PASSAGES

IN THE

LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

OR,

MILITARY SERVICE IN THE EAST AND WEST.

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL

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RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

MAJOR GENERAL

SIR GEORGE AUGUSTUS WETHERALL,

K.C.B., K.H.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL TO THE FORCES,

BY ONE WHO HAD THE HONOUR OF SERVING WITH HIM

IN INDIA AND IN AMERICA.

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PASSAGES

IN

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

General view of Canada—Its Wild and Civilized Regions—Author's position there with the Commander-in-Chief—Political excitement and serious riots at Montreal—Destruction of the Parliament House—The Governor-General assailed—Death of Lieut.-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

THE mention of Canada, the most important of the colonies of Great Britain, immediately revives in the minds of those who know this valuable possession, the recollection of a great extent of country, watered by mighty rivers, garnished with great lakes and magnificent cataracts, vast forests covering the virgin soil, and in various portions rendered picturesque by ranges and groups of lofty mountains. In the remote parts of Canada, the country is

still left to the Indian, the red-man with his leather hunting shirt, leggings and mocassins, his conical bark lodge or wigwam, and the light canoe. With these children of nature, the bear, the great moose deer, and the karibou may be hunted, and the salmon, bass and white-fish caught, and all the adventure and romance of the woods and wilds may be enjoyed. Whereas along the line of the great St. Lawrence and some of its tributaries, the settlements are cutting deep into the forests, and fields of corn wave over the river vallies, steamers force their way against the rapid current, and on the banks rise pleasant dwellings and large stirring commercial cities.

A few of our statesmen have visited Canada, alas! too few. I saw the Earl of Carlisle there, also the Earl of Ellesmere and Lord Stanley. If the country were better known by those who sit in high places, it would be more appreciated. It is very desirable that it should remain attached to Great Britain, as much so as Scotland and Ireland, and if the citizens of Canada were looked on in exactly the same light at home as Yorkshiremen or Welchmen, and if from Canada and all our other colonies,

which may wish it, representatives could be sent to the Imperial Parliament, the stability of the vast colonial empire of Great Britain might be materially strengthened and perpetuated.

Objections might be raised to this, but they could be met and answered. Having lived many years in colonies, I know their value and something of the feelings of the people. Of European descent, whether British, French or Dutch, they are entitled to European consideration.

In the beginning of 1848, I was on the staff of a highly distinguished officer, and most faithful servant of the public, the late Lieut.-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G.C.B., and commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America, with whom I had previously served at the Cape of Good Hope. His Excellency, after his long and honourable career, now preferred quiet and retirement, and instead of living in Montreal, kept house forty miles below the city, at the village of Sorel, where he had a government country-house, park and garden.

Sorel is at the mouth of the Richelieu River, which here empties itself into the St.

Lawrence from the south. The village is composed of brick and wooden houses, scattered along straight and wide streets, a square is in the centre, dark forests of pine are close at hand. The inhabitants are chiefly French Canadians, connected with the river navigation, and the place used to be enlivened with the presence of a detachment of soldiers, who occupied pallisaded barracks commanding the channel of the St. Lawrence. Sorel is healthy, and is also convenient for reaching Montreal or Quebec.

The spring and fall are pleasant at Sorel, and may be enjoyed with the assistance of a boat, and making excursions in various directions; but the summers are hot as at other places in Canada, (except towards the mouth of the St. Lawrence), whilst in winter, we had for months dry, cold and clear weather, and the usual sleigh driving and snow-shoeing on the light and broad raquette.

In 1849, the Earl of Elgin was Governor General of British North America, he had lately administered the government of Jamaica. Lord Elgin is well known as a public officer of great ability, close attention to business, and of

great oratorical powers. His Excellency resided at Monklands, three miles from Montreal. Some of the ministers at this time had been disaffected to the British authorities, during the rebellions of 1837-38, and though there had been great political excitement, yet the wheels of government worked with tolerable smoothness till the spring of 1849, when the following serious occurrences took place.

