

Ex Libris

---

K.K. Venugopal

---

The  
CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH BY

GEORGE BRACKENBURY

Accompanied by forty one double tinted Plates

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

BY

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

2ND SERIES.



A Bomb proof chamber in the Malakoff.

London. Published Oct<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1856 by  
PAUL & DOMINIC COLNACHI & CO 13 & 14 PALL MALL EAST  
Publishers to Her Majesty

This Work is produced by Day & Son Lithographers to the Queen

*Isabella Coddington 1857*

THE

CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA:

An Historical Sketch,

BY

GEORGE BRACKENBURY,

LATE SECRETARY AT KADIKOI TO THE HONORARY AGENTS OF THE CRIMEAN ARMY FUND.

SECOND SERIES.

*ILLUSTRATED BY FORTY PLATES,*

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

---

LONDON:

PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGHI AND CO., PAUL MALL EAST,  
Publishers to Her Majesty;

AND

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

---

1856.

S  
940.28 BRA

23370

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY J. B. NICHOLS AND SONS,  
25 PARLIAMENT STREET.

## PREFACE.

---

THE following pages have been written solely for the purpose of illustrating Mr. Simpson's admirable series of drawings of the Seat of War in the East. These embrace so wide a field, that I felt it impossible to do them anything like justice without prefixing to the detached descriptions of the several plates a brief historical narrative of the leading events of the Campaign. This was commenced in a former volume of this work,\* and in the present one is carried down to the fall of Sebastopol, an event which terminated at once the Campaign and the War. The story has been so often told already by some of the most eloquent writers in England, and more especially by Colonel Hamley, who is scarcely less graphic and far more candid and accurate than any of his rivals, and whose valuable book will always be an authority on the subject, that I feel the foregoing explanation to be necessary as an apology for having ventured to handle a theme, of which all that is known has been said before. This work then professes to be no more than a compilation from sources already available to the public. In the execution of this humble, but perhaps not unuseful, task, I have aimed chiefly at accuracy: and, if I have failed in securing this most important quality of an historian, I can honestly aver that it has not been for lack of painstaking and careful research. My principal authorities have been

\* The Campaign in the Crimea—First Series.

the public despatches of the Allied Generals and Admirals, but I have derived many hints and much valuable information from the works of Colonel Hamley, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Woods: and, if I have omitted to acknowledge any other similar obligations, it has been the result of oversight, and not of an unfair intention to rob any contemporary author of the fruits of his labours.

*London, March, 1856.*

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Frontispiece . . . . .	vii
Historical Introduction . . . . .	1
Disembarkation of the Expedition to Kertch at Kamish Burun, and the Blowing-up of St. Paul's Battery . . . . .	79
Fortress of Yenikale, looking towards the Sea of Azoff . . . . .	80
Kertch from the North . . . . .	82
Straits of Yenikale, with the Bay and Town of Kertch, from the Old Fortress of Yenikale . . . . .	88
Funeral Cortége of Lord Raglan leaving Head-quarters . . . . .	88
The Town Batteries, or Interior Fortifications, of Sebastopol. From the advanced Parallel of Chapman's Attack, 23rd June, 1855 . . . . .	91
Burning of the Government Buildings at Kertch, 9th June, 1855 . . . . .	91
Interior of Lord Raglan's Head Quarters. A Council of War . . . . .	93
Camp of the Fourth Division, July 15th, 1855 . . . . .	94
Cavalry Camp, July 9th, 1855 . . . . .	95
Camp of the Light Division from the Woronzoff Road . . . . .	95
Camp of the Third Division . . . . .	96
Sketch in the Interior of the Mamelon Vert, looking South . . . . .	97
Battle of the Tchernaya, 16 August, 1855 . . . . .	98
Valley of Tchernaya, looking North . . . . .	100
Balaklava, shewing the state of the Quays and the Shipping in May, 1855	101
Cape Aiya, looking North, towards Balaklava . . . . .	102
The Valley of Baidar from near Petroski's Villa, looking East . . . . .	103
The Attack on the Malakoff . . . . .	104
The Interior of the Redan, taken from the left face, looking towards the Salient angle looking South . . . . .	105
Church in the rear of the Redan, looking North, showing the effects of Shot and Shell . . . . .	107
Sebastopol from the rear of Fort Nicholas, looking South . . . . .	107
The Investiture of the Order of the Bath, at the Head-quarters of the British Army before Sebastopol . . . . .	108



The North Side of the Harbour of Sebastopol, from the top of the Harbour, 22nd June, 1855 . . . . .	. 109
Ditch of the Bastion du Mât . . . . .	. 110
Docks of Sebastopol, with Ruins of Fort St. Paul . . . . .	. 112
Interior of the Malakoff, with the remains of the Round Tower . . . . .	. 114
Kamiesch . . . . .	. 116
Fort Nicholas . . . . .	. 117
Public Library and Temple of the Winds . . . . .	. 119
Quarantine Cemetery and Church, with French Battery No. 50 . . . . .	. 120
The Admiralty . . . . .	. 121
Hospital and Cemetery at Scutari . . . . .	. 125
A Ward in the Hospital at Scutari . . . . .	. 126
Church of St. Peter and St. Paul . . . . .	. 128
Sebastopol from the ancient Kherson . . . . .	. 129
The Redan, and advanced Trenches of the British Right Attack . . . . .	. 132
Ditch of the Malakoff, Gervais Battery, and Rear of the Redan . . . . .	. 134
Mine in the Bastion du Mât . . . . .	. 135
Bastion du Mât from the Bastion Centrale . . . . .	. 135

## FRONTISPIECE.

---

THIS drawing is designed as a contrast to the Frontispiece of the First Series, in which some of the embrasures of the Malakoff are shown, as yet uninjured by shot, neatly revetted, and finished with the care which the Russians delighted to bestow even to the last on the detail of their defences. Here everything is in disorder and confusion—the battery knocked to pieces, guns disabled, gun-carriages smashed, and the ground strewn with the dead bodies of Russians, in the attitudes in which they were frozen by the icy hand of Death. It is in fact a picture in miniature of the horrors and desolation caused by War.

The bomb-proofs, the entrance to one of which is here given, were constructed of immense beams of wood taken from the dockyard, laid horizontally to form a roof, on which earth was heaped up to a thickness which no shell could penetrate.

The horizontal beams were supported by smaller uprights, also of wood; and round the walls were shelves for the men to lie upon.

Mr. Simpson, when he visited one of these chambers, found the interior filled with worn-out uniforms, old clothes, and boots, spoons, and dishes, cobbler's tools, and what not, proving that the men while in the batteries carried on their usual occupations, a circumstance explained by their only being relieved about once a week, and not, as our men were, every twenty-four hours.

Most of the Plates which I have endeavoured to illustrate in the following pages refer either to the events of the summer of 1855, or to the interior of Sebastopol and its defences ; and, as I quitted the Crimea at the end of May in that year, I have been able to bring but little of my own personal experience to the task. Mr. Simpson has, however, kindly placed at my disposal the whole of his private letters and notes bearing on his drawings, and from this unexceptionable source I have derived much valuable assistance.

The travels of Clarke, Koch, and Oliphant have also been of great service to me in throwing light upon localities of which even yet comparatively little is known; and I have to acknowledge a similar obligation to the works of Prince Demidoff, Mr. Scott, Captain Spencer, and especially to that of Mr. H. D. Seymour, which contains much interesting information not elsewhere to be found.

## THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.

---

THE Winter months of 1854-55, chequered as they were by disaster, disease, and death, and branded, as the corresponding period of every year in such a climate must inevitably be, with the stigma of inaction, were not destitute of their share in preparing the brilliant successes of the Spring. "The slow sad hours that bring us all things evil, and lla good things from evil," brought not only the golden fruit of a salutary experience, sown in necessary ignorance and blind routine, and reaped amidst the chaos of an exploded system; their course was marked through every moment of its tedious duration by a steady and constant tendency to the accomplishment of the first great end of the expedition. This end was never lost sight of even in the gloomiest period of the season, and when the strength of the British Army was reduced to its lowest exponent. Few indeed were the days on which some addition, however small, was not made to the park of the siege train, and to the accumulation of munitions of war, in readiness for the renewal of operations. These almost imperceptible instalments gradually swelled into a respectable aggregate, increased still more rapidly as finer weather, better roads, reinforcements, and finally the railway, multiplied the means of transport in a progressive ratio, which in April enabled the Allies to open the second bombardment. Prior however to that important operation, the virtual commencement of the second campaign, several events had occurred to which an overwhelming interest attached at the time, and a brief retrospective glance at which is essential to the completeness of our narrative. Whilst the Army in the Crimea was contending with cold, and rain, and mud—with exposure, and want, and overwork, on the bleak plateau of the Chersonese, a salutary change had gradually been worked in public opinion at home. The overweening confidence in the power and prestige of the Allies with which the

starting of the expedition was regarded, and which the brilliant victory of the Alma, following so closely upon it, served only to augment, had given place to a calmer and more rational appreciation of the gigantic nature of the contest, and of the courage, the obstinacy, and the resources of the foe. This change of views, instead of daunting or discouraging the nation, imparted a sterner resolution, a more earnest depth, to its unswerving determination to prosecute to the end the serious war, in which the honour as well as the interests of England were now inextricably involved. The immediate result was the fall of a ministry, whose original constitution, however well adapted to the complicated exigencies and clashing interests of a state of peace, was fatally deficient in that directness of purpose and unity of will which are indispensably requisite to the successful conduct of a great war. The subsequent course of those members of the Cabinet who have not returned to office has justified the national prescience, and their advocacy of a peace impossible both in time and terms has proved that, when they had exhausted every effort to avoid a collision, they had accomplished their mission, and reached the limits of their capacity. The universal voice had long distinguished one of their colleagues as eminently fitted to guide the helm of state through the region of storm and danger, and, when Lord Palmerston assumed the direction of affairs, it was with the full benefit of a chart of the shoals and sunken rocks where his predecessors had made shipwreck. Of that shipwreck we have already hinted the cause, and it would be unfair to cast blame individually on the members of the late Government, of whom, one who has been perhaps the most unsparingly censured, devoted, we firmly believe, no ordinary energy and no common talents to the honest and faithful performance of duties, which, owing to a faulty system, were beyond the powers of any single individual. The advent of the new Cabinet to power was marked by reforms, which the heterogeneous composition of the old had rendered impossible. Departments, whose divided responsibility and independent action were the fruitful causes of embarrassment and delay, were simplified or amalgamated; the administration of the War Office was centralized, and its anomalous branches placed under the direct control of one supreme chief; and the ministry, weeded of lukewarm friends and disguised foes, became every day more in unison with the declared policy of the nation. The result has been that steady improvement in the whole conduct of the war, to which the successes of the campaign which has just closed are mainly due, and which justify still more sanguine anticipations as to the operations of next spring.

In the Crimea the Allies contented themselves with maintaining their position in the face of a powerful and restless enemy, without assuming the initiative until thoroughly prepared to strike a vigorous blow.

The Russians, on the other hand, gave at intervals very unmistakeable evidences of vitality, but without attempting to repeat the gigantic enterprise which failed so signally at Inkermann; their object probably being to convince the Allies that their resources were still unexhausted, and their courage, in spite of every reverse, unquenched.

The first of these demonstrations was made with the view apparently of celebrating the opening of the Russian new year; and on the night of the 12th and morning of the 13th January they opened a tremendous fire on the Allies along the whole length of their lines, accompanied by a vigorous sortie on the French, which was repulsed with considerable loss; and the cannonade, having lasted with little result for nearly an hour, then ceased.

During the remainder of January skirmishes more or less severe were constantly occurring between the Russians and the French, but without in any one instance enabling the former to check the steady advance of the latter's siege-works, or altering perceptibly the relations of the belligerents. Meanwhile important changes, affecting essentially the condition and comfort of our own army, had been carried out. The whole of the warm clothing for the troops had arrived, and the threatened gloom of February and rigours of March lost much of their terrors for men, who were now amply equipped to brave them. The health of the army, though still far from satisfactory, was beginning visibly to improve: and huts erected for hospitals might be seen dotted about the camps. The severest trials with which our soldiers had had to contend, were excessive work, and want of sufficient repose: to remedy these evils, the French now began to relieve us on the extreme right, and, extending themselves from our right attack in the direction of Inkermann, divided the labours of the siege in a proportion more in keeping with the relative strength of the two armies than heretofore.

One other event, to which more importance was attached at the time than was justified in the sequel, signalised the first days of the new year. Omar Pasha, whom the Austrian occupation of the principalities had reduced to comparative inaction, arrived in the Crimea, and assumed the command of the Turkish auxiliary force in that quarter. The conditions of the siege, in the actual operations of which only French and English troops were permitted to share, and the difficulties of a triply divided command, contributed to make his position an anomalous one; and though he rendered on more than

one occasion essential service to the common cause, and by his admirable faculty of organization brought the army of which he was the chief into a high state of efficiency, it was universally felt that energy and talent such as his demanded an independent theatre of action.

It was in obedience to these convictions that he was ultimately invested with the command-in-chief in Asia, where the events of a short campaign fully demonstrated, that, while the soldiers of Oltenitza and of Silistria had not degenerated, their general still possessed the same wisdom in council and the same rapidity in action which interposed on the Danube so unexpected an obstacle between the sanguine Russians and their long-coveted spoil.

February opened with still more cheering prospects. The weather, though with occasional relapses to cold, had become on the whole much milder, and during great portion of the month a hot dry wind prevailed, under the influence of which the moisture from the earth was rapidly absorbed, and the roads and the surface of the plateau soon became hard and practicable for wheels. The railway had now made considerable progress, and was actually at work in conveying stores to a point beyond Kadikoi. The sphere of operations of the "Times Fund" had been extended from Scutari, where its judicious and energetic administrator Mr. Macdonald had rendered assistance quite disproportioned to the comparatively limited means at his disposal, to Balaklava; and here the sick and wounded were furnished prior to embarkation with comforts, otherwise unattainable, and for this reason, as well as for their timeliness, inappreciable.

The Crimean Army Fund too was in full operation, and the eagerness and emulation with which its aid was accepted by the army formed the most gratifying response to the liberality of those who originated and contributed to it.

In addition to these auxiliary and supplemental resources, provision was now made for a more permanent method of meeting the wants of the army, based on the commercial principle of supply and demand; and the sutlers and shopkeepers, who had been expelled from their usurped domiciles in Balaklava, were organised in a bazaar, situated on the slope of the hill above the railway at Kadikoi.

This settlement was generally known in the camp as Vanity or Donnybrook Fair: and, while the migration brought every article of luxury or necessity within easier reach of the front, it liberated a large number of houses in the town, which were at once devoted to the formation of regimental stores.

Meanwhile the belligerents were not idle.

On the side of the Allies, the batteries of our third parallel and the French right attack at Inkermann were armed. The Russians re-occupied the line of heights in front of Balaklava which had been abandoned by them earlier in the winter, strengthened the fortifications of the Malakoff, and pushed their works of defence with a vigour which gave them much of the menacing aspect of a counter-attack.

The initiative in the first serious action of the campaign was assumed by the Russians, who on the 17th of February attacked Eupatoria in force. Omar Pasha had recently landed here with a Turkish division, and the disembarkation of his troops was still actually proceeding while the battle was raging.

On the 15th several large convoys, accompanied by bodies of troops, were observed marching from the eastward along the north shore of the Sasik Putrid Lake, a large body of water extending mostly towards the southward and eastward of Eupatoria, and divided from the sea to the south-west by a narrow strip of land. This movement caused Omar Pasha to place the garrison on the alert, but nothing further occurred on the part of the enemy until the morning of the 17th. During the preceding night, favoured by the darkness, the troops intended for the attack, part of whom had left the camp before Sebastopol six days previously, while the remainder consisted of detachments from Perekop and Simpheropol, threw up around the place a sort of irregular parallel consisting of earthen mounds, intended as a cover for their artillery and riflemen, and calculated to protect the former from a *coup-de-main*. These works were thrown up on the ridge of a gentle range of heights fronting Eupatoria on the land side, behind which the Russians had mustered a large force of cavalry and infantry, supported by a powerful artillery, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 30,000 and 40,000 men of all arms.

The attack commenced at daylight on the 17th by a strong cannonade on the intrenchments of the town, from guns of heavy calibre, among which were several 32-pounders. The enemy at first made a powerful demonstration along the whole front of the Turkish position; but finding that the left was protected by a well-directed fire from the ships of the Allies, consisting of the English vessels *Curaçoa*, *Furious*, *Valorous*, and *Viper*, the French steamer *Véloce*, and the Turkish steamer *Schehfaer*, they soon concentrated the attack against the centre and right. In consequence of this change of tactics, and at the request of Omar Pasha, the *Viper*, the *Véloce*, and the *Schehfaer* took up a position on the right, where they contributed energetically to the result



of the day. The Generalissimo at the same time reinforced the right with some battalions of infantry and pieces of artillery which he withdrew from the left; and for two hours the enemy continued their fire without ceasing from the position occupied by their artillery, supported by a vigorous fire of skirmishers, without any material result. At the end of this time their infantry, carrying planks and ladders, prepared to assault the town on the right or north-east side, where the smallest number of guns were mounted.

Five battalions advanced to within 400 yards of the fosse, protected by a fragment of wall belonging to an old cemetery. And hence two of the five battalions were pushed on to a point 300 yards nearer, when, received by a brisk musketry fire, they were compelled to retire in confusion. Twice more was the assaulting column urged forward only to be driven back as often, and in one of these movements of retreat it was pursued by a Turkish battalion, who, making a sortie from the town, fell on it with the bayonet's point, while the small body of Turkish cavalry, which did not number 300 horses, charged it on the flank.

Disheartened by these repeated reverses, and hopeless of making any impression on the stubborn valour of the Turks, the Russians, after four hours and a half of hard fighting, were compelled to beat a sullen retreat, with a loss in killed and wounded estimated at over 2,000 men; whilst that of the Turks and of the few French who were engaged amounted to only 101 killed and 286 wounded.

Pursuit in the face of a crushing artillery fire, sustained with energy until the retreat was effected, and with an inferiority of cavalry in the proportion of one to twenty, would have been madness; and the Russians were once more permitted to retire unmolested—broken and discomfited, but not destroyed. The lesson however which they had received was so severe as to secure Eupatoria from any future attack, and the success of the gallant defenders of the place, though to a certain extent barren if judged by the light of subsequent events, was of inestimable value in strengthening the *morale* of the Turkish army, and in confirming its well-placed confidence in its chief. Assailed by a vastly superior force, and defended only by works in an imperfect state of completion, the stout-hearted defenders of Kalafat and Silistria once more presented an obstinate barrier to the overwhelming tide which has so often vainly menaced them with annihilation, and proved themselves the worthy allies rather than the helpless dependents of their Western brothers-in-arms. The Turkish infantry rivalled our own soldiers in coolness and concentrated energy; lining the parapets of their works, they reserved their fire

until the enemy were so close that every volley told with withering effect ; and when their turn for attacking arrived they sallied out with a vigour and impetuosity which carried every thing before them.

The guns of the artillery were served with a steadiness, and directed with an accuracy, which were the admiration of British officers, whose Indian training rendered them no mean judges of the question ; and the mere handful of cavalry showed a dash and intrepidity which, had their numbers been larger, would have rendered the event still more decisive. The superior officers of the army were found at all points animating the men by their presence and example, and manifesting a contempt of danger which led them to expose themselves wherever the strife was most deadly, or the fate of the day most dubious.

This self-devotion cost the life of an officer whose loss was deeply deplored, no less by Omar Pasha than by the whole army. Selim Pasha, the Lieutenant-General commanding the Egyptian troops, who thus met a soldier's death, is the same bold officer whose name will be for ever associated with a deed of heroism which rivals the most widely-celebrated feats of the ancient Paladins. At the time of the fearful massacre of the Mamelukes by order of Mehemed Ali in 1811, this gallant trooper leaped his horse from the walls of the citadel of Cairo, and alone escaped a fate intended to have been universal. The noble horse perished on the spot ; but so deep was the impression produced in the minds of his enemies by this unparalleled deed, that the Mameluke, though made prisoner, was spared to prove his gratitude by a life of services and a death of glory. He was succeeded in the command of the Egyptians by Suleiman Pasha, who had been wounded during the battle.

For some time after the 17th the Russians continued to receive reinforcements from Simpheropol, and maintain a threatening attitude at about five miles, distance from Eupatoria ; but the defences of the town were strengthened with such rapidity and vigour, that as early as the 20th, Colonel Simmons reported to Sir Edmund Lyons that the position was already doubly as strong as on the former day, and that there were nearly twice as many guns mounted ; and this fact no doubt was not unperceived by the enemy.

Eupatoria thus remained in the hands of the Allies, who lost no time in establishing even more solid guarantees for its safety than the valour and constancy of its defenders ; and this course, no less than the serious character of the attack of the 17th, demonstrate forcibly the importance which was attached on both sides to its possession. After the fall of Southern Sebastopol

it was universally believed that it would become the basis of a series of operations having for their object to threaten the rear of the Russian force on the Mackenzie plateau, and to intercept the supplies coming from the north to the south of the Crimea. Marshal Pelissier seems to have shared this opinion, and a large French force was transferred to this point, which, after several ineffectual reconnaissances, was compelled by the physical obstacles presented by the conformation of the country, and by the total want of water during the period still available for field operations, to desist from the enterprise. Another campaign would doubtless have told a different story, and proved that the blood shed by the Turks in the battle of Eupatoria was not after all spent in vain.

But we are anticipating, and it is time that we should return to the more important theatre of action in the Chersonese.

Up to the 19th of February, the weather had been fine and temperate, and at times even sultry, and on the evening of this day preparations were made for a reconnaissance on an extended scale; in which Sir Colin Campbell with his Highlanders, and a French detachment under Generals Bosquet and Villenois, were to take part. Information had been received that a force of some thousands of Russians was encamped in the neighbourhood of Tchorgoun, and the Allied Generals had reason to believe that by a movement of concentration, secretly planned and rapidly executed, it would be easy to cut off this body of the enemy, and either destroy or take prisoner every man composing it. The French assembled at their head-quarters soon after midnight, under arms and ready to march; when the weather suddenly changed; rain began to descend in torrents; soon after, the wind chopped round to the northward, blowing every moment with greater severity, and accompanied by blinding storms of hail and snow. Our allies, convinced that the enterprise was now impossible, returned to their quarters; and Major Foley, the British officer attached to the French head-quarters, was at once despatched to acquaint Sir Colin with the change of plan. The messenger unfortunately lost his way in the snow; Sir Colin, deaf to all considerations but those of duty, marched off his division at the appointed hour, and, joined by Brigadier-General Villenois, who, though aware of the counter-orders, chivalrously determined not to abandon his colleague, pushed on in the direction of Kamara and Tchorgoun.

The result was what was to have been anticipated. The darkness was more favourable to the enemy than to the Allies; the alarm was given, the Russians retired towards the Tchernaya, and the English and French, who, in so short

a space of time, had suffered severely from frostbite, returned weary, cold, and disheartened to the position. The reconnaissance had failed, the enemy were warned, and the scheme, impracticable to-day, became impossible to-morrow.

For some time past the French had now been steadily pushing their approaches through the ground of which they had relieved us on the right, and were gradually nearing the Malakoff, which they threatened to take in flank, if not in reverse. Alarmed at their progress, the Russians, with their usual secrecy and dispatch, threw up during the night between the 22nd and 23rd February a redoubt upon the incline of Mount Sapoune, an eminence which forms the right side of Careening Bay, and which is a spur of the ridge running down in the direction of the town from Inkermann.

This work was called the Selinghinsk Redoubt, after the regiment principally employed in its construction, and which was still actively engaged in its completion when, on the following night, it was attacked by the French, to the number of 1,500, under the immediate command of General Monet, and directed by Generals Bosquet and Mayrau.

Up to 2 o'clock A.M., the moon, which shone with peculiar brilliancy, had illumined with its soft clear rays the whole panorama of the siege, throwing into strong relief the frowning outlines of batteries and trenches, and rendering distinctly visible the small space of neutral ground which at that time separated the opposing works. No sooner however had the moon sunk below the horizon, than the French, calculating on the darkness to insure a surprise, silently and stealthily formed their columns of attack in front of their advanced trench, which was distant about 300 yards from the new redoubt. Cautiously as this movement was executed, it did not nevertheless escape the lynx-eyed vigilance of the Russian outposts, who reported it at once to one of their superiors.

As the French neared the redoubt, still cherishing the belief that they were unperceived, they received a heavy fire of musketry from some Russian battalions posted in advance of the work. Undismayed by this warm reception, they pushed on with alacrity, driving the enemy before them, and in another moment the Zouaves had scaled the redoubt, and were involved in a hand-to-hand encounter with its defenders. For a space the latter wavered, and victory hung in the balance; but, reinforced by their reserves, and supported by a terrible fire from some of the batteries and from the steamers in the port, they again rallied and drove the French over the parapet. Twice was the attack renewed by the impetuous assailants, but each time with the same

fortune; till, after an hour of the most desperate efforts, they abandoned any further attempt, and finally retreated to their trenches.

The loss on both sides in this sharp action was very severe, and both sides claimed the victory; the French on the score of having effected their object by the demolition of the redoubt, which they were enabled to accomplish during their temporary possession of it; and the Russians on the plea that their adversaries were unable to maintain the advantage they had gained.

General Monet, who rendered himself conspicuous in this affair by his coolness and courage, was severely wounded: but the advantage gained by our gallant allies was of a somewhat questionable character, as no attempt was subsequently made by them to follow it up.\*

Whilst these events were taking place on shore, a French and an English steamer, the *Fulton*, Captain Lebris, and the *Leopard*, Captain Giffard, inaugurated by a very dashing exploit the commencement of that naval campaign in the South whose brilliant and important results have so amply vindicated the ancient fame of the British navy. "Captain Giffard" says Admiral Lyons, "in conjunction with His Imperial Majesty's Steamer *Fulton*, captured and destroyed ten 50-cwt. 6-inch guns, and burnt seven large boats, two ranges of barrack buildings, also a quantity of military stores and provisions, near the Boghaz of the Kouban Lake on the 22nd instant, and I beg leave to call their Lordships' particular attention to the fact, that this gallant service was performed during weather which must have rendered its accomplishment exceedingly difficult, and that Vice-Admiral Bruat and I consider that it reflects the highest credit on Captain Giffard, Captain Lebris of the *Fulton*, and on the officers and men of both nations employed on the occasion."

It may here be remarked, and it is an observation which happily will require to be repeated on more than one similar occasion, that this successful operation, involving serious loss of men as well as of material to the enemy, was unattended on our side by a single casualty.

March, like February, was cold in its commencement, but Spring was now advancing with gigantic strides, and already announced its advent by a rapid

\* Mr. N. A. Woods, in his recently-published narrative of the past campaign, transfers by a singular error the scene of this French attack from the Selinghinsk Redoubt to "the eminence afterwards so well known as the Mamelon," which was not in fact occupied by the Russians until the night of the 10th March.

In pointing out this inaccuracy it is far from our intention to detract from the merits of a work whose copious information, graphic descriptions, and great impartiality, render it one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the war.

and luxuriant vegetation quite unparalleled in our own more equable climate. The long-desired change was soon distinctly visible also in its effect upon the condition of the cattle, and on the health and spirits of the men, who, relieved from excess of work, and no longer suffering from exposure to an inclement sky, were urged at once by leisure and inclination to renew the long-forgotten sports of their native village green. Under these improved conditions, officers and men were eagerly looking forward to an active resumption of the siege, now so long in abeyance, when the sudden intelligence of the death of the Emperor Nicholas eclipsed for the moment the interest attaching to all other subjects, and diverted into a new channel the ever-restless spirit of speculation.

So completely identified in the minds of most men had the late Czar been considered with the war, in which he was generally felt to be not only carrying out the hereditary and traditional policy of the empire, but also to be stimulated by the strongest feelings of wounded pride and personal pique, that it was not unnaturally conjectured that the difficulties which had hitherto forbidden the conclusion of peace would now be at an end. The Emperor Nicholas was pledged by every consideration of prudence and ambition to the successful issue of the terrible struggle to which he had challenged the nations of the West: on this hazard he had staked the reputation of a lifetime for political wisdom and practical sagacity—the prestige which he had painfully acquired and steadily fostered among all the nations of Europe: and, more than all, his own personal and all-powerful influence over the people who acknowledged his sway, and had hitherto regarded him as all but infallible. While he lived therefore it was to be anticipated that, once plunged into the war, he would exhaust every resource and brave every peril rather than submit to a defeat, which for him would have amounted to political extinction. No such foregone conclusions hampered his successor, who, it was argued, might, without sacrificing dignity or consistency, gracefully inaugurate his opening reign by restoring to his people and the world the inestimable blessing of peace.

These sanguine anticipations resulted from a too willing credence yielded to the oft-repeated fallacy that the war was unpopular in Russia, and from a very general ignorance of the power and influence possessed at the court of St. Petersburg by the old Muscovite or War party. Every reverse of the Russian army had been so confidently represented as a triumph to a people compelled to rely for information on a government interested to deceive them, that an abrupt conclusion of peace, followed by the inevitable revelations

which must succeed, would have shaken, perhaps subverted, the throne of Alexander II. War therefore became, though for different reasons, as necessary a policy to that monarch as to his father, and the abortive result of the Vienna negotiations was the natural consequence of the bad faith in which they were entered into on the part of Russia, who saw in them only an expedient for gaining time.

During the last year a different tone has pervaded the despatches from the enemy's military commanders in the Crimea, and the Russian mind has been so gradually prepared for the possibility of an unfavourable issue of the war, that now, when the moment of exhaustion has actually arrived, the people, driven by their own sufferings to long for peace, will probably regard its attainment, not only without surprise, but with satisfaction and delight. Beyond a change in the supreme command in the Crimea, which was now transferred from Prince Menschikoff to Prince Gortschakoff II., the removal from the scene of European politics of an actor who for so many years had played on that scene by far the most conspicuous part, was unattended by any immediately perceptible effect upon the situation of affairs. It were idle now to speculate upon what might have been the course of events had the Czar's life been prolonged: the ultimate issue would in all probability have been identical, nay even more decidedly favourable to the interests of Western Europe: but the extensive experience, the restless energy, the unbending will, the intellect at once subtle and profound, which combined constituted the vast personal ascendancy of that great and remarkable man, could not but have exerted an influence in prolonging and embittering the contest, from which he had deliberately excluded all possibility of retreat.

Sanguine however were the anticipations aroused by the great event of the day, to which, on its first announcement by Lord Raglan to the enemy, they refused their belief; and this not only at the seat of operations, where in many minds the wish might well be father to the thought, but even at home under the guidance of a comparatively enlightened public opinion. However this might be, preparation on either side was nevertheless not slackened, and the siege, which for a while seemed to keep even pace with tardy and fruitless negotiations, ere long outstripped, and soon consigned them to oblivion.

Early in March the Russians, having seized on a mamelon, or hill in shape like a truncated cone, in advance and to the proper left of the Malakoff Tower, proceeded rapidly to entrench and arm it. This eminence, hitherto known by the English as Gordon's Hill, and when fortified named by the Russians the Kamschatka Redoubt, was destined to play an important part in

the subsequent operations of the siege, and was in fact long regarded both by assailants and defenders as the key of the position. So much progress had been made in this work by the 11th, as to demand the most serious attention of the Allies, who at once determined to push with the greatest energy their joint attack in this direction. To this end the English the same night commenced the construction of a parallel to unite the right of our right attack with the left of the French on the Inkermann heights, and on the following evening our Allies began a corresponding parallel from their side in order to effect the contemplated junction. The rocky nature of the ground rendered it extremely difficult to obtain cover; little advance therefore could be made during the day, and the process was necessarily a slow one; but on the 17th the communication was established between the French and English trenches. That night a severe and twice-renewed struggle occurred between the French and the Russians for the possession of some rifle-pits in front of the Mamelon, which greatly harassed the working parties of the former: but the result was unfavourable to the French, and the pits remained the next morning in possession of the enemy. These rifle-pits, which, with others constructed in advance of various portions of the defences, rendered the most essential service to the enemy by impeding our works as well as by keeping down our artillery fire, are thus described by Mr. Russell.

“They are simple excavations in the ground, faced round with sand-bags, which are loopholed for rifles, and banked round with the earth which has been thrown up from the pit. Each of these pits contains about ten men. They are in fact little forts or redoubts for offensive proceedings against the besiegers, armed with rifles instead of cannon. Practice has made the men placed in them expert, and it is likely they are picked shots, for their fire is exceedingly good, and if a man shows for a moment above the works in front of these pits he has a small swarm of leaden hornets buzzing round his ears.”

Notwithstanding this check, the French still persevered in pushing towards the Mamelon, on which the Russians continued to labour in constructing a formidable work, which hourly advanced to its completion, in spite of the interruptions caused by a heavy artillery fire from the well-served batteries of the Allies. On the morning of the 22nd of March, the French once more renewed the struggle for the rifle-pits, and succeeded in driving the enemy out of those in their immediate front; but nothing further of importance occurred during the day. At night however, the Russians, who could no longer view without uneasiness the Allies constantly gaining ground in the direction of the Mamelon, made a sortie of a more comprehensive character



and on a grander scale than any on which they had hitherto ventured. Their troops, to the number it is stated of 15,000, attacked *en masse* and with fearful yells the head of the sap which the French were carrying on towards the Mamelon, and then bore to the left of their new parallel of which we have already spoken above, into which they succeeded in penetrating, and of which, spite of the gallant resistance opposed to them, they obtained temporary possession. Having broken through, they then threw themselves upon the right of the English parallel, succeeded in crossing the works, and took up a position in the rear of the French left, which for a moment was exposed to a murderous cross fire. General D'Autemarre, the French General on duty in the trenches, distinguished himself in this emergency by his coolness and presence of mind, and a battalion of the Chasseurs-à-pied, coming up in support, charged the enemy in the ravine and drove him back from this point with considerable loss. Meanwhile the body of Russians which had reached our parallel were met by the guard of the trenches, consisting of detachments of the 77th and 97th regiments, who, although thus taken suddenly both in flank and rear, exhibited the utmost coolness and resolution. Captain Vicars, who commanded the detachment of the 97th, was the first to come in contact with the enemy; making his men lie down, he waited till the Russians were within twenty paces, when, springing to their feet, the redcoats, after pouring in one murderous volley, closed, and with the unfailing bayonet quickly drove the Russians out of the trench. Vicars himself fell, as he was encouraging his men by his voice and by his example. He had struck down two Russians and was in the act of cutting down a third, when a ball, fired by a man so close to him that his coat was singed by the fire, entered his uplifted arm near its junction with the shoulder, and stretched him lifeless on the earth. "Nothing," says an artillery officer, in narrating the fate of this heroic soldier, "could have been more noble, devoted, and glorious than his conduct in this, his first and last engagement." A testimony, it may be added, which was amply confirmed by Lord Raglan. The detachment of the 77th rivalled the courage of their comrades of the Light Division. Major Gordon, of the Engineers, who was in command of the whole party, and was conspicuous no less for his skilful arrangements than for his personal valour, was wounded in two places on this occasion, in which officers and men vied with each other in bravery and devotedness.

The attention of the troops in our advanced works having been by these transactions drawn to the right, the enemy took occasion to move upon and succeeded in penetrating into the left front of our right attack, near a battery

where two 10-inch mortars had been recently placed. They were led by an Albanian, whose picturesque national costume, studded with richly inlaid pistols and costly daggers, rendered him especially conspicuous, and who was easily recognised as having on more than one previous occasion led with the greatest daring sorties from the garrison. Leaping on to the parapet of the mortar battery, he discharged one of his pistols into the breast of Captain the Hon. Cavendish Browne, of the 7th Fusiliers, who instantly fell mortally wounded. He was the next instant shot himself, and is stated to have fired, as he lay on the ground, another pistol into the magazine of the battery, but fortunately without effect. Foiled in his deadly purpose, he was forthwith deprived of the power to meditate further mischief, by being bayoneted to death. The 7th and 34th regiments, who had been at work in the neighbourhood and had been brought up by Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden of the Royal Engineers, charged the Russians with the bayonet, almost without having fired a shot, and speedily ejected them from the battery and from this part of the parallel. A separate attack was at the same time made on the English advanced batteries on the extreme left, which were still unarmed, and which for a moment were in the hands of the Russians: who however here also were speedily driven out by the working parties, whom Captain Chapman, Royal Engineers, having collected and reformed, led with the utmost gallantry against them.

