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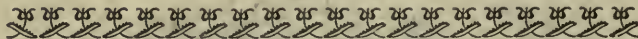


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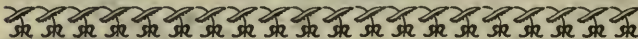
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# WITH LORD STRATFORD IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

BY  
JAMES HENRY SKENE,  
AUTHOR OF  
'THE FRONTIER LAND OF THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURK,' ETC.



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# WITH LORD STRATFORD IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.



## I.

### THE EMBASSY.

A QUARTER of a century has passed since the stirring times of the Crimean War, when England awoke from her long sleep of peace, and so many reputations were made and marred. And in these five-and-twenty years how much has occurred to blur the memory of those times! India, Italy, Germany, America, France, have all contributed to elbow aside the events and actors of the Crimean War from the recollection of living men, and the remembrance of them is fast fading into the twilight of history. There are still, however, among us some few who remember incidents and gossip, trivial indeed, it may be, many of them, and beneath the notice of the historian, but serving to give a glow of life to the memory of men whom another generation will look upon as the mere lay-figures which go to make up history. As one of these



few, one in whose mind that half-dead past is linked with the full life of the present by many vivid personal reminiscences, I may be pardoned if I write down what I remember, setting down naught in malice.

Unquestionably the most prominent figure in the East at the time was that of our great Ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. During the few years that preceded the Crimean War, no one could have enjoyed his confidence, as it was my good fortune to do more or less, without appreciating the greatness he displayed on all occasions when vital questions and interests were at stake. That he was possessed of the rare gift of political genius we have the authority of Lord Palmerston for asserting. No one knew him better, as their long connection began when they were employed for some time as joint Private Secretaries to George Canning; and he has said more than once that Lord Stratford may not have been endowed with the continuous glow of his cousin's genius, but that he certainly had occasional flashes of it. I never was so strongly impressed with his power as on the occasion of the rupture between Russia and Turkey which resulted in the Crimean War. Prince Mentchikoff, the Russian Ambassador, had been for some time secretly intriguing with the Porte, when at last Reshid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, had his eyes opened and peremptorily rejected the

Russian proposals. Prince Mentchikoff, with the vague air of irritation natural to one whose insincerity has been detected, announced his immediate departure from Constantinople, with the entire Russian Embassy, by order of the Emperor Nicholas. Under Russian threats of breaking off diplomatic relations, the Turks had kept the intrigue a profound secret, and Lord Stratford was quite taken by surprise when he heard of the rupture. He was at a ball in the house of one of the chief bankers of the place. At a late hour the First Interpreter of the British Embassy entered hurriedly and whispered in his ear a message from the Grand Vizier, giving the important news. The Ambassador requested the commander of an English man-of-war, which had been placed at his disposal, to get up steam at once. He then approached his hostess, with his fine strong face displaying an abundance of human kindness about the firm lips and deep-set eyes, while he cordially conversed with her as if he had nothing on his mind more serious than the small-talk of a ball-room. He wished her good-night and withdrew with perfect composure, making me a sign to follow him. On reaching his own room at the Embassy, he sat down to write a very long despatch to the Foreign Office, handing me over page after page to copy. The recollection of this despatch two years later raised in me an intense admiration for its masterly analysis of

the situation and its almost prophetic foretelling of the consequences, dashed off, as it was, in a couple of hours, without preparation of any kind, in a style of forcible, clear and eloquent diction. The events, as they afterwards occurred, completely justified all that was predicted in the despatch. It left Constantinople as soon as the steamer was ready, and our Ministry adopted Lord Stratford's view without question. The die was cast, and the Crimean War was the result.

Great as Lord Stratford could show himself on such an emergency as this, his mind was one of those which never lose sight of detail. It was a brain of the nature of an elephant's trunk, capable of uprooting an oak and picking up a pin. Even during the war, the 'Great *Elchi*,' as he was called, would not overlook the local shortcomings of the Turks.

I was with him one day in his ten-oared *caïque* on the Bosphorus, when we passed a large garden in which preparations were being made for building. Lord Stratford told me to land and inquire whose it was. I learnt that the Sultan was about to erect a new summer residence there. A mingled expression of gloom and lofty indignation clouded the Ambassador's face when I told him this. He ordered the boatmen to row straight to the Sultan's palace. He was announced as seeking an immediate audience.

Abdul Medjid, supposing, as the Chamberlain said, that some sudden catastrophe had overtaken his army on the Danube, received him as a friend coming to condole and advise. But there was no friendly response to the Imperial greeting. On the contrary, a painful feeling of surprise was expressed by Lord Stratford at finding such a degree of untimely levity in his Majesty's mind as that he should entertain for a moment the idea of building new palaces when his Empire might be on the verge of its downfall. The Sultan looked much embarrassed, and stammered out a confused request to know what the *Elchi Bey* wished him to do.

‘Tell him,’ said the Ambassador, ‘to dismiss at once all the workmen. His Majesty has eight palaces already, and would he spend his money, scarcely sufficient as it is to buy bread for his troops in the field, in building a ninth palace for the Emperor of Russia to occupy? For no assistance can be expected from the allies of Turkey, if they see such senseless extravagance.’

The Sultan seemed struck dumb by Lord Stratford's vehemence, and only clapped his hands together to summon a chamberlain, whom he ordered to go and stop the works in the garden, for he had changed his mind about them. Lord Stratford then uttered a few plain words of paternal approval, and took leave, with all the appearance of having had his indignation



disarmed by the schoolboy-like submission of the Commander of the Faithful.

When, in his turn, the Sultan asked the Ambassador to change his mind on other subjects, a like result was not always attained. I remember a rather remarkable occasion when Lord Stratford refused to accede to the Sultan's request. Mehemet Ali Pasha was the husband of one of Abdul Medjid's sisters, and was then Minister of the Navy. He had recently purchased a beautiful Greek slave, and he saw her one day at the open window in conversation with a Greek gardener, who was mowing the lawn behind his palace. The poor thing had been glad to find someone to speak to in her own mother tongue. The Pasha approached the girl in silence, and stabbed her to the heart with a dagger. This reached Lord Stratford's ears, and, when Mehemet Ali Pasha next called at the Embassy, he was not received. The Sultan sent an aide-de-camp to ask the Ambassador why he had refused to see one of his Imperial Majesty's Ministers, and his brother-in-law.

'Tell the Sultan,' said Lord Stratford, 'that an English Ambassador can never admit to his presence a cruel assassin.'

Another attempt was made, through the medium of the Grand Vizer, to appease the Ambassador's anger ; but it was in vain, and Mehemet Ali Pasha was dismissed from office.



Several years before this, a conflict arose between the Embassy and the Porte about an Armenian Christian who had become a Mussulman, and soon after repented of his apostasy. He was received again in his former Church ; but, by Mussulman law, the abjuring of Islamism was punishable with death, and many such sentences had been carried out. The man was condemned by the Sheikh ul Islam to be beheaded. The decision of the highest judicial authority could not be modified. The Ambassador went to the Sultan, who deplored his inability to satisfy him. He announced to the Porte that he could not remain at Constantinople while such a crime was being officially committed, and that, on the day before the execution, the British Embassy would leave the country. There was no answer. He returned to the Sultan to take leave, on the rupture of diplomatic relations between England and Turkey. Abdul Medjid actually groaned in despair, saying he could do nothing to prevent it.

‘Your Majesty can easily prevent it,’ exclaimed Lord Stratford. ‘You are Caliph, and you can alter the Mussulman law by a decree as such.’

The Sultan stared wildly around, and then with a trembling voice he said he would do so. He would do anything lawful to avoid shedding blood. This was quite true, for Abdul Medjid had nothing of the bloodthirsty Turk in him. But he was weak and

vacillating. He attempted to dictate a decree to his Chamberlain in vague, equivocal terms, which could have no effect. Mr. Alison, the Oriental Secretary of Embassy, who was present, informed the Ambassador of this in a whisper.

‘Write it yourself in Turkish,’ said Lord Stratford, ‘and give it to the Sultan to sign.’

Mr. Alison wrote in Turkish, ‘*Murtad katil olmaz*’ (‘A convert cannot be put to death’). The Sultan read the words, and affixed to them his seal as Caliph of the Mussulman faith. The decree was sent to the Sheikh ul Islam, who liberated the prisoner ; and no execution has ever since taken place for a change of religion.

This Mr. Alison was one of the most remarkable of the able men who then formed Lord Stratford’s Staff. He afterwards became our Envoy in Persia, and died at Teheran. He was a man of uncommon abilities, but there was unfortunately in him a vein of eccentricity which made him many enemies, and sometimes marred the effect of his brilliant powers. He was a great favourite with the Turks, whose language he knew perfectly, as well as Arabic and Greek. Reshid Pasha, when he was Grand Vizier, made quite a spoiled child of him, treating him with a degree of deference which he did not show to the Ambassadors of other Courts, and allowing him to cut jokes on the most serious subjects without resenting their occasional impropriety.

I was once sent with him on business to that Grand Vizier, and during our visit the Hellenic Minister entered. We rose to withdraw, but Reshid Pasha asked us to remain. The conversation turned on the state of Greece, and the Minister, in reply to the inquiries of the Turk, gave glowing descriptions of its prosperity. After hearing him descant on the progress of agriculture, commerce, and navigation, Reshid Pasha asked him in what state were manufactures.

‘L’industrie, comment va-t-elle ?’ said he, being a thorough French scholar.

‘Admirablement,’ answered the Greek.

‘Oui,’ said the incorrigible Alison, who hated all Greeks, ‘on prétend qu’il y a même un ordre chevalerie établi en Grèce pour l’industrie.’

This wicked allusion to Greek *chevaliers d’industrie* was too much for us all. The Grand Vizier fidgeted on his chair, trying in vain to preserve his gravity, and the Greek Minister abruptly took leave in evident embarrassment. When he was well gone, a chorus of laughter was led by Reshid Pasha and joined in by Mr. Alison and myself.

That great Turkish statesman retired from his position not long afterwards, and was succeeded by a fanatical old Turk of the name of Raouf Pasha. Mr. Alison, having to transact some official business at the Porte, was received very differently from what he had been accustomed to. So marked were the respect

and cordiality entertained for him by the former Grand Vizier, that he would meet him at the top of the principal staircase, take him by the hand, and conduct him through the crowds in the antechamber to his own room. On this occasion there was nothing of the kind. A servant led him to the presence of the great man, to whom he was announced simply as a Secretary of the English Embassy. Raouf Pasha took no notice. Mr. Alison put his hands in his pockets and began whistling a tune, while he looked at the pictures on the walls. The servant ran up to him, saying that the Pasha on the sofa was the Grand Vizier.

‘Impossible!’ exclaimed Mr. Alison in Turkish. ‘That must be some flunkey. The Grand Vizier would receive me like a gentleman.’

Raouf Pasha stood up in apparent astonishment. Mr. Alison took a seat, and in his most patronizing manner invited the great man to sit down. He then explained the case he had to lay before the Porte. After a long discussion of it the Grand Vizier looked at his watch, said it was the hour of his prayer, and knelt down at the end of the sofa, as the Turks delight in doing in the presence of foreigners. The Mussulman prayer winds up with a damnatory clause against all infidels, and Raouf Pasha rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if levelled at his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words.



The Grand Vizier then returned to his seat and resumed the official interview. When the affair under consideration was settled, Mr. Alison, in his turn, looked at his watch, remarked that it was his prayer-time, and went to the other end of the sofa, where he went through a variety of gestures and genuflexions, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks, Mussulmans and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith, declaimed in pure Arabic, as understood by all pious Mahometans. He then walked out of the room without taking the least notice of the astounded Grand Vizier.

Lord Stratford was not a man with whom it was safe to take a liberty, but somehow he never seemed annoyed by any of Mr. Alison's jokes and sarcasms. Indeed, they often had the effect of restoring him to good-humour when his rather violent temper was ruffled. Explosions of anger were not unfrequent on the Ambassador's part ; but it was only in defence of what was just and right, of honour and humanity, that he ever broke out in one. He was once showering torrents of contemptuous abuse on the head of a military Pasha, who was paying a ceremonious visit at the Embassy. This Pasha was now grown rich and plethoric, but had commanded an army corps in the first campaign between the Russians and the Turks, and lost a battle, during which he had hidden himself in a bush. Mr. Alison was translating for Lord



Stratford, who walked up and down the room, stamping with rage and flinging out insults with unbridled vehemence, his fury reverberating among the consonants like distant thunder. He asked how such a coward and traitor to his country had dared to show his face at the British Embassy. The Turk tried to calm his excitement by the usual deprecatory expressions, '*Djanim*,' '*Coozoom*' ('My Soul,' 'My Lamb'). The Ambassador stopped short, exclaiming:

'What does he mean with his "*Coozoom*?"'

'He means,' replied Mr. Alison, with a comical twinkle of his eye, 'that your Excellency is his lamb.'

The Ambassador burst out laughing, conscious that his heroics had not been altogether lamblike.

On another occasion, at a large dinner-party given by Lord Stratford to the officers of the fleet on the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, he proposed the toast of the Navy in a long and eloquent speech, concluding with Nelson's celebrated signal: 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' In pronouncing these words with great fervour and beaming eyes, he sat down with his hand on one of the decanters before him, but apparently never thinking of sending them round the table.

'Do you not think, my Lord,' said one of the attachés, the late Lord Strangford, with a quietly

suggestive look, 'that Lord Nelson may have alluded to the duty of every Englishman to pass the wine when he proposes a toast?'

The Ambassador descended gracefully from his stilts, and apologised with a smile for his absence of mind.

One might go on multiplying instances of cordiality at the Embassy between the Chief and his Staff, but these few will suffice to show how the stern *Elchi* could unbend in the intimacy of his chosen circle, which was formed, it is true, of personal friends accustomed to his ways.

With strangers Lord Stratford was not always so indulgent towards untimely jesting. It happened to me once to see him resent most decidedly the facetiousness of a French Ambassador, when they met on a somewhat solemn occasion. War had been declared against Russia, and the allied armies were preparing to embark. The question of their place of landing had been warmly discussed. The Porte, still clinging to the hope that the determined attitude of the Western Powers might suffice to bring about peace, and dreading that the fanaticism of the Turks might be aroused by the appearance, as allies, of infidel armies at their capital, strongly objected to the allied armies advancing so far. The French Government, on the other hand, looking only to the military situation, insisted on the fleets entering the Black Sea, and on

troops being landed in Bulgaria to prevent the Russian forces from marching on Constantinople if they should make good their passage of the Danube. Napoleon's Ambassador was General Baraguay d'Hilliers, a distinguished soldier and a good-natured man. He was full of humour. He used to pat Lord Stratford on the back and call him "*mon vieux*," which displeased the Great Elchi in the highest degree. After a long negotiation between the two Ambassadors and the Grand Vizier, it was decided that the allied armies should be stationed at Gallipoli on the Dardanelles, and a convention was drawn up to that effect. A meeting was appointed at the Porte for the purpose of signing it. Lord Stratford took me with him, that I might take notes for his report to the Foreign Office. The Grand Vizier, much pleased at having carried his point, received the two Ambassadors with great cordiality. Lord Stratford displayed his customary cold courtesy. General Baraguay d'Hilliers appeared much displeased. He had failed to convince the Porte that it would be desirable to begin the war in a spirited manner, and he made no effort to hide his chagrin. Reshid Pasha was the first to sign the convention. Lord Stratford followed his example, the sole expression in his face being one of icy impassibility, while his Brutus-like chin looked more determined than ever. He gravely handed the pen to the French Ambassador, who looked sulkily at him, then put

down the pen with a leering smile stealing over his rough countenance. Reshid Pasha begged him to put his name to the paper. He still gazed in silence, first at one, then at the other, of his two colleagues. His smile at last became a broad grin, and he said that he must be allowed to relate a little anecdote before signing. The Grand Vizier replied that he would listen to the anecdote with pleasure after the convention had been duly signed. Lord Stratford sat frowning darkly, and did not speak. The General shook his head with comic gravity, as he gazed at him.

‘No story, no signature,’ he said at last.

The Pasha consented to hear the story first.

‘In the time of the Regent,’ began Monsieur Baraguay d’Hilliers, ‘a beautiful young Countess was dressing to go to a ball——’

‘Allow me,’ interrupted Lord Stratford, ‘to express my unqualified disapproval of this very unusual proceeding, and to request my French colleague to sign the convention, to which he has already given his formal adherence.’

‘Yes, yes, *mon vieux*,’ replied the General, ‘I will sign; but I must first finish the story I was telling you and the Grand Vizier.’

Lord Stratford shrugged his shoulders and sat still.

‘Well,’ continued the Frenchman, ‘the waiting-maid brought the rouge-pot and puff——’

The *Elchi* jumped up in a rage.



‘I beg of you,’ interposed Monsieur Baraguay d’Hilliers, laughing, and putting his hand on his shoulder to make him sit down, ‘do not fear, *mon vieux*, I will be quick. The Countess told her maid not to rouge her face, but her back. The maid objected that her lady’s back would not be seen. “Who knows,” answered the Countess, “how far men’s audacity may carry them?” This is what we are doing, *mes amis*; we are landing our armies at Gallipoli to rouge the back of Constantinople.’

Reshid Pasha rolled about in his chair in one of those paroxysms of merriment which the gravest Turks often affect. Lord Stratford placed the convention before the General in silence, and handed him the pen. The French Ambassador signed; and the *Elchi* made a stiff bow and stalked out of the room.

‘Exit Jupiter tonans!’ exclaimed Monsieur Baraguay d’Hilliers with a comical face of mock solemnity.

With all his stern gravity and occasional outbursts of violent anger, however, Lord Stratford was one of the kindest of men. Indeed, he was of so notably humane a disposition that his witty attaché, the late Lord Strangford, used to call him ‘Old Humanity.’ Such a disposition could have little in common with the Emperor Nicholas, who was indeed his pet aversion. The dislike between these two men had been of long standing. Many years ago the British Embassy at St. Petersburg fell vacant, and Lord Stratford, then



Mr. Stratford Canning, was appointed to the post. The Emperor intimated to the British Government that he objected to receive him, and requested that some one else might be sent. His wish was acceded to, and he thus made a bitter enemy. I do not mean to suggest that Lord Stratford was a man who would allow himself to be guided by any feeling of personal pique when treating affairs of interest to his country. But unquestionably the conduct of a man occupying so important a position as that of British Ambassador at Constantinople may be influenced by an unconscious bias, to the prejudice of the policy of another State. There were abundant facts in the career of Nicholas which could not but justify and confirm any right-minded man's repugnance to him.

His first act on coming to the throne, for instance, was one which could not fail to impress very painfully such a man as Lord Stratford. In the punishment of the misguided youths who then attempted to overthrow the Imperial power, the Emperor Nicholas took no extenuating circumstances into consideration. Executions followed rapidly after that tragic episode. Some of those more lightly involved in the insurrection were exiled for life to Siberia. One of them, the young Prince Nariskin, an officer of the Guards, was to proceed thither with other convicts in a well-escorted van. His mother determined to accompany him in her own carriage, and she petitioned the Emperor

to allow her son to occupy a place in it beside her. He refused to see her, and wrote with his own hand upon the petition the words, 'On foot.' Lord Stratford has told this story in my presence in accents of horror and indignation which rose altogether above the possibility of a suspicion that they were dictated by any personal resentment. He concluded by saying that no one was ever more like Achilles,

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.'

The animosity of the Emperor against Lord Stratford was supposed to have originated in the fact that in the year 1812, when the latter was a young attaché of the Embassy at Constantinople, he became Chargé d'Affaires during the Ambassador's absence on leave, and took a prominent part in the conclusion of peace between Turkey and Russia. The treaty of Bucharest, in which that peace was stipulated, contains clauses which were far from palatable to Russia, and they were traced to the influence even then exercised over the Turks by the young diplomatist, so young that he afterwards returned to Cambridge to take his degree.

The breach thus opened between the Emperor and Lord Stratford was afterwards widened by the action of the latter on a memorable occasion. The revolutionary agitation pervading Europe after the Parisian outbreak of February, 1848, struck the Emperor with

alarm. He took the first opportunity which presented itself of casting the weight of his sword into the scale. Austria was vainly endeavouring to suppress the Hungarian insurrection, and he saved the power of the Hapsburg dynasty by sending an army of Russians to assist the cause of Imperialism. The Hungarians were crushed, and many of their most distinguished men, including several Poles who had taken service with them, found an asylum as political refugees in Turkey. The Emperors of Russia and Austria demanded that those fugitive subjects of theirs should be given up to them, and the Turks would probably have betrayed their duty of hospitality under such circumstances, if Lord Stratford had not interposed. The Porte, understanding how the Great Elchi felt about it, made a formal request for advice from him, less, perhaps, with the desire of following it, than with the view of putting themselves in a position to throw upon him the responsibility of any ill result which might possibly ensue from it. Reshid Pasha, with whom Lord Stratford was on very friendly terms, represented to him that resistance on the part of Turkey might involve her in a disastrous war if she had no allies, and that he would be glad to know how England would be likely to act in that contingency. The Ambassador tried to convince him that Turkey would not be left alone to suffer for an act of generosity towards the victims of a patriotic struggle

for national freedom. The Turk would not be satisfied without something more positive than this assurance. Our Government, on the other hand, would not consent to hamper its future diplomatic action by a distinct engagement. Lord Stratford rose to the emergency, and met the difficulty unaided by the Foreign Secretary. He went to the Sultan, and pledged himself personally to see him safe through any dangers that might assail him in consequence of a refusal to give up the Hungarian and Polish refugees. Abdul Medjid accepted the pledge, and a definitive rejection of their demand was at once communicated to the Emperors of Russia and Austria. Few secrets are ever kept at the Porte, and the Russian Embassy soon ascertained from what quarter had emanated so unqualified a rebuff. Another grievance against Lord Stratford was recorded by the Czar.

Apart, however, from the friction arising from such diplomatic conflicts, the fundamental divergence of the characters of these two men sufficed to account for their mutual hostility. The arbitrary and the equitable elements of their respective tones of thought were too clearly defined to admit of their ever meeting in mutual agreement on almost any point whatsoever. In Lord Stratford's opinion, the Czar's alleged strength of will was in reality mere unreasoning obstinacy. He had, said Lord Stratford, adopted a narrow code of policy, which took no account of



existing facts, and he aggravated diplomatic perplexities by appealing to apocryphal popular sentiment. He dealt only in the projection into concrete form of vague and erroneous ideas, without the least infusion of a bracing common-sense. These pernicious habits of thought must have grown out of the want of familiarity with a wider sphere of statesmanship, and they could hardly be attributable, as has been argued, to the influence of family antecedents and traditions. Nicholas could not have inherited any such tendencies from his predecessors. His brother, Alexander I., devoured by pious yearnings, sought exclusively to liberate oppressed nationalities, and to relieve enslaved Christians from an infidel yoke, without having the ambition to substitute his own rule for that of a dispossessed domination. Their grandmother, Catherine II., with her sentimental proclivities, wished merely to leave a northern empire to her eldest grandson, and a southern to her second. The founder of Russian power, Peter the Great, true to his noble aspirations at Saardam and Wapping, thought only of creating a maritime trade, as the best means of raising his country to prosperity. Their successor and descendant, Nicholas, imbued with the spirit of mediæval conquerors and tyrants, was guided by an insatiable craving for absolute power and an unscrupulous lust of territory. There were no hereditary or imitative features in his character, any

more than in his policy. He possessed neither the conscientious unselfishness of his brother Alexander, nor the high-minded confidence in others of his grandmother Catherine ; and he was entirely devoid of the persevering constancy of purpose which made his ancestor, Peter the Great, famous in the world as the organizer of an empire. This is a summary of the Ambassador's opinion of the Emperor, as gathered from many conversations I had with him on the subject. He had carefully studied the character and policy of Nicholas, and regarded him as the one great antagonist of his long political career. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that, while indulging in expressions of dislike towards the man, he would never descend to abuse of him otherwise than as the Emperor.



## II.

## THE ALLIES.

I MUST now take my leave of the Embassy for a time. I have often looked back with regret on those years passed in intellectual companionship with distinguished men at Constantinople, more especially the warm seasons spent in the summer residence at Therapia, with its shady gardens, and the bright blue waters of the Bosphorus dancing in the fresh northerly breeze before it. The winters at Pera were certainly not altogether agreeable, but the Embassy house was spacious and comfortable, and time flew fast when we had hard work, eating through piles of papers on our tables. The dirt and discomfort of the town are known by the myriad published diaries of Eastern travellers. The name of the place sounds poetic, and its Golden Horn adds illusion to the image it raises in the mind before it is explored. But actual contact with the ignoble streets, full of beggars and curs, makes one fully appreciate the wisdom of that English tourist who, declining to disembark from the steamer

that took him there, carried away an untarnished memory of the glistening palaces on the water's edge, the dark green groves of funereal cypresses, and the tall minarets gleaming in their slender beauty at an advantageous distance. Such were my feelings also, as I steamed into the Sea of Marmora, bound for Gallipoli. As I had learnt Turkish during the years I had spent at Constantinople, it was thought that I might be of use with our army in Turkey, on the staff of which I was accordingly placed; and I was not sorry to be once more connected with a profession which I had chosen in my early youth.

Three dull days alone in the quiet little Turkish town of Gallipoli were a sore trial to one's equanimity. The place was sad as sad could be. The decay everywhere apparent was eloquent of four centuries of Ottoman misrule.

When Suleyman, the young son of Orkhan, Sultan of Broussa, took the town by assault, it may have worn a brighter aspect. Cyzicus, on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora, was held by Suleyman, with ten thousand Janissaries. He dreamed a dream. The moon rose before him like a silver crescent, the emblem of his race, throwing a bridge of light across from continent to continent. Gorgeous palaces glittered beyond the sea, and voices mingled with the dash of the waves on the shore to call him to their marble splendours. His youthful imagination was fired. He

embarked at once with no more than thirty-nine chosen followers. He stormed the town of Zympe, on the European side. In three days he had his whole force conveyed thither from Cyzicus. Palæologus, son-in-law of the Byzantine Emperor, Cantacuzenus, and himself aspiring to the imperial purple, led a large army of Slavonians against the Turkish invaders. A great earthquake threw down the strong walls of Gallipoli. The Christians thought the *Panaghia* had forsaken them. The Turks hailed it as an approving sign from Allah. The Slavonians were totally routed, and Suleyman and his victorious army entered Gallipoli through the breaches in the ramparts.

Another Slavonian army was now attacking the Turks; and Western nations, then unknown to them, were about to enter Gallipoli to protect them against a Slavonian emperor.

Suleyman did not survive his father, to add to the glory of the house of Osman by his valour and military genius. He was killed by a fall from his horse when hawking, which is still a favourite sport of the Turks; and he was buried on the spot where he had landed to gain an empire for his dynasty. A mausoleum, which I found, like everything else in Turkey, dilapidated, marks his grave. Even this witness of a glorious past had not withstood the blight of Turkish domination.

The scene changed suddenly when the fleet of

transports arrived. Trumpet-calls, shouting, bustle, succeeded the death-like repose of normal Gallipoli. A camp was soon pitched—things shook into their places; drill began, and marching out, to bring the soldiers into a proper state of training for fatigue, after having been so long cooped up on ship-board. The troops soon lost that careworn appearance that betrays the landsman just ashore from a sea voyage. The march-past on parade was as good as any at an Aldershot review. Nicholas, had he been there, might well have said what his son Alexander afterwards remarked to the German Crown Prince at a review at Windsor, ‘They are the finest soldiers in the world—the best armed, the best clothed, and the best mounted. You and I may thank our stars there are so few of them.’

There were, indeed, few of them at Gallipoli, but there was also a French force twice as strong, and together they proved to be more than a match for the hosts of the Emperor Nicholas. The allied armies were soon brought into excellent order; but what next? The Turks had fought a good fight single-handed against the Russians on the Danube. On the battlefields of Oltenitza, Citate, and Giurgevo, they had been so successful that a caricature appeared in the French *Charivari* representing the Turks in pursuit of the flying Russians, at the point of the bayonet, while beneath were the words, ‘L’homme malade saigné son médecin.’



After the peace, a distinguished Russian officer told me what, in his view, was the reason of the army on the Danube having been so often bled by the 'sick man' in that campaign. The Emperor Nicholas insisted on himself ordering, from St. Petersburg, all the manœuvres and movements of his troops; and the Turks were commanded by the Austrian Omar Pasha, and not by a Turk. The Turkish commander had thus opportunities of attack under favourable conditions, and immunity from attack before he had had time to strengthen his positions; while his own eager activity and unremitting vigilance were very different from the indolent and neglectful mode of warfare characteristic of Turkish generals.

The Emperor Nicholas had at last committed the crowning blunder of the campaign—he had laid siege to Silistria. This was just what Omar Pasha most desired. Behind stone walls his troops were invincible. The Allies, however, had misgivings on the subject. If the great Danubian fortress were to fall while they were still loitering at Gallipoli, it would be an irretrievable disgrace to them. They therefore embarked for Varna. No sooner had they landed there than the siege of Silistria was raised, and the Russian troops retreated to protect their own frontier.

To the westward of Varna stretches a lovely country, with green meadows backed by dense forests on sloping hillsides, the clear waters of a long lake glittering



along their base. Wild vines and clematis cluster on the spreading branches of the trees, or form a tangled undergrowth, which sporting young officers soon found to be swarming with game, from woodcock to wild boars. The long halt here, however, was a tedious standing-at-ease for those who did not affect the gun, and all, moreover, were soon awakened to the alarming fact that ague, dysentery and cholera were beginning to fight the Russians' battle against the Allies. It was with a sense of relief that at last we heard the trumpets sounded for the march, we cared not whither. Baltshik was the name whispered about as that of our destination, but for what purpose was still an unsolved problem. Some said it was merely to obtain a change of air for everyone; others, that it was a better and more convenient seaport than Varna. Senior Staff officers mysteriously hinted at consultations held between Lord Raglan, Marshal Saint-Arnaud, and Lord Lyons, but beyond this their lips were sealed. A visit to Omar Pasha at Shumla threw no light on the matter. It furnished, however, a striking illustration of the relations existing between the commanders-in-chief.

Lord Raglan, having served on the Duke of Wellington's Staff in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, when feelings were rife in the British Army not over-conducive to harmony with the French, thought he could not do too much to show

that no such antipathies prevailed now. Marshal Saint-Arnaud, whatever other merits he may have possessed, was certainly rather wanting in the chivalrous feeling which ought to have prevented his taking an unfair advantage of his colleague's cordial courtesy. Later on this peculiar feature of their intercourse was of serious importance, as it could not fail to affect their joint operations, to the prejudice of the British army; but in this instance no great harm was done by it, and a little merriment at the good and gallant Lord Raglan's expense, for letting himself be jockeyed, was its only result. Shumla is fifty miles from Varna; and, in order to ride the distance more comfortably in one day, Lord Raglan proposed to Marshal Saint-Arnaud that they should not pay their visit in uniform, as Omar Pasha would doubtless receive them equally well if they appeared in easy-fitting plain clothes. The French Marshal made no objection, and he and his Staff started in wideawake hats and shooting-jackets, with gold-laced uniform trousers under them. Lord Raglan and his suite were similarly attired, but with plain overalls. When the cavalcade was approaching Shumla, orderlies brought tin boxes to the Marshal and his Staff, who halted for a few minutes and proceeded to unpack cocked hats and feathers, laced jackets, swords, stars, crosses, and medals, all of which they donned with the greatest composure and self-complacency, while

the English General and his Staff, helpless in their sober mufti, looked on in mute astonishment. At the gate of the town the Turkish guard turned out and presented arms to the French officers ; it turned in when the English officers came to the gate.

Omar Pasha had the good taste to receive the two commanders-in-chief precisely alike, and to tell Lord Raglan that he was very glad to see him in plain clothes, which he begged to be allowed to interpret as an intimation that he treated him as a friend. The English General, with his noble simplicity of character, merely replied that it was a long day's ride, and that he had felt sure that Omar Pasha would not object to his coming in the most comfortable dress.

*A propos* of decorations, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour was on this occasion pompously promised by the Marshal to Omar Pasha, while Lord Raglan, in his turn, announced that the Grand Cross of the Bath would be conferred upon him. The Sultan had already been invested with the Garter ; and much surprise and curiosity were evinced by the Turks, who declared they had never heard of a *hammam* being used for anything but cleanliness, nor of a stocking being kept up by a gold-embroidered garter as a mark of distinction.

'*Mashallah !*' they exclaimed ; ' the English are the fathers of funny freaks ! '

We are now beginning to find out that in the East there is much in a name.

On the line of march from Varna to Baltshik, I had to stop at a small Bulgarian village, where one of our divisions was to halt for the night. I found a French Dragoon regiment which had been on detachment there for several weeks. Accosting the Colonel, I inquired what facilities there were for obtaining forage near the village, and he gave me ample information on the subject with great cordiality. He was a fine old soldier of the rough-and-ready type, who had seen hot work, as he called it, in Algeria. A decidedly alcoholic tint about his nose betrayed the fact that he was a fire-drinker as well as a fire-eater. I went on to ask him about the water.

‘The water?’ he repeated, with a tone of unfeigned astonishment.

‘Well, yes, Colonel,’ replied I. ‘Is the water good? is it drinkable?’

‘Faith,’ said he, with a tone of contempt, ‘I know nothing about it. My horses don’t complain.’

The gallant *sabreur* had never tasted the water himself, as it would appear.

On our arrival at Baltshik, all doubts about our destination were dispelled, for there we found the fleets of men-of-war and transports moored, ready to take the allied armies to the Crimea. Embarkation, passage, and landing at Eupatoria were soon over, but not without some reminders of the pestilence we had brought with us from the camp near Varna. A



young English officer, for instance, was certainly on board one of the transports very ill, and did not land in the Crimea. What became of him was never ascertained, though his family made all possible inquiries, sending out a special agent for the purpose. He probably died at sea and was thrown overboard, together with many dead private soldiers, too hurriedly for any record of his military rank and high birth to be kept. But this was nothing in comparison with the loss of life a few days later at the Alma. A Russian prisoner, who had commanded one of the batteries, told me that one volley of his grape-shot had mowed down a whole company of the advancing Coldstream Guards, a second laid low an equal number of the Highland Brigade, and a third would have been as deadly against the Scots Fusilier Guards, had he not felt sick at heart with the carnage he was inflicting, and almost involuntarily restrained his fire.

The Guards were forming, by order of the Duke of Cambridge, when they had all breasted the hill. Old Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, shouted to them to follow him, as he was advancing with his Highland Brigade. Some of them wavered under the deadly blaze of artillery. Their Adjutant, poor Hugh Drummond, galloped forward, looked over the Russian earthwork, and, waving his sword, called to his men to come on, as the enemy was not so strong.



Five Russians jumped up from the trench and attacked him. His revolver disabled three of them ; but the two remaining shot his horse, and brought him down with a gunshot wound and a bayonet-thrust. Fired by the daring of their popular officer, his battalion charged impetuously and saved his life. The Russian position was taken by storm, and my informant, the captain of artillery, was made prisoner. Hugh Drummond was sent to the hospital, and slowly recovered from his wounds. He returned to his duties on the night before the battle of Inkerman, in which he fought with conspicuous bravery, and was killed.

My old friend, Sydney Beckwith, was seen leading his battalion of the Rifle Brigade with cool gallantry to the steep ascent after fording the river Alma. He disappeared in some unaccountable manner. His body was not found among those of the slain. Two days after the battle, an ordnance-waggon which had been left behind, near the stream, was sent for. Colonel Beckwith was lying under it, dead of cholera. Campaigning is a chaplet of small miseries with an occasional large bead of greater pathos. Here was a most distinguished officer, who had served with the utmost credit for five-and-twenty years, during several of which he had been adjutant of his battalion. At last he reached the summit of regimental rank. He commanded, and was leading into action, as fine a set of men as ever charged an enemy. Had he been

shot down when scrambling up that fearful ascent under an overwhelming fire of grape and shell, his name would have been surrounded with the halo of glory which was his lifelong ambition as a soldier. But he was compelled to fall out, saying nothing, for he would naturally hope to overtake his battalion and fall in again. He had to let his men rush on to victory without him, and to lie down on the ground in all the torture of a frightful disease, alone, untended, to die like a dog. How long he lay there alive was never known, but it appeared that he had not been dead many hours when his body was found. What bitter thoughts must have added their torture to that weary agony!—disappointment that he could not share with his men the dangers of the assault, when the roar of cannon sounded in his ears; hopeless rage that he was lying helpless, yet not even wounded, when their cheers of triumph told him that the day was won; then a solitary, silent, dreary waiting for a tardy death. Glorious war has need of all its pomp to cloak the pitifulness of a fate like poor Beckwith's.

Another incident at the battle of the Alma excited universal sympathy, but fortunately not of a melancholy kind. An officer of the Guards had sold his commission before the war, tired, as so many are, of the monotonous routine of regimental duties in time of peace. When it became known in England that the allied armies were going to embark at Baltshik for

the invasion of Russia, he hurried to the East in the first steamer, and volunteered to serve in the ranks of the company he had formerly commanded. His application was immediately acceded to by the kind-hearted General. The volunteer was remarked for his gallant bearing under fire when storming the Russian positions on the heights, and for his ringing cheer to the soldiers, who had known him as their captain. He was made an officer, and attained a second time the rank which he had resigned. His name was so well known and respected in the army that there need be no scruple in mentioning that it was Lane Fox.

The brunt of the battle fell on the English, for the French commander here first displayed his serious intention of giving his army an unfair advantage through Lord Raglan's excess of courtesy. When the question of the order of march was raised at Eupatoria, Marshal Saint-Arnaud claimed the right flank, and the English commander, though his army had only half the numerical strength of the French, chivalrously accepted the left flank, which would cover the latter from any Russian attack, while the right flank would moreover be protected along the coast by the guns of the allied fleets. It thus happened that the British force had to storm the Russian positions at the Alma, whereas the French had only the easy task of scaling the weakly defended western slope of the hill up to the flagstaff, which was taken with little

loss. Bazancourt, the French official historian of the campaign, states that the defending force consisted of seven Russian battalions. General Todleben, however, distinctly asserted in my presence ten years later, in London, that the flagstaff and the ascent to it were defended by only eighty men, because he had no wish to contest a point commanded by the fire of the fleets. That great General, whose defence of Sebastopol will immortalize his name, must have known the fact ; and his high character places him above any suspicion of voluntary inaccuracy. The French would, no doubt, have carried the northern front of the Russian position with as much gallantry as the English displayed ; but they had the misfortune to be kept by their Marshal in a more safe and less glorious line of attack.

Saint-Arnaud, however, did full justice to the English commander. His report of the battle to his Emperor contains the following passage : ‘ *Le courage antique du Général anglais fut splendide à voir.*’ He wrote this, too, without having seen, as many others did, Lord Raglan sit in his saddle with placid composure before the river Alma, under a tremendous fire of artillery and small arms, conversing with Prince Napoleon Buonaparte, who had dismounted to dodge the round-shot and shell which poured thickly upon them. It was then that some wicked wag changed the Prince’s nickname of ‘ *Plonplon* ’ into ‘ *Craint*



plomb ;' the one being derived from his inability to pronounce his name as a child, and the other from a prudent sense, maliciously imputed to him, that Napoleons were scarce.

So bloody a battle could not but leave a number of wounded on the field, though it was observed that the numbers of the killed bore a larger proportion to those of the wounded than was usual. This was attributed to the fact that the enemy's fiercest fire was reserved till the closing of the hostile ranks at the top of the hill gave the Russians the advantage of a point-blank artillery range, at which it would in most cases prove fatal. There were, therefore, only nine hundred wounded, who were at once sent to the hospital at Scutari. Miss Nightingale had arrived here with her bevy of lady nurses. Her first act showed her wonderful energy and determination. The steamers laden with the wounded had cast anchor at Constantinople. There were not yet any mattresses or bed-clothes on the camp-beds in the hospital, and the latter were not nearly sufficient in number for the wounded coming. Miss Nightingale went to the quartermaster-sergeant in charge of the stores, and asked him for the stores which she required. He told her there was everything she could desire in the magazines, but that she must get the Inspector-General of Hospitals to write an official letter to the Quartermaster-General, who would send him an authority to



draw the stores, and that she might then receive them on showing that authority. Miss Nightingale asked how long this would take. On being told that three days would be the shortest time necessary for the correspondence, she answered that nine hundred wounded officers and men would be in the hospital in three hours, and that she must have what they required immediately. She then went to the magazines, and, telling the sergeant of the guard there who she was, asked him if he would take an order from her. He said he would, and she ordered him to drive in the door. This was done, and the wounded were provided for in time.

Her firmness at surgical operations was something marvellous. Her appreciation of her mission was grand. She stood one day with spirits, instruments, and lint in hand, during the performing of a frightful amputation. Half a dozen young lady-nurses were behind her, holding basins, towels, and other things the surgeons might want. A harrowing groan from the patient suddenly put them all to flight, except Miss Nightingale, who, turning calmly round, called to them, 'Come back ! shame on you as Christians ! shame on you as women !' They returned holding each other's trembling hands, and some of them almost ready to faint. But they got over their nervous weakness as their novitiate advanced, and did an amount of good that yet lives in the memory

of many a man rescued from death and pain by their gentle ministrations.

Miss Nightingale's work was duly appreciated. At a large dinner-party given by Lord Stratford, when peace had been made, to the superior officers of the army and navy, Miss Nightingale also was among the guests. When the ladies had withdrawn, the Ambassador made a speech recording the services rendered by those present, and gracefully alluding to the important part played by her. Where I was sitting, flattering remarks were being made on the conduct of those whom Lord Stratford had so warmly praised. It was at last proposed that everyone should write on a slip of paper the name which appeared to him most likely to descend to posterity with renown. The names were written and given to the proposer of this benevolent form of ostracism. The papers were opened and read : everyone of them contained the name of Miss Nightingale. An enthusiastic cheer was raised, in which the two commanders-in-chief, Sir William Codrington of the army, and Lord Lyons of the navy, were among the most clamorous in their applause, Lord Stratford leading the hurrah.

## III.

## THE TURKISH CONTINGENT.

A story is told of a Scotch farmer, who, while expressing one day to his laird the interest with which he read the news from the Crimea in the newspapers, which at the same time discussed at great length the other burning question of the day, confessed that he was somewhat puzzled to distinguish between the Turkish Contingent and the Immaculate Conception. The formation of this Turkish Contingent, which puzzled the poor farmer so sorely, was a happy thought of Lord Stratford's, who saw how best to make use of the excellent raw material of courage and discipline which are undoubtedly characteristic of the Turkish soldier.

The Turkish troops were so badly fed and so irregularly paid, that they used to come about the English and French camps, begging for scraps of food. When English sailors went from their ships to the Naval Brigade at the front, they would capture three Turkish soldiers apiece, ride on the shoulders of

one, and drive the others before them with a long whip, to relieve the first when he should get tired. The poor Turks would then get a few biscuits as payment of their eight miles' stage, and return to Balacava perfectly satisfied. They were so inefficiently officered, that when Lord Raglan obtained from Omar Pasha four battalions of them to hold the four redoubts which he constructed to strengthen the lines above Balacava, their officers gave the order to fly before the attack of the Russian General, Liprandi, who thus took the sixteen English field-pieces entrusted to them.

The 'Great Elchi' conceived the idea of taking twenty-five thousand men of the best Turkish troops into British pay, under British officers, above the rank of major, leaving the Turkish majors, captains, and subalterns unchanged. This plan proved perfectly successful. Distinguished officers were sent out from England—Generals Sir Robert Vivian, Michel, Cunningham, Shirley, Neill and Smith—whose antecedents in command of our finest troops, cavalry and infantry, had proved their suitability for such a force as this. A hundred and fifty English colonels, lieutenant-colonels and adjutants, equally well selected, were appointed to the Turkish Contingent.

