now pealed forth in great irregular bursts,—now died away into hoarse murmurs—again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from end to end of the line like the file fire of infantry. Stone walls went down before the guns at once, but the earthworks seemed to receive shot and shell alike."

During the two and a quarter hours that this furious cannonading from the French batteries went on, the English bombardment continued as usual. The French took a short rest to allow the guns to cool, and then opened another terrible cannonade which knocked over nearly all the Russian guns in the Flagstaff and Garden batteries: this went on for two hours, and was followed by a slackening off, until dark, when both French and English opened fire from all their mortars and heavy guns against the whole line of Russian defences.

"A deafening roaring and frightful succession of crashes filled the air; thick clouds of smoke, revealed to the fascinated beholder by sheets of flame, issued from the cannon as from the mouths of fiery dragons, while the sky seemed torn and illuminated in every direction by the lurid trail of shells as they screamed like furies through the gloom."

A large Russian two-decker, in the dockyard creek, caught fire and was burnt to the water's edge in a very short space of time. She was in flames for about four hours, and finally disappeared. During the whole of the night of the 5th all the batteries kept up a steady fire, to prevent the Russians from repairing their works, and, as soon as daylight appeared, the whole of the batteries again opened a tremendous fire which continued throughout the day. The Russian guns were silent. Towards nightfall all the mortars were brought into action, and their shells again poured into the Malakoff and Redan in showers and with terrible precision. On the night of the 6th the cannonading was somewhat slacker, but it started again at daylight on the 7th with renewed fury. Nearly all the guns of the Malakoff were out of action. The Redan had suffered severely and the *abattis* was broken up and had huge gaps in it.

A number of houses in the town, that had hitherto escaped damage, were knocked to pieces. On the 7th another Russian two-decker was set on fire and completely destroyed. A shell from one of the English mortar batteries blew up a Russian magazine on the right of the Malakoff. The shock was like that of an earthquake and was felt nearly two miles away. The three days of bombardment having now nearly expired every one was preparing for the final assault, full of hope that it would end in a glorious victory.

The opening of the attack was to be the proud lot of the Light Division, shared equally by the Second Division. The Divisional Orders issued to the Light Division on the evening of September 7 were as follows:

1.—The Redan will be assaulted after the French have attacked the Malakoff. The Light and Second Divisions will share this important duty, each finding respectively the half of each party. The 2nd Brigade of the Light Division, with an equal number of the 2nd Division will form the first body of attack, each Division furnishing—first a covering party of 100 men, under a field officer; second, a storming party carrying ladders, of 160 men under a field officer (these men to be selected for this especial duty—they will be the first to storm after they have placed the ladders); third, a storming party of 500 men, with two field officers; fourth, a working party of 100 men with a field officer. The support will consist of the remainder of the brigade, to be immediately in rear.

2.—The covering party will consist of 100 rank and file of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, under the command of Captain Thyers, and will be formed on the extreme left of the fifth parallel, ready to move out steadily in extended order towards the Redan. Their duty will be to cover the advance of the ladder party and keep down the fire from the parapet.

3.—The first storming party of the Light Division will consist of 160 men of the 97th Regiment, under command of Major Welsford.

Entrance into the Malakoff.

Ruin of Tower on the Malakoff.

(Photos by Rev. J. Ll. Thomas, M.A., F.R.G.S.)

This party will carry the ladders and will be the first to storm; they will be formed in the New Boyau, running from the centre of the fifth parallel they will form immediately in rear of the covering party. They must be good men and true to their difficult duty, which is to arrive at the ditch of the Redan, and place ladders down it, to turn twenty ladders for others to come down by.

4.—The next storming party will consist of 200 of the 97th Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. Hancock, and 300 of the 90th Regiment, under the command of Captain Grove. This party will be stationed in the fifth parallel, and will assault in columns of divisions at one place. The Light Division will lead the whole column of attack, which will be formed in divisions of twenty files and so told off.

5.—The support, consisting of 750 men of the 19th and 88th Regiments (with part of a brigade of the Second Division on their left) will be placed as they stand in brigade in the fourth parallel, from whence they will move into the fifth parallel as soon as the assault is made by those in front of them.

6.—The working party of 100 men will be furnished by the 90th Regiment, under command of Captain Perrin, and will be placed in Nos. 2 and 3 Left Boyau; they will afterwards receive their instructions from an officer of the Royal Engineers.

7.—The remainder of the Light and Second Divisions will form a reserve—the Light Division in the Right Boyaus, between the third and fourth parallels, the Second Division in the Left Boyaus, between the third and fourth parallels.

8.—The 1st and Highland Divisions will be formed in that part of the third parallel in communication with the French right attack, and in the middle ravine.

9.—Two days' rations will be drawn and cooked, and issued to the men before 6 a.m. to-morrow.

10.—Ten additional rounds of ammunition will be served out to each man on the private parades of regiments to-morrow morning.

11.—The men will parade with red coats and forage caps: water bottles to be quite full.

12.—The covering party and first storming party will assemble at the usual place of meeting for the trenches at 7 a.m. The next

storming party, the working party, the supports and the reserve will parade, respectively, at the same place, and intervals of half-an-hour.

In the "Records of the 90th Regiment," published in 1880, and written by Captain Delavoye of the 56th Foot (late 90th L.I.) the following appears:

Dr Douglas Reid, one of the Medical Officers present at the assault, describes in a few words, much to the honour of his corps, the hours that passed between the issuing of the orders and the attack:

"The night before the attack was spent by most of us in making those final arrangements of our affairs that are so necessary when there exists an absolute certainty that some must fall, probably many. One of the Captains of the 90th, Preston, who was a thoroughly religious man, seemed to have a presentiment that he would never come out of the attack alive, but his cheerfulness did not in any way desert him, and he employed himself in encouraging and stimulating the younger officers. Two of them had only joined a few days before and did not know what fear and danger were. All three fell the next day.

"The morning of the attack, Saturday, September 8, was cold, windy, and dispiriting, nevertheless our men were in the highest spirits and anxiously longing for their orders to form up on parade and march to the scene of action. Up to this day our average morning sick list was very heavy, so heavy that it took the Medical Officers the whole morning to attend to the cases. On the morning of September 8 there were no sick, that is to say, none of the men would attend at the hospital that day, for fear they might be ordered to remain in camp. One young ensign, on the sick list for some days with dysentery, went to the surgeon and reported himself quite well, and thus on the day of the taking of Sebastopol, the 90th sent in a blank sick report.

"It had been arranged the previous night that all the officers should breakfast together in the Mess-hut, and this arrangement was carried out. There was a kind of solemnity about this gathering but not a trace of anxiety as to the result of the battle that was to follow so soon. One of the most cheerful and hopeful was Herbert Vaughan, whose subsequent sufferings have become a matter of history!"

CHAPTER XIV

The 8th of September.—The French Capture the Malakoff with 36,000 Men Reinforced by 5,000 Sardinians.—Splendid Bravery of our Allies.—The Tricolour Hoisted.—The English Assault the Redan.—Gallant Attack by the Light and Second Divisions.—Heavy Losses.—Attacking Force too Small to Hold Redan.—Abandonment of Sebastopol by the Russians.—Their Retreat to the North Side.

IT must be obvious that it would be quite impossible, even for a newspaper correspondent, to describe all the operations and movements connected with the assault from his own observation. What was visible from one lookout place was invisible from another, and there was no one spot from which all the attacking parties could be seen at once. I was with my regiment and could not go far from it at any time. I saw only what occurred close around me, and very soon all the medical officers had enough to do to attend to the wounded. We knew that the Malakoff was taken, but were in ignorance of what was going on at the Redan except that the fight was a desperate one. As this book would be very incomplete without a brief description of the stirring events of the 8th of September, I make no apology for quoting from the writings of those who made it their business to watch, and afterwards to record them.

Punctually at noon the French poured out of their trenches, crossing the 7 metres intervening between their advanced works and the Malakoff, and, headed by the Zouaves, made a straight rush for the Korniliff bastion, up the slopes of which they swarmed in succeeding battalions, over the parapet and

tearing through the embrasures. In the course of two or three minutes the tricolour was floating over the bastion, waving proudly over the apparently impregnable Malakoff. Considering the general watchfulness of the Russians, it appeared certain that they were taken unawares by this attack, as they had only a few men in the fort when the French entered. In a very short time, however, they awoke to the situation and made determined attempts to recover their lost position. But the French held their ground and repulsed all the Russian attacks. Fierce fighting went on until seven in the evening, when the Russians, worn out and beaten, and seeing no prospect of success, withdrew their men, leaving thousands of dead and wounded behind them. The French attack on the left was a failure. After the defeat at the Malakoff the Russian general prepared to execute the movement he had already arranged, in the event of the Malakoff being taken—viz., the retreat to the North side. The number of French engaged was 36,000, and they were reinforced by 5,000 Sardinians.

As soon as the tricolour was seen, waving over the parapet of the Malakoff, four rockets were sent up from Chapman's battery, one after another. This was the signal for the English assault on the Redan. Instantly the covering party, formed of 100 men of the 3rd Buffs under Captain John Lewes, who greatly distinguished himself, and the same number of men of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade under Captain Hammond, issued from the fifth parallel. They were closely followed by the scaling ladder party of 160 men of the 3rd Buffs under Captain Maude, who showed most conspicuous gallantry throughout the affair, together with 160 men of the 97th Regiment under the

gallant Major Welsford. The Second Division contributed 260 of the 3rd Buffs, 300 of the 41st (Welsh) Regiment, and a working party of the 41st Regiment. The remainder of Wyndham's Brigade, consisting of the 47th and 49th Regiments, were in reserve, together with Warren's Brigade of the same division, of which the 30th and 55th Regiments were called into action and suffered severely. Brigadier Shirley was on board ship, but as soon as he heard the assault was to be made, he joined his brigade, arriving in camp on the morning of the attack.

"As soon as the Light Division rushed out into the open, they were swept by the guns of the Barrack battery, and by several pieces on the right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused considerable loss amongst them before they reached the salient, or apex, of the work they were to assault.

Brigadier Shirley, blinded by the dust knocked into his eyes by a shot, was obliged to retire, and his place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury of the 23rd Regiment, who was next in rank to Colonel Unett, already struck down and carried to the rear. Brigadier Van Stranbenzee received a contusion on the face, and left the field. Colonel Hancock was mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammond fell dead. Major Welsford was getting through an embrasure at the moment a gun was being fired, and his head was blown off. Captain Grove, of the 90th Regiment, was severely wounded. Many officers and men were hit and fell; and of the commanders of parties only Colonel Windham, Captain Fyers, Captain Lewes, and Captain Maude got untouched into the Redan, and escaped scathless from the volleys of grape and balls which swept the flank of the work towards the salient."

The distance to be traversed from the fifth parallel to the Redan was 230 yards, and in this space hundreds of our men

were killed. (The French, in their assault of the Malakoff, had only a few yards to cross.) As our men approached nearer to the Redan the Russian fire was less fatal. The abattis was scarcely an obstacle: it had been knocked to pieces by our cannon; and the men got through it quite easily. On reaching the ditch, which was about 15 feet deep, the ladders were lowered and then turned so that those who descended could scale the parapet. It was said at the time that some of the ladders were too short, but be that as it may, the storming party used them for all they were worth, and scrambled up the rest of the distance to the top of the parapet, and over it into the Redan. A number of ladders were left in the open space, the bearers of them having been shot down. Those of our men who succeeded in reaching the interior of the Redan were met by the musketry fire of the Russians who had been concealed in casements and behind breastworks, and numbers of the men who had escaped up to that time, and who were pushing forward, as they hoped to complete the victory, were killed. Reserve forces of Russians came up in overwhelming numbers and forced our men over the parapet and into the ditch, which was soon filled with dead and dying of all ranks. Our reserves did not come up in time, through some misunderstanding; the battle was over, and we had lost the day. General Simpson was unable to organize another attack then and there, owing to the crowded condition of the trenches, but he made arrangements for a second assault on the following morning with the Highland Division under Sir Colin Campbell, supported by the Third Division under General Eyre. But, before that could take place, the Russians had retreated by their bridge of boats to the

North side. The Malakoff was the key to the position, and the Russian general, knowing that the town must fall, quietly abandoned it. This was, naturally, a disappointment to the English, who undoubtedly would have succeeded in the second attack, though not without a further great loss of life. What chiefly led to the English repulse was the insufficiency of the attacking force. The French took the Malakoff with 40,000 men, and they failed to take the little Redan. They also failed, on the left, to capture the Central Bastion. We were supposed to take the Redan with less than 10,000. We occupied it for a time, but could not hold it with the insignificant body of men who had entered it. Had the supports been sent up at once, we should at the end of the day have been glorying in a victory instead of lamenting a defeat; a defeat, if such it should be designated, that was not the result of any want of courage and dash on the part of the troops engaged, but of faulty generalship and insufficient backing up. The fight that our men made was splendid, it has never been equalled, but the odds were too great against them. The roll of casualties tells the tale more eloquently than words. The struggle lasted one hour and three-quarters, and the slaughter was as great as at Inkerman. The loss of the English was: 29 officers, 36 sergeants, 6 drummers, 314 rank and file, killed; 124 officers, 12 drummers, 142 sergeants, 1,608 rank and file, wounded; 1 officer, 12 sergeants, 168 rank and file, missing. Total killed, 385; wounded, 1,886; missing, 176=2,447. After all, if we did not hold the Redan, our action prevented the Russians from holding Sebastopol, for they all retreated to the North side the same night, leaving 500 wounded in the hospitals. They be-

gan to withdraw about eight o'clock under cover of the darkness, and, to divert attention from the movement, General Gortschakoff ordered a fire of musketry to be kept up from his advanced posts. About eleven several explosions took place in the town. The Russians were blowing up their magazines. Shortly after midnight, our men in the advanced trench noticed an unusual absence of sound in the Redan and some of them crept up into it. The only sounds that met their ears were the painful breathing and moans of the wounded who lay there amongst the dead. There were no living creatures beside the poor shattered soldiers, who lay there so sadly in their dark, mournful, and desolate helplessness. Many a brave fellow breathed out his life there in darkness and alone —a melancholy termination to a life of duty and perhaps of heroism. Such is the chance of war; and the truly brave accept it without useless repinings. It soon became evident that not only the Redan, but the town also was evacuated by the Russians. About two o'clock fires broke out in various parts of Sebastopol, and the flames soon spread to all the principal buildings. Then came terrific explosions, which shook the allied camps and enveloped the doomed city in a burning pall, merging into dense and gigantic clouds of smoke. These were caused by the blowing up of the batteries and magazines. At half-past five in the morning two of the Southern forts were hurled into the air, accompanied by the upward rush of a multitude of shells, which exploded in all directions. The Russians could be discerned passing in dense masses over the bridge of boats which spanned the harbour that divided the North from the South side. The Russian general had acted

with a calmness and wisdom worthy of the prolonged and terrible resistance he had made. He had secured his retreat by placing a burning town between his retreating army and their enemies. He had held Sebastopol as long as he considered it possible to do so, and then abandoned it, sooner than swell the triumph of the Allies by a surrender. Efforts were made to break down the bridge but without effect. On the morning of the 9th all the Russian battalions had passed over to the North side of the harbour, and the frail raft bridge was disconnected and brought over also. Explosions continued, and the town resembled one vast furnace. The Russian men-of-war were all abandoned and sunk during this wild night of war-like horror; one small frigate and two small steamers being all that remained of the Russian Fleet. The very ships that destroyed the Turkish Fleet at Sinope were now lying at the bottom of the sea, eighteen sail of the line and several frigates and steamers: more than fifty in all.

CHAPTER XV

Hospital Work.—Our Losses.—Captain Herbert Vaughan's Death.—Wounded Officers sent Home.—Want of Medical Supplies.—Defective Ambulance Arrangements.—Know-nothing Nurses.—Unhealthy State of the Camp.—A Visit to Sebastopol.—Explosion of a Mine.—Loot.— Regiments move into Sebastopol.