Thus was this strong sortie of the garrison of Sebastopol repulsed at all points with severe loss to the enemy, who were deeply discouraged at the failure of an enterprise planned on a scale calculated for the most important results, and exhibiting a combination at once profound and extensive. "The prisoners we have taken," writes General Canrobert, in his despatch of the 23rd of March, "declare that their losses were enormous, and we think in fact that this disorderly combat, as all night combats are, and where the firing lasted for many hours, must have cost the Russians, considering the masses they brought forward, 1,000 to 1,200 men at least *hors-de-combat*. The ground in front of our parallels was strewn with the slain."

The French loss was estimated by the same authority at above 300 killed and wounded, while our own number of killed, wounded, and missing amounted to about 90. Among the missing were Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly of the 34th, who was also wounded, and Captain Montague, R.E. Both of these officers were prisoners in the hands of the Russians, the latter having been taken in the attack on our extreme left.

This desperate conflict was succeeded by one of the most curious and

interesting episodes of the siege. On the 24th a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon for about three hours, to commence shortly after noon; and at the time appointed a white flag was hoisted at the summit of the Mamelon: the signal was repeated from the other Russian batteries, and answered in the same way from our own trenches. Colonel Hamley and the correspondents of the "Times" and "Morning Herald" have each devoted a considerable space in their respective works to a minute and detailed description of this armistice, and our readers will readily pardon us for reproducing from these sources a few of the most striking features and incidents of that event.

Colonel Hamley, to whom the world is indebted for a work no less remarkable for its manly simplicity of style, and scrupulous accuracy of detail, than for the comprehensive views which it enunciates, and the unflagging interest it excites, thus describes what he saw:—

"At noon the firing had almost ceased, and, at the appointed hour, a white flag was elevated over the Mamelon, while one appeared simultaneously on each of the French and English works, when those who had been watching for it at once streamed down the hill to the scene of contest. The spectacle that followed was one of the strangest that had occurred during the campaign.

"While we went down the slope to the ravine, the French burial parties advanced from their trenches, and hundreds of Russians came out from behind the Mamelon and approached our works, some of them bearing stretchers.

"Passing through the interval in our rearmost intrenchment where it crosses the ravine, we first saw a small heap of bodies, six Russians and two Frenchmen, lying on the side of the hill, having probably fallen within the French lines, and been collected there during the preceding night. At the point where the advanced trench meets ours, the ravine is very rugged and broken, and those who had ridden down left their horses there. The first object I saw there was the body of the Albanian leader, who had fallen in our trenches, borne by four of our men on a stretcher to the outside of the parapet, where it was received by Russian soldiers. It had been partially stripped, and covered again with his white kilt and other drapery, leaving his feet bare, as also his breast, on which, as on Count Lara's, appeared the scars of several old wounds. In a deep gully, below the verge of our slope of the hill, lay a Russian on his back. He had been wounded in the neck, and had lain there since the night before last, suffering and alone, on a bed of loose stones, with his head, which he had pillowed on his forage cap, lower than his body. Judging from his aspect, his case was by no means desperate. His comrades,

at the call of our men, who discovered him, flocked round and carried him off. I crossed the broken ground, which was sprinkled with dead, to the opposite side of the ravine, in front of the French parallel, where a crowd of Russian and French officers and soldiers were intermixed, with a good many English officers as spectators.

“Many, both officers and men, wore orders and medals. Between these groups passed and repassed the burial parties, lifting each grim gory figure from its face or back, placing it on a stretcher, and bearing it, with the dead legs swinging and dragging, and the arms vibrating stiffly to the steps of the bearers, to be added to the dreadful assembly. Not one of those looking on could feel secure that in the next twenty-four hours he would not be as one of these.”

“The day,” says Mr. Russell, “was beautifully bright and warm. White flags waved gently in the faint spring breeze above the embrasures of our batteries, and from the Round Tower and Mamelon. The instant the flags were hoisted, friend and foe swarmed out of the embrasures. The Riflemen of the Allies and of the enemy rose from their lairs in the rifle-pits, and sauntered towards each other to behold their grim handiwork. The whole of the space between the Russian lines and our own was filled with groups of unarmed soldiery. The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation; and a constant interchange of little civilities, such as offering and receiving cigar-lights, was going on in each little group.

\* \* \* \* \*

“But, while all this civility was going on, we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape, shattered gabions and sand-bags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home. I counted seventy-seven litters borne past me in fifteen minutes, each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower, among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy.”

The Special Correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, after describing the

appearance of the advanced trench on which the sortie had been made, proceeds to say:

“At the left end of this work was the little mortar battery. Several broken Russian firelocks were here; and between the mortars, in a row, lay some eight or ten Russian corpses, with their little round caps laid over their faces. In the corner several blood-stained stretchers leant against the parapet. Captain Chapman, R.E., was here with one or two artillery officers, and behind, where the little groups stood chatting, lay the body of the Albanian chief, who had led so many sorties against the English. It was that of a man in the prime of life, well formed and muscular. His weapons were gone, and his body had been partially stripped. The jacket was open, and shewed three deep bayonet thrusts in the chest, and the healed scars of two former wounds were plainly visible. The countenance had a horrible expression; the blood which had flowed from the mouth had dried upon it; the eyes were staring wide, and the rich black hair was matted and frowzy. His flowing kilt, all torn and soiled, had been used as a kind of shroud, and partially enveloped the corpse. Outside the work, the dead lay thick, and just as they had fallen. About one hundred were there in all.

“On the right, the appearance of the French trench showed that the struggle there had been long and doubtful. This work had almost all been completely destroyed, and, though every effort during the two nights which had since elapsed had been made to repair it, it was still in rather a dilapidated condition. The gabions had been pulled away, and were lying in heaps in front of the work, and in a long train, up to the Malakoff Tower, just as the Russians had thrown them away in their flight. The enemy's dead were here in serious numbers.

\* \* \* \* \*

“It certainly was an extraordinary scene. Everything was at once so warlike and yet so peaceful. Grim batteries were frowning down upon the spot from every side, yet the white flag was floating, and the parapets and embrasures were quite hidden with people eagerly gazing upon the spectacle below. The different troops soon met—the privates grinning and offering each other pipes, the officers bowing to one another as if all were on the most friendly terms, and as if in the course of a couple of hours they would not be doing their very utmost to murder and destroy the very men on both sides to whom now both sides were so polite. Across from our trenches, in the direction of the Malakoff Tower, a man with a white flag was leading a large fatigue party, carrying many of the enemy's dead. Russian fatigue parties were also busy round and inside the French trench, engaged in the same

melancholy duty; while the idlers, of whom there were considerable numbers spotted about, were picking their way among masses of stone, pieces of shell, piles of round shot, dead Russians in every attitude of agony, torn sand-bags, gabions, fascines, bayonets, broken firelocks, thousands of flattened bullets, unused cartridges, and all the litter of a scene of combat. The Russian officers were well and neatly dressed in long fine great coats, white cross-belts, and swords. Two or three had quite a profusion of handsome rings on their fingers. All seemed to speak French well; some were very friendly and chatty, offering our own and the French officers cigars; while others were polite, but very grave and reserved, bowing to the Allied officers when they passed, but never entering into conversation, or appearing to pay the least attention to anything but the duties in which they were immediately engaged.

“The Russian soldiers were both dirty and ragged, but beyond this defect in their appearance were well enough. They were very fine young men, and all in robust health, with round ruddy faces, on which was a perpetual grin at every thing our men did or said. Their uniform was a short thick great coat of grey frieze, with waist-belts of the same material, round flat caps, and light leather boots, in fact, just the uniform of the men we fought at Inkermann; none had the helmet or other equipments of the Imperial Guard. The stretchers which they brought to carry away their dead had evidently been much used for such work, as the canvass was perfectly black and stiff with blood. One or two were properly made; the rest were strips of canvass, clumsily tied to rough poles of wood. The bodies of nearly all the slain were those of very fine young men.”

Soon after three o'clock the armistice terminated, and the white emblems of a peace transitory and fallacious, and which served only to place in stronger relief the stern realities which for so brief a space it had interrupted, were hauled down from trench and battery; and, even as the last flutter of their snowy folds vanished from the gaze, the iron messengers of death once more flew fast from side to side on their ill-omened errand.

This was the longest burial-truce which took place during the siege, and was for this reason selected for special description by the several authors from whom we have quoted: nor will the space thus devoted to an event which had no direct influence on the course of the war be grudged by the reader, to whom one of the most striking peculiarities of modern civilised warfare is thus forcibly brought home.

But for these and similar amenities which the progress of enlightenment has grafted on the sterner and more ruthless practice of older times, war,

even now the most fearful of the scourges which desolate the earth, would become once more the reproach of humanity and the jubilee of fiends. Terrible are the smoking ruins of great cities, the abandoned homestead and the desecrated hearth—mournful the necessity which changes to a barren waste the plain once teeming with fertility and smiling with nature's beauty—which bids man, God's image, deface and mar God's image man—which blights manhood in its prime and promise, cuts off the flower of a nation, and fills a land with wailing; horrible, with a horror which no language however eloquent can depict, the spectacle presented by a field of battle; yet such, alas! are the ordinary and inevitable accidents of war; but who can conceive what war would be, were the wantonness of destruction permitted to reach its furthest limits, and the fiercest passions of our fallen nature left unchecked save by their own exhaustion?

Nothing perhaps has a gentler or more humanizing influence, nothing more tends to soften the rancour and awaken the better feelings of belligerents, than an armistice for burying the dead. Brought face to face with each other while employed in rendering the same pious offices to comrades who have fallen in a cause which both alike deem sacred, the most inveterate foes must for a while recognise the common humanity which clothes them all—must feel that, after all, those whom they met in the death-struggle yesterday, and those with whom they shall strive for life itself to-morrow, are men of like form and passions with themselves; that the stiff, cold clay which once answered with an equal hatred to their own defiance, and which is not now more unconscious of hostility or love than they themselves may be or ere another sun, once in life and energy gladdened a home perchance as dear and happy as their own; where a sister will mourn the hero of her day-dreams—where a mother's gray hairs may go down with sorrow to the grave—where one dearer than all else on earth may never smile again.

And men, in whom, however faintly, such thoughts as these have been aroused, will not, even when the blood is up and the sword is flashed, forget them—will not refuse the cry for quarter, nor deny the hand of succour nor the voice of comfort to a wounded foe.

Nothing perhaps excited the interest and curiosity of our own officers so much as the opportunity afforded them on this occasion of meeting and passing in review those of a corresponding rank in the Russian service. The high bearing and the courteous demeanour of these gentlemen were the theme of universal remark in camp, whenever the incidents of the armistice were discussed; nor were these qualities matter of surprise to those acquainted with

the Russian military system. Drawn for the most part from the higher classes, and uniting to the special training required by his profession that mental cultivation and those more graceful accomplishments which, whatever may be said to the contrary, are not inconsistent with the most thorough technical knowledge nor with the most reckless personal daring—the Russian officer is pre-eminently to his men what the human soul is to the human body. The soldiers, drawn in masses from the extremities of the empire, and submitted, from the moment in which they are torn from their homes, to an iron discipline enforced by a harsh and unrestrained use of corporal punishments, become speedily but parts in one vast system, and wheels of one enormous machine, imposing from its bulk and admirable in its adaptation to certain exigencies, but deficient in plasticity and in originative power. It is the officers who breathe the spirit of life into this inanimate form, call forth its latent energies, direct its secret springs, and guide and control its action: it is the officers who change the *vis inertiae*, the passive obstinacy of the Russian soldier, into a still more dogged and obstinate attack; and convince him, in spite of defeat, that he is not defeated. If the defence of Sebastopol was, as history will undoubtedly pronounce it to have been, most ably planned, most energetically carried out, most resolutely nay sternly protracted, the largest share of the merit is undoubtedly due to the officers of the garrison, who had established such a moral ascendancy over the troops under their command that no labour seemed irksome, no enterprise impracticable, if undertaken under their auspices. If, in every battle which has taken place in the Crimea, the Russian columns, mown down, crushed, and shattered by a hellish fire of artillery, have returned to the attack long after success became an impossibility, and have retired with a solidity and an organization which have awed pursuit, it is because their commanders were the first to brave danger and the last to shun it. Their conduct to those prisoners of war who have fallen into their hands has been on the whole remarkable for gentleness and humanity: and on more than one occasion those highest in command have not denied the tribute of a generous admiration to the gallant deeds and the high qualifications of their powerful enemies. The destruction of the “Tiger,” slaughter of Sinope, and massacre at Hango, are the dark spots which deface this picture, and will probably be urged in contradiction of its accuracy: but, sad and disgraceful to the Russian arms as these reminiscences undoubtedly are, the blame due to them attaches more justly to the vices of a barbarous system than to the character of individuals.

To those gallant sons of France and England whose chivalry will forbid them to do injustice to the enemy in contending with whom they have reaped



their own unfading laurels, we must appeal for confirmation of this perhaps unpopular view of the Russian officer, and by them we feel confident that confirmation will not be withheld.

The latter days of March were unmarked save by some unimportant night skirmishes between the French and Russians, and the energies of the Allies were unceasingly devoted to pushing with vigour the preparations for the second bombardment. The railway was now in a state of completion to the summit of the plateau, and daily carried up a quantity of ammunition for the batteries, variously estimated at from 70 to 200 tons. The Land Transport also, which had recently arrived from England, and was rapidly brought into a state of efficiency by the unwearied activity of Colonel McMurdo, charged with the superintendence of this branch of the service, was now at work for the same purpose, and the accumulation of powder, shot, and shell applicable to the coming operations was enormous; the English batteries alone being supplied with no less than 500 rounds for each gun, and 300 for each mortar.

Before closing the chronicle of this not uneventful month, we must not omit to mention two dashing and successful feats performed by a few of the steamers of the allied squadrons on the north-eastern coast of the Black Sea. Earlier in the month, Lieutenant Armytage, in command of Her Majesty's steam-vessel *Viper*, was despatched by Captain Giffard to examine the mouth of the Kouban Lake and the coast as far as the Tower of Djimiteia—a work which had been recently erected for the defence of the direct communication between Anapa and Kertch. After having dispersed a small body of Cossacks, whom he observed at the former point, Lieutenant Armytage proceeded along the coast to the south-eastward until abreast of the martello tower of Djimiteia. Anchoring the *Viper* bow and stern at about 500 yards from the beach, he opened fire, and, with the aid of some parties whom he landed for the purpose, speedily succeeded in destroying the fort and barracks, setting fire to the granaries, spiking and disabling the two guns of the fort, and destroying the ammunition: the whole being effected without a single casualty among the crew of the *Viper*. This steamer also took part in the subsequent affair, which is thus referred to by Sir Edmund Lyons in his despatch of the 17th March.

“I have the honour to inclose for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a letter which has been addressed to me by Captain Giffard, stating that, while making a reconnaissance near Soujah Kalé, with Her Majesty's ship *Leopard* under his command, and accompanied by Her Majesty's ships *Highflyer*, *Swallow*, and *Viper*, and

also by His Imperial Majesty's steam ship of war *Fulton*, he was informed by the Circassians in the neighbourhood that the enemy had so reduced the strength of that fortress by the removal of men and guns to Anapa, that they were ready to attack it by land, if he would do so by sea; and that he, wishing to encourage the natives and to embarrass the Russians, had assented to the proposal, and moved the ships to within 1,000 yards of the south face of the fort, where he performed his part; but that, on finding the Circassians did not perform theirs, he withdrew, after having driven all the garrison out of the place, with the exception of a few gunners in the earthen batteries, and having also dismounted several guns, and done considerable damage to the arsenal and public works, leaving the garrison about a mile from the place, surrounded by Circassians, who were collecting reinforcements.

“The ships appear to have been well placed, and to have fired with great effect; and Captain Giffard expressed his thanks to Captain Le Bris, his able coadjutor on former occasions, as well as to Captain Moore, Commander Craufurd, and Lieutenant Armytage, and their respective officers and ships' companies, for their support. Of Captain Giffard himself I may perhaps be permitted to observe, that this is not the first time that his zeal and gallantry have been conspicuous since he has been under my command.”

The casualties caused in the performance of this service were as usual slight, amounting, in all the vessels employed, to only one man killed and four wounded.

It is now time that we should revert to the renewal of the bombardment: before doing so it may not be superfluous to observe that the aspect of the works of offence had undergone a considerable change since the memorable 17th of October: the principal batteries of the right and left attacks were the same as before, but they were now augmented, strengthened, and extended.

“The works of the besiegers,” says Colonel Hamley, “though extraordinarily diffuse and extensive, had now assumed the appearance of regular scientific attacks. The batteries, no longer isolated nor confined to one line, were connected by parallels; and those in advance were approached by regularly constructed *boyaux* or zigzag trenches.” The fire which could therefore be concentrated on the town was at once heavier in weight of metal and wider in circumference in proportion to its radius; and sanguine anticipations were again formed as to the decisive advantages which this enlargement of the means of offence would involve.

In accordance with an arrangement previously made between Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, the batteries of the Allies once more opened upon

Sebastopol, soon after daylight on Easter Monday the 9th of April. The rain, which had fallen in torrents during the night, continued through the day, accompanied by a tempestuous wind, which drove the thick vapours from the earth in the direction of the town, and, obscuring the enemy's works, rendered it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for our artillerymen to fire with any degree of accuracy or to test the results of their practice. They speedily however succeeded in establishing a decided superiority of fire over the enemy, who, evidently taken by surprise, scarcely replied at all during the first half-hour, and after that with a feebleness which astonished, while it encouraged, their antagonists.

In truth the elements, however unfavourable they might appear to our own gunners, were doubly so to the Russians, who, blinded by the rain and scud, could scarcely stand to their guns. In spite of the direction of the wind, the low sullen booming of the guns reached the town of Balaklava and the camps above it, announcing the long-desired intelligence; and camps and town were plunged into a still more feverish excitement by the flying reports which each succeeding hour brought down from the front.

Now it was confidently asserted that the fleets had run in and engaged the sea-ward forts; that Fort Constantine was dismantled, and that the Royal Albert, having forced the barrier of sunken ships, had penetrated into the great harbour, and was attacking the town from the sea: anon the Bastion du Mât was taken, or the Mamelon destroyed: while the general assault was universally declared to be imminent. The old feeling of hope, dormant through so long a period of depression, doubt, and inaction, revived with a magical suddenness; the most impracticable sceptics of the evening were transformed into the most fervent prophets of the morrow; and no story which had success for its theme appeared too extravagant for the willing credulity of the anxious listeners. But amidst this enthusiastic throng of converts and believers there were others who, appreciating at their true value the current camp "shaves," and trained by careful reflection of the past to a calmer judgment of the future, drew hope from sources less fallible if more remote—who noted with satisfaction the 'vantage ground obtained by the Allies even on the very first day over the palpably weakened resistance opposed by the enemy, and who watched with rational joy the slow compression of a grasp destined, at a time distant indeed but secure, to prove fatal to the foe.

The following eloquent description of the opening of the Allies' fire is borrowed from Mr. Wood's work:\*

\* Vol. ii. pp. 335, 340.

“ A heavy mist hung over the sea, and partly over Sebastopol, while both were obscured, every now and then, by the clouds of rain which were driven before the wind. The north side was almost completely invisible, though the mouth of the harbour was clear, and a heavy sea running in broke in a line of wild breakers over the sunken ships. Beyond one or two guard-ships, our fleet was not visible in its accustomed place. Where it had moved to I cannot say; but, as far as I could judge in the very misty state of the weather, the vessels had left their old moorings.

“ In Sebastopol itself everything was quiet and clean as usual. The huge black shears in the dockyard stood out conspicuous, as did also the topmasts of a two-decker anchored just under them. Where the head of the harbour could be seen, two or three large boats could be observed crossing it near the land, but no other signs of activity were visible either on the water or in the town. The latter indeed appeared almost deserted; all round its handsome barracks, its rows of stately houses, its spacious churches, with their green roofs and handsome cupolas, not a soul was visible.

“ It was five o'clock; none of the clocks in Sebastopol could be heard to strike, as the wind was very strong and blowing up the harbour and across the town. Each moment the weather became thicker and more wet, so that in a few minutes hardly any of the town was visible. The grim line of batteries however remained pretty well in view, though they also were as quiet as inside the walls. In the Malakoff a few soldiers could occasionally be distinguished in the embrasures, and a small party crossed between it and the Mamelon, but this was all. On the left of the Redan was some black mass, but whether soldiers or not it was impossible to say. It was now past five, and, though the atmosphere was by no means clear, it was at least as clear, if not clearer, than it seemed likely to be at a later hour. Yet there were no signs in our batteries. The men were in them as usual; perhaps they displayed a little more bustle, but nothing to induce one to believe that they were preparing for a long and fierce encounter with a foe they were determined to vanquish, but whose defences, both in earthworks and guns, far surpassed theirs both in solidity and number.

“ Suddenly, at about a quarter past five o'clock, three guns were fired from our left attack. In a second afterwards, running up and down the line, from the little mounds and hillocks near Inkermann—from the broad commanding positions of Chapman's and Gordon's batteries—from quiet, picturesque ravines where no one dreamed of guns lurking—high from the rear on steep and lofty ridges—and away down to the left, where the French works stretch out

over low marsh-lands to Kamiesch—from every point of our lines, came a hundred streaks of flame and masses of smoke. For a minute after there was silence, and then the great concussion came rumbling on, slowly mastering both wind and rain, and swelling into a roar that seemed to fill the heavens and earth. The shells and balls of the first discharge made of themselves a perfect uproar, as they fell like iron hail full on the enemy's batteries. Some shot were short, and went bounding towards the works, scattering the earth like water; some were too high, and passed clear over everything into the town; but the great mass were well aimed and true, and passed full into the embrasures, clearing all before them. The shells burst everywhere about like crackers, and the stunning explosions of the great mortars made themselves conspicuous over every other noise, as the huge bombs rushed through them, carrying death and destruction into the Mamelon and Malakoff. After this first tremendous volley each gun worked as it could, and a regular file fire of mortars and heavy guns commenced upon the place.

\*                     \*                     \*                     \*                     \*

“From a little after nine till past three all in the camp were left to their own conjectures as to the progress of the bombardment. The mist and rain were so dense, that it was difficult from the heights to distinguish the fire even of our nearest batteries; not only was it impossible to see what we were doing, but even to hear was difficult. The wind swept from the camp towards Sebastopol, and this, with the thickness of the atmosphere and rush of the rain, drowned almost every sound, except the dull and apparently very distant concussion of the large mortars.

“So perfect was this quietness, that it seemed quite impossible to realise in the deserted aspect of our camp that a struggle on which not only the reputation but the very existence of the troops engaged depended was taking place within half a mile of our lines, and that 154 English, nearly 200 French, and between 400 and 500 Russian guns and mortars were firing away almost as fast as they could be loaded.

“The storm of missiles from the Allied batteries continued without intermission during the whole of the 9th, nor did the men who were working the guns slacken in their efforts or show any symptoms of fatigue, in spite of the increased difficulties and the augmented labour imposed on them by the deep and muddy condition of the trenches. Considerable impression was made on several of the Russian works; the Mamelon was for a time silenced entirely, one face of the Redan was reduced almost to the same condition, while the French succeeded in inflicting serious injury on the Bastion du Mât. At

night however the Russians succeeded once more in repairing the injuries sustained in the day, and the next morning they re-opened fire with considerably increased energy. The morning was hazy, and for some time there was a drizzling rain; towards afternoon the weather cleared, a change which both actors and spectators hailed with delight. During the day the Naval Brigade, who suffered throughout the second bombardment in an excessive ratio compared with their military comrades, lost the services of Lieutenant Twyford, a highly distinguished young officer, who was killed by a shot, which also wounded and for a time disabled another energetic and valuable officer, Captain Lord John Hay. The practice on both sides was excellent, and all accounts agree in stating that, had the Russian fire been as heavy and sustained as it was steady and accurate, the losses on our side would have been incomparably more than they were. On this night an attempt was made to convey six 32-pounder guns, from the first parallel, into one of the advanced batteries prepared for their reception; but so heavy, tenacious, and impracticable had the ground become in consequence of the rain, that several hundred men were after repeated efforts unable to move one gun from the point at which it had foundered. The Russians, guided by the noise, opened fire on this party, and at the first shot knocked off the muzzle of another gun; and that and the others were then left in the second parallel till the following night, when the guns were at last got into the battery, and by daylight placed in the embrasures. Four of them which opened on the 12th were silenced by a crushing fire directed on them by the Russians, but on the 13th and 14th the whole of them were again worked with success, purchased it is to be regretted by very heavy casualties among the gunners.

“As time wore on the firing on both sides slackened day after day, until that of the Allies, gradually diminishing, finally reached the same limits to which it was confined prior to the 9th of April. It was evident therefore that the assault must still be postponed; the Russian defences, though seriously injured, were still neither breached nor destroyed, and the relaxation of the vigour of the attack would afford the besiegers leisure and comparative impunity in repairing the damage they had sustained.

“What then, it may be asked, had been gained in return for the sacrifice of life, the enormous expenditure of ammunition, the impaired efficiency of the siege train, which had been the necessary results of the second bombardment? The events which we shall now narrate, and which occurred during the continuance of the cannonade, afford at once the clearest and the most satisfactory solution of this important question. It will be necessary to remind the reader

that the two most important Russian works fronting the French left attack were the Flag-staff Battery or Bastion du Mât, the most advanced work on the left of the ravine, which separated the French and English attacks at the head of the inner harbour, and the Central Bastion, which continued the line of fortifications further to the left. Both of these works were protected in front by a strong chain of ambuscades or rifle-pits, terminated at the extreme left by a cemetery, which afforded a strong natural cover to the Russian sharpshooters thrown out in advance of the Central Bastion. During the days between the 9th and 12th of April, the French batteries kept down so successfully the fire of the enemy, that at night they were enabled to push considerably their approaches in the direction of the Bastion du Mât: and on the night of the 13th-14th General Pelissier organised an attack for the purpose of wresting from the Russians and securing to the French engineers the corresponding portion of ground in front of the Central Bastion. The force destined for this operation was divided into two parties,—the one directed on the ambuscades of the right under the command of General Rivet, the other directed on those of the left, and commanded by General Breton.

“In spite of the most vigorous resistance on the part of the enemy, whose reserves two or three times rushed forward to repel the assailants, both the objects of this combined movement were effected with the most complete success. The French, with more than their usual impetuosity, carried all before them; and no sooner were the Russians driven out, than the ambuscades, notwithstanding the solidity of their construction, were rased to the ground by the engineers, protected in their work by a few companies of the line, and a new parallel was formed even while the struggle was actually taking place. This important operation, so happily terminated, cost our Allies 40 killed and 117 wounded. The terrible fire maintained from the Bastion du Mât rendered it impossible for the French to construct a new parallel in this direction in a similar manner, without sustaining a loss disproportionate to the object to be gained. They had recourse in consequence to an engineering expedient which was attended with the wished-for result. Several small mines had been formed in front of the bastion, and on the evening of the 15th the train was fired, and, aided by the destructive effects of the explosion, the engineers were enabled to lodge themselves in an immense fossé in front of the work, the possession of which was not contested by the enemy, and to form a trench half way between the third parallel and the salient of the bastion. No sooner did the lurid pillars of flame announcing the explosion of the mines shoot up into the dusky night, than the Russians, alarmed

beyond measure, opened a heavy fire of cannon and musketry in every direction from that part of the town, which they kept up for a considerable time on the whole left attack, fortunately without any serious injury to the Allies. The French replied with a shower of bombs, which inflicted severe loss on the thickly-massed troops by whom the fortifications were lined, and for more than an hour the firing on both sides was terrific. General Bigot, who had been wounded in the face by a rifle-ball, died in the course of the night; and his loss was deeply lamented by the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, as well as by all who were acquainted with the high qualities for which he was so eminently distinguished. His body was interred the next day, and Lord Raglan and the principal officers of his staff attended the funeral.

“It is difficult to overrate the importance of the achievement just commemorated, as every inch of ground gained in the direction of the bastions was a step towards their destruction—a fate postponed, notwithstanding the serious damage they underwent in this bombardment, by the inexhaustible resources, both in artillery and labourers, which the Russians could still bring to bear for the renewal of the armament of their works.”\*

These events on the left of the Allied position were followed at a short interval by others on the right of the English attack, with a similar design, of equal moment, and no less gloriously accomplished, which are thus described in Lord Raglan’s despatch of the 21st April:—

“The rifle-pits in front of the approach from the advance of our trenches on the extreme right were attacked and carried by assault the night before last in the most gallant manner by a detachment of the 77th regiment under Colonel Egerton, forming part of the additional force sent to reinforce the guard of the trenches in the evening. The resistance of the enemy, although obstinate, was speedily overcome by the impetuosity of our troops, and the pit, which it was desirable to retain, was, without the loss of a moment, connected with our approach, and thereby furnished protection to the working party to continue its labours without interruption for a considerable time. At the interval, however, of about three hours, the enemy brought a heavy fire of artillery and musketry upon the party in advance of the pit, into which they retired, and which they effectually defended and maintained. But this brilliant achievement was not accomplished without considerable sacrifice of life; and it is most painful to me to have to announce to your Lordship the

\* The details of these brilliant affairs of the 13th and 15th are chiefly derived from General Canrobert’s despatch of the 17th April.



death of Colonel Egerton of the 77th, who was unfortunately killed when forming troops for the support of those on the extreme advance, and that of Captain Lempriere, of the same regiment, who fell in the first affair, in which also Colonel Egerton received a contusion that only incapacitated him for duty a few minutes; and five officers were wounded, three of them dangerously.

“Colonel Egerton was an officer of superior merit, and conducted all his duties, whether in the camp or in the field, in a manner highly to his own honour, and greatly to the advantage of the public, and Her Majesty’s service could not have sustained a more severe loss, and it is so felt in this army and in the 77th, where he was much beloved and is deeply lamented. Captain Lempriere was a very young, but most promising, officer. Captain Owen, whose leg has since been amputated, and Lieutenant Baynes, are both most valuable officers of engineers, as is Captain King, of the same corps, who was wounded two nights before. Brigadier General Lockyer, who was the general officer of the trenches in the right attack, Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy, of the 33rd, who succeeded to the command of the troops engaged in the operation on the death of Colonel Egerton, and Captain Gwilt, of the 34th, deserve to be most favourably mentioned; and Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden, the officer of engineers in charge of the right attack, distinguished himself, as he has done on many previous occasions, in a remarkable manner. The conduct of the troops was admirable.”

We shall not, we trust, be blamed for the reproduction in this place of these concluding sentences of Lord Raglan, in which mention is made of those whose energy and daring insured a success so glorious alike for those who fell, and those who survived; the gratitude which such men have deserved of their country is not an empty phrase—in the affectionate remembrance of their countrymen lies their highest and purest reward, and that reward will never be denied them.

The Russian rifle-pit which was taken on this occasion is the subject of one of Mr. Simpson’s drawings in a former volume of this work. Another immediately in front of it was destroyed on the morning of the 21st in the most spirited manner by a party of volunteers headed by Lieutenant and Adjutant Walker of the 30th regiment. The pit, which was found to be empty, and could not be turned to account by the besiegers, was immediately levelled and filled-in without interruption from the enemy.

These operations of the French and English not only served to destroy the cover afforded for a galling fire from the enemy’s practised and indefatigable riflemen, but also secured ground of the highest value for pushing the ap-

proaches, and constructing a new parallel, which was armed in the interval between this bombardment and the next, which took place early in June. In order to connect two affairs which in reality were only parts of one combined scheme, we have so far deviated from the strict chronological order as to give precedence to the events of the evening of the 19th over that which occurred on the morning of the same day. This was a reconnaissance by the Turks under Omar Pasha, who had been transferred from Eupatoria to the Chersonese in the beginning of the month, and it was made with the view of ascertaining what might be the force of the enemy on the Tchernaya. The Turks, mustering twelve battalions of infantry, advanced in the direction of Kamara, leaving a force of French and English Cavalry and Horse Artillery under the command respectively of General Féray and Colonel Parlbly in the plain on their left. This force remained inactive until, the Russian outposts having fallen back as the Turks advanced, the latter had taken possession of Kamara, when the cavalry and artillery advanced to the other hillocks of the ridge on which the village is situated, and the whole of the troops marched towards the river. On this side of it, on a height overlooking Tchorgoun, they found a post of Cossacks, who, speedily dislodged by a well-directed fire of rockets from the French, retired precipitately to the other side, where a small force with four guns only was visible. Omar Pasha did not think it desirable to move across the river, but withdrew after he had satisfied himself that the enemy were not in strength, and the troops returned to their camps, the infantry covered by the cavalry and artillery. This movement did not lead to any consequences of importance, and shortly afterwards Omar Pasha and the larger portion of his troops returned to Eupatoria, which was supposed to be threatened with an attack; but it gave the Turks an opportunity of displaying to their allies the high state of steadiness and efficiency to which they had been brought, and to many of our officers it afforded an escape from the wearisome routine of the camp, and the agreeable exchange of the stagnant atmosphere and unbroken sterility of the plateau, for the pure breezes and the luxuriant vegetation of the valleys lying between it and the Tchernaya. "Every one," says Mr. Russell, "felt as if he had beaten the Cossacks and got out of prison at last, and I never saw more cheering joyous faces at a cover-side than were to be seen at Canrobert's Hill. It was a fillip to our spirits to get a gallop across the greensward once more, and to escape from the hateful feeling of constraint and confinement which bores us to death in the camp."

Perhaps the most striking incident of the reconnaissance was when the

squadrons of the English Heavy Cavalry Brigade, accompanied by the 10th Hussars, who had lately arrived from India, and whose bronzed manly faces, soldierlike bearing, picturesque yet serviceable uniform, and Arab horses remarkable for fire and beauty, combined to form the very ideal of a nation's chivalry, passed over the fatal plain for ever memorable as the scene of the Light Cavalry charge on the 25th October, 1854. The ground still presented traces of the unequal but glorious struggle—ever and anon, half hidden by the long rank grass, or emerging in ghastly contrast from thick beds of sweet and exquisite wild flowers, whose every petal spoke of teeming life and beauty, death's most hideous emblem, a human skeleton, decked as in mockery with a few patches of red or grey cloth, which alone distinguished it as friend's or foe's, by its dread presence rebuked the gorgeous pageant flaunting by in seeming oblivion of a past so recent and so mournful, and of the stern interpretation put by such a past on such a present—oblivion that was but seeming, for who can tell what bitter memories of their heroic and self-doomed comrades, what unuttered longings for a speedy day and a fairer field on which to that legacy of glory and of sorrow they might add a page all glory, lurked unseen beneath helmet and cuirass, as the heavy cavalry rode amidst the tokens of the strife which told too plainly the fate of the "six hundred," or crushed beneath their horse-hoofs the gentle flowers which clothed their undistinguished graves? May this knowledge be for ever buried in their own bosoms, and may Peace yet teach them the softer lesson which even a scene like this may convey, and so humanity be spared the fearful reckoning which would be exacted were the dearest wish of their hearts realised, and it were given them to meet but once the squadrons of Russia and to close with them in the shock of mortal combat!

The closing days of April were chiefly remarkable for the gradual dying out of the second bombardment, for another sharp affair between the French and Russians in front of the Bastion du Mât, and for a review of the French troops on an extended scale held by General Canrobert, when he took occasion to impress in a very emphatic manner upon his officers the invincible resolution on the part of France and England to have Sebastopol sooner or later, and at whatever cost. On the 25th some curiosity and interest were excited in the camp by the arrival of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the English Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, who with his family remained for more than a week at the theatre of operations.