The four divisions of infantry went to the Crimea, and the Cavalry Division was stationed at Chekmedjeh,

near Constantinople, with the exception of one regiment, which Sir Robert Vivian took with him to the important position of Kertsh at the mouth of the Sea of Azov. The late General Shirley, previously Colonel of the 7th Hussars, commanded at Chekmedjeh, and was considered a very smart cavalry officer. The regiment of cavalry at Kertsh proved the salutary effect which good treatment and skilful leadership must produce on Turkish troops. Together with the 10th Hussars, they charged a large body of Cossacks and completely routed them. Their bearing in action was quite as good as that of the crack English corps. If anything, they had rather too much dash, and their English officers had some difficulty in keeping them in hand when the enemy's ranks were broken.

It would thus appear that Lord Stratford, though without any military training or experience, had thoroughly understood that good leaders alone were wanted to make the Turks good soldiers. They are naturally brave. Their religion makes them sober and cleanly. Their fatalism gives them resignation and equanimity in disaster. Their obedience is perfect, when they can trust their commander ; and they soon learnt to trust their English officers. Receiving their pay without dishonest abatements and their rations in full weight, being treated with the greatest care when they were sick, never suffering punishment without formal inquiries as to their guilt or



innocence, they became quite attached to those in command. During the last war between Russia and Turkey, I was often asked by Turkish soldiers if there was any hope of England taking over the whole Turkish army. Then, they said, they might keep the Russians out of their country. They loved their English officers, and they feared them too. I have seen a sentry fall down fainting from hunger, when guarding a heap of biscuit intended for the supper of his comrades. He would not touch one of those biscuits because he thought his English colonel might hear of it. Under Turkish colonels, sentries ate the biscuits they guarded, and money was drawn to buy more, which were not bought.

The personal bravery of the Turkish soldier is too well known to require repeated assertion ; but I may mention one or two remarkable exhibitions of it, which fell under my own notice. During Omar Pasha's Bosnian campaign, in which I accompanied him in order to report to Lord Stratford on his progress in suppressing a great rebellion, we marched along the valley of the river Bosna, which was too deep for fording, in the hope of being able to cross it at a ferry some miles far west. The enemy was in force on the other side. A captain of cavalry was sent on with fifty men to take possession of the ferry-boat. When we reached the place, the boat was there, and the captain was there ; but, instead of

fifty men, there were not more than twenty. The Pasha asked where the rest were. The captain pointed to the river, and replied with perfect quietness of manner that he had found the ferry-boat on the other side defended by hundreds of armed Bosniacs, and that he had been obliged to swim the stream, and bring the boat back under a fire which had killed thirty of his men.

‘*Aferin, Dervish Agha,*’ was all that Omar Pasha said. I lost patience with his cold ‘Well done, Dervish Agha,’ after such a gallant feat. I told him that in an English or French force an officer would have immediately been promoted for it, and asked him how he could expect his troops to distinguish themselves without other acknowledgment than such faint praise.

‘Well, well, you need not get excited about it,’ answered the Pasha, coolly lighting a cigar; ‘Dervish Agha, I promote you to the command of your regiment, which is vacant. You shall have your *firman* as colonel by return of post from Stamboul. Fall in, and pass the word to all the colonels that we halt half an hour here to give their men a smoke.’

The young officer saluted, and fell in at the head of his regiment with an unconcerned look which surprised me. Omar Pasha, who could not live without smoking, never indulged in a cigar without allowing all

those with him to light their pipes. As Turks, they adored him accordingly.

At a later period of the campaign, a trustworthy officer of rank was required to take command of an expedition into Herzegovina. Omar Pasha said to me that he had no one fit for it. I suggested that Dervish Bey might suit him. The Pasha adopted the idea, and the expedition was perfectly successful. The colonel was made a general for it. Long afterwards I met him as Dervish Pasha, and he reminded me that he owed his quick promotion to my taking his part at the ferry of the Bosna. In the last war with Russia, he commanded the army corps defending Batoum, and his name has since become very well and very favourably known to Europe in connection with Dulcigno.

After crossing the river Bosna, Omar Pasha had still the river Unna to get over. It was broad enough to require a pontoon bridge. A hundred and fifty carpenters were brought from the neighbouring town of Banialuka to cut down trees and fasten them together, the Turkish troops having no corps of sappers and miners for such work. The bridge was made under a fearful fire from rifle-pits on the other side of the river. It was allowed to drop into its place with the current, one end being fastened to the nearer bank ; but it proved fully ten feet too short, and it fell back to the same side farther down the stream.

Omar Pasha ordered the few remaining carpenters to cut down more trees. Most of them had been killed or wounded, and the survivors lost courage, and ran when they heard that they had to begin again. A squadron of cavalry suddenly deployed from behind some heights which had covered the troops while the bridge was being made. They galloped up to the Pasha, and volunteered to finish the work. Omar Pasha, with his insufferable old '*Aferin*'—'Well done'—set them to cut down trees. The bridge was completed, and fell into its place. The order was given to the twelve thousand men behind the low hills to form, and cross the river. The remaining men of the squadron, which had been greatly reduced by the fire of the enemy, claimed the right of crossing first, as a reward for their work. The Pasha told them to lead the column, which I thought unjustifiable on his part; and hardly one of them reached the other side, almost all having been shot down on the bridge.

But to return to our Turkish Contingent. Many of the wealthy families of Kertsh went to live at Odessa when their town was taken possession of by the Allies; but some remained, and it seemed indeed as if the population of the place were in general well pleased at having a money-spending garrison among them. Several of the Russian houses even admitted to their evening parties the English officers of the



Contingent and the 10th Hussars with apparent pleasure. It was often mentioned to us, with expressions of thanks, that the strictness with which irregularities on the part of the soldiers were checked had produced a corresponding kindness of feeling among the people. I once remarked to a merchant, who showed no dislike to us as enemies of his country, that I feared his hospitality might be visited on him as a fault after the war ; he replied that he believed the Emperor Nicholas was the only Russian who sincerely harboured feelings of bitterness. In general, the well-educated class at Kertsh did not talk of the possible conquest of Turkey as an object of popular ambition in Russia. The idea of such an issue may have originated in the marriage of Czar Ivan III. with Sophia, the last of the Byzantine princesses, and in his having borrowed from her family the imperial symbol of the double-headed eagle. The more significant facts of the then gigantic strength of Turkey and dwarfish weakness of Russia ought to have precluded the idea, at least before the wars with Charles XII. of Sweden had taught the Russians how to fight.



## IV.

## THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

BESIDES the 25,000 men of infantry and cavalry enrolled in the Turkish Contingent, a corps of 4,000 irregular cavalry was raised and attached to that force. It was placed under the command of the late General Beatson, who had held similar commands in India with great distinction. It turned out, however, that the Turkish character being new to him, he made a few mistakes in dealing with it, which afterwards rendered it advisable to supersede him.

They were really somewhat unruly, those Bashi-Bazouks. They would go into the bazaars at the Dardanelles, where they were first stationed, and take what they wanted without paying for it. Remonstrances on the part of the shopmen would only give rise to abuse and violence. The Turkish Governor complained of this to the Porte, and his complaint was forwarded to Lord Stratford. The Ambassador wrote to General Beatson, requesting him to make full inquiries into the alleged misdeeds, and to punish

those of his men who might be found guilty of them. The General addressed an official letter to Lord Stratford, stating in reply that he would make full inquiries, and that if he found any of his men guilty of such misdeeds, he would hang them ; but that, on the other hand, if he found no one guilty of them, he would hang the Turkish Governor. No one who knew Lord Stratford would be at a loss to understand the effect that such a communication would have on him. He seemed frantic with rage. One of those in whom he placed confidence was suddenly sent for. When he arrived, the official letter was placed in his hand without a word. He read it with amazement, and, before he knew where he was, the Ambassador ordered him to go on board a man-of-war with a requisition for an immediate passage to the Dardanelles.

‘But, my Lord——’ he ventured to say, in the hope of being instructed how to act.

‘Make no objections. Go you must,’ was the peremptory interruption.

‘What am I to do there?’

‘Let me know the truth without a moment’s unnecessary delay. Go. Good-bye.’

He went, and found the truth to be as the Turkish Governor had stated it. Indeed, that functionary might have represented it in stronger terms without compromising his veracity. Since then matters had become even more serious. Some of the Irregulars

had shot a Turkish officer while he was attempting to make them keep the peace. The man had not died of his wound, but it was a severe one, a ball having passed through his thigh. An abominable outrage had also been committed by four of the troopers, who had consequently been made prisoners by the English Colonel of their regiment. The squadron to which they belonged galloped to the General's quarters, and demanded that the culprits should be released, promising that they should conduct themselves to his perfect satisfaction in future if he would forgive them this once. The General agreed to this condition. The four men were handed over to the squadron, which deserted at once in a body. The General rode after them, and advised them to return. They objected that he might punish them for deserting. He gave his word of honour that he would not do so. They required from him a pledge that he would keep his word. He unbuckled his sword, and handed it to them. They all rode back to camp together in high spirits, and he afterwards boasted of having become the 'Darling of the Bashi-Bazouks.'

Perhaps he had. General Beatson was a man who would have led his division against any odds with the utmost bravery and military skill, but he did not comprehend the Turkish mind, which classes kindness and indulgence as conscious weakness, and respects nothing but power.

General Smith, who succeeded to the command by being transferred from the Regular to the Irregular Cavalry of the Turkish Contingent, was a man of a different stamp. He was wedded to all approved army maxims and traditions, having been colonel of one of the finest regiments in the British army, the 15th Hussars. These rules were fearlessly applied to the Irregulars, who were soon brought into good working order by public floggings in all cases of insubordination. He was also a very kind-hearted man, greatly liked by all who served with him, utterly incapable of hurting anyone, full of high principle, and a sincere Christian. He had withal a fund of subdued mirth. The surface comedy of human life, not its hidden pathos, impressed him most vividly, and his reproduction of it was not unaccompanied by real wit, which was the more amusing on account of his not laughing himself. His fun never degenerated into buffoonery, and mixed with it, like warp and woof, was an inexhaustible store of benevolence and good-nature. He was 'a fellow of infinite jest,' but he never even smiled. His lugubrious countenance, with the sepulchral tone of his voice, pitched in a plaintive minor key, had given him the nickname of 'the man that killed his mother.' But a better man, and a finer cavalry officer, never lived.

His aide-de-camp, a lieutenant of the 15th Hussars,



was a great favourite with him, and most deservedly so ; but the too persistent bias he displayed for leave of absence caused a frequent struggle in the General's mind between his strong sense of military duty and a friendly wish to let the young officer enjoy himself.

‘ Well, Stewart,’ he said in the orderly-room one day at the Dardanelles, with a countenance full of melancholy and a sad sobbing voice, when his aide-de-camp presented himself after a long absence from headquarters, ‘ have you come for more leave ?’

‘ No, sir,’ replied the youth, smiling involuntarily ; ‘ I have come to report myself returned from leave.’

‘ Oh, very well ; then you do not want anything ?’

‘ Yes, sir, I do want something.’

‘ What is it, Stewart ?’

‘ I want a wiggling, sir.’

‘ What for ?’

‘ For outstaying my leave, sir.’

‘ Very good. I am busy just now. Sit down there, and I will give it you presently.’

All this was said with such a mournful expression of face, and in so very heartrending a tone of voice, that I had some difficulty in keeping my countenance becomingly serious.

Some of the English officers, both of the Regular and of the Irregular Divisions of the Turkish Contingent, were elderly Indians with disordered livers, who had long since dropped out of harness, and had



been buried in their clubs, to be dug up and sent to command Turkish troops. Others, still young, were so given to bluster and 'bahawdering,' that Mrs. Quickly would certainly have objected to such 'swaggering companions.' The War Department did not seem to have a very exalted notion of the qualifications required for officers, in the Irregular Cavalry especially. It is said of the clerk in charge of the interests of that branch of the army, that one of Poole's people went to him with a request that an officer of it should be compelled to pay his bill, and that the following conversation then took place:

'Ah, you have come to apply for a commission in the Irregular Cavalry?'

'No, sir, I am not an officer in the army, but——'

'Oh, then you are a doctor. I will make you a staff surgeon, if you like.'

'I am not a doctor, sir, but——'

'Well, what are you, in the name of goodness?'

'I am a tailor, sir, and I beg——'

'Well, well, I dare say you will be of use somehow. I will have you gazetted to-morrow. Give me your name.'

'No, sir, I do not want anything at all.' And the poor man went away, without having been able to state his business.

All the English officers of both branches of the Turkish Contingent were required to learn at least

the words of command in Turkish, and several of them learnt considerably more of that language. But this was a serious stumbling-block to some of them. I once heard on parade a very excellent officer, commanding a brigade, call out in Turkish, with a distinct Irish brogue, 'Right wheel! Left wheel!' His brigade stood still, of course, under the impossibility of obeying two such contradictory orders. Seeing this, the brigadier shouted in his own pure Irish vernacular, 'Holy Moses! Come on anyhow, will you?'

There was a young ex-Life Guardsman in the force, a heavily bearded specimen of an Englishman. He was very wild and very extravagant, living from hand to mouth, and, as Tom Moore said of himself, not always having anything in the former to put into the latter. He came to me one day, with his square face burnt into a preternatural ruddiness, whether by the sun or by brandy is neither here nor there. He asked me to be good-natured enough to lend him a small amount, of which he was in urgent need. Supposing that he required only thirty or forty pounds at most, I consented.

'Oh, thank you very much,' he said. 'You are always so awfully kind. How much would it be quite convenient for you to let me have? A thou? Two thou?'

I could not help laughing at his coolness, and I

told him he had better apply to a richer man, as I had children who, according to the most virtuous of mortals, the Antonines, Socrates, Epictetus, Fénelon, and Wilberforce, should be regarded as hostages given to fortune. The ex-Life Guardsman, without a trace of disappointment in his face, said he was not acquainted with any of those rich fellows I mentioned, and could not apply to them. 'But never mind, old fellow,' he added, 'come and lunch with me to-morrow.'

A very efficient officer was a major, who had been gazetted out of a cavalry regiment at the Cape as a deserter. He had applied for two months' leave of absence to go lion-shooting in Central Africa. He did not return for seven years. Having a large fortune, he travelled about the world without any definite purpose, and hearing of the demand for officers in the Turkish Contingent, he thought of resuming a military life. He had been a good officer, and his application was granted at once. His strange habit was to carry nothing with him but a comb, a tooth-brush, and a cheque-book. He said that baggage was a bore, and that he could always buy a change of linen. When he first appeared in England, after his adventures in Central Africa, he went to see his mother, a lady of great refinement. On the morning after his arrival, she went to see her dear boy in his bedroom. There was no one there, the bed had not been used, the window was open,

and a rope hung from it to the ground. In great alarm, she sent servants in all directions to look for him. He was found asleep under a tree in the garden, which he said was more comfortable than a close stuffy bedroom.

## V.

## SHUMLA.

AFTER a short interval of absence, during which the Bashi-Bazouks had taken up their winter-quarters in the great Balkan fortress of Shumla, I rejoined them at that place. Many officers, previously detached, came to headquarters there. The most distinguished of these was undoubtedly Major Green, now General Sir Henry Green, who was then Adjutant-General of the Irregular Cavalry Division. No better selection could have been made for that important post, as he had served in one of the finest Irregular Cavalry forces in India, the Scinde Horse. One of his characteristics was to have no pity on affectation. If an officer had anything of dandyism about him, it would soon be taken out of him in the Adjutant-General's office, where all officers had business to transact.

There was a sergeant of the Life Guards among the non-commissioned officers sent out to the Irregular Cavalry by the War Department. Most of those men were objected to by Major Green as being



too careful of their own comforts to be capable of roughing it in such a service. This sergeant went one day to his office, and complained that he had been on guard without a single piece of furniture in the guard-room.

‘Malcolm,’ called Major Green to his brother, Captain (now Colonel) Green, who was Assistant-Adjutant-General, ‘telegraph to Lord Panmure to send out immediately an armchair and a feather-bed for this sergeant. You may go,’ continued he to the man; ‘it will be all right next time you are on guard.’

In the orderly-room one day General Smith showed me an application from the late Major Walpole, then in command of one of the regiments of Bashi-Bazouks, that a rocket troop, sent out with a brigade of Horse Artillery by the War Department for service with the Irregular Cavalry Division, should be attached to his corps. This officer had been a lieutenant in the navy, and subsequently a captain in the militia regiment of his brother Lord Orford’s county. He was a very clever man, had travelled much in Turkey, and, above all, he was mainly instrumental in raising the Irregular Cavalry. He consequently took the position in the division of having been one of its organizers. Being accustomed to the management of bodies of men in his varied experience, the regiment under his command was in perfect order; but General Smith, though acknowledging this fact, could not

easily overcome his sense of the incongruity of a cavalry regiment being commanded by a naval officer. He turned the application for the rocket troop over and over in his hand, examined the signature, looked at the seal, folded up the letter, opened it again, and threw it down at last with apparent disgust.

‘Let him have it,’ he said. ‘I am glad he did not apply to have a gunboat attached to his regiment.’

When we were on parade one morning, he gazed long and intently at Major Walpole riding in front of his regiment. Then, turning to me, he asked me if I thought Walpole had ever ridden anything but the bowsprit. In the course of the evolutions, it became necessary to order him to form line with his regiment. Hearing the word of command, he called out, ‘Ay, ay, sir !’ as they do in the navy.

‘Well done, Paddlebox !’ exclaimed General Smith. But he had a very high opinion of Major Walpole, nevertheless. A junior officer once ventured in the General’s presence to criticize a movement of his. The General went down his throat, boots and spurs and all.

‘Silence, young man !’ he exclaimed. ‘Respect your senior officer, who knows how to command a regiment better than you do, or ever will, I dare say.’

That this praise from so able a general officer was deserved by the late Major Walpole, met with confir-

mation from another eminent judge of military merit. Major Green was sent to inspect Major Walpole's regiment when it was detached from headquarters. His report was entirely favourable, and it showed that, when holding an independent command, no officer could have been more efficient than he was in maintaining perfect discipline, and teaching his men to look up to and have confidence in their English leaders.

There were among the officers some young Guardsmen, who seemed to treat the whole thing as a very good joke. They were of the innocent lambs, mentioned by poor Whyte Melville in one of his books, frisking in the sun on their way to the shambles before Sebastopol. One of these had been a Queen's page, and was conceited accordingly. He made a point of being always late for parade. As he was Adjutant of a regiment, this was rather a novel fault to deal with. His commanding officer was a soldier of long experience and great abilities, but he was not blessed with the amiable gift of a good temper. He used to fall into a towering passion at the shortest notice. To be sure, he would fall out of it as promptly. At last he threatened to put the young Guardsman under arrest if he should continue to make his appearance so long after the 'assembly' had sounded. The Adjutant coolly wiped his face with a cambric pocket-handkerchief, and said :

‘My dear fellow, you are truly very disgusting to bully one in such hot weather.’

It was freezing at the time, and the ground was covered with snow. His Colonel lost his temper, of course, and sent him to his quarters under arrest, calling him an infernal scoundrel. The ex-page rightly judged that this was going rather too far, and he addressed a complaint to the General commanding. We were in the orderly-room when it was handed to him. He read it, and gave it to me to read.

‘Your special duty,’ he said, ‘is to transact all business we have with Turks. This Colonel is a regular Turk. I leave you the case to settle as you think fit.’

The fact was that he never liked to be obliged to apply his principles of severity, and I perfectly understood that his wish was to have the matter concluded amicably. The Colonel and his Adjutant were sent for. I told them that they had both allowed themselves to use unbecoming language as officers, but that their fault might be overlooked if they made proper apologies. I added that repeated lateness for parade was a military offence, which must be treated as such. The Guardsman in most suitable terms begged to be forgiven for his want of respect to his chief. The latter began in the same kind tone, but, perceiving a provoking smile on his Adjutant’s face, he broke out again, and exclaimed :



‘I am required to apologize—I do apologize. You are not an infernal scoundrel, but, sir, you are an impertinent puppy!’

This was too much for my gravity, and I could not help laughing. The Colonel looked at me with astonishment, then laughed. The Adjutant laughed too, and we all shook hands. I reported to the General how the affair had terminated. I saw that he was greatly pleased, but he looked even more savage than usual.

‘It serves me right,’ he grumbled; ‘I was a fool to let so good-natured a fellow as you deal with so serious a case.’

Many are the pleasant recollections I have of that winter at Shumla, though upon the whole, what with our unruly men, the bitter cold, and the general discomfort, we had a hard time of it. We made up our minds, however, to emulate Mark Tapley’s cheerfulness, and succeeded fairly well. Of course we had the inevitable race-meeting, else we should have belied our nationality. The troopers all had their own horses, and were allowed to enter. Off they set, thirty or forty in each race, shouting, spurring, and coming in with their poor beasts at a canter, utterly pumped out. But there was much laughter and good-humour, which had the effect of drawing still closer the tie of cordiality existing between officers and men. Nor must I forget to mention the display of millinery



in the grand stand which had been put up for the accommodation of those ladies, not a few, who had not shrunk from the dangers, sufferings, and general privations attending their accompanying their husbands to the front. I remember going to call on a young captain of an English regiment of Dragoon Guards, who had brought me a letter of introduction. I found him and his charming wife, who was of a well-known noble family, sitting shivering in a half-roofed hut, built of planks, snow falling from above, and a piercing north wind blowing through every chink. She was trying, with a pair of clumsy Turkish bellows, to keep a small fire burning, on which there was a pot containing their dinner. I could not help expressing regret that they should be so uncomfortable, and inviting them to stay with me till the weather should be finer; but the lady declined, saying that she had expected to find everything 'so nice in the luxurious East,' but that she had come campaigning, and must put up with it all.

Soon after the races one of the regiments was detached to Rasgrad, about forty miles north of Shumla. I was ordered there afterwards to make some necessary arrangements, the paymaster taking advantage of the opportunity to send a large sum of money with me for the payment of the contractors and troopers.

'You make me responsible for this enormous sum

of money ! Well, I hope you will at least come and see me in the Queen's Bench when the war is over,' said General Smith, with his pathetic face and mournful voice, when I took him the warrant to countersign.

A ponderous Hungarian surgeon also had to join the regiment at Rasgrad. He applied to Major Green for an escort.

'Malcolm,' said the Adjutant-General to his brother, 'put it in orders that the surgeon is placed under the charge of Mrs. Tomkins on his march.'

Mrs. Tomkins was a worthy lady's-maid in attendance on my wife, who was to accompany me to Rasgrad, where I should have to remain some time. During a long life this respectable old maid, who had only brevet rank as Mrs., had never been out of England, and she had some difficulty in reconciling herself to the hardships she had now to undergo. Once, while sitting with her mistress on the top of the baggage, jolted along in a springless Bulgarian waggon on the line of march, with the snow falling thick around her, she gave vent to her feelings, whimpering grievously.

'This may be all very well for you, ma'am,' she sobbed, 'who are following your husband to take care of him when he is wounded—but for a domestic servant——'

A flood of tears alone was able adequately to

express her sense of the painful falseness of her position. Poor old Mrs. Tomkins was indeed to be pitied, but she was nevertheless of great use to the young officers, making gruel for them when they caught cold, sewing buttons on their shirts, and caring for them in every sort of motherly way. Now she had to look after the Magyar surgeon, who took Major Green's joke *au pied de la lettre*, and kept himself tied to her apron-string. But just when he should most have done so, he pushed on to reach Rasgrad before it should be quite dark. We soon afterwards met a stout old Turk on an ambling pony. He seemed to be a grizzled, hard-faced man, the lines of whose underlying cunning were laid bare by age; and yet he proved 'as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat.' I accosted him with the usual Turkish traveller's salutation:

'*Oghurlar ola!*' ('May you have a prosperous journey!')

The man pulled up, and said:

'Your politeness makes me stop. The last English officer I met, half an hour ago, was not so well-bred. I let him go on. I will acknowledge your civility by doing you a kindness. Follow my advice. Pass the night at that village. Farewell.'

There was a lady, there was a large amount of Government gold, and there was Mrs. Tomkins to take care of. The old Turk's advice must have

a motive, and there could be no doubt, in any case, that the village was better than a benighted road under the circumstances. The night was at hand. It was too late to warn the surgeon, and there was no one I could send to his assistance. Turning to the left, we soon came to the village and remained there. Next morning we heard that the surgeon had been waylaid by Bulgarian brigands, and robbed of everything he had with him; while his unfortunate German apothecary, who was with him and had attempted to resist, had been stabbed to death. The surgeon complained so bitterly of the loss he had sustained through the villainy of the Turks whom he had come to assist in their war with Russia, that Lord Stratford took pity on him, and obtained for him from the Porte a compensation probably exceeding the value of what he had been robbed of, which he stated without the possibility of any verification.

After my return from Rasgrad, I had a dinner-party to do honour to General Shirley, who had been sent to inspect the Irregular Cavalry Division. Among the guests was the lion-hunting Major already mentioned. It was remarked that he came with an unusually smart uniform on. Before the dinner was half over, a note was put into his hand, on perusal of which he seemed much confused and



embarrassed. He asked permission to withdraw, as his presence was absolutely necessary at his quarters. On leaving the dining-room he was hailed by shouts of laughter. After a long parley outside, he returned, and resumed his seat at table. Being pressed to explain the mirth of those whom he had seen at the door, he told his story with some little shamefacedness. He said that on receiving his invitation to this dinner-party, he felt that his uniform was quite unfit to be worn. Fortunately, he met an officer of his own figure, wearing a new outfit just received from London. He proposed to him to undress on the spot and exchange uniforms. The idea was scouted at first; but so persuasive and urgent was the gallant Major that at length he gained his point on giving his solemn word of honour that he would return the uniform without a moment's delay when it was asked for. The note he had received was from this officer, who stated that he had been sent for by the commanding officer of his regiment to appear before him immediately, and that he could not go in such a shabby suit as the Major's. He therefore demanded that his own should instantly be restored to him; and he had brought several of his friends to enjoy the joke. Having forced the Major to leave the dinner-table, they were satisfied, and told him that the note had been concocted merely for



revenge. General Shirley's aide-de-camp remarked that Lord Bacon called revenge only a sort of wild justice. That aide-de-camp was the much lamented Whyte Melville, who was deservedly one of the most popular officers of the Turkish Contingent.

## VI.

## FORAGING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE winter was severe at Shumla. We were snowed up for several weeks. The Commissariat was consequently at a loss to procure forage enough for 4,000 troop-horses. At Varna there was none. In General Smith's absence in England on sick leave, the officer in command of the division came to A——, who was serving on the Staff, and told him that the cavalry would soon be infantry, as the horses were beginning to die of starvation.

‘You know the country better than any of us,’ he said. ‘You must do something, or it will soon be all up with us. Get barley anyhow! Do what you like.’

What was to be done? The emergency was pressing, and necessity knows no law. A—— mounted his best charger at once, got some small bags of gold from the Commissariat, and galloped off northwards over the snow with a few picked non-commissioned officers. A—— has been blamed for what he did,

and I therefore suppress his name ; but some old military men took a more favourable view of his conduct, on the sound principle that in time of war extreme evils require extreme remedies, and that a good officer should not shrink from responsibility in taking steps to avert disaster.

A——'s path lay along a high grassy ridge, now covered with three feet of snow. It led to the head of the valley opening out below Shumla, which was strewn with huge blocks of granite, and crowned with noble pine-trees of enormous growth. The party had then to ford a mountain torrent, whose bed was formed of loose rolling boulders. Then winding upward through a perfect labyrinth of rocks, mottled with many-coloured lichens, they came to a narrow ledge whence one false step on the slippery track would have sent them headlong into a yawning chasm on their left. Then a forest of gigantic pine-trees, their branches bending under their burden of frozen snow, and fringed with long icicles, while bold masses of rock, variously tinted with the growth and stain of ages, and occasional stretches of mossy ground, cleared of snow by the drip from the trees, picturesquely broke the sombre monotony of the ever-green foliage. It was certainly very romantic, but only moderately enjoyable in a snowstorm.

They left the wood most unexpectedly, and soon found themselves descending the long steep slopes of

the mountain range, which brought them down to the dry bed of a broad river, full of loose pebbles. Islets of long grass, shady with thickets of *ilex* and *lentiscus*, were dotted here and there about the channel. They were now surrounded by mountains, and their field-glasses revealed no path over them in any direction. There did exist a pass, however, though steep and difficult, as they found to their cost ; and they made for a singular isolated peak, like a colossal watch-tower, to which it led without any beaten track. After a long and toilsome ascent on foot, they came to a narrow opening between two spurs of one of the flanking ridges, and struck northwards into it. A wild and dangerous defile it was to encounter an enemy in ; but the only living thing they saw was a half-frozen little boy trudging over the snow with a bundle of sticks on his shoulder. Though he could speak nothing but Bulgarian, which none of them understood, the weary party hailed his appearance as a welcome token that they were near some village ; and they were soon resting, after a day's march so cold and fatiguing that the want of a bed was hardly felt to be a discomfort.

Next morning, after some more rough climbing through a scene of singular beauty, not without being occasionally reminded by a sudden avalanche how treacherous that beauty was, the foragers emerged upon nearly level ground ; and a lengthened ride

through a charming, park-like forest of oaks brought them to the broad valley of the Danube, now one unbroken sheet of snow, flushing rosy and golden in the setting sun. Soon, however, the glorious tints died away as night came on ; and the party plunged into the clammy mist that lay upon the frozen river. As they clattered along the roughly paved streets of the town of ——, they saw carts crossing on the ice.

A—— called at once upon the Turkish Governor. The latter was an official of the austere school—silent, cold, distant, but scrupulously polite, scrupulously neat, and buttoned up to the chin as well morally as sartorially. The interview began in a most discouraging manner. The Governor grandly invited A—— to sit down, and then sat bolt upright without uttering a word, engrossed, apparently, in the contemplation of his own dignity. In due course pipes and coffee were brought, and it became time for A—— to open his business. He briefly stated that the troops at Shumla were in great straits for barley, and that he had come in the hope of being able to buy some.

‘Quite impossible,’ said the Governor, most decisively. ‘There is none whatever for sale.’

‘But,’ returned A——, ‘can I not get some somehow, or somewhere? In another week the division at Shumla will have been rendered utterly helpless for want of horses. Can nothing be done?’



A—— then, spurred by the recollection of his long, cold and seemingly fruitless ride, and the despair which awaited him if he returned empty-handed, waxed eloquent on the subject, and left nothing unsaid which could impress the Turk with the absolute necessity of getting some barley.

The latter heard him quietly to the end without moving a muscle—nay, becoming, if possible, more reserved and unsympathetic as the officer went on.

‘I am very sorry for you,’ he said at last, with exasperating calmness. ‘There is no barley.’

There was evidently nothing more to be said. A—— swallowed his disappointment as best he could, and made an effort to deliver himself of a few crestfallen commonplaces before taking his leave. He had brought a couple of small bags of gold with him in the side-pockets of his coat, and all through his impassioned harangue had been sitting upon one of them without having noticed it. Now, however, that his eagerness had cooled down, and he was again at the level of small miseries, he suddenly became aware of the discomfort of the seat he had been occupying. He almost mechanically put his hand into his pocket, and, taking out the offending bag, held it for an instant on the sofa as he was preparing to rise. Glancing at the same time towards the Governor, he surprised him leering furtively at the bag. This was the first sign of any human emotion the Turk had yet shown.

A new light broke upon A——. Could it be that this stern dignitary, this incarnation of official propriety, was open to a bribe? There was no room for doubt. The key of the situation was evidently the golden key, and that alone could unlock the otherwise hopeless deadlock. He almost blushed when he reflected how he had plumed himself on his knowledge of the country, and yet this expedient had not occurred to him sooner. It is true that, in all his former intercourse with the Turks, he had been backed up by an official position, and had always been able to rely merely upon the justice of his demand. But now he was only an unofficial suppliant, without any warrant or authority to enforce his wishes; and he was compelled to look the question fairly in the face, and debate whether he should sacrifice the safety of the troops by a determination to stand out against a detestable system. *Baksheesh* was very wrong and immoral, no doubt; but it was a time-honoured custom of the country, barely secret—at most, an open secret; and he well knew that the right to receive a bribe in the provinces was regularly bought at Constantinople beforehand. A bribe to the Governor would only be an extra-official fee, an instalment of the price he was prepared to give for the barley. Besides, however scrupulous he might be, some portion of the purchase-money would be sure to find its way into the pocket of some Turkish official

or other. Then why not into the Governor's, and in this way? The thought of the starving horses clinched the matter. A—— felt it would be too quixotic of him to hesitate at such a juncture.

During the few moments of indecision while all this flashed through A——'s mind, the Governor found time to say:

'By-the-bye, it is very odd that you should be so much in want of barley, whereas we have eight large lighters full of barley which were frozen in off this place, while on their way to our cavalry up the river.'

'*Ajaib*,' replied A——, 'how very odd!—but you have no mounted troops up the river now, have you?'

His hand was still firmly closed over the bag at his side.

'No, they are all gone back to Constantinople.'

'Well, cannot you let me buy or borrow barley of you?'

In his renewed eagerness he moved the bag a foot nearer to the Governor.

The latter was looking the other way, but evidently conscious of a Presence.

'I am very sorry indeed. It is most unfortunate. But I have no authority to make any arrangement whatever about it.'

His manner was entirely changed. It was now deprecating and conciliatory. It was clear that he

considered affairs had at last been placed upon a proper footing.

‘I suppose,’ said A——, rising, and at the same time pushing the bag under the cushion supporting the Governor’s arm—‘I suppose the lighters are well guarded.’

The Turk shot out a quick look of intelligence, then answered, with off-hand indifference:

‘Oh yes, we are obliged to guard them during the day, but not by night. This bitter cold is protection enough. No one is likely to venture out on the river after nightfall.’

A—— thanked him, and went away rejoicing. He saw he had gained his point, and the division was saved. He hurried back to the sergeants, whom he found cosily installed at a *khan*. A couple of hours devoted to stretching his legs and attending to the inner man, would give time for the seed he had sown to bear fruit. Accordingly, he sought what comfort and warmth could be derived from a poverty-stricken carpet and sulky-looking brazier full of half-lighted charcoal, and, now that the excitement of action was past, fell to musing on the events of the day. His utmost desire was almost within his grasp. There was plenty of barley, and he would no doubt find little difficulty in taking it away. Yet his conscience was ill at ease. This was the first time during a long residence in Turkey that he had ever been forced to



offer a bribe, and the scruples which, at the time, he thought he had fairly vanquished, now assailed him in the shape of remorse. But beggars cannot be choosers, and the crisis was urgent.

It was now, however, too late to draw back. He had burnt his boats, and the only course open to him was onwards. If he was to reap any benefit from what he had done, he had yet still worse to do, at least from a red-tape point of view. The night was pitch-dark, and everything favoured his bold design. It was time to be up and doing. On their way in, the party had noticed at the outskirts of the town a large number of waggons and oxen with their Bulgarian drivers. Thither they stealthily bent their steps. To their surprise they found the drivers all lounging about, as if expecting a job at so unpromising an hour. The Turk had evidently been true. A—— hired forty waggons, with four oxen and two waggoners to each. The wheels were soon knocked off, and poles tied under the axle-trees, to make sledges of them. They then drove down to the river, and on to the ice, to the lighters. No one was there. The sacks were hoisted on to the sledges, this work being done solely by the sergeants, as the Bulgarians seemed to have been warned not to touch them. The party thus soon set out on a weary night march, under a heavy snowstorm which covered all trace of the operation. A—— remarked that the waggoners



did not utter a single shout to their oxen until they were well clear of the town, when they cheered them and scolded them even more than their usual wont. Here again was a proof that the Turk had been true.

By daylight A—— found that the convoy had gone nearly half the distance to Shumla, and had reached the foot of the hills. Leaving the waggons to be brought on by the sergeants after the oxen had rested and been fed, he galloped on alone, with snow still pelting in his face ; it lay deep enough on the ground to remove all his anxiety as to the passing of the mountains by the extemporized sledges. The sky was darkened by whirling clouds, and the scene around was bleak and forbidding. Toiling on with a jaded power of endurance, stumbling over snow-drifts and into dark holes, tired and drowsy, poor A—— had need of all his pluck to sustain him to the end.

His thoroughbred charger responded nobly to the spur, and showed no signs of flagging until they reached Shumla as the rising moon peopled the valley with weird shadows and fantastic shapes.

A—— pulled up at the Commandant's quarters, and announced the arrival of a large supply of barley next evening. Then he tried to dismount, but in vain. He was helped off his horse and carried home, where the doctors found that both his feet were frost-bitten. Here was a lame and impotent conclusion to the adventure ! For three weeks he remained on the

sick-list, during which he was forced to listen, with some interest, to daily discussions as to whether it would be necessary to amputate one of his feet, or both.

When, however, the surgeon's skill and unremitting care set him on both his feet again, and he was able to return to his duties, the Commandant showed him an official letter from her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, calling serious attention to a complaint brought by the Porte against him or some officer under his command. The complaint was described as a very extraordinary one. It stated that a large quantity of barley, belonging to the Turkish Government, had been carried off from —, on the same night that an officer in English uniform, but speaking Turkish, had asked the Governor of that town to procure some for the use of the English cavalry force at Shumla. It further alleged that a number of Bulgarian waggoners had at the same time disappeared, with their waggons and oxen, and had never returned. The Commandant also produced a small envelope, which had been enclosed in the official letter. It was sealed with the Embassy seal, and was addressed to A—— in the handwriting of an attaché. A—— opened it, and found a laconic note as follows :

‘ This could have been no one but you. Send a warrant from the Commissariat for the payment of

the value of the barley to the Porte, and the affair will be settled.'

There was no signature, but A—— could not be mistaken in the handwriting. A warrant was sent, and nothing more was heard of his exploit, which, approved or disapproved, had at least saved 4,000 English troop-horses from starvation until forage could be more regularly procured. No harm had been done to the Turks, who had no cavalry horses to eat the barley where it was; and they were not the men to despise the round sum of hard English money they got in exchange for the useless stores.

## VII.

## THE FLANK MARCH.

SHORTLY after the battle of the Alma, Marshal Saint-Arnaud became too ill to command. Himself possessing no elevation of character, no particle of real greatness, he failed to appreciate those rare qualities in others. He thus withheld his assent to Lord Raglan's proposal of attacking Sebastopol from the north. Such a plan of operations was afterwards proved to have been absolutely certain of succeeding. It would have taken the city, with its harbour, containing the whole of the Russian Black Sea fleet; but it would have placed the French army in front, while the alternative movement of a flank march would give the lead to the English army, which occupied the left of the line. There was no want of courage in Marshal Saint-Arnaud, but he did not then feel himself capable of enduring the anxiety and unavoidable fatigue of prominent action. He was ready to follow the guidance of another, in whom he could not help trusting implicitly, and it was no

longer in his power to do more than this. It is, moreover, doubtful how far he might have gone along with Lord Raglan, even when he was in the enjoyment of perfect health. He was a general of the old French school, whose obsolete ideas, historically dead and buried, were put forward by him, with a confident rejuvenescence, deftly tricked out to pass off for inspired novelties. If his sagacity was ever evidently at fault, his self-complacency always remained unshaken. The glory cultus of the first Napoleon's time is now exploded as an element in the art of war. Thus, Sebastopol had to be taken, and Lord Raglan went on the principle that a nettle stings less when it is tightly grasped. His French colleague thought he could best achieve glory by a long and noisy siege. A very amusing officer of Marshal Saint-Arnaud's Staff, who followed, of course, the immemorial practice of all aides-de-camp to criticize their chief, said ironically, when discussing with me this vexed question of an immediate attack on Sebastopol :

‘*Nous ne voulons pas que les Russes cèdent trop vite—nous voulons beaucoup de tapage—nous aimons le tambour—nous aimons la gloire—nous aimons tout ce qui est creux—tout ce qui fait du bruit—nous autres de la Gr-r-rande Nation.*’

After the council of war, the result became known, and English officers also made remarks on the French



General's strange repugnance to fight. Lord Raglan, who was fenced round by a chain of outward circumstances unsafe to break through, would probably have settled the matter out of hand by the weight of his own personal superiority, if it had not been that the maintenance of the French alliance was a paramount consideration for him. Then, he understood the Marshal's state.

‘He cannot fight,’ he said to a Staff officer. ‘He feels himself dying.’

So it was in fact, and he could only be criticised at that time for not giving up his command to the officer next to him in rank. He did so, two days later, and embarked, to die on his voyage to Constantinople. It was too late, for the flank march had commenced. If he had not been so tenacious of his position, and if he had at once let General Canrobert lead the French army, with the English, as proposed by Lord Raglan, to the attack of the north forts of Sebastopol, a year of extreme suffering and loss would almost certainly have been spared to the Allies.

The two armies reached Balaclava and Kamiesh in safety, after a march which might have been disastrous to them, if Prince Mentchikoff had been capable of commanding the Russian army with even average efficiency. On that march, which was a most arduous one, being through pathless woods and over rocky heights, without any previous knowledge of the

ground, the allied forces came up with the rear-guard of the Russian army, which was evacuating Sebastopol as being an untenable position. They neither attacked the retreating enemy nor occupied the abandoned city; but they turned its flank to besiege it when it should have had time to be fortified. This was the painful duty imposed on Lord Raglan by his dying colleague.

The two harbours were soon full of transports, landing baggage, stores, and ammunition. A lively scene it was at Balaclava. One morning when I was there, my attention was attracted by the unusual excitement of some Turkish soldiers. Their lieutenant had had his two legs broken by the rolling of a heavy bale upon him, as it was being landed from a lighter. His men ran about shouting for assistance, without attempting to extricate him themselves. A quiet, gentlemanly looking Englishman sprang forward, and reached the spot just as I had dismounted to see what was the matter. We set to work together, and the Turkish soldiers joined us, recovering their presence of mind when they were told by English officers what to do. The poor lieutenant was got out from under the bale, and carried to the English lines with a note to the Surgeon-Major, who took good care of him. It happened to me, twenty years later, to require a military escort in Turkey; and when the officer commanding it took leave, he kissed my hand. I asked

him the reason of this extreme mark of respect. He replied that he would do more than that to show his gratitude for my assistance when his legs were broken at Balaclava, as, he said, he had looked sufficiently at my face, when I was pushing the bale off him, to be able to recognise it now.

As I walked away from the scene of this accident, having given my horse to an orderly, the Englishman, who had taken off his coat and worked with me so willingly, followed me, and we entered into conversation. We stared at each other, fancying that we had met before, but not recollecting where.

‘Silistria!’ he exclaimed at last.

‘Nasmyth!’ I cried, and a warm shaking of hands followed.

This was the lieutenant of the Indian army, now unhappily dead, who had been sent out from England as a newspaper correspondent for Bulgaria, and had since come to the Crimea on the same mission. When the whole strength and talent of the Russian army of the Danube was being employed to encompass the fall of the great Bulgarian fortress, he, with another young English officer, Captain Butler, of the Ceylon Rifles, became the directors of the Turkish defence. An earthwork, called the Arab Tabia, was the key of the position; and the commander of the forces, Prince Paskievich, with the chief engineer, General Schilder, decided that it must be taken at any cost. Saps were

extended to the ditch, and mines were sprung in the counterscarp ; but Butler and Nasmyth were always found entrenched behind them with their men, ready to pour in volley after volley on the storming-party. Both the Russian Generals, as General Todleben told me after the war, gave up all hope of success. The latter distinguished officer was then only a captain, and aide-de-camp to General Schilder ; but he soon became the commanding engineer at Sebastopol. I remarked to him that he must there have seen more young English officers who fought as well as Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth.

‘ Oh yes,’ he replied, ‘ they all fought splendidly ; and they plied me so hard, that I have not forgiven them yet. But one of those at Silistria was a newspaper correspondent ; and I owed such a debt of gratitude to the gentlemen thus employed at Sebastopol, that I have quite forgiven him for doing so much to spoil our siege of the great Danubian fortress.’