ON the day before the attack the medical officers were busily engaged in clearing the hospital huts of all the sick and wounded who could be moved to the ships or to Scutari, so that room might be provided for wounded after the assault. This proved to be a wise precaution, for out of the 20 officers and 400 men of the 90th who went down to the trenches on the morning of the 8th, no less than 16 officers and 173 men were killed or wounded. The officers killed in the Redan were Captain Preston, Lieutenant Swift and Lieutenant Wilmer. Captain Herbert Vaughan died of his wounds after being brought into camp. The body of Lieutenant Swift was found further in the Redan than any other, quite close to one of the breastworks. Besides being shot, he had been bayonetted in several places. This we discovered when his body was brought in. Captain Vaughan was found alive amongst the dead and dying in one of the wards of the hospital in Sebastopol on the morning of September 10. A bullet had passed through both legs below the knee. One had been bandaged, evidently by a surgeon, the other had not been attended to and was in a very bad state. His clothes had been stripped from him with the exception of his shirt and socks. He had been lying there for at least thirty-six hours, without

food or drink. When discovered he was delirious and muttering in French, under the impression that he was still in the hands of the Russians. He was, as soon as possible, placed on a stretcher and brought up to camp, where we had prepared a hut for him and a comfortable bed with mosquito curtains to keep off the flies that were so troublesome in all the hospitals. He was able to give, in a confused way and in a feeble voice, some account of his treatment after he was wounded. Some Russian officers were kind to him, and gave instructions to have him taken care of. It does not appear that their orders were obeyed, for he complained of the rough treatment he afterwards received from the men who took him to the rear, and though he besought them to give him water they refused, and they robbed him of his clothes. In spite of all our care he sank, on the following day, from blood poisoning and exhaustion, to the deep regret of the whole regiment. I was with him up to a short time before his death, and followed him to the grave the next day. He was buried in the cemetery to the left of the Woronzoff road, by the side of his three comrades, Preston, Swift and Wilmer.

Captain Hope Crealock, of the 90th, took a likeness of him after his death, which, I understood, he intended to send to his relatives. Whether he did so or not I never heard.

During the afternoon of the 8th, and the whole of the night, the medical officers were at the hospital receiving the wounded, who were brought in faster than we could attend to them, and they had to be laid down in rows on the floor to take their turn. For forty-eight hours we had no rest. I dressed and performed minor operations on more than a hun-

dred cases during that time, and was completely fagged out. Of course, succeeding days did not bring much abatement of our work, for although we were able to send some away, others required a good deal of watching and care until they were fit to be sent home. The wounded officers were treated in their tents. Six were severely wounded, Captain Tinling, Captain Wade, Lieutenant Rattray, Lieutenant Percy Deverill, Lieutenant H. H. Goodricke and Lieutenant Sir Charles Pigott, Bart. (shot through the arm). The less seriously wounded were Captain Grove, Captain Perrin, Lieutenants Haydock, Rous, Nunn and Grahame. The six severely wounded ones embarked for England before the end of September, three in the *Oronoco*, and three in the *Robert Lowe*.

Medical men, whether in the Army or in private practice, will appreciate the difficulties we had to contend with in treating these cases in the absence of so much of the necessary equipment and appliances of a hospital. In the first place the wounds were chiefly of a lacerated character, caused by splinters of shell, grape shot and other destructive missiles used by the Russians. Although explosive bullets were unknown in those days, the large round leaden ball fired from a smooth-bore musket at short range made a very ugly wound. The musket in my possession, already referred to, has a bore of ex-exactly three quarters of an inch, which is just double the diameter of the cartridges used in the South African war by the Boers, which are said to make such a very neat wound. The shell wounds were ghastly in appearance, and, owing to the foul air of the camp, which had been on the same ground for eleven months, the absence of antiseptics, the myriads of flies,

the impurity of the water, and the want of skilled nursing, almost invariably became septic. The Hospital orderlies, who were the nurses, were taken from the ranks and were generally men who were no use in the fighting line and who knew nothing of nursing. Our chief endeavour was to get the patients well enough to bear the seven-mile journey to Balaklava. And here again we were handicapped, as the ambulance arrangements were very defective and the roads horrible. But, by degrees, we managed to send them off. Most of them began to recover as soon as they were on board ship. I had reports of some of them in whom I was specially interested, after their arrival at Portsmouth on their way to Netley Hospital. All our wounded officers recovered, but several, with others who were not wounded, were, I regret to say, afterwards killed in the Indian Mutiny. Among these were Colonel Campbell, Captain Perrin, Lieutenant Grahame, Captain Dennison, Ensign Nunn, Lieutenant Moultrie, Lieutenant Bingham and Lieutenant Moyes Preston (brother of Captain Preston who was killed in the Redan).

A sergeant of the 90th, Dobson by name, had his thumb so badly shattered by a bullet that it was necessary to amputate it. He was a man of great courage, which he exhibited by whistling a tune while I was operating on him. There being no chloroform to give him, he just sat on the edge of his bed and held out his hand until it was over. Being unfit for service he was sent home, and, when at Netley Hospital, was one of the men seen by Queen Victoria who had him appointed "Keeper of the Maze" at Hampton Court, where, many years after, I met him and talked with him over old times.

When off duty for an hour or two on September 10, I went into Sebastopol and entered some of the ruined houses. I could not see one that had not been more or less battered by shot and shell. The inmates must have had an awful time. I picked up a large white oval dish and buttoned it inside my tunic, also a Russian book of poems. The provost-marshals, who were stationed at all the approaches with orders to prevent anything from being taken away, did not notice my increase of bulk, so I got them safely through, and have them now. While I was exploring, there was a severe shaking of the ground, and on looking back I saw the whole end of the street in the air. A mine had exploded. I never heard that anyone was hurt; probably not, as there were not many visitors to the town on that day. Having satisfied my curiosity and secured some "loot," I thought it best to return to camp. We were told that all the valuables in Sebastopol would be collected and valued and a share given to each officer and man. I heard afterwards that some of the staff secured many valuable icons—in fact, I saw some in their possession. It is quite certain that nothing ever came to me but what I purchased or helped myself to. The mixed commission of French and English officers valued the machinery and gear found in the town at £45,450. This did not include the 2,000 serviceable guns and the millions of pounds of ammunition in the stores and magazines. I do not know who had the money these things realized, if it ever was realized. The restrictions as to the carrying away of small souvenirs did not apply to the French. They were allowed to take away anything they liked, and I am sure they fully availed themselves of the privilege. I can vouch for it from my own observations.

Russian Trophies and Author's Sword and Medals.

There were fourteen bells found in the Sebastopol churches and public buildings. The great bell was broken up. I have a signet ring made from a piece of it.

In a short time some of our regiments moved into Sebastopol. The 3rd Buffs, the 55th and some of the Rifle Brigade were the first to take up their quarters in the wrecked town, and I should hardly think they found it any improvement on the camp. When, some days after, we were able to get away from hospital duty for a few hours, Nelson, our junior assistant surgeon, and I rode through the trenches, the Quarries and the Redan, and thence into Sebastopol, returning by the cemetery and the left attack. The enormous strength of the Redan made us cease to wonder why our assault failed. The marvel was that anyone got in, and it was a further marvel that anyone came out alive. It was a glorious sight to see the Union Jack flying over it, to keep company with the tricolour on the Malakoff.

CHAPTER XVI

Anniversary of the Alma.—Distribution of Medals.—Another Visit to Sebastopol with Friends.—The Docks.—Firing from the North Side.—Death of a Sister of Charity from Cholera.—Explosion in Sebastopol.—The Story of a Michaelmas Goose.—Rumours.—We Build Ourselves Winter Quarters.—A Visit to Baidar and the Phoros Pass.—A Little Festivity and House-warming.

ON the anniversary of the Battle of the Alma, September 20, there was a presentation of medals to a portion of the Army. The ceremony took place in the morning. Later on there were dinners and festivities, which were kept up till after midnight. Another distribution took place on October 1, when I received mine from the commanding officer. There was a special parade, and we were called up separately to have the medals handed to us. Each medal had the name of the recipient engraved round the edge, and was enclosed in a little cardboard box, with a strip of ribbon to suspend the medal. The clasp for Sebastopol was added afterwards, and the Sultan's medal came when we were back in England.

I made a second expedition into Sebastopol before the end of September, with Captain Leitch and two officers of the *Europa* (transport), who were anxious to see the ruined city. After going over the Redan, Malakoff, Mamelon, Dockyard, and Arsenals, we rode up some stone steps into one of the large barracks. Tying our ponies to the rails of the staircase we sat down on an old Russian bedstead and had a good lunch, supplied by the *Europa's* purser, consisting of cold fowl, tongue and champagne. No knives and forks were provided, so we

had to manage with our fingers and teeth ! Our only drinking vessel was a broken tumbler, which was passed round in turn, but the champagne was excellent, and we all appreciated it. We paid a visit to the Docks, magnificent works of grey and red granite, and watched the Engineers engaged in sinking shafts preparatory to blowing them up. In consequence of the enormous strength and weight of these structures the shafts had to be of great size and depth—the latter were 30 feet deep —and the explosions were regulated in such a way as to cause the dislodged masses of stone to fall into the dock and thus render any subsequent reconstruction more difficult and costly. While this was going on the Russians were firing from the North side, many of their shells falling into the docks. It seemed a pity to destroy these splendid works, but "necessity has no law," and they and the forts were doomed to destruction.

The Russians, having mounted their guns on the North side, were constantly firing shot and shell into the town, and it was by no means a safe place for regiments to be quartered in. They seemed to take a delight in blazing away at their own forts, especially Fort Nicholas and Fort Alexander. They had blown up Fort Paul, and the others were subsequently blown up by our armies, Fort Nicholas by the French and Fort Alexander by the English. I had the good fortune to witness the destruction of Fort Paul and Fort Nicholas. The latter was a grand sight. The amount of powder used was 100,000 pounds (French). In the panoramic view of Sebastopol these two forts are shown at the entrance to the Southern Harbour, Fort Paul in ruins, and Fort Nicholas practically

intact. The photograph was taken from the ruins of the Redan, a few days after the abandonment of the town.

Russell writes:—

"A more curious spectacle was assuredly nowhere to be found than the space comprised between where our batteries once stood and the harbour of Sebastopol. The ground in parts was literally paved with shot sunk in the earth; there were ditches and trenches in which they lay as thick as apples in a basket. They might be seen of every size, from the huge 68-pounder down to the diminutive grape—jolly little fellows of a pleasant vinous appellation, but very nasty to run against as they were passing through the air. As to the fragments of shell, the roads might have been macadamised with them—jagged, rusty bits of iron, infinitely various in size and form; one thought as one looked at them how many a stout and gallant fellow received his quietus from those jagged splints before they fell to the ground after their diverging upward flight.

Then one came upon ill-treated cannon, some trunnion-less, others with muzzles knocked off, some burst into two or three pieces, and others bearing indentations as from the hammer of a cyclop. You walked up into the Redan—into the Malakoff, if the French sentries did not object—and you marvelled at the huge dimensions of those famous works, and felt surprised rather at their ever becoming ours than at their having so long resisted the utmost efforts of English and French. They were, indeed, a medley of enormous earthworks, huge lumps of stone, heaps upon heaps of shot, and broken shell and damaged guns, everything ragged and battered—a work of giants reduced to chaos. And then, the gloomy, fetid bomb-proofs, in which for so long a time the stubborn Russians lurked—vile, worse than most dungeons. A minutely accurate drawing of as much of the Malakoff or the Redan as an artist could embrace at a view, would give a better idea of the nature of the difficulties which the besiegers had to surmount, than any attempted sketch of the fight. The state of the town itself was the best proof of the enormous loss the Russians must have suffered during this long and eventful siege, and especially

NORTH SIDE

The Allied Fleets Fort Constantine North Fort Fort Michael Fort Gortchakoff Belbeck

The White Buildings and White Wall around Dockyard Cathedral Fort Nicholas Southern Harbour Dockyard Ruins of Fort Paul Sunken Ships Katchelnaia Suburb Gardens Aqueduct

SEBASTOPOL : FROM THE REDAN

towards the close, when no part of the South side escaped our projectiles. The place was literally riddled with shot. One came upon all kinds of fantastical shattering; houses still standing which, according to all one's previous notions of support and balance, ought to fall to the ground; walls with huge holes through them; roofs in rags; and everywhere, within and without the place, the ground was ploughed up into great holes by the bursting of shells."

One of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, Sister Winifred, died of cholera, and was buried in a grave dug on the hill behind the General Hospital at Balaklava. She was followed to her last resting-place by the surviving sisters, also by a few officers and a considerable number of soldiers and inmates of the hospital.

There was a serious explosion on September 27 in Sebastopol, caused by the ignition of a fougasse, resulting in the wounding of an officer and nineteen men. The magazine in which this "infernal machine" was discovered was blown up. On the 30th another accident occurred that might have caused a serious loss of life. A shell from the North side of the harbour burst close to the Imperial Barracks, which had escaped the general conflagration. A man went from curiosity to look at the hole it had made. He then sauntered into the barracks with his pipe in his mouth and dropped some sparks from it on to some loose powder. This of course exploded, injuring him seriously and also the sentry who stood outside. The floor was covered with cartridges, as well as loose powder, and these exploded and ignited a quantity of combustible material. Very shortly the flames reached the magazine, which finally exploded and blew out the roof and walls of the building, and nothing remained of the Imperial Barracks of Sebastopol but a

heap of charred and blackened stones. The two men were dreadfully burned, but it does not appear that anyone else was injured.

The Feast of St Michael and All Angels brought us a keen disappointment—I mean the Doctors' mess. Early in the month of September a goose had been procured, either by sale or barter, of which the whole medical staff took the greatest care, feeding him regularly and watching him putting on flesh day by day. We anticipated a great banquet on the 29th. It was on the eve of the festive day that the members of the mess were horrified to find that the goose had disappeared. A hue and cry was raised in the camp. The sentry on duty was interrogated as to whether he could account for its disappearance; also whether he had observed any stranger passing through the camp. He stated that he had seen a Zouave moving about in the vicinity of the mess-house, and, on being further questioned as to whether he had observed anything peculiar in his appearance, said that he remarked that the Zouave was "heavy astern." So it was concluded that the bird had been secreted in the Zouave's continuations, which were of a nature to accommodate such a theft.

After the fall of Sebastopol there was much speculation as to what the next move would be. There were all sorts of rumours—that we were to take the field and attack the Russians in the open if they would meet us—that we were to take them in the rear on the north side, and so on. But the enemy seemed to have established themselves in their batteries and erected more, and they kept up a running fire on the surrendered town. As everything pointed to a continued occu-

pation of the ground upon which we had been encamped for eleven months, we thought we had better try to make ourselves comfortable for the winter. In the early days of October, therefore, we (doctors) began to build houses for ourselves. There was ample material to be obtained in the ruined town, but there was some difficulty in bringing it up to camp. By good luck we procured a two-wheel hand-cart, and brought up timber, bricks, window-frames, doors, sheet-iron, nails, and all sorts of useful things. Workmen were impossible to get, the troops were fully occupied with drills and their other duties, so we set to work ourselves, and no one worked better than Dr Anderson, who, literally, took off his coat to it. We found plenty of stones in the ravines quite near at hand. Of course, we all helped—there were four of us—though, I am bound to confess, our senior was the most energetic, and the most capable. He seemed to be acquainted with every branch of the trade! Lime could be obtained without difficulty. The house contained two rooms, or rather one room about 12 feet square with a partition, the larger part being our mess-room and the smaller Dr Anderson's bedroom, 8 feet by 4. In the mess-room was a good-sized window, and in the bedroom a very small one. The roof was of sheet-iron from one of the large buildings in Sebastopol. In order to shut out the storms that were so prevalent on the high plateau, we constructed a porch of sheet-iron nailed on to a wooden frame, which proved a great comfort, although from an architectural point of view anything but an ornament. The floor was well laid with proper flooring boards. The roof was provided with water shoots, by means of which we secured a

supply of soft water and at the same time prevented the floor from getting wet. We also built a cook-house, in which the cook, an old soldier, slept.

Between the two buildings there was a space, enclosed by railings made of the staves of barrels, in which we intended (and afterwards carried out our intention) to keep poultry and any other live stock that could be procured. Our water supply was bad. The reservoir in the Woronzoff ravine was used for a variety of purposes, washing clothes and bathing being two of them. As filters were not supplied to us, we managed to make one out of a block of oolite, a porous stone found in the vicinity of the camp. By hollowing it out and mounting it on a wooden stand with a tub underneath, the water came out clear if not pure. An idea of the appearance of the buildings I have attempted to describe will be better obtained from the two sketches here reproduced.

We found afterwards that a great many of our friends had started to build habitations for themselves which they failed to complete, either from want of knowledge of the art or want of assistance in carrying out the work. Labour, as I have already said, was the one thing wanting.

When we had sent off our wounded men to England, our hospital work was so much diminished that we had some spare time for making excursions into the country. My previous visit to Baidar was so pleasant that I determined to go there again. This time I went to call on a friend in a cavalry regiment stationed there, and dined with him and some others in a hut made of boughs of trees. There were five of us and we had a very enjoyable time. We rode on to the Phoros

The Doctors' Quarters, built by themselves in October, 1855.
Front (upper) and Back (lower) Views.
(From a sketch by the Author.)

pass, about ten miles farther, on the sea coast and not far from the Cossack pickets. It was rather a bad road, but the country was beautiful; well wooded and swarming with all sorts of singing birds, thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales and many birds of prey, hawks, falcons, etc. On the summit of the pass is a stone arch, which we found guarded by French soldiers. From this point there is a magnificent view of the Valley of Baidar, the rocky cliffs and the dark blue waters of the Black Sea. We returned to Baidar, and as it was then rather late, my friend gave me a shake-down for the night in his tent, for which I was very grateful, finding it far preferable to a ride of another twenty miles in the dark. What is a shake-down? Well! sometimes it means an extra bed that the host is not using. On this occasion, as on many others in one's Crimean experience, it consisted of two boards raised on two boxes, two hospital counterpanes for a mattress, a bag of straw for a pillow and a blanket and coats and cloaks for bedclothes.