On the night of the 1st of May, the French attacked a counter-guard which the Russians had established in front of the Central Bastion, in which they

were preparing to place guns, and in which they had already mounted nine hand mortars or cohorns, which caused considerable annoyance to our Allies. At ten o'clock at night, by the light of a bright moon, the French troops, formed into two columns of attack, under the orders of Generals Bazaine and De la Motterouge, issued from their parallels, rushed with irresistible vehemence and without firing a single shot on the right and front of the work, and attacked its defenders with the bayonet. The Russians soon brought a heavy fire of musketry and artillery to bear on the assailants, and a severe and protracted conflict ensued, ending by the French, after repeated charges with the bayonet, succeeding in driving the enemy from every part of the work, in which they captured eight of the cohorns. The engineers, ever ready to turn to the best account the successes of their comrades, at once set to work, turned the parapets, and amidst a heavy fire from the Russian batteries firmly established themselves in the work, which they connected without loss of time with the French parallel in its rear. At four o'clock on the following afternoon the Russians attempted to retake this outwork, but were repulsed in a vigorous sortie which they made with this object, and suffered a severe loss from some guns which were brought to bear on them by the French, whose conduct in both affairs was exceedingly brilliant. Their casualties were heavy, but still could not have nearly equalled those inflicted on the Russians. This dashing affair advanced the French about 150 yards nearer to the Central Bastion.

On the 3rd of May, a secret expedition, which had for some days been in preparation, and whose destination was pretty generally known to be the Straits of Kertch, sailed from Balaklava and Kamiesch. It was composed of about forty-eight vessels, containing 8,000 French, 4,000 English, 18 guns, and the proper complement of land transport and commissariat. It was admirably planned, equipped, and organised; the troops were in the highest spirits and the most splendid condition, and delighted with the novelty of the service; the Allied commanders were sanguine of success—all circumstances of time and place and weather seemed to combine in its favour, and yet, to the astonishment and disgust of those who had gone and those who had remained behind, in a few days a report, at first indignantly repudiated, was at length undeniably confirmed by the return of the expeditionary forces. On the 6th of May they had reached the appointed rendezvous, and everything was in readiness for the expected disembarkation, when a French steamer arrived at full speed with positive orders from General Canrobert that the expedition was to return at once to Kamiesch.

It is impossible to describe the disappointment and annoyance of the Allied commanders; one of them, it is asserted, who on more than one occasion has emulated the conduct of Nelson, cited as a precedent the course taken by him at the battle of Copenhagen, and proposed to ignore the obnoxious orders altogether. This suggestion however, if it ever was made, was overruled by the stricter sense of discipline in his colleague, and the expedition returned. The extraordinary resolution thus adopted by the French Commander-in-Chief was attributed to his having received a telegraphic message from the Emperor directing him to concentrate his troops, and to despatch all the transports at his disposal to the Bosphorus, to convey the French reserves there to the Seat of War. In spite of the urgent remonstrances and formal disapproval of Lord Raglan, as well as the earnest representations of several French officers of high rank, General Canrobert persisted in considering the Emperor's commands as leaving him no discretion, and carried out on his own responsibility his determination of recalling the French portion of the expedition. This necessarily involved the return of the English: and this failure of an enterprise, commenced apparently under the happiest auspices, and abandoned in obedience to an inconceivable crotchet, resulted in General Canrobert's resignation of his command-in-chief.

In relinquishing a post in which his conciliatory manners, his amiable character, and his unquestioned personal courage had rendered him popular, but for which he was unfitted no less from his deficiency in that rare combination of various talents which goes to the making-up of a great general, than by his invincible repugnance to the assumption of individual responsibility, General Canrobert adopted a resolution which, while it redounded in the highest degree to his credit, savoured rather of the classic spirit of self-abnegation which characterised the heroic sons of ancient Rome than of the degenerate practice of more modern days. He demanded, and his request was acceded to, that he might be permitted to resume his old employment of General of the first division of the French army, and in this subordinate capacity he continued with cheerfulness and alacrity to render services to the common cause which cannot be too highly appreciated, under the orders of his former subaltern General Pelissier, who on the Emperor's nomination now assumed the supreme command of the French army.

On the night of the 10th of May, the darkness of which favoured the enterprise, the Russians advanced in force up the Woronzoff Road, and made a determined attack on the trenches on the left of the English right attack. The firing on both sides was so extremely heavy as to warrant the belief that an

affair of more than ordinary importance was taking place, but after half an hour's sharp fighting the enemy retired with a loss of about 200 men, our own amounting to only 23 killed and wounded. The attempt was renewed the following night on our left attack, but the sentries were on the alert, and at once gave the alarm, on which Colonel Macbeth of the 68th regiment, who was on duty in the trenches, got his men into order, and received the Russians with a steadiness which completely frustrated their purpose. Some of them contrived to get into the battery, where they were immediately bayoneted. A hand-to-hand struggle then took place outside the lines, in which the Russians were thoroughly worsted, retiring with severe loss. On our side Captain Lloyd Edwards and six men of the 68th were killed, and twenty-two wounded.

About this time a large portion of the Sardinian Contingent arrived. They were enthusiastically received by the English, already warmly prepossessed in their favour by the memory of their gallant bearing in the struggle which terminated so disastrously on the plains of Novara, and who viewed with generous admiration their soldierlike appearance, their picturesque and serviceable equipment, the grace and activity of their gait, and their perfect organisation, which caused this compact little force to be universally recognised as the very model of an army in the field.

General Pelissier, whose African reputation, as well as his signally dashing conduct in many of the night skirmishes so frequent during the whole siege between the French and Russians, had no doubt led to his selection as the successor of Canrobert, determined to inaugurate his command in a manner which would make an indelible impression alike on friends and foes. General Canrobert, in his despatch of the 17th April, states that all the ambuscades of the Cemetery were occupied and destroyed on the night of the 13th by the French attacking force; but it would appear that the new parallel which he there states to have been constructed in consequence of this success did not embrace the ground thus temporarily acquired, since on the 22nd May, the date of the operation which we are now to chronicle, the Russians were still in possession of the Cemetery. This Cemetery and the pits connected with it formed a chain of ambuscades, extending from the Central to the Quarantine Bastions. "This cemetery," says Major Hamley, "was surrounded by a wall, and was about seventy yards square; the further wall was less than 100 yards from the wall of the town, which was of masonry, upright (those of fortified places are in general strengthened with sloping buttresses, termed revetments), and having no ditch. Between the wall of the Cemetery and that of the town was

a line of rifle-screens, strongly constructed of earth and gabions, and capable of holding each at least a dozen marksmen."

These rifle-pits, connected with each other and with the two bastions, thus formed a vast *place d'armes*, from whence the enemy might impede the advance of the French works, make powerful sorties, and even take in flank the French left attack. Their possession became therefore absolutely essential to our Allies, and Pelissier determined to capture them at whatever cost. On the night of the 22nd May accordingly he collected in the trenches on the left a force amounting to 1,200 men: and at nine o'clock terrible and sustained artillery fire, mixed with incessant volleys of musketry, announced that the struggle had commenced. The Russians, who were quite prepared, had assembled an imposing force to resist the attack, and through the long hours of all that night, and by the uncertain light of a moon paled by the continuous and vivid fire from rifle and from cannon, the doubtful contest ebbed and flowed in waves of human blood. Five times were the ambuscades carried and retaken; but when the first gray of dawn shed its spectral light on the horrors of the scene, the Cemetery, filled with the bodies of those who had fallen on either side, and two of the rifle-pits beyond it, were in the hands of the French. During the day the Russians hoisted a flag of truce, with a view to the burial of the dead, but as a fresh attack was in contemplation for that evening the French refused to respond to it.

An enormous force, stated to have amounted to the almost incredible number of 30,000 men, was concentrated at dusk in the French trenches for the renewal of the attack, and four field-pieces, 12-pounders, were got into a position which commanded the spot on which the enemy's reserves were ascertained to have been posted the night before.

The French again advanced at the same hour as on the preceding evening, but the resistance of the enemy, though obstinate, was not protracted; overawed by the determination of their assailants, borne down by superior numbers, and their heavy columns torn and shattered by the plunging fire of the four field-pieces, the Russians after an hour's fighting retired, abandoning the Cemetery and the rifle-pits, which were immediately connected with the French approaches, and occupied as an advanced line. On the 24th there was a burial truce for six hours. In these two affairs the loss of the French amounted to 1,600 killed and wounded, and that of the Russians to the appalling number of 6,000.

The interval which now elapsed before the opening of the third bombardment has been devoted by the greater number of the writers on the war to

recording the results of the expedition which on the 22nd May sailed for the Sea of Azoff, with a like object, but a far different event, to that which so ingloriously returned on the 8th.

The precedent thus established will be followed here, and we shall now proceed to trace out one of the most important episodes of the war, from the departure of the expedition to its return, and sacrifice strict chronological sequence, so far as may be necessary, to the completion of a narrative which forms as it were a chapter by itself. On the evening of the 22nd and morning of the 23rd May, the expedition, consisting of 15,000 men of all arms, of whom about one-half were French, 5,000 English, and 3,000 Turks, under the commands respectively of General D'Autemarre, Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, and Redschid Pasha, conveyed principally in English and French men-of-war, and accompanied by a powerful flotilla of smaller steamers, sailed for Kertch.

On leaving the anchorage off Sebastopol on the 22nd, the night became so foggy that the progress of the expedition was retarded, but early on the morning of the 24th the whole of the ships and steamers reached the rendezvous off Cape Takli, the southern entrance to the straits on the Crimean side. No sooner were the fleets assembled, than they steamed rapidly up to Kamieschbûrûn, a point a few miles to the south of Kertch, which had from the first been selected as the place of disembarkation. The army landed under cover of the guns of the steam-frigates, which scoured the beach, an operation to which no opposition was offered, although six or eight light field-pieces had been observed moving along the shore; and, as soon as the first of the troops were formed, they were pushed on to the heights covering the plain on which they had landed, in readiness to cover the remainder of the disembarkation. In conformity with the precedent established at the Alma, the French were placed on the right, the English on the left, and the Turks were held in reserve. Meanwhile the steamers of light draught of water had lost no time in making the best of their way to Kertch and Yenikale, and the enemy, surprised at the vigorous action and alarmed by the formidable dimensions of the expedition, blew up the fortifications on both sides of the Straits, and retired by the road leading to Kaffa, after having destroyed three steamers and several other heavily-armed vessels, as well as large quantities of provisions, ammunition, and stores. They failed however in destroying their coals, both at Kertch and Yenikale, amounting to about 17,000 tons, which thus became available for our steamers. The Allies were masters of the entrance to the Sea of Azoff, and this brilliant success, achieved on the birth-



day of our gracious Queen, was unattended by a single casualty which might diminish her pleasure at a good fortune so happily timed. During the day an incident occurred which called forth the admiration of both fleets, and which is thus related by Sir Edmund Lyons: "Lieutenant McKillop, whose gun-vessel, the Snake, was not employed like the others in landing troops, dashed past the forts after an enemy's steamer, and, although he soon found himself engaged, not only with her, but also with two others who came to her support, he persevered, and by the cleverness and extreme rapidity of his manœuvres, prevented the escape of all three, and they were consequently destroyed by the enemy, and the Snake had not a man hurt, though shot passed through the vessel."

To return:—This expedition, which in the autumn was impossible from the obstacles accumulated by the Russians at the entrance of the Straits, was undertaken at the earliest practicable moment in the spring, and, says Admiral Lyons, "had it been deferred but a short time longer, there would have been many and great difficulties to overcome, for the enemy was actively employed in strengthening the sea-defences, and in replacing the sunken vessels which had been carried away by the current during the winter months. Of the forty vessels sunk last year some still remain, and a French steamer touched upon one of them yesterday."

We left the military portion of the force at the moment of their disembarkation; that night they bivouacked on the ground occupied by them, and meanwhile the landing of horses, guns, and *materiel* went on without intermission until morning, when the whole force marched off in the direction of Kertch. All opposition of course was at an end; the troops, who suffered much from the heat and from want of water, reached the town in a few hours, and, marching through it in perfect order, and without the slightest excess, arrived at Yenikale at 1 P.M. Here they found a large squadron of steamers and gun-boats, ready to proceed into the Sea of Azoff, under the command of Captain Lyons of the *Miranda*. Unfortunately, no sooner was the restraining presence of the English force removed, than the ill-fated town of Kertch became the scene of acts of plunder, cruelty, and violence, such as are, alas! the inevitable accompaniments of the capture by assault of a fortified place, but which are happily rare in cases where no opposition has been offered to the entry of the conqueror. Parties of English merchant sailors, Turkish soldiers, and Tartars, urged respectively by cupidity, fanaticism, and revenge, as well as by the darker and more debasing passions of our fallen nature, spread themselves in every direction through the streets of the devoted city. Houses

were broken into and stripped of every valuable they contained; the museum, comprising one of the most curious and interesting collections in the world, the spoils of the immemorial tumuli of the surrounding country, was rifled, and the objects which were either incapable of removal, or which possessed no marketable value, destroyed from sheer wantonness; and even these excesses paled in the hateful presence of violation and murder. A lurid glow illumined this scene of desolation and horror, as sheet after sheet of flame rose fiercely to the sky, wrapping in a fatal embrace the stores, the magazines, and the government buildings which lined the Quay. Kertch was not completely destroyed; but her glory was departed, her beauty marred, and long years of peace and prosperity will not efface the terrible traces of the spoiler's hand. The results attained by the operations of the 24th and 25th are summed up by Sir George Brown as follows:—the opening of the passage into the Sea of Azoff, the destruction of the enemy's works, and the capture of upwards of fifty of his guns, many of them of the largest calibre and of the best construction; to which may be added the possession of the two important strategical positions of Kertch and Yenikale. "This success," adds Sir George Brown, "is mainly to be attributed to the judicious arrangements of Admirals Bruat and Sir Edmund Lyons, and to their indefatigable attention in carrying them out, as well as to the able and willing assistance they have received from the captains and other officers of the French and British navy under their respective commands." This testimony was warmly echoed by Lord Raglan, and, in reference especially to Sir Edmund Lyons, has long been confirmed by the unanimous suffrages of the profession, and the universal voice of the nation. Nothing in fact could have been more skilfully devised than the plan of the expedition; nothing more energetically carried out than its execution: and the rare and happy combination of coolness, daring, and judgment displayed by the English Admiral on this occasion, proved him the fit successor of the long line of naval worthies of which England may well boast, as it established for him a still stronger claim on the affections and gratitude of a people, to whom he was already endeared by his reputation for the highest gallantry, and by the winning kindness of his disposition and manners. But, in paying a merited tribute of admiration to conduct so distinguished and qualities so eminent, it may not be out of place to recall for a moment the name of another officer, who, in command of our fleet at an earlier period of the war, rendered services to his country of scarcely inferior importance, though of a homelier and less dazzling description.

When the feasibility of the expedition to the Crimea was discussed, it was

generally felt that one of the earliest and most formidable obstacles to its success would be the difficulty and danger of conveying the enormous force required for the undertaking through the perils for which the navigation of the Black Sea was notorious. That danger and that difficulty were overcome by the prudence, judgment, and skill, which were displayed by Admiral Dundas, in the embarkation, convoying, and disembarkation of the troops committed to his charge. These important and complicated operations were effected without a single casualty. An armament more complete and better equipped than any which the world had yet seen, consisting of 600 transports, carrying nearly 60,000 men, and escorted by a fleet mounting in all 3,000 guns, traversed for a week the waters of the Euxine, rendezvoused without a missing ship at the appointed place and hour, and achieved the object of its mission, with a success which it is marvellous to look back on. The 17th of October showed too clearly how little the navy could effect in aid of the active operations of the siege; and if there was one object of solicitude more important than another it was to preserve the fleet entire and intact, at a time when, in the event of any reverse, it would have been the sole resource of our army. When the expedition to Kertch took place, the greater portion of the Russian Black Sea fleet had been sunk, the army was safe in a strongly intrenched position, and the opportunity presented to the navy, as well as the mission it was called on to fulfil, had vastly changed from the time when the whole Russian fleet was afloat, and when our troops were establishing themselves in an unknown country. Equal to either emergency, Admirals and fleet faithfully discharged their duty in both instances, and it may not be superfluous to remind those who have ungenerously criticised the services of the earlier commander, that the dashing feats of his successor were physically impossible till within a very short period of their accomplishment; that even that successor shared for a time the unmerited reproach of an inaction which was alike imposed on both; and that the worth of an action is not solely to be tested either by the splendour which surrounds or the popularity which attends it.

Early on the morning of the 25th May, the master of the *Miranda* buoyed out a channel through the Straits of Kertch on the Yenikale side; and the forts on the opposite shore, being threatened in the rear by the fire of two steamers detached for the purpose, were abandoned by the Russians, who exploded their magazines as they retired. The passage being thus cleared, Captain Lyons proceeded with the steam flotilla under his orders, to the number of thirteen vessels, into the Sea of Azoff, and, having been joined by

four French steamers under the command of Captain de Sédaiges, anchored on the afternoon of the 26th off the Spit at Berdiansk, in such a manner as to command the harbour and beach. The boats of the squadrons were then despatched, under Commander Sherard Osborne, to destroy the merchant vessels lying off the harbour, as well as some which were observed about four miles off; a task which was completed by dark; the steamers in the meantime chasing and destroying vessels in other directions. The following morning all the ships anchored off the town of Berdiansk, and parties of marines and sailors, having been landed, destroyed, without being molested in the task, all the shipping in the harbour, and government stores of corn valued at 50,000*l*. Here the Allies also found, run on shore, burnt to the water's edge and abandoned, four steamers of war which had escaped from Kertch, on one of which the flag of Rear-Admiral Wolff was flying. An 8-inch 62 cwt. gun was recovered from one of these wrecks. On the 28th the squadrons arrived off Arabat, which they bombarded for an hour and a half, at the end of which time a shell blew up the enemy's magazine: and, the large garrison at this place rendering any attempt at landing out of the question, Captain Lyons and his squadron sailed for Genitchi, a town situated on the northern shore of the straits of that name, and which commands the entrance of the Putrid Sea. Here he bade a reluctant farewell to his active, energetic, and esteemed colleague, who with his squadron now bore up for Kertch. All the vessels outside the Straits of Genitchi had already been destroyed or captured by the Swallow and Wrangler, which were sent on in advance, and Captain Lyons now sent a flag of truce to demand the immediate surrender of a large quantity of shipping which had passed the straits, at this point only fifty yards in width, and which were moored inside under the shelter of the cliff on which the town is built. He also intimated that all government property of every description, including the vast stores of corn accumulated for the supply of the Russian army in the Crimea, should be given up, adding that, if these terms were complied with, private property would be respected, and the town spared, but that in case of refusal all the inhabitants must leave the town. Commander Craufurd, who was the bearer of these terms, was met by an officer, apparently of high rank, who refused to entertain them, and declared that any attempt to land or to destroy the vessels would be resisted. The force on which he relied to carry out this threat consisted of six field-pieces in position, with about 200 men in support, and a party of Cossacks and a battalion of infantry drawn up behind the town. A certain time having been allowed for deliberation, and no overture being made by the enemy, our

ships commenced shelling the town severely, so as to prevent the enemy from taking up such a position as would command the channel, and prevent the passage of the boats charged with the task of destroying the shipping and stores. Protected by the iron shower, the boats of the *Miranda*, *Vesuvius*, *Stromboli*, *Ardent*, and *Swallow*, under the command of Lieutenant Mackenzie, passed safely through, succeeded in firing 73 ships and the stores of corn, and returned without any accident. In consequence of a shift in the wind, some of the corn-sheds did not catch fire, and the boats were once more despatched through the straits, under cover of a renewed fire from the ships. Lieutenant Buckley of the *Miranda*, Lieutenant Burgoyne of the *Swallow*, and Mr. John Roberts, gunner of the *Ardent*, who had gallantly volunteered for the service, landed alone and fired the stores, narrowly escaping being cut off by the Cossacks on their return. At the same time Lieutenant Mackenzie pushed on and burned the remaining vessels, under a heavy fire almost within point-blank range from field-guns and musketry; and, every object of the expedition having been effectually accomplished, with only one man on our side wounded, the boats finally regained their respective ships. On this occasion ninety vessels and corn to the value of 100,000*l.* were destroyed.

The results which had been obtained in the five days which had elapsed from the entrance of the Allied fleets into the Straits of Kertch, independent of the capture of Kertch and Yenikale, are thus enumerated by Sir Edmund Lyons in his despatch of the 2nd June:—"More than 100 guns, many of them of heavy calibre and remarkably well cast, have fallen into our hands in the different sea-defences. It has been ascertained from the Custom House returns, that the enemy, on evacuating Kertch, on the 24th ult., destroyed four million one hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds of corn, and five hundred and eight thousand pounds of flour. This quantity, taken together with what has been destroyed by the Allied squadrons in the Sea of Azoff, comprises nearly four months' rations for an army of 100,000 men."

Any comment on statistics such as these would only lessen their tremendous import; but those who had accomplished so much in so short a space of time were not the men to leave their work half finished; and much still remained to do.

Captain Lyons having announced to the Admiral that by the first days of June the Allied squadrons would be in readiness to commence operations in the shallow waters of the Gulf of Azoff (the north-eastern corner of the sea of that name), a flotilla of gun-boats, consisting of twenty launches of the line-of-battle ships, armed with 24-pound howitzers and rockets, was despatched

to reinforce them, and at sunset on the evening of the 2nd of June the launches, towed by steamers, joined the force under Captain Lyons, who had cast anchor on the preceding evening in Taganrog inner roads. The next morning at 3 A.M. Captain Lyons proceeded, in the *Recruit*, to carry out the measures which he had previously concerted with Captain de Sédaiges, in command of the French steamers, and, having collected the launches astern of his vessel, he despatched a flag of truce on shore, to demand the delivery of all government property, and of all grain, flour, and provisions, in order to be destroyed.

The troops were to withdraw during this destruction to a point five miles distant, and within view of the ships: an hour was allowed for coming to a decision, and warning was given that no modification of the terms would be entertained.

At the expiration of the hour the English and French officers bearing the flag of truce, were informed that the Governor, Lieutenant-General Krasnoff, refused the terms, and that, having troops at his disposal, he intended to defend the place. He himself thus states the motives which led him to this decision, and suggests a mode of settling the matter at issue quite out of keeping with these practical days, and which carries us back far away into the middle ages.

“Having consulted with Major-General Count Tolstoï, Military Governor of Taganrog, I sent the reply that my military honour forbade my giving up without a struggle the town the defence of which was entrusted to me; that our troops were ready to die for the Emperor; and that, if the enemy really wished to spare the peaceful inhabitants, I invited him to land on the coast, and accept the combat which I offered him: to decide by arms the possession of Taganrog by the result of the day’s battle.” General Krasnoff appears to have been disappointed that this ingenious device was not appreciated by the foe, and he seems to have been no less surprised that no descent in force was made by the Allies.

After enumerating the preparations for defence which had been made in anticipation of such an event, and alluding to the “infernally” cannonade maintained on the town for several hours, and to the “uninterrupted noise of shells bursting, fusees, and grape, accompanied by fire-rockets and rifle-balls,” he proceeds to give a minute and glowing description of the repulse of about 300 of the troops who had landed, and the complete discomfiture of the Allies, a success cheaply purchased by the death of (as usual) one Cossack. In spite of the melodramatic interest which attaches to such a story so ably told, we are

compelled in the cause of historical truth to have recourse to the more sober but scarcely less extraordinary narrative of Captain Lyons.

No sooner was the flag of truce hauled down, than the Recruit commenced firing, and the gun-boats, having been towed into position and then cast off, opened so heavy a fire on the beach, that all the attempts of the enemy to get into the houses which lined it, and so to save the long range of storehouses from destruction, were ineffectual. "Lieutenant Mackenzie," adds Captain Lyons " (the senior Lieutenant of this ship) had charge of a separate division of light boats, with rockets and one gun, to cover the approach of Lieutenant Cecil Buckley, of the *Miranda*, who, in a four-oared gig, accompanied by Mr. Henry Cooper, boatswain third class, and a crew of volunteers, repeatedly landed and fired the different stores and government buildings. This dangerous, not to say desperate, service, when carried out in a town containing upwards of 3000 troops constantly endeavouring to prevent it, and only checked by the fire of the boat's guns, was most effectually performed."

"By 3 P.M.," he continues, "all the long ranges of stores of grain, plank, and tar, and the vessels on the stocks were in a blaze, as well as the Custom-house and other government buildings, and unfortunately, but unavoidably, the town in many places, and, our purpose being amply effected, the boats returned to the Recruit. The loss of the enemy in men must have been severe, as many were seen to fall. They deserve credit for the obstinacy with which they endeavoured to gain positions to prevent our effecting the object we had in view, but it was impossible to face the continuous and well-directed fire kept up. Their loss in grain of different descriptions I cannot estimate, but, as it comprises all, or very nearly all, in store at Taganrog, it must be enormous."

The only casualty incurred on our side in carrying out this service was one marine artillery-man wounded.

On the 5th June the Russians, who had already on the 28th May withdrawn from Soudjak Kaleh, evacuated Anapa, thus abandoning their last stronghold on the Circassian coast.

The garrison, estimated at between 7000 and 8000 men, retired on the Kouban river, after exploding the powder magazines, disabling the greater portion of the guns, and setting fire to the barracks, storehouses, and all the coal and grain in the place. Both Anapa and Soudjak Kaleh were at once occupied by the Circassians, and the Russians thus relinquished without striking a blow the cherished fruits of a five-and-twenty years' struggle with these hardy and untameable mountaineers.

On the preceding evening the French and English squadrons had anchored off Marioupol, a considerable town on the military high road from the provinces of the Don to the Crimea: and on the following morning an officer of each nation was despatched to demand the surrender of the place on exactly the same terms as those offered at Taganrog. No answer having been returned, a party of Marines under Lieutenant Macnamara and a body of French small-arm men were landed, and a body of 600 Cossacks commanded by a Colonel having retired from the town on their approach, they fired and destroyed the vast quantities of grain and other stores here accumulated, without encountering opposition or suffering a single casualty.

The squadrons now repaired to Gheisk, which they reached on the 6th, and, precisely similar terms to those tendered at Taganrog and Marioupol having been offered to the Military Governor Colonel Borsikoff, whose small force was quite inadequate to defend the town, were acceded to by him without demur.

A party of Marines and Frenchmen was accordingly again landed, and an enormous quantity of hay stacked on the beach ready for conveyance to the Crimea, and several thousand quarters of wheat, were destroyed by them.

The launches of the line-of-battle ships, having thus successfully effected the special service for which they had been detached, and completely scoured the Gulf of Azoff, returned to their respective ships.

Shortly after, the Kertch expedition, leaving garrisons at Kertch and Yenikale, and having accomplished every object originally contemplated, with a fortune immeasurably beyond the hopes of its most sanguine promoters, returned to Kamiesch and Balaklava. In one short fortnight the Russians had been compelled to abandon several strong positions both in the Crimea and in Circassia; the Allies were firmly established on two new points of the enemy's territory, which extended and varied their base of operations; the Sea of Azoff had been swept from one extremity to the other of the painfully accumulated provisions destined to supply the wants of the Russian army for months—whilst the means of transporting and storing the coming crops had been everywhere destroyed; and, incredible as it must always appear whenever the fact is recalled, these vast results, which narrowed the issue between the combatants to the fate of Sebastopol, were attained without the sacrifice on the part of the Allies of one human life. Such a triumph so achieved is, in the unexaggerated sense of the phrase, without a parallel.

Nor did the successes in the Sea of Azoff terminate here.

During the summer a squadron, under the orders of Commander, now Captain, Sherard Osborne, cruised in every direction in these waters, and



destroyed the new depôts of corn and grain, the produce of the current year, which had been stored in spots fondly deemed even more inaccessible than those visited by the first expedition. The skill, the daring, and the judgment displayed by the officers of every grade, who, throughout this double series of difficult and dangerous operations, eagerly seized and splendidly improved every occasion of individual distinction, will ever reflect the brightest lustre on the British navy: and, if their efforts were crowned with a more bloodless triumph than has attended similar services in former wars, it was not that they were inferior to their glorious predecessors in the most dashing spirit of enterprise, or the most reckless contempt of danger.

If laurels must be dipped in blood, the severe losses of the Naval Brigade on shore have only too fully answered the sad requirement: and the heroic dead, no less than the living brave, have won for the Black Sea fleet a place in the history of the war which the lapse of time and the enlightened judgment of future generations will only qualify to mark as more and more distinguished.

To return now to the more immediate operations of the siege.

At the latter end of May the whole of the Sardinian Contingent, to the number of 15,000 men, under the command of General della Marmora, had arrived at Balaklava; the English and the French had also received large reinforcements, summer was approaching, and the supply of water on the plateau was beginning to fall short. Under these circumstances the expansion of the position became a matter of absolute necessity, and accordingly, on the 25th of the month, a force of 50,000 men, consisting principally of French, Sardinians, and Turks, quitting their old encampments, marched towards the Tchernaya.

They started before day-break, but the sun rose before they reached the river, and his earliest beams lit up a scene of unsurpassed natural beauty, animated by one of those gorgeous spectacles of military splendour which occasionally relieve with a gleam of transient brightness the dark pictures of the horrors and desolation of war. For miles the eye rested on a very forest of glittering bayonets, and the air resounded with the thrilling notes of martial instruments, rising now loud and shrill, now thin and clear from the distance, above that confused murmur, so suggestive of numbers and power, which proceeds from an army on the march. The morning was bright and still and balmy: the dew lay heavy on the grass, and clung in glistening pearls on the bright-tinted fragrant wild-flowers with which the ground was literally carpeted. The road lay across smiling valleys, divided by low chains of hills, which melted in the distance, till they were blended and lost in the bolder

and more romantic forms of the mountains of the coast range and the interior of the Crimea. In one of these valleys a large force of the Allied cavalry was held in reserve, and the gorgeous trappings and brilliant appearance of these troops, whose innumerable squadrons covered a vast space of ground, formed a tableau unrivalled for magnificence and beauty.

As the army advanced, the Turks re-occupied the heights in front of Balaklava, from which they were driven on the 25th of October, so as to form a support to the French, who, after crossing the intervening valley, established their left on the edge of the ridge which overhangs the valley opposite the heights of Inkermann, while their right extended to a point beyond Traktir. General Canrobert, who was in command of the French divisions, pushed across the bridge at this point, and, having cleared his front by driving off the enemy, who were not in great numbers, returned to his position on the left side of the river. The ground more to the right behind Tchourgoun was occupied by the Sardinians, whose extreme right out-post was thrown back nearly to Kamara: and the line of defences was completed to the sea-shore considerably to the south-east of Balaklava, by the Royal Marines, who were advanced by Sir Colin Campbell from their old eyrie, the "crow's-nest," to a point commanding the old Baidar Road.

Meanwhile the most active preparations had been going on for opening the third bombardment. New batteries had been erected and armed, large quantities of ammunition accumulated, and an important addition made to the number of our mortars. The English had 157 guns and mortars in position, most of them in their advanced works near the enemy; the French had nearly 300 pieces of ordnance: and of the total number of pieces thus brought to bear on the Russian defences not less than sixty were mortars.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th of June, one blank gun was fired as a signal, and the French and English batteries once more opened on the place. The fire on our side was kept up with the greatest energy until the fall of evening; the Russians replied with great vigour; but it was observed that their fire was not so well directed as on previous occasions; a change which was attributed to their deficiency in experienced artillerymen, no adequate reinforcements having been brought up to make good their heavy losses in this important arm. During the night, mortars only were employed by the Allies; but the next morning the whole of the guns resumed the work of destruction with the most telling effect. This bombardment was distinguished from the preceding ones by the greatly increased mortar firing from our batteries, and the loss thus inflicted on the defenders of the Russian

works was correspondingly heavy. The practice of the Allied artillerymen was admirable: shell after shell burst within the parapets of the Malakoff and Mamelon: some small cohorns in the advanced work did fearful execution among the riflemen in the Quarries—as a new trench or *place d'armes* constructed on some broken ground in front of the Redan since the last bombardment was named; and the long guns were laid with such precision, that, in a few hours, the parapets of the Mamelon and the Redan and the face of the Malakoff looking towards our trenches were completely battered in, and the fire of these works almost silenced. It had been arranged, on opening fire, that on the second day a combined assault should be made, an intention thus characteristically announced by General Pelissier, in a telegraphic despatch to his government. “To-day (June 6), with our Allies, we opened fire against the outer works, and to-morrow, so please God, we will take them.” The outer works thus alluded to were, in the first place, the Volhynian and Selenghinsk redoubts, constructed by the Russians and unsuccessfully attacked by the French in February, and which were called by the latter the “*Ouvrages Blancs* ;” then the Mamelon; and still more to the left the Quarries. The two former of these works fell to the share of the French, while the last was to be attacked by the English. “Each of these attacks,” says an historian of the war, “is separated from the other by a steep and rocky ravine; that of the *Ouvrages Blancs* is separated from the Malakoff attack by the ravine of Careening Bay, and the Malakoff attack is separated from the English attack by the ravine of the Karabelnaya. These ravines inconveniently isolated the attacks, but their covered spots enabled the Allies to place numerous and powerful reserves sheltered from the enemy’s fire.” The evening was the time chosen for the assault, as there would still be sufficient light for the troops to see what they were attacking, while the closing-in of night would in a great measure obviate their exposure to the enemy’s fire, while establishing themselves in the captured works.

General Pelissier, whose despatches are no less remarkable for the lucidity of their style, than for their accuracy and fullness of detail, thus narrates the part borne by the French:

“At half-past six Lord Raglan was at the English observatory. I myself proceeded to the trench in front of the Victoria Redoubt, whence, as agreed upon with his Lordship, I sent up rockets as the signal for the attack. General Bosquet, who was at the battery next to the Lancaster Battery, had just received his last reports. Everything was ready, the troops were burning with ardour, and perfectly confident of success. As the first rocket went

up, the Lavaraude Brigade, headed by its general, rushed forth from the second parallel of Careening Bay, and, at a running charge, carried the works of the 27th of February. Despite the fire of grape and musketry it had to face during the 200 yards it had to cross, and which caused considerable loss, the column penetrated into the battery by the embrasures and breaches. A hand-to-hand struggle ensued on every point; a number of the defenders were killed on the spot, and we were soon masters of the intrenchment. At the same signal and with the same impetuosity, De Failly's Brigade rushed upon the work of the 22nd of February. The distance is double, the ground to cross more difficult, with a murderous flank fire from the other work. Nothing stops this gallant brigade. It arrives in a dense body at the battery, scales the parapet under a rolling fire, and, jumping into the work, overcomes the desperate resistance of the enemy. Driven back on these two points, and hotly pressed by our men, the Russians fly in disorder, some towards a little battery constructed since the 2nd of May to defend the entrance to the Careening Bay ravine, some towards the bridge crossing the bay by which the ravine debouches into the great port of Sebastopol. Some of our men, carried away by the pursuit of the enemy, seize upon the battery of the 2nd of May and spike the guns. As this battery, however, is 500 metres beyond the work of the 22nd of February, the most distant from our lines, and placed under the double protection of the works of the *enceinte* and of the forts to the north of the roadstead, it is impossible to think of occupying it as yet. General Mayran, perceiving a Russian column advancing to retake the battery of the 2nd of May, ordered his men to charge with fixed bayonets, drove back the column into the town, and took sixty prisoners, including three officers. He rallied the advanced troops and led them back to the works of the 22nd and 27th of February (the Selenghinsk and Volhynian redoubts), which remain definitively in our hands. Meantime the two battalions concentrated in the ravine of Careening Bay, under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Larrouy d'Orion, were anything but idle. Descending the ravine at the moment the attack was taking place on the ridge, they pushed on as far as the aqueduct bridge, climbed up the right bank, and cut off the retreat of the enemy driven from the first two works. This movement, executed with as much vigour as skill, and which procured us four hundred prisoners, including twelve officers, does the highest credit to Lieutenant-Colonel Larrouy d'Orion.