I begged him to explain, and he told me, with his usual frankness, that he received the English newspapers regularly at Sebastopol, and gained most valuable information from them relative to the siege operations, all the English movements being thus made clear to him. I asked him whether the French newspapers were equally outspoken, and he said that they were not, but that the English journals gave him full particulars of the French attack also. On one



occasion, he assured me, he had seen it mentioned in a London newspaper that a certain salient angle of the Redan was being mined by the English. He had a countermine promptly formed, which got below the mine before it reached the rampart. He went into it himself, and heard the English sappers and miners above him laughing and talking as they worked. The countermine was charged with a large quantity of gunpowder, and, when he left it for the train to be fired, he said he felt how painful was the duty which he had to fulfil. He saw the poor English sappers and miners blown into the air with heads, legs, and arms torn off. There were loud complaints against the order prohibiting the presence of newspaper correspondents with our army during the last Afghan War; but there never was a question that had not two sides, and General Todleben found out the other side of this question in the Crimean War.

I spent an agreeable afternoon with Lieutenant Nasmyth, talking about the campaign on the Danube. He gave me the particulars of services rendered by several English officers after I had left that seat of war. Poor Captain Butler had been shot when reconnoitring the Russian position. His wound was not necessarily mortal; but he had been for some time so greatly fatigued, and so badly fed, that, after lingering three weeks, he died. General Cannon, of the Indian army, had commanded a brigade under



Omar Pasha at Shumla, and had been sent with it to reinforce the garrison of Silistria. He entered the fortress by a night march, which he conducted with ability. In Turkey he certainly justified his previous reputation of being a first-rate officer. I had met him often; and I became especially interested in him by seeing his charming young children, whom he had kept with him ever since their mother had left him a widower. Colonel Ogilvy served with distinction as General Cannon's aide-de-camp; Captain Bent and Lieutenant Burke, of the Royal Engineers, had volunteered to assist the Turks in the defence of Silistria, and they skilfully directed the works; while Lieutenants Meynell, of the 75th Regiment, and Ballard, Arnold, and Hinde, of the Indian army, who had also offered their services to the Porte, were all of very essential use in the construction of batteries. Hassan Pasha commanded a Turkish force at Rustchuk, and General Simonoff held the town of Giurgevo, on the opposite bank of the Danube, with a Russian division. General Cannon, with Captain Bent, marched from Silistria to Rustchuk, and crossed the river with only one battalion of rifles. On landing, they were attacked by the Russians, whom they repulsed with great slaughter. Ballard arrived with a few skirmishers, and Ali Pasha went over with a large body of Turks. They then entrenched themselves. Ogilvy, Arnold, Burke, Meynell and Hinde crossed the river with detachments at

different points higher up, and made good their junction with the chief force, by a flank march, under the fire of a Russian battery. Arnold, Burke and Meynell were carried in, mortally wounded. The Russians attacked the entrenched position four times, and were repulsed with great loss each time. Three days later, the siege of Silistria was raised; and an army of 60,000 Russians was marched thence to Giurgevo, to drive the Turks into the river, as they said. But the British flag was then flying at Rustchuk, and the contest for the command of the Lower Danube was accordingly given up by Prince Gortchakoff, who retreated on the Pruth.

Lieutenant Glyn and the young Prince Leiningen had been sent from the *Britannia* with gunboats, to make a bridge of boats between Giurgevo and Rustchuk for the passage of the allied armies, in the event of its proving advisable to attack the Russian army in Wallachia. The last time I had seen Prince Leiningen was when I went, one afternoon, with Lord Stratford to dine with Admiral Sir James Dundas on board the *Britannia*. On reaching the ship, we heard one of the officers call out, in a tone of no great respect:

‘Come, come, Prince! this will never do—you must have that deck better swabbed.’

‘The words “Prince” and “swabbed” do not seem to go well together,’ said Lord Stratford to the

Admiral, who advanced to receive him ; ‘ who is the Prince ?’

‘ The Prince of Leiningen, the Queen’s nephew,’ replied Sir James Dundas, ‘ whom I do myself the honour of presenting to your Excellency.’

A shy-looking midshipman approached at a sign from the Admiral, and bowed to the Ambassador, who said he was delighted to see him, and hoped to have the honour of his company at dinner next day at the Embassy. He said this in a loud voice, so as to be heard by the officer who had dared to address a near relative of her Majesty with so little ceremony; and then he turned round and scowled at the presumptuous culprit.

Lord Stratford’s feeling of loyalty was as profound as that of a sincere believer in divine right must always be. Every member of the royal family was to him an object of unbounded deference. When the Duke of Cambridge was about to become his guest for a few days at the Embassy, he went in his dressing-gown and slippers, at an early hour in the morning, to see that the rooms prepared for his Royal Highness were in perfect order. Finding the Duke’s valet arranging the trunks and portmanteaus which had arrived, the Ambassador began to give him directions how they should be placed. The man left off working, and stared at Lord Stratford.

‘ I will tell you what it is,’ he said at last. ‘ I

know how his Royal Highness likes to have his things arranged better than you do. So you just shut up—and be off, will you, old feller?’

Lord Stratford left the room in a towering passion, and calling one of the attachés, ordered him to go and tell that man who it was that he had ventured to address such language to. The attaché soon returned with sparkling eyes.

‘Well, what did you say to him?’ asked the Ambassador.

‘I said to him, my Lord, that the person to whom he had ventured to address such language was her Majesty’s representative in Turkey.’

‘Ah, quite right. And what was his answer?’

‘He answered, my Lord, that he had never said you warn’t.’

It was a singular feature in Lord Stratford’s somewhat hasty disposition, that his anger would suddenly be appeased by anything which seemed to him ludicrous. It was so in this case, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh with the attaché.

On another occasion, an attaché had made one or two mistakes in copying a despatch, which he took to the Ambassador for signature.

‘Mistakes may be made,’ said Lord Stratford, after pointing them out, ‘by the most careful attaché; how much more by the most careless!’

The high-spirited young diplomatist got exceed-

ingly incensed, and told Lord Stratford that, although he was his Ambassador, he had no right to reprimand him for what was untrue, as he was not habitually careless.

‘You accuse me of untruthfulness! D—— your eyes!’ exclaimed Lord Stratford.

‘D—— your Excellency’s eyes!’ retorted the youth.

The Elchi burst out laughing. Holding out his hand to him, he begged the attaché to excuse the infirmity of his temper, and they shook hands most cordially.



## VIII.

## THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

LORD RAGLAN and Sir George Cathcart were anxious to assault Sebastopol at once. Sir John Burgoyne and General Canrobert were in favour of siege operations by regular approaches. General Todleben has published incontrovertible proofs that the former course would have carried the place, if time had not been given him by the Allies to complete his defensive works, and to receive reinforcements from Prince Mentchikoff. Lord Raglan had no authority to act without the concurrence of the French Commander-in-Chief, and a distinct refusal had been given by the latter to adopt his plan of attack. The opening of trenches, or breaking ground, as it is called, was therefore commenced. The Allies had not a sufficient force to blockade Sebastopol; and a siege without investment must necessarily be a long one, as fresh troops and supplies can be poured into the town at any time when they are required. Prince Mentchikoff thus detached 25,000 men from his army at

Baghtsheh Serai to strengthen the garrison, and stores from the same source also entered Sebastopol. Immense quantities of grain were collected in the southern provinces of Russia for the use of the beleaguered place, and they were despatched towards the Isthmus of Perekop in waggons, driven by the peasants whose crops had been seized by the Government for this purpose. Not one of the waggons ever entered the Crimea. The corn was ground at mills on the way, and the waggons were burnt to bake the flour and roast the oxen for the drivers, who lived on bread and beef until nothing remained for them to do but to return home as beggars. The Emperor Nicholas had determined on making war against Turkey without possessing the requisite means of transport in Russia.

By the 17th of October the siege trains had been landed, and the guns placed in position. A general cannonading began at an early hour on that day, and it was kept up till the evening along the whole line of attack by the English artillery. The Russian batteries returned fire in good style. One of their shells, bursting in the French line, blew up the powder magazine; and General Rose, then Queen's Commissioner with the French army, was requested by General Canrobert to inform Lord Raglan that the explosion had stopped his bombardment, which could not be resumed for a couple of days. The

English guns had meanwhile dismantled the Redan. A panic broke out in the town, and it is thought that an assault might then have succeeded ; but the French were not ready to attempt it, as their forced cessation of fire had discouraged their troops.

The Redan was visited by Admiral Korniloff, who was at the time in charge of the defence. He examined the batteries under a murderous fire from the English siege-guns, and found them reduced in places to a heap of ruins. Thence he proceeded to the Malakoff, riding slowly along without cover, and talking cheerfully with his aide-de-camp, Captain Gendre, of their chances of escape from a general assault, which, as recorded by the latter, he said was sure of succeeding if it were attempted. On his arrival he was cheered by the sailors, who were working the guns of the Malakoff.

‘If the English artillery should become as silent as that French battery is,’ he said to the men, pointing towards Mount Rudolph, where the powder magazine had exploded, ‘you may cheer, but not till then.’

He dismounted, and walked round the batteries. The guns on the tower were disabled, but those in the flanking earthworks were still firing. He ordered that the tower should be converted into a hospital for the wounded, many of whom were lying about the traverses until they could be conveyed into the town. When moving to the breastwork, where his horse had

remained, he was struck on the thigh by a round shot. Captain Gendre raised him from the ground when he fell.

‘Defend Sebastopol to the last!’ he said, and then lost consciousness. In a little while he recovered his senses, and asked for the Holy Sacrament. A priest was in the tower to attend the wounded, and he administered it to the Admiral. He was then carried to the town on a litter. An officer, wishing to give him a last feeling of satisfaction, announced that the English batteries were silenced.

‘Long live the Czar!’ he cried joyfully, and, closing his eyes, expired.

Korniloff was one of the best naval officers of Russia. General Todleben, who gave me this account of his death, added that he had greatly regretted it, because all his own engineering expedients for defending Sebastopol had been promptly acceded to and carried out during the Admiral’s command, while so much could not be said during that of his successor. This was of little moment, however, as General Todleben soon himself became Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, and could execute his able measures without seeking the approval of anyone.

It had been decided that the allied fleets should create a diversion by bombarding the forts at the entrance of the harbour. The French Admiral insisted on forming a line of battle which was not

approved by the English Admirals. Lord Raglan, always apprehensive lest the alliance should be jeopardized by a conflict of opinion, persuaded Sir James Dundas to accept the French plan of attack, which was to anchor at a distance of 1,600 yards from the Russian forts. Sir Edmund Lyons succeeded in obtaining a reluctant consent to his leading a detached English squadron to engage the north forts at as short a range as possible.

After much time had been lost in these discussions, the fleets stood in towards the roads. The French Admiral ran up his famous signal, which was said to have been sent to him by his Emperor. It seemed to caricature the speech of the great Napoleon to his troops before the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt:

‘Du haut de ces pyramides quarante siècles vous contemplent.’

The lesser Napoleon was satisfied with imparting more laconic, but equally imaginative, information to the crews of his ships before Sebastopol:

‘La France vous regarde.’

Fire was opened on the Russian forts by both the English and the French fleets, but at such a distance that it could not have much effect. Sir Edmund Lyons went nearer in with the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, supported successively by the *London*, the *Rodney*, the *Bellerophon*, the *Albion*, and the *Arethusa*. These ships were splendidly handled, with steamers



lashed to those having no steam-power of their own; and they were brought within 800 yards of the north forts. A tremendous fire was delivered from them, and the upper batteries of Fort Constantine were demolished. But a contest between wooden ships and stone forts can never be on equal terms. The former were accordingly much more injured than the latter. First the *Albion* took fire, and was hauled out with great difficulty. The *Arethusa* suffered serious damage, and was in danger of sinking from the starting of seven of her planks. It was all that Captain Symonds could do to get her out of action afloat. The *Agamemnon* was set on fire by a shell; but she had few casualties, on account of the admirable position taken up by Sir Edmund Lyons, opposite a salient angle of the fort. The *Sanspareil* suffered more than any other vessel. The *Rodney* went on shore, but continued fighting her guns till she got off, when Sir Edmund Lyons signalled, 'Well done, *Rodney*!' The *London* and *Bellerophon* were also severely injured. Besides these seven ships forming the detached squadron, the *Queen* was sent by Sir James Dundas to support them. At last Sir James Dundas gave the signal to cease firing, and come out of range. The English detached squadron had 300 men killed and wounded, while the line of French and English ships lost only 220. But the fleets lost, what was more important for the success of the war,

the prestige of their naval power ; for there were not more than 152 Russian guns opposed to the 1,100 which fired on the forts.

The chief result of this attack has been the formation of our ironclad fleet, wooden ships having proved useless against fortifications. Our naval supremacy, no longer depending on the fondly cherished 'wooden walls of Old England,' is now enhanced by our supremacy in iron ; and those who, with more of fretfulness than force, deplore the change, are obliged to admit the stubborn fact of disabled ships and slightly injured forts.

In giving this account of the naval attack of the 17th of October, I am guided by notes of conversations I had with Admirals Sir James Dundas and Sir Edmund Lyons, Captain Graham of the *Rodney*, Captain Lord George Paulett of the *Bellerophon*, Captain Symonds of the *Arethusa*, and M. de Chabannes, Captain of the French ship *Napoléon*, all of whom I was then in the habit of seeing frequently. The particulars of military movements during the war are given chiefly from my own personal observation, though in some cases I am indebted for my knowledge of them to my constant intercourse with officers more immediately connected with them.

'Another cold blast from Paris!' were the words of Lord Stratford which greeted my arrival at Therapia, just after the naval and military bombard-

ment. He had sent for me, and he showed me an animated correspondence which he was carrying on with Lord Cowley, our Ambassador in Paris, and with the Foreign Office, relative to the influence produced on the events of the war by the conduct of the French Commanders-in-Chief towards our own. During the two days that I stayed with him, he plied me hard with questions on the subject. Napoleon, it appeared, had published officially, in the *Moniteur*, a letter which Marshal Saint-Arnaud had written to him about the battle of the Alma, representing it as having been a victory obtained almost exclusively by the French army. Lord Cowley had remonstrated with the French Government in a manner most creditable to him. The Emperor had also gone so far as to insert offensive expressions in a letter of condolence which he had written to Madame Saint-Arnaud on the death of her husband, and this letter had likewise been officially published in the *Moniteur*. The objectionable words were that ‘ Marshal Saint-Arnaud had resisted timid counsels.’ If any such advice had been offered by French officers to their Commander-in-Chief, it could hardly be supposed possible that the Emperor would have censured it in this manner. It was therefore inferred that English counsels had been alluded to. Our Government had taken up the matter with great warmth. Napoleon had then stated in the *Moniteur* that he

had not meant to imply that there was any timidity on the part of English officers, but merely to acknowledge the energy displayed by the Marshal when differences of opinion arose between him and officers of the French army and fleet. Everyone was of course at liberty to form his own judgment of the sincerity of this declaration, and what that judgment was became evident by the fact that the alliance between England and France for the destruction of Sebastopol was seriously imperilled. Lord Stratford was naturally anxious about it, and he wished to furnish to our Government all possible information bearing on the case, in order that the emergency might be met before it was too late to save the alliance. I gave him all the particulars I was aware of. He was himself indignant, and spoke strongly against the French Government. I tried to calm his irritation by telling him that, although Marshal Saint-Arnaud had certainly laid himself open to the reproach of injustice towards the English, still, this had not been the general tendency of French officers of high rank, either military or naval, who on the contrary appeared always disposed to do them justice.

‘Very well,’ said Lord Stratford, ‘the objection to attacking the north forts of Sebastopol immediately after the battle of the Alma may fairly be attributed to Marshal Saint-Arnaud alone, who was then dying,



and consequently unable to enter into Lord Raglan's views; but it is evident to me that our Commander-in-Chief is not allowed to occupy the position which he is entitled to, both as the English leader and as being possessed of rare and admirable personal qualities.'

I replied that everyone belonging to both of the armies and fleets regarded Lord Raglan's as virtually the directing mind of the campaign, and that if he sometimes yielded to the opposition of his French colleagues, it was only when he saw that the alliance would be endangered by an extreme tenacity of opinion on his own part. Admiral Hamelin's obstinate adherence to an inefficient line of battle in the naval engagement, and General Canrobert's refusal to accept Lord Raglan's plan of assaulting Sebastopol immediately after the flank march, were next put forward by the Ambassador as proofs in favour of his argument. To this I could only answer that Admiral Hamelin was under General Canrobert's orders, and that Sir James Dundas was not under those of Lord Raglan; that the conflict relative to the naval action was therefore between General Canrobert and the English Admiral; and that the former, though a brave and skilful General, was afflicted with so anxiously perplexed a disposition, that his better judgment was often warped by it.

'Strange!' exclaimed Lord Stratford. 'France



has no general to send to the Crimea who is not either dying or anxiously perplexed ! Still more strange ! Marshal Saint-Arnaud was too ill to attack the north forts with Lord Raglan, but he was well enough the day before to win the battle of the Alma without him ! Why, the very existence of an English army in the Crimea, and the very presence of an English general at the first battle, were almost entirely ignored in his letter to the Emperor. Then Napoleon himself publishes a letter of his own to a widowed lady, and takes that opportunity of exposing the timidity of his officers ! Uncommonly strange, all these facts !

The Ambassador's way of putting the case seemed to me so unanswerable that I let him have the last word by asking leave to embark in a man-of-war steamer then just weighing anchor, and he granted it, with many kind wishes for myself and messages for others.

## IX.

## BALACLAVA.

CORDIAL terms prevailed between the British and French officers of corresponding rank. There was no more striking instance of this among the older men than that of Sir Colin Campbell and General Vinois. The one commanded the Highland Brigade at Balaclava, and the other was at the head of the nearest French Brigade on the heights.

Whether or not the Frenchman proved constant in his kindly feeling, is not recorded; but it is an historical fact that, years afterwards, on the Scotchman's death as Lord Clyde, a sum was found appointed in his will for the purchase of a mourning ring to be sent to his 'friend Vinois.'

Sir Colin Campbell, after a long struggle with the fickle jade Fortune, had at last attained the rank and command of a general officer. He had been stationed at Balaclava by Lord Raglan, in order that his great military reputation might inspire confidence in the holding of that shipping port of the English besieging

army with the very inadequate force which could be spared for that purpose. It was not long before the possibility of thus defending it was tested by a formidable attack.

The first tidings of fighting on the glorious but disastrous 25th of October reached the little town of Balaclava through the sudden appearance of a disordered mob of flying Turks, who had been driven from their redoubts by an overwhelming Russian force.

‘Ship, Johnny! Stambul, Johnny!’ was all they said to everyone they met, wishing to convey to the English, whom they always called ‘Johnnies,’ the startling intelligence that the war was at an end, and that nothing remained to be done but to embark for Constantinople. A crowd soon collected around them. Among others appeared a very tall and broad-shouldered Scotchwoman, the wife of a soldier of the 93rd Highlanders, who was out with his regiment, defending the lines under the orders of Sir Colin Campbell. She carried a big stick, with which she belaboured the Turkish fugitives most lustily, screaming at them all the time in the strongest of Scotch brogues:

‘Ye cooardly misbelievers, to leave the brave Christian Hielanders to fecht when ye rin awa’!’

The Turks endeavoured, in their own language, to her altogether unintelligible, politely to deprecate her

indignation, addressing her as *Cocona*, which is the title of respect applied by Turks to European ladies of rank.

‘*Cocona* indeed ! I’ll *Cocona* you !’ she shrieked, administering a heavy blow with her cudgel every time the word was repeated.

At last the poor fellows took to their heels before the virago, who, ever after this incident, bore the nickname of *Cocona* in her husband’s regiment.

This attack on the lines of Balaclava was made by a Russian force of all arms, 25,000 strong. To meet it there was scarcely a fifth part of that number. After the retreat of the Turks, four squadrons of the enemy’s cavalry, with artillery, advanced to dislodge the infantry in position before the gorge of Kadikoi, leading to the port. These were the Highlanders. Sir Colin Campbell, like a thorough master of his art, knew when to ignore conventional rules and obstructive theories ; and he formed the 93rd in line, instead of the usual square to receive cavalry, rightly judging that his numerical weakness would thus escape the notice of an inexperienced enemy.

‘Mind, there is to be no retreat,’ he called to his men. ‘Repulse the enemy, or die where you stand.’

‘Oo ay, Sir Colin. We’ll do the ane or the ither.’

Then they opened fire with a rapidity which took

the Russians by surprise. They had expected to be fired at by one face of a square, and now a whole line was blazing away at them, without fearing their charge. They had never seen anything like this before, and could not understand what it meant. They halted, and then took ground to the left to outflank the Highlanders. Sir Colin Campbell wheeled up two companies, and poured their fire into the flank of the Russians, who thought there must be a strong force to support such movements. They went to the right about, and made off as fast as they could; while our artillery added to the confusion of their retreat.

General Scarlett was, meanwhile, performing his extraordinary feat of charging and routing 3,000 Russian cavalry with his brigade of Heavy Dragoons. There were only 600 troopers with the Scots Greys, Inniskilling Dragoons, 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the Royal Dragoons, so much had the English cavalry been reduced by sickness of men and starvation of horses. Major Clarke, commanding the Greys after Colonel Griffith was wounded, lost his bearskin cap in one of the furious plunges of his almost unmanageable charger. He kept his seat, though he received several slight sabre-cuts, from which blood streamed down his face as, bareheaded, he charged into the Russian ranks, driving his maddened grey from one enemy to another, and hacking right and



left with his sabre. The wings of the Russian column were wheeled inwards to prevent the English Dragoons from escaping. The Royals, seeing this, advanced at a gallop, shouting :

‘The Greys are cut off. Let us charge!’

The word was given by Colonel Yorke, who commanded them, and their rush swept all before them. The Russian column broke, and retired in wild disorder. Pursuit was impossible with so small a force unsupported. Major Clarke then rallied his regiment, and, while re-forming, the Greys were cheered by their fellow-countrymen of Scotland, the 93rd Highlanders. Sir Colin Campbell exclaimed, with his cocked hat high in the air :

‘Well done the Greys! I would enlist in your ranks if I were young!’

Many other officers, and, above all, General Scarlett himself, were conspicuous for their skilful and intrepid conduct during this ill-matched struggle ; and, if only one or two brilliant instances of gallantry are here described, it is because it would be needless to repeat the whole of the oft-told tales of British bravery in the Crimea. It is surely excusable to single out the incidents connected with those whose dangers, toils, hardships and privations one has witnessed most closely and shared most frequently. With that apology, I may relate how, at the first onset, Lieutenant Elliot of the 5th Dragoon Guards

saved the life of General Scarlett by his admirable devotedness. A tall Russian officer, perceiving that the officer leading the charge must be of high rank, placed himself so as to cut him down when he should reach the column. General Scarlett, being extremely short-sighted, was not prepared to guard his left. Elliot, who was riding close behind him as his aide-de-camp, gave his horse the spur, and dashing past him just as the Russian had raised his arm to strike, ran the latter through the body with such force that the thrust went home to the hilt. The Russian was turned quite round in his saddle before the sabre could be disengaged, and then he fell dead to the ground. Elliot had seen much active service in one of the East India Company's Lancer regiments, and, wishing to enter the Queen's army, purchased a cornet's commission. Though an old officer, he was thus still a subaltern. General Scarlett recommended him for promotion and for the Victoria Cross, on account of his distinguished conduct in this charge of the Heavy Brigade ; but neither of the applications was entertained by the Horse Guards, for what reason no mortal man can tell. This 'beau sabreur,' as he was dubbed by many of his friends, received no less than fourteen wounds on that ill-fated day. After the battle, one of his brother officers went into his tent and found him standing before a looking-glass.

‘Holloa, Elliot. Beautifying, are you?’

‘Yes,’ was the answer, ‘I am sticking on my nose.’

It had been slashed nearly off his face in the *mêlée*. He was a most agreeable and kind-hearted companion, and a very able cavalry officer ; but his modesty never permitted him to talk of his services. When General Scarlett’s two recommendations were negatived, Elliot said that he could not expect to be rewarded for having done only his duty, and nothing more than any other English officer would have done.

Seven of our guns had been placed in the redoubts on the Causeway Heights, which an attack of the Russian infantry division, under General Liprandi, had forced the Turks to abandon. Lord Raglan sent an order to Lord Lucan to attempt to take the guns with the Light Brigade of his cavalry division. The order was carried by my friend Captain Nolan of the 15th Hussars, who was General Airey’s aide-de-camp. Lord Lucan was so placed that he could not see Liprandi’s force, and he had not heard of our guns having been taken ; but he did see a Russian battery, and he ordered Lord Cardigan, commanding the Light Brigade, to attack it, and attempt to take the guns. The Light Brigade advanced, and Captain Nolan, perceiving that it was going in a wrong direction, began shouting and waving his sword to make it incline to the right, when he was killed by a shell. Lord Cardigan, unconscious of any misunderstanding,

rode on to charge the Russian battery. A heavy fire was poured upon him from the Causeway Heights on the right, and a still heavier from the Fedioukine Hills on the left. The loss was enormous, but on sped the doomed Hussars, Lancers and Light Dragoons. The brigade consisted of the 8th and 11th Hussars, the 17th Lancers, and the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons. They thundered down upon the battery of twelve guns, passed through it, and charged a cavalry column drawn up behind it. The Russians retreated, after making a vain attempt to get the guns away with them; and Lord Cardigan, in his turn, found it impossible to move them, for want of artillery horses. There was nothing more to be done, so the remains of our Light Brigade also retired as best they could.

The French cavalry, under General D'Allonville, whom I knew intimately and liked exceedingly, saw the charge, and he told me afterwards that, on seeing it, he held up his hands in amazement and admiration. But his feelings were not confined to barren sympathy, for, without having received any orders, he immediately attacked the Russian position on the Fedioukine Hills, whence the most galling artillery fire took our Light Brigade in flank. With that finest cavalry in the world, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, he drove the Russians from the hills. The only fire that fell upon the survivors of our



Light Brigade, during their straggling return to our lines, was therefore that of General Liprandi's division from the Causeway Heights.

Major De Salis of the 8th Hussars was seen coming back on foot, and leading his charger, on which he had put a wounded trooper of his regiment. Captain Morris of the 17th Lancers, grievously wounded in the head, was lying with his horse's bridle in his hand, when a young cornet of the same regiment, Sir George Wombwell, whose horse had been shot under him, ran past him in the vain attempt to catch another, which was galloping riderless.

'Take mine,' said Captain Morris. 'My riding is over.'

'No, no,' answered Wombwell; 'I will help you to mount, and you will get back all right.'

The captain became insensible, and Wombwell, thinking him dead, got on his charger, and rode to the lines unhurt. Captain Morris recovered his senses when some Cossacks were robbing him. He lay still, lest they should despatch him if they saw he was alive. After they had left him, up came an English troop-horse, with his nose on the ground, evidently seeking his fallen rider. Captain Morris took hold of the bridle, and contrived to mount the animal, which stood quiet for him to do so. He rode in the direction of our lines, till the horse was killed by a round shot. The fall rendered him insensible once more. When



he regained consciousness, he tried to walk. Stumbling often, and sitting down when he felt exhausted, he found himself at last beside the body of an officer, whom he recognised as Captain Nolan. Knowing thus that he must be near the lines, as poor Nolan had fallen at the beginning of the charge, he summoned up the remains of the indomitable resolution for which he was noted in the army, and finally staggered into the camp of the Light Brigade. I saw him often during his slow recovery from his wound, and conceived the highest admiration for him. He was most deservedly promoted, and, after the Crimean War was over, went with his regiment to India, where he died.

At the roll-call, on the conclusion of this unprecedented attack upon artillery by unsupported cavalry, it was found that the killed and wounded of the whole Brigade, which had been 700 strong, were 250. The 17th Lancers and 13th Light Dragoons went into action with nineteen officers, only two of whom came out unwounded. The latter regiment could not muster more than ten men. This great loss of life was caused by a mere misconception of orders, which suggests the reflection that Spartan brevity is out of place on modern fields of battle, where an intelligent co-operation of the various forces of a mixed army is needed for the success of a general plan. A pencilled note may be made to contain full information, as well as a distinct order, and its effectiveness need not be made

to depend upon explanations to be given by the officer entrusted with it, as was the case in this instance. That officer was the first man killed, and the subordinate general remained in the dark as to the real nature of his instructions. The results of this defective practice, affecting our army and prestige, were the throwing away the lives of many brave soldiers, and the well-merited disparagement of the military genius of England by competent foreign authorities.

‘C’est magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre,’ muttered the distinguished General Bosquet, as he gazed through his field-glass ; and he was right.

## X.

## THE TRENCHES.

It was hard work for the soldiers to dig all day in a rocky soil, with a continuous fire pouring on them, and frequent sorties to repulse. Many of them were killed, many wounded, and many taken sick to hospital. One of these cases, which especially interested me, was that of Captain Donovan of the 33rd Regiment, with whom I had become intimately acquainted. He was in the trenches with his company one night, when the Russians made a sally to attack him. Thinking it better to meet them in the open, and advancing towards their earthwork as they formed line in front of it to commence firing, he drove them back into it in confusion at the point of the bayonet. A strong body of men was then sent out to cut off his retreat ; but the brave old regiment of Wellington, nicknamed The Fighting 33rd, was not broken, and it retired in perfect order, delivering its volleys and reloading rapidly. Poor Donovan's revolver went off by accident as he held it downwards, and shattered his right

foot. His soldiers saw him fall, and they charged with a shout to recover his body. The Russians ran, unable to withstand the shock, and the English Captain, wounded as was supposed by the enemy's fire, was carried to the rear. His gallant defence of his post was reported to his commanding officer by his Lieutenant, who had taken charge of the company when he fell. Promotion was offered to him, and it was stated in the offer that, the effects of the wound in his foot having incapacitated him from serving otherwise than as a mounted officer, he would be appointed to a vacant majority in another regiment. He wrote a letter of thanks in reply, but he declined to accept promotion on account of a wound accidentally inflicted by his own hand, and concluded by begging leave to retire from the army, as he could not continue to serve without promotion. His elder brother, on hearing this, left his place in Ireland, and went to the Crimea, hoping to dissuade him from insisting on resigning his commission, and wishing to induce Lord Raglan to obtain promotion for him on the sole ground of the services which he had rendered. While the question was pending, his brother's company naturally continued to take its turn of duty in the trenches, and thinking to please the wounded Captain, he volunteered to serve with it as a private soldier. This was just before the battle of Inkerman, and he fought in his plain clothes and wideawake hat through

the thickest of that fierce engagement. All the officers and more than half of the company were killed or wounded early in the day, and he led the survivors during the remainder of the fight at their own request, and with the permission of Major Mundy, who commanded the regiment. He was told that he could, if he wished, be gazetted as an officer for his bravery, but he said that his brother's promotion was all he desired. It was granted without reference to the wound. The latter was still on the sick-list, however, and the elder brother would not leave him, but continued serving as a volunteer in his regiment until his recovery. The elder Donovan would then have gone home, had it not been for a wish of General Codrington to make him his aide-de-camp. He was accordingly gazetted as an officer, and served on the staff till his death at the storming of the Redan, where he was shot through the head.

General Codrington's brilliant career in the Crimea commenced in a similar manner, though he was an officer of rank before he arrived there. He came out to the war as Major of the Coldstream Guards, whose Lieutenant-Colonel was Charles Hay. They both held the brevet rank of full Colonel. I was in Hay's tent, near Varna, when a new brevet arrived, in which the names of those two officers appeared as Majors-General. I advised him not to leave, but to remain in the hope of obtaining a command when a



vacancy should occur. He seemed to wish rather for an appointment elsewhere, as he thought this war would come to nothing if the Turks should succeed, unaided, in repelling the Russian invasion, as then seemed likely. General Codrington was present, but said nothing. Next mail brought Charles Hay's appointment to the command of the forces in the Mauritius. He went there, did not like the place, resigned, and died shortly after his return to England. General Codrington remained, having probably decided on doing so when he came to the war on the eve of a brevet which must promote him. A brigade in Sir George Brown's Light Division soon became vacant, and he was placed in command of it. At the Alma he distinguished himself by storming the Great Redoubt in splendid style ; but, for want of timely reinforcements, he could not hold it, and was obliged to retire on the river. The first division, composed of the Guards and Highlanders, had to do the work over again ; but General Codrington's fortune was made by his dash on that occasion, and by his subsequent skill at the battle of Inkerman in the defence of the Victoria Ridge. Before long, he found himself Commander of the Forces in the Crimea.

Captain Hedley Vicars, of the 97th Regiment, was one of the most remarkable of those who fell at the trenches. He was leading his men with cool intrepidity to repel a night sortie.

‘This way, Ninety-Seventh!’ he shouted, and, while turning to the enemy, was shot point-blank through the head. I had known him well in the Ionian Islands as a high-spirited youth, always after some mischief, and not very particular about the propriety of the language he used, or about the quantity of stimulants he swallowed. In the Crimea, I found him a changed man indeed. He was adored by his men, to whom he sat reading when they were sick or wounded. He thus made good Christians of many of them; and his rare piety and perseverance commanded the respect of his seniors, while he was universally regarded as one of the smartest and most trustworthy of the young officers in the invading army.

One is always sorry to hear of the death of one’s comrades at the front; but, whether it be that it happens so frequently that it ends by leaving one callous, more or less, or that the uncertainty of one’s own fate encourages egotistical indifference to the fate of others, it is certainly a fact that an entrenched camp is not the most favourable sphere in the world for the development of altruism and benevolent sympathies. I recollect a case of an officer, noted for his kind-heartedness and affectionate manner towards those around him, having to give a message to his favourite aide-de-camp to carry, when the latter was struck dead by a round shot.

‘I must ask you to carry this message,’ said the officer, turning to another aide-de-camp, and explaining the particulars, which he entered into as if nothing unusual had taken place.

Another friend of mine, a most worthy officer, never could speak seriously on any subject whatsoever. He had received a bad wound while going his rounds in the trenches, and had been conveyed to the hospital at Scutari, where Miss Nightingale nursed him. One morning he complained to her most bitterly of the noise which other wounded officers in the same ward had made in the night, having kept him awake when he wished to sleep. She told him that those officers had died in great agony.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘I should feel so much obliged to you if, next time, you would ask any mortally wounded officers you may be taking care of in this ward to die quietly, without disturbing others in the night.’

When I went to see him, he told me that Miss Nightingale had been wonderfully kind to him, and that, if she was really a Sister of Mercy, she ought to have mercy on him, and take him for better or for worse, as he was quite willing to chirp to her all day. He had then returned to his regiment, which was devotedly attached to him, from the majors down to the drummers. He was the perfection of a commanding officer, but with one sad defect—he was in

the habit of taking more brandy and soda than was good for him. When his friends remonstrated with him, he would say that they did not make any allowance for the simple fact that he was always thirsty; that he believed he had been born thirsty, and had been obliged to drink ever since; and that it was all his mother's fault, as he felt sure she had not been a good nurse to him. I asked him how he had liked Constantinople. He said that it would be a charming place if it were not for its abominably unhealthy climate. I remarked that I had never heard of the unhealthiness of Constantinople.

'Well,' he replied, 'all I can say is that I was not there a week before I had delirium tremens. I ought to have stayed at the hospital of Scutari, where Miss Nightingale assured me that neither she nor any of her lady-nurses had ever had it. But I thought I had got so strong under their kind care, that I should be proof against the infection of the delirium tremens which is raging on the other side of the Bosphorus. The Greek Patriarch and several of the Ambassadors are suffering dreadfully from it. Constantinople has a bad climate, believe me.'

Lord Stratford came to see the siege of Sebastopol, accompanied by some of the members of his Diplomatic Staff. He was received with all due honours, and was shown everything he cared to look at. General Rose, now Lord Strathnairn, who had been

Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople, was delegated by General Canrobert to act as the Ambassador's guide through the French batteries and lines. Suddenly, in one of the trenches where they were, loose earth forming a sort of parapet was scattered in a cloud of dust by the bursting of a shell. Lord Stratford was full of courage and nerve, and betrayed no discomfiture.

'You see,' said General Rose, 'there is no danger. Shells are harmless when they do not fall into the trench, and when no one is looking out over the edge.'

'Look here, General,' cried Mr. Alison from behind, 'harmless or not harmless, the sooner you get his Lordship safe out of this beastly ditch, the better it will be for him, and for all of us.'

They soon got back to the English headquarters, with the exception of a young attaché, who was reported missing. Mr. Alison told the Ambassador gravely that he must have been killed by that shell in the French trench. A messenger was immediately sent to the French headquarters to inquire after him, and he was found under arrest there, having been sent up from the trench as a supposed Russian spy. He had lagged behind the Ambassador, and had lost his way. He was made prisoner by a sentry, who took him before his Captain. On being asked by the latter who he was, the youth, who spoke French



well, said he was the British Ambassador, just arrived from Constantinople to see how the siege was getting on. This appeared of course to the Captain to be somewhat doubtful, and the attaché was escorted to General Canrobert's tent, as a suspicious character found in the trenches. The matter seemed to be becoming serious, and, in spite of his expostulations, he was told by a young officer that he was sorry for him, but that he would probably have to be shot. The messenger from the English headquarters then arrived, and explained the circumstances. The attaché thus escaped his dreaded fate, but not so a severe reprimand from Lord Stratford.

The French were in the habit of making short work of it, when anything of the kind happened in their trenches. One of their own captains of infantry, possibly intoxicated, once ran to a sentry of our Rifle Brigade, taking him for a Russian from his dark green uniform.

'*Buono Russo !*' he exclaimed, giving up his sword.

'Well, it is a big mistake you have made this time,' answered the sentry, seizing him, and calling for the guard.

He was sent to the French headquarters, where he was at once shot as a deserter to the enemy.

## XI.

## A RECONNAISSANCE.

THE chain of mountains, detached from the high plateau before Sebastopol, stretches eastward along the coast of the Crimea, and terminates abruptly near the entrance of the Sea of Azov. Richly wooded with gigantic walnut and plane trees, and affording abundant pasture, it is tenanted principally by a rude population of Tartar shepherds and charcoal-burners, whose small villages nestle in ravines lined with myrtle and rhododendron bushes of luxuriant growth. In romantic beauty this part of the Crimea is pre-eminent. The range of heights leaves room in some places for fertile plains, displaying a considerable breadth of cultivation, and dotted with small towns, whose inhabitants are Russians, trading in the produce of the soil. They, as well as the Tartar villagers, had been obliged to maintain detachments of the newly arrived army of the Danube in proportion to the local supply of provisions and forage. Recent indications of the concentration of those troops in the

valley of the river Tchernaya had suggested the existence of a purpose to attack the positions of the allied armies in force ; and as I knew modern Greek and Turkish, which are spoken by the Russian tradesmen and Tartar peasants of the Crimea, I was detailed to ascertain what preparations were being made for the massing of soldiers in the direction of the expected points of assault.

When Roumania was occupied by Austria, the whole Russian army, which had been engaged in the campaign of the Danube, became free to strengthen the defence of the great Crimean arsenal. This result may possibly throw some light on the motives of the mysterious change of policy which had then taken place at Vienna. A want of funds had previously been the reason adduced for declining to co-operate with England and France in active hostilities against Russia. A loan had consequently been negotiated in London for the use of Austria, and an Austrian army was immediately sent into the Danubian Principalities, which enabled the Czar to send the Russian troops, thus replaced, to Sebastopol. Omar Pasha, foreseeing this reinforcement of the Russian army of the Crimea, offered to march his 60,000 Turks from Shumla to the banks of the river Pruth, for the purpose of preventing, or at least obstructing, the passage of the Russians. His plan was approved by the Allies, but when it reached the stage of discussion

between Omar Pasha and Count Coronini, the Austrian Commander-in-Chief at Bucharest, that general unequivocally declared that he would resist its execution with the army in Transylvania, 30,000 strong, supported by 100,000 more, echeloned along the Austrian frontier. The idea was abandoned, as it was considered worse for the cause of the Allies to let Austria side openly with Russia, than to suffer a Russian army to march to the assistance of Sebastopol. That march having been effected, Prince Mentchikoff thought the time had come for a general attack on the positions of the besieging armies ; and a crisis of this kind was anticipated by the leaders of the allied forces. It was thus desirable that accurate information of the movement of Russian troops should be obtained ; and the necessary arrangements were made with the utmost care and secrecy, for fear of an ambuscade.

Accordingly, at a late hour on a moonless night, I rode out of the lines with an escort of a half-squadron of Hussars, and had left all outlying pickets far behind when the day broke. We came to the valley of Sudak, and passed round its ruined castle to extensive vineyards, which some workmen were hoeing. Very timid answers met all our inquiries : no troops had been heard of here ; this was not a place where soldiers were ever seen, and the like. Convinced that useful intelligence must be sought

elsewhere, we rode away along a road which entered a small wood. We had barely gained it before we perceived just beyond it a body of Cossacks advancing. The escort were ordered to hide among the trees and dismount. The horses' bridles were off in a moment and their noses thrust into their nosebags full of barley, to prevent their neighing. The English chargers munched their corn too eagerly to betray their presence so near the enemy; and when the latter was out of sight and hearing, we resumed our reconnoissance, proceeding across country in the direction of a large village which was visible a long way off on one of the hills towards the north. On surmounting the crest of a long ascent, we suddenly found ourselves within short musket-range of a whole brigade of Russian infantry, at least 5,000 strong, which was marching towards Sebastopol. It halted, and a battalion opened fire on the escort as it reached the top of the slope which had concealed it from view. Our few Hussars formed in line as skirmishers, and began to return the Russian fire, the trumpeter meanwhile sounding as if to bring up the supports. None existed, of course, but the Russian commander evidently supposed that a large body of English Dragoons must be advancing rapidly on the other side of the hill. Probably not unmindful of Scarlett's and Cardigan's charges at Balaclava a few days previously, he effected a precipitate retreat in columns



of battalions, ready for forming squares to receive cavalry. At the village no information could be obtained, excepting that the town of Baghtcheh Serai was not much farther on. The sun was setting, and it only remained to find a safe bivouac. A neighbouring deep and densely wooded ravine opportunely afforded it.

We were in the saddle early on the following morning, and marching in the direction pointed out by the villagers as leading to the small inland town. We met many peasants, but none could, or would, throw any light on the movements of Russian troops. Their dialect of Turkish differs little from that of Constantinople, and they are indeed of the same origin with the Osmanlis, though widely dissimilar in personal appearance, intermarriage with Greeks, Circassians, and Georgians having imparted a new physical type to the Ottoman family of Tartars, while the Noghai tribes of the Crimea retain the coarse features of their race, the sallow complexion, lank black hair, square figure, and heavy limbs. Towards their Russian rulers they feel a decided aversion, which frequently culminates in emigration to Turkey; but their stolid cautiousness rendered them useless as informants on this occasion, and I consequently determined on risking an entrance into Baghtcheh Serai in disguise. In the neighbourhood of the town are a number of caves cut in the face of

the rocks, indicating ancient sites which are difficult to identify. One series of large caverns, connected by passages, seems to have served as a monastic establishment in early Christian times, if one might infer from incised crosses occurring here and there. This was the very thing for the escort, who took up their quarters there, horses and all. I then put on the dress of a Greek islander, which I had procured at Balaclava—braided jacket and vest, wide bag breeches, and red fez cap. Knowing modern Greek sufficiently to pass for one if necessary, I went alone to Baghtcheh Serai and entered a coffee-house, where I found several Russians, tradesmen from Odessa. As I took a seat, one of these addressed me in modern Greek, saying he supposed I had come from Sebastopol to purchase provisions for sale to the troops arriving there. I replied that it would be necessary for me first to have an idea of their number. All the hucksters rejoined, more or less intelligibly in broken Greek, that they would give me good bargains. A desultory conversation ensued, which resulted in a unanimous statement that the 4th, 10th and 11th Divisions of the Russian army of the Danube, about 45,000 strong, had recently marched through Baghtcheh Serai, on their way to camps being formed on the right bank of the river Tchernaya and extending from the village of Tchorgoun to the bridge of Inkerman. The last

infantry brigade had passed on the previous day. The cavalry, they said, was advancing by squadrons, and the artillery by batteries, to enable them always to find forage enough for their horses. Wishing to test the accuracy of this information, I announced my intention of having a look at the town before taking their proposals into consideration. I made trifling purchases in shops, entering into conversation with anyone who could speak Greek or Turkish, and found that in all particulars the intelligence I had already collected was fully confirmed. The town offered little interest beyond that which attached to the fallen race originally possessing it as masters, and now inhabiting it as serfs. The palace of the princely Tartar family of Gherai, next heirs to the Ottoman throne, and now represented by an officer in a Russian infantry regiment, was still standing in the same state as when the last ruler of Crim Tartary, Shahin Khan, left it. The mausoleum of Pushkine's heroine, Maria Podozka, was intact, and the Fountain of Tears, the Selzebil, erected by her lover to commemorate his grief for her death by the hand of her Georgian rival, was there to recall one of the poetical Tartar traditions. But the Muscovite conquerors have built broad streets and spacious squares in the Parisian style, which looked very much out of place amid Turkish baths and mosques. We may thank them at least for not destroying these picturesque Oriental surroundings.