We had a great festivity on October 13. It was the anniversary of Dr Anderson's wedding and of my joining the army. It was also the first day we occupied our new quarters, so we gave a house-warming dinner and ransacked Balaklava for viands worthy of the occasion. We succeeded very well. As we were a party of ten, it was rather a squeeze, and the cubic space per man was far below what we sanitarians of the present day would consider sufficient; but we were very jolly all the same, and nothing occurred to disturb the hilarity of our meeting.

There was no formality: and no waiters. We waited on ourselves and on each other. The seats were tight against the wall, and there was only just room for the table in the middle.

The menu was as follows:

Soup.
Fresh Salmon.
Fore-quarter of Mutton (baked).
Leg of Mutton.
Pair of Fowls.
Half a Ham.
Cabbage and Potatoes.
Custard Pudding.
Plum Tart.
Melons, Apples, Walnuts.
Champagne, Sherry, Brandy.

After this splendid repast we played cards and sang songs until a late hour. By that time the air was mephitic.

CHAPTER XVII

I Build a Sleeping Hut.—Preparing for Winter.—Our Farmyard.—A Greedy Doctor.—General Simpson Resigns the Command of the Army.—Sir William Codrington Succeeds Him.—General Barnard Appointed to Command the Light Division.—Retrospect.—Press Opinion on Sir W. Codrington.

ON October 15 there was a smart fight near the Belbek River between the advanced posts of the French and Russians, and on the same day we saw a large building on fire on the North side—set on fire probably by one of our shells.

Seeing the comfort of having once more a roof over one's head, I set to work to build a sleeping hut for myself, though it would have to be without stone walls. It might be correctly described as a hole in the ground with a roof over it. I dug out a square pit, about 4 feet deep and 8 feet square; over this I raised a roof on the plan of the mess house, only with rather more pitch. This was covered with sheet iron. I had to make a deep gutter on each side to carry off the rain. There was a door at one end and two windows at the other and steps down into the "hole," also roofed over. I had a small stove, the pipe of which can be seen in the illustration, with a bend at the top. All the material, of course, came from Sebastopol. It occupied a considerable time to build, but it was worth the trouble, as it was very warm and comfortable when finished. Just as it was complete an Order came out from Head Quarters, forbidding the removal of any material from the town, as Sebastopol was to be made habitable for the troops for the winter. As nearly

everything that was of any service had been already removed, the Order was somewhat late and useless. But, it showed us, what we were all anxious to know and what we all expected, that we were to spend another winter in the Crimea, and that there was no hope of peace for some time to come.

Having housed ourselves we decided to have our own supply of newspapers and periodicals, and, accordingly, ordered the following to be sent out regularly:—*The Sun* (2nd edition), the *Illustrated London News*, *Punch*, *The Medical Times*, and *Household Words*. Of these, the *Sun* very seldom reached us. Out of the 78 copies that we ought to have received in the first quarter only three came to hand. As all the other copies were filched in transit we did not go on subscribing. We were now stocking our "farm yard," and had, in the enclosure already referred to, 8 geese, 5 turkeys, 4 ducks, 12 fowls, and a pig. And the goat still giving milk. We added to it as opportunity occurred, and subtracted from it as necessity arose. As regards the milk supply, Assistant-Surgeon Barry very much annoyed Dr. Anderson on one occasion by drinking the whole of the produce of the day!

Rightly or wrongly there was a strong feeling in England that our want of success on September 8 was due to the incompetence of Sir James Simpson as a Commander-in-Chief, and the people and the Press demanded his recall. In the Crimea, although the Army greatly respected him, they did not consider him a man strong enough for the position—that is to say, he was wanting in firmness and decision, and possessed no military genius; he was too much dominated by General Pelissier. Accordingly, a little fiction was put forth to the

effect that, in consequence of weak health and infirmity, he wished the Government to allow him to resign. On October 22 he was "relieved" of his command. Every one understood the reason why, although in the Crimea, at any rate, not much was said. He embarked for England on November 12, and arrived in London on the 25th. Shortly before leaving the Crimea he issued the following address—his farewell to the Army,—

General Sir James Simpson announces to the Army that the Queen has been graciously pleased to permit him to resign the command of the Army, and to appoint General Sir William Codrington, K.C.B., to be his successor. On resigning his command, the General desires to express to the troops the high sense he entertains of the admirable conduct of the officers and men of this Army during the time he has had the honour to serve with them. In taking leave of them he tenders his best thanks to all ranks, and offers his earnest wishes for their success and honour in all the future operations of this noble Army.

General Sir William Codrington will be pleased to assume the command to-morrow, the 11th instant.

By order,

H. W. Barnard, Chief of the Staff.

On assuming the command Sir William Codrington announced it to the troops in the following Order of the Day:

Head Quarters, Sebastopol,
November 12th.

I have assumed the command of the Army, in obedience to Her Majesty's orders. It is with a feeling of pride, and with a feeling of confidence in the support which I know will be heartily given to any officer honoured with such a commission.

The armies of France and Sardinia are united with us on this ground. We know their gallantry well, for we have seen it. We know their

friendship, for we have profited by it: we have shared difficulties, danger, and successes---the groundwork of mutual esteem; and all will feel it our pleasure, as well as our duty, to carry on that kindly intercourse which is due to the intimate alliance of the nations themselves. Our army will always preserve its high character in the field. The sobriety, the good conduct, and the discipline which it is our duty to maintain, are the best sureties of future success; and I trust to the efforts and assistance of all ranks in thus keeping the Army to be an instrument of honour, of power, and of credit to England.

W. J. Codrington,
General Commander of the Forces.

General Codrington was a great favourite in the Light Division, which he had commanded for some time. To celebrate his promotion to the highest command, a grand dinner was given to him by the 90th Mess on October 26. Either from want of space in the mess hut, or from forgetfulness on the part of the higher powers, or some other reason, the junior medical officers did not receive invitations. Dr Anderson alone represented the Medical Staff.

General Barnard succeeded to the command of the Light Division. Although not possessed of military knowledge, I was able to put together the opinions and comments of those who had that advantage, and who freely criticised the action of their superiors. We had budding generals in our midst, but they did not then get their chance. They might have done better than those who were placed over them; they certainly would have had more dash; but in the exceedingly difficult position in which the Army was placed, before fortresses practically impregnable, with insufficient men to capture them, more dash would have meant more slaughter, with the same result in

the end. The elevation of Sir William Codrington to the supreme command did not meet with universal approval. It was said that on September 8 he should not have assaulted the Redan with such an inadequate force. It was compared to "a fireman attempting to extinguish a fierce and wide-spreading conflagration with a garden syringe." It is quite possible—in fact a certainty—that if the red-tape could have been slackened, and volunteers called for to take the Redan, instead of telling off the precise number from each regiment, and specifying the officers to lead them, and the special duty of each detachment, a sufficient number of the very best and bravest officers and men would have come forward to swarm up the three sides of the Redan, drive the Russians out and keep them out. But this would not have been war, as it was then understood, it would only have been common sense.

Returning, after this digression, to Sir William Codrington, here is Russell's estimate of him:—

"Possessed of a strong constitution, a spare and vigorous frame, quiet in manner, energetic in action, vigilant and painstaking, Sir William Codrington acquired a high reputation throughout the war, and was often spoken of as the coming man—the General, who was at last to arise out of the débris of old-fogyism, red-tapery, staffery, horse guardism, etc., of the British Army, but the Redan dammed the current which had set in so long and so quietly in his favour, because it was supposed that he did not exhibit all the qualities that were attributed to him in an eminent degree by the Army, and produced all the back-water eddies and whirlpools usually formed on such occasions. Sir William Codrington was probably struggling with the eternal conviction that the attack was hopeless, and felt some hesitation in sacrificing more soldiers when he saw the failure of our assault and the confusion of the regiments swarming on the face of the Salient as unsteadily and confusedly

as a hive of bees: and it is possible that in that anxious moment he did not display that extreme coolness, internal resource, self-possession and energy which every one had, with good reason—founded on his conduct at Alma and Inkerman, and during the Winter campaign in the trenches—generally attributed to him. The revulsion of popular feeling, either in a nation or an army, is often unjust in proportion to its violence, and there were very many indeed who thought it would be only fair to give Codrington another chance. Now he has happily got it, and it is believed that he will use it nobly."

As is well known, another chance did not arise.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Catastrophe and a Coincidence.—Great Loss of Life.—Applications for Leave Refused.—Captain O'Gorman.—"Ursa Major."—Anecdote.—A Heavy Storm.—Training the Young Soldiers.—Extreme Cold.—Frostbites.—Ink Frozen Solid.

A TERRIBLE catastrophe and a strange coincidence must now be recorded. On November 14, 1854, one of the worst hurricanes ever known swept over the Black Sea and the Crimea, doing incalculable damage to shipping and to our Armies on shore.

On November 14, 1855, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a terrific explosion, causing havoc, death and destruction in the allied camps, celebrated the anniversary of the great storm. The catastrophe occurred in the Light Division camp, near the right siege train. While attempting to give my own description of it, I met with an account, couched in more graphic language than I can aspire to, by Mr Russell, of the *Times*, which will, I doubt not, be more interesting than my own. Its accuracy I can vouch for. He says: "Suddenly, up from the very centre of our camp, so that every ear should hear, and every eye should see, rushes with such a crash as may forewarn the world of its doom, and with such a burst of flame and smoke as may never yet have been seen by man, except in the throes of some primeval eruption, a ghastly pillar of sulphurous vapour. It spreads as it rises, bearing aloft, for hundreds of yards, men, horses, fragments of limbs, rocks, shells and cannon shot, and there it extends its folds in writh-

ing involutions, as though it were tortured by the fire within, raining them down over the astonished soldiery below. For a moment the boldest lost heart and the bravest 'held his breath.' There was no safety in flight—the wings of the wind could not have left that dreadful shower of iron behind: and, as one of the most cool and collected soldiers in the army said to me: 'I had only presence of mind to throw myself on the ground and ask for the forgiveness of God, and I received His mercy.' . . . The quantity of Russian powder that went up was about 1,700 barrels, and there were about 800 barrels of French powder exploded in the three magazines. Each barrel contained about 100 lbs of gunpowder, so that the total quantity which furnished the elements of this prodigious combustion cannot have been less than 250,000 lbs. But, in addition to that enormous mass of powder, there were vast mounds of shell, carcasses, rockets and small-arm ammunition, contributing to the intensity and violence of the fiery blast. The earth shook. The strongest houses rocked to and fro. Men fell as if the very ground upon which they stood was convulsed by an earthquake. The impression of these few moments can never be eradicated. . . . As to its cause we know nothing."

The casualties in the Light Division were 10 killed and 69 wounded. Every regiment suffered losses except the 97th. The right siege train lost about 20 killed. The exact number could not be determined, as many of the poor fellows were blown to pieces. These had to be returned as "missing." A great number were wounded. The force of the explosion may be gathered from the fact that fragments of shell were thrown

nearly four miles. One splinter killed a horse at Kadikoi, and another struck Mrs Seacole's store at the same place. Although so near the scene of the disaster, the 90th escaped very well. Only three men were injured. The 97th were still nearer and had no casualties. The force of the explosion threw the rain of missiles over their heads to drop on less fortunate regiments. In Balaklava harbour the ships rolled against each other and the houses shook to their foundations, and at Baidar, twenty miles distant, the noise pealed like thunder. The French had 6 officers and 65 men killed, and 170 men wounded, chiefly artillerymen. Again, to quote Russell: "The destruction in money value of articles appertaining to the siege-train was very great. But when we come to men—to those gallant men who had survived the battles and the dangers of the campaign—our loss was irreparable. What value could be placed on those noble artillerymen of the siege-train who, with little praise or encouragement, stood by their guns in so many bombardments, and who had acquired skill, practice and hardihood in the greatest siege the world ever saw?"

Many of the senior officers, about this time, applied for leave to return to England on "urgent private affairs." Those who came out at the beginning of the siege considered themselves entitled to this indulgence, but the authorities thought differently, and their applications were refused. The juniors knew they had no chance, and very few of them took the trouble to apply. Personally, although I should have been glad to escape another bitter winter, I devoted my time and attention, and a not inconsiderable outlay of money, to making my hut weatherproof and comfortable. I also built a stable

for the ponies and handed over my tent to my servant, who pitched it over his own, which made it very much warmer and practically watertight. One of our officers, Captain Purcell O'Gorman, retired from the army on November 30. He was one of those who came out with the 90th in December, 1854. The privations of the Crimea did not suit him, and he was not a keen soldier, but he was a very jolly and amusing companion, and we missed him exceedingly when he left us. On his return to his native country he became the Nationalist Member for Waterford. From his bulk and gruff manner he acquired the nickname of "Ursa Major." I don't know how he gained the rank of major. He left the 90th as a captain. Although the following story is not a recollection of my own, I think I may relate it as it was given to me: "When the 90th Light Infantry landed in the Crimea in 1854 the regimental officers brought out casks of provisions, one for each company. Captain O'Gorman and a Lieutenant in his company occupied a tent next to that of another subaltern and Assistant-Surgeon Jackson. There being no means of cooking the salt beef and pork served out to us, our tent was reduced to biscuits and rum, the latter being of excellent quality. The state of things was aggravated by the savoury smell of ham rashers emitted from the Captain's tent. Lieutenant Grahame, a gallant young officer, afterwards killed in the Alum-Bagh, in the Indian Mutiny, was requested to supplicate O'Gorman for a share of his provisions. But, when Grahame submitted his request, he met with a refusal, and a gruff voice was heard from the tent, 'How the devil can I divide a cheese into three halves?' So we avenged ourselves

by a dialogue outside the Captain's tent in the early morning, to the effect that Mentschikoff was to attack the camp from the middle ravine next day with 20,000 men; and we were ordered by the Captain to 'Begone, if you have no better news!' Soon after, O'Gorman was transferred to Balaklava and the P.M.O. of the Light Division, Surgeon-General Alexander, who was afterwards Director General, told me that, on account of O'Gorman's weight, and the means of transport being a mule and cacolet, it was necessary to put two Frenchmen on the opposite seat, and that there was a rumour that the mule split open at the Col de Balaklava."

The period between the great explosion and Christmas was uneventful as regards fighting. Shots were continually being exchanged between Sebastopol and the North side, but very little damage was done. On December 12 there was a fearful storm of wind, rain and hail, after which came snow and a hard frost. On the 13th the thermometer fell to 20°. Winter had set in with a vengeance. At this time musketry instruction and target practice were going on daily in the ravines. It was hard on the men, but so many of them were young soldiers, who had come out when the trench work was over, and who hardly knew how to handle a rifle, that the instruction was necessary: moreover, it kept them occupied and prevented them from frequenting the drinking dens in the sutlers' camps. But the cold was so intense that our men could with difficulty load their rifles or pull the trigger. One day an officer and fourteen men came in frostbitten. The officer was Lieutenant Grahame, who came out with the regiment

in 1854, and had never had a day's sickness. He was frost-bitten in both ears. We rubbed them well with snow and oil, and managed to restore the circulation, but one ear was bad for a long time. The men were chiefly nipped in the fingers, ears and toes. They were supplied with woollen gloves, but when firing they generally took them off, and then the frost caught them. In some cases the fingers and toes came off leaving the bones exposed. This happened to one of my greatest friends, Assistant-Surgeon Noott of the 50th Regiment. He lost some of his toes in this way, and was awarded a pension of £70 a year by way of compensation. He had previously applied for an ensigncy, being dissatisfied with the way the medical officers were treated. His application was refused, much to his disappointment. The musketry practice was always attended by a medical officer, and very trying work it was. One dared not stand still, and to keep up a quick march for hours, although it kept the blood circulating, was rather exhausting. On one occasion, in spite of a seal-skin helmet with ear-flaps, my ears were in the first state of frost-bite, and would very soon have reached the next stage, if I had not rubbed them violently with snow.

It will give you an idea of the severity of the climate at this period, when I state that on sitting down in my hut to write a letter I found the ink a solid block of ice, and I had to put the ink-pot on the stove to melt it before I could write my letter. And this was in a stone hut with a good fire in it. My morning "tub" was half a wine cask—water was put into it overnight, and in the morning there was half an inch of ice on it, which I had to break up with my sword before I could "enjoy" my bath!