The season was an open one, the St. Lawrence was early free of ice, and, owing to the unexpected arrival of vessels with merchandize at the port of Quebec, it was deemed advisable that his Lordship should proceed, on a short notice, to parliament on the 26th of April, to give the royal assent to a Customs' Bill, which had that day passed the Legislative Council. Lord Elgin deemed it expedient, at the same time, to dispose of the other acts, in which the two branches of the local parliament, had, at an earlier period of the session, concurred, and which still awaited his decision; among these was the act to provide for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada, whose property was destroyed during the rebellions of 1837-38, with respect to which

much excitement had been excited in and out of parliament.

Many persons had disapproved of the measures respecting rebellion losses in Lower Canada, which had been introduced by the government, and which the local parliament had passed by large majorities; and, in the minds of others, to use the language of a despatch, "It stirred national antipathies, which designing politicians sought to improve for their own selfish ends."

The British party in Lower Canada, who had turned out most loyally and gallantly in the rebellion, could not brook that those who had pursued an opposite course should now entertain the idea, that their losses, during the rebellion, should be made good, and that a tax should be imposed for this purpose.

The British party imagined, that, by the Indemnity Bill, all indiscriminately who had suffered loss during the rebellion would be indemnified, whether they had turned out against the government or not; while it was alleged by the opposite party, that, after due inquiry, only those who had incurred losses by no fault of their own should be indemnified.

The parliament was denounced as French in its composition, and the government as subject to French influence; and doctrines had been broached with respect to the right which belongs to a British minority, of redressing, by violence, any indignity to which it might be subject from such a source.

When Lord Elgin left the Parliament House, after giving the Royal Assent to the bills above alluded to, among others the Rebellion Losses Indemnity Bill, as he entered his carriage (which was escorted by provincial cavalry) he was received by a crowd with hootings and groans, whilst a knot of individuals, respectably dressed, pelted the carriage with various missiles collected at the spot.

The Houses of Parliament were under one roof, the building was formerly the St. Anne's Market, which had been fitted up for legislative purposes after the seat of government, which had been at Kingston, was removed to Montreal. Besides two spacious halls, for the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly, well furnished, and ornamented with handsome pictures of her Majesty, there were valuable libraries belonging to the above two bodies,

and archives and records of the United Provinces.

Notwithstanding the great excitement which prevailed outside the Parliament House, after the Governor-General had retired, the house continued in Session, and, apparently, in perfect confidence, although Sir Allan Macnab had warned the party of the ministers, that it would be advisable to call for military assistance, as the populace were understood to be in a state of ferment, and a riot might be expected.

It soon became known that a public meeting had been called; a calèche passed with a bell, and a person announcing the meeting to take place in the Champ-de-Mars, at eight o'clock, was heard from the house; the fire-bells were also rung in the city to create excitement.

Accordingly, at the Champ-de-Mars, a large number of persons assembled; the sloping bank and the stone steps there were crowded with persons, many of whom bore torches. Some inflammatory speeches were made on the occasion, with reference to the Rebellion Losses Bill, &c., and suddenly there was a cry, "To the Parliament House!"

The crowd immediately organized themselves hastily into a sort of procession, and then ran down, in an excited state, to the Parliament buildings. It was nine o'clock, and the House of Assembly was engaged in discussing the Judicature Bill for Lower Canada; there was neither police nor military in the way, when a loud shout, mingled with yellings, gave the members unmistakable evidence that a riot was fermenting outside, and immediately after a number of stones were driven through the windows. The strangers' gallery was immediately deserted, some of the members escaped by it, and others took refuge behind the Speaker's chair, whilst the stones continued to be thrown incessantly.

The missiles came, at first, from the front of the building, but presently they came from the back also, till very little glass was left in the windows. There was a short cessation in the attack, and several of the members again entered the House from the lobbies; but the stones were again thrown, and fell in the centre of the hall, through the shattered windows; then a cry was raised from the library end of the building—"They come!" and the members

and clerks there, rushing across the hall, disappeared at the opposite end.

A dozen persons now entered the Hall of Assembly from the library end, armed with sticks; one of them, a man with a broken nose, walked up the steps, and seating himself in the Speaker's chair, said, in Cromwellian style, and waving his hand, "I dissolve this House!" The others then commenced the work of destruction: the papers were struck off the members' desks into the middle of the floor with sticks; some tore up the benches, and hurled them also into the middle of the floor, whilst others threw their sticks at the chandeliers and globe-lights on the walls, and demolished them.