“ While this was taking place on the side of Careening Bay, the battle was raging with still more exciting incidents around the Mamelon Vert. At the

same signal of rockets from the Victoria redoubt, General de Wimpffen, with his brigade, left the trenches, which, on our side, encompass the base of the Mamelon Vert, that is to say, of the *place d'armes* on the left and of the third Victoria parallel. Three columns rush forward at once on the enemy's works, and carry by storm two advanced cuttings and intermediary ambuscades. A fire of grape from the redoubt, the combined fire of the Great Redan and of the batteries to the left of the Malakoff Tower, does not impede their advance. To the right, Colonel Rose, at the head of the Algerian Rifles, carries a battery of four guns annexed to the redoubt. Colonel de Brancion, in the centre, with the 50th, and Colonel de Polhès on the left, with the 3rd Zouaves, resolutely attack the redoubt itself, throw themselves into the trench, scale the parapet, and cut down the Russian artillerymen at their guns. Colonel de Brancion, who had the honour of being the first to plant his eagle on the redoubt, fell in this attack under the grape of the enemy, gloriously enshrouded in his triumph.

“Strict orders had been given not to go beyond the gorge of the works, and to form at once a lodgment against the fire and attacks from the town. But, carried away by their ardour, our soldiers pursued the Russians into the ditch of the Malakoff battery, 400 metres beyond the redoubt, and tried to enter the *enceinte* with them. The natural consequence was that they were obliged to fall back under the violent point-blank fire of the enemy's reserves which manned the ramparts. The two wings of the French line threw themselves back, while the besieged sent out a column of fresh troops to attack our centre.

“The redoubt of the Mamelon Vert could not as yet offer any shelter. The fire had either blown up a mine laid by the enemy, or a powder-magazine, and this seriously scorched Commandant Tixier, of the 3rd Chasseurs-à-pied, and a number of men. Planks, beams, and burning ropes gave rise to fears of another explosion. The interior of the work was not tenable. Instead of supporting itself on the redoubt, our line crosses the summit, and forms a semi-circle round the Mamelon. There was not a moment to be lost. General Camou ordered General Vergé to leave the trenches; General Bosquet ordered the 5th Division to advance, and was immediately obeyed by General Brunet. The movement of this division was imposing; the First Brigade, commanded by Colonel Duprat de la Roquette, of the 100th of the Line, occupied the parallels behind the Mamelon; and the Second Brigade, under the orders of General Lafont de Villiers, advanced to the left, in the rear, under cover of some rising ground. The Vergé Brigade formed in columns at the

same moment under the enemy's fire, and, with the drums beating the charge, ascended the hill, and reinforced General Wimpffen's Brigade.

“ The position was carried and the enemy driven back a second time into the town; we were definitively masters of the Mamelon Vert, which our troops triumphantly occupied, amidst shouts, enthusiastically repeated, of *Vive l'Empereur.*”

It was now growing dark, and by the most rapid and persevering exertions the French were enabled to establish themselves solidly in all the captured works before morning: detachments of artillery had also turned such of the guns as were serviceable upon the enemy, and those of the work of the 2nd May had been spiked under the fire of the place: these operations were completed under the personal direction of Lieutenant-Colonel de la Boussinière, and from that moment both the Mamelon and the *Ouvrages Blancs* were turned into advanced batteries against their late defenders.

Meanwhile a similar step in advance had been gained by the British. Detachments from the light and second divisions under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley of the 88th were told off to attack the Quarries. The storming party, consisting of two bodies of two hundred men each, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of the 90th, was to turn the extremities of the work, and, after driving out its occupants, to advance towards the Redan, and, lying down there, keep up a fire to cover the operations of a working-party of 800 men to be engaged in throwing up a parapet. At the appointed signal the men rushed out of the advanced trench, and dashed into the Quarries, of which they gained possession almost without a struggle, although Colonel Campbell was unfortunately twice wounded in leading them in. The covering party proceeding, in pursuance of the plan marked out, in the direction of the Redan, were unmolested, in consequence, as it is conjectured, of the garrison of that work having left it to reinforce the Russians when the tide of the French attack rolled on the Malakoff; and our troops were permitted to establish themselves in the Quarries without interruption. This first advantage, so easily gained, was however only maintained by the unflinching gallantry of our officers and men, and at the price of a severe loss of life. During the whole of that night, and even after daylight on the 8th, the enemy made several desperate efforts to retake the work, and on three occasions overpowering numbers succeeded in re-entering it, but were each time driven back at the point of the bayonet. Each of these attempts was supported by large bodies of troops and by a heavy musketry and artillery fire; but the captors, reinforced by the 62nd Regiment, and a

strong detachment of the 55th, obstinately held their ground in spite of every effort to dislodge them; and next day, when Colonel Campbell, who with his party had remained in charge of the work throughout the night, was relieved, the Quarries were in our undisputed possession.

The English loss in this attack, including that of the Naval Brigade, who from the commencement of the bombardment had distinguished themselves by the accuracy of their aim and their ardour in serving the guns, amounted to 11 officers and 112 men killed, and 30 officers and 552 men wounded. The total loss of the French was 1,700 men killed and wounded, and that of the Russians considerably exceeded 2,000 men, exclusive of prisoners.

The ground gained by this combined attack, which had achieved every purpose for which it was undertaken (since the time had not yet arrived for assaulting the Malakoff and the Redan), was most important. By the seizure of the *Ouvrages Blancs* the French obtained the command of the head of the harbour and of Careening Bay, and their new batteries erected there soon compelled the Russian ships, which had inflicted so much damage on the besiegers, to shift their berth to a position which much diminished their powers of mischief. The Mamelon was scarcely 500 yards from the Malakoff, which Sir John Burgoyne had from the first declared to be the key of the position, and which, though the French long persisted in assigning that character to the Bastion du Mât, was now admitted to be so by Generals Pelissier and Niel. The capture of the Quarries brought our advanced trench to within 300 yards of the Redan: and, though it was clear that this work would cease to be tenable if the French were once firmly established in the Malakoff, it was still as imperative as ever to persevere in attacking it, in order to render that event possible, by drawing off a large portion of the garrison from the defence of the point really threatened. The final assault therefore became now only a question of time, and to shorten as far as possible the delay became the task of the Allies; to effect this they strained every nerve during the ten or twelve days following in arming their recent acquisitions, and bringing up a fresh supply of ammunition to enable them to re-open fire.

During this interval the fire on both sides languished: as the Russians, fully aware of the plan of the besiegers, which could no longer remain a mystery, had occupation to the full as absorbing as our own in repairing and re-arming their shattered and dismantled batteries. On the 9th there was a truce for five hours for burying the dead, who lay thickly about on the whole of the contested ground: and this was the only event of any note which occurred

to vary the monotony of the siege until the 17th. At a council of war which was held at Lord Raglan's on the 15th, it had been decided that a general combined assault, to be preceded by a vigorous bombardment, should be made on the Malakoff and Redan. It was intimated to Admirals Lyons and Bruat that a bombardment by sea would be desirable, to distract as far as possible the enemy's attention. Accordingly on the night of the 16th June, the following vessels—Tribune, Highflyer, Terrible, Miranda, Niger, Arrow, Viper, and Snake, accompanied by several French steamers, opened a heavy fire on the town and sea defences, whilst the Danube and the launches of the Royal Albert poured in a shower of rockets. This operation was repeated on the following night by the Princess Royal, Sidon, Highflyer, Miranda, Viper, and Snake, and a division of French steamers with the launches. The attack on the first night was unattended by any casualty: but on the 17th the English ships suffered a loss of three men killed and thirteen wounded; and Captain Lyons, the brave and energetic captain of the Miranda, whose brilliant services in the Sea of Azoff it has been so lately our task to chronicle, was so severely wounded in the leg by a shell, whilst issuing orders from the paddle-box of his vessel, that Admiral Lyons was obliged to send him down to the hospital at Therapia. Here the wound, which was neglected by Captain Lyons in his stern determination to remain at his post until his duty was accomplished, assumed an aggravated character, which rendered amputation impracticable, and on the evening of the 23rd this gallant officer breathed his last, to the inexpressible regret of the father who had beheld with pride his own eminent qualities reflected in his son, and to the irreparable loss of the service, of which he was one of the most distinguished ornaments.

On the morning of the 17th the English and French batteries re-opened fire with upwards of 500 guns and mortars on the works of the Karabelnaia, into which for two consecutive hours they discharged almost uninterrupted broadsides, and this terrific hail continued with but slight intermission to an advanced hour in the evening. For the first three hours the Russian batteries replied with even more than their wonted energy; but from that time, overpowered with the crushing weight of metal thrown upon them, their fire gradually slackened in fury, and at last almost died out. Throughout the night the Allies threw shells and rockets into the town, the roadstead, and even into the north side: but this fierce bombardment did not prevent the Russians from repairing the damages done to their works by the cannonade of the preceding day; and during the night they again exhibited that surprising vitality of defence, which was one of the most remarkable characteristics



of the siege. By the next morning all their works were successfully completed, and the dismantled guns almost entirely replaced; and so strong had the defences once more become, that the assault would scarcely have been attended with greater risk had it been ordered twenty-four hours earlier, when our batteries had not yet fired a shot. This extreme rapidity of restoration suggested the not improbable idea, that the Russians, on finding how great was the superiority of the fire of the Allies, had withdrawn their guns from the embrasures in preference to fighting them at so great a disadvantage: and that, covered by the darkness, they simply ran them back into their old places, in readiness for the assault which experience had taught them was speedily to be expected. However this may have been, it had at first been prudently arranged by the two Commanders-in-Chief that the artillery fire should be resumed for two hours on the morning of the 18th, "for the purpose" (we quote Lord Raglan's words, to which subsequent events gave deep significance) "of destroying any works the enemy might have thrown up in the night, and of opening passages through the abattis of the Redan."

Unfortunately for the result, General Pelissier was so completely deceived by the Russian expedient "of economising their batteries and fire," that he fully believed that that fire was entirely subdued, and, late on the evening of the 17th, he intimated to Lord Raglan his determination that the troops under his command should commence the attack at three o'clock on the following morning. In this change of plan Lord Raglan most reluctantly concurred, and the disastrous event of the day only too sadly justified his scruples and vindicated his military sagacity.

It was intended that the French should first carry the Malakoff Tower, the Redan of Careening Bay, and the intrenchments covering the right of the Karabelnaia, and that as soon as they were established in the Malakoff, but not sooner, as the Redan was commanded by its guns, the English should advance to storm that work. Three French divisions composed the attacking force on their part, supported by a division of the Imperial Guard, who were held in reserve behind the Victoria Redoubt. Mayran's division had the right attack, and was to carry the intrenchments which extend from the battery of the point to the Redan of Careening Bay. Brunet's division was to turn the Malakoff on the right, while D'Autemarre's manœuvred against it on the left.

General Pelissier himself was to give the signal for the general advance, which was meant to be simultaneous on all these points, by means of star rockets sent up from the Victoria Redoubt.

It was here that the first of that series of mishaps which marked this fatal day, and caused the first serious check the Allies had received in the siege, took place. Most unhappily, and by what General Pelissier terms "an inconceivable fatality," shortly before 3 A.M., while the General was still more than a thousand yards from the place whence he was to give the signal, the brave and ill-fated General Mayran fancied he recognised it in a shell with a blazing fuse, sent up from the Mamelon. He at once ordered his division to advance, but no sooner were the heads of the columns perceived by the Russians, than a shower of missiles was poured upon them, not only from the threatened works, but also from the steamers, which, coming up at full steam to the head of Careening Creek, manœuvred there with fatal effect. General Mayran, who had already been twice hit, was knocked down by a grape-shot, and immediately carried off the field of battle, while his men, dispirited by the loss of their General, and finding it impossible to advance under the deadly fire to which they were exposed, were thrown into considerable confusion.

The rocket was now sent up from the Lancaster battery, and fresh troops coming up to the support of the compromised division, it rallied and contrived to hold its ground in the ravine of Careening Bay, but was unable to make any further demonstration in advance.

Strangely enough, results almost similar to those produced by the prematurity of the attack on the right were brought about by delay in those of the centre and left. General Brunet had not completed his preliminary arrangements when the signal-rockets were fired, and the contest had been waged for nearly half-an-hour on the right before he was ready to advance. When he did so, at length, his troops met with an opposition as terrible as that which had checked the other division: his men began to fall thickly around him, and he himself was mortally wounded by a ball in the chest. The movement of General D'Autemarre's division was also retarded, as it could not go into action before that of Brunet; but, as soon as this difficulty was removed, he sent forward a couple of regiments, who, dashing with impetuosity into the intrenchment which connects the Karabelnaia ravine with the Malakoff, scaled it, and a few of their number actually penetrated into the Malakoff itself, on which the French eagles were for a moment planted. But the hope engendered by this dashing achievement was as short-lived as its brief success: the Russian reserves poured in masses into the Malakoff, and the French, overpowered by numbers and by a heavy artillery fire, were driven back across the intrenchments.

No sooner did Lord Raglan, who was posted in the advanced trench at a point which commanded a near view both of the Redan and Malakoff, perceive through the glimmer of early dawn the serious opposition encountered by the French, and the turn affairs were likely to take, than, with a feeling of chivalry, which does him eternal honour, he anticipated the moment fixed for the assault, and ordered the English columns to move out of the trenches upon the Redan. These columns, three in number, and each containing four hundred men, consisted of detachments of the Light Second and Fourth Divisions, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown. The right column was to attack the left face of the Redan between the flanking batteries; the centre one was to advance upon the salient angle; and the left one upon the re-entering angle formed by the right face and flank of the work; the first and last preceding the centre column.

Each column was accompanied by artillerymen to spike the guns or turn them on the enemy: and the scaling-ladders were carried by a party of sailors, who, with Captain Peel in command of them, had volunteered for this dangerous service.

No sooner had the flanking columns issued from the trenches, preceded by covering parties from the Rifle Brigade, and by the sailors, than they were assailed by a most murderous fire of grape and musketry, more heavy and continuous, Lord Raglan declared, than he had ever before witnessed. The sailors suffered severely, and Captain Peel himself was wounded. In the attacking columns the men in advance were either killed or wounded, and the remainder, finding it impossible to proceed, lay down on the ground and fired into the embrasures of the Redan. Major-General Sir John Campbell, who had for several months commanded the Fourth Division, and whose kindness of manner and cheerfulness of disposition had deeply endeared him to the men, led the left column sword in hand up to the abattis, only to be shot dead beneath it. Colonel Yea, the beloved commander of the Royal Fusiliers, who led the right column, and Colonel Shadforth of the 57th, in command of the storming party on this side, both shared a similar fate. Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden, of the Engineers, of whom Lord Raglan so frequently made honourable mention in his despatches, was severely wounded; and Major-General Jones, on whom the supreme direction of the siege operations had devolved on the return of Sir John Burgoyne, was struck, though not severely, by a grape-shot in the forehead. Meanwhile the pitiless storm of grape still continued to pour with unremitting fury on the devoted men in front of the Redan, who, after holding their ground with unparalleled tenacity

for nearly half-an-hour, at length relinquished the struggle, and the scanty survivors ran back through the same appalling fire to the trenches, where the reserves had suffered almost as severely as themselves. Any renewal of the attack was hopeless, as about the same time the French, whose reserves had been brought up only to be swept away, but who still clung with reluctant obstinacy on the slopes of the work, to enter which was now an impossibility, were recalled from all points by General Pelissier, who, seeing that all chance of success was at an end, ordered a general retreat to the trenches. This was effected without any further loss of consideration under cover of an admirable artillery fire from our batteries, which contrived to monopolize completely the attention of the enemy.

It was now half-past 8 A.M. and the combined attack, of which so many sanguine anticipations had been formed, which was to terminate the long and weary labours of the siege, and give Sebastopol to the Allies, had ended in failure and disappointment. Several causes, many of which it is now impossible to trace, had contributed to this deplorable result; but two of them stand out in bold relief, and claim a pre-eminence which precludes the necessity of further investigation. These, which have been already sufficiently indicated, were—the abandonment of the proposed renewal of the bombardment on the morning of the assault, and the absence of simultaneity in the three French attacks. The former enabled the Russians to all but annihilate their assailants by an overwhelming artillery fire, which disorganized them from the moment they quitted their own trenches: and the latter caused the French to be beaten in detail; while their defeat entailed that of the English as a necessary consequence. The mortification attendant on our own reverse was in some measure modified by the news of the splendid conduct and extraordinary success of one of the brigades of the Third Division, which had been ordered to co-operate on the left with the main attack.

“While the direct attack upon the Redan was proceeding,” says Lord Raglan, “Lieutenant-General Sir R. England was directed to send one of the brigades of the Third Division, under the command of Major-General Barnard, down the Woronzoff Ravine, with a view to give support to the attacking columns on his right, and the other brigade, under Major-General Eyre, still further to the left, to threaten the head of the works at the Dockyard Creek.”

Before daylight General Eyre's brigade, numbering about 2,000 men of the 9th, 18th, 28th, 38th, and 44th regiments, proceeded down the ravine, which, running into the inner harbour, separated the English and French attacks at this point. Here they found the enemy strongly posted, with their right

resting on a mamelon and their left on a cemetery. These points were occupied by marksmen, and the ground in front intersected, and the road barricaded, by stone walls, which the men were obliged to pull down, under fire, before they could advance. In the rear the enemy held some houses on both sides of the ravine, and further back bodies of men were held in reserve, while the advancing troops were exposed to a severe fire from the Garden and Barrack Batteries on either side of the creek, and from a low battery on the beach at its head, many of the guns of which however were fortunately not mounted. In the teeth of these difficulties, the gallant brigade pushed resolutely on, and, after driving the enemy from the houses on either side, established themselves in them. The shelter thus obtained was far indeed from rendering their position an enviable one: shot after shot came hotly from the enemy's batteries, tumbling down the houses, and burying their occupants in the ruins. Colonel Boston, of the 9th, after gallantly leading his regiment through the cemetery, brought them up to reinforce the parties in the houses. In the advance, he says, "grape, canister, and round shot swept round me like hail; and for encouragement, just as I reached the cover of one of the buildings, surprised to find myself in a whole skin, one of the latter crashed through the building, as though it had been made of paper. Here," he adds, "we spent fourteen dreary hours, the enemy at one moment bringing down our houses with round shot, burying the wretched wounded beneath the ruins; then throwing shell amongst us, which, owing to the softness of the ground, fortunately penetrated deep, and, in bursting, only formed craters big enough for one's grave."

Under these trying and arduous circumstances the conduct of the troops was exemplary; their only desire was to be permitted to storm the town, the order for which they expected at every moment, ignorant as they were of the grave results which had taken place on their right: wearied but undaunted, they maintained themselves in this position of unexampled difficulty through the long hours of the sultry day, and until the close of evening permitted them to be relieved. Their success, which under more favourable circumstances might have been turned to the greatest advantage, was not even thus entirely barren, as the cemetery remained definitively in our hands.

The loss on all sides in these attacks was most severe: the Russians suffered terribly from the fire which still continued to be poured into their densely crowded works after the assault was abandoned: the French loss was estimated at upwards of 3000 men and officers killed and wounded: and the English amounted to 1535 men and officers *hors de combat*.

On the morning after the assault Lord Raglan and General Pelissier asked for a suspension of hostilities to bury their dead.

The armistice took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, and it was evening before the dead were buried and the wounded brought in from the spots where they lay in front of the Redan and Malakoff. "It was agonising," says Mr. Russell, speaking of the interval which elapsed before our flag of truce was answered by the Russians, "to see the wounded men who were lying there under a broiling sun, parched with excruciating thirst, racked with fever and agonised with pain, to behold them waving their caps faintly or making signals towards our lines, over which they could see the white flag waving, and not to be able to help them. They lay where they fell, or had scrambled into the holes formed by shells; and there they had been for thirty hours; oh! how long and how dreadful in their weariness. \* \* \* The redcoats lay sadly thick over the broken ground in front of the abattis of the Redan, and blue and grey coats were scattered about or lay in piles in the rain-courses before the Malakoff." On a picture so painful as this it is better not to dwell; but, alas! the losses of the army were not destined to end here. On the 24th Adjutant-General Estcourt, who was sincerely loved and respected by the troops, fell a victim to cholera after three days' illness: and a more irreparable loss was sustained shortly after in the death of Lord Raglan on the 29th. This melancholy event was thus feelingly announced to the French army in a general order of General Pelissier.

"Death has just surprised in his command Field Marshal Lord Raglan, and has plunged the English army in grief. We share the regrets of our brave Allies. Those who knew Lord Raglan, who were acquainted with the history of his noble life, so pure, so rich in services rendered to his country—those who witnessed his bravery on the fields of Alma and Inkermann, who remember the calm and stoic grandeur of his character during this severe and memorable campaign—all men of heart, in fact, must deplore the loss of such a man.

"The sentiments which the Commander-in-Chief expresses are those of the whole army. He himself severely feels this unforeseen blow. The public sorrow falls more heavily on him, as he has the additional regret of being forever separated from a companion in arms whose cordial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and in whom he always found loyal and hearty co-operation."

Such was the epitaph of Lord Raglan—the touching lament of a great soldier for no unworthy colleague, and more eloquent in its noble manliness

and simplicity than the choicest phrases ever conned by adulation to engrave upon a tomb.

The command of the army, in the absence of Sir George Brown, the next in seniority, who had been compelled by sickness to quit the Crimea on the very day of Lord Raglan's death, now devolved in due course on General Simpson, late chief of the staff, and was speedily confirmed by a telegraphic message from England.

In spite of so many adverse circumstances, the spirit both of the French and English troops continued to be excellent; the only feeling manifested on all hands was one of impatience to be led again to the assault, the result of which was still anticipated with undiminished confidence. During nearly three months, in pursuance of the system which made the Malakoff the principal object of attack, the French sap was now systematically pushed nearer and nearer to this bastion, while a similar advance was made in the direction of a smaller work, situated nearly in the middle of the line of entrenchment which extends from the Malakoff to the western shore of Careening Creek, and which was called by us the Little Redan, and by the French *Redan du Carénage*. In this operation the engineers derived shelter and assistance from the French batteries occupying the site of the old White Works on the eminence at the opposite side of the creek.

In the early part of August, preparations were observed in the Russian camp on the Mackenzie plateau, where considerable reinforcements were also known to have arrived, which led the Allied Generals to the conclusion that an attack on the lines of the Tchernaya was in contemplation, and the troops were in consequence kept on the alert. The position, which was covered in its entire length by the river Tchernaya, and by the canal or aqueduct in rear of it, extended from a point opposite Tchorgoun to Inkermann, and was formed by a low range of heights overhanging the river, and, where these cease, after a dip in the valley, by the ridge of the plateau of the Chersonese. The left flank was thus protected by the head of the Harbour, and by its communication with the French right attack; and the difficult and mountainous country beyond Tchorgoun, in which it was impossible to manœuvre large bodies of men, secured the right flank from any danger of being turned. The right of the position was defended by the Sardinians, who occupied some commanding heights on the left bank of the River Chuliú, at the point where it forms its junction with the Tchernaya, with two advanced posts on the opposite side of the river. The centre and left were held by the French. Independently of a few not very practicable fords, the Tchernaya and the

Canal are crossed by two bridges—one at Tchorgoun commanded by the guns of the Piedmontese, and the other below and almost in the centre of the French position. Between this and the Mackenzie plateau a plain of about two or three miles in width intervenes, and by this plain the Mackenzie Road crosses the Tchernaya at Traktir Bridge.

Before daylight on the morning of the 16th August, the Russians to the number of 50,000 or 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery and 6,000 cavalry, descended from the Mackenzie heights, and, debouching near Ai-Todor, advanced, favoured by the darkness, on the Tchernaya. The action commenced by a heavy column of the enemy, under the command of General Liprandi, and composed of the 6th and 17th Divisions, with the 4th and 7th Divisions in reserve, attacking the advanced posts of the Sardinians. These, which were defended only by three companies, were maintained with the most distinguished gallantry for more than an hour, during which General La Marmora had time to complete his arrangements: and at the expiration of this time, finding themselves attacked in front by three columns of infantry and taken in rear by the Russian Artillery, this brave handful of men fell back in excellent order on the reinforcements which the general had ordered up to their assistance, and the advanced post on the far side of the river was abandoned. From this time the Sardinian artillery, assisted by Captain Mowbray's battery of 32-pounder howitzers, used every effort to silence the enemy's guns—and succeeded in causing them severe damage. In the meanwhile, another Russian division, advancing through the mist which overhung the Tchernaya, and through the smoke of the cannonade, which had now become general along the whole of the enemy's line, assailed the French on the extreme left. The shock was received with the greatest firmness by two regiments of the line and a battalion of Zouaves, who, charging the Russians with the bayonet both in flank and rear, drove them in confusion across the canal, and the division, which never rallied till well out of range, did not appear again in the battle. In the meantime, the Russian field batteries in the centre opened on the *tête du pont* which the French had constructed at the Traktir Bridge, on which, covered by the artillery fire, two divisions were now directed.

The bridge was speedily carried, and the Russian columns crossing at this point, and at others to the right and left of it, by means of pontoons, temporary bridges, and through the fords, traversed the canal and the trench of the lines, and threw themselves with impetuosity upon the heights. Here the French, who had been driven back from the *tête du pont*, rallied upon their



supports, and, changing the defensive for the offensive, forced the Russians to recross the river, and re-took the bridge. As the latter retired they were terribly cut up by an oblique fire from two Sardinian batteries, and thrown into the greatest disorder. The attempt was twice repeated, fresh columns twice again crossed the river and the canal, and urged by their own momentum, in spite of the withering fire of cannon and musketry with which they were received, actually twice again crowned the heights. But in each case their success ended here; and, when the moment of retreat arrived, this temporary advantage only served to aggravate their loss. Hampered by the dense masses of their own men in the rear, escape became almost an impossibility—a vast number of prisoners were taken, and the remainder of the assailants, presenting in their slow descent of the heights an easy mark to the French, fell thickly on the banks of the canal and the river, or rolled down into the water, which soon ran red with blood.

By nine o'clock the enemy were in full retreat on all points, their dense columns retiring as rapidly as possible under the protection of the cavalry and artillery, which showed a firm front in the plain until this movement was safely effected.

General Pelissier wisely refrained from employing his own and the English cavalry, who were drawn up in the valley behind, in pursuit of the enemy: as, had he done so, these splendid troops would have been exposed to a heavy fire from the Russian field-batteries in position, as well as from those on the Mackenzie heights: and the loss they must have suffered, if so employed, would have clouded the lustre of this most brilliant and decisive day.

The reverse sustained by the Russians had been indeed severe. Including the wounded, more than two thousand two hundred prisoners remained in the hands of the French and Sardinians, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was estimated in all at from 8,000 to 10,000 men. Compared with this, that of the French and Sardinians was trifling. That of the former amounted to 1,551, of whom 181 were killed, 1,224 wounded, and 146 missing; and the Sardinians had only 200 men in all *hors de combat*, a result which General La Marmora attributes to the strength with which they had fortified their position, and the telling effect of the fire from their batteries, armed with heavy guns lent to them by the English. They had however to deplore the death of one of their most distinguished generals, the Count de Montevecchio, who fell at the head of his brigade, mortally wounded by a ball in the chest.

The attack of the 16th seems to have been the result of desperation, caused

by the difficulty of supporting a large army with a daily increasing deficiency of provisions and a failing supply of water, rather than the prudent effort of judicious daring: and its failure established in the most striking manner the physical superiority and moral ascendancy of the Allied troops over those of the enemy. To contend against the overwhelming masses brought against them by the Russians, the French had only twelve thousand infantry and four batteries of artillery engaged: and, though the Sardinians had ten thousand men in position, no more than 4,500, with twenty-four pieces of cannon, were actually engaged.

Prince Gortschakoff attempts to account for the defeat by an alleged misunderstanding of orders on the part of General Read, who commanded the right wing, and was killed on the field; but there is nothing to bear out his statement. The orders for the battle, signed by the Prince himself, were found on the body of the general; and from these it would appear that it was a most determined attempt to force the Allies to raise the siege.

Had the Russians succeeded, Balaklava was to be attacked by one portion of their army, and the plateau was to have been stormed by the other, while a sortie was to have been made from the Quarantine Battery on the French on the extreme left: and another on the works on the extreme right on Mount Sapoune.

The Russians attacked at the prescribed hour, and with a perfect knowledge of the ground: and, on General Read's death, Prince Gortschakoff in person assumed the command of the right wing, and defeat under these conditions tells its own story, in language which does not admit of a double construction.

The consequences of this victory were immense. The last effort to raise the siege was hopelessly frustrated; and the army of relief so completely paralysed by this crushing discomfiture, that the Allies were now enabled to carry on the last operations of the siege, so fast approaching its termination, with a feeling of security hitherto unknown.

The Russians added disgrace to the sting of defeat by firing on the French parties employed in burying the enemy's dead: and a lively correspondence ensued on the subject between General Pelissier and Prince Gortschakoff, in which the latter, while endeavouring to palliate the conduct of his own soldiers, renders the fullest justice to the humanity with which the French constantly strove to alleviate the needless sufferings entailed by war.

Before dismissing this portion of our task, we must be permitted to refer once more to the distinguished behaviour of the Sardinian troops, who,

engaged for the first time on this occasion, secured at once by the gallantry and steadiness they displayed the entire confidence and warm admiration of the old campaigners by whose side they fought. Their infantry displayed a courage bordering on obstinacy, and their artillery, which was most admirably served, claimed with justice a large share of the success of the day, to which they contributed partly by subduing the fire of the enemy's guns on the Mackenzie plateau, and partly by crushing the columns of attack by a murderous flank fire. Italy may well be proud of her sons, who by casting in their lot, at a time of difficulty and danger, with the more powerful champions of civilization, were enabled to partake of their triumph, and to vindicate for their country a voice in the settlement of a question which is to decide the future of Europe.

The French, who had now pushed their approaches to within eighty yards of the ditch of the Malakoff, but found it impossible to proceed further without first silencing some guns which generally destroyed in the day the work of the preceding night, having completed their advanced batteries in this direction, arranged with General Simpson that a steady fire should be opened on the 17th August, from the Allied batteries, on the Malakoff with its adjacent works and the Redan. This was accordingly carried into effect, and the fifth bombardment, though less heavy than the previous ones, in consequence of the restricted nature of the object to be attained and of its not being in contemplation to follow it up by an assault, fully achieved, in the three days of its duration, the purpose for which it was undertaken. In the afternoon of the first day a shell from one of the English mortar batteries ignited and caused the explosion of a great number of shells in one of the enemy's batteries, and caused considerable mischief. For the first forty-eight hours the French left attack scarcely took any share in the bombardment, and the fire of the Russians, being thus free to be concentrated on the right, caused some heavy casualties in our trenches. Captain Oldfield, of the Royal Artillery, and Captain Hammet, of the Naval Brigade, were killed: and Major C. S. Henry of the Artillery received a severe wound which rendered necessary the amputation of his right arm. On the night of the 18th, a sharp fire of mortars was directed on some of the enemy's works in which large masses of men were known to be placed, and the shells exploded amongst these with very destructive effect.

On the evening of the 20th, the batteries of the French left attack atoned for their previous slackness by opening with great violence on the bastions

covering the town; the Russians replied vigorously, and the fire was sustained on both sides until dark. From this time the cannonade again gradually died away, to be renewed generally only once more.

On the night of the 27th, a French magazine in the Mamelon was blown up by a shell; it contained 15,000 pounds of powder, and the explosion killed and wounded nearly a hundred of the men who were in the work at the time; but this disaster was not attended by any ulterior consequences of importance.

Everything now betokened the beginning of the end. For some weeks past the daily losses of the garrison, according to Prince Gortschakoff's own statements, had been enormous; and, while the defeat on the Tchernaya destroyed the last hopes of raising the siege, its prompt termination was clearly fore-shown in the now irresistible progress of the Allies towards the place. Not unmindful of the signs of the times, the Russians had some time before commenced the construction of a bridge of boats from Fort Nicholas to the north side of the harbour; and after the battle of the Tchernaya this work was urged on with redoubled vigour.

It was completed about the 27th August, and was at once put into operation for the removal of stores from the dockyard and arsenal, which continued incessantly from this time up to the day of the final assault.

About this time the Allied Generals received positive information that a renewed attack on the lines of the Tchernaya had been determined on; but, even supposing that the Russians had not profited by their late bitter experience, their hands were now far too full to admit of the possibility of such an attempt; and the report was probably spread by the enemy in the futile hope of delaying the assault.

In the twenty days which elapsed from the 17th August to the 5th September, the Russian losses from the fire of the Allied batteries averaged daily, according to Prince Gortschakoff's own statement, nearly 700 men, and their works were so severely injured that, for the first time in the siege, it was found impossible to repair them with any approximation to the rapidity with which they were destroyed. The ramparts and batteries, mended at night under a heavy fire, crumbled down at last after a few shots in the morning; the parapets fell in large masses into the ditches; and moments sufficed to render vain the toil and the sacrifices of months.

On the other hand, the French approaches both on the right and left now almost touched the works on which they were directed.

On the side of the town their most advanced trench was within forty metres of the Central Bastion, and within thirty of the Bastion du Mât: and on the

right they had approached within 25 metres of the Malakoff and of the Little Redan.

The English were still nearly 250 yards distant from the Great Redan, on which they could bring about 200 guns to bear, but the rocky nature of the intervening ground rendered it impossible to push their sap beyond this point.

Thus the defeat of the Russians on the Tchernaya, the enormous losses known to have been sustained by the garrison of Sebastopol, the irreparable damage done to their line of defences, and the close proximity of the approaches of the Allies, all combined to indicate that the moment of the final and decisive assault had at length arrived. This was fixed by the Commanders-in-Chief to take place at noon on the 8th September, after keeping up a heavy fire for the three preceding days.

Accordingly at daylight on the 5th, all the French and English batteries, from the Quarantine Bay to Inkermann, opened a steady and continuous fire against the Russian works; that on the French left being peculiarly distinguished by its weight and rapidity.

The morning was calm and bright and still, and through the transparent atmosphere the proud city was distinctly visible in scarcely diminished beauty—the last gleam of loveliness which precedes dissolution,—too soon to be folded in the fatal smoke-wreath for a shroud, and reduced to ashes on the funeral pile prepared by her own children. Suddenly the stillness was broken, the brightness overcast: sheets of the most vivid flame, and thick clouds of sulphur-charged vapour, enwrapped the besieging lines from west to east, and the multitudinous roar of seven hundred pieces of the heaviest ordnance was borne sullenly on the wind to rouse the fated city from its last deceitful slumber. From early morn until the hot September sun was in its noontide glow, the deadly shower of iron hail fell thick and fast on battery and town, crashing through embrasure and parapet, shattering house and church and palace, and mixing with inanimate remains the torn and mangled ruins of humanity.

Through five successive movements this wild discordant music had risen to tones of fiercer vehemence and more terrific import, till now in the last they swelled into the awful diapason which marked its close. And now for the first time the echoes it aroused were faint and fitful and uncertain, and ere long died away in scarcely audible reverberations. The furthest limits of resistance had been reached—before the burning breath of this huge furnace, the Russians shrank and cowered as the corn-ears shrink and bend before the blast of the simoom. With that unyielding obstinacy which in a better cause would have deserved the name of heroism, they still indeed persisted in

remaining at their guns, but the guns themselves at every moment were tumbled from their carriages—the artillerymen maimed or killed outright in serving them; and from the very first their batteries replied to ours but feebly, and by fits and starts. With scarcely any check, the cannonade was continued with unmitigated fury throughout the day, and at night a very torrent of shells from every mortar and heavy gun along the vast front of the Allied position carried death and destruction into the heart of the enemy's defences. At five that evening, one of the frigates in the harbour was set on fire, by what means is still a matter of uncertainty. She burned with a steady and brilliant light, whose radiance extended to an immense distance, and as the devastating element did its work thousands of the besieging armies on the surrounding hills beheld with fierce delight the town, whose fate was thus forecast as it were in a fiery mirror, illumined by the flames.