CHAPTER XIX

Christmas Day.—A Grand Dinner.—A Liquid Plum Pudding.—The New Year.—Another Banquet.—A Solid Plum Pudding.—Heavy Snow Storms.—Our Billiard Table.—A Recreation Room.—Little Kamiesch.—A Shocking Accident.—Aspect of the Camp.

CHRISTMAS DAY! Home-like expressions were flying about the camp from early morn—such as "A Merry Christmas to you," "The Compliments of the Season" and so on. Every one was in good spirits and the weather was bright and sunny, but very cold. I had received an intimation that the *Oronoco* had arrived at Balaklava on the evening before, and as I knew there were parcels on board for me, I started early on Christmas morning on one pony, my servant with the other, bearing a pack-saddle, to bring up whatever I might have the good fortune to find at the parcel office. Sure enough there was a box for me and another for my friend Noott, only landed the night before. We brought them both up to camp and I sent Noott's over to him in the afternoon. My box contained a splendid plum pudding, not at all the worse for the journey, but it was only "on show" that day, as we were all to dine together at the Regimental Mess—twenty-two of us—and a pudding had already been provided for that festive banquet. I afterwards heard from Noott that his pudding was not a success. A thick layer of the outside was mouldy and had to be scraped off. By the time that operation was over a very small portion was eatable and that had not a very good flavour. Our Mess dinner went off very well. We abandoned

the "simple life" for the occasion as the accompanying menu will show:

Soups: Hare and gravy.
Fish: Whiting and Mullet.
Entrees: Five or six—names unknown.
Joints: Roast beef, Boiled leg of mutton, Roast leg of pork (from the Medical Officers' pig).
Poultry: Goose, Turkey.
Game: Hare.
Pastry: Plum Pudding, Plum Tart, Rice Pudding, Jam Tarts, Cakes.
Wines, etc: Champagne, Port, Sherry, Brandy, Whisky, Rum, Gin, Ale, Porter.

The plum pudding was squashy and greasy and had to be served with a spoon. I believe it was discovered, on examination by experts, that the flour had been forgotten. In spite of this disappointment, however, we spent a very festive evening.

Arrangements were made by the Officers to give the men as good a time as possible. The Sardinians, like ourselves, kept the day as one of joy, good fellowship and festivity. The French occupied themselves in completing their winter quarters and went on much as usual. Most of them looked as if they would have enjoyed a good square meal. Their clothes were in a bad state and they evidently suffered very much from the cold, which was intense at this time.

On New Year's Day we had a very jovial dinner party in our hut. The plum pudding per *Oronoco* proved to be everything that could be desired, except that it was not large enough. Noott, the recipient of the mouldy pudding, was one of our

guests, and was filled with envy when he saw it! Heavy snow fell for days, and our tents and huts were half buried in it. It was very difficult to get about the camp, and not safe to go far away from it, as all the tracks were covered with snow. The Russian guns were very silent—an occasional boom, however, reminded us that the enemy had not altogether forgotten us.

The principal event in the 90th camp in the early part of the New Year was the arrival and the fixing up, in a hut erected for the purpose, of a billiard table subscribed for by the regiment. This proved an everlasting source of amusement, not only to our own regiment, but to the numerous visitors from other camps who came to pass away their spare time with us. The table was sent out by Burroughs & Watts, and cost £150. When we left the Crimea it was sold for £80, which was a fairly good price, seeing that we should have been compelled to leave it behind in any case, and we certainly had £70 worth of enjoyment out of it.

After our festivities of Christmas and the New Year our larder was rather empty and we had again to depend upon the rations that were issued. The meat was terribly tough and required much boiling or stewing to make it eatable. But we soon replenished our stock from Balaklava and our rations were then used for soup, the only thing they were good for.

The Chaplain of the Light Division was enterprising enough to build a large hut, capable of accommodating 200 people, which was used as a Church, a Recreation and Reading-room and a library. He managed to get together a good supply of books, which were much appreciated. Another form of amusement was provided at "Little Kamiesch"—the French

Bazaar in rear of our camp—but this did not receive encouragement or approval from his Reverence. It took the form of "Balls" or dances in a large wooden building attached to a Restaurant. The men danced with each other, as there were no ladies, except the cantinières, who were, most of them, very fat!

On January 14 a shocking accident occurred to a working party who were road-making. An officer of the 46th named Messenger, with some sappers, were blasting a rock. The charge did not go off and the officer, a corporal and a private went up to see the reason. As soon as the fuse was touched, the charge exploded, and all three were killed.

Here is a description of the English camp at the beginning of 1856 from another pen:

"The snow lies several inches deep on the plateau. On the white surface the irregular collection of huts have something the appearance of groups of farm-buildings, while the more distant tents, dingy in comparison with the dazzling whiteness of the ground, might be taken for heaps of hay or manure. On all sides at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, our horizon is limited by a haze of a few shades grayer than the snow, and semi-transparent, so that figures are dimly seen walking within it. The wind howls drearily round the huts, but the snow lends light to the foreground, and the temperature is milder than it has been for the last few days—far milder than it was on the 2nd, a piercing day of frost, wind and sleet. Fatigue parties, in their short fur-lined coats, their heads protected by those black seal-skin caps (the shape of which reminds one of pictures of Russian travelling) bring up firewood on their shoulders to the different commissariat stores and a considerable amount of snowballing goes on among them in the intervals of their toil. Here and there carts move slowly through the deep snow, in which Tartar dogs disport themselves, apparently quite in their element. The winter piece is complete, and not unpic-

turesque. But it suggests a wish that the whole, instead of a part only, of our army, had more substantial shelter than tents against the sharp wind, the drifting snow, the bitter cold that will attend a return of frost, and the chilly floods which a thaw must inevitably bring. Well provided in most essential respects the soldiers certainly are—well clothed and well fed; but it seems strange that by this time they should not all have been hutted. Huts are getting up, however, with great rapidity; along the road to Balaklava one daily meets thousands of men, bringing up planks on their shoulders; and it is to be hoped that before the heavy rains set in there will be few under canvas. The amount of labour that has been expended on this British Camp in the Crimea is enormous. It would have built a city of no mean aspect in some more favoured situation, where materials were less difficult to obtain, and easier of transport. It *has* built a town, a scattered and irregular one, spread over a large surface, in many groups. Besides the numerous wooden buildings, there are not a few of stone, small but snug and well-built edifices, quite able to resist even Crimean rains and winds, and fitted, many of them, with fire grates from Sebastopol . . . Some of the stables too are wonderfully perfect and well contrived, and must have cost an immensity of labour."

The huts referred to in the above letter were, unfortunately, not weather proof. No felt was supplied to roof them with, and many—in fact most—of them leaked badly. The stone buildings are correctly described and the Doctor's quarters were a good sample. The sheet iron roof defied storms, rain and snow.

I ought to mention that the long yellow boots served out to us in the early spring were very much appreciated and it was a pity the distribution was not made earlier in the year. They reached to the knees and were, for a time at any rate, impervious to wet. Their only fault was that they seemed all of one size, and that a large one. Those who were blessed

with big feet were fitted at once and went on their way rejoicing, but some of us were less fortunate, and we found, when we attempted to walk through the sticky mud, that it was difficult to avoid leaving the boots behind us. However, I discovered that by wearing, over one's woollen socks, a pair of Turkish horse-hair slippers, which were about half an inch thick, the vacant space was just filled up, and the friction of the horse-hair kept the feet warm.

CHAPTER XX

Destruction of the Docks.—Of Fort Nicholas.—Of Fort Alexander.—Of the White Buildings.—The 4th Division "Theatre Royal."—The Playbill.—A Double Mistake.—General Absence of Crime.—A Notable Exception—An Execution.—A Shooting Competition.—Grand Review of the English Army.—An Angry General.

I HAVE alluded to the preparations that were being made to blow up the Docks in Sebastopol. The explosions began on December 22, when the French destroyed the first of the five. On the last day of the year the French and English continued the work of destruction, the English having undertaken to blow up a portion of their half of the docks, and the French to destroy the east docks, the entrance pier of the west dock, and their half of the left side of the basin which joined the English portion of the works. At about one o'clock the signal was given for the French and English Engineers, forty-three in number, to light the fuses. In a few minutes the earth shook, then there was a rumbling and finally the explosion. Huge stones were thrown up perpendicularly in the air to a great height. Some of the charges did not go off, but the east dock was completely destroyed and half the side wall of the basin. The remaining charges were afterwards fired and the whole of the great works were in ruins. To blow up the East Dock the quantity of powder used was 10,000lbs. and the twelve side charges each contained 500lbs. The Russians opened fire immediately after the explosions had ceased, but their shots did very little harm. The foundation of the English Dock was afterwards blown up with ten charges of powder each containing 162lbs.

As a spectacle the blowing up of Fort Nicholas was much more imposing than the destruction of the Docks. This great event took place at one o'clock on February 4, and was witnessed by numerous spectators, naval, military, civilian, French, English, Sardinian, Turkish and of many other nationalities, who had assembled on the Picket House Hill and other elevated portions to see the wonderful sight.

Next to Fort Constantine, Fort Nicholas was the largest and most important fortress in the Black Sea. It was originally armed with 192 guns in three tiers, and it occupied nearly the whole promontory of land between the south harbour and Artillery Bay and commanded the entrance to the roadstead on the south side, as Fort Constantine did on the north. The general form was that of a horseshoe, the east end being the most curved. Being immensely strong and a great distance from our guns, it was very little damaged, and was used during the siege as a refuge for the women and children. Afterwards it was also used by the Russian Generals as a residence. (Fort Nicholas is very plainly shown in the illustration of "Sebastopol in Ruins.")

Sir William Codrington, General Pelissier (in a low phæton drawn by four greys) and a number of other distinguished officers took up their positions at the Picket House shortly before the appointed hour. Punctually at one o'clock the explosion took place and the splendid structure was blown into the air. The force of the explosion may be imagined when it is stated that 119,000lbs. of powder were used. There was not the same shaking of the ground as in the case of the blowing up of the docks, as the mines were not so deep, but the stones were thrown much higher. As soon as it was over the Russians opened a

heavy fire from their northern forts, which amused them and did not hurt us.

The destruction of Fort Alexander took place exactly at the same hour on February 11. It was as complete as that of Fort Nicholas, except that the sea-face was purposely left standing. As a spectacle it was not so imposing as the blowing up of Fort Nicholas, being farther away from the Allied camps and of smaller dimensions, the number of guns mounted on it being only sixty-four. The Russians opened fire with no other effect than frightening some of the onlookers.

The White Buildings were blown up on February 28. A lamentable accident occurred which caused the death of Major Ranken, of the Engineers. A mine having failed to explode, and some time having elapsed, Major Ranken sent his men to a distance and himself entered the place to renew the train. Before he could escape the building fell in and he was killed. He was in the attack on the Redan on September 8, and commanded the ladder party. He was said to be the last Englishman killed in the Crimea.

The dulness of camp life was very much relieved by the enterprise of the officers of the 4th Division, who built, partly of planks and partly of canvas, the "Theatre Royal," in which they gave some excellent entertainments. They managed somehow to obtain dresses, scenery and everything required. The orchestra was easily provided out of the remnants of the regimental bands. Footlights were less easy, in fact, as far as I remember, there were none.

It took a little courage to turn out at eight o'clock in the

evening and trudge through the mud and slush in the camps to get to the theatre. But we were well rewarded when we got there. The performances were excellent. I went several times. There was one grand night on February 28, attended by Sir William Codrington, General Barnard and others, and the house was crowded; the admission was by ticket. I took a friend with me on this occasion, hoping to be allowed to take him in, regardless of the fact that he had no ticket. The rule was strictly enforced and I had to leave him outside, much to his annoyance and my own. Opposite is the playbill and cast.

It will be seen that all the performers were of the male sex, but that did not detract from the excellence of the performance. The junior subalterns impersonated the female characters in the cast, and all went well. A stranger who did not see the playbill would not have discovered the difference. After one of the performances, as I was leaving the Theatre, a man I did not know came up to me and said, "Ah! Hamond, how *are* you?" (Hamond was a very youthful lieutenant in the 46th who had acted "Sally" in the "Moustache Movement.") I said, "Thanks, I'm all right, but I'm not Hamond." He apologized and I went on my way. A day or two afterwards we met again near the Tchernaya, both riding: he rode up to me quite confidently saying, "Well! there's no mistake this time, Hamond, how *are* you?" I had again to explain and we had a good laugh. It was, however, a little upsetting to the dignity of a Doctor of Medicine and a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England to be taken for a boy of eighteen! I noticed, however, that the man who made the double mistake wore an eye-

THEATRE ROYAL,
FOURTH DIVISION.

This Evening *Thursday 28th February 1856*

Her Majesty's Servants will perform

John Dobbs.

Squire Fallowfield	Major Garrett, 46th Regt.
Major Frankman	Capt. Nicholas, „ „
Peter Paternoster	„ Earle, 57th „
John Dobbs	Major Lord A. G. Russell, R.B.
John	Lieut. Harrington, „
Mrs. Chesterton	„ De Lacy Lacy, 63rd Regt.
Lucy	„ Saunderson, 68th „

After which,

A MOST UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION.

Mr. Nathaniel Snoozle	Lieut.-Col. Halliwell, A.Q.M.G.
Intruder	Capt. Earle, 57th Regt.

The whole to conclude with the

Moustache Movement !

Mr. Simon Swosser	Major Garrett, 46th Regt
Captain Altamont Kidd	Major Lord A. G. Russell, R.B.
Lieut. Cornelius O'Pake	Dr. Shelton, 48th Regt.
Anthony Soskins	Capt. Earle, 57th „
John	Lieut. Harrington, R.B.
Butcher	„ Clarkson, 68th Regt.
Baker	„ Shaw, 21st „
Two individuals in the Police	Messrs. ——— & ———
Louisa Fitzjohnson	Lieut. De Lacy Lacy, 63rd Regt.
Eliza Swosser	„ Saunderson, 68th „
Sally	„ Hamond, 46th „

Doors open at half-past Seven o'clock. Performance to commence at Eight precisely.

glass, showing that his sight was defective. There was a crumb of comfort in the discovery.

It was very gratifying to reflect that there was so little serious crime in the Camps. Considering the tens of thousands of men encamped there, the wretched conditions under which they lived, the absence of recreation of any kind, the temptations to drink and the bad quality of the drink supplied in the suttlers' camps, it is wonderful that there were not more quarrels and fights, with their sequels, amongst them. During the siege, of course, their military duties kept them employed and sleep was what they most desired. But after the fall of Sebastopol there was leisure time and even then the behaviour of the men was excellent. Drunkenness was almost the only offence dealt with in the orderly room and that in many cases was the result, not of the quantity but of the quality of the drink consumed. A terrible exception to this rule occurred on January 25 in the 77th Camp. A very young soldier, who enlisted in the name of Day, who had maimed himself in the hand to avoid trench duty, was placed in the regimental hospital where there was also an artilleryman who had been severely wounded in the explosion of November 14. Day asked the artilleryman to lend him a few shillings, and this good fellow, in complying with his request, displayed several pieces of gold in his purse, which he took from under his pillow. The following morning when the hospital orderlies were out of the hut, Day attacked the artilleryman while he was asleep, with a bar of iron, first breaking his arm and then striking him on the head a fatal blow. The hospital serjeant came back in time to secure the murderer, who was

subsequently tried and condemned to death. He confessed that he had enlisted to escape the consequences of a robbery he had committed in England. His father and brother were both undergoing terms of transportation for robberies. On February 23, Day was hanged on the drill ground of the Light Division, at seven o'clock in the morning, in a square formed of detachments of regiments from each Division. When the Chaplain visited him to prepare him for his end he kicked the Bible and Prayer Book away and said "what he wanted was a good dinner."

At the time the French were employed in blowing up Fort Alexander, there was held, in the Karabelnaia ravine, a shooting match between two officers and the whole army, whom they had challenged. The two officers were Colonel Blane, Military Secretary, and Captain Ponsonby, aide-de-camp to Sir William Codrington. The men who represented the Army were picked shots from each Division. In the end, however, only four Divisions competed, the Guards, Second, Fourth and Light Divisions. The Minié rifle was the weapon used and the range was 200 yards. Each had four shots and the highest score was made by a sergeant of the 20th Regiment. The next best was a corporal of the 77th, then Colonel Blane and Captain Ponsonby last; Sir William Codrington, who witnessed the match, must have been rather amused at his two staff officers being beaten by the men.

The long talked of review of the English Infantry, which had been put off two or three times in consequence of the severe weather, was held on Sunday, February 24. Although it was still bitterly cold, the ground was hard and dry. The review

took place on the brow of the hill in rear of the Guard's camp. The number of troops assembled was 25,000, which was said to be a greater number than had been reviewed at any one time for forty years. It would have been very much larger if all our infantry had turned out, but one brigade at Balaklava, the 72nd Highlanders, and two battalions of the 1st Royals, who were on other duty, could not be present. Of course, also the garrison of Sebastopol, and the pickets and camp guards, had to remain at their posts.