Quitting the town without returning to the coffee-house, I was soon on my way to the troglodyte bivouac of the escort, whom I found sitting round comfortable fires and singing at the top of their voices. English glees and Irish melodies must have startled and scandalized all shades of ancient tenants of the caves, whether pious Arian anchorites or barbarous Scythian invaders, almost as much as they alarmed me, as I hurried along, fearing this rollicking gaiety might suffer an untimely interruption by the sudden appearance of a strong patrol from Baghtcheli Serai. Mounting our horses without further delay, we retraced our steps towards Sebastopol. Before nightfall we overtook a full squadron of Russian Lancers, also marching thither. We halted, in order to give them time to retire, if they should feel so disposed, as they were numerically at least twice as strong as we were. The enemy wheeled about, and formed in line across the road, which was thus completely barred, the ground on either side being too swampy for cavalry to ride over. It was a very broad road, however, and a few yards of hard ground separated it from the marshes. The Russian squadron could therefore deploy two-deep. Both parties stood for a minute or two, looking at each other, without showing any wish to part company. Then our men began to advance, and, when they had not more than a hundred yards to go, they suddenly charged. I



rode a tall, fast, and very powerful horse, which I had just received from England. Being quite unbroken as a charger, and having all the fire generally found in animals of his bright chestnut colour, the brute got the bit between his teeth, ran away with me and dashed into the ranks of the Russian Lancers before our Hussars could come up. I defended myself with my sword as best I could, but I was soon brought to the ground with a sabre-cut on the head, a lance-thrust in the side, and a pistol-ball in the leg. The English troopers, seeing this, tore along the road with an impetus which bore down the more lightly mounted Russians, who broke and wildly fled. I was carried to Balaclava, where I was met by General Estcourt, to whom I reported all the information I had gained, and was sent to Constantinople as soon as I was able to embark.

The Russians at that time had officers passing in and out of our lines in the hope of discovering their weakest points. One of them, a captain disguised as a Tartar, was taken prisoner in the French trenches, and when, by the cross-examination of the Turkish interpreter at the French headquarters, his knowledge of the Tartar dialect was found to be very limited, he was shot out of hand. Another, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant of Zouaves, and speaking both French and English well, was not found out in the English camp until an officer of one



of the Highland regiments told him that he bore a most striking likeness to an officer whom he had seen in command of a Russian sortie a few nights before. The man sauntered away, talking and laughing with the officers whom he met, until he reached the outskirts of the camp, when he took to his heels in the direction of a Russian earthwork, which he reached in safety, although several shots were fired after him. It was not always for intelligence, however, that the Russians sent people into the camps of the Allies. I remember an evening which I passed with some friends in the camp of the Heavy Brigade. Two Tartars were taken in the act of throwing off the halters and hobbles of the troop horses. In the absence of anyone else who could speak their language, I was asked to try to find out from them what their purpose was. They stoutly denied any intention of stealing the horses, and insisted that they had been sent only to enable them to run away and be lost to the English cavalry. When they were being led away under arrest, they called out that they could make a disclosure to obtain their pardon. The men seeming too stupid to be in the least dangerous, their immediate release was promised if their statement had any importance. They then confessed that they had just taken off the halters and hobbles of the troop horses of another regiment, which was at some distance, and that timely notice might still

save them. The two Tartars were set at liberty, and soldiers were sent to warn all the English regiments of Dragoons, Heavy and Light ; but nothing of the kind alléged had taken place. There was much laughter at the success of the trick played off by the Tartars to recover their liberty, when suddenly, in the middle of it, an alarm was given by the outposts. A whole brigade of infantry was soon under arms. A frantic charge of cavalry seemed to be thundering down upon it in the dark. Instead of having to receive it, the soldiers found that they had only to catch about a hundred Russian chargers, which were performing a playful stampede for their own amusement. Fifty more were captured in the French lines. The fact was that the thick-headed Tartars had mistaken a Russian regiment for an English one, and the officers who had devised the stratagem became the biters bit. When it was heard on the following morning that one of the generals had returned to his duty from the sick-list, it was remarked in the ranks of the light cavalry regiments that, after the battle of Balaclava, they wanted horses, not generals, and that the hundred Russian chargers would be of more use to them than any number of English general officers, writing orders to each other that no fellow could understand, and causing thereby the loss of half their brigade. A sentiment somewhat akin to this was expressed by private soldiers on another

occasion. An orderly at headquarters applied to an officer of the Staff for an interview with Lord Raglan. He was told that it could not be granted without a good reason. The man then stated that he had been deputed by his regiment to inform the Commander-in-Chief that his comrades were ready to take Sebastopol by storm, under the command of their own officers, on condition that generals or Staff officers should not be allowed to interfere with them. The offer was treated as a bad joke, and no further notice was taken of it ; but the regiment concerned, which was a very fine one, became painfully impressed with the idea that it was unfavourably regarded ever afterwards.

Shortly after the reconnaissance above related, a soldier of a line regiment and two gunners, who had just been flogged for drunkenness, deserted to the enemy. The account which must have been given by them of the reduced state of the British force, was presumed to have added a final impulse to the intention of delivering an attack on its right flank with 40,000 men. An attempt was meanwhile made on its left flank with 5,000 Russians, as if to feel the strength of the lines. It was frustrated by the heroic conduct of a young lieutenant. Three regiments of infantry with eight field-pieces emerged from the suburbs of Karabelnaya. A picket of the 49th Regiment was posted on that

side. Its only officer was Lieutenant Conolly. He commenced firing on the Russians as soon as they came within range, and kept up his volleys until his cartridges were exhausted. Then, with his sword high above his head, he dashed forward, shouting to his men to charge bayonets. Eighty men thus attacked 5,000 and held them in check till Sir de Lacy Evans had his division and artillery drawn up for resistance. But poor Conolly received his death-wound, and every one of his men was either killed or wounded. The Russians pressed on. Colonel Percy Herbert, Assistant Quartermaster-General of the 2nd Division, begged his chief to let him take a regiment to meet them. 'Not a man,' answered the veteran campaigner—who then gave the young generals of the Crimean army a useful lesson by reserving his fire, thus bringing the enemy forward to be crushed by a cannonade and rifle volleys, without risking his own men by exposing them beyond their cover. The Russians retired precipitately under the shower of iron and lead poured upon them by Sir de Lacy Evans. Outposts generally fall back on their supports before a great numerical superiority in the attacking force. Young Conolly was too inexperienced an officer to know much of military maxims; but he could conceive the idea of sacrificing his life to save a whole division from being cut to pieces without having had time to prepare for defence. A mere



narrative of such an act is the highest possible praise. A similar loss of a valuable life occurred a few days later in the French lines, but it happened in a different way. Their left flank was attacked near the bastion of the Quarantine. Their outposts were driven in, their batteries were stormed, and several of their siege guns were spiked. General Forey brought his whole division into action, supported by that of General Levaillant. The brigade of General de Lourmel charged the Russians, who fell back to the foot of their ramparts. A perfect tempest of grape-shot was poured from them on the French. One unbroken sheet of murderous fire enveloped the advancing brigade, and General de Lourmel halted it under the cover of a deserted village. He then rode on alone, and received a mortal wound in the chest. When struck, he remained in the saddle, rode slowly back to his brigade, and sent his aide-de-camp to tell the officer next to him in rank that he handed over to him the command. General Forey sent an order that the brigade should retreat. De Lourmel lingered three days, and died. He was one of the French officers whom I knew best, and had seen most of. On several occasions he had spoken to me very bitterly of the part he had been obliged to take at the battle of the Alma. He said that Prince Napoleon's division, with which Marshal Saint-Arnaud was personally present, though he was too



ill to rectify the errors of the march, had advanced to the foot of the hill in column, with a narrow front and a depth of at least a mile. Finding it impossible to alter his formation in a ravine which he had imprudently followed, the Prince was not in time to get into his place in the general advance. De Lourmel was ordered to march to the support of General Bosquet, who was isolated on the acclivities of the heights to be occupied. Prince Napoleon's unwieldy column stopped the way, and De Lourmel had to stand inactive with his brigade. Fortunately General Bosquet found no formidable enemy before him when he reached the telegraph tower and flag-staff, and he suffered little from the desultory fire of the distant Russian artillery. No greater evil was therefore produced than the intense disgust felt by skilful generals at sight of the clubbing of the troops by one who was sheltered by Imperial favour from the ordeal of fair military criticism. I repeatedly cautioned General de Lourmel not to tell me anything which should not be communicated to my chiefs, as I was in duty bound to withhold no information from them. He always answered that he was not required to keep silence when his military character was at stake, and that, after the disgraceful figure he was made to cut, he should get knocked on the head at the first opportunity. And that was what he did before the bastion of the Quarantine.

When I saw Lord Stratford at Constantinople, he told me that he had made use of the letter which I had written to him about General de Lourmel's description of the battle of the Alma, and that Lord Cowley's admirable remonstrance with the French Government against Marshal Saint-Arnaud's insinuations might possibly have been based on my account of the French share in that battle, which had been stated to me by General de Lourmel himself.

The Ambassador appeared at that time to be unusually anxious about the war. He frequently asked if our army was strong enough to repulse a serious attack on its positions before Sebastopol. I tried to give him a favourable impression of the state of affairs, arguing that the English troops had always defeated much more numerous Russian forces in the sorties which were so often attempted.

'Oh, yes; fight, kill, and be killed,' replied he; 'but I do not perceive that Russia is suing for peace. Sir John Moore gained the battle of Corunna, and we had to send another army to Portugal. We have not another army to send to the Crimea. Is this slaughter to continue? Will more battles of Balaclava be fought soon?'

I stated my opinion that a desperate struggle would take place before long.

'In that case,' said Lord Stratford, 'diplomacy must take a turn of work at once.'

Diplomacy accordingly commenced to work immediately. The Ambassador showered letters on all the British diplomatists in Europe. They were private letters, written by his own hand, and without drafts or copies. We had much conversation on the subject of war, but no clue was given me, for some time, that could lead to a conjecture on my part regarding the end in view. Austria, Vienna, and Buol were often alluded to, however; too often for the existence of a doubt of the direction in which his labours were tending. I concluded that he resented the opposition of Count Coronini to Omar Pasha's project of impeding the passage of the river Pruth by the Russian army of the Danube, which had thereby been enabled to reinforce the garrison of Sebastopol, and that he wished to have the Danubian Principalities evacuated by a power so little to be trusted. I ventured once to remark that the Austrian army in Roumania ought to march back to Austria, now that Russia confined her operations to the Crimea.

‘Back!’ he exclaimed. ‘No, forward!’

I began to see daylight through the Ambassadorial millstone, which, in its continual grinding, thus threw out an occasional spark. He asked me, for instance, whether Benedek was considered the best of the Austrian generals. He also remarked that the Bohemian, Styrian, Croatian, and Dalmatian troops in the Austrian army might sympathize with the

Russians, as being all of Slavonian race, while the Hungarian soldiers of Austria might entertain vindictive feelings towards Russia, after the assistance given by her for the repression of their insurrection. Facts finally took the place of surmises, and I became at last fully aware of the object aimed at. Lord Stratford's exertions were vigorous and unremitting. Day and night he wrote. I found him, more than once, in the morning, exactly as I had left him in the evening, sitting pen in hand before a table covered with papers, without having even changed his dinner dress. Late at night, on one occasion, he gave me a paper of eighty foolscap pages to copy, expressing a hope that it might be ready for the Queen's Messenger to take to England on the following afternoon. I wrote all night, and laid the copy with the original on his desk at daylight. When I met him at breakfast, he remarked that I must have got up earlier even than he had; and when I answered, 'Possibly,' he smiled significantly. Lord Stratford made others work hard, but he never spared himself; and everyone was willing to forego his rest and comfort without complaining, when an unusual stress of correspondence rendered it necessary. That the Great Elchi never ignored a zealous readiness to make extraordinary efforts, was well-known to all around him, though he said nothing about it.

He rarely bestowed thanks or praises on anyone,

and it was only when he had it in his power to do a good turn, generally unsolicited, that it became evident how much he was pleased by assiduity in the public service and by devotedness towards himself. Lord Stratford certainly possessed in the highest degree that rare gift, which has been ascribed to the first Napoleon, of making those around him wear themselves out for the sole pleasure of aiding him in the realization of his grand ideas of policy and progress, and of carrying out his lofty principles of justice and right.



## XII.

## INKERMAN.

A MORE misty morning never broke on the heights before Sebastopol than that on which General Codrington, going his usual rounds, found the outposts of his brigade on the alert after a dreary night of rain and cold. Colonel Yea of the 7th Fusiliers had just heard artillery advancing in the fog, and had given the alarm. I remember him a young lieutenant, whose odd ways made him the privileged jester of the garrison in which we were serving together. At a half-yearly inspection of his regiment, when the General passed in front of the open column of companies, asking each if there were any complaints, Yea fell out and saluted.

‘I have a complaint to make, sir,’ said he gravely.

‘Well, I must say I never received a complaint from an officer in this way,’ remarked the General.

‘You asked, sir, if there were any complaints,’ continued Yea, saluting again, ‘and gave me thus an opportunity of stating my case.’

‘State it, then,’ said the General.

‘It is this, sir. I cannot do the work for the money. That is all I have to say, sir.’

‘Fall in, Mr. Yea, and let me have none of your nonsense on parade,’ exclaimed the General, trying in vain to look angry.

Since then, Yea had risen to the command of his regiment, and had rendered very conspicuous service with it at the battle of the Alma, where it stood alone for some time, returning a tremendous fire poured on the redoubt which General Codrington had stormed with his brigade of light infantry.

Dense columns of Russian troops were now advancing on that brigade which held the Victoria Ridge at the battle of Inkerman. The French General, Bosquet, whose division occupied a line between those heights and Balaclava, galloped to the English position, which was threatened, and offered the support of his troops to Generals Sir George Brown and Sir George Cathcart, who had just then reached the right extremity of our lines to form their opinion of the importance of the impending attack. They declined his assistance with thanks, saying that their own forces would suffice to repulse the enemy. They added, however, that their position might be stronger if its right flank were better covered. General Bosquet then sent General Bourbaki with two French battalions to strengthen that weak

point. The error thus committed by the English generals of divisions had the injurious effect of helping the Russian commanders to keep the French army away from Inkerman, which they were endeavouring to do by feint attacks on the French lines near Balaclava. General Bosquet had understood the purpose of these feint attacks, and he had foreseen that the real attack would be on the heights of Inkerman, which were then guarded by not more than 3,000 English, opposed to 40,000 Russians. Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge also took an accurate view of the enemy's intention, and they soon afterwards requested General Bosquet to support them. The English troops were engaged, for nearly three hours, against an enormous superiority of numbers, through this blunder of two gallant, but proud old soldiers. General Canrobert likewise saw through the Russian plan of attack, and at eight o'clock he ordered Prince Napoleon to send immediately three battalions in support of the English at Inkerman. Strange to say, two hours passed before this reinforcement was marched. When they did arrive, they were no longer required. Sir Richard England, commanding our 3rd Division, which was stationed in rear of the trenches, marched rapidly to aid in the defence of the right flank, leaving General Eyre in charge of his position with two battalions, for he knew him to be

a first-rate officer, who had afforded proofs of great military skill and personal intrepidity in the Caffre War. He had been my captain when I was a subaltern, and I feel warranted in sparing no expression of esteem and admiration for one whom I had had such ample opportunities of appreciating. His death shortly after the close of the Crimean War was a serious loss to the army and to the nation. He was criticized for overworking his brigade, which he kept flying about at double time, in order, as he said, to get the men into training for rough work. Some of them broke down under a treatment of violent gymnastic exercise, and were sent home invalided; but Eyre said that he thought it better to weed out the weak soldiers, than to let them stay in the ranks at the risk of their lowering the spirit of endurance among their comrades. His brigade became known by the nickname of 'Eyre's Greyhounds.' In action he was always in front, displaying a degree of composure which was rarely apparent in him when drilling his battalions. As the Duke of Wellington said of Picton, the fiery disposition of General Eyre was soothed by the turmoil of battle.

The slaughter of Inkerman soon became terrific. The right flank of the Russian line recoiled, beaten. General Bourbaki charged its left flank, and there also a bewildering confusion of friends and foes

struggling fiercely ensued. In the centre four companies of the 77th Regiment, under the command of Major Stratton, distinguished themselves by saving the 88th Connaught Rangers, who were surrounded and cut off. They would probably have been made prisoners if that dashing officer had not charged with such impetuosity that the Russians took to flight, and left the 88th free to form again and resume their place in the fight. This part of the field of battle fell into a state of inextricable disorder. Positions were defended where destruction was certain, and others were abandoned when resistance might have been successful. Excitement seemed to have deprived most of those engaged of all power of judging between the advantage of making a stand or of rushing forward in wild attack. The gallantry and dash of our soldiers almost rose to the pitch of mad fury.

There were, however, glorious examples of self-possession. A battalion of the Rifle Brigade, for instance, under Colonel Horsford, did immense execution by the precision of their cool and steady fire, disabling the Russian artillery by picking off their gunners and drivers. During this splendid rifle-practice of his old corps, the massive form of Sir George Brown was carried to the rear. Deadly pale from loss of blood, with his white hair waving in the wind on his uncovered head, he looked around with pride on the



undaunted attitude of his brave soldiers thus fighting against fearful odds. How changed he then appeared from the smart young Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rifles, who caught me once without my jacket and sword-belt when I was on guard as a boyish subaltern! Till two o'clock in the morning had I waited with half-closed eyes for the grand rounds. Supposing at last that the field-officer of the day had been in some way prevented from coming, I had lain down partly undressed on the sofa of the guard-room. Roughly aroused by the turning out of the guard, I had thrown my cloak over my shoulders, and rushed out with my drawn sword to present arms. I had felt very anxious to keep my cloak over my elbows when I raised them to salute. As soon as the military formalities were over, Brown turned his horse's head to ride away, and I inwardly congratulated myself on having escaped detection in the dark, when, to my unutterable confusion and horror, I heard him address me thus :

‘ Well, I hope you will not catch cold by mounting guard in your shirt-sleeves. Good-night.’

When we met at the opening of the Crimean War, I found him as genial as ever, and he laughed heartily when I reminded him of his good-natured rebuke. The wound he received at Inkerman was not dangerous, a rifle-ball having passed through his arm and lodged in his side without penetrating to any

great depth ; and he soon recovered, to place himself again at the head of his glorious light division.

The front attack of the Russians was becoming fiercer and more fierce, when an attempt was made to turn the left flank of the English force by sending a couple of thousand men-of-war's men with two companies of riflemen up the Careenage Ravine. It was densely shrouded in mist, but Lieutenant Clifford, aide-de-camp to General Buller, thought he saw people moving in it, and obtained his chief's permission to order the left wing of the 77th Regiment, which was being overlapped, to charge them before they could form on emerging from the ravine. He galloped off shouting, as a schoolboy would when intent on a game at football :

‘Come, some of you 77th, and charge with me!’

Forty or fifty men of the left wing followed him, and dashed after him into the front rank of the sailors' column, which was thrown into confusion by so unexpected an assault. At the same moment a company of the Grenadier Guards on picket, under the command of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, caught sight of the Russians. He made his men lie down and open fire on their flank. A panic fell on the column, and it ran back through the ravine, leaving behind it as many prisoners as Prince Edward could take. Upwards of 2,000 Russians were thus defeated by 130 Englishmen under a captain of the Guards

and a young aide-de-camp, who received the Victoria Cross for the exploit. Soon afterwards two other Russian battalions, 1,500 strong, appeared before the 77th Regiment, which mustered then only 250 men. Its commanding officer, Colonel Egerton, reported the fact to General Buller, who was exceedingly shortsighted.

‘Charge them!’ called out the other, disregarding all difference of numbers.

A ringing hurrah was raised by the regiment on hearing the order, and it swept down with fixed bayonets on the enemy, who broke away in wild disruption before feeling the English steel. Many of the Russians flung themselves on the ground among the brushwood, pretending to be killed or wounded, and did not get up till the charge was over. When the 77th halted, they discovered in their rear a larger number of these men than the whole strength of their own regiment. A strange fancy seized them. Instead of proceeding to fight them or take them prisoners, they laughed immoderately at the ‘Resurrection Boys,’ as they called them. The Russians promptly availed themselves of the opportunity to escape. Two fugitive bands rushed past the right and the left of the English without a shot being fired, so convulsed with merriment were their victors. Colonel Egerton formed his scattered companies, and joined his brigade under General Buller in pursuit of a retreat-

ing Russian division. A mounted officer in that division was seen to fall after one of the volleys of the 77th, and an unusual degree of care seemed to be taken of him when he was carried off the field. This was General Soimonoff, one of the most distinguished leaders of the Russian army, and the directing tactician of the battle then raging. He died before reaching Sebastopol.

The Guards occupied a redoubt of very imperfect construction, which was vigorously assaulted by two Russian regiments of four battalions each. Ammunition failed, and the defence was at last restricted to the use of the bayonet. The Duke of Cambridge, commanding the 1st Division, was with his brigade of Guards, his Highland Brigade being at Balaclava. He was indefatigable, rushing about to stimulate the resistance of the hard-pressed soldiers, and cheering them on wherever the enemy's ranks were thickest. On the English side, in the battle of Inkerman, there was no part for military science or skilful strategy to play. It was fought by the bravery and endurance of the private soldiers, whom their officers could assist only by their example. This incitement to deeds of valour was nobly supplied by the Royal Duke. General Bourbaki arrived with a small column to attack the two Russian regiments in flank. The Guards were led forth during his fire, and charged so furiously that the Russians never halted



till they reached the bridge at the foot of the hill. Sir George Cathcart advanced rapidly with the 4th Division to cover the movement of the brigade of Guards, which was successfully brought back by General Bentinck, himself severely wounded. He threw them into their redoubt, where the Duke of Cambridge collected all the straggling parties within his reach. Lord Raglan came forward to this turning-point of the battle, and sent Sir George Cathcart with 400 men to check the approach of a Russian regiment marching on the position held by the Coldstreams. Thus detached from the main body of the 4th Division, its General found himself, with only these few companies of the 68th Regiment, surrounded by a large force coming up to support the advancing Russian regiments.

‘We have no more cartridges!’ shouted the soldiers.

‘Have you no bayonets?’ answered Cathcart with perfect composure, placing himself at their head to cut his way on foot through the masses that hemmed him in. He brought his men back to the 4th Division, but died when he reached it. As he fell, shot through the heart, his aide-de-camp, Colonel Charles Seymour, dismounted, and raised his chief from the ground. He also then received a mortal wound. The two friends were found side by side, trampled and defaced on the field of honour. . . Immediately afterwards a



shell burst in the midst of the Headquarter Staff, and General Strangways, commanding the artillery, who was riding with Lord Raglan, had his leg shattered by a splinter. With an unmoved countenance, but in a very low voice, he said :

‘ Will some one have the kindness to help me to dismount ?’

He was carried to the ambulance, where he died under the knife of the surgeon who was performing the necessary amputation.

General Canrobert, the French Commander-in-Chief, rode up with his Staff and the Queen’s Commissioner, General Rose, and mentioned to Lord Raglan that he had passed an English regiment without ammunition, and unable to charge, on account of the roughness of the ground. He had told the soldiers to hold their bayonets high above the bushes on as large an area as possible, until they should receive the cartridges which he would send them. He had sent them, and, as soon as they commenced firing, the Russians had moved away, being deterred from attacking a force which they had thus been led to believe much stronger than it really was. The allied armies aided each other most cordially at the battle of Inkerman. There were English and French guns firing together in the same battery. In one instance Colonel Collingwood Dickson brought two of his heavy pieces of artillery with great difficulty up a steep incline to

strengthen a French position. This most distinguished officer was well-known at Constantinople as a member of the Turco-Persian Frontier Commission; and he rendered many conspicuous services during the war, for which he received from Lord Raglan the brilliant acknowledgment that 'he had covered himself with glory.'

Our decimated troops, having fought desperately since daylight without rest or food, were beginning to wear the aspect of men engaged in a hopeless struggle. They were losing ground from the mere numerical superiority of an enemy whom they defeated whenever they were brought to close quarters. Even Lord Raglan's confidence in the ultimate issue of the battle was understood by some officers of his Staff to waver, when he was heard to mutter, in reply to a proposal of partial retreat, the ominous words:

'Yes, I fear we are in a mess. But I shall hold on yet awhile.'

A sudden cry of many voices came ringing from the rear in French:

'Courage, Englishmen! We are here!'

Zouaves, Chasseurs, Algerian Rifles, and three battalions of the Line were coming up at double time and out of breath. General Bosquet had brought them up at the right moment. The regiment of Zouaves was led by a young *vivandière*, skipping

and dancing before them in her gay costume. A Russian General, on seeing those troops, remarked to his Staff:

‘The French are saving the English at Inkerman, as the Prussians did at Waterloo.’

That General’s column seemed thunderstruck at the appearance of the timely reinforcement. It had been advancing, and was halted. Standing at about fifty yards from General Bosquet, it seemed to await orders which were apparently not forthcoming.

‘Are they going to present arms to me?’ said the humorous Bosquet to his Staff. ‘If they are going to march past, we must go to the saluting-point.’

Then he ordered the Zouaves and Algerian Rifles to attack.

‘Do not fire!’ he shouted. ‘You would shoot down the brave English. Use your bayonets! Zouaves, show that you are still my fearless children!’ he called out in French, and then continued in Arabic, ‘Algerian Rifles, let them see that you are always my old fire-eaters!’

While he was thus addressing his troops, one of the Zouaves patted an English rifleman on the back, and told him that he and his comrades had had their share of fighting, and might stand at ease while the French would do the rest. He spoke the best of English, and it proved, on inquiries being made, that he was a highly educated Scotch gentle-

man of good family, who had enlisted at Algiers and was much liked. His corps soon went slinging on in their jaunty way at a rapid pace, which left the measured tramp of our infantry behind when it was ordered to attack with the French. A Russian fire of grape-shot opened on both lines. Our Allies dashed furiously forward with wild clamour. They soon obliged the enemy opposed to them to retire. The English kept coolly firing and loading as they steadily advanced in perfect silence. The Russians before them also fell back on their reserves. Both attacks were successful so far, but they differed in the amount of loss inflicted on the enemy; that produced by the English fire being much greater than the damage done by the French. With regard to the numbers of the killed and wounded respectively in the ranks of the assailants, the French had a decided advantage over us. In this instance the Zouaves had to deplore the death of one very dear to them, their pretty little vivandière. She cheered them on, always in front, till she fell mortally wounded. No ball had disfigured her fair young face, which seemed still to smile as she lay dead on the field.

That gallant onslaught of English and French infantry combined drove the Russians down the hill with frightful carnage; and the battle was thus won after seven hours of hard fighting. The remains of General Dannenberg's army appeared in full retreat,

preceded by a few officers, who were seen galloping over the bridge of the river Tchernaya on their way to the town. They were the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael, sons of the Czar, with their Staff. Their father had sent them to see the allied armies of England and France driven into the Euxine by his triumphant troops. It was hardly surprising that an attack by such an overpowering superiority of numbers should have been expected to raise the siege. That this result was confidently anticipated in high quarters is shown by a letter addressed to Prince Paskiewitz by Prince Mentchikoff for the information of the Emperor Nicholas. A copy of it was circulated in diplomacy. It contained a positive assurance that, in favourable weather, a general engagement could not fail to overwhelm the Allies in irreparable disaster. No weather could have been more favourable to the Russian assault than there was on the day on which it was made, and yet it was victoriously repulsed.

Lord Raglan rode up to General Bosquet, and, dropping his bridle on his charger's neck, took the Frenchman's hand, and thanked him in the name of England for the part he had taken in the battle. He added that he regretted not being able to press both his hands in cordial acknowledgment of the signal service which he had just rendered.

‘I regret it more than you can,’ answered Bosquet, ‘for it was our fault that you should only have one.’



‘All old scores have long since been wiped out,’ said Lord Raglan, who spoke French well; ‘but even if they had not been already forgotten, the powerful support given by the French to the English this day would efface every painful remembrance between the two nations.’

General Bosquet put his hand on Lord Raglan’s maimed shoulder, assuring him that he would willingly give one of his own arms to make it whole, were it possible to do so; and the two great commanders rode off the field of battle side by side, appreciating each other as brave soldiers and good friends.

From the suburb of Karabelnaya to the bridge of the river Tchernaya a very horrible spectacle was presented on the following morning. The dead and wounded for the most part lay in crowds as they had fallen. Many of the latter, bleeding and groaning among the brushwood, had as yet received no assistance. But no blame can be imputed to anyone for this apparent want of humanity. The fact is that the number of killed and wounded was much too great for ordinary measures to cope with by their prompt removal to the grave or to the ambulance. In round numbers, there were 2,600 English, 1,700 French, and not less than 10,000 Russians. Lord Raglan went himself, on the cloudless afternoon of that day, to judge whether the relief of suffering was

being carried on actively and impartially. A Russian private soldier, grievously wounded, was dolefully beseeching for water. The English Commander-in-Chief dismounted, and held his own flask of sherry and water to the parched lips of the dying man, who called down the blessing of the Panaghia on his head after a deep draught of the cooling and reviving liquid. A Scotch Fusilier, corporal of a fatigue party which was carrying the killed to the burial-trench, brought to Lord Raglan an enamelled locket with a gold chain, which he had found on the neck of a young Russian officer lying dead. It was richly set in diamonds, and contained a beautifully painted miniature of an elderly lady, and a lock of grey hair. The corporal was told to search the pockets of the officer for papers, which might indicate who he was. Several letters were obtained, and they were taken, together with the locket and chain, to the Commander-in-Chief at Sebastopol by a Staff-officer who was going with a flag of truce to propose that Prince Mentchikoff should detail troops for the burial of the Russian dead during a short armistice. An answer was returned, expressing a wish that all the Russians killed on the field of battle should be interred by the Allies, the custom of war being that this duty should be discharged by the party remaining masters of the ground. The motive currently assigned for this refusal to bury the dead was that there was an objection

to letting it be known at Sebastopol how enormous had been the loss of life on the Russian side. His letter also stated that the young officer mentioned by Lord Raglan was a scion of a distinguished princely family, to which the locket, chain and papers would be forwarded ; and it contained a request that the body of the unfortunate youth might be buried at the Monastery of St. George, on the height above Balaclava. This was done.

There were, however, scenes of revolting cruelty enacted on this arena of massacre, which disgraced human nature. A Russian soldier lay writhing with pain from a rifle-ball in his shoulder. He raised his hand in supplication to a French sergeant, who went to him, and, understanding that he wished to be turned, raised him with the greatest possible care and kindness, and laid him gently down on his other side. The Russian had his firelock loaded, and trying to take aim at the Frenchman, pulled the trigger. The shot did not take effect, and the sergeant merely called him a bad name, accentuated by the most forcible and emphatic of French expletives, as he walked on. A Russian wounded officer, lying near, exclaimed in French that, although the brute might be forgiven by the sergeant, still his own officer should not fail to punish him for his abominable ingratitude, and hold up his conduct to the reprobation of wounded Russians who were all so kindly treated

by the Allies. He added that the English officer lying wounded beside him was the man who broke his leg with a shot from his revolver when he was himself cutting him down with his sword, and that they had been trying all night to save each other's life by staunching mutually the flow of blood from their wounds. The English officer growled out a corroborative 'Oui, oui.' The Russian officer then quietly took up a loaded rifle left on the ground close to him and blew out the Russian soldier's brains. Turkish soldiers and nondescript camp-followers, vultures of the battle-field, prowled about to rob alike both dead and dying of whatever seemed likely to be of use. Boots were especially coveted by them. In one case, the right boot had been violently pulled from the foot of a wounded Russian officer, who groaned with agony during the operation; he emitted a piercing shriek when the other boot was being dragged off, as his left thigh had been fractured by a round shot. The Turk did not desist on account of the torture he inflicted, but he soon paid the penalty of his atrocious barbarity. Another fallen Russian, not far off, had been watching him, and, before his merciless act was completed, he levelled his firelock at the miscreant and shot him dead on the spot.

The Russian officers had a habit of tying their purses to their garters, for the purpose of concealing their money if they should be made prisoners. The



Zouaves soon found this out. One of them, when seen by his officer pulling a wounded Russian captain's overalls up to the knees, while he was being carried to the French ambulance, was asked why he was doing that. He replied, with a droll leer mantling over his respectful salute, that he was only anxious to ascertain if it might not be a varicose vein that the poor fellow was suffering from. Another of them was sitting on the ground with a shattered knee, filling and lighting the pipe of a Russian lieutenant, whose broken arm hung by his side and prevented his doing it for himself. Lord Raglan said a few kind words to the Zouave as he passed.

'You see, my General,' answered the good-natured little wag, raising his hand to his cap with the unfeigned appreciation of our great leader's military merits and comprehensive kindness which the French soldiers felt, 'if my poor knee should be cut off, there would remain nothing for me to do but become a Sister of Charity; and I am rehearsing the part I should have to play.'

Farther on a Russian colonel was on the ground with a ghastly wound in the foot. A Zouave called for assistance to carry him to the English ambulance, supposing him to wear the dark green uniform of the Rifle Brigade. The Russian told him in French that he was not one of his allies, but one of his enemies.



‘It is all the same when you are wounded,’ replied the other; ‘we shall carry you to the French ambulance, where our surgeons will make you one of our allies, whichever side you were on before, though we have spoilt your dancing with that foot of yours.’

The incorrigible pilfering and plundering propensities of the Zouaves were practised so cleverly, and often so comically, that they were generally allowed to carry off their booty, unchallenged, in the bulging pockets of their red breeches. Indeed, if they had to be punished for them, one half of a regiment would have no other occupation than the correction of the other half. On this occasion, neither their thefts nor their jests were in the least degree checked by the sense of horror and awe which the scene inspired in the minds of others present. They even made fun of the heroism and chivalry which had been displayed in their grandest and most brilliant forms on this field of battle, now turned into a vast pestilential charnel-house, on which the setting sun poured a flood of purple glory. Piles of mutilated corpses, half covered with tattered and blood-stained uniforms, rigid upturned faces wearing the expression of resignation or ferocity, and contorted limbs stiffening in the attitudes imparted to them by feelings of rage and anguish, when death was levelling the English, French, and Russian soldiers together in the dust, chilled the

heart of every other witness of the hideous picture ; while the Zouave alone had a grim joke to pass on each of its frightful features. When night had fallen, faint moans of dying soldiers and stealthy steps of spoilers of the dead were the only sounds that broke the stillness. Some bodies, indeed, were found next day with marks of having been murdered by the knives of wretches who followed the allied armies for such opportunities of infamous plunder. All this misery and all these atrocities were the ultimate outcome of principles altogether unworthy of sympathy. An Emperor, on the one hand, feared lest the advance of civilization and enlightenment in other countries during a long peace should produce revolutions against his own absolute government, which effect he hoped to avert by a great war arresting international communications and progress. Theoretical statesmen, on the other, believed in the political fallacy of a possible balance of power and practical European equilibrium. On one side, the acquisition of territory and the protection of oppressed Christians served as a blind for the people. On the other, opposition to an encroachment threatening naval supremacy in the Mediterranean was the popular cry. On both sides, blood and tears, slaughter of soldiers, starvation of widows and orphans, and scattering of treasure to the four corners of the earth—these were the only real, permanent results.

## XIII.

## DIPLOMACY.

AT this period of the Crimean War the attention of European statesmen was fixed on Austria. Lord Stratford was labouring to obtain the support of another allied army. Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Portugal had been sounded on the subject, but no successful result had crowned the experiments tried with them. There had never been any hope of bringing Prussia into an alliance against Russia. There was no alternative left but that of pressing Austria to come to terms. She had hitherto skilfully eluded all attempts to involve her in an intelligible engagement, although she was the most likely Power to find an offensive and defensive alliance with England and France, if faithfully realized, advantageous to her interests in connection with her trade on the Lower Danube and the shores of the Black Sea, where Russia could ill brook the presence of a rival ; while the Russian occupation of Roumania had been so injurious to those interests, that she had known no rest

until she succeeded in supplanting it by her own. The wily Count Buol coquetted with all the advances made to him, and by oscillating between ambiguous menace and equivocal sympathy, he kept the anxiety for his adhesion always at the highest pitch. The Allies at last were wearied into blind acceptance of all the conditions of a treaty proposed by him. Of its seven clauses, there was not one which held out any definite prospect of the active co-operation of Austria against Russia, while five of them bound England and France hand and foot. They were not to make peace without the knowledge and concurrence of Austria; her army of occupation was to be allowed to remain undisturbed in Roumania; they were to defend Austria if she should be attacked by Russia; they were to accept no proposals made by Russia which Austria might consider detrimental to her own interests; and they were to renew their negotiations with Austria at the expiration of a year, if peace were not concluded with Russia within that interval, to which the duration of the stipulated conditions was limited. By the sixth article England and France engaged to receive Prussia into the alliance, if that power should desire to enter into it; and the last clause only fixed the date of ratification. There was also a secret condition, entailing on England and France the duty of guaranteeing to Austria the possession of her Italian territory, which had

then been thrown into a critical state by the national aspirations of its population. Had Count Cavour been aware of this last stipulation when he was applied to by England and France for military assistance against Russia, after they had found out the hollow and illusory nature of their alliance with Austria, he would not probably have been so willing to place the Sardinian army at their service.

These facts have apparently not yet been fully and distinctly understood in Europe. The time may not have arrived when Cabinets could conveniently and safely allow the whole truth to be known respecting the undercurrent of diplomatic negotiations during the course of the Crimean War. That there had been occult agreements was self-evident; but what they were was more or less left an open question. Perhaps their history may have been purposely left incomplete, because the memory of some lamented statesman might suffer by premature disclosures. But Lord Stratford's connection with them, which alone is under consideration at present, was too obviously dictated by a clear-sighted and high-minded patriotism to require the screening or excusing of any one particular of his line of conduct. He saw, in this instance, that the war was being protracted beyond the power of England to furnish a continued supply of troops for the destructive siege of Sebastopol, and believing her success in that vast under-



taking to be necessary to the future peace of Europe, he exercised the potent influence of his political genius to bring some one of the other European States into the coalition against Russia. Not being a military man, he had had no reason for doubting the accuracy of the unanimous opinion of experienced generals, both English and French, that Sebastopol would be taken in a month or two ; and now that he perceived how much they had been in error, our army being cut to pieces without any equivalent advance in the siege towards a successful issue, he felt the necessity of extending our alliance, in order to provide the means of conquering. He said more than once to me that he would never advocate the adoption of the alternative recommended by Napoleon—that, namely, of concluding as honourable a peace as could be obtained under the circumstances by means of the Vienna Conference. It would never do to leave in the hands of Russia the *tête de pont* constructed by her at Sebastopol for the invasion of Turkey and occupation of Constantinople at any future time. We had determined to destroy it, he argued, for the security of Europe against the Cossack domination predicted by the first Napoleon at St. Helena, and destroyed it must be. ‘*Delenda est Carthago*,’ muttered the Ambassador, as he sat down to write despatches directed towards that object.

As a consequence of the treaty entered into by

England and France with Austria, an invitation was given to Prussia to join their alliance ; but it met with a peremptory refusal, which was followed by her immediate withdrawal from the Vienna Conference, on the ground that she had delegated her representative to attend its sittings only with the view of bringing about a peace with Russia. This encouraged Austria to insist upon proposals of peace being made to Russia by the Conference. Four conditions were suggested, which had previously been indicated to Russia by Austria as suitable grounds for negotiation, but had not then been acceded to. They consisted of the renunciation on the part of Russia of all claim to a protectorate over the Danubian Principalities, the free navigation of the river Danube, the revision of the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi between the Sultan and the Czar, which made the Black Sea a Russian lake by closing the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles against ships-of-war belonging to other countries, and an engagement binding Russia never to interfere between the Porte and the Christian population of Turkey. These conditions were all in favour of Austria, and although they were not in any way opposed to the interests of England and France, the avowed purpose of the war, that of preventing Russia from obtaining a naval supremacy in the Mediterranean, was entirely ignored in them. Lord Stratford disapproved of them in the strongest terms,

and even combated any conditions of peace whatsoever being proposed to Russia; but Lord Westmoreland and the Baron de Bourqueney were led away by their Austrian colleague in the Conference, Count Buol, and they induced their respective foreign ministers to commit the blunder of appearing to sue for peace at the hands of an enemy who had been ignominiously defeated in every battle, sortie and skirmish that had taken place. The Ambassador, moreover, had not abandoned all hope of finding new allies, and then the war might either have been carried on with successful results, or closed by an advantageous peace at the solicitation of Russia. Even before the war commenced, serious efforts had been made by several of the European Cabinets to avert the evil consequences of the Russian occupation of the Danubian Principalities; but all those diplomatic exertions had failed to produce the desired effect on account of the obstinate resistance of the Emperor Nicholas to every argument in favour of what he regarded as a concession to his great antagonist, Lord Stratford, whose paramount influence at Constantinople was the bugbear of his existence. Austria now, by proposals of peace, afforded him the satisfaction of browbeating his opponent, as he said; and he seized the opportunity by negativing them with haughty expressions betraying strong personal feeling. Not content with this display of temper, he

published a manifesto declaring that, with the sword in his hand and the Cross in his heart, he would stand before his enemies to defend the most precious possessions in the world, the security and honour of his country. The Czar overshot his mark, for his manner served to raise, rather than to lower, the estimation in which Lord Stratford was held, being in such violent contrast with the Ambassador's moderation of language and studied courtesy towards him.

'Right again!' was Lord Palmerston's half-involuntary tribute to Lord Stratford's sagacity and sound judgment when discussing the subject with one of his most intimate friends, who made no secret of the characteristic spirit of fairness dictating this generous avowal of error. 'We have certainly been made a catspaw of at Vienna, as Stratford wrote that we should be.'