During the 6th and 7th, the bombardment was as hotly maintained as during the first twenty-four hours; at three in the afternoon, a Russian two-decker caught fire, and by midnight was burnt down to the water's edge; and about the same time a heavy explosion took place in the town.

And now the last day had dawned upon Sebastopol, and, alas! upon how many gallant sons of France and England, who, "burning with high hope" at its commencement, should "moulder cold and low" before its close.

The plan agreed upon by the Allied generals was briefly as follows:—The general assault was to take place at noon. This hour was fixed upon both as offering a more favourable chance of taking the enemy, accustomed to our attacking either in the morning or the evening, by surprise, and as obviating the possibility of an attack on the lines of the Tchernaya before dark, in the contingency of the Russian army in the field making such a last desperate effort to relieve the place. The Malakoff, which was now admitted on all hands to be the one key of the whole position, was the great object to be gained, but several other attacks were to be made on the principal points of the *enceinte*, to distract the attention of the enemy and prevent him from concentrating his reserves, as well as to alarm him respecting the town, whence the bridge securing his retreat was thrown over to the north side.

The fortifications of the Karabelnaya were to be assailed by the French at three points; on the left McMahan's division was to storm the Malakoff and its redoubt; on the right Dulac's division the Little Redan of Careening Bay; and in the centre La Motterouge's division was to march against the curtain which unites these two works. These three divisions were to be supported by General Mellinet's division of the Guard, the whole force on this side being under the supreme command of General Bosquet.

The English were to attack the Great Redan at its salient, and portions of the Light and Second Divisions were selected for the honour of the assault by General Simpson, from their having so long defended the batteries and approaches against this work, and from the intimate knowledge they possessed of the ground.

Finally, on the left, General de Salles with the First Corps, reinforced by a Sardinian brigade, was to penetrate by the Central Bastion into the interior of the town, and then turn the Flagstaff Bastion, to make a lodgment there.

As the possession of the Malakoff by either party would sooner or later render all the other works untenable to the other, it was arranged that neither the attack on the Redan nor that on the Central Bastion should be commenced until General Pelissier should give a signal that the French were masters of the first of these works.

The most admirable foresight and method characterised the preliminary arrangements of the French.

The trenches were widened at convenient spots so as to be capable of containing without confusion the whole of the attacking divisions and reserves, and, as it was important to conceal the movement of these large bodies of troops from the enemy, the ridges of all the lines of communication leading to the advanced *places d'armes* had been heightened, wherever there was danger of being seen.

The engineers were amply provided with every description of intrenching tools, a supply of which was also distributed amongst the stormers: the artillerymen were provided with hammers and spiking nails to disable the enemy's guns: and a large quantity of bridges of a new and ingenious construction had been furnished to parties of sappers previously instructed in the method of manœuvring them. Reserves of field-batteries were also prepared to be in readiness to take part in the action if occasion offered.

At the same time the whole of the French force on the Tchernaya was held under arms to check any threatening movement on the part of the army of relief.

Shortly before noon the cannonade, which had been vigorously sustained up to that time, was purposely permitted to slacken, the more thoroughly to deceive the enemy, who had been further thrown off their guard by the French, on the preceding evening, breaking out the commencement of a new sap, as if they meant to advance closer before the assault. The French troops, to the number, including reserves, of 30,000 men, being now assembled at the points previously designated, at twelve o'clock precisely the signal for the assault was given. At the same moment the drums and bugles beat and

sounded the charge, and, amidst repeated cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, the divisions of McMahon, Dulac, and De la Motterouge rushed from the trenches, and fell like a triple avalanche on the Malakoff, the Little Redan, and the Curtain. Crossing the ditches of these works with incredible agility, they swarmed up the parapets, and in a few seconds were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the defenders. At the Malakoff itself, the success was rapid and complete. Thoroughly taken by surprise, its garrison still made a show of resistance, and the fight, commenced with musket-shots, was for a while protracted with the bayonet, with clubbed muskets, with pickaxes, and even with stones, so close and so deadly had it become.

In vain however the Russians exhaust the resources of desperation—a few minutes more and the parapet is crossed, the work entered, the remainder of the garrison either killed or driven out, and the flag of France is planted firmly on the Malakoff, “never,” in the words of General Pelissier, “to be torn down.”

At the right and in the centre the struggle was far more severe, but here again the resistless impetuosity of the French attack for a time triumphed over every obstacle, and the assailants gained possession of the Little Redan and the Curtain, penetrating even to the second *enceinte* or entrenchment which had been constructed in the rear of these works. At this time General Bosquet, struck in the right side by the explosion of a shell, was forced to leave the field of battle, and was succeeded in his command by General Dulac.

The tricolor seen floating from the Malakoff was the signal for the attacks on the Redan and on the Central Bastion. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed from the first rush of the French, when the assaulting column of the English, numbering one thousand men of the Light and Second Divisions, those of the former being in advance, and the whole preceded by a covering party of 200 men, and a ladder party of 320, moved out of the trenches of the fifth parallel. As they crossed the 200 yards of ground which still intervened between this point and the Redan, they were exposed to a terrible fire of grape from the flanks; and officers and men fell so thickly that the whole of this space was covered with the dead and wounded. “Colonel Unett, of the 19th, was badly wounded before he reached the abattis; Brigadier Shirley, in command of the column, was temporarily blinded by the dust and earth knocked into his face by a shot, and was forced to leave the field, as was also Brigadier Van Straubenzee, in consequence of a contusion he received in the face. Colonel Handcock fell mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammond fell dead. Major Welsford was killed on the



spot, in the act of mounting a ladder to get into one of the embrasures, by a round shot which carried off his head. Captain Grove was severely wounded, and many officers and men were hit and fell."\* In spite of this appalling loss, which, with the exception of the death of Colonel Handcock, occurred outside the Redan, our small columns, already terribly thinned, pressed on unflinchingly to the work, which they scaled at its salient, some by means of ladders, but the majority over the debris knocked down by the previous artillery fire. For a moment the Russians retired, but it was only to rally and reform behind the innumerable traverses, whence they kept up a withering fire on the English, or to return, reinforced by fresh masses of troops, to the unequal struggle. The Second Division column, which entered the Redan almost at the same moment as that of the Light, fared no better; and the supports which came up were not sufficient to fill the gaps which every moment made among the men already in the work.

The nature of this species of fortification, which is a triangle open at the base, gave peculiar scope for the entrance and deployment of reinforcements in any number, while the assailants, crowded together at the apex of the triangle, were exposed to a concentrated fire from every other portion of the work, which was also completely commanded in rear by some of the guns of the Barrack Battery. Against such odds no skill and no courage could ultimately prevail; but against them for two long hours the English maintained their dearly-won position with unparalleled tenacity and determination. By this time nearly all the ammunition had been spent, the reinforcements already sent were used up, the destructive fire maintained by the enemy rendered the advance of any further relieving force impossible; and, threatened with utter annihilation by the ever-increasing stream of the Russian reserves, the few survivors of the attacking force at last quitted the Redan, and through an undiminished fire of grape, canister, and musketry, returned, panting, bleeding, and exhausted, to the shelter of their trenches. The officers had exposed themselves throughout at every point with the utmost recklessness of life, and covered themselves with inextinguishable glory; Brigadier-General Windham was especially conspicuous amongst this band of heroes, and his great personal daring was almost eclipsed by the lustre of the still higher qualities displayed in his coolness and self-possession, his unbounded fertility of resources, his ready adaptation to circumstances, and his thorough mastery of a situation perhaps the most trying to a British officer. All this noble devotion on the

\* Letter of Times' Correspondent.

part of the officers and men was, alas ! fruitless in insuring a success which the blood of too many of them was insufficient to purchase; but will it now be denied that, sad as is this page of the military annals of England, its gloom is not untempered by the light of glory? True it is that every detail of the terrible scene has been described with the most painful minuteness and the most graphic eloquence by writers who never left Cathcart's Hill for one moment during its enactment, and that conclusions the most disparaging to the honour of the British arms have been freely drawn in consequence, by pens on which patriotism should at least have enjoined silence, if honest commendation was felt to be impossible. But it should be remembered that the most powerful opera-glass may fail, at a distance of two miles, to unravel the perplexed intricacies of a life-and-death struggle within a narrow space of ground, in which the combatants themselves, enveloped in the smoke and dust of battle, can scarcely see a score of yards before them: and camp stories, though unquestionless a piquant food to satisfy the hunger of a public craving for excitement, are not quite the solid materials of which the stately fabric of a nation's history should be composed. General Pelissier states in his despatch (in which he either speaks the simple truth as a chivalrous gentleman and gallant soldier, or deliberately gives the sanction of a public document to a falsehood, contrived for the unworthy purpose of sparing the *amour-propre* of an ally,) that the English behaved with their usual intrepidity, and that when, after sustaining an unequal contest for nearly two hours, they resolved on evacuating the Redan, they did so with such an appearance of firmness, that the enemy did not venture to advance upon them. What that "usual intrepidity" was, had been too amply proved in the sight of the world by Alma, and Inkermann, and Balaklava, and by months of nearly nightly fighting in the trenches, to require comment or explanation; and the most intelligent of newspaper correspondents need hardly blush to own his inferiority to France's victorious general in deciding how soldiers should acquit themselves in the day of battle.

Meanwhile the lesson, that even unimpugned valour does not always command success, may be learned from the fate of the French attacks other than that on the Malakoff.

At the Central Bastion, in spite of a shower of ball and projectiles, the indomitable courage of our Allies for a while, as on the left, triumphed over the resistance of the enemy, and the assaulting columns, overcoming innumerable obstacles, actually penetrated the work. But the enemy, retiring behind their traverses, displayed the greatest firmness; fresh guns were unmasked at com-

manding and unsuspected points, and field-pieces, rapidly brought up to the front, vomited forth volleys of grape upon the stormers.

Two generals were wounded and two killed, some mines exploding added to the confusion, and at last, borne down by a resistless charge of the masses of the enemy, the French troops were driven from the work, and compelled to return to whence they came.

On the right the first successes at the Little Redan and the Curtain had been dearly atoned for at the price of torrents of blood. "Three times," says General Pelissier, "did the Dulac and De la Motterouge divisions take possession of the Redan and the Curtain, and three times were they obliged to retire before a horrible fire of artillery and the deep masses that they found opposing them, when the two field batteries in reserve at the Lancaster Battery came down across the trenches (over which a road had been levelled for the purpose), and, boldly taking up a position within half gun-shot, succeeded in driving back the enemy's columns and the steam-ships.\* A portion of these two divisions, supported in their heroic struggle by the troops of the Guard, which was covered with glory on this occasion, established itself all along the left of the Curtain, whence it could not be driven by the enemy."

These attacks were however virtually repulsed, and that on the Little Redan alone is said to have cost the French 4,000 men.

Renewed attempts for the possession of the Redan and of the Central Bastion were now being organised, but these were restrained by General Pelissier, already secure of the Malakoff, in which his troops had firmly established themselves.

The possession of this work however was not yielded by the Russians till after a desperate and frequently-renewed struggle.

For hours a furious cannonade was directed on the work from the batteries on the north side, from steamers in the roadstead, and from field-pieces posted at every favourable spot; for hours column after column was thrown upon the Malakoff, only to be dashed back, shattered and broken, by the terrible fire of the French, whose vast reserves were brought up even faster than those of the enemy. At length at about five in the afternoon, after thrice assaulting the gorge of the work with their whole disposable force, the Russians finally retired from a contest which had long ceased to present any hope of success, their batteries keeping up a fire till night-time in order to cover their retreat, and check any further advance of the French.

\* Some vessels which the enemy had placed so as to command these works.

Thus, while the principal attack on the Malakoff had triumphantly succeeded, all the subordinate ones, whether French or English, had alike failed. The secret of this was—that of all the works assaulted the Malakoff was the only one closed in the rear, so that almost from the very moment of its capture it became capable of being turned against the enemy. The universality of the repulse at every point where this was not the case strongly demonstrates that it was this peculiarity which determined the result: and the fact, that wherever the conditions of the French attack were similar to those of the English on the Redan repulse as surely followed, has been conveniently ignored by those writers who have had the bad taste to extol our gallant Allies at the expense of our own no less gallant soldiers—a course which must render them as odious in the eyes of the generous men whom they insult with their praise, as it makes them contemptible to those whose brilliant services they repay with ungrateful disparagement.

Nor must it be supposed that, great as was the sacrifice of life entailed by these unsuccessful attacks, that sacrifice was in the least thrown away. But for them, the Russians would have been enabled to concentrate such overwhelming forces on the Malakoff as would have made it untenable by the French: and the real importance of the possession of this work was soon placed in the clearest light by the decision adopted by Prince Gortschakoff, who, despairing of retaking it, resolved on evacuating the town.

Towards evening long files of troops and baggage were seen crossing the bridge to the north side: vast conflagrations burst out on all sides, almost all the shipping in the harbour was in flames, and as the enemy retreated they blew up in succession their several fortifications, powder magazines, and public buildings. The retreat was effected in the most masterly manner by the Russian General, whose preparations for this event had long been matured, nor was any attempt made to interfere with its accomplishment, as the Allied troops, if risked at such a moment within the town, would have been exposed to be destroyed in detail by the several explosions: when day broke the last fugitives were being carried off in the few remaining steamers—the bridge of boats was already doubled back to the north side, and all the Russian men-of-war had been burned or sunk in the harbour.

Sebastopol was in the undisputed possession of the Allies.

“Thus terminated,” says General Pelissier, “this memorable siege, during which the relieving army was twice beaten in the open field, and the means of defence and attack of which had assumed colossal proportions. The besieging army had in its different attacks 800 guns in battery, which fired more than

one million six hundred thousand rounds, and our approaches, dug during 336 days, of open trenches, through a rocky ground, with a development of more than 86 kilometres (about 54 English miles), were made under the constant fire of the place, and with incessant combats by day and night.

“The day of the 8th of September, on which the Allies gained the mastery over an army almost equal in number, not invested, intrenched behind formidable defences, provided with more than eleven hundred cannon, protected by the guns of the fleet, and the north batteries, still possessing enormous resources, will remain an example of what may be expected from a brave disciplined army hardened by war.”

The English loss in this memorable day was 29 officers killed and 129 wounded, and 358 men killed and 1,945 wounded, or in all 2,461 men killed and wounded out of the 4,000 who attacked the Redan. The French loss amounted to 7,551 killed and wounded, among whom were 5 generals killed, 4 wounded, and 6 contused; but their loss, though actually so much heavier than our own, was smaller by far in proportion to the number of men engaged. The total loss of the Allied armies reached the appalling number of 10,000 men.

Prince Gortschakoff boasted that the Allies would find nothing in Sebastopol but “blood-stained ruins,” and all the resources of destruction were exhausted to give effect to this threat.

But there were physical limits to its realization which even Russian ingenuity could not pass beyond. The stupendous docks, the laborious result of years, could not be annihilated in a day, and, though all the stone forts were mined, so solid was their construction, that the majority of them suffered but little from the explosions.

Thousands of guns and immense stores of shot, shell, and powder still remained within the town, and, had the occupation of Sebastopol entered into the plan of operations, vast means of defence existed in the objects, which will now serve as trophies to grace the arsenals of England and France.

On the 11th September the remaining steamers in the harbour of Sebastopol were sunk by the Russians—and thus perished the last traces of the Black Sea Fleet.

In less than one year from the landing in the Crimea, every object of the war had been attained with a fullness which the most sanguine would have hesitated to predict: the preponderance of Russia in the East, which only a few months earlier the Allies would have been content only to reduce, was now annihilated; and with the fall of the stronghold of Southern Russia, its arsenals,

armaments, and dockyards, and its multiplied resources of aggression, the traditionary policy of Peter and Catherine, so patiently and perseveringly pursued through ages of intrigue and spoliation, was, on the very eve of its fulfilment, scattered to the winds.

The results of this glorious triumph, purchased with such costly sacrifices, and achieved with such indomitable resolution, lie hid in the future, and the most glowing imagination might fail to conceive them in their possible development: but when in years to come the long-oppressed and despot-ridden populations of the East shall have risen into thriving and flourishing communities—when the rich but neglected provinces of the Danube shall teem with fertility, and that magnificent river roll down a stream of wealth into the sea—when the vast fleets of the commerce of all nations shall cross the Euxine from shore to shore, and Russia herself, convinced by her dearly-bought experience that the strength of nations does not lie in their power for aggression, shall lend her aid to the advancement of a civilization she once fondly hoped to crush—then and not till then will full justice be done to the grand and self-denying policy of the Western powers, which, despising the petty interests of national aggrandizement, lavished their blood and treasure to secure so fair a future for the world.

And in this meed of universal gratitude England and France will share and share alike. United with a cordiality and loyalty unknown in former alliances, side by side they met and overcame the same difficulties and disasters, the same delays and reverses; the same hopes and fears were common to both, and the same triumph, mingled with the same regrets, crowned their efforts at the last.

Short as the war has been, England may well boast of her position at its termination. That termination has found her not weak, and prostrate, and exhausted; not suffering from the reaction of feverish exertions beyond her strength, not with an empty treasury and a decimated people; not unduly anxious for peace, nor, to her credit be it spoken, pursuing war for war's sake; but with a magnificent army, highly trained and disciplined, proud of its past successes, panting for new achievements—and in the highest state of efficiency in every department: with an enormous fleet fully manned and armed, and equally adapted to act in the shallowest waters, or to confront the proudest armada on the open seas; with resources in men and treasure of which the elasticity is yet untested, and with a public spirit throughout the length and breadth of the land resolved to brave every extremity, and exhaust every sacrifice, in the defence of the right and the maintenance of the national honour.

It is well to proclaim these facts loudly and clearly; and to save the useless effusion of precious blood, by warning, while it is yet time, the would-be disturbers of the world's peace, of the resistance they will encounter, and the chastisement they will have to expect. Prestige, no less than chivalry, is "a cheap defence of nations;" but unfortunately throughout this war the efforts of the English press, with some honourable exceptions, seem to have been directed to rob us of this uncostly but invaluable safeguard, and to present us to the world as a nation in the last stage of dotage and helplessness; destitute of admirals, generals, or statesmen; barren in commanding intellect, incapable of organization, crushed by a nefarious nepotism, and rotting away under the "cold shade" of a worthless aristocracy. The army, the navy, and the whole system of our administration have been visited with unsparing censure; almost every one whose position elevated him above the mass has been stigmatized either as a knave or a fool; and, worst of all, the most odious and unfounded comparisons have been instituted between the English and the French systems, and invariably turned to the discredit of the former. Every reverse of ours has been magnified, and every disaster gloated over: the contradiction of these one-sided statements comes, if it ever comes at all, too late; and the hideous caricature is accepted from one end of Europe to the other as a faithful and striking likeness of the English people drawn by themselves. Contrast with this the prudent reserve, the judicious silence, of the French. They also had their reverses in the field, and their disasters in the camp; the pestilence which ravaged us did not spare them; at times it may be they had to complain of short rations and defects of management at home and abroad: but over these wounds of national pride they threw a seemly cloak; and the shadows which obscured for a while the course of the struggle were left to vanish for ever in the splendour of the triumph. Their estimate of us was at once just and generous. They looked on our soldiers as true brothers-in-arms, as another portion of one vast army, animated by the same hopes, and burning with an equal courage, with common sympathies, in the hour of difficulty, and an undivided glory in the day of victory.

For the sake of national decorum and self-respect—in the interest of constitutional government, rational liberty, and an unfettered press—in justice to those who freely shed their blood in defence of their country's honour, it is to be hoped that in any future war in which it may be England's stern duty to be engaged some self-imposed restraint will check the unbounded licence of newspaper criticism, some decent reserve be exhibited in betraying our real and imaginary weaknesses to those only too interested in augmenting their magnitude and exaggerating their consequences.

The disasters which really marked our share in this campaign originated in the miserable and false economy which in time of peace starved our establishments, and made it necessary to commence their organization at the very moment when they were required for use: and it is absurd and injurious to attempt, as has been lately done, to fix blame on individuals for the results of a mistaken policy, imposed on a too-credulous and confiding people by pseudo-political economists, peace-patriots, and popularity-hunters.

Every true Englishman will pray that this experience may not have been in vain, and that in future years England may maintain an attitude so imposing, that no nation, however powerful, may count on her temporary weakness as the occasion of carrying out the projects of ambition. Then peace will be indeed secure, and she will be at liberty to pursue those civilizing arts and that rational process of internal improvement which, under God, have led her to the proud eminence on which she stands.

---





W Simpson, del. G M<sup>c</sup> Culloch, lith

London P & D Colnaghi & C<sup>o</sup>

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

DISEMBARKATION OF THE EXPEDITION TO KERTCH AND THE BLOWING UP OF ST PAUL'S BATTERY

DISEMBARKATION OF THE EXPEDITION TO KERTCH  
AT KAMISH BURUN,  
AND THE BLOWING UP OF ST. PAUL'S BATTERY.

A DETAILED description of the expedition into the Sea of Azoff will be found in the preceding portion of this work, and we shall therefore confine ourselves in this place to recalling such of its earlier incidents as have an immediate connection with the drawing under consideration.

On the 24th May, a squadron comprising eight English, four French steamers, and six screw gun-boats, carrying a land force of 16,305 troops, assembled at Cape Takli, the south-western boundary of the Straits of Kertch, which they immediately proceeded to enter. Some pains had recently been taken by the Russians to strengthen the defences of the Straits, but the imposing appearance of the expedition convinced them that these positions were untenable, and they were consequently abandoned in succession after their magazines had been exploded. The spot selected for landing was point Kamish Bûrûn, a few miles south of Kertch, and at the southern extremity of a bay about a mile and a half in width, on the opposite point of which stood the battery of St. Paul. The disembarkation commenced about noon; and shortly afterwards thick columns of white smoke shot rapidly up into the air, followed by the heavy thunders of repeated explosions, announcing that the enemy had blown up all his batteries on Cape St. Paul. The scene now presented was of the most striking character. The calm waters of the small bay were crowded with steamers passing and repassing in every direction. Nearer to the shore innumerable launches crowded with troops, and in tow of smaller man-of-war's boats, obedient to the steady stroke of their athletic boat's crews, were rapidly nearing the landing place, which was a smooth shelving beach, backed at a few yards' distance by a rich sward, whose emerald verdure contrasted gently with the yellow of the sands and the clear blue sea beyond. Among the more remarkable of the steamers may be observed, the *Minna*, with her two small black funnels and an awning, and immediately ahead of her, the companion craft the *Brenda*, which were actively employed during the whole afternoon in towing long strings of man-of-war boats filled with marines. The *Recruit*, formerly a Prussian gun-boat, and which subsequently took such an active part in the bombardment of Taganrog, is astern of the *Minna*,

and, like the Spitfire, which is closer into the land, to be distinguished by two white funnels. Farther back the Sidon may be recognised by two black funnels, and by her alternate black and white ports; and the Sphynx, in advance of the Sidon, by a white line painted along her side. In the centre of the drawing, a party of artillerymen are bestowing all their energies on the ticklish operation of landing a couple of guns, by means of a temporary bridge, specially adapted for the purpose. Farther to the right, three or four of the sailors, wading in their peculiar element, with trowsers tucked up to the knee, are lending an aid, half compassionate, half contemptuous, to a soldier as he descends, with uncertain step, the narrow plank which is to restore him to the native dignity too long obscured by a watery eclipse. In the foreground, one of the land transports, in the sensible and serviceable uniform of the corps, is gravely endeavouring to lead a refractory mule, whose attitude forcibly recalls one of Rocinante's most melancholy adventures, to a pile of baggage, whose dimensions seem almost to justify the scruples of the recalcitrant animal. Behind this group are some Highlanders drawn up in line, and another regiment marching off into the interior, while a mounted staff-officer superintends the movements of the men, and endeavours to reduce confusion to order. The white cap-cover is almost universal, and, with other varieties of summer costume, which have replaced the fur cap and the sheep-skin coat, tells its own tale of the change of season. The royal standard of England waves proudly over a scene of animation and bustle, the actors in which, little dreaming of the bloodless triumphs which await them, even amid their joy at this escape from the odious plateau above Sebastopol, are burning with impatience to prosecute the campaign, commenced under such happy auspices.

The hill in the background is dotted thickly with the tumuli for which this portion of the Crimea is remarkable, and which are found throughout an area of very considerable extent.

---

### FORTRESS OF YENIKALE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA OF AZOFF.

THE fortress of Yeni-kale, or, translating the two Turkish words of which its name is composed, New-castle, was built by the Turks as a defence against the incursions of the Russians into the Black Sea, and its fortifications were completed in the year 1706. They are very irregular in



W Simpson, del — G M<sup>c</sup> Culloch, lith

London, P & D Colnaghi & C<sup>o</sup>

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

FORTRESS OF YENIKALE LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA OF AZOF

form, and not strong on the land side, their most important feature being a long platform, which commands the passage through the straits into the Sea of Azoff. Père Derbau, a Jesuit father, in a report made by him in 1813 to the Marquis de Torey, then Secretary of State in Paris, of the results of a mission to the Crimea of the fathers of the order,\* mentions, that at that period the seaward fortifications of Yenikale were mounted with a large number of cannons of heavy calibre, some of which would carry a ball weighing 200 pounds, made of a greyish stone, which was very heavy and extremely hard. The guns in Yeni-kale, when it fell into the hands of the Allies, did not exceed twenty-five, of which only fourteen were mounted, all of them being new and good, and some of them fitted with a swivel of peculiar construction. The old embrasures, however, remain in the ramparts, and the walls, which, though very old, are of great solidity and in tolerable preservation, were loopholed for musketry.

Prince Demidoff gives the following interesting account of the town, which is situated on the left of the drawing:—

“A steep slope leads directly to Yenikale, a little town of half Eastern half Genoese character, now almost entirely occupied by modern Greeks. A fort situated at the north end sufficiently betrays, from the ignorant irregularity of its plan, that it is due to the Turks. It has been recently repaired and put into good order; one remarkable feature in it is a gate in the pure Oriental style. A large square tower, flanked by four warder turrets rising separately, calls to mind the defensive art of the Genoese.

“At the base of this tower may be seen two fountains constructed by the Turks. One of these fountains is in ruin and useless; the wall has fallen in, and the spring is dried up; but the murmuring waters of the other are still poured forth into a splendid Greek sarcophagus in white marble, which serves as a basin. The sculpture with which it is ornamented is worn away, but two figures of birds may still be distinguished. The inhabitants of Yenikale, which is situated on the sandy beach and exposed to the winds, have, nevertheless, found means to set up a few shops for the sale of canvas, tar, oars, and an immense quantity of fish, which is daily brought into Kertch. That which is not consumed on the spot is doubtless salted.” The species of fish most in demand are the turbot, and enormous sturgeon, a fish which frequents waters in which there is not any large quantity of salt; and the world-renowned caviare is made here to a great extent.

The accessories of the picture are too obvious to require comment. Inside

\* *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses.—Mission de la Crimée.*

the walls of the fortress may be seen a long red roof to the left of the tree; this belongs to the hospital to which the wounded Russians were removed; and on the extreme left the lighthouse is just discernible, situated on a hill, from whence it is visible for a considerable distance along the straits. This lighthouse stands on the spot where the ancient *Pharos* was placed, a work ascribed by tradition to Mithridates, and which was called by the modern Greeks *Phauari Mitridati*. The ruins of the old foundation, which had then been long abandoned, were still in existence in the time of Clarke; who deploras the disuse of a work of such importance to vessels, which, in navigating the straits, were compelled to keep close to the Crimean coast for want of water towards the middle and Asiatic side of the passage. Accidents were not unfrequent in consequence, and their recurrence probably led to the re-establishment of the lighthouse. The town did not contain many good houses, and the only building of any note was a Greek church, built in the form of a cross, with a domed roof, and which, being painted green like those of the churches in Sebastopol, had a very lively and picturesque effect.

---

### KERTCH FROM THE NORTH.

Every traveller, ancient or modern, who has visited the Crimea, has devoted a large portion of his pages to a description of Kertch—a city whose origin is lost in the remotest antiquity, whose vicissitudes of fortune from the period when history replaces fable are perhaps without a parallel in the annals of the world, and whose antiquarian treasures have beggared the invention of the most audacious archæologists in tracing them to their source, as they mock the efforts of the most vivid imagination which would realize the wealth, the numbers, the prosperity, and the power of the departed race to whose existence they so mysteriously and yet so strongly testify. The cumulative impression of the glorious memories of countless ages has roused the tamest pens into unbidden eloquence, and struck a spark of Promethean fire from the coldest bosoms: in “thoughts that breathe and words that burn” the enthusiastic pilgrims to this time-hallowed shrine have recalled the traditional glories of the Bosphorean Empire, have dwelt lovingly on the character and career of the hero-king, whose valour and whose accomplishments could not avert his sudden and overwhelming reverse of fortune, nor shield him from the insidious wound of domestic treason which stung him to his self-inflicted



W. Simpson, del. G. M<sup>o</sup> Colloch, lith.

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & C<sup>o</sup>

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> - the Queen

KERTCH FROM THE NORTH.

fate. The graceful tradition which records that the world-weary and heart-broken Mithridates sought and found the only earthly resting-place where baffled ambition may not reach, nor deceived affections blight, beneath the hill which bears his name, and whence he had so often witnessed his victorious legions gather for fresh conquest, commands, and will still command, despite the stern denial of unsympathizing history, a host of unquestioning believers.

The enthusiasm aroused in those whose foot-fall on this classic soil awoke at every step the slumbering echoes of departed grandeur, was only equalled by the intense glow of indignation with which each succeeding chronicler banned the ruthless barbarity of the Muscovite conqueror, who had stripped the tumuli of the sacred relics deposited in them by the piety of a race of which they were almost the only memorials, defaced the temples, and shattered the sculptured marbles which had survived the havoc of successive revolutions, and wantonly destroyed monuments justly held the dearest by the enlightened nations of the world. Little did they deem that the reproach with which they flouted the excesses of a semi-savage horde would in process of time recoil with ten-fold force on two powers who claim the proud prerogative of standing at the head of the civilization of Europe. Though England and France did not share in their national representation in the disgraceful atrocities which followed the capture of Kertch, yet the apathy which tolerated them renders them scarcely less deserving of censure than if their complicity had been of a more active nature. The sack of the Museum, in which by a tardy atonement the Russian Government had assembled all such antiquities as had escaped from the first unrestrained fury of the soldiers on their entrance into Kertch, or had not been forwarded to adorn the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, will ever form a dark contrast to the so-much vaunted enlightenment of the nineteenth century. These remains, which were neither few in number nor despicable in kind, are for ever dispersed and lost, and history has to deplore the destruction of an accumulation of her most reliable materials, which can never be replaced.

The following succinct account of the early history of Kertch is borrowed from Mr. Oliphant's "Russian Shores of the Black Sea."

"Kertch is one of the most interesting towns in the South of Russia to the antiquarian—the Panticapæum of Strabo. It was founded about the middle of the seventh century B.C., by the first Milesian colonists in the Taurida, and two hundred years afterwards it became the capital of the kingdom of Bosphorus, and the residence of its kings.

"For three hundred years the trade of Theodosia and Panticapea flourished,



for the Cimmerian peninsula had become the granary of Greece. The conquest of that nation by the Romans, however, produced an important effect upon this kingdom, since it was dependent for its prosperity upon a market which would soon cease to exist; and it fell an easy prey to Mithridates, at the same time that he subdued the rest of the Taurida.

“ To Panticapea the celebrated King of Pontus fled after his last defeat by Pompey, and here, unable to contend at once against the victorious arms of Rome and the treachery of his own son, he terminated his glorious career; and here it was that Pharnaces afterwards raised the standard of revolt, and Cæsar came, saw, and conquered him.

“ The successors of the son of Mithridates reigned only in accordance with the caprice of the Roman emperors; and their territory, after being frequently devastated by the Huns and the Goths, was finally conquered in 375 A.D. by those barbaric hordes which ultimately subverted the whole civilized world, and various tribes of whom, for a thousand years occupied the Tauric Peninsula. Amongst these, the Khazars were the most celebrated, who seem at one time to have considered Kertch a place of some importance, while a great part of the peninsula took the name of Khazaria from them. In the early part of the thirteenth century a great number of Circassians established themselves in the Crimea, and the town of Kertch became subject to a prince of that nation. It was about this time that the Genoese possessed themselves of the southern shore of the Crimea, and established a colony at Caffa, with the permission of the Khan of Khazaria, whose authority they were soon in a position to set at defiance, and with whom they waged an uncertain war, until Bathi, the grandson of Zingis Khan, leader of the Golden Horde, on his way from the deserts of Tartary to the conquest of Russia, invaded the Crimea, exterminated the Comanes, who then possessed it, and the Tartar capital was fixed at Eski Krim.

“ In 1365 the Greek colony of Soudagh, which had at one time attained an important mercantile position, enfeebled by intestine disorders, fell a prey to that all-absorbing maritime power under which Caffa had become so celebrated. A hundred years afterwards these restless adventurers became embroiled with the nation who now occupied the Peninsula, and to whom they owed their deliverance. Their colonies were besieged by the Tartars by land, and blockaded by a fleet which the Porte had sent to the assistance of the Khans, who had become tributary to the Ottoman empire. The destruction of the Genoese colonies was tantamount to an annihilation of commerce in these seas.

“For three hundred years the Cimmerian Bosphorus remained closed, and the ruins of once flourishing cities lay strewn upon its shores.”

In 1774 Kertch, then a Turkish town of comparatively trifling importance, was ceded to the Russians, whose conquests have gradually extended from the Baltic to the Caspian, and who count among their subjects the inhabitants of the plains and of the mountains which are washed by the Danube, the Dniester, the Bug, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Kouban. As time wore on, Kertch, fostered by the Russian Government, regained much of its ancient importance; the tribune of commerce was established there, as well as the quarantine station; and the trade of the place had attained such a degree of development in 1851, that in that year no less than one thousand vessels entered the Straits of Kertch.

The drawing of Mr. Simpson which has suggested these preliminary remarks on the history of a place to which so much interest both of the past and present attaches, is a view of Kertch taken on the road from that town to Yenikale, at the moment when the rear or rather the stragglers of the army were passing. The large hill round which Kertch is built, and on which the Acropolis may formerly have stood, is called the Mountain of Mithridates; from the prevalent belief that the palace or fortress of that monarch, whence he threw the body of his son Zephanes into the sea, once stood there: and in the time of Dr. Clarke traces of its foundation were still visible near to a small semi-circular excavation in the rock.

On the summit of this eminence stands a small modern temple, Ionic in style, surmounted by a cross, and with a cruciform window or opening on its eastern side. This temple is erroneously supposed by Mr. Russell to mark the tomb of Mithridates, whereas tradition ascribes that name to a gigantic tumulus distant from Kertch about four versts on the road to Kaffa. The building in fact covers the grave of Stamkoffsky, a former Governor of Kertch, to whose antiquarian researches on the spot science is said to have been deeply indebted. Behind the temple the remains of a wall are still to be seen, and are probably the same as those mentioned by Clarke.

To the right of it the ground rises into what was once a tumulus, which has been excavated, and which now displays nothing but the bare rock, in the centre of which is a hollow just the size of a human body, the earth which has been dug up round it being thickly mixed with human bones.

Down the face of the hill a cluster of grave-stones marks the modern burial-ground, the connecting link between the earliest and latest generations of the dead.

Lower down the hill, to the left of the tomb of Stamkoffsky, is the ill-fated Museum, a handsome building of the Doric order; which has six pillars in front and nine on each side, and is approached from below by a splendid flight of stone steps.

This building formerly contained a valuable collection of specimens of ancient sculpture and architecture, sarcophagi, vases in the Etruscan style, vessels of glass remarkable for their lightness and beauty, ancient inscriptions, and fibulæ, rings, and chains, principally obtained from the surrounding tumuli. When Mr. Simpson passed through the town the whole of these precious objects had been either carried off or smashed to atoms, with the exception of a few blocks of ancient sculpture, which had been found too heavy to remove.