It was a splendid sight. First of all, Sir William Codrington made a general inspection of the various battalions, attended by General Pelissier and a number of Sardinian and French officers. This was followed by a march past, which went off in a most satisfactory manner. The foreign officers were much impressed by the appearance of the troops, after the trying ordeal they had gone through. The colours of some of the regiments could not be unfurled; they were riddled with bullets and torn to strips and it would have been unsafe to display them to the wind. This was notably the case with the 23rd, 77th and 97th, and there were many others. Russell, in his description of this review said:

"A finer military sight could hardly be seen in peace time than was presented by that matchless infantry. The healthy appearance of the men testified to good keep and much care taken of them; their soldierly carriage and perfect dressing proved that their officers had profited by the unusually fine and open winter to hasten the military education of the numerous recruits. . . . The Highlanders were magnificently picturesque, by their statue-like immobility in the ranks, by their stern, veteran aspect and lofty stature. They were the admiration of the foreigners present, and well they might be, for assuredly no finer troops

ever fixed bayonet. The battalions of Rifles were also much praised by the foreign officers."

On the following day Sir William Codrington issued an order to the troops the first part of which was perfectly justified and fair. It was as follows:

"No. 1. The Commander of the Forces congratulates the army on the appearance of a large portion of its infantry yesterday. The winter is hardly past, yet the efficiency and good health of the men were apparent to all. This result is due to the exertions of the general and regimental officers, to the attention, obedience and discipline of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, and must be as gratifying to them as the Commander of the Forces is sure it must be to their country. This order will be read to the troops."

The second part of the order appears to have been written in haste and in anger, when the General was smarting under some unfavourable criticism by a newspaper correspondent. It was unjustified, ungrateful and unfair. I give it *in extenso*:

"No. 2. The notice of the Commander of the Forces has been brought to the publication in a newspaper by a correspondent at Kertch, of minute details of lines and works, strength of garrisons, and various military arrangements all, however old and incorrect they may be, published for our enemies, under the supposition that such things are necessary for the interest or amusement of the people of England.

The people of England have more common sense. They do not want the interests of the army betrayed by the thoughtless activity of a correspondent, or by the wish of anyone else to see himself in print.

The Commander of the Forces has referred General Vivian to the details published from the district he commands. He authorizes him to arrest the individual and send him away at once, unless he has reason to believe that such folly will not be repeated.

The Commander of the Forces has occasionally seen similar things from his camp. Strength of regiments, sickness, batteries, guns, quan-

tity of ammunition, the state of preparation, means of transport, the very situation of concealed batteries, the strength of pickets, the best means of attacking them—all recklessly detailed as if on purpose to instruct an enemy.

Common precaution, for the sake of the army, requires that this should cease.

The Commander of the Forces appeals to the right sense of duty in the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of this army. He is sure that the appeal will not be in vain. It is our pride as Englishmen to feel that we may write everything to our friends. It need not be that we should publish everything about our strength or our weakness, of ditches and guns, of resources and disadvantages; for to print all such things is simply to make our enemy wise by our own folly. The Commander of the Forces trusts, therefore, that private friends in England will imitate the caution he asks in camp.

There are also known correspondents of newspapers, not belonging to the army, permitted by passport to reside in several of the camps here. Generals of Division will, by means of their Assistant-Adjutant-general, bring the tenour of this order to their notice; for a course dictated by common feelings of patriotism must be followed by all, who, being under the protection of the army, are equally liable to the observances necessary for its safety.

By Order.

G. A. WINDHAM,

Chief of the Staff."

CHAPTER XXI

The Value of the Press—and Miss Nightingale.—The Armistice.—Meeting of Generals at Traktir Bridge.—The Cossacks.—Visit to the Russian Lines.—Friendly Greetings.—Another Conference.—Saint Patrick's Day.—The Unfaithful Servant—and the Faithful One.—A Tragedy.—Another Tragedy.—A Race Meeting.

AS one of those who went out to the Crimea in the first winter, when things were at their worst, when the Army was rotting away through the mismanagement of the war by the authorities at home, I can say from my own personal observation and knowledge that it was the letters of the *Times* correspondent and others, but chiefly the *Times*, that brought about a change for the better. The Government would not, and the people of England could not, believe in all the horrors that were described in the newspapers. But, as "constant dripping will wear away a stone," so the reiteration of proved facts penetrated the understanding of both Government and people, and they awoke to their duty, and then a gradual improvement began. I read every paper that came within my reach at the time and especially the correspondents' letters and the comments on them, and in none did I ever discover a word of exaggeration as to the terrible condition of the camp and the hardships the army had to endure. It is safe to say that but for their interposition "the Commander of the Forces" would not have had such a splendid army to review on February 24, 1856.

I think one may go farther and say that Miss Nightingale and the Press saved the British Army from annihilation.

If, as the General implied, the correspondent at Kertch, who was probably a military officer, supplied "old and incorrect information" surely that would have misled the enemy instead of helping them, while it would have been greatly to our own advantage. The censure of the General, therefore, was not quite justified. Again, the General said, the people of England had common sense. It was just the possession of that quality which forced them to realize the accuracy of the reports transmitted by the newspaper correspondents, and which led Mr Roebuck, on January 25, 1855, to move in the House of Commons for "an enquiry into the conduct of the war." Lord John Russell, a member of the Government, said this enquiry "could not be resisted," and, as it involved a censure on the Government, he tendered his resignation. The result of the debate on Mr Roebuck's motion was the defeat of the Government by a majority of 157. Lord Aberdeen then resigned and Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister.

As a prelude to peace, and while negotiations were going on between the Russians and the Allies, an armistice was concluded from the 1st to the 31st of March. The news reached the camp from the Russians who first received it. At 8 a.m. on Friday, February 28, a boat put off from the north side bearing a flag of truce, and a French boat went to meet it half way. The message was from General Lüders, and it was soon afterwards confirmed from Constantinople.

It was decided that a meeting of officers from each side should take place on the following morning at Traktir Bridge, to arrange the details for a suspension of hostilities.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 29th every one was astir

with pleasurable excitement and all those who were able to get away from camp mounted their ponies and turned their faces towards the Tchernaya. I was one of the fortunate ones. An easy ride to the bridge brought me in view of the white flag floating from the Russian side. Some distance beyond were two blue and white tents for the accommodation of the officers, who were to be engaged in the task of drawing up the details of the armistice. Just as the hour of meeting drew near a body of mounted Russians came in view As they approached, a shot was fired at them from one of the French batteries. This was the result of a mistake and caused some confusion. A second shot followed, and then a message was sent to the battery to cease firing. It appeared that the artillery officer had not been informed of the intended meeting; that was the excuse given, but the officer might at any rate have noticed the white flag. The generals who met were, General Timvoieff on the Russian side and the Chiefs of the Staff of the English, French and Sardinian armies, viz. General Windham, General Montimprey and Colonel Count Petilli, with a select body of officers and their escorts. While the conference was going on a number of French, English and Sardinian Officers crossed the bridge and, as far as was possible, conversed with the Russian Officers. It was not an easy matter as no one seemed to understand the other's language, but they exchanged civilities, and offered cigars, etc. The Cossacks attracted a good deal of notice. They did not strike one as objects to be feared, or admired. They had plenty of weapons it is true—we could see swords, carbines and lances and probably there were pistols in their belts. The men were, as a rule, slightly made and wiry, and

by no means handsome in appearance—moreover, they were very dirty. This was inevitable from the life they led. The horses were more like ponies and very rough. A great many officers, French, English and Sardinian, after crossing Traktir Bridge, rode towards the Russian batteries, enjoying a good canter over the open plain. They were soon stopped by a Russian Officer who asked them to retire, which they accordingly did at once. When they returned the Conference was over, and the Russian General and his Staff re-crossed the bridge between a double line of spectators. He was followed to the plain by the French and English Generals and their Staffs, where a leave-taking took place, and they all returned to their camps. I did not cross the river but saw everything that went on, without going out of bounds. I knew there would be many more opportunities of exploring the other side later on.

And so it turned out. On March 2 about fifty officers rode over into the Russian camp and made friendly overtures to the Cossacks who reciprocated them heartily. There were a great number of Russians of all ranks, walking and riding about, with whom we managed to converse in a sort of way. Some could speak English. The stringent order prohibiting English Officers from going beyond the Aqueduct gave great dissatisfaction. It was not very strictly obeyed. It was rumoured that a number of officers were under arrest for disobeying it, and amongst them a general. I went far beyond the boundary and was not caught, but some of my friends were less fortunate and some failed to get out of bounds at all. It must have been very annoying to them to see the French and Russians fraternizing on the other side of the river, especially as

there were several carriages full of well-dressed ladies amongst them. Subsequently, General Codrington modified the order to the extent that we were allowed to go about on the Russian side, but not to go into their camps. But they were permitted to come into ours and many availed themselves of the privilege. We received them hospitably to the best of our ability.

On March 14 the Russian and Allied Generals met again near Traktir Bridge and the terms of the Armistice were agreed upon. A number of Russian ladies were again present, and amongst them the daughter of General Lüders, the Russian Commander-in-Chief. Those who had the good luck to be near reported her to be very beautiful. I was too far off to be able to judge but it must be borne in mind that, having seen so few of the fair sex for the previous twelve months, we were apt to exaggerate the charms of those who happened to cross our path.

A general order was published on March 13 that no officers or men who had landed in the Crimea after September 9, 1855, were to receive a medal, and that those who had already received them were to return them to the Quartermaster General. The clasps for Sebastopol were issued about this time, but no clasp for the Trenches.

I had two Irish servants, and when St Patrick's Day arrived I determined to give them a treat and a holiday. However, one forestalled me and walked off himself in the early morn, leaving the ponies unfed and ungroomed. He returned in the evening very drunk and insolent, and spent the night in the Guard Room. I gave the other one a sovereign and told him to go and enjoy himself. He spent the day with friends in

the camp of the 88th (Connaught Rangers) and came back in the evening perfectly sober. If the first one had not taken "French leave" and if I had given him a sovereign, I wonder what would have happened!

A terrible tragedy occurred the same night at Balaklava. At about midnight a fire broke out in a hut in which sixteen men of the Army Works Corps were sleeping. In spite of every effort being made by English and Sardinian soldiers to extinguish the flames they could not do more than prevent other huts from being burnt. No doubt the men were sleeping heavily and had no warning, or if they had, there was no time to escape. They were all burnt to death and their bodies charred beyond recognition.

During the Armistice, on Monday, March 24, a great race meeting was held in the Tchernaya valley. The weather was perfect and a large concourse of people assembled to see the sport. The varied dresses of the different nationalities and the bright colours of the uniforms had a charming effect in the brilliant sunshine. At race meetings generally it is the ladies who provide the colouring but in this case out of the 100,000 persons estimated to be present, I could only count eight ladies. There were vivandières and cantinières but even these were few and far between. To the south of the course, one of the small hills, included in the group called the Fedhukine Heights, did duty for a grand stand—with no charge for admission—and was crowded with spectators. It was profusely decorated with flags of all nations. Arbours of evergreens had been erected in which English and French bands played. Thousands of Russians came to look on—but they kept very

much to their own side of the river. Some of our officers crossed over to the Russian side, and were caught in the act by Sir William Codrington who had something to say to them afterwards. There were several races, and the horses were in splendid condition. The great race of the day was the open steeplechase which was won by Captain St John Charlton, whose success was greeted with tremendous cheering, in which every one joined. The French seemed as much pleased as the English. I very much regret that I did not preserve a "C'rect card," as my memory does not serve me as to the other events.

CHAPTER XXII

The Treaty of Peace.—Royal Salutes.—Great Rejoicings.—Preparations for Departure.—Carrying away Russian Shot.—Russell on the Situation.—Mistakes on Both Sides.—Hesitation of the Allies led to the Siege and all its Horrors.

A VERY few days after this festive gathering, viz. on April 2, it was announced in General Orders that the Treaty of Peace (see Appendix) was signed in Paris on March 30, the day before the expiration of the Armistice. This was good news indeed to most of us. There were some newly arrived fire-eaters, who were disappointed at losing the opportunity of flushing their maiden swords, but the general feeling was one of deep thankfulness that all the horrible, useless slaughtering was over.

The booming of cannon, however, did not cease. All the batteries opened fire, but it was with unshotted guns. An innocent bombardment! Every battery on the side of the Allies fired a salute of 101 guns. The Fleet at Kamiesch and Kazatch did the same. The ships were dressed with bunting, and flags were displayed everywhere. It was a day of rejoicing and congratulation throughout the camps. The Russians alone were gloomy and undemonstrative, and their guns were silent. One would have thought they had had enough of it, but the feeling of being beaten prevailed amongst them and made them sulky. They might, however, have felt justly proud of the magnificent defence they had made for so many months. From the picket house we could see the firing from every battery and it was certainly a grand spectacle, and all the

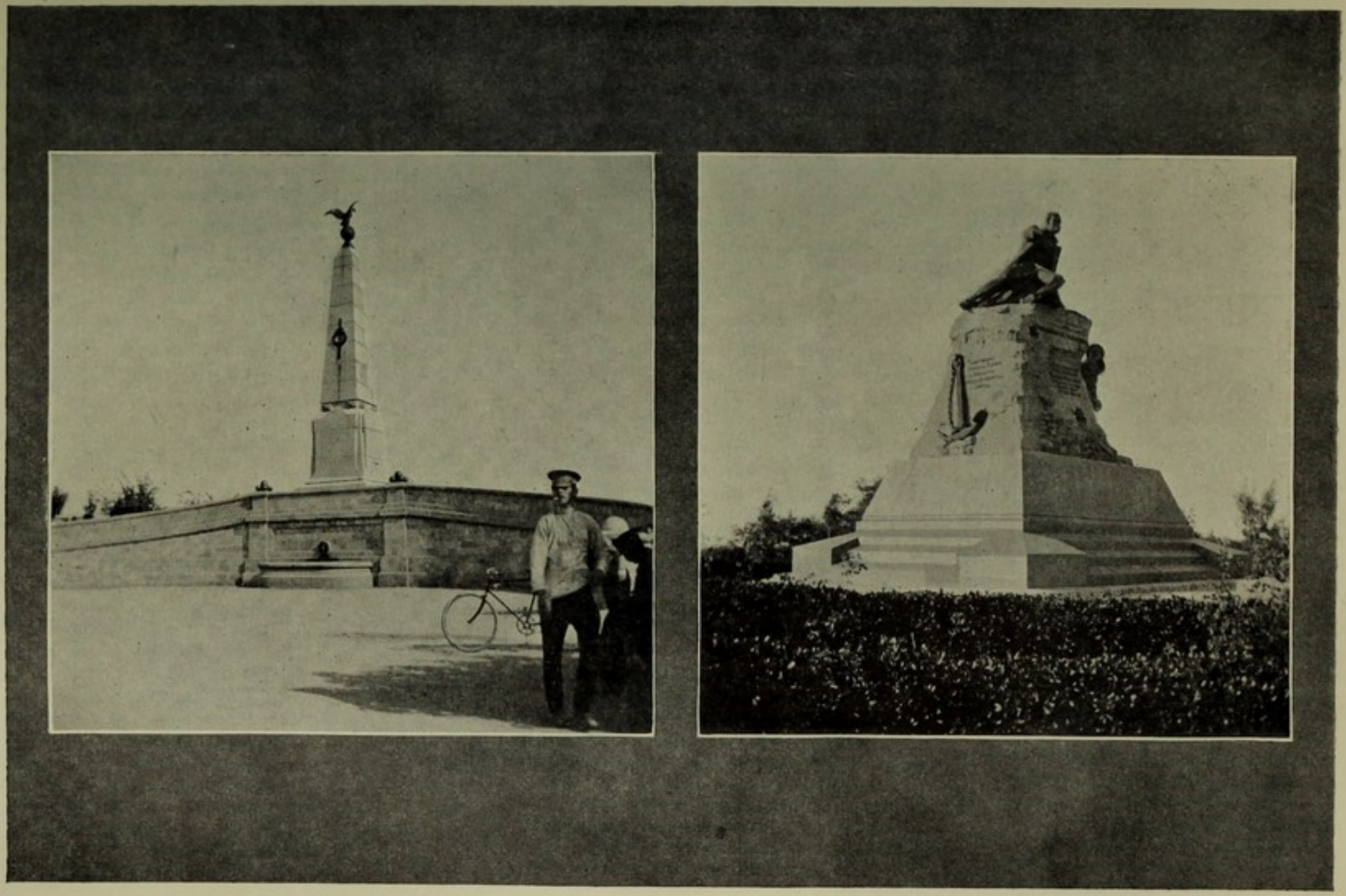
more so that it was simply a display of joy and not an engine of death. Balaklava joined in the general rejoicing. All the ships in the harbour were gay with flags at 8 o'clock in the morning, when the news arrived, the *Leander*, the flagship of Admiral Fremantle, being the first to "dress ship."