The splendid mace, silver-gilt, and ornamented with the Imperial crown and Canadian beavers, lay under the table, as the House was in Committee; but one of the rioters seeing it, he seized it up, and carried it off on his shoulders, when the Sergeant-at-arms, whose province it was to guard the mace, rushed upon the man who bore it, and endeavoured to rescue it; but he was overpowered by others, and the mace was borne into the street.

The Honourable William Robinson, M.P.P., and Colonel Gugy, M.P.P., exerted themselves to expel the rioters from the House. Sir Allan Macnab assisted to save the Queen's picture; when suddenly a red glare of light from below showed that the building had caught fire. It is not believed that the rioters had any intention, originally, to fire the Parliament House; they certainly wished to testify their indignation by pelting and hooting those who had been instrumental in passing the obnoxious Rebellion Loss Bill, but meeting with little or no opposition in the work of destruction, and heated with passion, they probably broke the gas-pipes, and thus the fire rapidly spread to all parts of the building.

Sir Allan Macnab, the Honourable Mr. Badgeley, Mr. Turner, editor of the "Courier," and others, tried to save some of the valuable books in the library of the Assembly; the other picture of the Queen in the Council-Chamber was also carried out by Mr. W. Snaith, Jun., and Mr. Hargrave—it cost £500, and was painted by Partridge, and for a time disappeared.

But now the flames spread so rapidly that

every one was obliged to seek safety in flight; and Sir Allan, Mr. Badgeley, Mr. Steers, and Mr. Macfarlane were pursued by the flames, were scorched, and were eventually taken off a gallery with ladders.

The flames now enveloped the whole of the building, and the military having been sent for, when too late, could only keep back the crowd, which drew up on the footpath to view the conflagration, which illuminated the whole city, and rolled its black volumes of smoke towards the Montreal mountain. Some fire-engines tried to play on the building, but ineffectually; however, they saved some neighbouring houses which had caught fire—also the Grey Nunnery. There was a smart breeze blowing, and burning paper in great quantities was carried along the ground in flakes of fire. It was altogether an imposing, but a very painful sight, chiefly on account of the destruction of the two valuable libraries, and a large portion of the public records of the province. The Pilot Office, where the ministerial paper was printed, was visited by the mob, and the windows demolished; after which, for that evening, the work of destruction closed, and the morning

sun looked on the smoking and empty walls of the late Houses of Parliament.

On their way from the Parliament building, the mob escorted the person carrying the mace, in a calèche, and when they came opposite Donegana's Hotel, where Sir Allan Macnab lived, a cry was raised that the mace should be left in his keeping, as the late popular Speaker; but a struggle taking place for its possession, some of the beavers were broken off. However, the mace eventually was carried into Sir Allan's room.

I happened to come to Montreal from Sorel, on private business, at this time, and found the city in a ferment, the Parliament Houses smoking, and the inhabitants in the greatest state of agitation and excitement, the troops under arms, and all the appearance of another rebellion.

The Commander-in-Chief now arrived from Sorel, accompanied with the other members of his Staff,* and made arrangements for the suppression of riot and disorder; but for a whole month the city continued in a ferment—

* Captain Kirkland, M.S., Major G. Talbot, and Captain Virginius Murray, A.D.Cs.

so roused had the people become—so infuriated against each other were parties—the British, or the old Loyalists, and the French, or Ministerial party.

The Government now made several arrests. Messrs. Heward, Montgomerie, Mack, Esdaile, and Ferres were taken into custody, and marched off to gaol, on the plea that they had excited and headed the rioters at the destruction of the Parliament House. The people threatened to rescue them, and beat and insulted several of the members obnoxious to them, who came in their way—as Mr. Holmes, Mr. Watts, Mr. H. Boulton. The military were drawn across the street at the old Government House, in Nôtre-Dame Street, where the ministers were sitting in council; and the mob continued to hoot and pelt the members of the ministry and their supporters who attempted to come out of the conclave within. The soldiers every now and then cleared the ground, by marching to and fro with fixed bayonets, and the people always retired before them, cheering and laughing—as there was, of course, no ill-feeling between them and the soldiers.