The Ambassador was in the habit of airing his thoughts, and during these negotiations, as on previous occasions, I passed many an hour with him in the garden of the Embassy at Pera, while he subjected the various political interests of the day to alternate processes of analysis and synthesis, with the keen acumen of his old experience, richly tinted by his glowing and almost youthful imagination. He lamented that after forty years of peace had humanized and softened man's general character in Europe, this war should have degenerated into the form of as



monstrous an excrescence on the body politic as was ever presented by the wars of the Middle Ages. War had been held to be inconsistent with the principles of the age, and it had been expected that it would at least be modified in its practice by the advance of civilization and the increase of enlightenment. Now that it had broken out it had become as cruel and sanguinary as Mediæval warfare could have been in the barbarous state of society in the dark ages. To continue such an effusion of blood would be a confession of the want of moral courage to sheathe the sword without having accomplished the purpose for which it had been drawn. The blind pride which sacrificed the youth and strength of a people for the attainment of ambitious ends in no way calculated to enhance its prosperity, was not patriotism; and a manifesto could not make it so. A remedy had to be found for this evil, and its only cure was to conquer it, and that as promptly as possible.

I remarked that a fortified town, or rather an entrenched camp, like Sebastopol, mounting 800 pieces of artillery, and manned by 100,000 soldiers, with such a man as General Todleben to direct its defensive operations, could not be easily or quickly reduced without a complete investment, and that would require at least 120,000 troops in addition to the present strength of the allied armies. I explained to Lord Stratford, who seemed to think my estimate



exaggerated, the accepted maxim of military science that a besieging force ought to be twice as numerous as the defending garrison. At Sebastopol the strength of the allied armies was little more than half that of the Russians, instead of being double; and the siege, if it was ever to be successful, must necessarily be a long one, on account of the impossibility of investing the town.

Lord Stratford said that troops must be found. He did not expect to see France add any great number to her army in the Crimea. He thought that Napoleon was not very anxious to bring the war to a close. The longer it lasted, the better would his purpose be served; unless, indeed, he had another war in view to occupy the minds of his subjects, as seemed to have been the case when he encouraged the Austrian idea of patching up a peace with Russia. It was evident, to all Europe, including even the Emperor Nicholas, that Napoleon regarded the Crimean War as a mere passage of arms, a kind of tournament in which he had to break a spear, and unhorse an adversary without killing him. When that exploit should have been performed—and there was apparently no reason for the least hurry in performing it—other tilting-lists would have to be sought, perhaps in Italy. The objects held out by the French Government to make the Crimean War popular with the nation were considerations finding

no place in Napoleon's mind. A foreign war was in his eyes only a convenient device for the preservation of his throne. People had begun openly to doubt the duration of his reign. Nothing was needed but to divert attention from the subject, and a foreign war was the means consecrated to that purpose by his uncle, until he invented the gilding of the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. The position of the nephew, continued Lord Stratford, was well understood by an English peeress of remarkable perspicacity and wit, who had befriended him in his hour of need when an exile in London, and who met him at an Embassy ball in Paris after he had risen to the summit of his ambition. He asked her in a condescending manner, which seemed to her in bad taste after their previous relative positions, if she expected to remain long in France.

‘Non, sire; et vous?’ she replied, to his utter consternation; for he perceived that the sarcasm had been heard by those standing near them.

Their manner of receiving it, without surprise and horror, was a revelation to him. A foreign war must be resorted to at once. One was therefore entered into as soon as he (Lord Stratford) pointed out to his Government the inevitable issue of the differences which had arisen between Russia and Turkey. France had fought, and now a significant expression had been publicly made use of in Paris :

‘Why should France continue to fight after having given proofs of her military superiority?’

That was what she had fought for, and the Sovereign who had given her this opportunity of reaping a harvest of laurels had become more popular in consequence, and had also diverted attention from his internal administration. Without a higher motive than these, war was a crime. Lord Stratford’s eyes glittered with a fiery light as he thus gave utterance to his indignant reprobation of Napoleon’s policy. The pouring out of the life-blood of husbands and fathers, the breaking of the hearts of widows, and the reducing of orphans to beggary and starvation, only to strengthen a personal position on a throne, must in the end turn the least impressionable people into revolutionary democrats. ‘Napoleon thinks that he is endowed with the political genius of Richelieu and the virtues of St. Louis. But he will be found out at last. His real measure will be taken. His subjects talk of nothing but the war at present. But his time will come. Only one of the last five sovereigns of France preserved his crown to the end of his life. A storm may any day arise in Paris, and not many more French troops can be expected for the siege of Sebastopol. They will be kept back for home requirements. That is the question of the greatest urgency for England at this moment.’

The Ambassador then asked me if he had been

correctly informed as to the insufficiency of the supplies received by the French army in the Crimea. I mentioned having heard a French captain praise his men for having repulsed, with great gallantry, a night attack on the trenches. Some of the soldiers replied to him that he need not give them so much praise, if he would only give them some more boots. The trenches had generally a foot of muddy water in them, which prevented the men from lying down, and kept them standing in it with feet benumbed with cold. When relieved from duty, they would march painfully to camp, and take off their boots to dry them at the fires. Having no other pair to wear, they had to walk about barefoot for hours together, sometimes in the snow. In their tents the French soldiers suffered severely from cold, with only their tattered greatcoats over the ragged clothes on their shivering limbs. The wind would occasionally blow in hurricanes. Then tents thrown down, horses loose and scared, tables and chairs lifted up and dashed to the ground, and torrents of rain drenching everyone and everything, created a chaos of confusion and discomfort which called for some compensation in the shape of hot soup for dinner and a dry bed to sleep on, neither of which was ever forthcoming in such weather. It was not the private soldiers alone who suffered in this way. I met one day in the French trenches a gentleman whom I had known



under very different circumstances. He had been a Secretary of Legation, and a brilliant hero of ball-rooms. Having volunteered as a private soldier at the commencement of the war, his distinguished conduct before the enemy had raised him to the rank of a Lieutenant of Zouaves. After giving me the information I was in search of, in language indicating a perfect knowledge of his new profession, he begged me, with refined politeness, to excuse the costume in which he had received me, saying that a campaign makes one negligent of one's dress, and he pointed to his bare knees appearing through large holes in his overalls. Lord Raglan was returning on foot from the French Headquarters one afternoon, and passed a group of soldiers who had made ninepins of firewood, and were knocking them over with Russian six-pound shot. The men stood at attention, and saluted our Commander-in-Chief with great respect, for he was an especial favourite with the French troops. When he saw that they were literally in rags and barefoot, he pulled out his purse, containing some sovereigns, and, placing one of the gold pieces on each of the ninepins, he told them to go on with their game and win them. They cheered him very heartily as he walked on.

‘Aussi bon qu’il est brave !’ one of them exclaimed, and was answered by the rest with the idiomatic ‘Pardi.’



The Frenchman is not merely warlike, as the Englishman is, but he is also essentially military. He is fond of the details of an army and a camp. If any of those details are deficient, he tries to supply them himself; and if he cannot, he suffers without complaining to his officer or even grumbling with his comrades. He occupies himself with every little requirement of his life, as an artist does with the materials and utensils of his art; but it is only the actual conflict of forces that interests the English soldier. The French troops laboured on before Sebastopol with spare clothing, often on insufficient food, and no murmur was ever heard among them. That is what would not occur in the English camp. The soldiers in it did their duty well, but if they thought they were not properly cared for, they would not hold their tongues, but insisted on knowing whose fault it was, and on having justice done to them. As the siege advanced, the French army suffered more from bad commissariat arrangements than the English army did at its commencement, but the fact was kept secret. The system of publicity among the French was different from ours. Nothing at all was said in the newspapers of Paris about the privations suffered by the army of France in the Crimea, while those of our troops were made known to the whole country. But their existence in both armies was acknowledged to be a fact by all those who served

with them. It was therefore far from probable that any unwillingness to close the war would be felt in France, if circumstances should bring the question of peace before her Government in an attractive form.

While we were conversing on this subject, Lord Stratford alluded to a letter written by Napoleon to the French Commander-in-Chief, which illustrated what I had been saying. It had been read to the troops by the Emperor's orders. Many responding words of derision were heard, especially after the following passage in it reached the ears of the assembled soldiers :

‘Your fathers, fighting under my uncle, were attacked by the plague. Be comforted; you have only the cholera. Try to keep your feet dry and warm. Take care of your health. Mine is very good. Biarritz is a nice place of residence. But I shall soon join my army, and share its labours. I shall say with my uncle that the ball is not yet cast which can kill me.’

The Ambassador, after criticizing this curious document with considerable severity, said that Napoleon treated his army as Alcibiades treated his dog's tail. He cut it off, to prevent people from talking of anything else. The Crimea was his Siberia, to send his dangerous subjects to. But it could not last, and we must look for a new army. No reliance

could be placed on Austria. She would never give us troops, unless she were herself attacked by Russia. Her policy had always been founded on fear alone. She became afraid of England and France after their success at Inkerman, and she had made an offensive and defensive alliance with them immediately. She then became afraid of Russia, because her armies were being rapidly reinforced by the concentration of troops from all parts of the empire, while the allied armies were receiving no reinforcements, and were dying of disease, starvation, and cold. Under these changed respective conditions Austria would do nothing for England and France, in spite of the treaty which she had signed; and she made a merit with Russia of bad faith towards her allies. At Vienna, expediency was paramount, and political principles, as such, had no existence. The Emperor might personally be an upright and honourable man, but his Administration must of necessity be fickle and unscrupulous. No meanness, no treachery could be too great for it to plunge into, when an important result had to be attained. Maria Theresa, for instance, was a woman of remarkable purity of mind and exalted integrity of purpose; and yet she was an Empress who took Madame de Pompadour into confidential correspondence, and addressed her as her dear cousin. Voltaire alleged of the Holy Roman Empire, which was only an euphuism for the Austrian

Empire, that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire, being a mere geographical expression for an agglomeration of heterogeneous states, weaker than Turkey, inasmuch as it had none of the strength imparted to the latter by religious fanaticism and political barbarity, while all the elements of decay were inherent in both of them. With so few Austrians in it, the Austrian Empire could never be strong. They were swamped by the greater numbers of the Slavonian and Magyar races, which hated them. A government could not possibly act in a straightforward manner when it had to consult the interests and discordant tendencies of so many component nations. It made a treaty with England and France against Russia, but the Slavonian tribes were friendly towards Russia. It abstained from assisting England and France in support of Turkey, but the Magyar population was friendly towards Turkey. It wished to be guided by the wishes of the people, but the people was divided in its wishes. What did Austria do? She was deceitful towards all classes of her subjects, who had received from her contradictory assurances; ungrateful towards Russia, who had befriended her when she was surrounded by difficulties and dangers; and treacherous towards England and France, who had become her allies, and bound themselves to protect her in other perils which were sure to assail her in Italy. Her policy was essentially



either deceitful or pusillanimous, generally both; and it derived its character from the false position of a State whose only unity, at best apparent, merely consisted in the mechanical combination of divergent national energies, always tending to detach themselves from each other, and never displaying any principles of political cohesion. Such a tumbledown Power had enough to do to prop itself up, without attempting to bolster us up in the Crimea. Reinforcements must be procured elsewhere. This was the Ambassador's unvarying verdict.

Austria continued to play fast and loose with England and France to such a degree that the two Cabinets followed at last the persistent suggestions of Lord Stratford to look for another ally who might send a contingent of troops to the Crimea. Several attempts to find one had proved fruitless. Only one chance remained, and it gave us an ally who had an excellent army, though not a very large one. The King of Sardinia, known as 'Il Re Galantuomo,' and noted for his Liberal policy, was regarded as the future sovereign of a United Italy—an Italy united at the expense of Austria in her Lombardo-Venetian possessions, of her Archdukes reigning in the Central States, and of the Pope and the King of the Two Sicilies, who were virtually under her protection. The alliance now concluded by England and France with the Kingdom of Sardinia was therefore a severe



blow to Austria, though it was no more than a just retribution for the designing duplicity of her conduct towards them. Great umbrage was taken at it in the political circles of Vienna; but Lord Stratford did not feel any alarm on that account. He said that Austria had no right to complain of this result of her diplomatic campaign, seeing that the offer of a defensive and offensive alliance had been made first to her. She had only herself to blame for having lost the advantage of the guarantee of the Allies for the integrity of her Italian possessions. This had been expressly stipulated as binding for a single year, and would not be renewed under the altered circumstances brought about by her own shirking of the duty which was implied in her engagements towards the Allies, though it was not specified in the text of the treaty. During one of our walks, when talking over the effects and consequences, immediate and remote, of the Sardinian alliance, Lord Stratford defined this consideration in his felicitous manner.

‘Austria should have kept well with France at least,’ he said; ‘for she must know that it would not take many sparks, falling from the pipe of a French corporal, to set the four corners of Italy in a blaze.’

In so far as evil might be apprehended to the cause of the Allies from any spirit of hostility towards them on the part of Austria, it could hardly be anticipated that she would go the length of openly

assisting Russia against them, after having signed a treaty to the opposite effect. She had met with her match in diplomatic skill, and her superior in moral rectitude. By these qualities, for which Lord Stratford was pre-eminently distinguished, was he impelled and enabled to promote the Sardinian alliance with England and France; and thus a seed was sown which soon germinated in the admission of the Italian State to the Congress of Paris as one of the Great Powers, and ultimately blossomed in the battles of Magenta and Solferino, fought by the French to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy.

By the treaty with our new ally, an army of 15,000 brave and well-trained soldiers was added to the forces besieging Sebastopol. England and France supplied the means of transport, and became bound to convey all subsequent cargoes of ammunition, military stores and provisions to the Crimea for the use of this contingent. It was commanded by General Alfonso de la Marmora, then Sardinian Minister of War; his brother, General Alessandro de la Marmora, and General Giuseppe Durando, being under his orders. When it was embarking, a young Irish gentleman of high family, who had sold his commission as Lieutenant in one of our dragoon regiments before the war, and was travelling in Italy at the time, enlisted in the Bersaglieri, or Riflemen, as a private soldier, with the intention of seeing as much

fighting as he could in the Crimea. It happened that he was on outpost duty near the river Tchernaya when a Russian reconnoissance was being effected there, and, in grateful acknowledgment of the frequent amusement which I derived from his wild pranks, I may be allowed to record the circumstances of a singular exploit performed by him on that occasion. He might object to a mention of his real name—which was hardly known, on account of his having assumed an Italian one—though the idea of being ashamed to serve in the ranks of a foreign army appears somewhat misplaced in such a gallant soldier as he then and afterwards proved himself, however eminent his present position in his own country may be.

The experience of the battle of Inkerman had shown how desirable it was that the allied armies should obtain command of the bridges on the river Tchernaya, by which the enemy might endeavour to surprise them at any favourable moment. It was also thought advisable that an arrangement should be made by which water could be carried from the river to the camps, if it should at any time be required. A movement in force was therefore undertaken for the purpose of accomplishing those two objects. Ten thousand men of the Sardinian force, under the command of General Alfonso de la Marmora himself, with the English cavalry division, went out

to support an advance of General Canrobert with a French infantry division in the direction of the bridge of Traktir. The Russians had only two battalions of infantry, with three squadrons of Cossacks and a battery of light artillery on the right bank of the river. The French cavalry brigade of General d'Allonville, the famous Chasseurs d'Afrique, crossed the bridge. The Russian artillery opened fire on them. The two infantry brigades of Generals Vinois and Espinasse followed the cavalry, and attacked the Russians. General Morris rapidly brought up the remainder of the cavalry force, and the enemy retreated, leaving about fifty prisoners in the hands of the French. General Canrobert then marched his troops back to the left bank of the river, and positions were taken up along its course. The canal for leading water to the western heights enclosing the valley of the Tchernaya, which had been closed by the Russians to cut off the supply from the allied camps, was opened by the pioneers, and a stream soon filled it. The Fedioukine Hills were occupied by General Brunet's division, with the cavalry of Generals Morris and D'Allonville in its rear towards the valley of Balaclava ; while General Durando, with his Sardinian division and the English cavalry, was left on the tableland of Kamara. Three divisions of Turkish infantry held the ground between the French and the Sardinians. The passage of the river was



thus defended at all points, and the want of water was no longer to be feared in the allied camps. This change of the lines was of the greatest importance to the defence of Sebastopol, and immediate steps were taken to ascertain how the Allies were posted. Officers of Engineers were sent to draw plans of the new positions and effect a complete reconnaissance of the whole line.

During the night which followed the engagement fought at the bridge of Traktir, the commanding officer of the Russian Engineers employed on this service passed on foot along the French and Turkish lines, with all the plans which had been drawn by his subalterns, comparing them, as he proceeded, with the appearance of the positions. He trusted that the faint starlight, which sufficed for his purpose, would not be bright enough to enable the advanced sentries to see him. When he reached the Sardinian lines, however, he was seen by the retired officer of English dragoons, who was standing sentry in front of an outlying picket. He did not challenge, but, after laying down his rifle, he advanced slowly and stealthily with only his sword-bayonet in his hand. On coming near the small mound on which the Russian Colonel stood examining the plans, he crept on his hands and knees, then suddenly started up and ran at him, placing his bayonet on the officer's breast, and calling upon him, in such French as he



was master of, to surrender. The Russian tried to draw his sword, but was prevented by the Irishman. He refused, however, to surrender, but seized his adversary round the waist, vainly trying to throw him to the ground. They were both strong and active men, and, neither of them being in the least wanting in courage, a fierce struggle ensued. The dawn was beginning to break, but they were not near enough to attract the notice of the Sardinian guard, who slept in full reliance on their sentry. Many hard blows were dealt on both sides, but still the Russian kept hold of the bayonet with his left hand, and did not succumb. At last the Irishman wrenched the bayonet from the Russian's grasp and flung it away, contriving at the same time to get his adversary's head under his left arm, when he pommelled it so lustily with his right fist that the punishment soon became too severe for the officer's further endurance. He surrendered, and gave his word of honour not to attempt to escape, while he handed his sword to his conqueror. They walked to the outpost, the Irishman talking all the time in his broken French, and laughing very heartily as he spoke of their morning's adventure, which he treated as an excellent joke. The officer in command of the outlying picket sent the Russian Colonel under a strong escort to General Durando, with the Irishman to tell his own story. The plans were found to be most accurate and com-

plete, and the service rendered in intercepting them was so much thought of, that General de la Marmora got an officer's commission for the young Irishman, and took him on his Staff as an aide-de-camp. An attempt was made to treat the Russian engineer as a spy; but his captor came forward and saved his life by declaring that he had never entered the Sardinian lines, and that he had been attacked and made prisoner at a distance of more than 200 yards from them. His evidence was accepted as conclusive, and the Colonel was accordingly sent to Constantinople as a prisoner of war. He bore no ill-will for his capture, which he attributed solely to the Irishman's superior knowledge of the British science of boxing; and he spoke in the highest terms of his opponent's chivalrous conduct in throwing away his sword-bayonet when he might have stabbed him to the heart with it, so helpless was he with his head in so awkward a predicament. He also praised the Irishman for relying on his parole instead of binding his arms ignominiously, and for preventing his being shot as a spy. It was most amusing to hear the Russian relate the humorous chatter which was kept up while they were walking together from the mound to the Sardinian picket. The Irishman had asked him how he had enjoyed spending the early morning in the pugilistic ring, as champion of All the Russias. When the Russian officer pleaded

ignorance of what he meant, he supplemented his broken French by acting the part alone, hitting hard into space, and capering comically before an imaginary antagonist. He inquired if people in Russia knew how to go in with the left, and regretted having been deprived of that elegant process in this match by the Russian's slipping his head so cleverly under his humble servant's arm—'in chancery,' as it is called. In vain the Colonel endeavoured to comprehend this application of the expression 'en chancellerie.' The Irishman further regretted having omitted the usual formality of shaking hands before the set-to, but he would feel very proud to do it now, if the champion would come up smiling. They accordingly shook hands, and the Irishman gave the Russian a friendly slap on the back, with an apologetic hope that he had not slapped harder than was agreeable to his esteemed friend and prisoner.

## XIV.

## THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE EAST.

JULIUS CÆSAR said of the French of his time that they commenced a war like men, and finished it like women. Macchiavelli accepted this estimate as applicable to the French of his own period. That it is not true of those who invaded the Crimea is fully established by their having fought to the end of that war with the same military valour and indomitable resolution which they displayed at its commencement. The greatest privations and the most destructive sicknesses did not shake their determination, weary their patience, or exhaust their power of endurance. Reinforcements frequently arriving from France certainly kept them in a much better state than that of the British troops, whose smaller number obliged them to pass every second night in the flooded trenches, and every other day at work on the road from Balaclava to the camp, or laboriously conveying along it the provisions daily required for

their maintenance. The French soldiers were in their trenches only one night in five, and they enjoyed more regular supplies, with less fatigue in carrying them; but still they had a life of considerable hardship, although no murmur or complaint was ever heard from their lips. They were always to be seen busying themselves cheerfully with the cooking of their food, the washing of their clothes, and the cleaning of their rifles and belts. Unremitting occupations in very rigorous weather did absolutely nothing to reduce the French soldiers to inaction in any great proportion, while the British ranks were generally thinned down to one-half at least of their numerical strength. Fourteen thousand men were at one time in the hospitals and ambulances of the latter, whose whole force amounted then to 27,000. Some of these were disabled by wounds, but the majority suffered only from disease, long-sustained over-exertion, and under-feeding. In moments of danger, as at any other time, the high spirits of the French often found quaint expression.

‘Forward, comrades!’ cried a recruit in the heyday of youth when going into action. ‘We shall have a ball in the head, or a leg the less to take us to the Hôtel des Invalides.’

In the ambulance, another exclaimed to his commanding officer, who was offering him a heavy purse for having thrown himself before a Russian sabre,



which would have brought his chief, instead of himself, to the ground:

‘No, my Colonel; we do not want to be paid for taking a little amusement on our own account.’

A corporal sat on the ground beside a soldier in equally sorry plight, waiting for a mule to carry them to hospital. ‘We are very sick,’ he said.

‘Yes,’ replied the other; ‘but we would mount the breach even now, if our regiment were in a storming-party, just to show the Russians what French soldiers can do when they are sick.’

A dying young officer in his tent asked the surgeon if a glass of lemonade could be allowed him, only to remind him of the Café de Paris, on the Boulevard. The surgeon said that he would bring him a lemon next morning.

‘I shall be dead to-morrow morning, doctor,’ he answered. ‘Could you not send my servant for one now?’

On being assured that his end was not yet quite so near, he said:

‘Well, I can wait if the *garçon* is sure to bring it; he shall have his *pour boire* as well as myself.’

It was brought to him by the surgeon, and was greatly enjoyed by the suffering officer, who died a few days afterwards.

It would be superfluous to accumulate instances of

hardship and patience in the French army during that dreadful winter. The Imperial Government took pains to conceal proofs of its own bad management, which was nearly as fatal to its troops as that of the British Government was to our army, while there was no secret about the latter in England; but it cannot be controverted that, in the French field force of 70,000 men, an average of 350 invalids were sent every day to hospital. It was not astonishing that so much black crape should be seen on hats and sleeves in France at that time, in grim contradiction of cooked official statements. The continual conveying of so many wounded, frost-bitten, scorbutic, and cholera or typhus patients from the camp to the port was a sad process. The groans were heartrending, and no relief was possible. Sometimes a sudden squall of wind, with heavy rain or snow, would fall upon those martyrs as they jolted in torture over the rough, rocky road. It was occasionally difficult to get them on board the transports without delay, and they would then have to lie on tossing lighters in the surf until they could be hoisted into the ships. A stormy passage across the Black Sea had generally to be lived through, if they could live so long, with little care; but many who were embarked never landed, and were simply thrown overboard, without enclosing hammocks, or cannon-balls to sink the corpses in the sea. I do not mean to imply that

such sufferings, undergone by French invalids, were not shared by those of the British army to an equal extent; but I confidently assert, as the result of my personal observation, that the exemption from them which was claimed in Paris for the French army in the Crimea was not founded on fact; and the unabating cheerfulness of the men forming that force was all the more remarkable and praiseworthy.

In action, there could be but one opinion of the gallantry of the French soldiers, and of the military skill of their officers. If a fault could be found with either class, it would be the apparent difficulty experienced in restraining them. When charging the enemy, the privates seemed to know no control, and the officers rarely attempted to exercise it. Perhaps the latter were aware of the impossibility of holding the ranks of their men in hand. However this may have been, an indubitable fact was the impetuous rush of the French troops into the hottest of every fight in which they were engaged. The Zouaves are really astonishing warriors. Rather too much has been said, however, of the dashing bravery and invincible fortitude displayed by them on all occasions. No praise has been left for the other branches of the French army. It was not Zouaves alone who supported the British troops so valiantly at the crisis in the battle of Inkerman, and Line regiments have given us as valuable assistance in fierce attacks on

our trenches as the Zouaves did, in company with them, during the final charge which drove the Russians to the river Tchernaya. Without the crushing advance and fiery courage of the French regular infantry, that victory, amongst others, might have been less brilliant. It was continually repeated on the Boulevards that the Zouaves alone would take Sebastopol, and that every advantage gained throughout the war was due to them. Their charge is indeed terrific. With rifle-bullets whizzing about, cannon-balls bounding along, and bomb-shells bursting among them, they tear on with a shrieking din that is quite appalling. They fiercely fence with their fixed bayonets till they conquer or fall. In the latter case, they lie writhing with rage and agony, or die with a scowl of defiance on their faces. To see such a spectacle of horror would open the minds of people who complacently discuss at home the merits of their fellow-countrymen struggling for victory on blood-stained battlefields. But they need not think that the Zouaves, though certainly the most noisily picturesque of soldiers, are the only Frenchmen who did their duty in the hard-fought encounters of the Crimea; and, without detracting from their distinguished warlike qualities, we must admit that other French troops have also deserved to be classed with the bravest of the brave by their glorious bearing before the enemy there.



The French Army of the East had now been newly organized in a manner indicating an intention of undertaking more active operations. This hope proved abortive, and it became known that it had been based on the feeble foundation of the Emperor Napoleon's strategical abilities and acquirements. The force was formed into three army corps. General Forey was placed in the chief command of that which had to continue the siege. He was undeniably possessed of great military capacities, but his efficiency was impeded by unpopularity with the troops, who could not trust him enough to carry out his designs with alacrity; and his intercourse was not sufficiently cordial to ensure an active and willing co-operation on the part of the officers under his command. The Second Army Corps had as commander-in-chief General Bosquet, who was a universal favourite, both with his own force and with the British army. Endowed with exceptional abilities and the most chivalrous gallantry, he had gained much experience, while his presence of mind never failed him on any emergency. The Third Army Corps was the reserve, which was the only force under the personal command of General Canrobert. He was rapidly losing, through his incorrigible indecision of character, that degree of prestige with which he had succeeded Marshal St. Arnaud in the supreme command. In-



cluding the reinforcements coming from France, each army corps would be about 30,000 strong. It was a fine field force, but it was not destined to reap its merited laurels before a change took place in the hand and head directing it.

## XV.

## NIGHT SORTIES.

THE position of the allied armies had been, during the last few winter months, far from advantageous. Nothing had been done to further the attack. The Russians were raising works with great activity, some of them within short musket-range of the English and French trenches. Nightly sorties were made, with results more or less murderous on both sides. The siege was beginning to assume the aspect of a defence on the part of the Allies. The investment of Sebastopol would have required a much larger force than was available, and without investment the Russian defence was stronger than the allied attack. There might have been other means of reducing the place, but strong objections, though these were not apparent, must have prevented their being attempted. A strong force might have been marched from Eupatoria to intercept the communications between Simpheropol and the beleaguered city. The Russian garrison of the latter, being thus isolated,

must have fought a battle in the open country to re-establish its connection with its base of operations. In such an engagement the Allies would probably have been victorious, and Sebastopol would then have lain at their mercy. I mentioned this idea in my correspondence with Lord Stratford, who wrote to me that he was very much struck with it, but that it must have suggested itself to the Commander-in-Chief, who would naturally be able to form a better judgment of its merits than he could. Some days later I received another letter from the Ambassador on this subject. He informed me that he had thought there would be no harm in communicating the contents of my letter to Lord Raglan and Lord Lyons, disowning all intention, at the same time, of interfering in a question so utterly foreign to his functions. They had replied to him that they had talked it over together, and were both of opinion that something of the kind might be profitably attempted in another direction. They thought that an attack on the towns of the Sea of Azov would have the same effect in calling out a considerable portion of the garrison of Sebastopol to meet it, and would add the immense benefit of cutting off the principal source whence provisions were drawn, Simpheropol being no more than an intermediate base of supplies between the ports of the Sea of Azov and Sebastopol. Lord Stratford expressed great satisfaction with this pro-

ject, which he assured me that he had pressed on the serious consideration of those who could take steps to carry it out.

Five hundred and eleven pieces of artillery were at that time in position before the ramparts of Sebastopol. They would all be ready to open fire in a few days, but, as long as any of them were still unprepared, none were discharged, because a general bombardment was the object in view; and day after day thus passed without a renewal of the attack. Both the English and the French armies were eagerly entrenching their own positions, as if they anticipated another assault like that of Inkerman. The French works were even carried so far as to fortify Kamiesch, with the view of securing facilities for embarkation in the event of an abandonment of the siege. The cannonade commenced at last, and some damage was done to the Russian defences. But the fire of the Allies ceased unexpectedly after twenty days of constant bombardment. It was said that there was a lack of ammunition. The real intention soon became known, however, which had been merely to induce the Russians to attack the lines of the Allies, where measures had been taken to give them a warm reception. The Russian commanders were not led into that error, and the artillery fire proved abortive. The effects of each day on the earthworks were fully repaired by the garrison during the following night.

There had been several night attacks on the trenches, but without leaving other evil consequences than repeated losses of valuable lives. The most important of them was led by General Krulef, who was in command of a column formed of twelve battalions of soldiers. Another detachment, under the orders of naval officers, was composed of sailors, Greek volunteers, and four battalions of soldiers. The first column was marched against the French right, and the second against the English line defended by the Gordon and Chapman batteries. These Russian troops greatly outnumbered the French and English forces which they attacked. A battalion of Zouaves was the first to perceive the enemy, advancing silently in the dark. Two general volleys, promptly delivered by it, committed great havoc among the Russians, who had not expected so ready a resistance, and they halted in confusion. General Krulef quickly rallied his men, and brought them on in double time, with bayonets fixed, over their dead and dying comrades. The charge was repulsed, and the Zouaves, followed by the whole French force, dashed after the retreating enemy. Major Banon, whom I knew well, was in command of the Zouaves, and fell dead with a bullet through the lungs. Major Dumas, chief Engineer officer of the French trench, received two bayonet wounds in the shoulder, but still stood on a gabion, cheering on



three French battalions to support the Zouaves, when he was surrounded by several Russian officers, and despatched by them with their swords on refusing to surrender. Two English detachments, from the 7th Fusiliers and the 97th Foot, were taken by surprise by the other Russian column. Captain Browne, of the former regiment, was shot dead by the commandant of the Greek volunteers, who was himself immediately killed by the bayonets of the English Fusiliers. The 34th Foot, commanded by the brave Colonel Kelly, who was so much liked in the camp, had the mortification of seeing him wounded and taken prisoner without the possibility of a rescue. Major Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, was struck by two bullets, but not mortally wounded; and he continued giving orders for the defence with the greatest coolness and the utmost precision. Having got the English detachments under cover of the batteries, he commenced driving the Russians back by showering grape-shot on them, which he had not ventured to attempt as long as the two forces were fighting hand to hand, lest his men should be sacrificed with the enemy. The English infantry then opened and kept up a withering fire, and their assailants finally ran to the ramparts, which they did not reach without tremendous loss; 600 of the French were killed or wounded in this serious night engagement, twelve of them being officers; 100 of the

English, four of whom were officers ; and 1,500 of the Russians with forty officers.

In the French ambulance I saw next day a Russian captain lying next to a French captain, each wounded by the other. They were conversing in the most friendly manner, the Russian being perfect in French. Both of them described to me, with much laughing and joking, how each had tried to get his sword into his adversary's heart, as they lay fiercely embraced on the ground, before they became insensible from loss of blood. A shout of merriment hailed the story from another bed, on which a sous-officer of Zouaves was having his leg amputated below the knee. After laughing long and loud, he quietly remarked to the surgeon, who was performing the operation, that the short breeches of his uniform were more handy for the purpose than the long trousers of line regiments.

Shortly afterwards, Colonel Egerton, commanding a detachment of his regiment, the 77th, in the advanced trench before the Great Redan, attacked two rifle-pits in the night, to silence their fire, which was directed on his position. At the point of the bayonet he took them, killing many of their occupants, and driving the remainder into the town. He returned to his trench with the body of Captain Lemprière, of his own regiment, in his arms. When he reached it, and was just descending into it with his heavy

burden, fire was opened on the trench from the rampart, and turning round to ascertain whence the shots came, he received a rifle-ball in the mouth, which killed him on the spot. This fine officer was much regretted in the camp.

The Russians had a strange habit, in their night sorties, of taking long ropes to hold along the ground, and trip up our men as they rushed out of the trenches to attack them. Prisoners were thus frequently taken, and lives too, when resistance was made. Our men sometimes played them successful tricks. One night, when that very unmilitary manœuvre was being prepared, they left the trench at a great distance, and, coming behind the Russians, opened fire upon them. Being taken by surprise and thrown into confusion, they tried to run, but fell into the trench, where a sufficient number of English soldiers remained to make them all prisoners, and march them under escort to the lines. On another occasion a strong party lay down in front of the trench as if to check a sortie, which had been announced by a spy. This ambuscade was allowed to be seen from the rampart, and two large bodies of Russian soldiers came out a long way off to the right and to the left. Wheeling inwards, they bore down on each side, and commenced firing. The English party had crawled into the trench in silence, and the two Russian detachments blazed away at each other

without discovering that neither of them was English until they charged with the bayonet. They then effected a rapid retreat, while a perfect deluge of bullets poured upon them from the trench. Unfortunately, they carried off with them an English subaltern, who had stayed too long watching the enemy's discomfiture; and he was mortally wounded by a shot from his own company after he had been made prisoner. Next morning, a white flag was seen on the Russian rampart. Firing immediately ceased on both sides. A grey-coated colonel advanced to hand over to a British Staff-officer, with the compliments of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, an India war-medal worn by that subaltern, who had died of his wound during the night in the great hospital of Sebastopol. Rolled in paper was also consigned an English rifle-bullet, with a duly attested certificate that the principal medical officer of the Russian garrison had extracted it from the subaltern's wound, without having been able to save his life.

## XVI.

## DISCORD BETWEEN THE COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.

ABOUT this time one of the despatches written by General Canrobert to the Emperor Napoleon concluded with an assurance that the most cordial terms existed between Lord Raglan and himself. So uncalled-for a statement would have suggested to a diplomatist of the old school that misunderstandings had begun to arise between the two Commanders-in-Chief. The judgment of that diplomatist would not have erred. Lord Lyons and Admiral Bruat, in answer to inquiries made by them, had received favourable reports on the safety of navigating the Sea of Azov with steamers of light draught. The two Admirals therefore offered to attack the towns on the shores of that inland sea, in order to prevent the provisioning of Sebastopol from being carried on as heretofore from thence, by destroying the magazines of wheat supplying the Russian garrison, together with the means of transport to it. Lord Raglan accepted the proposal, which had previously been



recommended to his favourable consideration by Lord Stratford, as already stated. General Canrobert objected to the expedition; but Lord Raglan succeeded in convincing him of its advisability, and overcame his objections. A squadron was prepared, consisting of several English and French men-of-war, to convey Sir George Brown and General d'Autemarre, with their two divisions and a small Turkish force, to the shores of the Sea of Azov. It had sailed, when a telegraphic despatch from Paris ordered General Canrobert to concentrate all his troops for an overwhelming attack. He hastened to the English headquarters, and informed Lord Raglan of his being about to send a fast steamer to bring back the French contingent of the expedition. The English Commander-in-Chief remarked, with consummate tact and temper, that the Emperor could not have contemplated the recall of the Sea of Azov expedition, the sailing of which had been telegraphed to him, without alluding to it in his order for concentration of troops. The French General replied that he regarded the telegram as an order to that effect, and that he meant to obey it. Lord Raglan then said that he would not recall Sir George Brown and Lord Lyons, who should proceed with their troops and ships to fulfil their mission alone. He hoped that the Frenchman, on hearing this, would not persist in his purpose; but when he saw the despatch-boat

*Dauphin* sail with an order to Admiral Bruat to return with the French vessels and forces, he consulted Lord Stratford, who was with him on a visit at the time. The Ambassador, rightly judging that an open rupture of the harmony which had hitherto existed between the two camps would do more injury to the interests of the Allies in the war than the arrival of Russian provisions, which might ultimately be provided against, urgently advised him to send a similar order to Sir George Brown. This was done by Lord Raglan, after an announcement to General Canrobert that unforeseen circumstances had induced him to change his mind on the subject. Before receiving that order, Sir George Brown had resolved on proceeding to the towns on the Sea of Azov with the English troops and ships, and without those of France. Both he and Lord Lyons were said to have deeply felt the unbecoming part which they had been made to play in the expedition on which they had embarked; but they well knew, as I have reason to believe, that no one was to blame for it except the French Commander-in-Chief.

General Canrobert had proved himself to be altogether unfit for the high position which he held; but he was nevertheless a man of fine impulses, and thoroughly imbued with an ardent zeal for the success of the siege. He had said on one occasion, to a knot of officers who were engaged in discussing the chances

of success, that if the sentry before his tent could take Sebastopol, he would give him his General's plume to wear, and himself shoulder the man's rifle till he should come back. This saying was repeated in proof of the fable related, that he had voluntarily handed over the command-in-chief to General Pelissier, and placed himself at the head of that officer's division. It may also have given rise to that fable, when he was seen to pass from the supreme to a divisional command, on General Pelissier's arrival from Algiers to take the place of General Forey, who had been superseded. That the alleged theory of the change of command is fabulous is fully shown by a letter written to the Emperor Napoleon by General Canrobert, in which he acknowledged the receipt of an Imperial order to transfer the command-in-chief to General Pelissier, on account of 'the very false position produced by the sudden recall of the expedition to the Sea of Azov.'

It was one of the self-delusions of Napoleon III. that he had inherited his uncle's genius as a strategist; and he had been guilty of the extreme folly of drawing up at Paris a plan of the Crimean campaign, as imbecile in conception as it was impossible of execution. When it reached General Canrobert, he communicated it to Lord Raglan, according to instructions received, and the disciple of Wellington found no difficulty in pointing out its defects for the

reconsideration of the Emperor. It was for the carrying out of this scheme that the concentration of the French troops was ordered. The famous scheme was that 60,000 troops, half of them French and half Turkish, under the command of General Bosquet and Omar Pasha, should blockade Sebastopol, without attempting to press the siege any further; that 55,000 troops, half of them English and half Sardinian and Turkish, under the command of Lord Raglan, should cover the blockading force from the mouth of the Tchernaya to Balaclava; and that 40,000 French troops, reinforced by 25,000 more French troops, then at Constantinople, under the command of General Canrobert, should embark for Alutcha, and march to Simpheropol, which town they could easily seize by a *coup de main*, and hold as the French capital of the Crimea, whence the whole peninsula would be gradually taken possession of. Lord Raglan curtly remarked, after a perusal of the paper, that the blockading force would be driven into the sea by the sorties of a garrison twice as strong as itself; that the covering force could not hold a position whose flank was turned by the garrison; and that the expeditionary force might take Simpheropol, but that a nearer base of operations for Sebastopol would be formed at Baghtscheli Serai. He then politely handed back the precious document to General Canrobert, and never alluded to the matter again.



The stars must have erred in determining the lot of Napoleon III., who had in reality none of those qualities which are usually regarded as the conditions of either military or imperial greatness. He possessed a smattering of several branches of learning, and a thorough acquaintance with none; but he was so blinded by conceit as to be incapable of ever perceiving that he laboured under an error, and, even when his sagacity was most evidently at fault, his self-complacency remained unshaken. All that he looked for in such a case was a convenient way out of the troubles which he had brought about for himself and others. In this instance the way out of them was found for him.

A review of the French force was held in honour of Lord Stratford. It was explained to him that so efficient an army could well undertake the operations proposed by the Emperor, and that the objections to them suggested by Lord Raglan were quite unfounded. The Ambassador was too cautious to take any part for or against the military movements in question, but he could not fail to foresee the evil consequences which might arise from a continued disagreement between the English and French commanders. He took steps accordingly, and Napoleon's unexpected telegraphic order made Generals Canrobert and Pelissier at once change places. The former had lost his master's sympathy and favour by



reporting to him that his plan of the campaign could not be carried out without the co-operation of the British Commander-in-Chief, which he had found it impossible to obtain. The Emperor could not extricate himself from the consequences of the blunder into which he had fallen, otherwise than by changing the French Commander-in-Chief—a measure strongly urged in influential quarters—and by an order to the new one to adopt the views of Lord Raglan. General Pelissier therefore took the place of General Canrobert, and Napoleon's first telegram to the former was, 'Agissez de concert avec Lord Raglan.'

## XVII.

## THE SEA OF AZOV EXPEDITION.

LORD LYONS and his colleague in command of the French fleet, Admiral Bruat, soon received orders to prepare squadrons in order to carry out the previously abandoned project of destroying the Russian corn-stores and coasting vessels in the Sea of Azov. Arabat is a town which had been used, since the commencement of the war, as a starting-point for the land-carriage to Sebastopol of grain, which was brought thither in small brigs from the shipping ports on the coasts of the great wheat-growing plains of Southern Russia. It was, therefore, highly desirable to destroy it. The town stands on an isthmus which separates the inland sea from the Euxine, and opens for navigation at the Strait of Yenikaleh, the ancient Cimmerian Bosphorus, which took its name from the Celtic race of the Cimmerii occupying its shores, and gave it to the whole of the Crimea.

A very learned and button-holding Irish lieutenant of one of the line-of-battle ships in the expedition, told me quite seriously that he and the other Celts in the squadron had come from Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Brittany to claim their own property. There appeared to me to be a decidedly Hibernian ring in his argument. He said that he belonged to the Milesian tribe which had founded Panticapæum, the Cimmerian capital. It was true, he continued, that two thousand five hundred and seventeen years had elapsed since their ancestors had been driven by the Scythians, under Mithridates, from the shores of the Palus Mæotis, or Sea of Azov, when that great King was attempting his wild and abortive march against Rome by land, after his defeat by Pompey in Asia Minor. They then wandered forth in search of new homes, subsequently called after them, as were the Cumrie Islands in the Firth of Clyde; but, he added, there is no law of prescription or statute of limitation applicable to the case. The present inhabitants of the Crimea, being Tartar, are of Scythian origin, he argued, as well as all the Uralian portion of the Russian nation; and it would only be taking back the lands which their forefathers had wrested from the ancestors of the Celts. There might be a legal question about the income drawn from these estates during more than twenty-five centuries; but that, he said, was a part of the affair which might be

settled by an amicable arrangement. Fortunately for my patience, the hour struck just at this point of the lieutenant's modest case, and he was reluctantly obliged to hurry away to relieve the officer of the watch.

The squadron was composed of six English line-of-battle ships and twenty-seven smaller steamers, with three French line-of-battle ships and nineteen lighter vessels. The troops embarked were the Highland Brigade and a detachment of English Hussars, the division of General D'Autemarre, and a small Turkish division: in all, 15,000 men, of whom 3,000 were British, 7,000 French, and 5,000 Turkish. Sir George Brown had the command of the whole force. The Russian troops for the defence of the shores were a division of infantry and a brigade of artillery, under the orders of General Krasnof, with two regiments of Cossacks, commanded by the Hetman Shomulof. General Wrangel was sent with an infantry and cavalry force of 5,000 men to reinforce those troops, and afterwards Prince Labanof Rostofski also arrived with four more *sotniés* or squadrons of Cossacks. The whole force under the command of General Wrangel was thus about 20,000 men. The expectation that an attack on the towns of the Sea of Azov would have the same effect, in drawing out a large army from the garrison of Sebastopol, as the intercepting of the communications between the besieged

city and Simpheropol, thus proved illusory, and the importance of the Sea of Azov expedition was reduced to the mere destruction of provisions destined for the Russian army.