The joy of the day was accentuated by the thought of home so soon, as we hoped, to be reached. Already there were preparations being made for departure. The Divisions were all occupied in removing the Russian shot that had been fired at us since the siege began on October 7 1854. The accumulation was enormous. Each division collected about 4,000 shot daily for conveyance to Balaklava, by the railway or land-transport. In the ravines the largest number of shot were found, some had been fired directly into them and others had rolled over from the plateau on each side.

Commenting upon this time Russell says:

"Our soldiers were about to leave the scene of their sufferings and of their glory. Alas! how many will lie there until the Judgement Day? Who can tell how many perished whose lives might have been spared—how many lives were wasted which ought to have been saved to the country, to friends, to an honoured old age? These questions may never be answered, least of all were they answered at Chelsea Hospital,* where the very banners would have fallen with leaden weight upon the heads of those who spoke the truth that was in them. Heaven lets loose all its plagues on those who delight in war, and on those who shed men's blood, even in the holiest causes. The pestilence by day and night, the deadly fever, the cholera, dysentery; the incompetence and apathy of chieftains; the strategical errors of captains, culpable inactivity and fatal audacity—all these follow in the train of

*Where a Board of Enquiry was being held on the condition of the British Army and certain officers serving in the Crimea.



Monument to the Slain at the Redan.

The Malakoff: Monument to Admiral Korniloff.

(Photos by Rev. J. LL. Thomas, M.A., F.R.G.S.)

armies, and kill many more than the bullet or the sword. But war has its rules. The bloody profession by which liberty is achieved or crushed, by which States are saved or annihilated, has certain fixed principles for its guidance and the quack, the charlatan or the noble amateur, will soon be detected and overwhelmed in the horrors of ruin and defeat. Perhaps on no occasion was the neglect of the course of regular practice so severely punished, even although in the end the object was gained, as in the siege of Sebastopol."

Again:

"It was the first instance on record in which such a place had been taken by the mere fire of Artillery; for it was admitted by the Russians that even if the assault on the Malakoff had been repelled they must have abandoned a place exposed at every nook and chink and cranny to such a fire that the very heavens seemed to rain shot and shell upon them. We lost an army in establishing that fire, and we did not (notwithstanding the honeyed words of Lord Palmerston, every soldier in the Crimea knows what I say is the truth)—we did not add to our reputation—nay, we did not sustain it,—in the attacks on June 18 and September 8, and will it be said that because the particulars of those conflicts have been made known to the world and because the daring, the devotion, the gallantry, the heroism of our officers and men have been displayed before its eyes, that the English nation has lost its military *prestige*? Would it have been possible, think you, to have concealed and slurred over our failures. Would it have been better to let the story be told in Russian Despatches, in French *Moniteurs*, in English *Gazettes*? No: the very dead on Cathcarts Hill would be wronged as they lay mute in their bloody shrouds, and calumny and falsehood would insult that warrior race, which is not less than Roman, because it, too, has known a Trebia and a Thrasymene. We all felt well assured that it was no fault of our Officers that we did not take the Redan, and we could point to the trenches filled deep with our gallant allies before the Redan of Careening Bay and the Central Bastion, and to the Malakoff won without the loss of 200 men, and invoke the goddess Fortune. Alas! she does not always favour the daring; she leaves them sometimes lifeless at the

bloodstained embrasure, before the shattered traverse, in the deadly ditch, and she demands, as hostages, for the bestowal of her favours, skill and prudence, as well as audacity and courage."

But all the mistakes were not on our side. The Russians admitted their folly in simply defending themselves after Inkerman, instead of renewing the attack upon the Allied Armies, then weakened by their losses in that battle. In fact, Menschikoff was prepared to leave Sebastopol to its fate, as he considered it as incapable of defence, and even had doubts as to his position in the Crimea itself. But, seeing our hesitation he plucked up courage and held his ground, and we know all the rest. Every Russian officer with whom we conversed after the Peace, agreed that we could have taken Sebastopol without any difficulty in September, 1854, instead of in September, 1855. Referring to the final bombardment that commenced on September 5, a Russian Staff Officer told an English Officer of high rank that it was:

"a veritable butchery, which demoralized our men so far as to make them doubt the chances of continuing the struggle. We lost 3,000 a day. No part of the city was safe except the actual bombproofs in the batteries. We were content to have beaten the English at the Redan, to have repulsed the French at the Bastion of Careening Bay, the little Redan, the Gervais Battery, and the Bastion Central, and to leave them the credit of surprising the Malakoff; but even had we held it, we must soon have retired to the North Side, and we had been preparing for that contingency for some days."

CHAPTER XXIII

Birth of the Prince Imperial.—Celebration of the Event.—A Grand Ball at Kamara.—French Hospitality.—Improved Health of the Troops.—A Visit to the Russian Camps.—A Cossack Picket.—Wretched State of Russian Soldiers.—Russians in Allied Camps.—Monument to Sardinians.—A Night with Rats.—A Day of Foraging.

THE birth of the Prince Imperial of France caused great rejoicing in the French Army. The great event took place on March 16, and our Allies determined to celebrate it in a becoming manner. In a fortnight they had erected an enormous wooden building at Kamara which they fitted up in as lavish a way as possible, with the materials at their disposal, as a ball room, supper room, cloak rooms, etc. They issued invitations to all the English and Sardinian officers, and all the ladies known to be in the Crimea at the time, for April 1. The ball room was capable of accommodating three or four thousand guests, and, on entering, it was difficult to realize that we were in a military camp in an enemy's country, where a fierce war, attended with unspeakable horrors, had been going on for eighteen months. The plans and arrangements were excellent. At one end of the ball room was the band-stand, and at the other a large supper room, in which tables were laid, furnished with all sorts of refreshments, in fact "all the luxuries of the season!" There was a raised floor, about four feet wide, all round the room, with seats, and on the side opposite to the entrance, a comfortable Lounge was provided, with cloak rooms opening out of it.

The Lounge was ornamented with shrubs and flowers in pots and with flags and streamers of various colours. Kamara

being six miles from the camp, and the night being very cold and boisterous most of our officers decided not to go. Three of us, however, hit upon a plan that was not difficult to carry out, and that would enable us to enjoy the very novel festivity to the utmost. Knowing that there would be no stable accommodation at Kamara, we each took a groom with a second horse. The grooms took our horses back, and we determined —to avoid the six miles walk in the dark—to make a night of it and return at daylight. There was a great crowd, and the show of uniforms was gorgeous, while the clanking of spurs and the clashing of swords almost drowned the music of the fine French bands that played for the dancers. I looked round, naturally, for the ladies. Eight was the sum-total that I could discover.

Seven of these were married and one single. The latter was a very pretty girl, and I need not say she had plenty of partners during the time she was there, which was very much shortened by the arrival of several vivandieres, in scarlet trousers and shiny hats, who were followed by a number of sutlers' wives from Kadikoi and Kamiesch. After this invasion the English ladies very soon departed. It was amusing to see the men dancing together; they seemed really to enjoy it. I danced with Grahame,* and Synge† of the 90th, the two men who came with me, and once with a Sardinian officer, who was exceedingly energetic. After that I contented myself with looking on. The whole affair went off very well, and nothing could exceed the hospitality and kindness of our gallant hosts. We started to walk back at 6 a.m., just as the sun was rising over Mount Yaila.

* Killed at Alumbagh, September 22, 1857.
† Killed at Lucknow, September 8, 1858.

The Camp was very healthy at this time, in spite of heavy snow storms and changeable weather, and we had very little hospital work. Consequently we were enabled to make excursions into the country whenever the weather would permit. Being curious to see what the Russian camps were like, four of us started off on the morning of April 5, three days after the declaration of peace, and made for the Russian lines at Mackenzie's Farm. Crossing the Tchernaya beyond Tchorgoun, we rode through the villages of Opau, Ozenback and Chuliu. At the latter place there was a Cossack picket. We halted and introduced ourselves to the Captain in command, who was quartered in a very comfortable house, but was short of supplies. We took lunch with him, reversing the usual order of things; that is, we supplied the viands. All he could offer us was black bread and water. We took with us a good supply of bread and cheese and brandy, which the hungry Cossack thoroughly enjoyed. After leaving Chuliu we halted again under some trees and fed our horses. We then rode on to the Mackenzie Heights, where we found ourselves in a Russian camp, over the Spur battery. The men were in a wretched condition: they had no tents, but had made mud huts for themselves, and these were very badly constructed. We saw no signs of food or drink, and we could contribute none, as our supply had run out at Chuliu, our voracious Cossack friend having exhausted it. We did not get as far as the main camp, which was on the Belbek, but turned to the northern ruins of Inkerman, and then again across the Tchernaya and back to camp, having ridden altogether about thirty-five miles. On our way back we met hundreds of Russians in every stage of intoxication, returning from

the French and English camps, where they had been too hospitably entertained. On their own side we did not see one drunken man, nor, as I have already remarked, did we see any drink!

A few days after this excursion, I went to Balaklava to see the handsome stone memorial that the Sardinians were erecting to the Sardinian officers and men who had been killed, or who had died of disease during the war. It was situated in a commanding position on the heights above the town, and was a fine piece of work. I put up for the night in the 14th camp, on the invitation of my friend Hyde, with the intention, after a good night's rest, of foraging for the mess and taking the spoil back to camp in the morning. The good night's rest did not come off, not from any want of hospitality on the part of my friend, but owing to the hut being infested with rats of large size and restless habits. They swarmed all over the place, climbed up the walls, disported themselves on the beams of the roof, and dropped down on our beds and amongst the plates and dishes, making a horrible clatter. One very large one sat on the foot of my bed and squeaked for about two hours. As soon as I shook him off he came back again. At last I hurled a log of wood at him and knocked him over. As the squeaking began again in another part of the hut, I'm afraid I did not hurt him much. But he robbed me of my sleep most effectually. After breakfast I went into the town and secured two pairs of fowls at 8s. a pair and five dozen eggs at 2s. a dozen. These I purchased on board the transport *Earl of Aberdeen*. It required a little management to get the eggs up to camp without breaking.

CHAPTER XXIV

Grand Review of Allied Armies by General Lüders.—My Quandary.—A Russian Officer Benighted.—We Entertain Him.—A Visit to Bakchi-Serai.—Camps Breaking-up.—A Visit to the North Side.—The Sunken Fleet.—The Tragedy of "Nanny."—Memorials to the Dead.—The Turkish Share of the War.—Dr. Anderson of the 90th.—His Successor and an Anecdote.

APRIL 17 was a notable day. The whole of the French and English Armies were reviewed by the Russian Commander-in-Chief, General Lüders. The French Review took place in the morning on the plateau, from the Red Hill to the north-west of Balaklava, near Mrs Seacole's, to Kamiesch —a distance of three miles. Our Allies turned out well—about 45,000 of them—though, owing to losses during the war, some of their regiments were very attenuated. General Lüders inspected them very carefully, and spoke in high terms of their bearing and soldierly aspect. The English Army was reviewed in the afternoon near Sir Wm. Codrington's Headquarters. We mustered about 33,000. The review lasted from 1 to 7 p.m.—six hours of strenuous work. An order was issued in the morning that all who had medals were to wear them. Up to that time they had not been worn. It was my first experience of marching past, and, as Medical Officers, though armed (or encumbered) with swords, were not allowed to draw them, I was at a loss to know how to salute. No one seemed able to give me any definite instructions, so I was left to my own devices, and in the end simply dropped my right arm when riding past the Generals. It was a very

fine day and everything went off well. General Lüders did not stint his praise, and the Russian officers were lavish in their compliments on the smart appearance of our troops.

On one occasion, just as we had finished dinner, a Russian captain of artillery came into our hut, and made signs that he wanted us to put him up for the night. He had been to Balaklava, making purchases, taking his servant with him, and stayed there rather longer than he had intended—no doubt fascinated by the beauty of the shops!—and found himself benighted. He made his way to our camp and asked for Jackson, who had met him before and given him some attention, and he knew no one else in the English lines. He had walked the seven miles from Balaklava, and as he was quartered at Fort Constantine—on the north side of the harbour—he would have had to walk ten more before he got "home." Of course we did what we could for him, boiled him a few eggs, and with these and plenty of bread and cheese and porter he seemed very well satisfied. After talking to him for three or four hours, under difficulties, I had a shake-down made for him in my hut, where he slept very soundly till early morn, when I made him some breakfast, and he went on his way, very grateful to us for making him so comfortable. His servant slept in the cook-house. Among the purchases he made at Balaklava was a silk dress, for which he paid £7. This he intended as a present for his wife.

I had another ride into the interior on April 23. Hyde came up the night before and slept in our camp, and at 9 a.m., after a good breakfast, we started for Bakchi-Serai. We had

to cross three rivers, the Tchernaya, the Belbek, and the Katcha. The road was so bad that we had to walk our horses very often, and consequently did not arrive at our destination until 1 o'clock. The distance was twenty-five miles. We put up our horses and ordered dinner at the best restaurant we could find, and it turned out to be quite satisfactory. In fact, we had a very good dinner. English beer was 10s. a bottle, and was served in wine-glasses. We did not have any! Champagne was cheap and good, and we drank it out of tumblers. After dinner we visited the ancient palace of the Khans, a very gorgeous building of Oriental type. Having visited the Bazaar, where we made a few purchases, we started on our return journey at half-past five, reaching camp at about 10 o'clock. The weather was very fine. Altogether we had a most pleasant day.

Nothing noteworthy happened in the month of May beyond the breaking-up of camps and the departure of troops. The French and Sardinians were the first to leave. Then our turn came. We had orders to clear out our hospitals and send the sick who were too ill to go with the regiment, to the Sanatorium at the monastery, or to Balaklava; and thence to Scutari. When this was accomplished, and our heavy baggage sent off, we were ready for the final order to embark. This, however, was rather long in coming, and we had time for more explorations into the interior. One day I rode over to the north side and visited some of the Russian batteries, especially Fort Constantine, a very formidable fortress protecting the entrance to the harbour. There the sunken fleets in the harbour gave us something to look at and to reflect

upon. There were, resting at the bottom of the sea: three 120 gun ships, eleven 80 guns, one 110, two 60, one 54, one 7 gun steamer, one 6 gun, one 13 guns, 5 brigs, and a number of steamers, near Inkerman. The masts of many of them were showing above water with their yards squared, and can be seen in the large photograph of Sebastopol.

There were strong booms between the lines of ships. The *Grand Duke Constantine* (120 guns) was the finest ship in the Russian navy, but she had to go with the rest.

I have already mentioned "Nanny," our goat, who supplied us with milk for so many months. One night, early in this month, just as we had finished dinner, Jackson's servant, who was also cook to our mess, came in and requested us "please to come and look at 'Nanny.'" "What's the matter with her?" said I. "Nothing, Sir." "Where is she?" I asked. "In the kitchen." We looked into the cook-house and there saw (apparently) a fine fat sheep, skinned and hanging up by the hind feet, preparatory to being cut into joints. This was poor "Nanny"! It appeared that Jackson had said one day to his servant, "I don't see the use of 'Nanny' now; she gives no milk, and it would be well to kill her." Accordingly the man took him at his word, and she was very soon made into "mutton." She supplied us with meat for nearly a week.

The last sad task of the Allies is thus referred to by Russell:

"The British Army, relieved from the pressure of military duties and warned of their approaching departure, laboured, regiment by regiment, for many long weeks, to erect memorials to the comrades whose remains would be left behind by the last Englishman who quitted that soil; and the works of this nature, which their hasty embarkation did not permit the army to complete, were undertaken by the few skilled soldier-

Balaklava from the Genoese Forts. Showing the harbour crowded with shipping, the line of railway, the General Hospital on the heights, and camps in the distance.

labourers belonging to us. The Chersonese is covered with isolated graves, with large burial grounds and detached cemeteries from Balaklava to the verge of the roadstead of Sebastopol. Ravine and plain, hill and hollow, the roadside and secluded valley, for miles around, from the sea to the Tchernaya, present those stark-white stones, singly or in groups, stuck upright in the arid soil, or just peering over the rank vegetation which springs from beneath them. The cemeteries of the British Army attained such dimensions that it would be impossible to offer a detailed description of their position and of the monuments they contain.

The French took but little pains with their graves, one large cemetery was formed with great care and good taste near the old Inkerman camp, but in general, our allies did not enclose their burial places. . . . We erected obelisks of stone on the heights of Inkerman and on the plain of Balaklava to commemorate November 5 and October 25. These will endure for ages if they are permitted to remain untouched by man."