At night, the assemblage in front of the

Government House became more dense; signals were passed among the crowd, and suddenly, a large body (which I followed to ascertain their intention) moved off towards the St. Antoine suburb, where, attacking the residence of the Prime Minister, Mr. Lafontaine, the stables were destroyed by fire, and the house ransacked inside; the furniture being broken, feather-beds emptied to the wind, books tumbled from their shelves, and the whole house reduced to a wreck. Fortunately for the family, they escaped before the rioters arrived. The mob moved so swiftly and silently, that the military did not reach the house of Mr. Lafontaine—who omitted to have a guard there, after the warning he had had by the destruction of the Parliament House—till the mischief was done.

The rioters next visited Mr. Drummond's house; there they found a guard, and no damage ensued. At Messrs. Baldwin and Cameron's boarding-house, the windows were broken; also at Dr. Wolfred Nelson's residence, and at the houses of Messrs. Hincks, Holmes, and Charles Wilson.

The Executive had in a manner left the city

for two days in the hands of a mob, though a powerful military force only waited the requisition of the civil authorities to turn out and maintain the supremacy of the law; and now, perhaps, because the military had not come up in time to prevent the unexpected move on Mr. Lafontaine's house, the singular expedient was resorted to of arming with cutlasses and pistols young French Canadians, Irishmen, &c., "for the protection of lives and property." If the householders had been asked, they would immediately have turned out as special constables, and acted with the two strong regiments in garrison, the 19th and 23rd.

The drilling of the armed constables during the night at the Bonsecours Market, occasioned an immense ferment among the opposite party. They again organized themselves, and were marching to disarm the constables by force, when they were met by Major-General the Honourable Charles Gore, and Colonel Gugy, who harangued them, said the arming was a "mistake," and that next morning one part of the population should not be armed against the other. The mob was accordingly pacified and retired. If they had gone on there would have

been a fearful scene of bloodshed. The officers who stopped them are deserving of great credit.

Another riot was excited by the arrival from Quebec of a deputation to offer protection to the Governor-General; but the members of this deputation learning that they would probably be met on the wharf by an angry mob, prudently left the steamer, and landed in the outskirts of Montreal, and entered the city in the evening, without exciting observation.

The loyal inhabitants of the city now held a meeting, and put forth an address, signed by two hundred respectable names, inviting the citizens to preserve peace and order. This had, to a certain extent, a tranquillizing effect; but a new source of uneasiness arose from the ministry having arranged to get up an address of confidence in the Governor-General, and deciding that his Excellency should receive it in town, instead of at his official country residence at Monklands.

Lord Elgin, accordingly, drove into town in his carriage and four, to receive the address at the Old Government House. His Excellency was accompanied by the Honourable Colonel Bruce, his brother and military secretary, Lord

Mark Kerr, and Lieutenant Grant, A.D.C.; and he was escorted by Captain Jones troop of Provincial Dragoons. The infantry were drawn up opposite Government House. As his Lordship entered the city, he was assailed by a shower of stones in the Haymarket and Great St. James Street, thrown by some stout mechanics in fustian jackets; and again as he proceeded along Notre-DameStreet; he was obliged to keep his hat before his eyes to guard his face from the missiles, and entered Government House, carrying with him a two-pound stone, which he picked up from the bottom of the carriage—altogether most unusual treatment for her Majesty's representative to receive, and very painful for us to witness.

There was a great and angry crowd in the streets, and expecting his Lordship's return by the same route he had passed along, the rioters had made preparations for obstructing him, and for upsetting his carriage, by drawing cabs across the street; but in accordance with the maxim of the renowned Rob Roy, "never to return by the same road you went, if you expect any trouble;" when his Lordship re-entered his carriage, instead of turning round, he directed

the carriage to proceed straight forward; and, doubling on the mob, he passed rapidly along St. Denis and Sherbrooke Streets, to gain Monklands by a circuitous route.

When the mob perceived this clever manœuvre, they were much exasperated; and, rushing on foot and in cabs by bye-streets to intercept the carriage in Sherbrooke Street, a considerable number came up in time to assail it with stones at Molson's Corner. Colonel Bruce's head was cut and bled, Colonel Ermatenger, police magistrate, was stunned, also Captain Jones; and every panel of the carriage was stove in. The escort was not loaded; or several lives would have been lost. The postillions, as the rioters were crowding on in front, turned sharp up the the Mile-end-road, and, by good and rapid driving, soon cleared the excited multitude. His Lordship reached Monklands in safety, though he had certainly a very narrow escape from personal injury. The exasperation was so great against him for signing the obnoxious Rebellion Losses Bill.