“The town itself,” writes that gentleman, “has been compared by many to Malta, from the fine architectural appearance of nearly every house; pillars and balustrades are very common, and few houses but have got a cornice and friezes to the windows, in the Greek taste. Here and there you find something that has an Eastern appearance about it; the arches in these cases have a Moorish turn.

“The gateway at the old church of Yenikale is arabesque, and very handsome, although it is not new.”

The foreground of the drawing is occupied by a fatigue party of the 93rd Highlanders and a few Marines, some of whom are leaning against one of the now celebrated arabas, or baggage-carts common to the country, which is conducted by a Tartar, utterly unconscious that he is standing for his portrait. In the distance are the heights between Kertch and Kamish-Bûrûn, over which the English troops passed on their march: they are thickly dotted with the tumuli which form the distinguishing feature of the country.

An extract from Dr. Clarke, describing the most remarkable of these mounds, the so-called “Tomb of Mithridates,” will not we trust be unacceptable at the close of this somewhat extended notice.

“It is,” he writes, “perhaps a Milesian work; but its height and size are so remarkable, that it is scarcely possible to believe it to be the result of human labour. \* \* \* The Tahtars call it *Altyn Obo*: they have a tradition that it contains a treasure, guarded by a virgin, who here spends her nights in lamentations. It stands upon the most elevated spot in this part of the Crimea, and is visible for many miles round. One thing concerning this tumulus is very remarkable, and may confirm the notion entertained of its artificial origin. It is placed exactly upon the *vallum* or inner barrier of the

Bosphorians empire. \* \* \* Another circumstance is also worthy of notice: beyond the *vallum*, to the west, there are no tumuli, although they are so numerous upon its eastern side.

“ The shape of the *Altyn Obo* is not so conical as usual in ancient tumuli: it is rather hemispherical. Its sides exhibit that stupendous masonry seen in the walls of Tiryns, near Argos, in the Morea; where immense unshapen masses of stone are placed together without cement, according to their accidental forms. The western part is entire, although the others have fallen. Looking through the interstices and chasms of the tumulus, and examining the excavations made upon its summit, we found it, like the cairns of Scotland, to consist wholly of stones confusedly heaped together; its exterior betrayed a more artificial construction, and exhibited materials of greater magnitude. It seems to have been the custom of the age in which these heaps were raised to bring stones, or parcels of earth, from all parts of the country, to the tomb of a deceased sovereign or of a near relation. To cast a stone upon a grave was an act of loyalty or of piety; and an expression of friendship or of affection still remains in the North of Scotland to this effect— ‘*I will cast a stone upon thy cairn.*’ The heap so raised consisted of heterogeneous substances; granite and limestone, fragments of volcanic rocks, pebbles from the sea-shore or from the beds of rivers, promiscuously mixed, and frequently covered by superincumbent earth. Stones were generally used in preference to earth, perhaps because they were more readily conveyed, and were likely to render the heap more durable. \* \* \* Near to the eastern side (of the *Altyn Obo*) is a pit, probably formed by some person wishing to penetrate to the interior of this immense pile. The Tahtars have in vain attempted to effect a passage: the stones fall in as they proceed. Yet they entertain a notion, that an entrance was once accomplished: and they describe the interior as a magnificently *vaulted* stone chamber, formed by enormous slabs, seeming as if they would crush the spectator.”

---

STRAITS OF YENIKALE, WITH THE BAY AND TOWN  
OF KERTCH,  
FROM THE OLD FORTRESS OF YENIKALE.

The town and fortress of Yenikale have already been described in reference to the second drawing of the series.

This view embraces nearly the whole of the ground crossed by our troops from the point at which they landed, marked by the position of the smaller steamers used for the purpose of transport, over the heights covered with tumuli, through Kertch, round the head of the bay, and into Yenikale, inside whose fortress the spectator is supposed to take his stand. Here a party of French soldiers are hard at work, repairing the crumbling walls, whose loosened stones, with weeds and grass growing out of their interstices, tell an unmistakeable tale of decay and neglect. Beyond the walls are two new lines of earthworks rapidly approaching completion; the outer one extending from the sea, through the middle of the camp, and surmounted on the top by a very strong redoubt; and the inner line at about half a mile distance from the other. The town of Yenikale is on the slope of ground to the right of the fortress, beyond which the masts of the *Sphynx*, the vessel left in charge of the place, are just distinguished. In the distance the Asiatic shore of the straits is discernible.

---

FUNERAL CORTÉGE OF LORD RAGLAN LEAVING  
HEAD QUARTERS.

The unsuccessful attack of the 18th June, the failure of which is now generally attributed to the disregard of Lord Raglan's wish that the bombardment should be renewed for a few hours on that morning prior to the assault, was observed to prey heavily on his spirits. While still suffering from the shock of this reverse, the English Commander-in-Chief sustained a loss which he felt most acutely in the death of the Adjutant-General, Estcourt, an officer whose amiability of disposition and kindness of manner had rendered him universally popular, and for whom Lord Raglan entertained a warm feeling of personal attachment, coupled with a strong appreciation of his invaluable services on the Staff. General Estcourt was buried on the 24th,



W. Simpson del. C. M<sup>r</sup>. Collicch. lith.

London P & D Colnaga & C<sup>o</sup>

Day & Son, Ltd<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

STRAITS OF YENIKALE WITH THE BAY AND TOWN OF KERTCH FROM THE OLD FORTRESS OF YENIKALE



W Simpson, del. — T Picken lith

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

THE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF LORD PASLAN LEAVING HEAD QUARTERS

when Lord Raglan, who was suffering from diarrhœa, was too ill to quit his house. He was never to quit it again. No fears were entertained for his safety however at first; but on the 27th he became worse, and, though he rallied slightly the following morning, he sank again towards the afternoon, and at half-past eight in the evening he expired peacefully and without pain, surrounded by the members of his Staff. The grief inspired by his loss was universal, deep, and sincere.

During a long and honourable life, of which considerably more than half a century was devoted to the unwearying and conscientious service of his country, and in which he displayed talents of the very highest order, his public conduct was such as to secure him the respect and confidence of men of all parties, while the winning grace of his manners and the native excellence of his heart endeared him to all who were brought within the range of their influence.

At the outset of his career he was associated as Military Secretary with the greatest captain of the age, and, while thus acquiring in the most practical of all schools the knowledge which would fit him for the duties of command, his great abilities obtained for him the respect, the affection, the approval, and even the deference, of his chief, who, little accustomed to rely on any other mind than his own, always received with marked attention any suggestion coming from Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

There was no action or service in which the Duke of Wellington was engaged in the Peninsula in which Lord Raglan did not bear a part, and at the siege of Badajos he was amongst the foremost in the breach at the capture of that fortress, and it was to him that the Governor of the place delivered up his sword. He was wounded at Busaco, and lost his right arm at Waterloo; but his active and energetic mind scorned the repose which he might have deemed fairly earned by years of brilliant and hazardous service. For forty years, under successive Commanders-in-Chief, he discharged with unremitting assiduity the arduous and delicate duties of Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, with such unswerving justice, and with such exquisite courtesy and kindness, that, as was truly remarked by the Duke of Cambridge, "there was not a single officer in the British Army who had occasion to address Lord Raglan, but felt that he was dealing with an intimate and personal friend." On the death of the Duke of Wellington it was justly and universally felt, that there was none on whom the mantle of that illustrious man could so fitly descend, as on the faithful comrade of his perils and successes, the trusted sharer of his councils, and the peculiar recipient of his



confidence. Lord Fitzroy Somerset was raised to the peerage by the title which will be for ever associated with one of the most glorious, though saddest pages of history, and assumed the supreme direction of affairs at the Horse Guards, only to abandon at the call of duty a post for which he was eminently fitted, and which promised an honourable provision for the declining years of one who had given too much care to the affairs of his country to permit him to improve his own. In obedience to the desire of his Queen and to the unanimous voice of the nation, Lord Raglan assumed at the commencement of the war with Russia the command of the British expeditionary force, quitting thus a lucrative employment for a service whose perils he knew while he braved them. His services in the Crimea were too eminent, and must still be too recent in the mind of every reader, to need recapitulation here; but amongst them not the least important or remarkable was the admirable tact with which he surmounted the difficulties of a divided command, conciliated his independence of action with the most cordial co-operation with his several colleagues, and cemented the union between the Allied Armies.

The French soldiers had been the witnesses of his valour in the field; their commanders knew by experience his prudence and temper in council; and how much these qualities had endeared him to all ranks of that great and gallant army may be gathered from the eloquent yet simple and touching terms in which Marshal Pelissier communicated to it the loss of his beloved colleague; and which are quoted in a former page. Though he was not spared to witness the triumph of the cause for which he had laboured so unwaveringly and so well, and though the soldier's death which he had braved in so many stricken fields was not granted him, as unfading a glory surrounds the termination of a career pursued in honour and closed at the post of duty and of danger.

The strange and gorgeous spectacle presented by the line of route, as the earthly remains of this great and good man were conveyed to Kazatch Bay to be embarked for England, has been so frequently and vividly described by other and abler pens, that it cannot be unfamiliar to the reader. And Mr. Simpson's drawing, the details of which will be found explained in the accompanying key-plate, tells its own story so graphically, as to render any written illustration superfluous.

---



W. Simpson, del. T. Picken, lith.

London, E & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

THE TOWN BATTERIES OR INTERIOR FORTIFICATIONS OF SEBASTOPOL.

23<sup>rd</sup> June 1855.



W Simpson, del. T. Picken, lith.

London, P&D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT KERTCH

9<sup>th</sup> June 1855.

THE TOWN BATTERIES OR INTERIOR FORTIFICATIONS  
OF SEBASTOPOL,  
FROM THE ADVANCED PARALLEL OF CHAPMAN'S ATTACK,  
23RD JUNE, 1855.

This view is taken from the advanced parallel of the left attack, which was always occupied by the Rifles, and shows the head of the South Harbour with the town beyond, the corner of the Barrack Batteries on the one side, and the Garden and Flagstaff Batteries on the other. It is here that the Woronzoff Road approaches the town: there are three embrasures staring in the direction it comes; it crosses the piece of flat marshy ground to the westward of the Creek, and mounts by a long incline to the *Ville Civile*. By a close inspection of the picture, embrasures will be found scattered in every direction of the town, but the most important of the interior works are the two batteries on the crest of the high ground upon which the town is built: from their height and central position, they commanded the rear of all the important points of the defences of Sebastopol, except the Malakoff, and even it was scarcely beyond their range. Our troops in the attack on the Redan suffered severely from these batteries. The ruined houses on the left of the picture are where General Eyre's brigade penetrated on the 18th of June, and the cemetery which they took is just a little to the left of them. Behind the three embrasures commanding the Woronzoff Road is a picture hung up by the Russians, which contains three figures, almost as large as life, executed in rather a primitive style of art upon boards nailed together; one of them represents a Russian soldier, and another a Zouave; the third it was difficult to make out, but it is understood to be an Englishman, and the meaning of the whole, that the Ruski could fight both of them.

---

BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT  
KERTCH, 9TH JUNE, 1855.

Could the mind be divested of the associations of ruin and desolation, which inevitably attend such a scene as that here so vividly presented to us, there would be no spectacle so beautiful, as there is unquestionably none so terrible and sublime, as that of a vast conflagration seen by night.

The strange brilliant light invading the pure brightness of the heavens

and paling the stars, revealing every feature of the landscape with startling distinctness, and yet clothing its most familiar forms with an unwonted aspect; the very water, whose cold surface yet mirrors back the all-pervading glow, and, like the hypocrite of passion, feigns the ardour which it cannot feel; the gorgeous colouring and graceful involutions of the lambent flame, as it gradually dies away into the fantastic cloudlike masses of smoke which relieve and contrast it; all these united form a scene on which the gaze will love to linger. Nor do its sterner and more destructive characteristics fail to excite feelings, which, if of a different order, are perhaps deeper and stronger from finding a closer relation and a more intimate affinity with their material cause.

The resistless force, the devouring energy, the insatiable avidity of an element, which in consuming what it embraces exhausts itself—the fire which intensifies beauty only to reduce it to smouldering ashes,—awaken an admiration which, it may be, springs from the consciousness, that, in the fiercer passions of the human heart, exist the counterparts of these, and that in one of its most secret recesses may be latent a spark, which might light a flame as unquenchable in its nature and as fatal in its effects.

Some feelings of regret were, perhaps, spared to those who gazed with awe and wonder on the burning of the Government buildings at Kertch, from their ignorance of the fact, that, had a little more deliberation been used, they might have been saved. So, however, it was; and it is hardly possible to suppose, that the sanction of the authorities would have been given to this wholesale destruction, had it been known that Kertch would be so long in the occupation of the Allies.

The drawing was taken from the sea, whence the view must, indeed, have been magnificent. The whole length of the quay was covered with public buildings, not one of which escaped the flames. The house behind the clump of trees, burning with such fury, was the governor's; and other edifices of equal importance carry on the eye of the spectator to the extreme distance, the last building visible being a mill belonging to an Englishman named Plating.\* The dark outline of Mount Mithridates, surmounted by the cold columns of the Museum and Stamkoffsky's tomb, forms the background of the picture.

---

\* This mill, which was worked by steam, formed an exception to the rule which spared private property; and was destroyed in consequence of its having been extensively employed by the Russian authorities in grinding grain.



W. Simpson, del. — T. Picken, lith.

London P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

THE INTERIOR OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD QUARTERS — A COUNCIL OF WAR.

## INTERIOR OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD QUARTERS.

## A COUNCIL OF WAR.

Among the many caprices of fortune, one, certainly not the least singular, was that which converted a modest farm-house, in an out-of-the-way spot, in a comparatively unknown and little-visited country, into a hall of grave debate, in which the fate of empires was discussed and decided, by men on whose deliberations and on whose deeds hung the history of the present, and the future of generations yet unborn. In this very room, perhaps, the Greek master of the homestead, returning from the labours of the farm, sought refreshment of body and repose of mind in the frugal repast shared with those for whom his daily toil provided, and prepared, it may be, by the "neat-handed Phillis," whose labour was one of love. And amidst the many evidences of comfort and decency with which the modern Greek women still love to embellish in housewifely guise the home of their lords, while the spinning-wheel of the thrifty mother went rapidly round, the father may have bidden his boys read to him one of the still-cherished legends of the far-off days, and listened with dreamy pleasure, not unmixed with pride, to the soft tones in which, in a language even now unparalleled for sweetness and power, the story was told of the great deeds of Alexander and the surprising feats of his horse Bucephalus, or of the godlike valour and surpassing strength of the fabled destroyer of the Hydra, the invincible achiever of the Twelve Labours.

Little would this simple family, pursuing the even tenor of a life like this, have deemed that the hour was not far distant, when the rude presence of the invader would drive them from their peaceful home; and that, within the very walls which had often echoed the narrative of the Siege of Troy, the conduct of a siege, inferior to that in duration only, would be determined by the descendants of Western barbarians, coming from lands which were a wilderness when Greece was in its glory.

May we not, without pursuing our hypothesis too far, yet picture the banished inhabitant, restored by peace to his unforgotten Lares, and in years to come, as with senile garrulity he recounts to those around him the events of the great invasion, pointing out, with a not ungraceful vanity, the very table at which sat the victor of Oltenitza and Kalafat; the French commander, invested with a legendary halo of African exploits; the Admirals, whose mighty armaments had swept the Euxine and the lake Mœotis; and

where presided the brave and gentle hero of the Alma, the good Lord Raglan, the chivalrous descendant of one of England's most illustrious houses ?

---

### CAMP OF THE FOURTH DIVISION, JULY 15TH, 1855.

This drawing shews only the central part of the camp of the 4th Division, which was placed on the two sides of a hill, thus rendering it impossible to obtain a point of view embracing the whole of it. The reader, who is familiar with some of Mr. Simpson's sketches of camps during the winter, will not fail to be struck with the marked contrast between the scene of desolation and misery which they presented, and the evidences of comfort and plenty which here abound in the poultry, goats, and sheep to be seen in every direction. Huts are now thickly interspersed with the tents, and the men have reassumed the distinctive military characteristics of the British soldier, and, cap-covers excepted, might pass muster at Aldershot.

Starting from the extreme left, the tents on this side of the hill are those of the 57th, 20th, and 17th regiments; next to them the 55th; more to the right, on the opposite side, is the Woronzoff Road, with a French camp on the rising ground above it; a small stone building, on the left of the foreground, was the house of the late Colonel Shadforth, who fell in the unsuccessful attack on the Redan on the 18th of June, while leading in the most gallant manner his own regiment, the 57th, or, as their spirit-stirring appellation goes, the "Die-hards," whom he had taught to regard him rather in the light of a father than a mere commanding officer. Nearly in a line with this, and beyond the tents of the 55th, is the Artillery camp of the 2nd Division, between which and the camp of the Royals, which is further to the right in the same line, runs the railway.

In the distance, the range of heights on the left terminates in the abrupt headland of Cape Aia, immediately below which, though considerably nearer to the spectator, the Guards and Highlanders were encamped after their return from Balaklava.

The tents in the distance on the right are those of the 39th regiment, and parts of the 3rd and 4th divisions; the 48th are grouped round the cluster of huts and marquees a little to the right of the centre of the drawing; while the Rifle Brigade occupy the ground in the middle distance, on the extreme right of the picture.

---





W. Simpson, del.

London, F & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

CAMP OF THE 4<sup>TH</sup> DIVISION  
July 15<sup>th</sup> 1855.



W Simpson, del

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

CAVALRY CAMP

July 9<sup>th</sup> 1855



W. Simpson, del.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

CAMP OF THE LIGHT DIVISION.

## CAVALRY CAMP, JULY 9TH, 1855.

A very few words will suffice to explain the details of this bustling and animated scene presented by the cavalry camp, which was situated in one of the most picturesque spots of the plateau occupied by the Allies. The tents in the foreground are those of the Enniskillens; immediately behind are the 4th Light Dragoons; and cresting the hill above them the 10th Hussars. The 11th Hussars are on the incline of the hill, below and to the right of the 4th Light Dragoons—next to these in the same direction are the Royals. The regiment drawn up on parade is the 13th Light Dragoons—next to these the 8th Hussars and 5th Dragoon Guards, and in the middle distance, on the extreme right, is Major Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery. The huts and tents of the Scots Greys and Enniskillens occupy the whole front of the picture. The officers, whose portraits the artist has preserved, are, counting from the left of the spectator, Colonel Peel, of the 11th Hussars, Major Fellowes, A.Q.M.G., Major Conolly, General Scarlett, Colonel Scarlett, A.D.C. and Colonel Yates of the 11th.

---

**CAMP OF THE LIGHT DIVISION FROM THE WORONZOFF ROAD.**

This view is taken from the Woronzoff Road, about a mile and a half from Sebastopol, looking a point or so south of east. "By placing," says Mr. Simpson, "the view of the Fourth Division on the right of this one, and the Third to the right of it again, you will have a slight panorama of the camp upon the heights. The foregrounds are all different, being from different localities, but the distance of each is partly repeated in the other." The ridge in the foreground, on which two English soldiers are conversing with a Zouave, and some goats and a sheep are browsing, leads up to the picket house, and the ridge immediately beyond it to the Victoria Redoubt—beyond this again are the Heights of Inkermann, where the Second Division was encamped prior to the 5th November. Beyond Inkermann to the right is Mackenzie's farm, above which in the far distance towers the colossal form of the Tchatir Dagh, the highest mountain in the Crimea. Following the lower range of heights to a point somewhat beyond the centre of the drawing, the eye catches the opening of the Baidar Valley, the romantic beauty

of whose scenery has been the favourite topic of almost every tourist in this country. The different regiments whose camps fill the centre of the picture, and extend from the extreme left to the Woronzoff Road, are in this order—the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade; the 33rd Regiment; the right wing of the 7th; the 23rd; the 97th; Siege Train, right attack; 19th Regiment; left wing of the 19th; the 83rd, drawn up in line; the 90th; and the 77th.

---

### CAMP OF THE THIRD DIVISION.

Mr. Simpson describes the principal features of this drawing, and the circumstances under which it was taken, as follows:—

“As the point from which I took this gave a very pretty peep of Sebastopol, I extended my drawing on the right to include it. I was still further tempted to do this, as it shows a road which must be too familiar to every one in the Third Division, leading into the trenches of the English left attack. You also see the principal part of Chapman’s Battery. The storm which I have introduced occurred while I was sketching, and I had to finish my work in one of the tents of the 63rd.

“The rain came down obscuring the horizon, and casting a black shadow over the water, so that Sebastopol came out clear and white. I have introduced a relief going down to the trenches. As you pass through the camp now you are sure to find the men at the game I have shown in the foreground, and which is the more characteristic from its being played with cannon-balls. The green and blue tents are canteens. This view shows all the ground occupied by the Third Division through the winter.”

For the satisfaction of those to whom these camps are associated either in the past or in the present with the absent living or the unforgotten dead, we will endeavour, as we have done in the three preceding views, to trace out here as accurately as possible the exact position occupied by each regiment of the division. The first row of tents then on the extreme left \* are those of the 17th regiment; the next cluster to the right, with the two parallel rows beyond them, belong to the 89th; parallel to these again are the 38th; still more to the right and in the middle distance the 28th and the 44th, over whose tents there is just a glimpse of Kamiesch, with its bay and shipping;

\* It should be remarked that in these descriptions, unless it be otherwise specified, the terms “left” and “right” refer to the position of the spectator.



W. Simpson, del.

London, P & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

CAMP OF THE 3<sup>RD</sup> DIVISION.

July 9<sup>th</sup> 1855.



W. Simpson. del. P. M. Bryson, lith.

London E & D. Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

SKETCH IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MAMELON VERT.  
looking South.

the huts immediately next to the 38th are those of the Engineer department; behind which are the tents of the 50th; to the right again and somewhat in advance, the park of the Royal Artillery; next to these and still more forward are the Sappers; and farther back again and still to the right, the 1st Battalion of the Royals. The 4th regiment are in the last camp to the left of the Flagstaff Battery, where a puff of smoke announces that a gun has been just fired. Then comes Sebastopol itself, with Chapman's Battery, before referred to, in front of it; the view terminating on the right with a portion of the Redan.

---

### SKETCH IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MAMELON VERT, LOOKING SOUTH.

The full importance of the position of this celebrated earthwork, to obtain possession of which cost the French so much labour and blood, was not fully appreciated until the Russians seized the hill in the early spring, and established themselves strongly in it. It has indeed been stated that Colonel Gordon from the first saw the advantages which its occupation would confer on either side, and that he drew the attention of the allied commanders to this point; but the plan of our works of offence at that time did not admit of the extension which would have been necessary in order to bring it within their limits.

Long protected by its own artillery fire, and by that of the works in its rear and on its flanks, as well as by the obstinate resolution of the defenders of the rifle-pits, the Mamelon was at length however, after a severe cannonade of more than twenty-four hours' duration, carried by assault on the 7th of June last by the French, who immediately turned and armed the work, which now became in fact an advanced battery against the Malakoff, from which it was only about 500 yards distant.

Colonel Hamley visited it in the beginning of August, and describes the interior in a passage which forms an admirable commentary on this sketch.

"A broad road," he says, "passed over the rampart of the former work, (the Mamelon), where the guns had once looked on the French lines, while what had been its gorge or rear when the enemy held it, was now a formidable battery, as yet unmasked, but completed, armed, and ready to open on its old ally the Round Tower. The interior was still in a state of great confusion; Russian guns were lying dismounted and half-buried, platforms shattered,



gun-carriages with their trucks in the air, and the numerous traverses which the Russians had thrown up for protection from our shells were pounded and blown by explosions into shapeless heaps, making the interior of the redoubt look like a newly opened quarry. From one of its angles a path led to the advanced trenches and batteries, the latter beautifully finished and revetted with fascines, the guns already in them, and nothing wanting but the removal of the screen of earth still hiding the embrasures to enable them to open."

---

### BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA, 16 AUGUST, 1855.

The details of this great action, so glorious for the French and Sardinian arms, have been already given in the introductory portion of this work; but a brief recapitulation of its leading events may not be out of place here, to enable the reader more fully to appreciate the merit of the very spirited and accurate drawing with which Mr. Simpson has commemorated the crowning moment of the struggle.

At day-break on the morning of the 16th August the Russians, whose unconcealed preparations for several days past had announced their intention of making an attack, debouched from the heights on the opposite side of the Tchernaya, by the Mackenzie Road, which, descending into the plain, crosses the river by the Bridge of Traktir, where the French had constructed a strong tête-de-pont. The Russian force consisted of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery, and cavalry to the amount of 6000—an imposing force, destined to carry the Fediouchine heights, a low range of hills which overlook the river, and bisect the great valley of Balaklava. These heights were occupied on the left and centre by the French, and on the right by the Sardinians, who had thrown up some redoubts on a hill across the river. This outpost was attacked and carried, after a very gallant defence, at the commencement of the battle by the Russians, who then concentrated the whole energy of their attack on the ground occupied by the French. Thrice they succeeded in crossing the river, forcing the bridge, and even crowning the heights, but only in each instance to be driven back again with immense loss. The third repulse was final, and at 8 A.M. the Russians retreated in confusion, followed as far as the river by the bayonets of the enthusiastic victors. The English, French, and Sardinian Cavalry had been held in reserve in the plain of Balaklava, but General Pelissier did not feel justified in



W Simpson del. R M Bryson lith.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA

16<sup>th</sup> August 1855

employing them in pursuit of the enemy, a task in which they would have been exposed to a murderous fire from the Russian artillery in the plain, as well as from their commanding batteries on the Mackenzie heights, and which might not improbably have led to a disaster similar to that which was the fatal peculiarity of the battle of Balaklava. The Russians therefore were enabled to carry off their guns, but their loss was enormous, amounting to nearly eight times that inflicted on the French and Sardinians. The latter behaved with that distinguished gallantry which is traditional in their army, and proved themselves, in General Pelissier's phrase, "the worthy rivals" of the magnificent troops by whose side they fought.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Simpson will give all the information which is necessary to the further elucidation of his drawing:—

"This drawing represents the principal point of this brilliant engagement. The nearest bridge crosses the aqueduct, which here makes a bend round the base of the hills which formed the French position; the bridge with the two arches crosses the Tchernaya itself; from this the Mackenzie Farm road traverses the plain, and passes between the two rising grounds immediately over the bridge, ascending the plateau by a long incline, which may be traced on the plateau above the left of these eminences. On the high part of the plateau, to the left of the gorge, is a telegraph station, and beneath it are a battery, and numerous trenches, some of which are indicated, but all along the plateau batteries and works of different kinds are to be distinguished. This drawing will give an idea of the position which the Russians now hold; you see the heights of the plateau, and in some places the perpendicular character of the rocks, which extend for miles away to the south-east; on the rising ground on the left of the Mackenzie road the Russians have made some works, and on Sunday last they began to dig with some men on the most advanced spur. From this work they opened I think three guns; and it was from these that they fired upon the French whilst employed with their litters in carrying off the wounded Russians from the field of battle. The smoke still in advance is from the artillery of the enemy; and that up the valley, to the right of the picture, marks the spot where the attack was made upon the Sardinian position.

"On the hill, almost above the little house, are some works occupied by their advanced posts: the little house is one of many which are placed along the aqueduct. Here Lord Raglan slept in September last, when the army passed the bridge (on the flank march).

"I need not attempt to give a description of this engagement. It will be

sufficient to say that the bridges were the principal objects of the attack, and the number of dead and wounded evidences the severity of the conflict. I may tell you that all the dead in the foreground are from sketches made on the spot; they had no knapsacks, but in large bags slung round their necks they each carried a great quantity of their black bread, baked in very large loaves. This was a more marked feature of the ground than the cannon-balls, and I have attempted to suggest its appearance in the foreground."

---

### VALLEY OF TCHERNAYA LOOKING NORTH.

This peaceful and romantic scene contrasts forcibly and naturally with the preceding view, which represents a large portion of the same ground, serving as the theatre of one of those sanguinary struggles in which the admiration, roused by the most exquisite beauties of nature, is for a while suspended by the absorbing interest attaching to the actors in so terrible a tragedy.

Following the course of the Tchernaya, from the village of Tchergoun on the right of the picture, the spectator reaches the nearer of the two hills occupied by the Sardinian out-posts on the morning of the 16th August. Immediately behind this is the bridge by which the aqueduct crosses the river, surmounted by a rising ground, on which a body of Russians, independent of those who attacked the Traktir Bridge, was directed, with the intention of taking the French position in flank. The Traktir Bridge is the last one visible in this direction. From this point the river winds in a course whose true direction is nearly due north, to the bold and picturesque gorge of Inkerman, through which it empties itself into the harbour of Sebastopol. A battery which is visible cresting the left Inkermann heights is that of the *Champ de Bataille*, constructed by the French subsequently to the 5th November, 1854. In the extreme distance is the plateau occupied by the Russians, Khutor Mackenzie being just indicated on the ridge, nearly in the centre of the picture, to the right of the telegraph. From this point the Mackenzie Farm road may be traced along the heights, winding down the plain, which it reaches at a point beyond the more distant Sardinian redoubt. In the plain below, and a little to the left of Khutor Mackenzie, is a village, near to which is a small mamelon, on which the advanced cavalry picket of the Sardinians was posted. The foreground is occupied by two or three



W. Simpson, del. — R. M. Bryson, lith.

London: P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> the Queen

VALLEY OF THE TCHERNAYA  
looking North



W. Simpson, del. — R. M. Bryson, lith.

London P & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

BALAKLAVA SHEWING THE STATE OF THE QUAYS & THE SHIPPING  
in May 1855.

groups of Sardinian officers of the line, and *bersaglieri* or sharpshooters—the latter are easily to be distinguished by their picturesque-looking hats, ornamented with plumes of cocks' feathers.

The valley of the Tchernaya is remarkable for its luxuriant verdure, and for the numerous and beautiful wild flowers which in spring burst forth on all sides in the most lavish profusion: whilst at intervals clumps of trees, principally the prickly-leaved ash, relieve the eye and diversify the landscape. That part of the valley which surrounds Tchernagoun is preferred by Clarke even to the boasted scenery of the Valley of Baidar. Here, surrounded by tall poplars, is a very singular-looking polygonal tower, covered by a dome, which was supposed by that accurate and entertaining traveller to have been built as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the village, at a time when the Black Sea swarmed with corsairs, who invaded the coast, and ransacked the peaceful valleys of the Crimea.

---

BALAKLAVA,  
SHEWING THE STATE OF THE QUAYS AND THE SHIPPING  
IN MAY, 1855.

This drawing may be taken as a pendant to one in the First Series of this work, entitled "Balaklava, looking towards the Sea," and, independent of its great artistic merit, is valuable as paying an impartial and unanswerable tribute to the memory of the late lamented Admiral Boxer, an officer whose devoted and unremitting exertions for the public service could not protect him from the detraction with which at one period almost every person holding a post of responsibility in the Crimea was visited. The admirable order and arrangements of the harbour, whereby so many vessels of the largest size were accommodated within its narrow limits, without crowding or confusion, and a clear gangway maintained for boats going from ship to ship, or vessels entering and departing; the water, which, in the earliest days of the occupation threatened to become more foul than the Thames, and more noxious than a cess-pool, so scrupulously preserved from impurity that it almost resembled an inland lake; the substantial and ample quays, patiently and laboriously constructed with stone, procured by blasting from the solid rock—all these vast and important improvements were due to the unwearying activity and the constant personal supervision of that faithful and conscientious servant of the public, who, like so many of his fellow-labourers, sacrificed his life in the

discharge of his duty to a country, whose ingratitude, the rickety offspring of impatience and misrepresentation, was not destined long to survive its parents. Without favour, affection, or exaggeration, Mr. Simpson tells the plain unvarnished tale, of whose truth he was an eye-witness: and this, the proudest monument which could be raised to the memory of Admiral Boxer, appeals with an equal force of vindication to the candid judgment of friend and foe. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

---

### CAPE AIYA, LOOKING NORTH, TOWARDS BALAKLAVA.

This stupendous cape, distant a few miles to the south-east of Balaklava, is visible to ships coming from Constantinople long before it is possible to determine the precise position of that harbour, whose entrance scarcely makes a perceptible chasm in the rugged line of cliffs which form this portion of the coast range. The sheer walls of rock descend from an enormous height almost perpendicularly to the sea, and stern indeed and cruel is their aspect to the children of the deep, when the strong wind comes from the south rejoicing in its might of destruction, and drives the troubled waves with their hapless burden fast upon that iron barrier. Gloomy looks Cape Aiya when the dank Black-Sea fog clings round its summit, and the bright light of heaven is obscured by cloud-drifts; but when the warm sunbeams play upon the verdant undergrowth which here and there clothes its sides, and the variegated surface of the rock reflects their rays in tints which Iris might envy, the impressions of terror and desolation are forgotten in the surpassing beauty of the scene. The artist has chosen to portray the promontory in one of its more modified aspects—"half sunshine, half tears," and the fitful light which gleams over land and sea comes from a heaven which has no menace for the stately craft in the offing.

This drawing marks the entrance to the harbour of Balaklava, with the familiar Genoese fort on its right, and between the ship and the promontory, almost hidden by the rain, the extreme limit of the defences of Balaklava to the right, the hill generally known as the Crow's Nest, on which the Marines and Rifles were encamped.

---





W Simpson, del — J. Needham lith.

London, P & D. Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son. Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

CAPE AIYA. LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS BALAKLAVA.



W. Simpson del. — J. Needham, lith.

London, P&D Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR, FROM REAR PETROSKI'S VILLA, LOOKING EAST.

THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR,  
FROM NEAR PETROSKI'S VILLA, LOOKING EAST.

The reader who is acquainted with the long-waged and still undecided dispute as to the beauty of the Valley of Baidar, and whose wanderings have not led him into this portion of the Crimea, will be grateful for the excellent opportunity which Mr. Simpson has afforded him of determining for himself the merits of the question. No book of travels in the Crimea with which we are acquainted fails to record the impressions of its author as to a scene, a visit to which has now become a traditional obligation of the tribe; and no two descriptions agree with each other. "Even the vales of Caucasus," says Pallas, "far surpass this celebrated spot." Clarke considers that it will not bear comparison with many of the beautiful scenes in Switzerland, nor even with those in Norway and Sweden. Koch declares that the heights which inclose it are unromantic and tame, while Demidoff as roundly asserts that it owes its character of stern beauty to the lofty and majestic mountains which surround it. Scott takes Clarke to task for his comparison, which he declares untenable, and, denying that any of the countries mentioned by the Doctor contain any valley at all resembling that of Baidar, pronounces the latter "beautiful;" and Oliphant professes himself disappointed with the *Crimean Tempé*, and half hints that he considers the *Tauric Arcadia* as a designation more flattering than just.

In this distressing conflict of opinion we are averse to hazarding any judgment of our own, and shall therefore confine ourselves to an enumeration of the features of the landscape which the artist has deemed most appropriate to the illustration of *his* view of the subject.

The ground embraced in the drawing is very considerable, and probably gives nearly the whole extent of the valley, which, of a trough-like shape, is about thirty miles in circumference, or about ten in length, and six in width. The foreground is filled with trees and shrubs, which are of great luxuriance and beauty, and amongst which the oak predominates, though wild pear, crab, and Carnelian cherry-trees are also to be met with. The Tartar houses are mostly situated in the centre of pleasant gardens; and numberless clear streams, descending from the heights, irrigate the plain and communicate a refreshing coolness to the atmosphere. Petroski's villa, stated to be a shooting-lodge of Prince Woronzoff, has a pretty appearance when seen from a distance, peeping through the woods, but will not bear a closer inspection.

In the distance, to the left of it, lies the village of Baidar, near which is the camp of a few detachments of the English Light Cavalry. From the village the Woronzoff Road winds by a gradual ascent up the hills which to the south separate the Valley of Baidar from the sea, passing at the summit under an archway of solid granite, from whence an extensive view of the whole coast range is obtained. The road, which is thirty miles in length, and constructed in defiance of very considerable engineering difficulties, now passes through a tunnel in the rocks, forty or fifty yards long, and follows the line of coast to the east in the direction of Yalta. On the right of the foreground are some Turkish tents, among which an occasional green one is a marked feature.