I have not made much mention of the Turks, whom the Allied Armies were supporting and fighting for. Except that they were present in the Crimea, there is little to say about them. They landed from Varna on January 4, 1855, commanded by Omar Pasha, an experienced and successful general, and were encamped near Balaklava. They brought with them a splendid record, having defeated the Russians in ten battles, Oltenitza, Citate, Karakai, Kostelli, Kalafat, Turkutai, Silistria, Giurgevo, Georgia and Eupatoria. In the Crimea they did no duty in the trenches and were never in the front. It was a puzzle to us why they were kept in the background, seeing that they had proved themselves to be good soldiers both in attack and defence. It would certainly have been better to use them than the raw, weakly and untrained recruits that were sent out to us from England to "reinforce" our attenuated army. Moreover, the want of occupation tended to aggravate the sickness

and increase the mortality in the Turkish ranks. Cholera and fever were overwhelming them from the time they landed.

But, although they were not employed at the front, after they had been six months in camp doing nothing, Omar Pasha took 10,000 of them across the Ingour river and marched them to the relief of Kars. It will be remembered that Kars was invested by the Russians under General Mouravieff with 40,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry from June 18 to November 28, 1855. The town was defended by General Fenwick Williams with 15,000 men, *three months' provisions* and *three days'* ammunition (*Haydn*). A desperate assault by the Russians ended in their defeat and a loss of 6,000 men. Finally, famine and disease compelled the garrison to capitulate.

In 1857 Dr Anderson, whose name I have so often mentioned, left the regiment and exchanged into the 13th Light Dragoons with Surgeon Home (now Sir Anthony Home, V.C., K.C.B.), who subsequently served with great distinction in the Indian Mutiny, China, New Zealand and the Ashanti war. Quite recently Sir Anthony told me the following story, which, as it is too good to keep to myself, I give in his own words:

"In 1873 I was starting from Liverpool in the regular West Coast of Africa liner—it was evening, and the pilot had taken us clear of the shore, and was waiting on board for his barge to carry him back—it was dark, and dinner time. There were few passengers, and the captain, the pilot and I had the upper part of the table to ourselves. We were conversing socially about the Gold Coast, etc., when I awkwardly blurted out: "It is strange that, I believe, nearly every ship I have sailed in has been lost," and I spoke the truth. The steamer I went to Barbadoes in, in 1848, and one in which I went thence to Demerara, both lay, fathoms deep, at the mouth of Balaklava harbour. When at anchor they both were over-

whelmed in the great gale of November 14, 1854, and sank with all hands. The ship which took my regiment, the 13th Light Dragoons, from Eupatoria to Scutari, I saw, lying a wreck, a little south of the Dardanelles; and the ship which eventually took us home, I found, on reaching Hong Kong, was lying at the bottom on the south side of the island, on my voyage to Madras in 1878. I saw one ship I had made a long voyage in a battered wreck at the southern end of the Red Sea; another ship we passed in the night a wreck on the island, half way to Madras, and there also lay one, high and dry, on the harbour coast, a hundred yards inland, on which I had made a journey. After my artless statement the captain and pilot turned to me indignantly and said: "You shouldn't say such things." My answer was: "You quite mistake; so long as I am on board 'I am the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack.' As long as I am on board you are all right, but, when I leave look out!" It didn't satisfy them. Well, I left at Sierra Leone, and on went the good ship, and on trying to enter the harbour at Accra she was totally wrecked on the bar. What a gruesome joke mine turned out to be!"

CHAPTER XXV

Rumours of Departure.—Fuel Supply Stopped.—We Burn our Huts—And Sell our Horses.—We make a Huge Bonfire on June 14—And Embark the Next Day for England.—Six Weeks on the Voyage.—Home at Last!—Aldershot.—Grand Banquet at Portsmouth.

ALL sorts of rumours, most of them false, were flying about as to the destination and date of embarkation of the various regiments. The authorities did not know anything definitely about the latter; it depended upon the arrival of the transports and men-of-war. The Light Division were the last to embark and the plateau was desolate some time before we left. The Commissariat Department had stopped the supply of fuel and we were instructed to burn the huts, which we accordingly did. Most of them were fit for nothing else, and in any case they were not worth the expense of taking down and carrying away. We sold our horses for what we could get and I was sorry to let my faithful little beast go for £5. He had served me well through storm and sunshine for more than twelve months, and he was as fond of me as I was of him. But we had to part.

As soon as our departure was imminent we made a huge bonfire in our lines. A framework of timber and boards from the remains of the huts, was first built up to the height of thirty or forty feet and into this we packed everything we could not take away with us, viz. tables, chairs, stools, boxes, baskets, tubs, beds, old clothes, cupboards and scores of small things. The height of it attracted the attention of the corre-

Bonfires in the 90th and other Camps on the eve of embarkation for home.

By favour of the Proprietors of the "Illustrated London News."

spondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who sent a sketch which was published in that paper on July 26, 1856. By the courtesy of the present Editor I am enabled to reproduce the illustration as it then appeared, and the letter-press accompanying it as follows:—

"Bonfire in Camp of the 90th Regiment the night before leaving the Crimea for England (sketched by R. Landells.)"

"Our Artist in the Crimea has sketched a striking scene which is engraved below. It represents the bonfire made in the camp of the 90th Regiment (Colonel Campbell, Commander) on the night before leaving for England, June 14. The scene is very characteristic of the joy of the troops at leaving. In the distance are seen two smaller fires. Next morning, the 77th and 90th Regiments embarked on board Her Majesty's ship *Queen* at Kazatch Bay and left the same evening in tow of Her Majesty's steam-ship *Terrible* for Constantinople and Spithead. In addition to these two regiments the *Queen* had on board two companies of the 42nd Regiment under Major Graham; also Major Adye's battery of Royal Artillery."

At last the welcome order came to embark in H.M.S. *Queen*, a fine old sailing three-decker of 120 guns. We marched to Kazatch, 27 officers and 757 men, leaving behind, the victims of disease, or killed in action, 6 officers and 274 men. We were towed as far as Gibraltar by the *Terrible*, a powerful goverment steamer, and then cast off and left to our own devices to sail home. This occupied another three weeks as we had to sail half across the Atlantic before we could get a fair wind. The ship's supplies ran short and we were put on half-rations. For some days we had only tinned meats which were very shreddy and tasteless. One day, however, pies appeared on the table and we were rejoicing at the change.

But, "When the pie was opened" the same shreddy meat was exposed to view. The only change was the crust on the top. Our outraged feelings can better be imagined than described! Six weeks after leaving Kazatch we sighted the white cliffs of dear old England, once more. We disembarked at Portsmouth and proceeded at once to Aldershot. During our march through the streets we were cheered by large crowds of the inhabitants, which was very gratifying to our feelings.

In September there was a splendid banquet given at Portsmouth to the troops, to which I was invited. It was arranged in lavish style. The townspeople spared no expense either in decorating the hall or in furnishing the tables. The enthusiasm was tremendous, and the whole town was *en fête*. I remember one amusing incident connected with it that may be recorded. Amongst the many contributors in kind to the feast, a well-known firm of sauce manufacturers sent a large supply of bottles of their piquant sauce. They sent so many that when they were placed on the tables, every two guests had a bottle between them. Some of the men thinking they were bottles of wine began to help themselves to the contents. The result can well be imagined. They could stand fire in the trenches, but this was too hot for them.

The card of invitation, which was of large dimensions and decorated with the arms of the Town and military emblems and banners, bearing the words Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Bomarsund, etc., was inscribed as follows:

PORTSMOUTH GRAND TESTIMONIAL BANQUET

In honour of the Officers and Men of the British Army, Navy and Royal Marines, engaged in the late War with Russia 1854, 1855, 1856.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the 16th and 17th of September, 1856.

LORD GEORGE LENNOX, President.

*JAMES SOWLEY TIBBITTS } Honorary
†HENRY HOLINGSWORTH } Secretaries.

It will be interesting to the descendants of those who fell, or were wounded, in the final assault on Sebastopol, if I append their names, as a supplement to this story, and also, I think, that having commenced by giving the CAUSE of the War, it would be satisfactory to complete my work by giving the RESULT, in other words, THE TREATY OF PEACE, that was signed at Paris on March 30, 1856. These will be found at the end of the book.

* *Times* correspondent at Portsmouth.
† Proprietor of the Assembly Rooms, Southsea Beach.

APPENDIX A

GENERAL TREATY BETWEEN HER MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, THE KING OF PRUSSIA, THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, THE KING OF SARDINIA, AND THE SULTAN.—[*Signed at Paris, March 30th, 1856. Ratifications exchanged at Paris, April 27th.*]

The plenipotentiaries, after having exchanged their full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles:—

Article 1. From the day of the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty there shall be peace and friendship between Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor of the French, His Majesty the King of Sardinia, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, on the one part, and His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, on the other part, as well as between their heirs and successors, their respective dominions and subjects in perpetuity.

Article 2. Peace being happily re-established between their said Majesties, the territories conquered or occupied by their armies during the war shall be reciprocally evacuated.

Special arrangements shall regulate the mode of the evacuation, which shall be as prompt as possible.

Article 3. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias engages to restore to His Majesty the Sultan the town and

1 2 3 4 5 6

Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Men of the Regimental Staff of the 90th and 97th Regiments.

1. Mess-Sergeant, 90th. 2. Assistant Surgeon Reid, 90th. 3. Quartermaster, 97th.
4. Paymaster, 97th. 5. Paymaster, 90th. 6. Quartermaster, 90th

citadel of Kars, as well as the other parts of the Ottoman territory, of which the Russian troops are in possession.

Article 4. Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Emperor of the French, the King of Sardinia, and the Sultan, engage to restore to His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias the towns and ports of Sebastopol, Balaklava, Kamiesch, Eupatoria, Kertch, Yenikale, Kinburn, as well as all other territories occupied by the allied troops.

Article 5. Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of all the Russias, the King of Sardinia, and the Sultan, grant a full and entire amnesty to those of their subjects who may have been compromised by any participation whatsoever in the events of the war in favour of the cause of the enemy.

It is expressly understood that such amnesty shall extend to the subjects of each of the belligerent parties who may have continued during the war to be employed in the service of one of the other belligerents.

Article 6. Prisoners of war shall be immediately given up on either side.

Article 7. Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, His Majesty the Emperor of the French, His Majesty the King of Prussia, His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and His Majesty the King of Sardinia, declare the Sublime Porte admitted to participate in the advantages of the public law and system (*concert*) of Europe. Their Majesties

engage, each on his part, to respect the independence and the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire; guarantee in common the strict observance of that engagement; and will, in consequence, consider any act tending to its violation as a question of general interest.

Article 8. If there should arise between the Sublime Porte and one or more of the other signing powers any misunderstanding which might endanger the maintenance of their relations, the Sublime Porte and each of such powers, before having recourse to the use of force, shall afford the other contracting parties the opportunity of preventing such an extremity by means of their mediation.

Article 9. His Imperial Majesty the Sultan having, in his constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects, issued a firman which, while ameliorating their condition without distinction of religion or of race, records his generous intentions towards the Christian population of his empire, and wishing to give a further proof of his sentiments in that respect, has resolved to communicate to the contracting parties the said firman, emanating spontaneously from his sovereign will.

The contracting powers recognise the high value of this communication. It is clearly understood that it cannot, in any case, give to the said powers the right to interfere, either collectively or separately, in the relations of His Majesty the Sultan with his subjects, nor in the internal administration of his empire.

Article 10. The convention of the 13th of July, 1841, which maintains the ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire relative to

the closing of the Straits of the Bosphorus and of the Dardanelles, has been revised by common consent.

The act concluded for that purpose, and in conformity with that principle, between the high contracting parties, is and remains annexed to the present treaty, and shall have the same force and validity as if it formed an integral part thereof.

Article 11. The Black Sea is neutralised; its waters and its ports, thrown open to the mercantile marine of every nation, are formally and in perpetuity interdicted to the flag of war, either of the powers possessing its coasts or of any other power, with the exceptions mentioned in Articles 14 and 19 of the present treaty.

Article 12. Free from any impediment, the commerce in the ports and waters of the Black Sea shall be subject only to regulations of health, customs, and police, framed in a spirit favourable to the development of commercial transactions.

In order to afford to the commercial and maritime interests of every nation the security which is desired, Russia and the Sublime Porte will admit consuls into their ports situated upon the coast of the Black Sea, in conformity with the principles of International Law.

Article 13. The Black Sea being neutralised according to the terms of Article 11, the maintenance or establishment upon its coast of military-maritime arsenals becomes alike unnecessary and purposeless; in consequence His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias and His Imperial Majesty the Sultan engage not to establish or to maintain upon that coast any military-maritime arsenal.

Article 14. Their Majesties the Emperor of all the Russias

and the Sultan having concluded a convention for the purpose of settling the force and the number of light vessels necessary for the service of their coasts, which they reserve to themselves to maintain in the Black Sea, that convention is annexed to the present treaty, and shall have the same force and validity as if it formed an integral part thereof. It cannot be either annulled or modified without the assent of the powers signing the present treaty.

Article 15. The act of the Congress of Vienna having established the principles intended to regulate the navigation of rivers which separate or traverse different states, the contracting powers stipulate among themselves that those principles shall in future be equally applied to the Danube and its mouths. They declare that this arrangement henceforth forms a part of the public law of Europe, and take it under their guarantee.

The navigation of the Danube cannot be subjected to any impediment or charge not expressly provided for by the stipulations contained in the following articles; in consequence, there shall not be levied any toll founded solely upon the fact of the navigation of the river, nor any duty upon the goods which may be on board of vessels. The regulations of police and of quarantine to be established for the safety of the States separated or traversed by that river shall be so framed as to facilitate, as much as possible, the passage of vessels. With the exception of such regulations, no obstacle whatever shall be opposed to free navigation.

Article 16. With the view to carry out the arrangements of the preceding article, a commission in which Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey shall

each be represented by one delegate, shall be charged to designate and cause to be executed the works necessary below Isatcha, to clear the mouths of the Danube, as well as the neighbouring parts of the sea, from the sands and other impediments which obstruct them, in order to put that part of the river and the said parts of the sea in the best possible state for navigation.

In order to cover the expenses of such works, as well as of the establishments intended to secure and to facilitate the navigation at the mouths of the Danube, fixed duties, of a suitable rate, settled by the commission by a majority of votes, may be levied, on the express condition that in this respect, as in every other, the flags of all nations shall be treated on the footing of perfect equality.

Article 17. A commission shall be established, and shall be composed of delegates of Austria, Bavaria, the Sublime Porte, and Wurtemberg (one for each of those powers), to whom shall be added commissioners from the three Danubian principalities, whose nomination shall have been approved by the Porte. This commission, which shall be permanent:—1. Shall prepare regulations of navigation and river police. 2. Shall remove the impediments, of whatever nature they may be, which still prevent the application to the Danube of the arrangements of the treaty of Vienna. 3. Shall order and cause to be executed the necessary works throughout the whole course of the river. And 4. Shall after the dissolution of the European commission, see to maintaining the mouths of the Danube and the neighbouring parts of the sea in a navigable state.

Article 18. It is understood that the European commission

shall have completed its task, and that the river commission shall have finished the works described in the preceding article, under Nos. 1 and 2, within the period of two years. The signing powers assembled in conference, having been informed of that fact, shall, after having placed it on record, pronounce the dissolution of the European commission, and from that time the permanent river commission shall enjoy the same powers as those with which the European commission shall have until then been invested.

Article 19. In order to insure the execution of the regulations which shall have been established by common agreement, in conformity with the principles above declared, each of the contracting powers shall have the right to station at all times two light vessels at the mouths of the Danube.

Article 20. In exchange for the towns, ports, and territories enumerated in Article 4 of the present treaty, and in order more fully to secure the freedom of the navigation of the Danube, His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias consents to the rectification of his frontier in Bessarabia.

The new frontier shall begin from the Black Sea, one kilometre to the east of Lake Bourna Sola, shall run perpendicularly to the Akerman-road, shall follow that road to the Val de Trajan, pass to the south of Bolgrad, ascend the course of the River Yalpuck to the Height of Saratsika, and terminate at Katamori, on the Pruth. Above that point the old frontier between the two empires shall not undergo any modification.

Delegates of the contracting powers shall fix, in its details, the line of the new frontier.

Article 21. The territory ceded by Russia shall be annexed to

the principality of Moldavia under the suzerainty of the Sublime Porte.

The inhabitants of that territory shall enjoy the rights and privileges secured to the principalities; and during the space of three years they shall be permitted to transfer their domicile elsewhere, disposing freely of their property.

Article 22. The principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia shall continue to enjoy, under the suzerainty of the Porte and under the guarantee of the contracting powers, the privileges and immunities of which they are in possession. No exclusive protection shall be exercised over them by any of the guaranteeing powers. There shall be no separate right of interference in their internal affairs.

Article 23. The Sublime Porte engages to preserve to the said principalities an independent and national administration, as well as full liberty of worship, of legislation, of commerce, and of navigation.