Ships had been sunk in the Strait of Yenikaleh to obstruct the entrance into the inland sea, but, fortunately for the allied squadrons, the breaking up of the ice had cleared away this impediment. Great blocks had been blown through the passage by strong north winds, and had crushed the hulls and rigging of the sunken vessels. The Admirals seemed to care little for the fire of the forts on the two sides of the strait. While they advanced to attempt the passage, an English and a French brigade were landed to attack the batteries. Before these were reached, the Russians spiked their guns, blew up their powder, and evacuated their positions. Two Russian gunboats, anchored in the strait, then opened fire, and it was returned by the English gunboat *Snake*, which was steered towards them. Lord Lyons transferred his flag to the *Banshee*, a despatch-boat whose light draught enabled him to approach the shore. Admiral Bruat sent the French frigates *Fulton* and *Mégère* to support the *Snake* and the *Banshee*, which fired on the Russian vessels until they hurried away through the strait, and left it open. The Allies thus gained command of the passage into the Sea of Azov without any loss whatever, and solely through the alarm



created by the prestige which they had won before Sebastopol.

The troops were sent to Kertch, where they were to remain until they should be required in the inland sea. This proved to be an unfortunate measure. The Tartars of the town, who had suffered oppression from Russian officials, induced the Turks, with whom, as Mussulmans, they fraternized, to avenge their wrongs on those who were in the position of enemies to the Allies. That the temptation was yielded to by the Turks will not surprise anyone who has lived in Turkey; but the fact that British and French soldiers were seen joining in acts of pillage, was calculated to excite as much astonishment as indignation. The excuse they made was that General Wrangel, on retiring, had cut off the aqueduct supplying the town with drinking-water; and, having been unable to obtain any but that of half-putrid wells, they had entered Russian houses to drink from their tanks and reservoirs. The English and French officers formed themselves into patrols, and paraded the streets, arresting all who were found with plunder, and who received no mercy.

During these abominable disorders, I chanced to meet in the street the learned Irish lieutenant, to whom I expressed the surprise and horror with which I had heard of them.

‘Well,’ he replied apologetically, ‘I do not see

anything very heinous in people going into houses which other people have built on their ground.'

'And in plundering them?' I inquired.

'No one took more than the value of the ground taken from him,' he replied.

'I wonder what Lord Lyons would say, if he heard you talking in this way,' I remarked.

'Oh, mind, I am speaking quite confidentially,' exclaimed the officer, at the mention of his Admiral's name.

'I have no wish to be made the confidant of such opinions,' I answered.

'As you like,' he retorted jauntily. 'But I may remind you that your name is a pure Gaelic word, and I believe you to be one of us, a true Celt yourself.'

'Whatever I may be,' I said, 'I mean to do my duty as an officer in the Queen's service.'

'Surely you would not betray a brother Celt by saying a word of this to Lord Lyons,' he appealed, in evident alarm.

'I will certainly not say a word about it,' I replied, 'if you promise to keep your ethnological nonsense to yourself in future. Perhaps these plunderers have heard something of it; and, if so, you might be broke by court-martial for inciting them to pillage and mutiny.'

'I promise, I promise,' he cried; 'but will you

not promise never to mention my name in the matter ?’

I gave him my promise, and I left him, with a strong conviction on my part that nothing is more dangerous than a little knowledge.

A naval campaign was organized for the ships of light draught, consisting of twenty-one small steamers, five of which were French and the remainder English. They were placed under the respective commands of Captain Lyons, the Admiral’s son, in the *Miranda* of fourteen guns, and Captain Béral de Sedaiges in the *Lucifer* of six guns. Besides these steamers, a considerable number of large ships’ boats were rigged and armed to accompany the expedition. It first entered the Bay of Berdiansk, one of the chief shipping ports of the Sea of Azov, and burned all the stores of grain and coasting vessels there without resistance. From thence it proceeded to Arabat, which was the most important station. It was defended by a fort mounting thirty guns. A short bombardment reduced the place, and rendered it incapable of serving as a station for supplies. Captain Béral returned to Yenikaleh to bring up more flat-bottomed boats which were required, and Captain Lyons steered for Genitchi. Prince Labanof Rostofski commanded a battalion of infantry, two field-pieces, and a detachment of Cossacks in the town. He made some show of defending the

harbour, but Captain Lyons summoned him to surrender. The answer was a feeble fire from the field-pieces.

The work of destruction commenced. Ninety coasting vessels were set fire to, and all the corn magazines were demolished. Only one man of the squadron was killed. Taganrog, the greatest commercial city of the Sea of Azov, was the next point attacked. Five steamers were all that could come within a distance of 1,500 yards from the town, on account of shallow water. The garrison consisted of a battalion and a half of infantry, besides a regiment of Cossacks, without artillery, under the command of General Krasnof. A summons of surrender was sent to him, and he replied that as many troops as he had might be landed to decide the fate of Taganrog by a fair fight on shore. 'If the Allies conquer, the town is theirs. If the Russians conquer, the Allied squadron may sail away in peace.' This answer was treated as an untimely joke, and fire was immediately opened on the town by the men-of-war and by a line of boats carrying swivel-guns. The magazines of grain were laid in ruins, and marines were landed to ascertain what other damage had been done. They found that upwards of 200 coasting-vessels had been battered to pieces or burned, and 148 cargoes of wheat completely destroyed. The squadron sailed

away in the direction of Marianpol, another large town, which was treated in precisely the same manner. It was discovered that, during a long delay in negotiating under a flag of truce, a large quantity of grain had been conveyed in boats on the river Calmius to the village of Sartani, twelve miles from the town. The armed launches of the squadron were at once sent up the stream, and the whole village, with every grain of corn in it, was committed to the flames, after a weak attempt to defend it on the part of a regiment of Cossacks sent out from the town. At Gheisk, whither the expedition next went, more prudence was shown by the Governor, who readily gave up all the wheat in the town to be burned, on condition of other property not being attacked. Temriuk followed the example of Gheisk, and the destruction of all the corn supplies in the Sea of Azov was thus completed.

A small squadron remained to preserve the command of that sea for the future, and to deprive Sebastopol permanently of this source of supplies. The route by Perecop was now the only one by which these could be forwarded, and it could at any time be obstructed by a force sallying out from Eupatoria, which place was definitely occupied by the Allies. The Sea of Azov expedition was therefore a judicious movement, which Lord Raglan and Lord Lyons deserve the credit of carrying out in



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spite of the opposition of General Canrobert. It is true that Lord Stratford helped them not a little. It was young Captain Lyons who took the chief part in the execution of the plan; and he displayed great ability and determination in his manner of conducting all its details, as was universally acknowledged at the time.

## XVIII.

## THE FOREST OF BAÏDAR.

LORD STRATFORD was greatly pleased at the result of the expedition to the Sea of Azov. He wrote to me that he felt grateful for that result to Captain Lyons, the son of his old friend, who had been for many years employed as our Envoy in Greece, and had consequently been in constant intercourse with the Embassy at Constantinople. A mere flotilla of gunboats had now proved the accuracy of the Ambassador's favourite theory, supported by him against the arguments of other statesmen, that the great military power of Russia was a fiction rather than a fact. Ever since the disastrous campaigns of Charles XII. and Napoleon I., he remarked in his letter, Russia had assumed the position of an empire which could not be successfully attacked within its own frontiers. Here was the whole system of its lucrative trade with corn-buying countries destroyed by a few gunboats under the command of a young English naval captain. Europe had been in the

habit of regarding Russia as the best possible ally wherever force was required. By the fear of this bugbear of Russian military power, France had been enabled to effect an intervention in Spain, Austria had done the same in Italy, Prussia likewise in the other German States, and Russia herself in Hungary ; but Captain Lyons had now shorn it of its terrors, and the part which had been played by it, as the guardian of order in Europe, is no longer possible after this proof of Russia's inability to defend her gigantic corn-magazines and numerous coasting-vessels against the attack of a pigmy squadron in the Sea of Azov. It could only have been, he added, to a country in the dilapidated and exhausted condition of Turkey that Russia could be considered formidable as an aggressor, and she has at last been divested of the mere appearance of greatness, even in the eyes of the Turks.

When replying to Lord Stratford's letter on this subject, I informed him of an intention on the part of the allied Commanders-in-Chief to clear the Tchernaya Valley of all the Russian troops which still hovered round the besieging lines towards the east. After the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, the Russians had kept outposts along the limits of the plateau held by the allied armies, and it was thought advisable to occupy the upper as well as the lower course of the river, which was guarded

by Sardinian troops. General Morris was ordered to operate in force on the ground extending towards the south-east from it. It was supposed that the large Russian force stationed on the Mackenzie Heights might be tempted to come down and attack the French. No less than 4,000 infantry, under General Canrobert, and ten squadrons of cavalry, under General d'Allonville, with three batteries of artillery, were therefore led out in this expedition by General Morris. A small column of Sardinians, under General Alfonso de La Marmora, advanced along the ridge of the hills on the left, running parallel to the line of march. A French Staff officer had asked me to go with him, which I was glad to do in order to be able to give the Ambassador an account of the movement. After having received permission to accompany it, I mounted my horse at sunset, and rode down by rocky paths, more fit for goats than troops, to the plain where the column was formed.

The fields were aromatic with the sweet-smelling herbs crushed by our horses' hoofs. The night was very dark, but quite fine, and the air was balmy, when compared with that of the camp. We crossed broad meadows of luxuriant pasture, keeping up our chargers' heads with difficulty, so anxious were they to obtain a mouthful of it when they could. The delightful quiet of our march was not much

disturbed by a few occasional Parthian shots fired at us by retreating Cossacks. As the dawn began to break, the hills, the valley, and the river could at last be thoroughly reconnoitred in the soft, fresh light of early morning. Suddenly we heard trumpets sounding the charge, and General d'Allonville was seen dashing across the Tchernaya at the head of his cavalry. General Canrobert followed with the infantry, to storm a redoubt which became visible as we rode on. The roll of a well-sustained rifle-fire against the attack was heard, and artillery boomed with round shot, grape, and canister. Even at the great distance where we were, balls rolled on the grass, still glittering with dew, at our horses' feet. But the Russians soon lost heart, and, evacuating the redoubt, retreated at their best pace. We bivouacked on the ground for breakfast. The horses were all taken to be watered at the river, and both shot and shell came flying about them from the heights, which were guarded by Russian batteries. These kept up a desultory fire upon the French force, but neither man nor horse was hurt. The Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Omar Pasha, came from Balaclava to see what caused the cannonading which he had heard, and he remained to breakfast with the French generals. Seeing the ineffectual firing of the Russian guns, he sent an aide-de-camp of his to bring up a very heavy piece of ordnance,



which had been sent to him from Constantinople. When it arrived, and was fired, our field-glasses disclosed a scene of panic in the enemy's battery against which it had been pointed. Another shot produced the abandonment of the battery, to the great delight of the French officers and soldiers, who cheered the celebrated Field Marshal of the Turkish army.

Mounting our refreshed animals, we marched with the column to the forest of Baïdar. Wooded hills, with picturesque rocks interspersed among the shady trees, and the bright river flashing along the open valley in the sunlight, presented a matchless scene. Pleasant lanes wound through the bushes bordering our track, and afforded lovely glimpses of flower-enamelled turf. We passed several charming country houses, the finest of which belonged to the Perovsky family. Occasionally we met Tartar peasants, who saluted us gravely, and not unkindly, for we were the enemies of their hated Russian oppressors. Once we came upon a merry nuptial party escorting a bride on horseback, with fifes and tambourines, from one village to another. A great green chest, containing her trousseau, was held across the pack-saddle of a mule by a lad riding behind it. The girl was veiled from profane curiosity by a crimson shroud, and the favoured youth was in no way different in appearance from the other heavy-browed

Tartars, in holiday cloaks and turbans, tramping through the dust with their long flint-lock guns on their shoulders, and frequently discharging from them festive blank cartridges. We met also another band of Noghai peasants, but they wore a very mournful aspect, having been summarily expelled from their village on account of an official suspicion that they had sold vegetables and fruit to the soldiers of the allied armies. They said that they were absolutely destitute, and wished to find their way to Baghtscheh Serai, where they had friends, but that they had not food for the road. Some warm-hearted French soldiers, when they heard the case explained by the interpreters to their officers, immediately emptied their tins and havresacks before those unfortunate creatures, who were thus supplied with more provisions than they could possibly require on their journey. Several officers added money to the gifts of their rank-and-file, who called out to their comrades that they must be their guests in the evening, and received a joyful consent in reply.

The valley of Varnutka and the forest of Baïdar were found to be unoccupied by any Russian detachment except a few Cossacks, who galloped away at sight of the enemy. In the night, however, outposts were placed to watch the French manœuvre, and ascertain its purpose. Captain Symony, of the 6th

Regiment of Dragoons, being in command of a squadron on vedette duty, perceived a considerable body of Russian cavalry when the moon rose. It was detailing those outposts along the French line. He charged it, and almost entirely cut it to pieces with the sabre. General Pelissier published a general order in praise of Captain Symony, who also received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his gallant conduct.

After this partial encounter, the expedition returned to its camp without having been attacked by the Russian troops on the Mackenzie Heights, as was expected. I had enjoyed the ride exceedingly, and my immediate chief, as well as the Ambassador, was glad to hear from me all necessary particulars of it. From the hills on each side of the valley of the Tchernaya, which formed a sort of neutral ground after this movement to clear it of detachments, the hostile armies could see each other distinctly without using field-glasses. Communications were soon established between them by signals at the advanced posts. A French sentry would tie his pocket-handkerchief on his bayonet, and a Russian sentry would leave a bottle of *vodka*, or brandy, at the end of his beat. In the evening a comrade not on guard would go to the spot, and, taking the bottle, would put a couple of loaves of white bread in its place. This traffic was carried on with great mutual satisfaction until it

became known to commanding officers of regiments, who suppressed it peremptorily. The soldiers were in the habit of seeing white flags raised, and Staff officers of the opposed armies meeting amicably to transact whatever business might be on hand, and it was not surprising that they should try to follow the example for the settlement of their own little bargains. After long practice, the management of short armistices under flags of truce was reduced to a perfect system of friendly regularity. A white flag would appear on a rampart or a trench. Firing would cease on both sides. Heads would be raised from parallels and rifle-pits often not many yards distant from each other, and soldiers would see the enemy whom they had been firing at. No ill-feeling was ever shown on either side. They would even smile and nod to each other. The French would cut jokes, which, translated by some Russian officer, would be received by his men with shouts of laughter. Russian infantry soldiers were supplied with better boots for marching in mud and snow than those of the allied armies, who took every opportunity of procuring a good pair from the feet of a dead enemy on the field of battle. This became a jest in the international chats of an armistice. I remember once a diminutive young Russian officer holding up his well-booted foot, and calling out in broken English, with linguistic pride:

‘Come ! Take !’

A Herculean captain of the Black Watch replied, with his Highland bonnet in his hand, high in the air :

‘Accept a fair exchange. You would look better in this !’

Much laughing resounded from trench to rifle-pit. When the respective Staff officers had finished their conference, and saluted each other courteously, they retired to their lines, the flags of truce were lowered, and firing was resumed in the batteries with as much energy as ever. On one occasion, two sergeants, an Englishman and a Russian, had been making friendly signs to each other, when the truce suddenly ended ; the Russian, still standing up inadvertently, would certainly have had at least one rifle-ball through his head, if the Englishman had not delayed the fire of his men, while he made violent gesticulations to him to go down from the rampart, which he did with a wave of the hand in acknowledgment of his enemy’s courtesy.



## XIX.

## THE WORK UNDERGROUND.

THE Allies, having decided on a bombardment before attempting to storm the defences on the south side of Sebastopol, and that bombardment having failed to produce any favourable result, there remained nothing for it but to push on their regular siege operations. The trenches advanced rapidly when the ground was soft, and very slowly when it was rocky. After the third parallel had been reached, it was found difficult to proceed, the enemy's firing improving as the range became shorter. The Allies were thus a whole month without advancing many feet in the trenches. They accordingly resolved to press on the siege by more activity in their subterranean approaches. The benefits to be derived from this mode of attack comprised the possibility of blowing up the ramparts after a secret advance under them, and the explosion of many mines in the event of the underground movement being discovered, which would render an assault more safe on the broken ground left by them.

The Russians did become aware of this change of tactics on the part of the Allies, but they did not adopt any measures to meet the two emergencies usually anticipated under such circumstances. They acted on accurate information, which they had obtained from Paris, regarding the direction taken by the allied sappers and miners, and they simply dug deeper along the same lines, to blow them up by countermines. They pierced the rock within the ramparts to a depth of sixteen feet, and found a stratum of clay five feet thick, in which they burrowed until many galleries were formed, leading under the counterscarp to large countermines below the mines of the Allies. From these main passages numerous branches were opened by them diagonally across every possible line of approach, so that all work by the Allies must be heard from below, and be speedily destroyed by exploding furnaces. The faculty of judging distances and directions underground by the ear is the only safety of the sapper and miner, and the Russian officers placed their men in the parallel branch passages to listen to the sounds of the pickaxe in each, and to become accustomed to form an opinion by them. It was a new art of war that they were learning, and they attained considerable proficiency as subterranean skirmishers.

The information gained by the Russian Commander-in-Chief on the subject of the mines dug by

the allied armies had been sent to him by a Prussian officer living at Paris, where a lithographic plan of them had appeared in a shop-window. This was at first supposed to be a mere *ruse de guerre* of the Allies, for the purpose of misleading the defenders of Sebastopol, and inducing them to dig countermines where there were no mines. A few days later an Italian deserter from the Légion Etrangère of the French army arrived at a Russian outpost, and was taken to headquarters for examination. He stated that he had been working in a mine close to one of the bastions, and he described the place as being exactly where it was represented in the lithographic plan that mines had been dug by the Allies. Still the cautious Russian General would not believe in the possibility of a secret military operation being made known by the publication of a plan of it. He supposed that the so-called deserter had been designedly sent to convince him of the accuracy of that plan, in order to divert his attention from the real position of the mines which were being dug. The man was therefore taken in the night to one of the trenches, where he was left in the dark and blindfolded. He was soon made prisoner by a French sentry; a reliable Russian scout followed him, and brought back intelligence of his having been shot as soon as he had been recognised as a real deserter. Russian countermines were then at once commenced, accord-

ing to the lithographic plan of the mines of the Allies.

One night a distant rumbling noise was indistinctly heard at the end of a Russian gallery. On comparing the position with the plan by the assistance of a mariner's compass, it became evident that the sap was approaching one of the enemy's mines, laid down in it as being near the salient angle of one of the Russian bastions. It was then certain that passages were in process of formation through the same stratum of clay as the Russians had cut theirs in. The advance of the latter was therefore stopped, and a large chamber was constructed. In it 400 pounds of gunpowder were placed in barrels touching each other, and without lids. The end of a long fuse communicated with one of them. Clay was then filled into the passage, strengthened by transverse scaffoldings of thick wood, and well beaten down, to act as wadding, through which the fuse was made to pass. Men were placed on the rampart to watch the third French parallel, and the fuse was set fire to. After a little time, something like an earthquake was felt, a smothered roar was heard, and a cloud of smoke rose from the parallel. When it had cleared away, men were seen carrying dead bodies from the breach where the smoke had escaped. Eighteen of those mangled victims were counted.

On going into the gallery from the fort, it was

found by the Russian officers of Engineers that the wadding of clay had not been in the least disturbed, and that an aperture had burst into the enemy's sap. Sentries were placed in it, to report any sound which they might hear. Three days afterwards they announced that digging had again been commenced. The Russians then proceeded to remove the wadding of clay, with the view of getting near enough to the enemy to spring other mines against him. The French fired a mine, but it did no harm to the Russians, who met every advance by an opposing passage. Mines and countermines were frequently sprung on both sides, with more or less success, and this fighting in the bowels of the earth resulted finally in the establishment of the fourth French parallel.

Lord Stratford wrote to me about the closing of the Vienna Conference, which had resumed its sittings without having been able to come to any understanding. An open renunciation of all hope that Austria would join the Allies was the unavoidable consequence. The chief cause of this result was the conduct of the French representative, who allowed himself to be guided exclusively by Austrian counsels. He apparently failed to perceive the incompatibility of the two parts played by the Cabinet of Vienna—that of directing the operations of the war, and that of incurring no risk by them; in short, commanding



without fighting. Austria had made a proposal of peace to the other Powers. They rejected it. She declared that, if England and France had accepted it, she would then have drawn the sword to force Russia to come to terms; but that, as they had not acceded to it, she would now leave them all the responsibility of carrying on the war. Lord Stratford alluded to declarations and explanations which had passed from one European Cabinet to another with the most exquisite politeness. Much paper, he said, had been covered with writing, and great cleverness and eloquence had been devoted to the convincing of those who would not listen to reason, but no practical change of existing circumstances had come out of it all. Diplomacy was in its dotage, and he wished that he had been put into the army, which was based on positive science. The worst general, he concluded, is always more useful than the best ambassador, and he wondered what sort of a commander-in-chief he would have made.

## XX.

## THE ASSAULT OF THE OUTWORKS.

THREE outworks of the defences of Sebastopol, called the Sapun, Kamtskatka, and Quarry Redoubts, had to be reduced before it would be possible to storm the positions of the Malakof and Great Redan. The advanced trenches had been pushed forward near enough for an assault without exposing the attacking parties too long out of cover. The soldiers of both armies had been indefatigable in their labour with the pickaxe, and it was at last thought that an entrance might be successfully attempted. Three hundred pieces of French artillery and 157 English guns opened a breaching fire. General Pelissier with his Staff passed through a part of the English camp, to reach a point where he could judge of the effect produced on the Russian works by the cannonade. Our soldiers turned out spontaneously from their tents, and cheered him, tossing their forage-caps into the air. The French Commander-in-Chief was greatly pleased by this demonstration, and talked of

it frequently afterwards with much apparent satisfaction, showing that he rightly understood the motive of his popularity with his Allies to be founded on the fact of his hurrying on the siege, which had been allowed to drag by his predecessor, and which seemed to the troops of both armies to have become almost interminable. In the evening of the following day, breaches sufficient to warrant an assault were ascertained to have been effected by the artillery fire, and it appeared to the Commander-in-Chief that the out-works might be carried.

A rocket was shot up as a signal. The forlorn hope started forward like swarms of bees. General Bosquet advanced to support them with four French divisions, intended to occupy two of the Russian redoubts, and the English Light Division, under General Sir George Brown, marched on the third. This latter attack was meant to act as a diversion in favour of the double assault by the French. The storming-parties were composed of 4,000 French volunteers, led by General Mayran to the attack of the Sapun Redoubt; 6,000 French volunteers, directed by General Camon, against the Kamtskatka Lunette, which crowned the summit of the hill called by the French 'Le Mamelon Vert;' and 2,000 English volunteers, under the command of Colonel Shirley, to assault the Quarry Redoubt. A reserve of 8,000 French troops and 8,000 Turkish was posted within

reach of the French supports, under the orders of General Dulac and Osman Pasha; while the English 2nd Division, 3,000 strong, commanded by General Pennefather, who distinguished himself so remarkably at the battle of Inkerman, acted as reserve to the English Light Division. Five thousand more French infantry were held in readiness in the rear, to be brought to the front by General Brunet whenever and wherever they might be required. The Russian artillery opened a steady fire of grape-shot on the advancing columns, with disastrous effect. The surviving Zouaves rushed on with their usual clamorous yell, while soldiers of line regiments fell back, repulsed. Passing over the ditch on the bodies of the killed and wounded, they soon got upon the parapets through breaches and embrasures, and fought with their bayonets till their enemy fled, leaving killed and wounded in positive heaps.

Tricolor flags were planted on the ramparts after the Russian garrisons had been driven out of the works. The dash of the storming-parties had been irresistible, and, before the defenders could all retire, 400 soldiers with twelve officers were made prisoners. The first man in was a sergeant of the French Engineer Corps, who, turning round to the Zouaves, called out to them:

‘You cannot say this time that you were the first in!’

Several Russians surrounded him, and he received three bayonet-thrusts from them. A young Captain of Engineers, of the name of Delaboissière, sprang forward, and rescued him with his sword, but he fell himself, mortally wounded. The sergeant was taken to the rear, and he recovered from his wounds.

If the assailants had been content with this success, the result of the attack would have given unmixed satisfaction; but when the Russians retired, they were hotly pursued by the French, until they entered the Malakof Fort. The 50th Regiment of the line was close on their heels, but could not cross the ditch when they closed the entrance. Colonel de Brancion, who commanded that regiment, received a shot in the leg; but he was still trying to advance when a shell, striking him on the breast, left him dead. Lieutenant-Colonel Leblanc took the command, but he too was killed on the counterscarp of the ditch. Major Signorino, then the senior officer, cheered on the men till he was wounded, fortunately not mortally, and the rank-and-file, seeing the chief officers falling thus, became frantic with rage. They could not advance, and would not retire. They sought a gap to assault, but found none. Few of them remained unhurt by the showers of grape-shot and rifle-balls pouring from the ramparts of the Malakof and the Great Redan in a converging fire of tremendous rapidity



and precision. Fresh Russian troops, which had been brought from the town and massed behind the Malakof, suddenly deployed and attacked the French. Two hundred and seventy-five of the latter, among whom were seven officers, were taken prisoners and marched into the town. General Bosquet, who had forbidden any such attempt on the Malakof, saw the danger caused by it, and sent a division to support those engaged. A retreat on the Kamtskatka Redoubt was thus effected. But the Russians, who were much more numerous since they had been reinforced, assaulted it furiously, and it fell, being merely a lunette, open behind. The whole French reserve was then rapidly brought up. The redoubt was stormed again, and the French remained masters of it, not being imprudent enough to try another hazardous pursuit of a beaten enemy, running to the town, which had troops ready to help them to rally.

According to the plan agreed upon, the English attack was delayed until the French had entered the Kamtskatka Lunette, and the Quarry Redoubt could thus be exposed to their flank-fire from it. The English storming-party found it evacuated, and, seeing the French column of attack advancing to the Malakof, they rushed forward to the Great Redan amid torrents of grape-shot. Some of the English soldiers got into it, and were surprised to perceive

that it was not defended. The Russian troops previously holding it had been taken to strengthen the defence of the Malakof. Their reserve came up on seeing red uniforms in the Great Redan, and attacked them in overwhelming force. The English reserve advanced in all haste to save the remnant of Colonel Shirley's column of attack. After a frightful slaughter, it was able to retire to the Quarry Redoubt, of which it retained possession.

The three outworks of the Russian defences fell thus definitively into the hands of the Allies. The killed and wounded of the 7th Fusiliers and 88th Connaught Rangers in the Light Division were 180 men, and those of the different regiments in the 2nd Division were 320. The French had 628 killed, of whom 69 were officers, and 4,060 wounded, 203 of them being officers. The Russian loss in killed and wounded was computed by themselves at 2,800 men, of whom 315 were officers, and one of them a general officer, by name Timofaief, of some distinction as a divisional commander. It was therefore an operation attended by a considerable amount of carnage, and it left a very strong impression on the minds of the soldiers of the allied armies, who reflected, most unjustly, that if the storming of mere outworks cost so many lives, that of the inner and more formidable defences of Sebastopol would produce a perfect massacre. Lord Stratford, too, was horrified

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by the number of men placed *hors de combat*; but I explained to him, in my answer to his letter on the subject, that it was the unprepared advances against the Malakof and the Great Redan that so sadly augmented the lists of killed and wounded.

## XXI.

## THE VILLA ORLOFF.

I HAD an opportunity of hearing the incidents of that day most ably discussed by several French officers of rank, who were assembled in the evening at the headquarters of the army corps employed in the siege operations. That small house which had once been a villa of the Orloff family, and was afterwards called 'La Maison Forey,' from its having been first inhabited by the General of that name, had a singular story attached to it. The Countess Orloff, who lived in it at the time of the battle of the Alma, was panic-stricken by such a defeat of the Russian army, and suddenly fled to St. Petersburg. She found afterwards that she had forgotten to carry off a family medallion which was very precious to her, and she wrote a polite letter to General Forey, requesting him to have the kindness to look for it, and send it to her. He succeeded in the search, and, on the first occasion of a communication under a flag of truce with the Russian Commander-in-Chief, he handed

over the medallion to be forwarded to Countess Orloff, who wrote him a letter of thanks through the same channel of correspondence. General Forey had many enemies, who resented his ungenial manners, and an absurd calumny grew out of this interchange of civilities, to the effect that he had made treasonable overtures to Russia for the betrayal of the allied armies.

The villa consisted of a few bedrooms and a spacious saloon, and it was surrounded by what had been a garden, now abandoned to its fate as a place for hobbling the chargers of officers in attendance. We sat on camp-stools under a ragged vine-trellis, from which hung several lanterns, with picketed horses stamping their feet and champing their bits around us. Most of their owners were smoking cigarettes and sipping various beverages as they cheerfully chatted together. In a vast semicircle trending towards the south-west glimmered the camp lights, indicating by intervals the open spaces between the different divisions of infantry, while on our north we could guess the parallels of trenches, only occasionally and partially illuminated by bursting shells. Farther distant the spires of the city loomed dark, standing out from the faintly starlit sky. The only sounds of movement were those of litters conveying, now and again, wounded soldiers from the stormed outworks to the ambulances,



announced by the slow tread of their melancholy comrades carrying them. General Bosquet had been sent for by the French Commander-in-Chief; and the senior officers of his divisional Staff, with some of their friends, were enjoying the freedom of familiar conversation without the restraint which would have been felt to a certain degree in his presence, cordial and kindly though all intercourse with him invariably proved to be.

My opinion was asked with regard to the general progress of the war, after the events of that day had been exhaustively discussed, and I had no hesitation in stating it. I expressed regret that the closing of the Sea of Azov should not have been taken advantage of to place the allied armies in a more favourable condition by the undertaking of field movements. Having now only the Perecop route for the conveyance of supplies, the Russian army was exposed to their being cut off altogether by changes of relative positions to the north of Sebastopol. The strength of the allied forces had become sufficient to enable them to detach an army corps to intercept the enemy's communications without modifying in any way the siege operations. There were in the Crimea at the time 110,000 French troops, 30,000 English, 60,000 Turkish, and 15,000 Sardinian; in all, 215,000 men, with 300 field-pieces, besides the siege artillery. The Russian forces in the Crimea

were not more than 130,000 men. They were strongly entrenched before the left wing of the Allies, whose remaining troops were altogether inactive, while that wing was harassed by frequent night sorties of the Russians, and decimated by its own progressive assaults on the enemy's works. This state of affairs seemed to me to suggest immediate strategical combinations. My opinion did not seem to meet with much sympathy from the French officers who had asked me to give it, and those of them who spoke at all were in favour of an exclusive series of assaults on the defences of Sebastopol, which may have been, however, a mere reflex of the views known to be entertained by their new Commander-in-Chief, General Pelissier.

A Colonel of Engineers remarked that the great loss of life during the siege had been owing to the want of vigour displayed in allowing the construction of defences, which had been raised when there would have been little difficulty in preventing it. The fact is, he said, that we never quite understood how arduous a task it would become to take them by storm from an enemy so obstinate, with a General of Engineers so skilful as Todleben.

An infantry General of Brigade insisted, with the liberty of criticism permitted in the French army, that the Malakof and Great Redan might have been carried that day with a little previous preparation for

attacking them. Instead of obtaining so brilliant an amount of success, he added, the whole loss of life required to secure it had been suffered, and the allied armies lost prestige by being repulsed, retaining only what they had taken without sacrificing many brave men who exceeded the limits of the orders received.

Another elderly officer, a Colonel of Algerine Rifles, observed that there was many a private soldier in the French Army who could estimate chances more accurately than his commanding officer could, and that it certainly was so in his own regiment.

An Artillery Captain replied that, such being the case, Algerine private soldiers should be placed in command of line regiments. Everyone laughed at this quaint idea.

Several of the French officers then began to talk of recent exploits in their army, which struck me as being worthy of record. We hear of what our own men accomplished in the Crimean War, but not so much of what the French achieved by personal valour; and yet it is only fair to mention some instances of it.

One was quoted by a Staff officer. A small flag had been seen at the side of a rock standing near the flank of one of the French trenches. No one knew how the flag had come there. It was remarked that cannon balls and shells had fallen into the trench with

fatal effect, as if there had been an enfilading fire. A sudden light broke upon the officer in command. The flag was a point to aim at from the rampart, and the rock sent the shot by ricochet into the trench. He called for a volunteer to take away the flag. There was no reply. In the French army it is not enough to give a word of command, which has to be explained before it is obeyed. The officer went to a private soldier of the name of Victor Picault, and asked him to go. The man answered that he would, if he knew why. The case was then made clear to him. He sprang out of the trench and ran to the flag under a shower of rifle-bullets. He pulled it down. At the moment when it fell a whole battery discharged grape-shot at him. He threw himself on the ground. Both the French and the Russians thought that he was killed. He suddenly jumped up unhurt, and ran to the trench with the flag in his hand. He received non-commissioned rank and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

An incident displaying the coolest courage was next related. I am sorry not to have noted down the name of the young lieutenant alluded to. A small detachment of infantry under his command had been sent out of one of the French trenches to attack a Russian rifle-pit with the bayonet as soon as the fire directed upon it from the trench should have ceased. Shot and shell were meanwhile discharged at the detach-



ment from the ramparts. Some of the men remarked to their young officer that, by staying there, they would soon all be hit, while they might reach the cover of the trench in time to return at the cessation of firing from it. The officer answered that they had been ordered to stay, and that being under fire was no reason for their running away. At that moment a shell fell at his feet, and he thanked the Russians, touching his cap to them, for sending him a light for his cigar, which he pulled from his pocket. He bit off the end of it, lighted it at the fuse of the shell, and held out his cigar-case to the soldiers, asking if any of them would like to smoke. The shell burst, and strange to say, neither the brave youth nor any-one of the detachment was hurt by it. The soldiers were thus shamed into standing by so self-possessed and gallant an officer.

A gunner was then praised for his courage and strength. During an attack on one of the French batteries he had remained alone to defend it, all his comrades having been either killed or wounded. He brandished one of the levers of his cannon like a quarter-staff, striking down five Russians with it. He received two bayonet-thrusts in his shoulders, but still had vigour enough to wrest a rifle from one of those who had wounded him. He shot the one with it, and knocked the other over with a blow on the head from its stock. Some Zouaves came to his



assistance and saved him by charging the Russian line of attack. They carried him in triumph to the Commander-in-Chief, who was at breakfast. On hearing the report given of the affair, the great General made the gunner sit down to share his meal. When he was withdrawing, a Cross of the Legion of Honour was pinned on his breast by the General himself. The gunner offered his humble thanks, and asked if he might now go to have his wounds seen to. Intense was the astonishment of the officers present. Among them was a Staff surgeon, who was ordered to examine the man at once. The two wounds were pronounced by him to be very serious, but not mortal, and the happy gunner was sent to the ambulance.

A recent act of conspicuous bravery was also narrated by an old officer of Zouaves. Colonel Cler, of that branch of the army, was sent by General Bosquet, with two battalions of his regiment and three battalions of infantry of the line, to impede the construction of the Sapun Redoubt. The Russians had eight battalions of infantry and 1,200 Cossacks to defend the redoubt, under the command of General Grustchef. Colonel Cler at once ordered his two battalions to charge the enemy on the right and left, while he, with only a few followers, scaled the parapet and took the redoubt by storm. The Russian General, at the head of two battalions, attacked with the

bayonet the small French forlorn-hope within the half-finished ramparts. A hundred Zouaves lay dead, eight of whom were officers; and thirty were taken prisoners, five of them being officers. General Mayran, commanding the reserve, saw the desperate position of the attacking force, and sounded the retreat. Colonel Cler shouted to his men that they must cut their way through the enemy rather than fall into his hands. The few Zouaves around him and the colours formed in a compact body and dashed through the Russian ranks. Two more of their officers and twenty private soldiers were killed in the attempt, but it succeeded, and the whole French force retired in good order under a very heavy fire. When General Bosquet, riding up, praised the Zouaves for their conduct, one of them called out :

‘My General, the colours and the Colonel of a Zouave regiment cannot be taken by the enemy!’

The old officer of Zouaves who related this feat added that, in course of time, justice would be done to them. They were sometimes blamed for their faults, more than they were applauded for their merits; while no allowance was ever made for their greater amount of loss of life in action than that of other regiments. This latter fact proves how boldly they attack, and it might surely be taken into account in their favour, against the shortcomings quoted to their disadvantage, possibly with exaggeration. His

own regiment, to which he said that he had been recently transferred from another, had landed in the Crimea with forty-four officers ; of these nineteen had been killed in battle, three had died of cholera, and twenty-two had been sent to France, having been rendered incapable of serving by wounds or sickness ; not one out of forty-four being now with the regiment.

The young Baron de Saint-Priest, Captain in the 28th Regiment of the Line, was mentioned by several of the officers present as one of the heroes of the French besieging force. In a night attack on the Russian rifle-pits, he found himself, with only thirty-eight of his men, surrounded by several hundred furious Russians, brandishing their bayonets, and calling upon them to surrender. His lieutenant was killed by his side. Springing forward with no more than six soldiers, he pierced the mass of his enemies, and reached the trench. A month later, he was mortally wounded in a night sortie by the Russians, when his gallant bearing brought the Cross of the Legion of Honour to him as he lay expiring in the ambulance.

These are some of the most striking instances of bravery which took place in the French army before Sebastopol, which the officers assembled at the Villa Orloff, on the evening of the assault of the outworks, seemed to dwell upon with pride, and which I re-

corded in my notes of the war. They asked me to relate some of those which had occurred in the English army in the Crimea, and I did so, but I was agreeably surprised to find how well-known they were. When I remarked to the French officers that they seemed to be quite as fully informed as myself on the subject, several of them assured me that they felt more proud of us as their Allies than we did of them. One said that they all admired British pluck, which is ever *magnifique* before the enemy, even when *ce n'est pas la guerre*, as General Bosquet truly observed of the Balaclava charge.

## XXII.

## EUPATORIA.

THE Russians thought that a diversion from the siege of Sebastopol might prove advantageous to their defence of that great fortress, and they determined on attacking the garrison of Eupatoria, which then consisted of 35,000 Turks, recently arrived by sea from the Danube, with Omar Pasha, in consequence of the Austrian occupation of Moldo-Wallachia. There was also a small English naval brigade, commanded by Captain Hastings of the *Curaçao*, and a couple of hundred French marines, who had landed under the orders of Major Osmont from the *Henri IV.*, which had been wrecked. Several ships of the allied fleets were anchored in the roads.

General Krulef had brought together all the Russian reserves from Perekop and Simpheropol, and was thus at the head of 25,000 infantry, 4,500 cavalry, under the command of General Korf, with 400 Cossacks, and 80 field-pieces. With this force he hoped to take Eupatoria, which was more of the



nature of an entrenched camp than of a fortress. Having raised in the night a breastwork at about half a mile from the town, he opened fire along the whole line, and the Turks answered it in the most spirited manner. The Russian infantry advanced, and attempted to pass over the Turkish trenches. Omar Pasha reserved his fire until the arrival of the French man-of-war *Veloce*, which commenced cannonading the Russian lines at the same time as the Turks poured volley after volley into it, at too short a distance to be ineffectual. The attack was thus repulsed, and the enemy retreated in disorder.

Another storming-party rushed on, but both its flanks were turned and charged, by infantry on one side, and by cavalry on the other. The Russians were thus completely routed, and 500 of them at least, between killed and wounded, remained on the field. The Turks had 90 killed, of whom 7 were officers, and 270 wounded, 10 of them being officers. If Omar Pasha had had cavalry for pursuit, a much greater loss would have been suffered by the Russians.

When one of his generals said to Napoleon I., that he hoped Providence would favour them in the battle about to be fought, the *Petit Caporal* replied that he had always found Providence favouring big battalions. If he had been in the Crimean War, he would not have made that remark, for, with the

exception of this battle of Eupatoria, in which the Turks had the advantage of numerical superiority, every engagement was disastrous to the Russians in the open country, notwithstanding their greater numbers. The reason of this seems to be that they did not understand how to use their artillery. Masses of infantry were pushed forward by them to certain slaughter by their enemy's grape-shot, while no cannonading on their own part prepared the way for the bayonet. Their troops went into action in one body, without any previous attack by detachments to bring out their enemy's weak points, and they did not support their line by sufficient reserves, so that every check became a defeat. The larger a force is, the more complicated must its movements be, and each of its component parts requires freedom to move according to its nature ; but Russian divisions were not so moved, and their manœuvres were therefore generally ill-adapted to the respective efficiency of their different branches. They had no mutually strengthening co-operation. Skirmishers did not open the way for them to advance. Batteries did not throw the enemy into disorder for infantry to charge. Cavalry did not stand ready to pursue when the adverse line should break, or to cover the retreat of their own line if it were repulsed. They had not any reciprocal action between the bodies of men engaged, nor personal initiative of divisional com-

manders. The whole force had simply to obey in a mass the directions given by the Commander-in-Chief, and trust to weight of numbers.

The Russian soldier is not a coward. He will go into the most destructive fire when he is ordered to advance, but his officer knows little about the time to make him go forward or stand. His military science is still what it was when Charles XII. of Sweden taught him its elements by fighting with him until the scholar beat the teacher at the battle of Pultava. The Emperor Nicholas tried to improve his army by enrolling serfs in it, but the exchange from a mild form of slavery under a master who was sometimes a benevolent one, to a fierce and frequently a brutal discipline in the ranks under ignorant and corrupt officers, made the military servitude more unpopular than the civil. Privations and dangers had to be endured in it, and for the slightest fault there was severe flogging. Peasants fled to the forests when recruiting-parties appeared. Fingers were cut off and eyes put out to avoid enlistment. For each soldier in Russia it is calculated that three able-bodied cultivators are lost to the country.

Of such troops as these, Russia was computed officially to possess at the time of the Crimean War 1,146,272; the internal service of the country required 693,576, and 452,696 therefore remained for fighting purposes. In this vast force there reigns a

system of almost universal speculation ; its administration is radically vicious, and is pervaded by a spirit of shameless corruption. The Czar himself has borne witness to the fact. Three years ago an Imperial ukase condemned to dismissal from the army, for embezzlement, five general officers occupying responsible positions in different parts of the empire. The hospitals in the Crimea offered, during the war, a field for breaches of trust which were much talked of, though not with any great degree of surprise, as this was not a new feature of Russian military usages. Under Marshal Diebitsh, regiments drew rations and drugs for 2,400 men, while their effective strength, on their return from the invasion of Turkey, was not more than 400.

The Russian officers are often refined and courteous in manner, sometimes fond of a joke. On one occasion, Monsieur de Bazancourt, who had been sent by the French Government to write a history of the campaign, came to one of the armistices from curiosity to see how they were conducted. He wore the uniform of an officer of the National Guard. While the Staff officers were conferring on the subject which had brought them together, it was remarked that the French historian was drawing in a portfolio. A threat of breaking the truce was uttered by the senior Russian officer at this violation of the rules of armistices, which do not allow the sketching of positions



during them. It was explained to Monsieur de Bazancourt, who presented his portfolio with a smile to the Russian officers, and they burst out laughing when the dreaded sketches of positions were found to be caricatures of themselves. They took it most good-naturedly, and in a perfectly gentlemanly way.

That they have chivalrous feelings, too, was seen in another incident. An orderly officer of General Bosquet lost his way in the night, on his return from carrying an order to another division. He was met by a strong Russian patrol. When galloping away he was fired at, and, his horse being killed by one of the shots, he was made prisoner. The Russian officer asked him in French why he looked so cast down by it, and he said that his General would be vexed by not knowing of the delivery of his order. His captor offered to let him go to the French camp, if he would promise to return. The young French Regulus gave his word of honour, and kept it.