As a guide to the relative positions of the Allies and the Russians it may be observed, that the former hold the whole of the plain, while the heights in the distance are in possession of the latter.

---

### THE ATTACK ON THE MALAKOFF.

We are indebted to Colonel Hamley for the following description of this work, as it existed at the moment of the final assault:

“The Malakoff Hill is an eminence towering over all the rest. The stone building known by us as the Round Tower, which was of semicircular form, had originally an upper story, and on the flat roof a battery was mounted. In the first urgency of defence, this tower had been regarded as the citadel of this part of the works; and the earthen rampart covering it, following its shape, was also made semicircular, and was called by the French and Russians the Kornileff Bastion. Eventually an entire inclosed work, in the form of an irregular redoubt, had been made in rear of the tower, communicating with the left flank of the work covering it. The upper part of the tower, rendered ruinous in our first bombardment, had been long since pulled down, and only a small portion of the masonry of the lower story appeared over the ramparts.”

The point chosen for delineation in this drawing is the outer corner of the Malakoff, at which spot the French had pushed their approaches to within fifteen yards of the ditch, which was from twelve to eighteen feet in width by about twenty in depth. The spectator is supposed to be looking to the south towards the Redan, which, as well as our advanced trenches before it, are slightly shown in the distance. The Russians, completely thrown off



W. Simpson, del., J. Needham, lith.

London, P&D Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> the Queen.

THE ATTACK ON THE MALAKOFF.



W. Simpson, del. — J. Needham, lith.

London, P & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

THE INTERIOR OF THE REDAN.

taken from its left face looking towards the Salient angle. — looking South.

their guard, and utterly unprepared for the attack, at first yielded the possession of the redoubt almost without a struggle. They soon, however, recovered from their first surprise, and for some time large masses of troops were directed on the work, and the most desperate efforts made to retake it; but they never for a moment succeeded in shaking the hold so rapidly gained by the French. The conflict is at its hottest. A French officer, firmly grasping the tricolour, stands, unharmed amidst a shower of missiles, on the summit of the earthwork, and from this conspicuous position encourages the assailants to rally to the emblem of victory.

Numerous bridges of planks and scaling ladders have been hastily thrown across the ditch; and, having traversed these, a *mêlée* of linesmen and Zouaves are swarming with incredible agility and ardour up the steep sides of the Malakoff. At this point there are no guns mounted, the Russians, after the capture of the Mamelon, having built up the embrasures in this part of the work. Farther to the right, a desperate hand-to-hand fight is taking place for the possession of two embrasures which are still open, where assailants and defenders are clubbing their muskets and interchanging bayonet-thrusts. On the proper right face of the Malakoff the guns are still being fired with too fatal effect.

The Zouaves, as usual, were the heroes of this most successful achievement, which, in fact, decided the fate of Sebastopol; amongst them are some of the *indigènes*, who may be distinguished by their dress being of a different colour, that is to say, light blue with orange facings.

“The interior of the work,” says Mr. Simpson, “is a sort of Cretan labyrinth of parapets and trenches, each of which, had they been in the hands of proper men, might have become a Pass of Thermopylæ.”

---

## THE INTERIOR OF THE REDAN.

TAKEN FROM THE LEFT FACE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE  
SALIENT ANGLE LOOKING SOUTH.

The Redan, as is well known, was the principal Russian work on which the energies of the English attack were concentrated, and the sanguinary and unsuccessful attempts which on two successive occasions were made by our gallant troops to obtain possession of it, and which were only relinquished after they had left half their numbers around and within its fatal

precincts, invest this portion of the defences of Sebastopol with an interest to which, for the countrymen of the assailants, that of all the rest of the Russian works is necessarily subordinate. We have elsewhere recorded our opinion as to the manner in which these repulses, and more especially the later one, affect the reputation of the British army; the details of the two attacks will be found in the earlier portion of these pages; and we shall now, therefore, leave the reader in the hands of Mr. Simpson, who thus describes his own drawing:

“As these works are made to afford cover from missiles coming from every direction, it becomes difficult to find a spot from which you can see much beyond where you happen to be standing.

“In our batteries there is only one parapet in front, but in the Redan you may say that there is a parapet in the rear, with openings here and there for the men to pass in and out. These two parapets are connected at short intervals by very strong traverses, under all of which are bomb-proof holes and caves where the men found shelter. This peculiarity of the work I have endeavoured to show in the drawing on the right of the flags; but on the left face, instead of a parapet behind, there is a large mass of work thrown up, forming a curtain between every traverse, and leaving a passage at each corner.

“In the embrasure of the gun in the foreground, I have shown the mantelets made of ropes, which were employed to cover the gunners from the fire of our riflemen. On the salient angle itself is a space, and a slope up to it (which I have indicated), to which when an assault was made the Russians took up field-pieces. I noticed similar places in other parts of the works.

“The long battery in the distance is our left attack; and the small space outside the Redan, marked by a group of figures, is the ground over which our troops marched to the assault. The explosions on the right are some of the mines in the Garden or Flagstaff Battery. In the rear of the Redan, the ground is all ploughed up with our shot and shell, which are scattered about in every direction, mixed with the damaged guns of the enemy.”

---





W Simpson, del. W Trask, lith.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

CHURCH IN THE REAR OF THE REDAN, LOOKING NORTH. SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF SHOT AND SHELL.



W. Simpson del. — W. Trask, lith.

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Druy & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE REAR OF FORT NICHOLAS, LOOKING SOUTH

CHURCH IN THE REAR OF THE REDAN, LOOKING  
NORTH,  
SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF SHOT AND SHELL.

“ This pretty little church, rendered still more picturesque by the battering it has received, is situated amongst a number of buildings close to the rear of the Redan. These buildings are now nothing but a mass of rent and crumbling walls, and will convey some notion of the effects of shot and shell. All the church bells are placed in wooden erections outside the main building, one of which is shown in the drawing. In this case not only has the wooden house suffered, but the bell itself has been struck and half of it knocked away. The long line of front in the distance is part of the Arsenal: here were some batteries intended to command the rear of the Redan. To the left, the large creek lies between the spectator and the town, which is seen on the heights beyond.”

This drawing is supposed to represent the morning after the evacuation by the Russians of the South Side; the masses of smoke issuing from behind the Arsenal, come from the dockyard buildings and some of the ships which were on fire at that time.

---

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE REAR OF FORT NICHOLAS,  
LOOKING SOUTH.

This view supplies a very important deficiency in our estimate of the defences of Sebastopol, by making us acquainted with the rear of the Malakoff and Redan, and their exact position in reference to the Karabelnaya, or that portion of Sebastopol situated on the eastern side of the Inner Harbour, and which contained the Docks, the Arsenal, the Barracks, and the Military Hospital.

On the extreme left of the picture are seen a long range of government store-houses, built on the edge of the water, and which extend for some distance to the back of a spit of land forming the entrance of the Docks. Immediately above the store-houses is the Karabelnaya suburb properly so called, separated from the dockyard buildings by a long white wall. At the back of the dockyard rises the hill of Malakoff, whose importance as the key of this part of the position is the more easily appreciable, as it is per-

ceived to be higher than any of the ground near it, which it consequently commands. The Arsenal is the large square block of buildings with the high embanked wall, lying between the Malakoff and the Redan, the latter of which works may be identified by the British flag which is faintly visible at its summit. Below the Redan is another portion of the *slobode* or faubourg, composed of uniform lines of cottages, which used to be inhabited by the married sailors. The line of heights on the opposite side of the harbour terminates in the barrack battery, beyond which in the far distance may be discerned a few of the embrasures of one of the advanced batteries of the English left attack. Crossing the bay now, we are in the *Ville Civile*, some of the principal buildings of which are shown in this drawing. Amongst these is a large church in a peculiar style of architecture, a mixture of the Gothic and Moorish. Beyond this is another church surrounded by Doric columns, and built on the model of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. This edifice was for a long time supposed to be a military club-house, and was so described in the First Series of this work. On the highest point to the right is the Government House, of which nothing now remains but the bare walls.

All the foreground of this picture is the ground leading immediately to the spot where the bridge was constructed, forming the communication with the north side, and was scattered all over with every variety of article left or dropped in the haste of flight. A number of field artillery guns, which must have been too late to get over, had been tumbled into the sea and were lying in the utmost confusion, with here and there the dirty grey coat of a deceased Ruski, contrasting rather dismally with the bright green of the gun-carriages and the blue waves of the Euxine. The stretcher deeply stained with Russian blood lies there, recalling the fearful scenes of the siege.

---

THE INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH,  
AT THE HEAD QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY  
BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

On the 27th August, the English Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, accompanied by several members of the Legation, had come from Constantinople for the purpose, invested the military and



W. Simpson, del. — W. Trask, lith.

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH AT THE HEAD QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.



W. Simpson, del. W. Trask, lith

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL, FROM THE TOP OF THE HARBOUR

22<sup>nd</sup> June 1855

naval officers, who had been selected for this honour, with the insignia of the Order of the Bath.

This imposing ceremony took place at the head quarters of General Simpson, in the midst of a brilliant assembly of the superior officers of the four allied armies and of the fleets. In the courtyard of the house a pavilion had been formed of flags.

Above waved the Standard of England, flanked by the British ensign and the French tricolor, and by the Sardinian and Turkish colours. A guard of honour from the household troops was in attendance, and with detachments of infantry and cavalry lined the sides of the square of buildings.

The proceedings were inaugurated by the delivery by the Ambassador of a dignified and eloquent address, in which, after a sketch of the character and history of the Most Honourable Order, he remarked upon the unprecedented nature of the investiture, occurring, as it did, almost on the ground where the services had been rendered and the exploits achieved, for which the honour was conferred, and nearly under fire of the enemy's guns. Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Edmund Lyons each spoke a few words in reply. The several knights were then respectively invested with the insignia of their class; the troops presented arms; the band played God save the Queen; the artillery fired a royal salute; and the assembled force, amounting to about 1000 men, filed off.

The day was singularly propitious; and the brilliant spectacle, which derived a deep significance from the circumstances referred to by Lord Stratford, and which was calculated to make a strong impression on the spectators no less than on the actors in the scene, passed off with all possible *éclat*.

---

## THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL, FROM THE TOP OF THE HARBOUR, 22ND JUNE, 1855.

This view is taken from a spur of one of the hills in rear of the field of Inkermann, where the French have a picquet posted; and it may be considered as a pendant to one in the First Series which shows the head of the harbour. On the crest of the hill on this side of the bay are the embrasures of some of the French batteries: at its base runs the Inkermann Road, crossing at this point the Aqueduct, which, at the period when the drawing was made, had

been so long dry, that its channel was choked up with weeds, grass, and bushes. In the foreground two or three French riflemen are crouching behind some loose fragments of rock, anxiously watching for the chance of a shot at any unwary Russian who may show himself within range. Not a ripple disturbs the calm surface of the water on this bright summer's day, and its clear expanse would be unbroken, but that here and there portions of the wrecks of sunken ships emerge into sight. The opposite shore from Fort Constantine at the entrance of the harbour to the work on the right, where the Inkermann West Lighthouse formerly stood, bristles with batteries constructed on an enormous scale and finished with the most elaborate care. These vast preparations for defence were carried on *pari passu* with those on the South Side, and prove how long the Russians must have contemplated the probability of their being compelled to retreat across the harbour.

There is very little information as to the precise names of these different batteries, and, so unimportant is the rôle to which the course of events has reduced them, that the deficiency will scarcely be regretted. Since the Allies occupied the South Side, even those forts from which it was supposed to be commanded have been utterly impotent for mischief, and the casualties caused by them have been absurdly incommensurate with the vast expenditure of ammunition wasted in their abortive fire. Amongst them however are two which must not be omitted to be noticed. These are the Wasp and Telegraph batteries, which caused so much annoyance to the fleets in their attack on the sea-ward forts on the 17th October, 1854. They are the dark line which will be perceived against the sea a little above Fort Constantine.

The three capes at the upper end of the harbour are of limestone, of such a brilliant whiteness as to be dazzling and painful to the eye.

---

### DITCH OF THE BASTION DU MÂT.

Up to the middle of May the French pushed their approaches with the greatest vigour in the direction of the works protecting the town of Sebastopol, the *Ville Civile* as distinguished from the Karabelnaya. All these works were to the left of the head of the inner harbour, and amongst them the Bastion du Mât seems to have been regarded both by assailants and defenders as the key of the position. The Russians in consequence exhausted the resources of engineering in adding to its strength, and, so effectually did they carry out





W. Simpson, del. E. Walker, lith.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

DITCH OF THE BASTION DU MAT

this object, that they succeeded in making it by far the most impracticable point in the whole of their vast chain of defences. The French indeed seem to have considered it impregnable, for subsequently to the above date, when their advanced parallel was already within a quite inconsiderable distance of the bastion, their efforts in this direction seem to have been completely abandoned, and all the energy of their attack was concentrated on the Malakoff and the works at the head of Careening Bay. On the day of the final assault, when every other point was made the object of an attack either real or feigned, no attempt whatever was made upon the Bastion du Mât: a fact which can only be accounted for on the hypothesis just suggested. The drawing to which we now beg the reader's attention is especially calculated to illustrate the manner in which this work was rendered so extremely formidable; and a detailed reference to the principal features selected for delineation in the sketch will convey an amount of information which will render the result obtained by the Russians no longer a matter of surprise.

The ditch of the bastion was of twice the ordinary width, and flanked at the further end by a caponnière, or bomb-proof block-house, mounting two guns, which of course swept it in its entire length, and would have inflicted a loss almost amounting to annihilation on any storming party which might have penetrated so far. At regular intervals along the bottom of the ditch were square apertures leading into a mine of equal length, which communicated by small subterraneous galleries with the Russian rifle-pits in advance of the work, and with the countermines against the French approach.

The scarp was faced with a stockade, constructed of beams of wood fixed perpendicularly in the ground, and sharpened to a point at their upper extremities, which gave them a resemblance to a row of shark's teeth. The counter-scarp was perforated with caves for the protection of the soldiers, by whom the ditch seems to have been no less regularly garrisoned than the body of the bastion itself. Even outside the ditch, rows of planks had been placed upon the ground with large sharp nails projecting from their upper surface, which would have wounded and lacerated the feet of those who must have passed over them in making the assault. Such were the objects accumulated by a hellish ingenuity to render an entrance into the work impossible; but, even had these been surmounted and the entrance effected, so completely was the Bastion du Mât commanded by the Garden Battery, that the hapless stormers, in the very moment of their delusive success, must have found themselves face to face with the muzzles of the guns of the latter, and, destitute of any species of shelter, must have been swept away almost to the last man.

The French therefore exercised a wise discretion in shifting the main point of their attack to the Malakoff, whose great height, while it prevented the possibility of its being commanded by any of the other batteries, rendered all those within the range of its guns untenable from the moment the assailants were firmly established there.

In the middle distance of this drawing are seen the embrasures of the Bastion Central, the next Russian battery on the proper right of the Bastion du Mât.

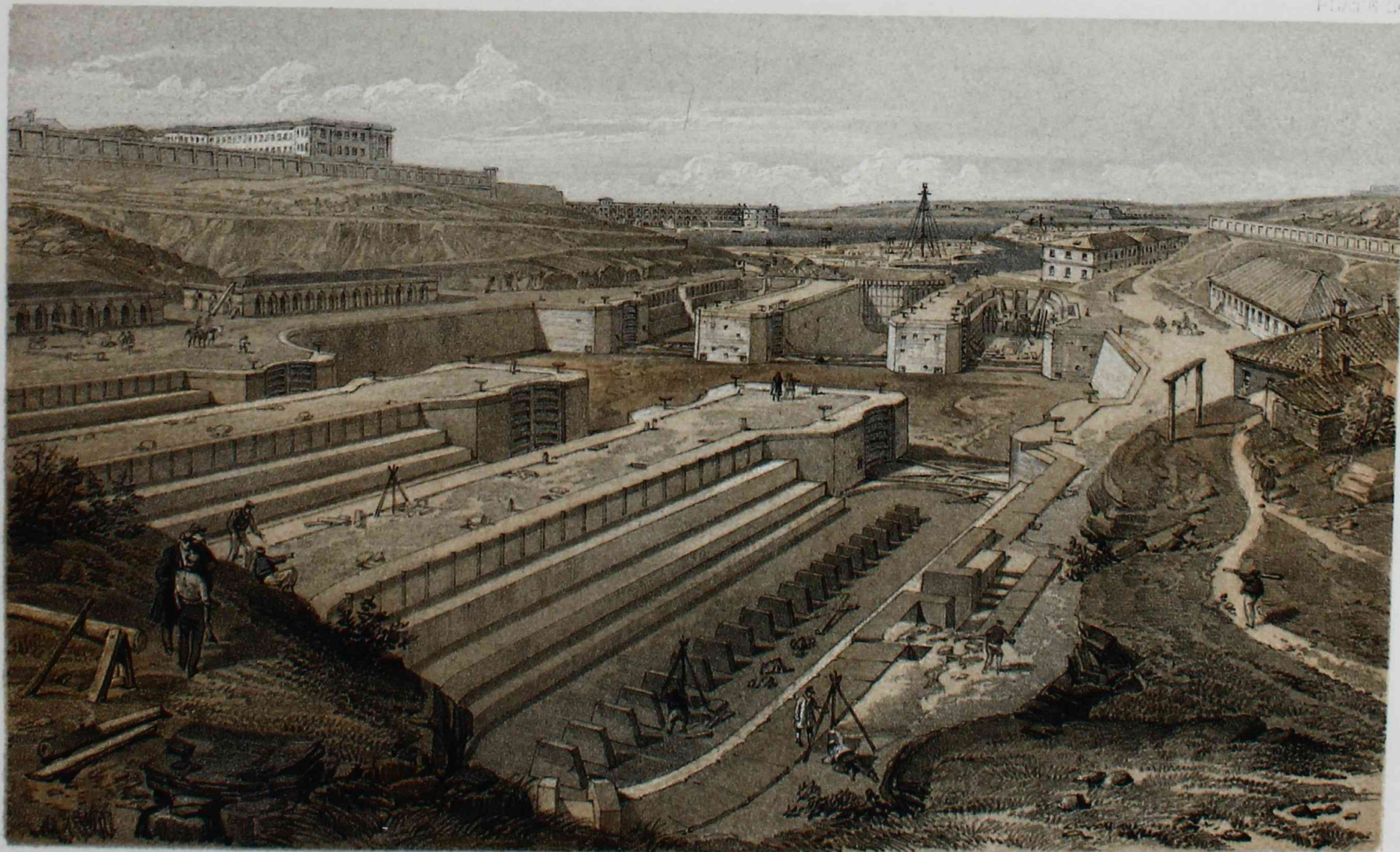
---

## DOCKS AT SEBASTOPOL, WITH RUINS OF FORT ST. PAUL.

These stupendous docks, one of the boldest and happiest efforts of engineering skill, were constructed at a vast expense during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, by the late Colonel Upton, an Englishman, who, having been led from circumstances into which it is now bootless to inquire to quit his native country, entered the Russian service, in which his unquestionable talents speedily secured him a position of distinction.

Dr. Koch, whose account of these colossal works is by far the most clear and intelligible of any we have met with, thus describes them:

“ The Docks, which were completed a few years back, are equally magnificent. Until that period it was almost impossible to fit out ships of the line. This is now effected with great ease by means of the Docks, which consist of three basins one behind the other. Each basin is so spacious that two ships of the line can be received into it simultaneously. If a vessel has to undergo repairs, it is taken out of the harbour into the first basin, the water in which is on a level with that of the port, and the first basin is then closed towards the sea with water-tight gates. The ground of the other two basins is dry, as it is higher than the level of the haven. By means of a water-course, situated rather higher up, of which I shall have occasion to speak presently, so much water is let into the lowest basin as to bring it on the same level with the second, which is also filling. As the water rises, the vessel naturally follows its movements, and is soon above the surface of the harbour. It is now dragged into the second or middle basin, and a pair of gates again separates the lower basin from the central one. While the water in the lower basin is again allowed to flow back into the harbour, the central one is filled



W Simpson, del. E Walker, lith.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

DOCKS AT SEBASTOPOL WITH RUINS OF FORT ST PAUL

with so much water by means of the watercourse that it is on a level with the uppermost one, which is able to receive the vessel. This is again shut in by gates, and the water is let off. In this way the ship is dry-docked, without receiving the slightest injury, and can be easily repaired. The height of the Docks, where the ships are repaired, is forty feet above the level of the harbour. The space is so large, that three line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and other smaller vessels can be under the workmen's hand at once; for there are seven smaller graving docks, connected with the larger and first basin, which are filled directly from the watercourse. An idea of the expense of these works may be formed from the fact that the lock-gates, which were procured from England, alone cost the sum of two hundred and seventy thousand silver roubles.

The watercourse mentioned by Dr. Koch is the canal to which reference has more than once been made in these pages, and which was so important a feature of the ground in the Battle of the Tchernaya. It draws its supply of water from that river, which at Tchergoun, where the canal commences, is 62 feet above the level of the great harbour, and follows the left bank of the Tchernaya as far as Inkermann, where it crosses the foot of the quarry ravine on a handsome aqueduct supported on eight arches and about 200 feet in length. It then pierces the cliff at Inkermann by a tunnel 900 feet long cut out of the limestone rock, and then keeps the shore of the great harbour as far as the Karabelnaya, passing the Careening Creek on an aqueduct of stone, similar to the one at Inkermann. A third aqueduct conveys the water across a hollow near this part of the town: and it then enters the Docks, which are 30 feet above the level of the bay. The fall of the canal, in the 12 miles which it traverses in its course, is thus 32 feet, or about one in 2000.

It was this watercourse, and not, as was stated at the time, the supply of water to the town, which was cut off by the Allies, when they first sat down before the South Side.

The Docks were situated at the upper end of a short creek on the eastern side of the inner harbour, in which the "central ravine" terminates. These marvels of human ingenuity, perseverance, and adaptation, achieved by eleven years of incessant labour and by the most lavish expenditure of treasure, are now a heap of shattered and shapeless ruins. When their fate was decided on after the capture of the place, the French engineers charged themselves with the destruction of the portion nearest to the sea, while the English undertook a similar task in reference to the inner half: but so gigan-

tic was the scale on which these works were constructed that the work of their demolition was only accomplished after weeks of the most laborious preparation. Had these constructions been destined for the assistance and development of commerce and the arts of peace, such a result, even if demanded by the stern necessities of war, could never have been contemplated by the intelligent communities of the West without a pang of regret, but the perfidious policy which applied all the resources of civilization to a work exclusively intended to subserve an aggressive and unscrupulous barbarism, sanctioned by anticipation the unmingled triumph which hails its defeat.

The view here given was unattainable until after the fall of Sebastopol, as no part of the Docks was visible from the French or English lines, with the exception of a tall black mast used as a crane for putting heavy articles on board ship. On the right running northwards is a long range of buildings, which were used as hospitals, and it was here that the Russian wounded, who had been abandoned on the retreat, were found, after days and nights of untended suffering, in a state and amidst circumstances whose horrors fortunately transcend the powers of description.

At the extremity of these buildings is a crumbling mound of earth—all that remains to mark the spot on which Fort Paul, which was blown up by the Russians in their flight, once stood.

On the opposite point of the inner bay is Fort Nicholas, which for some reason or other escaped at this time a fate intended to have been universal: only to be destroyed at a later period by the conquerors, whose plans the Russians were unconsciously anticipating—by pursuing in their evacuation of Sebastopol the traditional policy of the empire, inaugurated at Moscow in the beginning of the century.

---

## INTERIOR OF THE MALAKOFF, WITH THE REMAINS OF THE ROUND TOWER.

It is the night after the capture of the Malakoff, and the French are securely established in the work. The furious excitement of the strife is over; the thrilling shout of the wild Zouave and the ferocious yell of the dogged Muscovite are alike silenced; the rushing tide of battle has receded, and the noise of its angry waves is hushed upon the shore. But has it left no traces of its devastating wrath? Alas, and alas! Thickly on the fatal



W. Simpson, del. — E. Walker, lith.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

INTERIOR OF THE MALAKOFF, WITH THE REMAINS OF THE ROUND TOWER

strand lie those who erewhile with strong right arm and manful breast battled amidst the raging waters, and strained for the beach, only to reach it maimed and bleeding, or be dashed upon it lifeless corpses.

Vainly for those whose warfare is thus accomplished, the flag round which they rallied, and beneath whose folds they fell, may float o'er shattered traverse, and dismantled gun; vainly the lurid sky and reeking smoke-drift from the burning city may mark the desperate resolution of the vanquished and baffled foe; *their* last fight is over, never to be renewed; their last victory won, never to be disputed.

But there are others to whom life, and with it hope, yet remain, and for whom the tender sympathy and ready succour of their more fortunate comrades bring solace and alleviation even amidst the torture of wounds and the agonies of thirst.

Not theirs at least to lie uncared for and untended through the long hours of the burning day and the gloomy darkness of the weary night; to feel the dread apprehension, fast ripening into certainty, that they are forgotten and deserted in their utmost need; that the life-blood which is ebbing fast away will not be stanchèd; that the cooling draught of water for which they yearn with longings unutterable will never be pressed to their parched and fevered lips; and that, with help almost within call, they are left to perish without one look of sympathy, one word of consolation, in a place which the festering bodies of those who have outstripped them in the race of death are fast changing into a pest-house. Yet this is but a feeble shadowing forth of what was even then occurring within one short mile of this very spot; hundreds of wounded Russians were in their last extremity, and groping in the blackness of despair for aid, which, had their wretched position but been known, would have been as freely lavished by their generous enemies on them as on their own suffering comrades.

The wounded then are cared for, and the dead carried with sorrow and with reverence to their long home: but the strong and healthy and unscathed, they also are here gathered in groups about the interior of the work, or seen in vivid relief against the wild red sky as they stand upon the parapet. And what the aspect of these, the heroes of the hour, the victors in a strife of giants, in the flush of their long-deferred and hardly-earned success? Where are the voice of exultation and the song of triumph?

Silently and gravely they watch the ravages of the fierce element, and listen to the earthquake shocks which tell of shattered forts and crumbling palaces, or, gazing on the scene of desolation and destruction around them,



take to their hearts the terrible lesson of war, the stern moral of victory. For the peculiar fate of Sebastopol gave no scope for the wild crimes which mostly attend the capture of a place by storm; and, fortunately for humanity, the excited passions of the soldiery, deprived of aught to feed their unholy flame, were soon replaced by the gentle feelings of brotherhood and pity, and the calmer moods of reflection which arise in the lull of action.

This view gives only a portion of the interior of the Malakoff. The extent of the work, and its vast accumulation of parapets and traverses in all directions for the purposes of shelter, each alone rendered it impossible to embrace the whole in one drawing. The Round Tower, so conspicuous an object at the commencement of the siege, is here still visible; but it was cut down lower and lower by each bombardment, till at last nothing of it was visible above the level of the earthen defences.

---

### KAMIESCH.

Kamiesch was to the French at once the Balaklava and the Kadikoi of the English. Here they had established their base of operations; and within this deep and sheltered bay was assembled the vast crowd of transports required to supply the ever-growing wants of an immense army, in the several branches of provisions, clothing, siege-train, and munitions of war. Here also was the town, consisting of interminable rows of wooden houses, in which the suttlers of the army retailed their wares. *Cabarets, cafés, and restaurants* occurred at frequent intervals, interspersed with shops rejoicing in the high-sounding titles of *Bazaar de l'Armée, Grande Maison*, and a hundred others equally inviting and no less sonorous. Less favoured by nature than Balaklava in the advantages of surrounding scenery and actual position, Kamiesch atoned for the absence of the picturesque by presenting a scene of animation and gaiety in striking contrast with the sober, business-like aspect of its rival port, which, from a very early period of the siege, was monopolised for government purposes. Amidst its slim, fragile houses, which looked as if the first puff of wind would blow them into the sea, a motley population, gathered from the four corners of the earth, swarmed and flitted and buzzed and settled like a cloud of flies on a hot summer's day. Turks, Greeks, Jews, Italians, French, and English: soldiers, sailors, and marines;



W. Simpson, del. — E. Walker, lith.

London, P&D Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

KAMIESCH



W. Simpson, del.

London P&D Colnaghi & Co.

Day 3. San Juan de los Rios

INTERIOR OF FORT NICHOLAS

Zouaves and vivandières; officers on horseback and on foot; transport captains and amateurs; generals and privates, met here on common ground, and realised for a brief space the true spirit of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The variety of costume, the confused jargon of a dozen different languages, the vehemence of oriental and southern gesticulation, and the bustle of uninterrupted traffic, combined to present a scene of which some slight conception may be formed by imagining the frolic mummers of a *bal masqué* turned loose amid the wonders of a country fair. The peculiar reputation of the resident portion of the community had procured for this improvised town the proud and singularly appropriate titles of *Friponville* and *Coquinville*, by one of which it was universally designated by our Allies; names equally applicable to our own bazaar at Kadikoi, and infinitely more expressive than those of Donnybrook or Vanity Fair, with which that *refugium peccatorum* was christened.

Besides the bay and town of Kamiesch, this sketch embraces the bay of Kazatch, the principal station of the British fleet in these waters, and the Lighthouse at Cape Chersonese.

---

## FORT NICHOLAS.

The prudent jealousy of the Russian government in excluding foreigners from Sebastopol has rendered it extremely difficult to obtain any reliable information as to the exact nature of the defences of the place. Of these, by far the most important were those destined to repel an attack by sea, as the approach of an enemy from the land side would appear to have been a contingency scarcely at all contemplated.

The following information in reference to the seaward forts has been selected from various sources; and, though far more scanty and meagre than could have been desired, its accuracy may be depended on; and it may perhaps be considered both interesting and useful *en attendant* the fuller and more satisfactory particulars, which we may anticipate from the recent occupation of the town by the Allies.

Besides smaller batteries, the principal of these forts may be thus enumerated: the Quarantine Battery, at the head of Quarantine Bay, is the first on the South Side; next comes Fort Alexander, which commands the entrance of the Main Harbour from the south; while Forts Nicholas and Paul defend the opening of the inner harbour on the west and east. On the North Side, Fort

Constantine corresponds to and crosses its fire with Fort Alexander, while two other batteries, to the east of the former, answer to Forts Nicholas and Paul. All of these forts are solidly constructed of masonry; and each of the four larger ones consists of three tiers of guns one above the other. The number of guns mounted in these works has been so variously stated, from eight hundred and fifty, the lowest computation, up to twelve, and even fifteen and sixteen hundred, that it is difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The material employed in the construction of the batteries was a species of soft limestone, which it was supposed would be unable to resist the heavy fire of ship's guns; but the events of the 17th October set this question at rest, and amply vindicated the discretion of the Russian engineers. Another objection was, that the tiers of guns were placed too high above the sea, and in an engagement with ships would only damage the rigging; but it was forgotten that the shallowness of the water, at the base of the forts, would not permit ships to come within a distance at which the guns could no longer be depressed to the required range. The casemates, too, were said to be so ill-ventilated that the artillerymen would soon be suffocated by the smoke of their own guns, and no longer able to work them; but this assertion time has also disproved.

In fact, prior to the commencement of the war, there was an unwise disposition, prevalent amongst nearly all English writers, to depreciate everything Russian, and stories palmed off on credulous travellers by officious and chattering *laquais-de-place* were gravely admitted as incontestable arguments against the strength of a place on which every resource of the empire had been lavished for years.

The following account of Fort Nicholas, the subject of this sketch, is taken from Dr. Koch; but it must be premised that his estimate of the number of guns mounted in this and the other batteries is unquestionably exaggerated:—

“At the period of my visit, one of the inner forts, called the Nicholas Bastion, just to the east of Artillery Bay, was nearly finished, while the one opposite was building.

“We were permitted to make a close inspection of the Nicholas Bastion. My heart grew really sad when I saw here nothing but implements of murder. The bastion forms a half-moon, and has three batteries above one another. The entire building was bomb-proof. I was surprised that the soft limestone of Inkermann had been employed for the purpose, as it rapidly wears away when exposed to the influence of the weather, much sooner than granite



W. Simpson, del.

London, P & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> in the Queen

and other plutonic stone; and an extraordinarily hard green stone (diorite) could have been procured in the vicinity. Perhaps, however, a softer stone is best adapted to resist bomb-shells. That granite cannot withstand for any length of time our modern missiles, we saw at the capture of Bomarsund.

“On the ground-floor lay the bombs and grenades; I saw the furnaces in which the balls are heated red-hot before they are fired. In the other stories were three batteries, each armed with one hundred and ninety-six guns. The larger guns, 64-pounders, were separated from the rest, and stood in small separate chambers, behind which the space was employed for the *chancellerie* and similar requirements. The larger casemates contained twenty and more guns, and served at the same time as barracks for the soldiers. I have had repeated opportunities of speaking in terms of praise of the great order and cleanliness in the Russian barracks; but here everything appeared to me even cleaner and more tidy than usual. I was told that a fourth battery would eventually be planted on the roof; this is the case with the two more advanced batteries. These are considerably smaller, and only mount three hundred and sixty guns a-piece.”

The drawing shows the upper tier of casemates, the embrasures of which are on the right-hand side; but they are built up, as the place is used as a barrack by the French troops, all the guns having been removed by the Russians before their retreat.

The pillars between each casemate are stoves used for the purpose of ventilation, and are found all over the battery. The bedsteads are Russian ones, which the French have appropriated to their own use.

---

## PUBLIC LIBRARY AND TEMPLE OF THE WINDS.

The public library, erected by the Emperor Nicholas for the use of naval and military officers, was a handsome edifice of Grecian architecture, elegantly fitted up internally, and well furnished with valuable works, principally on military and naval subjects, and with scientific instruments. In niches in the walls were several marble figures; these were interspersed with bas-reliefs, for the most part representing ships; and the inner rooms were reached by a broad flight of marble steps, ornamented on either side with a sphynx. The library stood in the highest part of the town of Sebastopol, and from its position was a prominent object in every direction.

The view from its windows must indeed have been unrivalled for beauty. Beneath them lay Sebastopol, with its chalky cliffs, white houses picked out with green verandahs and blinds, its cathedral, its green-domed churches, its docks, arsenals, and barracks, its casemated forts, its grand and smaller harbours, on whose waters rested tranquilly the mighty ships of war which were to sweep the Euxine of the detested Turk; and further off, the bright blue expanse of that sea itself, so lovely in calm, so terrible in storm. Turning now inland, the gaze would seek the picturesque gorge at Inkermann or the bold form of Cape Aiya, dwelling with delight on the surpassing beauty of the intervening valleys, or plunge deeper into the interior of this lovely land, where the south-eastern mountains rise chain after chain, blending their colours in exquisite harmony, till in the far distance they sink at the feet of the majestic Tchatir Dagh.

What wonder that, beholding the magnificence of the august city whose greatness he had fostered, and the romantic region by which it is surrounded, the late Czar in a moment of paternal pride should have pronounced it "the brightest jewel in his crown," little deeming that, while the unfading beauty of the setting should remain for ages the same, the precious gem would, ere a few short years had passed away, be crushed to atoms beneath the iron heel of ruthless war.

The library was set on fire by the Russians when they abandoned the town; and this is the moment the artist has chosen for illustration in this sketch, in which a portion of the defeated army are seen retreating by the light of the flames they had kindled.

The front shown is that towards the sea. All the objects of art collected here which were not destroyed by the fire were removed by the French, and the library is now, like the city on which it once looked down, nothing but a desolate ruin.

---

### QUARANTINE CEMETERY AND CHURCH, WITH FRENCH BATTERY No. 50.

This was the scene of the two nights' desperate contest which took place between the French and Russians on the 22nd and 23rd of May. The Quarantine Battery, like the Central and Flagstaff Bastions, lost much of its import-





W. Simpson, del.

London, P&D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

QUARANTINE CEMETERY AND CHURCH WITH FRENCH BATTERY N° 50.



W. Simpson, del.

Landa Y. & Co. Lithrs. N.Y.

Eng. & Col. 1855. P. 11. No. 1000.