The laws and statutes at present in force shall be revised. In order to establish a complete agreement in regard to such revision, a special commission, as to the composition of which the high contracting powers will come to an understanding among themselves, shall assemble without delay at Bucharest, together with a commissioner of the Sublime Porte.

The business of this commission shall be to investigate the present state of the principalities, and to propose bases for their future organisation.

Article 24. His Majesty the Sultan promises to convoke immediately in each of the two provinces a divan *ad hoc* composed in such a manner as to represent most closely the interests

of all classes of society. These divans shall be called upon to express the wishes of the people in regard to the definite organisation of the principalities.

An instruction from the congress shall regulate the relations between the commission and these divans.

Article 25. Taking into consideration the opinion expressed by the two divans the commission shall transmit without delay to the present seat of the conferences the result of its own labours.

The final agreement with the suzerain power shall be recorded in a convention to be concluded at Paris between the high contracting parties; and a hatti-scherif, in conformity with the stipulations of the convention, shall constitute definitively the organisation of those provinces placed thenceforward under the collective guarantee of all the signing powers.

Article 26. It is agreed that there shall be in the principalities a national armed force, organised with the view to maintain the security of the interior and to insure that of the frontiers. No impediment shall be opposed to the extraordinary measures of defence which, by agreement with the Sublime Porte, they may be called upon to take, in order to repel any external aggression.

Article 27. If the internal tranquillity of the principalities should be menaced or compromised, the Sublime Porte shall come to an understanding with the other contracting powers in regard to the measures to be taken for maintaining or re-establishing legal order. No armed intervention can take place without previous agreement between those powers.

Article 28. The principality of Servia shall continue to hold

of the Sublime Porte, in conformity with the imperial *hats* which fix and determine its rights and immunities, placed henceforward under the collective guarantee of the contracting powers.

In consequence the said principality shall preserve its independent and national administration, as well as full liberty of worship, of legislation, of commerce, and of navigation.

Article 29. The right of garrison of the Sublime Porte, as stipulated by anterior regulations, is maintained. No armed intervention can take place in Servia without previous agreement between the high contracting powers.

Article 30. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias and his Majesty the Sultan maintain in its integrity the state of their possessions in Asia, such as it legally existed before the rupture.

In order to prevent all local dispute, the line of frontier shall be verified, and, if necessary, rectified, without any prejudice, as regards territory, being sustained by either party.

For this purpose a mixed commission, composed of two Russian commissioners, two Ottoman commissioners, one English commissioner, and one French commissioner, shall be sent to the spot immediately after the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between the court of Russia and the Sublime Porte. Its labours shall be completed within the period of eight months after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty.

Article 31. The territories occupied during the war by the troops of their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, and the King of Sar-

dinia, according to the terms of the convention signed at Constantinople on the 12th of March, 1854, between Great Britain, France, and the Sublime Porte; on the 14th of June, of the same year, between Austria and the Sublime Porte; and on the 15th of March, 1855, between Sardinia and the Sublime Porte, shall be evacuated as soon as possible after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty. The periods and the means of execution shall form the object of an arrangement between the Sublime Porte and the powers whose troops have occupied its territory.

Article 32. Until the treaties or conventions which existed before the war between the belligerent powers have been either renewed or replaced by new acts, commerce of importation or of exportation shall take place reciprocally on the footing of the regulations in force before the war; and in all other matters their subjects shall be respectively treated upon the footing of the most favoured nation.

Article 33. The convention concluded this day between their Majesties, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Emperor of the French, on the one part, and his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias on the other part, respecting the Aland Islands, is and remains annexed to the present treaty, and shall have the same force and validity as if it formed a part thereof.

Article 34. The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Paris in the space of four weeks, or sooner, if possible.

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

Done at Paris, the 30th day of the month of March, in the year 1856.

CLARENDON.	C. M. D'HATZFELDT.
COWLEY.	ORLOFF.
BUOL-SCHAUENSTEIN.	BRUNNOW.
HUBNER.	C. CAVOUR.
A. WALEWSKI.	DE VILLAMARINA.
BOURQUENEY.	AALI.
MANTEUFFEL.	MEHEMMED DJEMIL.

CONVENTIONS ANNEXED TO THE PRECEDING TREATY.

1. *Convention between her Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Sardinia, on the one part, and the Sultan on the other part, respecting the Straits of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorous:*

[Signed at Paris, March 30th, 1856. Ratification exchanged at Paris, April 27th, 1856.]

In the name of Almighty God!

Article 1. His Majesty the Sultan on the one part, declares that he is firmly resolved to maintain for the future the principle invariably established as the ancient rule of his empire, and in virtue of which it has at all times been prohibited for the ships of war of foreign powers to enter the Straits of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorous, and that, so long as the Porte is at peace, his Majesty will admit no foreign ship of war into the said Straits.

And their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of

Great Britain and Ireland, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of all the Russias, and the King of Sardinia, on the other part, engage to respect this determination of the Sultan, and to conform themselves to the principle above declared.

Article 2. The Sultan reserves to himself, as in past times, to deliver firmans of passage for light vessels under flag of war, which shall be employed, as is usual, in the service of the missions of foreign powers.

Article 3. The same exception applies to the light vessels under flag of war, which each of the contracting powers is authorised to station at the mouth of the Danube, in order to secure the execution of the regulations relative to the liberty of that river, and the number of which is not to exceed two for each power.

Article 4. The present convention, annexed to the general treaty signed at Paris this day, shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged in the space of four weeks, or sooner, if possible.

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

Done at Paris, the 30th day of the month of March, in the year 1856.

Clarendon.	C. M. D'Hatzfeldt.
Cowley.	Orloff.
Buol-Schauenstein.	Brunnow.
Hubner.	C. Cavour.
A. Walewski.	De Villamarina.
Bourqueney.	Aali.
Manteuffel.	Mehemmed Djemil.

2. *Convention between the Emperor of Russia and the Sultan, limiting their naval force in the Black Sea.*

[Signed at Paris, March 30th. Ratifications exchanged at Paris, April 27th, 1856.]

In the name of Almighty God!

Article 1. The high contracting parties mutually engage not to have in the Black Sea any other vessels of war than those of which the number, the force, and the dimensions are hereinafter stipulated.

Article 2. The high contracting parties reserve to themselves each to maintain in that sea six steam vessels of fifty mètres in length at the line of floatation, of a tonnage of 800 tons at the *maximum*, and four light steam or sailing vessels, of a tonnage which shall not exceed 200 tons each.

Article 3. The present convention, annexed to the general treaty signed at Paris this day, shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged in the space of four weeks, or sooner, if possible.

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

Done at Paris, the 13th day of the month of March, in the year 1856.

ORLOFF. AALI.

BRUNNOW. MEHEMMED DJEMIL.

3. *Convention between her Majesty, the Emperor of the French, and the Emperor of Russia, respecting the Aland Islands.*

[Signed at Paris, March 30th, 1856. Ratifications exchanged at Paris, April 27th, 1856.]

In the name of Almighty God!

Article 1. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, in order to respond to the desire which has been expressed to him by their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French, declares that the Aland Islands shall not be fortified, and that no military or naval establishment shall be maintained or created there.

Article 2. The present convention, annexed to the general treaty signed at Paris this day, shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged within the space of four weeks, or sooner, if possible.

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

Done at Paris, the 30th day of the month of March, in the year 1856.

CLARENDON.	BOURQUENEY.
COWLEY.	ORLOFF.
A. WALEWSKI.	BRUNNOW.

Fifteen years after this treaty was signed—viz. on January 17, 1871—a Conference was held in London, Mr. Gladstone then being Prime Minister and Lord Granville Foreign Secretary, to reconsider the Treaty, and, on March 13 of the same year, another Treaty was signed which abrogated the Black Sea Clauses, thus making nugatory the terrible loss of life, the sufferings of five armies, and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of money, in the great struggle of 1854, 1855, 1856. As a result, the Docks and Forts

that we destroyed have been entirely reconstructed, there is a powerful Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and there are battleships, cruisers, steamers, etc., in Sebastopol Harbour. It was one of these ships, the *Prince Potemkin*, that mutinied 4 years ago, and caused consternation at Odessa by threatening to bombard it.

APPENDIX B

From the following statement of the loss sustained by the Light Division, it will be seen that this gallant body, which behaved so well at the Alma, and maintained its reputation at Inkerman, suffered as severely as it did in gaining the former great victory; and an examination of the return will, we fear, show that the winter, the trenches, and careless recruiting, did their work, and that the officers furnished a noble example of devotion and gallantry. In the Light Division there were 73 officers and 964 men killed and wounded—total, 1037.

The number of officers killed was 15; of men killed, 94—total, 109. The regiments of the division which furnished storming columns were the 90th (or Perthshire Volunteers) and the 97th (or Earl of Ulster's). In the 90th, Captain Preston and Lieutenants Swift and Willmer were killed; only 3 men were killed. Lieutenant Swift penetrated the furthest of all those who entered the Redan, and his dead body was discovered far in advance, near the re-entering angle. Captains Grove, Tinling, and Wade, Lieutenants Rattray, Pigott, Deverill, and Sir C. Pigott, and 90 men severely; Captains Perrin and Vaughan, Lieutenants Rous, Graham, and Haydock and 35 men slightly, wounded. Total: killed, 3 officers, 3 men; wounded, 12 officers, 126 men. In the 97th, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. R. Handcock, Major Welsford, Captain Hutton, and Lieutenant Douglas M'Gregor, and 1 man were killed. Captain Lumley and 10 men dangerously; Captain Sibthorpe, Lieutenant Goodenough, and 38 men severely; Captain Woods, Lieutenants Hill, Fitzgerald, Brown, and 40 men slightly,

wounded. Total: killed, 4 officers, 1 man; wounded, 7 officers, 88 men. The colonel having been shot through the head, was carried to his tent, but the ball having lodged in the brain, he was never sensible, and expired that night. Lieutenant M'Gregor, the son of the Inspector-General of Irish Constabularly, was adjutant of the regiment, and as remarkable for his unostentatious piety and Christian virtues as for his bravery and conduct in the field. The rest of the division was engaged in supporting the storming columns.

In the 7th Royal Fusiliers, Lieutenants Wright and Cole and 11 men were killed; Major Turner, Lieutenant-Colonels Heyland and Hibbert, Captain Hickey, and Captain Jones (Alma), were wounded; 67 men were wounded. In the 23rd (Royal Welsh Fusiliers), Lieutenants Somerville and Dyneley were killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons was slightly wounded, and the following officers more or less injured by shot, shell, or bayonet:—Captains Vane, Poole, Millett, Holding, Beck, Hall-Dare, Williamson, Tupper, O'Connor, Radcliffe, Perrott, and Beck. Total: killed, 2 officers, 1 man; wounded, 13 officers, 130 men. In the 33rd, Lieutenant Donovan, a most promising and dashing officer, lost his life while looking over the parapet at the fight. He went with the regiment as an amateur, in company with his brother, all through Bulgaria, and into action with them at the Alma as a volunteer, where he so much distinguished himself that the colonel recommended him for a commission, which he received without purchase. Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, who was shot through the body at the Alma, was severely wounded; Captain Ellis and Lieutenants Willis and Trent were slightly, and the Adjutant Toseland

severely, wounded; 45 men wounded. Total: killed, 1 officer; wounded, 5 officers, 45 men. In the 34th, which was in the parallel behind the columns, 3 men were killed. Lieutenants Harris and Laurie were severely wounded, and 62 men were wounded. In the 19th nearly every officer was touched more or less, 128 men were wounded, and 25 killed. The officers wounded were:—Colonel Unett, severely (since dead); Major Warden, slightly; Captain Chippindall, ditto; Lieutenants Godfrey, Goren, and Massey, dangerously; Molesworth, severely; Bayley, slightly; Ensign Martin, slightly; and Ensign Young, dangerously. Total: killed, 25 men; wounded, 10 officers, 128 men. In the 77th, 42 men were wounded; killed not known; Captain Parker mortally wounded. Wounded, Captain Butts, slightly; Lieutenants Knowles, Leggett, and Watson, ditto. One officer killed; 4 officers, 42 men wounded. In the 88th Regiment, 105 men were wounded, Captain Grogan was killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, C.B., was wounded twice in the thigh and once in the arm severely. Captains Mauleverer and Beresford, Lieutenants Lambert, Hopton, Scott, and Ensign Walker, were wounded severely. Total: 1 officer killed; wounded, 9 officers, 105 men. In the Rifle Brigade, Captain Hammond, who was only three days out from England, and Lieutenant Ryder and 13 men were killed; and Lieutenant Pellew slightly, Lieutenant Eyre severely, Major Woodford slightly, Captain Eccles and Lieutenant Riley severely, wounded. Total: 2 officers, 13 men killed; wounded, 8 officers, 125 men. The loss of officers in Wyndham's Brigade, and in the portion of Warren's Brigade which moved to his support was equally severe.

The Second Division had on the General Staff, 1 officer, Lieutenant Swire, Aide-de-Camp, dangerously; 2 officers, Major Rooke and Lieutenant Morgan, Aide-de-Camp, severely; 1 officer, Brigadier Warren, slight scratch in hand; and 1 officer, Colonel Percy Herbert, a still slighter scratch. Total: 5 officers wounded. In 1st Royals, 2nd Battalion, 1 man was killed; 2 officers, Major Plunkett and Lieutenant Williams, and 3 men, severely; Captain Gillman and 2 men, dangerously; Lieutenant Keate, and 13 men slightly, wounded. Total: killed, 1; wounded, 4 officers, 18 men. 3rd Buffs, 39 men killed, 76 wounded, 7 officers. Brigadier Straubenzee, a scratch over the eye; Captain Wood Dunbar, Lieutenant Cox, Ensigns Letts and Peachey, wounded. In 41st Foot, 2 officers, Captains Lockhart and Every, 2 men, killed; Colonel Eman, C.B., dangerously (since dead); Lieutenant Kingscote, severely; Major Pratt, Captain Rowlands, Lieutenants Maude and Hamilton, slightly wounded. Total: killed, 2 officers, 2 men; wounded, 6 officers, 111 men. In 47th Regiment, 3 men killed, 27 men wounded. In 49th Regiment, Captain Rochfort and 2 men killed; Major King, Ensign Mitchell, and 26 men wounded. In 55th Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Cuddy, killed; Major Cure, Captain R. Hume, Captain J. Hume, Captain Richards, Lieutenant Johnson, and 105 men, wounded. In 62nd Regiment, Captains Cox and Blakeston, killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Tyler, Major Daubeney, Captain Hunter, Lieutenants Dirin and Davenport, and 67 men, wounded. In 95th Foot, Captain Sergeant and Lieutenant Packington, slightly contused, and 3 men slightly wounded.

In the First Division, 2nd Brigade, the 31st Foot lost an

excellent officer, Captain Attree, before the assault took place; he was mortally wounded in the trenches. They had two men slightly wounded. In the Scots Fusilier Guards, and 56th Foot, there were only two men slightly wounded—one in each regiment; out of 256 men admitted into the General Hospital, Third Division camp, 17 died almost immediately. In the Highland Division, the 42nd Foot had 12 men wounded; the 72nd Foot had 1 officer, Quartermaster Maidmont, mortally wounded; 1 man killed, and 17 men wounded; the 79th had 11 men wounded; and the 93rd had 5 men wounded. In the Fourth Division, the 17th Regiment had Lieutenant Thompson and Lieutenant Parker, and 19 men wounded; the 20th Regiment had 6 men wounded; the 21st, 8 men wounded; the 46th Regiment, 1 man wounded; the 48th, 6 men wounded; the 57th, 4 men wounded; the 63rd Regiment, Colonel Lyndsay (severely) and 4 men wounded, and 1 killed; the 68th, 1 man wounded; the Rifle Brigade, 1st Battalion, 2 men killed, and 9 men wounded. In the right attack of the Royal Artillery Siege Train, Commissary Hayter and 5 men were killed; Captain Fitzroy, Lieutenants Champion and Tyler, and 34 men were wounded. In the left attack Captain Sedley, Major Chapman, Lieutenant Elphinstone, R.E., and 7 sappers and miners, were wounded. The regiments in the trenches lost as follows:—Rifle Brigade, 2 wounded; 3rd Foot, 2 ditto; 17th, 1 ditto; 23rd Fusiliers, 13 ditto; 41st, 3 ditto; 55th, 1 ditto; 62nd, 2 killed, 3 wounded; 77th, 1 killed, 1 wounded; 88th, 1 wounded; 90th, 1 killed, 11 wounded; 93rd, 1 wounded; 97th, 2 wounded; 19th, 1 killed, 1 wounded, The total given by Sir John Hall was—24 officers, and 129 men killed; 134 officers and 1,897 men, wounded.

Hotel Kist.

Church of Alexander Nevsky.

(Photos by Rev. J. LL. Thomas, M.A., F.R.G.S.)

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