In proportion as the firearms of other armies have been improved, and tactical instruction has been given to their officers, their superior rapidity and precision of firing and ability in manœuvring have raised them above the brute force of the Russians, who gain battles only by the weight of masses. They defeated Napoleon I. when he advanced too far from his base of operations in a country covered with snow, and even now they show the same tendency to



make their enemy exhaust his resources before attacking him in their dull, heavy way of rolling over him, and crushing him by the impact of their gross bulk. After losing the battle of Inkerman, the Emperor Nicholas said that General Decembr would rid him of the allied invaders, and that, in the event of that great Russian commander failing to do so, Marshal January would certainly succeed in conquering them. The private soldiers are made to drink their Imperial master's health before going into action, and they also receive the encouraging influence of spiritual exhortations, accompanied by ecclesiastical blessings, which are extended even to the cavalry horses, standing in a row to receive the priestly benedictions. The Russians were thus stimulated on the eve of the battle of Inkerman, in which they were nevertheless ignominiously beaten. The English soldier has to be taken care of, if he is expected to fight his best, and a General was not much mistaken when he said that beefsteaks and beer went half-way towards an English victory. At Inkerman, however, our troops fought without having had breakfast, and no greater bravery and vigour were ever displayed in any engagement. It was those splendid qualities that won the battle, assisted by a Russian blunder. General Dannenberg's plan of attack was admirable in all respects but one ; he made his columns advance in narrow gorges, which prevented their deploying before

they reached the table-land, and thus deprived them of the advantage of their superiority in numbers at the commencement of the action, when the dense fog would have concealed their approach on the open slopes of the hill.

## XXIII.

ASSAULT OF THE MALAKOFF AND THE GREAT  
REDAN.

GENERAL PELISSIER committed an egregious error in the arrangements which he made for the storming of the second line of defences. He substituted the newly arrived commander of the Imperial Guards, General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, for the thoroughly experienced General Bosquet, in the command of the attack. The French Guardsman may have been an able General, but he knew nothing of the ground, nor of the Russian way of fighting. The Commander-in-Chief seemed to feel that it might prove a mistake, for he gave the French leader three days to study the position, and recommended him to follow the suggestions of his predecessor. The latter had been transferred to the command of the army of the Tchernaya, which was merely a corps of observation without having any active part to play. The soldiers did not relish the change. They had an unbounded confidence in their former

chief, while his successor was an utter stranger to them. It was whispered in the French camp that this was not a voluntary act of General Pelissier, who was too old a campaigner to be ignorant of the advantages of maintaining in the ranks of an attacking force the utmost possible reliance on their commanding officer, and of their being led to the assault by a general possessing local knowledge. The responsibility for the error was universally assigned to the Emperor Napoleon, who persisted in meddling without being competent to form an opinion, and in putting forward his personal supporters without having any regard to their eligibility.

The entire French divisions of Generals Mayran, Brunet and D'Autemarre were to attack the Malakoff and the Small Redan simultaneously in three columns. Three English columns of only 400 men each, under the command of Sir George Brown, had to advance on the Great Redan, but their attack was not to be delivered until the French force should be in the Malakoff, as agreed between the two Commanders-in-Chief. The Russians had twelve battalions in the Malakoff, and eight in the Small Redan, while there were nine in the Great Redan, and eight in the suburb of Karabelnaya to act as a reserve ; the whole being under the personal command of General Osten Sacken, the Russian Commander-in-Chief.

A heavy bombardment was kept up for three days by the siege artillery of the Allies, assisted by the fire of six English and three French men-of-war, which approached the town for the purpose. The best effect produced was that of the broadsides fired by the *Princess Royal*, commanded by Lord Clarence Paget, as that line-of-battle ship alone was able to get near enough to make her cannonade destructive. The allied navies received a severe blow in the suicide of the Russian navy, which prevented their taking a more glorious part in the siege operations, as they might otherwise have forced an entrance into the harbour of Sebastopol, and bombarded in reverse the forts which the armies were attacking in front.

On this occasion, their fire was rendered ineffectual by the distance at which they were obliged to remain outside the line of sunken Russian ships, while they were exposed to a withering cannonade from the forts. Lord Lyons, standing on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship, the *Agamemnon*, saw a shell strike down his son, Captain Lyons, on the deck of the *Miranda*, which was moored alongside. He told his flag-captain to take the command for a few minutes, and walked slowly into his cabin with his hand over his eyes, returning after a short time to resume his duties as if nothing had happened. The gallant and able young officer, whose conduct



when in command of the Light Squadron in the Sea of Azov had recently marked him as a future naval commander of the greatest distinction, died of his wound before reaching the hospital at Therapia, whither his father had sent him.

General Mayran mistook a shell with a lighted fuse for the concerted signal, and rushed forward with his column against the Small Redan at three o'clock in the morning. Furious discharges of grape-shot met this storming-party at the brink of the ditch. The General was wounded in the arm, but led his men over the rampart by scaling-ladders till another shell struck him, when he fell insensible. General de Failly took the command, and got the division back to a hollow, where it remained under cover, waiting for the reserves, which he ordered up. They arrived, and he dashed on with them twice to the assault, but he was repulsed with great loss. Only two field officers remained unhurt in the division, which retreated, carrying with it General Mayran in a hopeless state.

General Pelissier came on the ground, and found his right column defeated before he knew that it had been engaged, as even then he had not yet given the signal for the attack. General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely had already appeared, having heard the firing, and believed that it arose from a Russian sortie; but he took no step to retrieve

the fortune of the day, answering to the remarks of his Staff that the Commander-in-Chief was coming, and would give his orders. General Bosquet would not have waited, and would have brought up the other two columns at once in support of the one repulsed. General Pelissier lost no time in doing so, but it was too late. All the movements were untimely. One column advanced before its time, and another supported it after its time. They were pushed on to escalade when it was evident that an assault would be hurled back, and the storming-party thrown into the ditch. Not a shot was fired against the assailants, but bayonets were brandished to their breasts, and rifles whirled over their heads, to come down upon them with deadly blows, each Russian striking dead the Frenchman before him. General Brunet was killed, and about one half of the whole French force was either killed or wounded.

The column of General d'Autemarre moved out on seeing the signal given for the attack by order of General Pelissier. It advanced on the battery situated between the Malakoff and the Great Redan. The scaling-ladders were placed under a cross fire from those two Russian positions. The French soldiers mounted to the assault, cleared the parapet, and fell on the garrison with the bayonet. After a severe but short struggle, the Russians ran. They were hotly pursued, even into the streets of the

Karabelnaya suburb, where some of the French, under the command of Colonel Manèque, entered the houses at the foot of the Malakoff Hill, and fired from the windows on the retreating enemy.

Seeing this success of the French, Lord Raglan, who occupied a good point of observation, supposed that they had obtained complete possession of the Malakoff, and, according to the agreement which he had entered into with General Pelissier, he ordered the attack of the Great Redan. The Rifles and the 33rd Regiment rushed up the grassy acclivity leading from the Quarry outwork to the main fort. There was a stockade of felled trees before it, and Admiral Panfilof, who was in command of the force covered by it, showered grape-shot on them so thickly that they were ordered to lie down, and fire only on the embrasures. The English reserves were summoned to their assistance. Colonel Yea did what he could to bring the 7th Fusiliers together for a heavy attack, but they were divided into small parties by the torrent of iron directed on them, and could not rally. Not many moments passed before my poor friend's career was closed by a round shot, which struck him dead as he raised his sword high above his head, and shouted with his deep bass voice to his brave Fusiliers to form and follow him. Colonel Shadforth, of the 57th Regiment, was also killed, when cheering his men on to the support of the storming-party.

One-third of the column of 400 were down, but the remainder succeeded in following their General, Sir John Campbell, to the stockade, where he too fell to rise no more. Colonel Cobbe, of the 4th Regiment, was also mortally wounded there. In spite of these losses, the reserves went at the Great Redan with a splendid dash. Tearing down the palisades, they entered the fort, but an overpowering charge soon drove them out at the point of the bayonet. A third attack was delivered, also in vain. This storming-party sprang into the ditch. Shells, grenades, and rifle-bullets were poured upon it from the ramparts. The whole fort seemed girded with fire, and the carnage was frightful. Shouts of triumph from above were responded to by yells of defiance from below. Officers cheered, and were cut down. Their men passed madly on, and soon redcoats, appeared on the parapets. Man to man they fought with the grey-cloaked defenders. No cry for quarter was heard in the death-struggle. At last the few surviving English reeled back over their dead and dying comrades. Crowds of fresh Russian troops trod them under foot. Not many succeeded in climbing over the parapet into the ditch, there to die of their wounds. The attack had been a complete failure, on account of the capital defect of all English military enterprises, too small a force.

My old brother-officer, General Eyre, had mean-



while advanced with his brigade to the Cemetery, and established it in the neighbouring gardens. If the assault of the Great Redan had been successful, this brigade might have effected a junction with the attacking column by climbing the rocks of the ravine containing the Woronzof Road, and it could then have supported the French troops under Colonel Manèque in the Karabelnaya suburb. But General Eyre was not aware of either movement, and Colonel Manèque did not know of the English brigade having penetrated so far. The French tried a last effort, but fresh reinforcements arrived for the Russians, and a defeat became inevitable. General Niol came up, in the hope of saving the day, and received a ball in the side at the same time as Colonel Manèque was struck by two shots. They both survived, but were unable to take any part in the direction of the retreat. One French regiment was led out of action by a lieutenant, all its officers of higher rank having been killed or wounded. General Eyre's brigade had also many casualties, chiefly through the Russian batteries opening fire on the walls by which it was covered, and sending broken stones flying about. He was himself struck on the head by one of these, but not dangerously. He was taken into a house to have his wound looked to by the surgeon, and he soon mounted his charger again to march his men back to the English lines.



The number of English killed on that day was 261, of whom 22 were officers ; and that of their wounded was 1,286, among them being 76 officers. The French loss consisted of 1,544 soldiers and 54 officers killed, and 1,640 soldiers and 96 officers wounded. The Russians had 797 men killed, 16 of whom were officers ; and 3,189 men wounded, 47 of these being officers. The greatest disaster suffered by them was a wound received by their very able chief Engineer officer, General Todleben, on the Malakoff, a splinter of a shell having struck him on the calf of the leg. Fortunately it was not a very serious wound, though it incapacitated him from active service for a time. On the whole, the Russians could not complain of the general result of their day's fighting. The defence had been triumphant. Their enemy on land had found breached earthworks speedily repaired, and at sea had learnt that stone forts are stronger than wooden ships.

## XXIV.

## THE DEATH OF LORD RAGLAN.

GENERAL PELISSIER severely felt the open criticism passed upon him after so disastrous an attempt. The principal censure cast at him was for his reckless sacrifice of life, which contrasted disadvantageously with the extreme care taken by General Canrobert, who exposed his troops only when there was an almost certain prospect of success without many casualties. He persevered, however, in the resolution to reduce Sebastopol laboriously by repeated attacks. He was also blamed for choosing the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo to effect a joint assault by two armies which had fought against each other on that day, forty years previously. Notwithstanding that long duration of peace between them, there were still memories connected with it, of glory for the English and of humiliation for the French, while the very individual now in command of the former actually played a prominent part against the latter in that great battle. But this reproach was

unfounded, for the 15th, not the 18th, of June was the day selected, as being the festival of St. Napoleon, and it was thought that the fall of Sebastopol would be a nice little gratulatory gift to the Emperor. The bombardment accordingly commenced on that day, but it proved that the assault could not be attempted till after three days of cannonading, and, when it was delivered, the fall was unhappily that of many French soldiers, and not of Sebastopol.

Lord Raglan returned, silent and anxious, to his camp when the troops retired after the repulse of their attack. A few days later, his able Adjutant-General and attached friend, General Estcourt, died of cholera. This was a second blow, and a very severe one, to the Commander-in-Chief. In one month, 5,700 cases occurred in the allied camps, and of these only 2,000 recovered from the epidemic. Sir George Brown was one of those attacked by it, but he was put on board ship in time, and had shaken it off before reaching England. Lord Raglan had borne up with astonishing fortitude against the hardships and troubles of his position hitherto, and the failure of the assault on the Great Redan, so closely followed by the death of General Estcourt, was more than he could regard with his accustomed stoicism. He said that these last drops in his cup of sorrow would make it overflow, and his constant companion was no longer there to combat his despondency, which must have

rendered him unusually susceptible of infection. He took the fatal malady, and died within a week, in spite of all the careful and skilful medical assistance which was devoted to his case.

The grief of the army under his command was intense. No General had ever been more popular with his troops. To the honour of the Russian Commander-in-Chief, be it recorded that not a single shot was fired by the batteries of Sebastopol while his remains were being conveyed in great pomp to Kamiesch, for embarkation in the despatch steamer *Caradoc* for England. So far as I am aware, this remarkable circumstance has not been duly noticed. On the spot some strange remarks were made. It was all very well to applaud the nice feeling which deterred the Russians from continuing their fire as the coffin of the English Commander-in-Chief was being followed by the most distinguished officers of the allied armies, but it was quite another thing to praise them up to the skies on political grounds, and to argue that Sir Hamilton Seymour should have been instructed to accept the overtures made to him before the war by the Emperor Nicholas. A Russian alliance, it was contended, would have proved more favourable to British and French interests than a struggle to bolster up the tottering integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Egypt would have been given to England, and a most valuable possession would thus

have been gratuitously acquired. The thousands of lives sacrificed, with the millions of money spent, to invade the Crimea, would have been spared. But principles are more important than interests ; and it was well for the Allies that those pseudo-diplomatists were at the head of their brigades and regiments, which they could command most gallantly, while genuine statesmen were at their Embassies at Constantinople, to give a higher tone to their policy. In so far as England is concerned, I can confidently aver, after the opportunities I have had of judging his character, that Lord Stratford was not the man to induce her to accept a bribe in serving her interests at the expense of her principles. No one mourned more sincerely over the death of Lord Raglan than he did. A close friendship had been matured between them by their common high-mindedness and mutual confidence. He told me afterwards that he looked upon the loss of such a Commander-in-Chief as a very unfortunate circumstance for the success of the war.

Lord Raglan was much liked by the French troops as well as by the English. He had always shown them kindness in the camp, and expressed admiration for them in the field. On Christmas Eve he spent a considerable sum of money in little comforts for the sick and wounded of both armies, and the English soldiers talked of those gifts as having come from



Old Father Christmas. The French soldiers, through not understanding the allusion to an immemorial practice in England, used the same name for Lord Raglan, without having any facetious intention in it. Thus, an orderly, who had been sent with a letter from the French to the English headquarters, just when the Commander-in-Chief expired, brought back the sad intelligence, which rapidly spread over the French camp.

‘*Le pauvre vieux Père Crees Mass a cassé sa pipe!*’ was heard on all sides passing from group to group of French soldiers.

His praises were sounded along the dreary road to the sea, as with one voice, by the troops of the four armies, English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish, lining it in his honour. They talked of his steady eye surveying the vicissitudes of a fierce conflict, ever ready to support the overmatched defence, and cheer on the successful attack. They had seen him at Inkerman, calmly driving back thousands of fresh assailants with hundreds of sick and starving defenders, dispelling any token of dissatisfaction that might show itself in their harassed ranks by one glance of kindly composure, and binding every heart in gratitude to him by his cordial commiseration of their sufferings, in the visits which he made to the ambulances. They now saw him lying dead

on a gun-carriage, and lost to them, himself a victim to disease, hardship, and secret vexation. His resolute fidelity to the trust reposed in him would henceforth fail to sustain them in the difficulties and dangers still besetting them. Deep and sincere must needs be their grief for the loss of such a friend and commander.

Sir George Brown having gone home, the next in seniority of the general officers with the English army in the Crimea was Sir James Simpson, who had recently been sent out from England to act as Chief of the Staff. He now succeeded to the Command-in-Chief. Being considered an excellent officer, quiet and unassuming, remarkable for good sense rather than for brilliancy, and extremely modest and cautious, his appointment was hailed with universal applause. At first he declined the distinction and responsibility of the supreme command, but as the Government explained to him that it was desirable to bring the siege of Sebastopol to as speedy a conclusion as possible, without disturbing the harmony existing with the French Commander-in-Chief by naming a new general to succeed Lord Raglan, he at once consented to do all that was in his power to realize that purpose. That promise he faithfully fulfilled, for he always strengthened the hand of General Pelissier in decisive operations,

though he never yielded on any point which might affect the dignity of his country. Force and cohesion are rare in combined military enterprises, but they were preserved before Sebastopol, and this result was in a great measure produced by the praiseworthy efforts of Sir James Simpson.

## XXV.

## TRAKTIR.

GENERAL PELISSIER soon repaired the error which he had committed in transferring General Bosquet to the command of the force stationed in the valley of the Tchernaya, and placing a general of less local experience at the head of that which was engaged in the siege operations. The former officer was again entrusted with the important duty of directing the French attack, and General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely took the command of the reserves, formed chiefly by his own troops of the Imperial Guard. General Bosquet was succeeded by General Herbillon as commanding officer of the army of observation on the left bank of the river Tchernaya, where the Sardinian contingent was also encamped ; while the Turkish army extended its line along the valley of Varnutka, the headquarters of its Commander-in-Chief, Omar Pasha, being at Baïdar, which was called the Garden of Eden of the Crimea.

After the defeat sustained by the Allies on the 18th of June, the Emperor of Russia supposed that the siege of Sebastopol would soon be raised, and that nothing more was required for that result than the reinforcement of the garrison, to enable it successfully to assail the besieging force. He therefore wrote to Prince Gortchakof that his command would at once be sufficiently strengthened for that purpose, hoping then to see him '*nettoyer le sol de l'Empire de la présence de ses ennemis.*' The Allies continued, however, to open approaches towards the Malakoff, notwithstanding the losses which they had suffered by the Russian fire and by cholera.

At an earlier period of the year, it had been proposed by the two Commanders-in-Chief to take steps to meet any possible Russian movement against their right flank, but a severe snowstorm had prevented their being carried into effect. General Bosquet was at that time ordered to march with 10,000 French troops at midnight, and all the men of the English army who were then able to bear arms were got ready to co-operate with them. When descending from the heights they were exposed to a piercing north wind, which was followed by a heavy fall of snow. All traces of the road were lost, and the darkness became impenetrable. A halt was necessary. The men got sleepy, and, if allowed to lie down, they might have passed from sleep to death, so intense



was the cold. General Bosquet tried to counter-march, but it was impossible to keep in the track. He resolved on marching the whole force at double time in a circle till daybreak, leading it himself on foot, with all the mounted officers dragging their benumbed chargers after them. He thus reached his camp in the morning, with every one of his soldiers, who would have been found lying dead under a winding-sheet of deep snow, if they had not been under the command of such a general. The English troops had marched later, and had not gone so far; knowing the ground better too, as it was near their own lines, they had little difficulty in returning to their camp before the storm had reached its height.

Prince Gortchakof, on receiving the reinforcements announced, formed a plan of attack which was found on the body of General Read after the battle. It consisted in a movement against the French position in the Tchernaya valley; after which the English, Sardinian, and Turkish lines, leading in the direction of Baïdar, were to be driven back by an overwhelming superiority of numbers; and finally the storming of Balaclava and the heights before Sebastopol, as far as Kamiesch, would be rendered easy by a simultaneous sortie of its garrison. This plan had already become known to General Simpson, partly through spies, and partly through deserters, who had stated

that another battle of Inkerman would soon be fought with better success than the previous one, as a much greater force was being prepared for it at the Mackenzie Farm. He immediately communicated this information to General Pelissier, with additional particulars which he had ascertained, regarding pontoons fitted out by the Russians for the passage of the river Tchernaya, fifty-four for infantry, and ten larger for cavalry and artillery.

On a fine afternoon, a French officer in command of an outpost saw the glitter of bayonets in the sunshine, moving along between the crests of the heights near the Mackenzie Farm, and evidently seeking concealment behind them till they should reach the right bank of the river. When they arrived there, they were halted in front of the French position. This proved to be General Liprandi's division marching down to the point of attack, and, strange to say, with fixed bayonets, although he was trying to mask his movement. General Read next advanced in the night with the main body of the Russian force to the bridge of Traktir. There was a thick fog on the following morning. Rockets were sent up from the right bank, and four guns were discharged in rapid succession. They were the signal to open fire. Three Russian batteries of artillery commenced the action. Then twelve battalions charged bayonets. Two Sardinian companies of the line and one of Bersaglieri,

or Rifles, received this formidable onslaught behind their breastworks, and they maintained their position by incessant firing for nearly an hour. General de la Marmora came up with strong supports. Six Turkish battalions were also led to the rescue by Sefer Pasha, a Pole in the Sultan's army, whose real name was Count Coshielsky. The three devoted Sardinian companies thus had their retreat well covered. The Russian artillery then commenced a duel with the Sardinian artillery, which was effectively assisted by Captain Mowbray's English battery of 32-pounders. The assailants got the worst of it. General Read moved his whole force forward, crossed the river by its pontoon bridges, and attacked the French line. The Zouaves rushed out to open fire on them. In their ranks was seen a young Catholic chaplain, trudging through the dust most lustily to be with mortally wounded soldiers in their last moments, like the worthy Abbé Parabère at the battle of the Alma, who, having had his horse shot under him, got on one of the gun-carriages, and finally was perceived astride on the gun itself with his back to the horses, as it went into action at the gallop.

The fog rose at last, and the respective positions of the forces engaged became evident. A young French lieutenant of artillery named Borély had been left by Captain Vautré with the guns of his battery and eight of his horses unharnessed, while

he went with most of his men to look for the remainder of them, which had strayed in the fog. Understanding the inadequacy of the defence when he could see it, Lieutenant Borély and three gunners still with him yoked the horses to two of the guns, jumped on their backs, and galloped to a position commanding the bridge of Traktir. There he loaded with grape, and commenced firing. He cleared the space in front of it, which was held by the enemy. A way was thus opened for the Zouaves to execute a most brilliant charge. The Russians were thrown back on the river. General de Failly seized the favourable moment with his brigade, and, changing front, attacked the other flank of the enemy. Facing first one way, and then the other, the Russian column fell into disorder, and could not recover its formation, while the French artillery batteries of Des Essarts, Sailly, and Vautré riddled it fearfully. General de Failly rode up to the artillery, and publicly thanked its officers, especially Lieutenant Borély, for their splendid conduct, which had enabled him to strike the final blow. The Cross of the Legion of Honour was conferred on the young lieutenant.

At sight of this disaster, General Read galloped over the bridge, and the 95th French Regiment of the line rushed forward to cut off his retreat. A fierce conflict took place with the bayonet. General



Read and his chief of the Staff, General Viemarn, were both killed in the *mêlée*. Six mortal hours had the fight lasted, and it was nearly over, when the appearance of General Simpson with the brigade of English Guards, and General de la Marmora with a fresh Sardinian division, while our 12th Lancers and a regiment of Sardinian cavalry came up to charge if required, completely disheartened the enemy, who at once retreated along his whole line.

General Cler, promoted for his valour in the affair of the Sapun Redoubt, but still commanding his Zouaves, again distinguished himself in this battle. In their crushing charge he advanced too far, and would have been killed or taken prisoner, if there had been any rally by the Russians. His men made a desperate plunge into the enemy's ranks, and brought him back in triumph. One of their buglers was then ordered by General Cler to sound the retreat. At the moment when he put his bugle to his mouth, a round shot broke his right arm. With his left hand he quickly picked up his instrument, which had fallen, and sounded the retreat.

‘Well done, my brave boy!’ said General Cler.

‘Ah, General,’ replied the bugler, ‘is it not lucky that it was not the violin which I had to play?’

At the attack of the Sapun Redoubt, when he



could not keep back his Zouaves, he had called out to them :

‘My children, if you will not be good, I shall never again lead you into action.’

He praised them after the battle of Traktir for charging to bring him out of the crowd of enemies.

‘My General,’ answered one of them, ‘if you will not be good, we shall never again follow you into action.’

He laughed heartily at this retort to his threat on a previous occasion. Those terms existing between French commanding officers and their men seemed strange to British officers, but their respective duties were not the worse fulfilled on that account.

The whole force which had attacked the Allies was finally formed on the opposite side of the Tchernaya valley, with its right flank resting on the heights to the north of Inkerman, where its cavalry was placed, and its left flank covered by the Zigzag Mount, on which strong batteries of its artillery were posted. The line was formed by battalions, alternately deployed and in columns, according to the historical Russian formation of the battle of Eylau, which indicated the anticipation of an attack ; but General Pelissier, whose thoughts were engrossed by the hope of soon taking Sebastopol by storm, had renounced all idea of renewing the action on the Tchernaya, and the allied troops were

all withdrawn to their former positions. General Gortchakof then marched his army back to the heights near the Mackenzie Farm.

The number of men killed in this battle was 183 French, of whom 19 were officers, and 25 Sardinians, of whom 4 were officers. The wounded were 1,215 French, 53 of them being officers, and 172 Sardinians, 18 of them being officers. The Russians lost 3,329 killed and 1,664 wounded.

This victory was more fertile in useful results than any one of the other three which had been gained in the open country by the allies. It was won with ease, and it left an impression of hopelessness for the future on the minds of the Russians. The answer to my letter giving Lord Stratford an account of the battle was full of exultation over the fine conduct of the Sardinian force engaged, which he regarded with a sort of paternal affection, from its having been attached to our army in the Crimea through his own exertions. He wrote that he was also much impressed by a remark of mine, that the battle of Traktir would have a most salutary effect on the future course of the war, in which he took so deep an interest.

## XXVI.

## THE SIEGE OF KARS.

NOTHING has more contributed to the spread of the belief in a thirst for conquest on the part of Russia, than her constant maintenance of a military establishment greatly exceeding the internal requirements of the Empire. Anxiety on this score may, however, be in some degree relieved by the consideration of the incontrovertible fact, that it is a mere scenic effect which is produced, rather than a practical reality. Numbers are there, it is true, but an organization capable of giving them any very formidable power is absolutely wanting. The whole administration of regiments is concentrated in the hands of their commanding officers and their medical Staff, who are in direct communication with the contractors furnishing the requisite supplies. Rations suppressed in the lines, and remedies withheld in the ambulances, are paid for by the Government, to fill the pockets of colonels and surgeons. The control of generals and inspectors is bought off.

The Turkish army is far from being immaculate in this respect, but it has occasionally the advantage of being commanded by Europeans incapable of conniving at corruption. Omar Pasha was one of these, and nothing of the kind was ever heard of where he could prevent it; and success seemed to attend the troops under his orders, not only on that account, but also as a result obtained by his military ability. It was so in the campaign of the Danube; and the case was similar with the defence of Kars, under the orders of another upright officer, General Williams, until the place was starved into capitulation. In both these campaigns the Turks proved themselves to be good soldiers, and were respected accordingly; in the Crimea alone were they treated otherwise. It was neither just nor generous on the part of the allied armies; for the services rendered by them were not such as they were expected to perform, and they were fulfilled without a murmur and with perfect goodwill. After acting as beasts of burden for the conveyance of stores and ammunition from the ports to the camps, they would receive with thanks a few biscuits tossed to them as a reward; and I have even seen a requisition sent in for so many 'mules or Turkish soldiers to carry loads.'

The two armies, Russian and Turkish, had a trial of strength at Kars without foreign interference, beyond the presence of General Williams and his

Staff. An invasion of the Ottoman territory by an army of 40,000 Russians under the command of General Muravief, for the purpose of laying siege to the strongly fortified town of Kars, was met by 15,000 Turks, who were led by Vassif Pasha. Receiving no support from Selim Pasha, who held Erzerum with 16,000 men, and did nothing to reinforce or victual the beleaguered garrison, the general in command of it made an urgent appeal for assistance from Constantinople. The French and English Commanders-in-Chief were applied to by the Porte. The saving of Kars was not regarded as an essentially French interest, and it was finally left to Lord Stratford to decide what should be done, on the plea that England alone had reasons for defending the road from Russia to India. None of the British troops before Sebastopol could be spared for this purpose, but it was agreed that the Turkish contingent attached to the English army might be sent from Kertch to raise the siege of Kars. General Vivian, commanding that force, did not consider it to be sufficiently provided with the means of land transport to undertake a march from the eastern shore of the Black Sea to Kars, and, as there seemed to be no time to make the necessary arrangements for enabling it to move, Omar Pasha was sent with 40,000 Turkish troops to create a diversion, at least, in favour of the besieged army, if he could not succeed in reaching



Kars in time to attack General Muravief's army of investment on one side, while it might be assailed on the other side by a simultaneous sortie of the garrison. Colonel Simmons, of the Royal Engineers, acted as Queen's Commissioner with Omar Pasha's army, and could always give him advice if any strategic blunder seemed likely to be committed by him, and it is therefore safe to assume that there was not any mistake made. Yet the expedition proved unsuccessful. Struggling against the rigours of an inclement autumn, the army contrived to march on as far as Kutaïs, fought a desperate and not inglorious battle at the passage of the river Ingur against a Russian force sent to impede its progress, and, finding it impossible to proceed farther, retired on its base of operations, without having been able to accomplish anything in favour of the Turkish garrison of Kars.

General Williams, of the Royal Artillery, an officer who had been employed as Instructor of the Turkish Artillery, and subsequently as English member of the Mixed Commission for the Topography of the Turco-Persian Frontier, had finally been appointed Queen's Commissioner with the Turkish army at Kars. He had rendered very valuable assistance to the pasha commanding it, chiefly by suggesting timely and effective measures for provisioning the garrison and the town. The pasha of Erzerum alleged as a pretext for not sending supplies

that there were no beasts of burden to be found except donkeys, and that it would be a disgrace to the Turkish troops to have their food conveyed by them. A complaint was forwarded by the Queen's Commissioner to Lord Stratford on this subject for communication to the Porte. No reply was returned. Other despatches of his remained unanswered. He could not expect, however, that every one of his reports should have an acknowledgment of receipt, and it was surely enough that the requests contained in them should receive prompt attention. The want of boots in the Turkish ranks, for instance, furnished matter for a lengthy correspondence with the Ambassador, who did not fail to send a dragoman to the Porte to press unofficially the transmission of boots to Kars; but he had too many important questions to write about at that time to admit of his answering verbose effusions about boots. I recollect one of those reports which was exceedingly diffuse on the subject of a thunderstorm.

‘*Donner und Blitzen!*’ exclaimed Lord Stratford, putting it into my hand, as he used to do when he wished me to draft an answer to a despatch.

I asked him what reply he thought of sending.

‘Tell General Williams,’ he said, ‘that an Ambassador is not called upon to enter into meteorological discussions on the phenomena observed by Queen's Commissioners at the headquarters of foreign armies.

But no, we may let him alone in the enjoyment of his *cacoëthes scribendi*, and we need not make him read answers, when he seems to have so little leisure, if Dr. Johnson was right in his apology for writing a long letter to a friend, because he had not time to write a short one.'

The defences of Kars consisted chiefly of earth-works, which were raised by Colonel Lake and Major Teesdale, two officers on the staff of General Williams. Vassif Pasha had the good sense to be guided by the advice of European officers. Besides General Williams and his staff, there was a distinguished Hungarian general of the name of Kmety, who had entered the Turkish army under the name of Ismail Pasha. For some time there was no engagement fought between the besiegers and the besieged, beyond occasional skirmishes of the outposts ; but at last an attempt was made by the Russians to enter the most advanced outwork, from whose artillery fire they suffered so severely that they soon retreated.

A Russian colonel of cavalry then deserted to the Turks with forty of his men, being Mussulmans of Daghestan, and loth to fight against Islam. He became a Brigadier-General, and did good service in the Turkish army.

Dr. Humphrey Sandwith was on the Staff of General Williams, and distinguished himself by organizing the hospitals. Four wounded Russian

officers fell into the hands of the Turks, and he took such care of them in his medical capacity, that a flag of truce was hoisted by General Muravief, in order that he might personally offer his thanks to Dr. Sandwich, such amenities of war being sanctioned by precedents between enemies in the field.

The garrison had from time to time found it possible to procure supplies of provisions from without, but the town was at last completely invested, and no further communication could be held with the surrounding country. There was an unbroken cordon of Cossacks round the town, which no one could pass, even during the night. All letters were of course intercepted by General Muravief, but he always sent them into Kars with a flag of truce after perusal. Intelligence reached the garrison of Omar Pasha's expedition in the hope of raising the siege, but those bright expectations were doomed to disappointment when news arrived of his having returned to the coast after the battle of the Ingur. The final determination of the defender of Kars was to hold out as long as possible, and capitulate only when absolute starvation should commence. As yet, matters had not reached that extremity.

## XXVII.

## MINES AND COUNTERMINES.

HARDLY anything had for some time been talked of in the two camps but the approaching assault of the Malakoff and the Great Redan. It was not surprising that the Russian garrison should have heard of that prospect, as, in one way or another, most things passed from friend to enemy very mysteriously. Russian deserters, or, as it was supposed, soldiers sent to play the part of deserters, had frequently been arriving in the lines of both armies, and had been giving information of the whole glacis being mined in such a manner that no storming-parties could reach the ramparts of the Malakoff and the two Redans. The troops, on hearing this alarming intelligence, which was freely spread among them by those Russians, appeared to be much impressed by it. A show of commencing the construction of countermines was, therefore, made by the English and French engineers, for the purpose of dispelling the apprehensions which existed in the ranks, and also in



order to induce the Russian deserters, or spies, to believe that the assault would not be immediate. It is probable that they did believe it, for they all went away in the night, apparently to report the news to their officers.

It was true that eight galleries had been dug by the Russians from the counterscarp of the Malakoff, where the clay stratum cropped up, and they could be entered from the ditch without wells, to be loaded on the shortest notice. These galleries led straight under the glacis to the nearest trench of the French approaches, in parallel lines at a distance of eighteen yards from each other. At twelve yards from the counterscarp they were united by a passage running at right angles from one to the other. The countermines dug by the French came within thirty-five yards of the Russian mines, and the whole question was whether the mines or the countermines should be loaded and fired first, to the detriment of one or other of the belligerents.

Underground operations in anticipation of a siege are usually directed by a plan, which is carefully adapted to the nature of the ground ; but, when they become necessary during the progress of a siege, and are required by unforeseen contingencies, they cannot be restricted by general rules. Their necessity being indicated by sounds heard at a certain depth in the earth, they must partake of the uncertainty of their

origin, and may be followed in the direction appearing to be most urgent at the time, and perhaps quite opposed to that in which they were commenced. It is therefore unfair to reproach either the Allies or the Russians with the irregularity of their subterranean works, which were carried on under the influence of frequently changing circumstances. The courage and skill displayed on both sides in the construction of adverse saps were undeniable, but one must award a higher degree of merit to the Allies, inasmuch as the obstacles raised to their success by the Russians were overcome by them. Neither fatigue, nor sickness produced by the want of ventilation, drove them from their labour with the pick-axe in dark, low, narrow drains, with muddy water stagnating in every hole, and with air so mephitic that the lamps were often extinguished at five-and-twenty yards from the mouth of a gallery. Weekly were these workmen medically inspected, but never was ill-health made a pretext to be relieved from their wearing and irksome duty. They generally became very pale, and had a waxy complexion, which could not but be an indication of an impending breakdown ; and those showing such symptoms were sent to work for a time in the trenches, where their faces recovered their natural hue ; this being the only species of respite allowed to them. Working in the open air seems child's play in comparison with labour-

ing for hours together in the bowels of the earth, with only a little lamp, instead of the great sun, to give light, and always expecting an explosion under foot, as if hoeing in the crater of a volcano on the point of eruption.

Before the Malakoff there were thus employed, in the French countermines alone, a colonel of Engineers, a captain, 2 subalterns, 9 non-commissioned officers, 160 sappers, and 450 soldiers of the line. These troops formed three sections, each of which was on duty for eight hours of the day or night. Five hundred and sixty yards of galleries had been excavated when I visited them. One of the subalterns had just returned from the French hospital at Constantinople, where he remained three months to recover from a severe wound in the shoulder. He said that Lord Stratford, accompanied by Monsieur Benedetti, the French Chargé d'Affaires, in the absence of his Ambassador, had paid them a kind visit, talking to the wounded and sick officers with evident sympathy, and presenting small comforts to the private soldiers, after conversing about the incidents of the war in the most friendly manner with the last arrived. The subaltern informing me of this evinced the most enthusiastic appreciation of the services of the sisters of charity as sick-nurses, and especially of one of them called 'Sœur Prudence,' who became quite celebrated for her unremitting

kindness and indefatigable labour day and night among the suffering soldiers, calling them 'mes enfants,' and consoling them, when they were in pain, in the most motherly and tender manner. He described the species of mental prostration which had fallen upon many of the patients, one of whom had exclaimed to his neighbour in the next bed :

'Speak ! Let it be nonsense if you like, but only speak !'

He said that they would lie in bed for hours, not to say whole days, with eyes wide open, and lips always closed, as if lost in profound and sorrowful meditation. To a remark made by Lord Stratford on this subject, when he was taking leave at the door of the hospital, the surgeon replied that it was merely a physical effect of fatigue, a reaction from activity and anxiety before the enemy, and in no way caused by thought. There were other patients, however, who retained all their vivacity. A French officer was having an operation performed when Lord Stratford was there ; a rifle-ball was extracted from his leg, and he suffered excruciating torture when it was being searched for. As soon as he saw the ball, he took possession of it.

'If I get back to the trenches, Milord,' he said to the Ambassador, who had been expressing his sympathy, 'this ball shall be returned through the head of the first Russian that comes near me in a sortie.'



My informant told me that he had previously served in the Free-Shooters, or, as the French call them, *Francs Tireurs*, and he related some curious particulars about them. They form two companies of volunteers from the Zouaves and the Chasseurs, only the best shots being accepted. They dig holes in front of the trenches, not larger than is required for one man, and they sit there picking off every one who appears at the embrasures. In the first week of their service, no less than five hundred Russian artillerymen were killed by them. Guns were loaded with grape, and fired at one of these pits, which had been fatal to several gunners successively, in the hope that the Free-Shooter would be hit by at least one ball. The cessation of his fire proved that he had been shot. Another of them ran forward from the trench, pulled out the dead body, and took its place. He suffered a similar fate. A Chasseur was leaving the trench to go to the pit, when his captain ordered him to remain where he was.

‘If you prevent my going, Captain,’ he said, ‘I must blow my brains out.’

‘Why must you do that?’

‘Because the two men killed were Zouaves, and if no Chasseur goes, the Zouaves will think that they are braver than we are.’

‘You may go,’ said the Captain.



The Chasseur was soon killed, and another of them was going. The captain ordered him not to go. He replied that he must, and he was told that he would be shot on the way for disobedience of orders, and that his death would be reported in France as having been caused by his deserting to the enemy.

‘None of us would go under such a threat,’ replied the man, ‘but I can make a higher and thicker earthwork round the pit in the night, and occupy it to-morrow.’

A Free-Shooter saw a shell fall close to his pit, and roll into it from behind. He jumped out, and threw himself flat on the ground. Shots were fired at him, but without effect. The shell exploded, and he did not move. The Russians then aimed at another pit, supposing the man to be dead. As soon as they fired, he got into the hole, making ‘*un pied de nez*’ at them, and resumed his rifle practice.

In one of the French trenches, the figure of a Zouave in uniform, stuffed with straw, was nailed on a plank, which was held up and moved to and fro like a sentry. Cannon balls were discharged at him, knocking him about, but still he walked up and down on his beat. At last he was torn to pieces, and another figure, precisely similar, appeared beside him, walking in the same stiff manner. A

Russian officer stood up on the parapet, and called out in French that the dolls might both be taken down, as he was not to be deceived a second time. The Free-Shooter halted, aimed his rifle, and fired, bringing down the officer, and then jumped into the trench.

## XXVIII.

SECOND ASSAULT OF THE MALAKOFF AND THE  
GREAT REDAN.

NINE hundred and eighty-five guns of the Allies were in position to bombard the defences of Sebastopol, before storming them. The trenches had nearly reached the ramparts, and the time had come for the final assault. But the French soldiers were not yet convinced that the glacis had not been mined by the Russians, and that in advancing over it they would run no risk of being all blown up. About 200 of them resolved on first ascertaining that fact, and they entered the countermines. The Russians understood the movement, and closed the entrances, making them prisoners.

A deafening roar of artillery broke upon the ear. Since the invention of gunpowder, such a thundering discharge of it had never been heard ; nor such a flashing of fire, such a hurricane of iron, seen. The Russians had to be deluded into the belief that the breaches were to be enlarged before storming would be attempted, and their garrison

would thus be kept under cover, unprepared for resisting forlorn-hopes. Hidden by dark masses of smoke from the batteries, and by thick clouds of dust blown about by a boisterous wind, columns of infantry were thrown out from the trenches, and thronged the glacis with rapidly advancing troops under the command of General MacMahon. Rifle regiments reached the ditch, and batteries were depressed to hew frightful gaps in their ranks. Supports were pushed on from the rear. Storming-parties scaled the earthworks, and flung themselves on the gunners, bayoneted many of them, and spiked several guns.

The cannonade had ceased, and the Russians supposed that, according to the daily practice of the Allies, the artillery fire was interrupted to let the men have their breakfast comfortably. All the soldiers of the garrison, except the gunners of the batteries, had then begun cooking, half undressed, and paying no attention to what was passing outside the ramparts. Those who were not in the bomb-proof part of the tower gave the alarm, and seized their arms. The French did not give them time to form. They fought desperately, each man for himself. Most of the Russians defending the Malakoff were unable to get out of the bomb-proof cellar, and barricaded themselves in with gabions, keeping the ground near it clear by firing through holes in them.

The Zouaves attacked the barracks behind the tower, and were met by an obstinate resistance. General Vinois came up with his whole brigade, and the Russians, with the exception of those in the bomb-proof cellar, all retreated in disorder. General MacMahon, meanwhile, was getting his two brigades formed in the fort, in order to restrain their ardour to follow up the advantage gained, which he wished to secure, rather than endanger it by a further advance. The French flag was then hoisted on the rampart of the Malakoff.

The Small Redan was also taken by the French. General Bourbaki, who led the assault, paused for supports before he could give it the finishing stroke. The air was shaken by sudden bursts of rifle-volleys, and Zouaves arrived in a dense cloud of assailants, like swarming bees. Battalions of the line marched after them in perfect order. Files were mown down by a pouring rain of grape-shot from the Russian batteries. Forlorn-hopes surged from the ditches, as waves breaking upon a rocky shore, and dashed upwards against the ramparts. The defenders fled in terror at so overwhelming an assault. The little Zouaves pursued them, and fierce hand-to-hand combats began. Brandishing their sword-bayonets with the utmost rapidity and skill, shouting and yelling all the while after their manner, they pressed furiously forward to bear down all possible opposition. The



Russians could not long withstand the impetuosity of their repeated charges, but they disputed each foot of ground. Their fire slackened, ceased at last. A French cheer, wild and joyous, filled the air. General Pelissier sat on his charger in grim silence, with his field-glass to his eyes. On hearing that cheer, he slowly dismounted, spread his cloak on the ground, and lay down on it, saying quietly to the officers of his Staff around him :

‘Voici mon bâton de Maréchal !’

The next incident in the assault of the Malakoff had a somewhat dramatic character. A very tall Russian officer, with long white hair and a proudly martial bearing, entered by the neck of the fort at the head of a close column of several hundred officers and soldiers, apparently of different regiments, and preceded by drummers beating the charge. The French, seized with astonishment, opened their ranks to let them pass. The Russians halted, and the old officer called out in French that they had come to show how they could die rather than survive the honour of their flag. He then gave the word to fire, still in French, and the Zouaves discharged volley after volley upon them, seeming hardly to know what they were doing, as they could easily have made them all prisoners. When the old man fell, he raised himself on one hand, and said that it was well to do their duty to ‘Holy Russia.’ The French ran to them, and tossed

them over the parapet, dead and dying, in one blood-stained mass of mangled human remains. The French soldiers were much attached to General Bosquet, and, having just heard of his having been seriously wounded, their rage knew no bounds, and they vented it on these devoted Russians.