THE ADMIRALTY SEBASTOPOL

ance from the period when the French concentrated all their energies on the Russian defences opposed to their extreme right attack. In May however all their efforts were directed to advancing towards this part of the town, and after they gained the position, and had driven the Russians completely out of the Cemetery, they established themselves on the rising ground to the right, where they immediately constructed a work which they called the Battery No. 50, at a very short distance from the Russian works, but divided from them by a narrow valley.

The old church, which is quite outside the precincts of the town, had some pretensions to architectural beauty, which were marred by the gaudiness of its decorations. There was also a handsome gateway, which, as well as the church itself, and even the tombstones of the Cemetery, did not escape severe damage from the several bombardments.

---

## THE ADMIRALTY.

Of the Admiralty nothing now remains but the tower which served for a gateway, and which is censured by Prince Demidoff as "displaying somewhat too ostentatiously a number of pillars out of proportion with the remainder of the building." The tower contained a clock and probably a bell: the remainder of the building consists of roofless walls, containing only the refuse which has been rejected by fastidious Zouaves, blue-jackets, and camp-followers.

Two building-sheds which were also visible at the early part of the siege have disappeared; and this scene of utter destruction forms an apt counterpart to the last traces of the Russian navy in these waters, the "final limitation" of the Black Sea fleet—the masts which project above the surface of the harbour, in monumental mockery of the ships which lie at its bottom.

The complete annihilation of a force of whose power of aggression Sinope gave too forcible an illustration, and the compression of which within reasonable bounds was one of the propositions at the abortive Vienna conferences most contemptuously rejected by the Russians, has been in a measure lost sight of in the crowd of melodramatic incidents which marked the catastrophe of Sebastopol; but of all the advantages gained by that memorable event it was perhaps at once the most unparalleled and the most important.

Had the Russian fleet perished to the last ship in an engagement on the open sea with the allied navies, its fate would have been attended with a grandeur which would have imposed respect even on the foe, and have left an ineffaceable tradition of glory, which might not have been without fruit in time to come: but to disappear piecemeal under the waters of the harbour which, by a grand but vain inspiration, half its effective force had been sacrificed to close—to find its grave amidst the crumbling ruins of fortifications which had seemed to compensate the shame of forced inaction by the proffer of an at least inviolate asylum—this was to fall by a blow at once so crushing and so humiliating, that no lapse of years will suffice to wipe away its stain, or restore a prestige for ever destroyed. True it is that the Russian fleet, the exotic offspring of a system of unnatural forcing, manned by soldiers, and destitute of all nautical experience but such as might be acquired from a summer's cruise within the narrow limits of an inland sea, could not have contended with a possibility of success against the proud armadas of France and England, to which indeed it was as inferior in numbers as it was in training, discipline, enterprise, and national spirit: but no reverse at sea, however complete, could have brought home this fact to the conviction of those nations who have long been taught to regard the naval power of Russia as no less formidable than her military resources, with the overwhelming force possessed by the simple narrative of the manner in which that naval power was extinguished, published as it has been from one end of Europe to the other.

Well may the Russians sue for peace in the prudent hope of saving their Baltic fleet from a similar fate, no less clearly foretold in the unconquerable will and limitless resources of the Western Powers, if the strife be only prolonged: half the sybilline leaves are irrevocably lost; it remains for those who would read the future by the light of the past to rescue, while it is time, those which yet remain.

The church visible in this drawing is thus referred to by Mr. Simpson:—

“The large church seems not to have been quite finished: its great distance from our batteries saved it from the effects of the bombardments. Still a few shot-marks are visible, and the Russians themselves, in spite of their devotion, have made a number of holes in it by their fire from the North Side.”

Beyond the church is seen the rear of Fort Nicholas.

Subjoined is a list of the ships of the Russian Black Sea fleet before the opening of the War, derived from a trustworthy French source:

## SHIPS OF THE LINE.

Names.	Guns.	Station.
Grand Duke Constantine, three-decker . . .	120	Sebastopol
Twelve Apostles . . . . . " . . . . .	120	"
Three Saints . . . . . " . . . . .	120	"
Paris . . . . . " . . . . .	120	"
Varsovie . . . . . " . . . . .	120	"
Empress Maria . . . . .	84	"
Chrabroi . . . . .	84	"
Tchesnie . . . . .	84	"
Sviatoslaf . . . . .	84	"
Rostislaf . . . . .	84	"
Yagudil . . . . .	84	"
Varna . . . . .	84	"
Selafael . . . . .	84	"
Uriel . . . . .	84	"
_____ } names unknown { . . . . .	84	"
_____ } . . . . .	84	"
<u>Total 1524 guns</u>		

besides a large number of dismasted vessels serving as floating batteries, &c.

## ONE SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

Names.	Guns.	Station.
Bosphorus . . . . .	120	Nicolaieff

## FRIGATES.

Names.	Guns.	Station.
Messembria . . . . .	54	Sebastopol
Sizopoli . . . . .	54	"
Kulefchi . . . . .	54	"
Medea . . . . .	54	"
Kagul . . . . .	44	"
Flora . . . . .	44	"
Kovarna . . . . .	44	"
<u>Total 348 guns</u>		

## CORVETTES AND BRIGS.

Names.	Guns.	Station.
Andromache . . . . .	20	Sebastopol
Calypso . . . . .	20	"
Pylades . . . . .	20	"
Plotemy . . . . .	20	"
Nearchus . . . . .	20	"
Theseus . . . . .	20	"
Æneas . . . . .	20	"
Ariadne . . . . .	20	"
Mercury . . . . .	20	"

Total 180 guns.

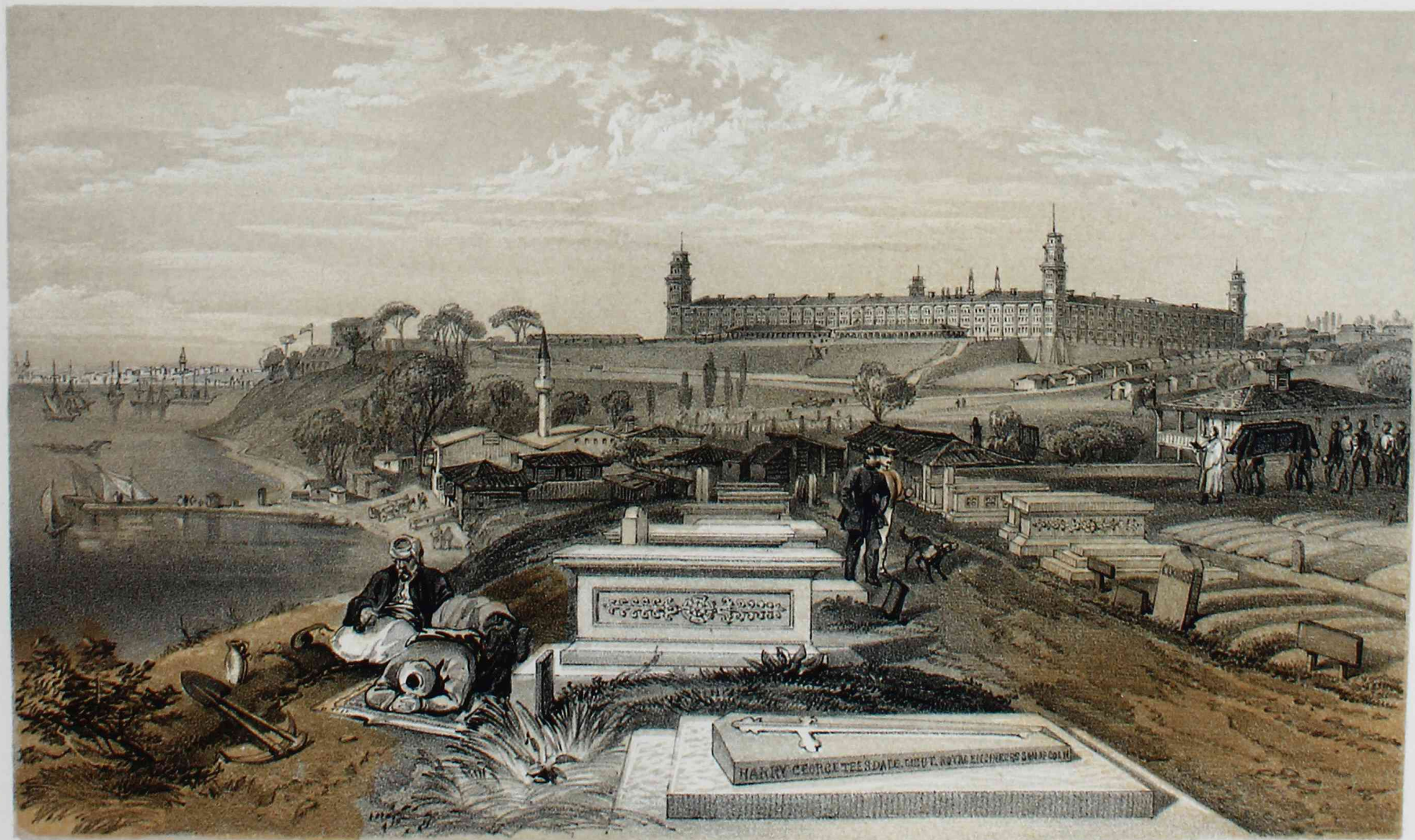
Twenty-five schooners, yachts, and transports; and a flotilla of gunboats manned by Cossacks, of which 30 were for the Sea of Azoff, and 15 for the Danube.

## PADDLE-WHEEL STEAMERS.

Names.	Guns.	Horse-power.
Vladimir . . . . .	6	400
Gromonosity . . . . .	6	400
Bessarabia . . . . .	6	260
Crimea . . . . .	3	250
Odessa . . . . .	3	260
Chersonese . . . . .	3	250
Megoutski . . . . .	3	150
Maladety . . . . .	3	120
Boety . . . . .	3	150
Grosini . . . . .	3	120
Severnaie Svesda . . . . .	3	120
Argonaut . . . . .	3	44
Colchis . . . . .	3	120
Elborouz . . . . .	3	260

Total 51      2904

besides a large number of small iron steamers of from fifty to one hundred horse power, and two or three tugs on the Danube.



W. Simpson, del. — E. Walker, lith.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

HOSPITAL AND CEMETERY AT SCUTARI

## HOSPITAL AND CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

Any discussion of the merits of the grave and sad questions which have been raised in reference to the management of the English Hospitals at Scutari would be foreign to the purpose of this work: whatever may be said as to the defects of the system, both at home and on the spot, which led to the deplorable condition in which they undoubtedly at one time were, there has never been but one opinion of the unwearied exertions and the self-sacrificing devotion of the medical officers, who, placed there in far too scanty a proportion to the sick and wounded under their charge, seemed actually to multiply themselves in their efforts to discharge their trying duty. In this task they were ably seconded by the active co-operation of Mr. Macdonald, the energetic commissioner of the Times Fund, and by the extraordinary administrative genius of Miss Nightingale, whose admirable system of nursing may be said to have inaugurated a new era in military hospitals generally. As early as the middle of January, all the most repulsive features of the scenes described by Mr. Osborne and Mr. Stafford had disappeared, and externally at least the position of the sick and wounded at Scutari was one of comfort, order, and decency.

To the former of these gentlemen, than whom no one could be more qualified to speak on this subject, we are indebted for the following description of the two principal hospitals at Scutari, as well as for that of the interior of one of the wards, which accompanies another plate of the series.

“The General Hospital . . . covers a considerable area of ground, and incloses what I presume has been a sort of pleasure-garden, with a fountain in the centre. It consists of several floors, the construction of which is generally the same—a passage broad enough to admit of room to pass easily at the foot of beds arranged down one side; out of this passage, or corridor as it was called, doors open into large rooms or wards. In both these buildings\* a portion is set apart as the Sultan’s or Imperial quarter, in which the rooms or wards, with the staircases, are of more costly construction than those of the rest of the building. The passages are thickly occupied by the beds containing the wounded or sick soldiers; the wards out of them are generally made over to officers of the staff, for dispensaries or other offices, and a certain number are kept for sick or wounded officers. The passages and rooms are sufficiently lofty; the former I can hardly suppose were ever meant to be occupied, but simply to act as ways of approach to the latter.

“The Barrack Hospital is about half a mile from the one first described. It

\* The General and Barrack Hospitals.



is an immense building, of a very similar construction; its form square, inclosing a very large open court or parade-ground. Some weeks before it was as full even as when I left it, there were by measurement two miles and one-third of a mile occupied by beds in this hospital, at an average interval between each of about two feet six inches.

“The corridors are of an immense length: on entering at one of the sides of the building and passing down one of them, you would have to turn one, sometimes two, of its angles before you could find any means of exit. As in the General Hospital, so here, there are wards the whole length of the building, varying in size and construction, but all opening into these passages. These wards, however, are very many of them occupied by sick or wounded soldiers, whilst a certain number are reserved for the staff of the establishment, wounded or sick officers, the chaplains, and last, but not least in importance, the ‘sisters’ and ‘nurses’ under Miss Nightingale.”

This view shows the Barrack Hospital; in the foreground are the graves and cypresses of the old Turkish cemetery, while a peep of Constantinople is obtained in the distance.

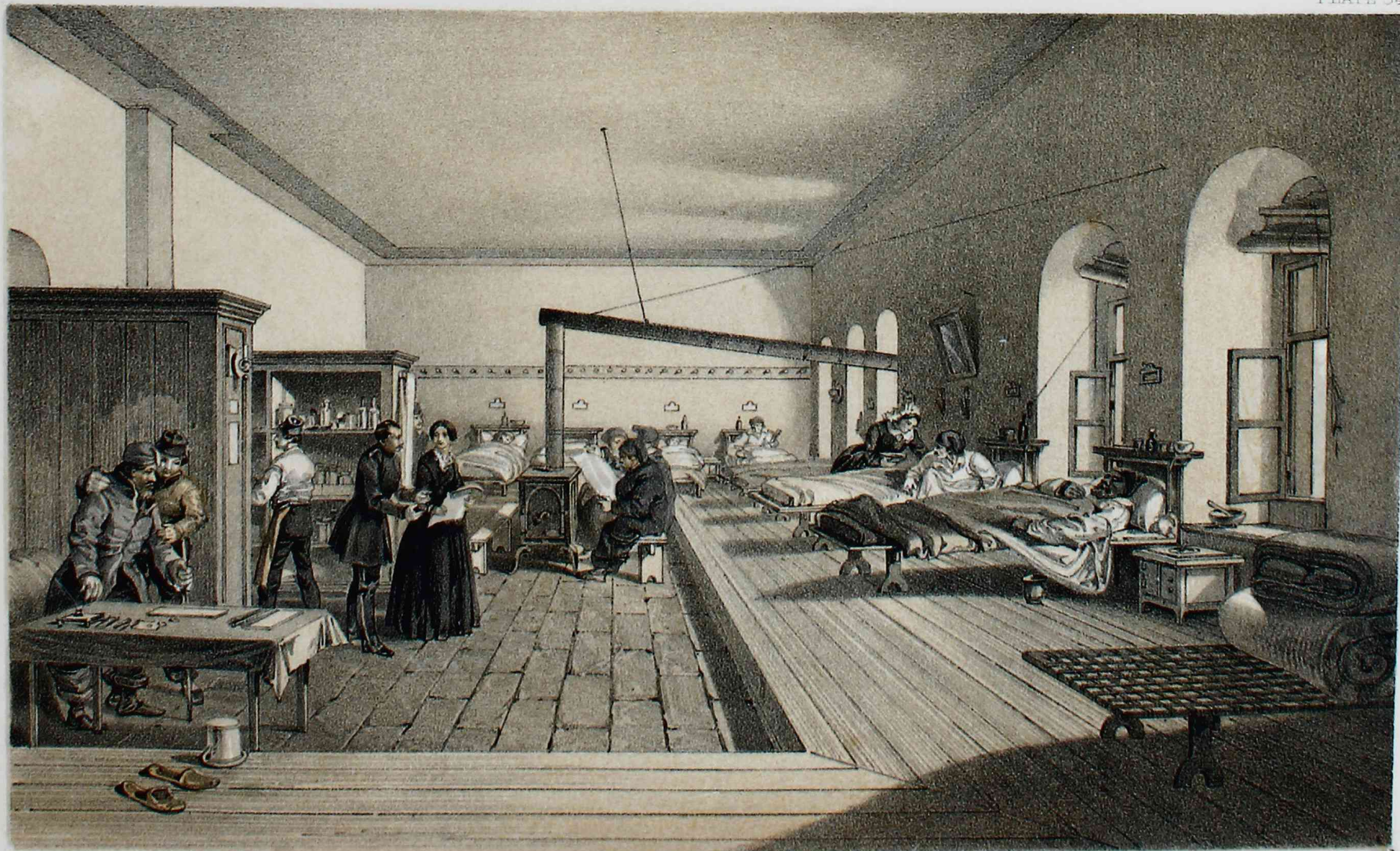
---

### A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

Mr. Osborne thus describes the interior of one of the corridors in the Barrack Hospital, a week after the battle of Inkermann.

“Looking from the angle of one of these extensive passages, so as to command a view right and left, there was a narrow path each way as far as the eye could reach, through a double line of low wooden trestles, with planks laid upon them; on these were the beds of the patients. Here and there would be seen a small group of surgeons in consultation on some serious case; in smaller and more frequent groups, other surgeons with their attendant orderlies dressing wounds; wounded officers would sometimes come out a little way from their wards and be seen talking to some of the men; small congregations of convalescent officers and others would occasionally pass out of one of the side-wards, the chaplains’, where they had been attending one of the frequent daily services.

“When it is remembered that the narrow path between the beds was the one thoroughfare of the place, it may be easily conceived that there were few moments during the day in which there were not many passing and re-



W. Simpson, del. — E. Walker lith.

London P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

ONE OF THE WARDS OF THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI

passing. This was a great inconvenience, but one unavoidable from the nature of the building. The whole surgical and other staff, all the orderlies, every officer from the wards, their servants, every one with business to transact with any of the above—all had to find their way through the double line of patients. There was therefore not the slightest privacy, and until night, over a great extent of the building, little quiet.

“Here, again, it was wonderful, how in a few days one’s every sense seemed to adapt itself to the scene; the picture of war’s work, hateful as it was, was on so large a scale, that in its very magnitude the greater part of the horrors of its details was lost. Had you taken any twenty yards of a ward, and given your undivided attention to all it set before you, there was scarce one sense or feeling which would not have been touched most deeply; but, when it came to be each day a walk of miles of such hateful scenes, I am sorry to say one became but too hardened to them; the very abuses of the place, involving such a mass, seemed somehow to be less hateful than when, by any chance, they came before you in the case of some few individuals.

“How strange it is to know that all this vast collection of our emaciated and maimed fellow-creatures had been brought to this condition as it were of deliberate purpose; that possible exposure to pestilence and privation had been a part of a deliberate compact with those so many of whom it was thus to destroy; that these masses of men, on whom the sabre, the rifle, the shell, the bayonet, had worked such mutilation, had been trained to do just that same work on others, and had bravely done it.”

This description of a corridor will apply, making proper allowances for differences of detail, to the ward which is the subject of this drawing. One figure which the artist has introduced into it will be recognised with feelings of unutterable admiration and respect by many now in England, who beheld the original engaged in her brave and devoted labour of love.

They will recall her as they saw her in the days gone by, when her presence cheered the bed of pain and sickness, and made its light penetrate even the thick darkness of the valley of the shadow of death; when men, wasted by disease and fevered with wounds, watched for her gentle ministrations and her words of consolation, even as they who watch for the morning; when she walked in the beauty of the holiest charity and love through scenes of horror and of anguish which thrilled hearts for which battle had no terrors, and when the rough soldier in his untaught but noble chivalry kissed her shadow on the wall as she passed along. Long may England possess such daughters to tend such sons!

## CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

In looking at Sebastopol from the heights, one of the principal objects which attracted the attention of the spectator was a very beautiful classic building erected on a commanding site. By the use of a glass its details were found to be Grecian-Doric, and that the Temple of Theseus, at Athens, had been the model upon which it had been designed. It was very pleasantly surrounded with small trees and shrubs; and two elegant poplars, which are very favourite trees with the Russians, grew up in graceful harmony with its pillars. Many were the inquiries as to what this building was, and numerous were the purposes ascribed to it. For a long time it was the "military club-house;" then it was "the public library;" "the theatre;" and "the hospital:" but, after entering the town, one glance at the interior of the building convinced you of the inaccuracy of all these suppositions: the arrangements, so peculiar to the Greek Church, left no doubt as to the character of the edifice. Since the taking of the place it has been burnt, and, instead of the handsome church, we have now a very picturesque ruin. In this view you are looking north—on the one side of the church you get a peep of the Public Library, on the other is the Admiralty and the unfinished church with the dome and the rear of Fort Nicholas, beyond which you get a glimpse of the north side of the harbour.

It may not be amiss here to say a few words descriptive of the architecture generally of Sebastopol. With one or two exceptions, all the public buildings were after the Greek style. The large Marine Barracks, or "White Buildings," were very pure Greek; there were one or two exceptions to the style, the principal of which was the unfinished church above mentioned. A Western architect would find some difficulty in defining to what style it belonged; the first impression might be that it was Gothic, but its dome was Moorish, and its arches were of a similar character, whilst it had Byzantine capitals, Greek architraves and pediments, making altogether a strange architectural medley, but at the same time not an unpleasant-looking building. To the same style the "Maison Vert" seemed to belong, although it was a very different building from the other in appearance: it might have been taken for a Dissenting chapel done up in very bad Gothic, in a very genteel neighbourhood, if it had not been for its very green roof, which at once dissipated that notion. The roofs of the finer buildings were of iron, painted green, red, and grey. The common houses were tiled. The whole aspect of the town, including



W Simpson, del. — E Walker, lith.

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

CHURCH OF ST PETER AND ST PAUL.



W Simpson del. E Walker lith.

London P & E Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

SEBASTOPOL FROM OLD CHERSONESE AND ANCIENT CHURCH OF S<sup>t</sup> VLADIMIR

with its well-built and handsome edifices all the adjuncts of position, and magnificent views of both land and water, must have been fine in the highest degree.

---

## SEBASTOPOL FROM THE ANCIENT KHERSON.

Kherson is the ancient capital of the Heracleatic Chersonese, that small peninsula whose neck extends from Inkermann to the head of Balaklava Harbour, within whose narrow limits the armies of five nations are still gathered to decide by an appeal to arms the fate of empires and the future of Europe; and whose geography is now as familiar to every English reader as the landmarks of his own parish.

It was originally a colony of Heraclea, a town on the opposite coast of the Black Sea in Bithynia, which has recently had attention again directed to it from the discovery of the coal-mines which supply our fleets in those waters, and was founded in the seventh century before the Christian era. The Khersonians, who were Dorians, were great rivals of the Bosphorians at Panticapæa or Kertch, who were a colony of Miletus, and consequently Ionians; and the history of Kherson, for six hundred years after its foundation, is in fact little else than the history of the wars springing from this rivalry. The Khersonians were twice subjected by the Bosphorians, first under Praisades the First, and then under the great Mithridates, whose protection they were compelled to solicit, on an occasion when they were hard pressed by Skilouros, King of the Tauro-Scythians. Under this monarch and his successors the two nations remained united, until in A.D. 30 Kherson recovered its independence under the Romans. Then the unextinguished feud broke out afresh, and in the third century the Khersonians took advantage of the absence of Sauromates V. King of the Bosphorus to revenge their ancient defeats by the conquest of his capital of Panticapæa. The fourth century was equally marked by the victories of the Khersonians, who successively extended the boundaries of their kingdom, at first to Theodosia or Kaffa, and finally close to the walls of Panticapæa.

Unequal to his enemies in open warfare, Assander, the last King of the Bosphorians, began to plot their destruction by more circuitous, but, as he imagined, more effective means.

As the first step towards his object he asked and obtained for the eldest of

his sons the hand of Glycia, the daughter of Lamachus, stephanophoros or chief magistrate of Kherson, the most powerful man in the town, and famous for his riches in gold, silver, slaves, serving-women, horses, and lands.

After two years Lamachus died, and the following year Glycia celebrated, according to the custom of the country, the anniversary of his decease by giving to all the people of Kherson a grand feast, in which she displayed the most lavish magnificence, promising to renew the festival every year. The son of Assander affected to praise her filial affection, but in reality, incensed at her prodigality, and not unmindful of the original object of his marriage, he determined to turn this occasion to account in furthering his projects against the town. He accordingly wrote to his father to send him from time to time a dozen young active and resolute Bosphorians, whom he introduced into Kherson under pretext of a visit, at the expiration of which they publicly took their departure by the great gate of the city, to which however they returned at nightfall, and were admitted by a secret portal into the house of Lamachus. Concealed in the vast palace, they waited for the next anniversary, in order to seize the town, and massacre the people overcome by wine and good cheer.

On the very eve of the festival however the plot was discovered by one of the servants of Glycia, who, having incurred her mistress's displeasure, had been confined in a distant chamber, which happened to be immediately over that in which the Bosphorians were concealed. Lifting up a square of the flooring in search of her spindle, which had rolled into a hole near the wall, she beheld the conspirators beneath her, and immediately hastened to communicate her discovery to her mistress, who in return forgave her fault on condition of secrecy.

Glycia now summoned three delegates from the town to her councils, and, having made them swear to reward her patriotism by burying her, contrary to established custom, inside the town, concerted with them the course to be adopted in this emergency.

While the magistrates continued to celebrate the festival as if nothing was to happen, and in seeming "all went merry as a marriage-bell," Glycia drugged her husband, and, having collected her jewels, escaped with her maids from the house, which she then ordered to be fired with faggots collected for the purpose by her confederates, and the Bosphorean prince and his accomplices all perished in the flames. The citizens of Kherson wished to rebuild the house at the public expense, but this was strongly opposed by Glycia, who, on the contrary, caused them to heap up every kind of filth and



refuse on the place stained by treachery. This was ever afterwards called the "Den of Lamachus," and the huge pile of rubbish still exists on the summit of the plain which borders Streletzka Bay, an imperishable record of guilt and its punishment.

The grateful Khersonians however raised two statues of brass on the public place in honour of Glycia, in one of which she was represented modestly attired, receiving the deputies of the town; and in the other, clothed in warrior garments, in the act of avenging the betrayed citizens.

During the Byzantine empire, Kherson occasionally bore a part in the frequent revolutions at Constantinople, and in the wars between the Russians and the Greek Emperors. At length in A.D. 988, the Russian Prince Vladimir, an idolator, besieged Kherson, and invested it on the land side. The inhabitants made an obstinate resistance, and destroyed the works of the besiegers as rapidly as they were carried on; until Vladimir, informed by treachery of the source of the springs which supplied the town, cut off the pipes, and reduced the garrison to surrender by thirst. Vladimir had made a vow that, if the story about the springs proved correct, he would become a Christian, and he was accordingly baptized at Kherson in the church of the Holy Mother of God, situated in the market-place. He had previously demanded of the Greek Emperors Basil and Constantine the hand of their sister Anne; the marriage ceremony immediately followed the baptism, and the city of Kherson was given him by the Greeks as the dowry of the princess. On his return to Kief, Vladimir compelled his people to embrace his newly-adopted religion, and the conversion of the Russian nation to Christianity dates from this period.

Kherson was finally destroyed after 2,000 years' existence by Olgerd, the Lithuanian conqueror of Kief and all southern Russia; and when the Turks in 1475 took possession of the Crimea they only found in Kherson empty houses and deserted churches. Still, when Bronovius, at the end of the sixteenth century, visited this "proud, delicate, and illustrious city," as he calls it, the ruins were even then wonderful. The wall and its towers, built of enormous blocks of hewn stone, were perfect, and a beautiful aqueduct still brought the purest water. The palace of the kings, itself as large as a city, with magnificent entrance-gates, continued to exist. The churches however had already been despoiled of their finest marbles by the Turks, and the largest Greek monastery alone remained entire. The work of destruction was completed by the Tartars and the Russians, who sought here their materials for building Sebastopol. Still the lapse of ages and the Vandalism

of successive races of barbarians have not sufficed to entirely eradicate the last traces of ancient magnificence. Lieutenant Kruse excavated three churches; one of them was remarkable as being evidently a beautiful Greek temple, metamorphosed into a Christian church, into whose walls the bases and capitals of Ionic columns and other parts of Greek architecture had been built. The promontory on which the Lighthouse now stands is entirely covered with the ruins of the first Kherson, and the whole of the Heracleatic Chersonese is filled with the remains of the villas and gardens belonging to the inhabitants of the town.

Remains still exist of the ancient wall of defence, which was nearly two miles in length, and built of limestone five or six feet thick; of the roads and gardens which covered the territory of this little colony; of the plan of the town; of the market-place; of a large palace which stood on one side of it; and of the conduit which was cut by Vladimir when he took the town.

The soil of the Heracleatic Chersonese is now thickly strown with other and still more perishable remains; but they are connected with memories as unfading and deeds as glorious as the heroism of Glycia or the magnificence of Vladimir.

The foregoing brief summary of the history and antiquities of Cherson is condensed from the tenth chapter of Mr. H. D. Seymour's interesting and valuable work on "Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff."

---

## THE REDAN, AND ADVANCED TRENCHES OF THE BRITISH RIGHT ATTACK.

The British right attack was defined on the left by the valley of the Woronzoff Road, and on the right it was separated from the Mamelon and Malakoff by the Otchakoff or Central Ravine, the point against which it was directed being the Redan. The first parallel was the 21-Gun or Chapman's Battery; but neither it nor the second parallel is shown in the view: the latter contained some advanced guns and mortars. The drawing commences on the right hand with the third parallel, which was made in December. On the 5th of April, the zig-zags were broken out and worked on steadily towards Eger-ton's Pit, which was taken on the 19th of April. These works were extended and strengthened, so that on the 7th of June our troops rushed out of them and took the Quarries, whilst the French on the right carried the Mamelon and



W. Simpson, del. — T. Picken, lith.

London P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

FEDAH AND ADVANCED TRENCHES OF BRITISH RIGHT ATTACK

Mount Sapoune. A way was made that same night connecting the Quarries with Egerton's Pit, and the following night every thing was made secure in the Quarries themselves. The fifth parallel was immediately commenced in front of this, and when completed was about 200 yards from the salient of the Redan. Previously to the assault of the 8th of September, a sap was pushed out from this, which held the ladder party, and was about 150 yards from the point of attack. In the Quarries there was a battery of small mortars and cohorns, and upon its right flank there was a very important battery of seven guns, which commanded the rear of the Malakoff, and performed immense service against the enemy when they attempted to retake that work from our Allies. In addition to this slight description, it will be necessary to give some explanation of that portion of the enemy's works against which this battery was directed. A Redan means a work open at its rear: this one had 10 guns in each of its faces; in the drawing you see its proper right face: these ten guns were flanked by four others. In continuation of this face of the work is an 8-gun battery, and others, connecting it with the Barrack Batteries—in all forming a line of embrasures 750 yards in length, or nearly half a mile; but to form a correct idea you must add a nearly equal amount of works on the other face connecting it with the Malakoff; and, if it is borne in mind at the same time that this is but a sixth part of the line of guns extending from Quarantine Bay to Careening Creek, some faint notion may be formed of the vastness of the siege of Sebastopol.

The drawing represents the appearance of the place on the morning of the 9th of September. The forts are exploding, the ships and houses are burning fiercely, and the black smoke from it all hangs like an ample shroud over these fatal works, which on that morning became the tomb of thousands. Our reliefs are returning to camp, grim and dirty, so much so, that it is hard to distinguish them from the prisoners whom they have along with them; almost every man is carrying up something in the shape of plunder, and in their hearts they are rejoicing that the hardships and hazards of the trenches are ended. In the middle of the picture over the trenches is the Malakoff, and to the right over the third parallel is the top of the Mamelon.

This view is taken from the left attack, looking nearly north across the Woronzoff Road.

---

## DITCH OF THE MALAKOFF, GERVAIS BATTERY, AND REAR OF THE REDAN.

This view is taken from the Malakoff looking towards the south, and the portion of the ditch shown is that at the re-entering angle. At this place it is much wider than it is at the salient. The scarp was here supported by a few courses of stones and gabions, but it is all knocked into a very irregular-looking mound or slope from our successive bombardments. It was at this part of the Malakoff that our 21-gun battery directed its fire, and one of these embrasures was noted for having a gun which kept up a fire during the whole siege. In the counterscarp is the entrance to a mine, and on the outside of the ditch are still the remains of the abattis. It is formed of small trees or large branches, with their points all turned outwards, and a stake put through them so as to fix them firmly to the earth; each branch is placed close to another, thus forming a most serious obstacle in the way of an assault. Further down the ravine is the Gervais Battery, said to be named after the officer who made it. The ravine shown in the picture is the Otchakoff or Central Ravine: it commences upon the plateau, and forms the hollow between the right and left wings of the Light Division camp, and was their route to the trenches. It passes on its left the Piquet House and the Victoria Redoubt: on its right, further down, it separates the British right attack from the French right attack: its steep rocky sides form the base of the Mamelon: from this point it curves outwards from the Malakoff, and, continuing the curve right round to the rear of that work, the ravine forms the hollow in which the docks were constructed, and at this point joins the sea. Up its left bank are seen in the drawing the long line of works connecting the Malakoff with the Redan, opposite the salient of which is indicated a small portion of the fifth parallel and the unfinished sap in advance of it. Away in the distance, to the south of the city, may be traced the Bastion du Mât and the Bastion Centrale; and the commanding position of the town batteries over all these works will at once be perceived in this drawing. The shattered buildings in the rear of the Redan are said to have been the hospitals previous to the siege. To the right of them, with a battery before it, is the front of the Marine Barracks, better known in camp as the "White Buildings." In the extreme distance is Kamiesch and Cape Kherson, with the lighthouse upon it.

---



W. Simpson, del. — T. Picken, lith.

London P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

DITCH OF THE MALAKOFF, BATTERY GERVAIS, AND REAR OF REDAN



W. Simpson, del. T. Picken, lith.

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen

MINE IN THE BASTION DU MAT



W. Simpson, del. — T. Picken, lith.

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith<sup>rs</sup> to the Queen.

BASTION DU MAT FROM THE CENTRAL BASTION.



## MINE IN THE BASTION DU MÂT.

This is the mine, the square openings into which are seen in the drawing of the ditch of this battery. Mr. Simpson, who descended into it, thus describes his impressions.

“The darkness, the fleas, and the uncertainty as to what might be beyond, did not incline me to push my travels very far into the interior of this most uninviting thoroughfare. It was dismal in the extreme, and smelt very disagreeably; and, however used one may get to dead Russians, it is not pleasant to stumble at every step over their festering remains amidst the mazes of a dark and intricate labyrinth, in which it is very easy to lose your way. As far as I saw, it seemed to be entirely supported by beams and pieces of wood placed perpendicularly to serve as pillars; and it communicated by small galleries with the Russian rifle-pits in advance. Wonderful stories are told of the extent to which the French and Russians mined against each other; but of the degree of truth to be attached to them I am not competent to speak.”

## BASTION DU MÂT FROM THE BASTION CENTRALE.

This view of the Bastion du Mât is taken looking east from the salient of the Bastion Centrale. These two salients formed the points of attack by our Allies on the left: they were separated by a large hollow, through which passed the public road from Sebastopol to Kamiesch and Balaklava, and were connected across this hollow by a curtain, in the rear of which are numerous trenches to support it, and to afford covered ways of approach from the town to the works. In the distance are the Redan, the Malakoff, and Mamelon; and in their rear are the White Buildings: immediately under the White Buildings, but nearer in the picture, are the ruins of the Theatre; on the rising ground to the left of it are the Town Batteries.

This drawing will explain one very important difference in construction between the Bastion du Mât and the Redan or Malakoff. The height of the last rendered it comparatively safe from anything in its rear. The Redan, as its name implies, was quite open behind; but the Bastion du Mât, on the contrary, was a succession of batteries quite close to the rear of each other, thus producing an almost invulnerable power of support. In case of an assault it will at once be seen that should one battery be taken the assailants would