The distinguished military commander, whom they wished to avenge, had been leaning against a parapet with his head and shoulders exposed, and giving his orders with his habitual coolness. A splinter of a shell struck him, its point entering his lungs, and producing internal hemorrhage. He attempted to continue directing his Staff what to do, but he became insensible, and was carried on a litter to the trenches, where his wound was promptly attended to. A life so valuable to the French army was fortunately spared; but he had to return to France, as he was incapacitated from rendering further active service in the Crimea.

All danger was not yet passed, for a formidable mine had been dug and loaded under the Malakoff tower. If General MacMahon had not chanced to discover in the barrack one wire leading from a well-concealed voltaic-pile to a large quantity of powder under it, and another connecting it with the powder magazine, the whole victorious force might have been blown into the air after having gained possession of the fort. The wires were cut, but the powder

magazine could not be found. Some of the French soldiers were setting fire to the empty gabions which had been thrust into the small windows of the bomb-proof cellar under the tower, in order to barricade it. One of the gabions appeared to be moving. A French officer called out that, if anyone was there who could speak French, he might come out without fear. The gabion was pushed through the window, and a very young Russian officer crept out. He was assured that he and any others, surrendering as prisoners of war, would be well treated. After saying a few words in Russian at the window, he was joined by 4 officers and 200 common soldiers. They begged, through him, to be taken away at once. This request suggested some knowledge of an impending explosion. The young officer was therefore ordered to point out the position of the powder magazine. The lad made no answer. A French subaltern said in a loud voice to the commanding officer, that the Russian ought to be shot if he refused to obey the order, given to save so many lives. The youth kept silence, with a haughty glance of indignation at the subaltern, apparently for supposing that he would betray a secret under a threat. The French chief formed a platoon to shoot him, and he turned to face his executioners. An old Russian major, who seemed to understand French, ran forward, took the commandant by the hand, drew him to a heap of

earth, and pointed downwards. The earth was quickly shovelled away, and barrels containing 88,000 pounds of gunpowder were discovered. A strong French guard was placed over them. The young Russian officer was told to go with the other prisoners. He gave a military salute, and kissed the old Russian major's hand.

‘Do not blame him for showing you the powder,’ he said in French to the commandant, with a trembling voice and tears in his eyes. ‘He is my father.’

The Malakoff was the key of the position, and it could not be easily taken without a diversion, to draw away a part of the large Russian force defending it, and to prevent the assailants being exposed to a flanking fire from the Great Redan. The two Commanders-in-Chief therefore decided that this diversion should be effected by a simultaneous assault on the latter fort, and that the English were to be entrusted with the enterprise. Colonel Wyndham led the storming-party from the shelter of the trenches, where Generals Codrington and Markham commanded, into the hail of shot and shell showered upon it from the ramparts. Grape-shot, too, made sad havoc on the 200 yards of open ground between the trenches, which were not further advanced at this point, and the defences to be assaulted. But the loss suffered in crossing it did not check the rapid advance of the



devoted band. The salient angle of the rampart, which had been breached by the artillery fire, was attained. The light division was entering the ditch to place the scaling-ladders, and the supports hurried after it, steadily marching, keeping step, and dressing by the right, with the precision of a barrack-yard parade, for every brave heart longed for the crowning struggle. The weary waiting for the bugle-call to stir up the embers of war, dying out through protracted inaction and by the chilling process of privation and disease, had become no longer supportable to the soldiers, and had worn out their patience; and now they quickened their pace with delight, shoulder to shoulder, and closing in to fill up the gaps made by a murderous fire. Their gallant leader, with his sword in the air, waved them on to victory in the jaws of death. The glacis was strewn with the fallen; but, ringing above the mingled groans and shouts of the combatants, a loud cheer told that the rampart was scaled.

Inside the fort, the enemy fired from the cover of traverses. Those who were shot down were replaced by others rushing in from the tops of the ladders. Colonel Unett, who had sought the honour of leading the forlorn-hope, and had lost it in tossing up for it with Colonel Wyndham, received a mortal wound. A company of the 90th Regiment was led to the attack of the traverses



by Captain Grove and Lieutenant Smith, but it was repulsed by the mere weight of superior numbers, its captain being severely wounded, and its lieutenant killed. Colonel Hancock and Major Welsford, of the 97th Regiment, were also struck dead. The 41st Regiment lost its leader, Colonel Eman, and in one of its companies, which charged most gallantly under Captain Rowlands, almost every man was either killed or wounded. The English stood within the parapet to be shot down without a murmur; but they were too few to hold their position long against an enemy numbering ten to one. This is always the case in our army; great undertakings are entered upon with a mere handful of men. Ten thousand would have been required to take the Great Redan by storm, and here were 2,000 sent to die hopelessly.

Reinforcements were asked for, but the aide-de-camp sent was shot on the way. Another Staff officer tried to gallop over the glacis, and he shared the same fate. Colonel Wyndham shook the ashes out of a short pipe which he was smoking, and addressed some officers who were standing near him.

‘If any one of you should live,’ he said, ‘to tell the tale, I hope he will bear witness that I do not go out of action because I am afraid to remain in it. We cannot hold our own without

more troops. I will not send another officer through that cross fire to ask for them, but I will go myself. Do not let our men misunderstand why I go.'

He went on his perilous errand, and reached the force held in reserve. He was allowed to take the 1st Royal Scots, but it was too late. The English storming-party had been obliged to evacuate the Great Redan, which it had held for an hour and three quarters, suffering tremendous loss at the hands of Russian troops coming in crowds from the Malakoff. It had been driven into the ditch, whence a few straggling survivors escaped with difficulty to the English trenches. This systematic paucity of British troops in the most urgent emergencies furnishes matter for surprise and criticism to foreign observers, who attribute it either to inconsiderate national parsimony, or to overweening contempt for the troops of our adversaries. In this instance, a continental commander, General Cialdini, who was at one of the points of observation with other officers of rank not engaged, was so struck with the miserable plight of the English storming-party, that he sent an aide-de-camp to bring up at double time one of his own brigades to reinforce it; but the tragedy had been played out when it arrived.

## XXIX.

## RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF SEBASTOPOL.

DURING the night after the fall of the Malakoff, the whole Russian garrison of Sebastopol passed to the north side of the harbour by a bridge of boats, which had been constructed in anticipation of defeat. The town was evacuated and set fire to, after having been defended with the greatest skill, for eleven months, against a siege unprecedented in the annals of war for the sacrifice of human life. The allied armies had preserved, in round numbers, not more than one-third of the troops sent to the Crimea ; another third had been killed in battle, or had died of sickness ; and the remaining third had been sent home, disabled by wounds or disease. It is supposed that the Russian losses had been in a still greater ratio, but the particulars have not been accurately recorded.

Thus fell the great Russian arsenal of the Black Sea, nearly a year after its fall had been announced all over Europe, and Paris, with several other cities, had been illuminated to celebrate the imaginary

victory. I am not aware of the arrival of that unfounded intelligence ever having been clearly explained. The fact was, that the French steamer of the Messageries, the *Pharamond*, was hailed near Varna by a French despatch-boat, carrying to Constantinople the news of our success at the battle of the Alma, which was communicated through a speaking-trumpet, with the additional words: 'Les Alliés vont entrer à Sébastopol.' The captain of the *Pharamond* understood 'vont entrer' as 'sont entrés,' and made it known in that sense on his arrival at Varna. An Austrian vice-consul passed it on by a post-office Tartar to Bucharest, whence it spread to every capital in Europe, through official consular reports. The only evil effect of the mistake was that the Commanders-in-Chief were hurried on by the wish to show that something was really being done to produce the result forestalled, and a premature bombardment was attempted, which could not but prove abortive.

It is undeniable that at first the siege of Sebastopol was not conducted on the principles laid down by Vauban; but still it must stand in history as a practical proof of the unerring maxims of that master in the art of attacking and defending forts, for every deviation from them entailed disaster, and a close adherence to them was always successful. The greatest divergence from his rules was to be found in

the absence of investment, which was a necessary consequence of the insufficiency of troops for the undertaking of so extended a siege, more on the part of the English army, as usual, than on that of the French. The whole allied force, just after the battle of the Alma, consisted of 65,000 combatants, and, three months after the battle of Inkerman, there were 70,000 French troops, and 14,000 English ; while the line of investment, on the south side of the town alone, must have been over twelve miles long, from the Mackenzie Farm to Kamiesh. Russian reinforcements, moreover, were continually on the line of march from Perekop, being collected there from all parts of the Russian Empire, and it therefore became an indispensable condition that the position of the allied armies should be defensive as well as offensive. From a political, if not from a military standpoint, it may be viewed as a favourable circumstance that there was no investment, for a shorter siege might have given rise to diplomatic complications. An invasion of southern Russia would probably have been undertaken in that case, and Austria might then have altered her line of conduct, and allied herself with Russia, when that invasion tended towards her own disadvantage on the Lower Danube.

At an early hour in the morning after the Russian evacuation, I went with a party of officers to visit the town, whither many others had repaired with



passes from the headquarter staff, eager to enter the ramparts, before which they had passed nearly a year in all manner of perils. We went round by burial-grounds full of wooden crosses, bearing the names of fallen heroes, soon to be tossed aside by Russian ploughmen, keen to sow corn in a soil so richly manured. These fleeting memorials were all that remained of sons mourned in many a stately manor-house and lowly cottage in England. It is creditable to the soldiers of the allied armies that, notwithstanding the sufferings undergone from extreme cold in the camps, those crosses, many of which were large, should not have been used as firewood in the tents. In the town, public edifices were riddled by cannon-balls, and might have crumbled to the ground at any moment. Streets and squares were heaped with charred beams, broken fire-arms, torn uniforms, and crushed camp-utensils. Explosions were taking place here and there, as the retreating Russians had arranged barrels of powder with lighted fuses in the houses, for the purpose of burning the whole town to the ground, as the patriot Rostopchin had done at Moscow. Corpses not yet buried strewed our way. It was very horrible to witness, but somehow campaigns seem to harden the heart. Death has its awfulness, when seen rarely, and in furtive glimpses ; it has none when it is always in view, and coming like a kind nurse to offer repose after excitement and fatigue.

The hospitals of the deserted city were thronged with English, French, and Russian soldiers, sick or wounded. Noisome straw, reeking with the fast-flowing blood of friends and foes, hastily huddled together in these charnel-houses, was the only comfort prepared for them. Some were fixed in the writhing attitudes of their last agony ; others were scorched, mutilated, and mangled by exploding mines. In one large hall of a public building, the remainder of which was torn and blackened by cannonading, we found a marble pavement slippery with blood, and covered by prostrate officers and private soldiers of all three armies, packed closely together without assistance. Farther on, fine mansions, once occupied by wealthy citizens, were crammed with English and French prisoners, crying out for food and water, having tasted nothing for two days, as all the doors had been barred inexorably on the previous evening, when it was found inconvenient to take the prisoners across the harbour in the hurry of the evacuation. Our orderlies were despatched in all haste to inform the proper officers of what was going on in the town, and, before we left it, many medical men were on the spot, with commissariat store-keepers, and carts of provisions and bedding for those of the sufferers who could not be moved immediately.

During several days, permission was given to limited numbers of soldiers of both armies to enter

the town, and curiosity soon gave place to covetousness. Few of the men returned to their tents without bringing back some stray articles found in forsaken dwellings. Stringent orders were issued to abstain from this practice ; but it would be saying too much to allege that they were strictly obeyed or enforced. I accompanied one of my French friends, who went to ascertain how far they had checked the tendency to plunder displayed by the Zouaves. In one of the batteries, whose guns were all dismantled, we saw loaves of black bread lying among cracked trumpets, and spades without handles, just as they had been left by the soldiers before crossing the bridge of boats. There were images of the 'Panaghia' at the corners of the streets, to protect which she had proved powerless. Near one of them, ten or twelve Zouaves, with Cossack uniforms thrown over their shoulders, and ladies' fashionable bonnets on their heads, were dancing round a cask of wine, with the top stove in, and a tin cup to fill from it in the hand of each of them. A handsome grand piano, dragged from a large house close to them, supplied music by the indiscriminate thumping of closed fists on it, 'à quatre mains,' as the two musicians said, dressed as they were in ladies' ball costumes, all artificial flowers and satin rosettes. The Zouaves seemed insatiable. Everything was plunder to them. Some hurried along with broken china in their arms ; others carried

richly bound books and albums. Many were loaded with drawing-room chairs and gilt-framed pictures and mirrors. One of them had an enormous white tom-cat in his havresac, which he said he would take to his grandmother, to console her for the loss of one which had been killed and eaten, 'en civet de lièvre,' by the Russians at Paris in the year 1815. He added that, on taking leave of her when his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, he had promised to capture a Russian cat, and bring it home for her, which seemed to relieve her mind. Several other Zouaves had taken all the pots and pans from a kitchen, and these became useful to a party of Highland soldiers in a difficulty befalling them. They had found some beehives in a garden, and were walking off with them, regardless of the danger of leaving the entrances open. The bees came out, and ferociously assailed the bare knees of the marauders, who began capering about in a most comical Highland fling. The Zouaves came up with the kitchen utensils just as the hives were frantically cast on the ground. They struck the coppers and tins so violently together, that the bees swarmed back into the hives, and then the Zouaves plastered up the entrance-holes with mud. The Highlanders presented them with a hive full of honey as a token of their gratitude, and hurried off to their camp with occasional spasmodic lashings-out of their severely stung legs. The Zouaves and



the Highlanders showed a marked predilection for each other. As there were many of the former who had received the best of educations, and had enlisted in that branch of the army to sow their wild oats, it was not rare that some of them could speak a little English, and could even display classical knowledge. A few Highlanders were once warming themselves at a fire surrounded by Zouaves, when one of the latter exclaimed :

‘If Pylades was a Highlander, Orestes must have been a Zouave.’

None of those present had the least conception of his meaning. ‘The Macdonalds and Macgregors’ laughed loud and long at their friend’s jest, as listeners do when they have not understood. A joke played off on them by a Zouave, however, was fully appreciated. On going down to their trench one morning, they found a sign-board stuck up with an inscription in broken English on it. There had been a heavy fall of rain for several days, and the trenches were brimful of water.

‘Baths Public,’ was the legend on the sign-board ; ‘Price 1 Franc for people terrestrious. Gratis for Highlanders amphibious, webfooted, or fishy.’



## XXX.

## KINBURN, KANGHIL, AND KARS.

THE Czar Alexander II. came to the shores of the Black Sea to form an opinion on the state of the conflict with the Allies. His father Nicholas, at his death, had said to him, '*Votre tâche sera lourde, mon fils;*' and he was a true prophet, for his son was oppressed by weighty cares. At Nicolaieff he found General Todleben strengthening the defences of the mouth of the river Dnieper. The principal one was Kinburn, situated on a tongue of sand between the estuary and the Euxine. It had 50 pieces of light artillery, and a garrison of 1,500 men. Opposite was the weak fort of Otschakoff, which could add little to the security of the river. Its mouth was more important, after the fall of Sebastopol, than any other part of the coast, as being the only passage to the arsenal of Nicolaieff. The Emperor went back to Moscow with sad forebodings for the future.

The purpose of the Allies in this war being to annihilate the naval power of Russia in the Black

Sea, as constituting an element of disturbance for the peace of Europe by its threatening attitude towards Turkey, they argued that the arsenal on the Dnieper should not be allowed to take the place of Sebastopol. With the view of preventing this, a fleet of five English and four French line-of-battle ships, with 51 smaller vessels, was prepared under the command of Admirals Lord Lyons and Bruat, to convey to Kinburn a combined force of 4,310 English and 3,466 French troops. They formed their line on their arrival near that fort, and commenced landing the troops, which were led by General Bazaine, with Generals Spencer and Wimpffen under his orders. No opposition was offered. After a little cannonading on both sides, the troops were entrenched. Six English ships and three French passed between Kinburn and Otschakoff, firing broadsides at both forts. The Russian General then capitulated, surrendering himself as a prisoner of war, with 40 officers and 1,420 private soldiers, on the condition of being taken to Sebastopol after being disarmed. The Russians on the other side of the entrance to the estuary, seeing Kinburn taken, blew up the fort of Otschakoff.

Twenty-six gunboats, under the command of Vice-Admirals Sir Houston Stewart and Pellion, went up the rivers Dnieper and Boog, to destroy a quantity of timber collected for shipbuilding, and returned to Kinburn without having reached Nicolaieff, on

account of the presence at Kherson of General Liiders with a large Russian force. General Bazaine remained at Kinburn with a sufficient number of troops, both English and French, to hold it as the base of operations for a future campaign in Russia, if it should be decided to undertake one. The Admirals left a few ships of each nation to support him, and the remainder of the expedition returned to Sebastopol.

The next movement of the Allies was the sending of three regiments of French cavalry to Eupatoria, with a battery of horse artillery, to strengthen the garrison there, which had been reduced by sickness to 15,000 men. They were Turks, but a special convention with the Porte gave the command of them to the French General, who was D'Allonville. He found the town deserted by all the families in easy circumstances, and none of the inhabitants remained except the poor. The number of that class of the population was frequently increased by the arrival of Tartar peasants, whose villages had been burnt by the Russians to prevent their furnishing provisions to the allied armies. General D'Allonville received them kindly, even giving them food, and at one time upwards of a thousand persons were thus indebted to him alone for their daily subsistence.

His instructions were to intercept the communications between Perekop and Simpheropol, while the

main body of the allied armies were turning the flank of the Russian troops on the north side of the harbour of Sebastopol. Two French columns marched for that purpose along the upper course of the stream of Belbek, where they met some battalions of the Russian reserves. The latter retired, and the French advanced. A few days later another French column took a more westerly line, and drove back several outposts of Cossacks. All three columns then marched home to their lines on the south side of Sebastopol. In these movements hardly a shot was fired, and no one seemed to understand why the troops went out, and why they came in again.

Some of the officers said that they had visited a very pretty villa near the Belbek, which had belonged to a Russian general of the name of Bibikof. They had passed a night in it during the first march of the allied armies after the battle of the Alma, and had found a paper on the drawing-room table, bearing only the words, '*Confié à l'honneur français,*' in the handwriting of a lady. There were books lying about, embroidery unfinished, drawings half-coloured, and music open on the piano, all which indications of a hurried departure were respected and left untouched. Now, the same officers found the rooms absolutely empty, and even the beds, in which they had passed the night, had been carried off. Not a sofa, not a carpet had remained. Suffice it to say, that a division

of Turks had bivouacked round the villa, when they were marching from Eupatoria to Sebastopol.

General Korf, commanding a cavalry corps of observation, had been ordered to retire on the road from Perekop to Simpheropol, if he should see any French or English troops. General D'Allonville marched out with 3,000 infantry, 2,600 cavalry, and two batteries of artillery, in order to drive the Russians out of a large village occupied by them. The outposts fell back precipitately, and the whole Russian cavalry, 3,000 strong, at once followed them in flight. The French commander burned large quantities of forage collected there, and marched back to Eupatoria.

Soon afterwards, he led out three columns on a similar errand, and found General Terpelefsky at a distance of only two miles from the town, with 2,300 cavalry and a battery of artillery. One of General D'Allonville's columns marched twenty miles to the north, destroying all the supplies on their way southwards. General Korf retreated to a village called Kanghil, and General Terpelefsky joined him there with his force. General D'Allonville came up with them, and charged most vigorously. The attack was irresistible. The Russian artillery was loading with grape-shot, when Captains Lenormand and Galibert rushed upon it at the head of two squadrons of Hussars. They sabred the gunners,



and took the guns. A Russian regiment of Lancers attacked them. Four more squadrons of French Hussars, under Major Tilliard and Captain d'Auglars, followed by the 6th and 7th Regiments of Dragoons, fell upon those Lancers and a whole brigade of Russian cavalry supporting them. Seeing themselves surrounded, the Russian horsemen plunged through their enemy's line with terrible loss, and never pulled rein till they were six miles away from Kanhil, which village gave its name to this brilliant cavalry engagement. Lieutenant Hazotte and Sergeant Bourseul greatly distinguished themselves. The latter, who was only twenty years of age, rushed into the enemy's ranks, thrusting and hacking with his sabre, right and left, and came out with no less than eighteen wounds, none of which, fortunately, were mortal. They both achieved their promotion and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The French called this battle *their* Balaclava, with the difference that they lost only 14 killed and 27 wounded, while the Russians had 110 killed, 345 wounded, and 220 made prisoners.

A large Russian force was then sent to attack Eupatoria. It consisted of 20,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 12 batteries of artillery, the whole being under the command of General Shabelsky. General de Failly's division of French infantry and Lord George Paget's brigade of English cavalry, with a

battery of horse artillery under Captain Thomas, promptly reinforced the garrison. The two armies manœuvred against each other, but the Russians avoided an action when they perceived the increased strength of the allied forces, and the only result of these great preparations was the capture by the latter of 270 oxen and 3,450 sheep, which inflicted a practical loss on the enemy, without enhancing the glory of the captors.

The siege of Kars, meanwhile, was steadily progressing towards the unavoidable consequence of famine. No bravery in the field could compensate for the want of food. Major Teesdale, as chief of the Staff to General Kmety, did all that could be done, but that was not much. He would lead sorties, only to gallop back to the fort when repulsed by numbers. One morning, a sentry reported to him that sounds of gun-carriages rattling along at a rapid pace could be heard in the direction of the Russian camp. The garrison was at once called out under arms. The tramp of foot-soldiers was then distinguished. The guns were loaded with grape. An advancing mass of troops appeared. A hissing fire was directed on it, and screams of pain announced its effect. Shouts of attack quickly followed, and the breastworks were surrounded by eager Russians. Grape-shot and rifle balls flew into the assaulting column, which rushed furiously at the defences of

the fort. On reaching them, officers climbed the parapet, to fall pierced by bayonets. They succeeded, however, in at last forming line within the fortifications. General Kmety, on foot, led two battalions against them at the charge. The Russians fell back to an open space on their right. Major Teesdale got a battery of guns turned from the embrasures to point inwards, and cut them up fearfully with a sustained fire of grape. Fresh assailants arrived in overwhelming numbers, and entered the fort, not without great carnage.

The battle was at its thickest and hottest, when three Turkish soldiers pushed a wounded Russian officer back from the parapet, and followed him over it to despatch him with their bayonets. Major Teesdale, seeing this act of barbarity, vaulted over the breastwork, cut down the foremost Turk with his sword, and called on the Russian, in French, to surrender as a prisoner of war. He did so, and was handed over to Dr. Sandwith, who cured him of his wound. Major Teesdale most deservedly received the Victoria Cross for this exploit, as well as the thanks of General Muravief, which were publicly offered to him, after the capitulation, for his chivalrous humanity towards a wounded enemy.

The Russian reserves hurried to the assistance of the storming-party and its supports. They were received with a close and deadly fire. The town

was cannonaded and shelled from a distance by the enemy's heavy artillery, but Major Teesdale's grape-shot fell so hot and strong upon the advanced columns, which were again charged by General Kmety most impetuously, that they fled down the hill, with the Russian cavalry and artillery covering their retreat. The battle was thus won by the Turks, who fought splendidly under the guidance and example of two such heroic officers as General Kmety and Major Teesdale. The number of Russians buried by the Turks next day was 6,300, and their wounded were taken to their camp. The Turkish loss amounted to 205 killed and 860 wounded.

The cholera began to commit great ravages in the town. Famine became still more destructive. Desertions from the garrison were daily increasing. General Williams went to the Russian camp with a flag of truce, to confer with General Muravief. He told the Russian commander that he had no wish to rob him of his legitimate laurels, but that, if reasonable conditions of capitulation could not be obtained, he would have all the cannon burst, every standard burnt, and only a famished garrison and population given up to him. General Muravief replied that he never would wreak an unworthy vengeance on a suffering enemy, who had fought bravely against him, and yielded when starved nearly to death. He added that he was willing to negotiate a surrender



which should satisfy the exigencies of war without outraging the principles of humanity. Terms were at once agreed upon by the two Generals. The garrison became prisoners of war, the officers being allowed to retain their swords as a mark of respect for their conduct. The medical staff was to go free, as well as foreign officers subjects of countries not at war with Russia. The latter class, however, were to bind themselves not to serve again during the continuance of the actual war.

General Kmety accepted the condition affecting himself as a Hungarian, and started at once for Constantinople. General Williams and all the other British officers were invited to dine with General Muravief, and then proceeded to Russia as prisoners. The Turkish troops laid down their arms before the enemy whom they had defeated on the only occasion when they fought. But they were themselves conquered by the corruption of their Government, whose members made fortunes by leaving them without provisions. Some of the soldiers dashed their rifles on the ground, when they were ordered to pile arms and march off under escort.

‘May our Viziers thus perish!’ they exclaimed. ‘They alone have brought us to this shame.’

The disastrous result of our connection with the fall of Kars was a stain on the page of the history of the Crimean War, which redounded so much to the



honour of Great Britain. Our prestige in Central Asia could not fail to suffer by this reverse, and how far that consideration is important to our hold of India must be obvious to every mere tyro in Oriental politics. Even in Turkey the current criticism of it was anything but favourable. During a conversation with one of the most intelligent and Europeanized of the military Pashas, I asked him if he was of opinion that the services of General Williams had been very useful at Kars. He replied that an officer, sent as Commissioner of the Queen of England, had unwarrantably interfered with the legitimate command at Kars, where Turkey possessed a valuable army and an important town. By keeping the one in the other when everyone else was aware that it could not save it, he had lost them both, for which he said that no Turk could feel otherwise than vexed and indignant.

## XXXI.

## SECOND WINTER IN THE CRIMEA.

LORD STRATFORD came to Sebastopol to distribute crosses of the Bath. Admirals Lord Lyons and Sir Houston Stewart, with General Sir Colin Campbell, received the broad ribbon ; but Admiral Bruat and Marshal Pelissier had no share in those honours, and they seemed hurt by their exclusion. To make matters worse, they were invited by Sir James Simpson, without any offensive intention on his part, to be present at the glorification of the English commanders. The Ambassador perceived the effect produced, and tried to explain it ; but his candour only augmented the ill-humour of the French, because he told them the plain truth. He said that the Queen wished to bestow the same distinction on the French naval and military chiefs, and that they had been declined by the Emperor Napoleon, who preferred receiving and awarding decorations at the end of the war. It was whispered, however, that his real objection was to the placing of the services

rendered by the two allied armies and navies on an equal footing. Marshal Pelissier tried to remove the painful impression created, and showed every possible attention to the British Ambassador. His manner when addressing him was even playfully cordial. He gave him a large dinner-party, with General de la Marmora to meet him, and he called them 'Fière Albion' and 'Armata Sarda.' There was a French Protestant chaplain present, whom he placed beside one of the Englishmen invited, saying that he might avail himself of the opportunity to put an Anglican through his catechism.

Lord Stratford conversed about the recent incidents of the war, and expressed a hope that the French and English soldiers continued to be good friends. Marshal Pelissier said that they were still quite friendly, and that, if there ever was any slight disagreement among them, it always ended pleasantly. A French Staff officer then related that a few days previously half a dozen stately British Guardsmen passed in front of a wine-shop at Kamiesh, where a few Zouaves were sitting with full glasses and empty bottles, to be filled again.

'Ohé, les camarades !' cried one of the latter. 'Venez boire un coup avec nous, au lieu de vous abrutir dans le décorum.'

The Englishmen were passing on without taking the least notice of this kind but comical invitation,

which they did not understand. One of the Zouaves ran up to the first whom he met, and took him by the hand to make him sit down with them, saying that the English and French were comrades.

‘I don’t speak French,’ said the Grenadier.

‘Allons, farceur; ne veux-tu pas parler français comme le reste du monde?’ exclaimed the little Zouave.

The Guardsman looked at him angrily, and there was every appearance of mischief arising between them, when several sick soldiers on litters arrived from the French ambulances to be embarked for Constantinople. The bearers were staggering under the weight which they were carrying, with the mud above their ankles. The Zouaves ran to relieve them of their loads, and the Guardsmen followed the example. After the sick men were safely placed in the lighters prepared for them, the Zouaves ran to shake hands with the English soldiers, and they went back to the wine-shop, where they all sat down together, to pass the bottle round with the utmost cordiality.

After this graphic illustration of the French Marshal’s remark, the latter rose, proposing to Lord Stratford a stroll about the lines. This was at once acceded to, and the two great men walked alone for some time. Sir James Simpson was blamed for yielding too much to Marshal Pelissier, who certainly

assumed a somewhat imperious manner with him ; but nothing could have been more favourable to the interests of England at that time than the conciliating ways of her Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. He was a very acute and sensible man, and he clearly saw that the eagerness of his French colleague was all devoted to the prompt conclusion of the siege, which was also the prime object of solicitude with the British Government. He therefore made a catspaw of the unconscious Marshal, and let him pull the roast chestnuts out of the fire, without claiming any merit for himself in the result. His reputation suffered by the contrast with his fiery coadjutor, and his quiet adherence to all proposals from him was stigmatized as indifference and incapacity. When he found this out, he made no effort to undeceive any one, but simply sent in his resignation. Lord Stratford told me afterwards that his walk with Marshal Pelissier had evidently been planned for the purpose of having an unsuspected opportunity of discussing the question with him, in the hope of persuading him to exert his influence to induce Sir James Simpson to retain the Command-in-Chief of the English army in the Crimea till the end of the war. Whether the Ambassador tried to do so without success, or declined to interfere, I never learnt ; but the fact was that Sir William Codrington, whose conduct during the whole of the war had been most admirable, became



the successor of Sir James Simpson. When I first met him in Bulgaria, as a major in the battalion of Coldstream Guards, with the rank of full Colonel, he might have been much astonished if it had been foretold to him that in a little more than a year he would be the Commander-in-Chief of the Crimean Army of England.

That army was greatly reinforced when he took over the command of it. The total effective strength was then 70,000 men, and it had a perfect military organization and commissariat system. Such is the marvellous outcome of free institutions. Popular governments are stronger at the close than at the opening of a war. Thus it was in the Titanic struggle between England and the Great Napoleon. The glory of his country, feudalized by one man, passed like the flash of a meteor; that of our country, which is based on the will of the nation, was for a time clouded, but in the end recovered all its lustre. Europe was surprised at the inexhaustible resources of England in the Crimea, because it had been said in a high quarter that France would conquer both Russia and England there—the first by arms, the second by contrast.

Lord Stratford wished to see the town of Sebastopol, and I accompanied him. We entered it by the bastion of the Quarantine, on the extreme left of the line of attack. Here the Ambassador talked of

the Russian war-steamer *Wladimir*, which had been anchored in the bay before us. Her captain was a Greek of the name of Vukatos, who had defended a little merchant brig against an English man-of-war on the Circassian coast with such skill and gallantry that the Russian Government gave him the command of the *Wladimir* when he had escaped from his enemy in an open boat. He then Russianized his name into Boukatof, and painted his man-of-war like the passenger-steamers of the Austrian Lloyds Company, with the name *Arciduca Giovanni* on the paddle-boxes. Lying off and on at the Black Sea mouth of the Bosphorus, and hoisting the Austrian flag, he examined the papers of every ship entering that sea. When it contained coal or supplies for the allied fleets, he captured it and sent it to the Russian Commander-in-Chief at Sebastopol; and when there was nothing useful in it, he delivered a pass to it in his own name. After the allied fleets had blockaded the harbour of Sebastopol, he passed through their line in the night, and anchored in the bay of the Quarantine, making sudden attacks on the gunboats which cannonaded the forts. On one occasion he was pursued by an English frigate, whose crew could not refrain from cheering him when he got off scot-free.

Leaving the Quarantine Fort, we came to the Cemetery, which had been occupied one night by

the allied troops with dreadful slaughter. Its chapel, prettily situated in a nest of verdure, was still standing, as it had been kept as a post of observation. Monuments and gravestones had been sadly knocked about by the fire of artillery. Cypresses and weeping-willows lay on the ground, uprooted by exploding shells. Cannon-balls and splintered shells were scattered over graves and flower-beds. We climbed a breach, which had given passage to a storming-party, and found ourselves in broad streets, now lined with ruins, but still showing what the town had once been. It was a scene of complete devastation—walls tottering, doors driven in, windows smashed, and roofs gaping with the enormous clefts opened by the bombardment.

‘John Bright is fully borne out by all this,’ said Lord Stratford, holding up his hands in amazement. ‘If this is a sample of the effects of war, who would not be willing to join his peace party? It is more like the crater of a volcano than a ruined city.’

We reached a large building, apparently intact, called the Green House, from the colour of its roof. It had been a girls’ boarding-school, and was now the residence of General Bazaine, the French Governor of Sebastopol, who had restored the town to some degree of order and cleanliness after the hideous effects left on it by the slaughter of the defeated

garrison and the victorious assailants. He received us with extreme politeness. The Ambassador remarked that there were other houses which had escaped injury more or less, and that it seemed to him surprising that they should not be occupied by the troops in preference to tents on the cold heights outside the town. The General explained that firing on the south side of the harbour was still kept up by the north forts, and that it would be contrary to precedent to expose troops to risks which could be avoided, although a commandant of the place with his staff must be in it, as much sheltered from danger as possible under the circumstances.

Having taken leave of General Bazaine, we visited the Lutheran Church, which did not then appear to have suffered much, although it was afterwards completely destroyed by the cannonading across the harbour. It was a miniature facsimile of the Doric Temple of Theseus at Athens, with its elegant portico; but there were statues of St. Peter and St. Paul in this peristyle. We came next to the Malakoff tower, which Lord Stratford insisted on seeing. It could hardly be distinguished, so bewildering was the confusion of gabions tossed about and cannon upset. Finally we saw Fort Nicholas, that Cyclopean work, three stories high, with powerful batteries on each, now blown down by the explosion of 50,000 pounds of powder. We traversed the docks, carved



out for the reception of the line-of-battle ships now sunk in the harbour, while their rocky cradles are heaped with half-burnt carcases of smaller vessels in wreck and ruin.

Riding through some deserted streets, we left the town and proceeded to the Monastery of St. George, which had acquired an especial interest for Lord Stratford, by its being made use of as a hospital and sanitarium. He said that, of all the results of the war, wounds and diseases were the least questionable, and therefore the most to be taken into account by those who may ever have it in their power to exercise an influence on the making of war or peace. Turning sharply round, he caught my eye.

‘You understand me?’ he added, with a look of inexpressible sadness.

What I understood, whether accurately or not, was that, having taken a conspicuous part in bringing about the Crimean War, he had fallen into a morbid habit of comparing the reality of its political issues, for which he had so earnestly laboured, with that of the amount of suffering produced by it.

We cantered to the site of the ancient Temple of Diana, in which Iphigenia became a priestess when she was saved from being sacrificed to enable the Grecian fleet to sail for Troy. The view from the terrace of the Monastery of St. George, which has taken its place, is very fine, extending, as it does, far



over the sea, with a fruitful foreground of gardens reaching down the high cliff to the shore, which is singularly broken by rocks of fantastic outline, starting up from a sandy beach. Near one of these stands a rude hut of unhewn blocks of stone, covered with moss. It is the cell of a very aged hermit, who has lived there for nearly sixty years, without holding other intercourse with the world than is required for the periodical supply of meagre provisions, brought to him by the monks of the monastery. Nothing seems to be known of the man's previous history, or of his reasons for avoiding the society of other men. It is even said, though it appears hardly possible, that he never had any knowledge of a great siege being carried on within a few miles of his hut. The distance could not render the firing inaudible, but the peculiar position of the hermitage at the foot of a steep declivity, with an almost constant roaring of the surf on the other side, might certainly in some measure deaden the reports of cannon, if not altogether prevent their reaching so secluded a spot. Noble trees rise from the sides of a deep ravine leading down to it, their wealth of foliage contrasting picturesquely with the dark and barren soil of the plateau on which the vast buildings stand. Black-robed monks of the Greek rite, wearing tall caps, advanced to receive the Ambassador, and we followed them to their spacious refectory, converted into a

sick ward. There we found soldiers, most of whom were convalescent, with medical officers and nurses to take care of them. Lord Stratford spoke most kindly to the patients, advising them to get well quick, as the armies would probably soon be going home.

We hastened to resume our ride, in consequence of the approach of one of those tremendous storms for which the coast of the Crimea is noted. It blew with increasing fury. A year ago a similar gale had wrecked the French line-of-battle ship *Henri IV.* and sloop-of-war *Pluton*, with seven large English steam-transport, full of provisions and clothing for the British troops. The English steam frigate *Retribution*, with the Duke of Cambridge on board, was with difficulty saved. She was off Balaclava, with four anchors down, and her engines working at full speed. Her captain, now Admiral Sir James Drummond, stood for hours on the bridge, while enormous masses of water rolled along her deck from stem to stern, sometimes coming up to his waist. This happened only a few days after the battle of Inkerman was fought, and Lord Raglan, seeing the anxiety and excitement of the Duke, in his gallant resistance, at the head of the Guards, to the onset of an enemy outnumbering that brave brigade by ten to one, sent him to take a few days' rest on board the *Retribution*. The rest he enjoyed was in a cabin, battened down

and tossing furiously, with a prospect of being dashed to pieces on the rocks at any moment.

The Ambassador was escorted by the monks to the gate of the monastery, and, mounting our horses, we returned to the camp, conversing about the prospect of the allied armies having another winter to pass in the Crimea. He assured me that the conclusion of peace would not be long delayed. I remarked to him that the English army in the Crimea was now sufficiently strong and efficient to undertake military operations in the interior of the peninsula, which might enable us to make a better peace than would be possible after the half-success of having taken only the south side of the harbour of Sebastopol. We could now easily invest the north forts, whose southern flank was commanded by the fleet and the batteries of the south side, and the north forts must then soon capitulate. We might march at the same time on Baghtsheh Serai and Simpheropol, bring up the forces holding Eupatoria, and drive every Russian soldier in the Crimea back to Perekop, and out of the Crimea. Then we could make a more honourable and advantageous peace, in the event of its not being our interest to carry the war further into southern Russia. Lord Stratford looked hard at me with an impenetrable expression of countenance, and replied, almost mournfully, that there seemed to be a sort of fatality about those north forts, which

people would not allow to be attacked at the commencement of the war, and will not attack now that it is about to cease. I suggested that perhaps people did not wish further to humiliate Russia. The Ambassador exclaimed impatiently that it was useless to talk, or even to think of it.

## XXXII.

## CONCLUSION OF PEACE.

RUSSIA and France evinced a wish to close the war. Symptoms of lassitude had become apparent on both sides, even when active preparations were being made for carrying it on. There were, however, other grounds for this. Austria pressed Russia as much as ever to grant concessions, because she feared lest she should be dragged into active hostilities, and desired to avert the danger of a general European war being brought on. This latter consideration had been suggested by threats on the part of the Allies to attack Russia in Poland by landing armies at Dantzic, in Finland, by marching troops through Sweden, and in Bessarabia by crossing the river Pruth from the Danubian Principalities. The prosperity of the important trade of Austria with the southern shores of the Black Sea being in a great measure dependent on the tranquillity of the countries through which the Danube flows, an invasion of Russia in that quarter would have proved most pre-



judicial to Austrian interests. The importunity of the Kaiser, together with the alarm caused to herself by those threats, induced Russia to return a favourable answer to the final communication which she received from Vienna on the subject. Lord Stratford thought that the French Emperor was anxious to make peace because it was the desire of England to continue the war, in order to oblige Russia to keep large bodies of troops in her southern provinces, instead of employing them in Central Asia for the purpose of menacing British India. France, by the conclusion of a timely treaty to desist from all further fighting, would moreover preserve the possibility of finding in Russia a naval ally, should any future contingency require opposition to British supremacy on the sea ; for the continuation of the Crimean War would in all probability result in the total destruction of the navy and southern arsenal of the Czar. These were the motives, according to the judgment of the Ambassador, which influenced Napoleon's mind in favour of peace ; while we could not insist on continuing the struggle when such designs as those mentioned above were supposed to be entertained by us, without implying that they did exist.

A conference was held at Paris, of which the French Emperor was president ; the members of it being the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon, with the other generals and the admirals who had

directed the military and naval operations. The issue of their deliberations was a strong recommendation to come to terms, and it was said that a powerful influence from without had been brought to bear on their councils. Prussia had been threatened with seeing Dantzic made a base of operations for an invasion of Poland, with possible consequences affecting her own portion of that partitioned country, and she availed herself of the opportunity of an assembled conference to urge unofficially the adoption of a peaceful policy. The belligerents ultimately yielded to all this pressure, and at once proceeded to stipulate the preliminaries of peace by means of a European Congress at Paris. Prussia was excluded from it under the pretext of her withdrawal from the Vienna Conference, but really on account of the jealousy inspired in the Austrian Cabinet by the nascent ascendancy of a rival candidate for the honours of a German Empire.

It was just four months after the fall of Sebastopol that the Crimean War thus came to an end. The treaty of peace had indeed been tardy in conclusion, but it was expected to settle the Eastern Question for ever. Yet Lord Stratford lived to see another war between Russia and Turkey, and on this occasion his influential voice was raised to oppose the participation of England in it. He had the happiness of seeing, before his death, how beneficial to the in-

terests of his country had been the result of non-intervention in so hopeless a cause on the second occasion; the first time having deprived it of fifty thousand valuable lives and eighty millions of pounds sterling, without consolidating or improving in the least degree the condition of the Ottoman Empire. There is a Spanish proverb to the effect that 'it is only a fool who never changes his mind;' but how many people there are, thinking themselves wise too, who adhere to their first view when circumstances are entirely altered! Some years ago there existed a semblance of a chance that Turkey might be regenerated by good government, and might revive her past of national greatness. Now there is nothing of the kind, and Lord Stratford, who had then held out a helping hand to her, cast her off as soon as that hope was proved to have been utterly delusive.

The results of the Crimean War were in no way advantageous to Turkey, in whose interest it was nominally waged. Virtually that gigantic struggle owed its origin to three causes, which were all very remotely connected with the Ottoman Empire. One of these was the desire of Lord Palmerston to lower the high position in European politics which Russia had gained by her successful intervention in Hungary; another was the necessity of a war to restore the waning popularity of the Emperor Napoleon in France; and the last, not least, was the inveterate

rivalry existing in the East between the Emperor Nicholas and Lord Stratford. The Sultan, therefore, became involved in a war without having any interest which could be permanently served by it. The Treaty of Paris contained a show of benefits for him, but in plain truth that treaty can only continue the series of diplomatic instruments which, commencing with the Treaties of Carlovitz and Passarovitz, records the progressive dismemberment of Turkey. Two principles were enunciated in it, both of which must inevitably militate against her so-called integrity and independence, which in sober reality have no existence. Those twin innovations, which had nothing of the quality expressed in French medical practice by the term *viable*, were a new political condition for the Danubian Principalities, and an engagement to introduce reforms in Turkey. The administrative union of Wallachia and Moldavia constituted the germ of their future separation from the Ottoman Empire; and the promised introduction of reforms was simply a *fulcrum* supplied for the lever of European intervention, as they could never be realized so long as the Mussulman domination lasted, being in direct opposition to the petrified practices of Islam. Lord Stratford fully recognised these truths, and, although he had been striving for many years to improve the condition and lot of Turkey, he was too cautious in the formation of his



opinions, and too straightforward in his expression of them, to dispute the undeniable result that nothing had been practically gained for her, either by the war or by the peace.

‘Well,’ he said, with evident mortification, ‘there is no more prosperity in store for Turkey than there was for Rome when Horace bewailed the decline of his country’s vigour and virtues; and no long time elapsed before an irruption of barbarians overthrew it.’

He frowned as he emphatically pronounced the word ‘barbarians,’ pointing northwards from the open window of his study at Therapia, where he sat enjoying a cool breeze and an uninterrupted view of the Black Sea.

THE END.





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