About this time, there was some bloodshed, in consequence of the ministers and their friends having given a political dinner at Tetus Hotel

to a deputation from their party in Toronto. Toasts were given, and there was a good deal of cheering. This was answered by groans from without. A crowd had collected, and empty bottles having been imprudently thrown out at them, stones were returned, and an attempt made to force the door, which was resisted with knives and pistol-shots. Two or three of the mob were wounded, and the house ran the risk of being fired, had not a strong party of the military (horse and foot), under Colonel Hay (commanding 19th Regiment) promptly arrived and quieted the disturbance.

Mr. Lafontaine's house was again attacked, but this time, he being prepared for the mob, they were received with a volley of musketry from the windows, which taking effect fatally on a young man named Mason, the rioters dispersed. At the Coroner's Inquest, Mr. Lafontaine being present to give evidence, the hotel, where it was held, was set on fire from above; and an attempt was made to do violence to Mr. Lafontaine in the confusion, but a party of the 71st Highlanders saved him.

When the house was burning, and the flames rushing down stairs, two sentries of the 71st

moved about at their posts in the house, as if there was nothing the matter, all the rest of the people had fled. A gentleman looking back, and seeing the soldiers, called to them to come out at once. They coolly answered, "We have got no orders;" and it was not till a sergeant was found to take them away that they would leave their posts.

I had occasion to be much out about this time, a great part of one night, when Colonel Taché, commanding the armed constables, was drilling them by lamplight, and marching them to and fro before the Bonsecours market. It was difficult to persuade him, so full of martial ardour was he, that it was better to house them, armed as they were with cutlass and pistol, and keep them ready for action in the market, than to provoke an attack on them by the opposite party, all ready for a fight as they were. I saw the attack made, and people wounded at Tetus Hotel, and then had a long hunt to recover the large pictures of her Majesty carried off from the Parliament House, no one seemed to know where, the night it was burnt. I found them in obscure places in the outskirts of the city, and it was gratifying to be able to lodge them

for a time in the General's sitting-room. They were afterwards repaired; and when the Parliament held its sittings in a new building of Mr. Hayes in Dalhousie Square, they were placed on the walls, and things were beginning to assume an air of comparative tranquillity, after a month of intense anxiety and excitement; and then occurred the closing scene of a painful drama.

Sir Benjamin D'Urban, with the officers of his staff, lived at Donegana's Hotel. He had much to harass him, and, from the state of the weather, in May, cold and variable, he was unable to take air or exercise abroad. He had previously, at Sorel, suffered from sore-throat; and, from his hard service in various climates, his system had been much tried, though naturally with a fine constitution. He was a remarkably well-made and soldier-like man, with prominent features, of great mental energy, a high order of intellect, and of chivalrous courage.

He had complained for several days "of not being worth much." He ate very little; but we hoped, that when all was quiet at Montreal, and he could get back to his favourite woods and walks at Sorel, all would be well. But it

was otherwise ordered by Divine Providence, which he devoutly feared, *and nothing else.*

The shock was great to me, as an old and devoted follower of his Excellency, when, on the morning of the 25th May, whilst walking before breakfast along St. James' Street, a cab rapidly drove up, and an orderly dragoon in it, said: "Sir Benjamin is just dead, and I am going to Monklands to Lord Elgin with a message." Alas! it was too true: one of the bravest and most accomplished British officers had ceased to exist.

Sir Benjamin had risen and partly dressed, and was found by his son Colonel D'Urban, Deputy Quarter-Master-General, trying to write a letter in his sitting-room; but his hand seemed to fail him. The Colonel asked to write to his dictation, and his Excellency dictated a letter on public business to Lord Elgin with remarkable clearness, then retired to his bedroom to dress for the day; but, seized, as was supposed, with a choking in the throat, he sat down by the side of the bed on which he leant, and was found by his servant expiring. Medical aid was summoned; but the world had closed upon him at the age of seventy-two, and he died like a true soldier, at his post of duty.

By his desire, I had got him some volumes of interesting reading, and I found his mark where a traveller has reached the verge of a great extent of prairie, with an undefined horizon!

Sir Benjamin D'Urban had received a cross and five clasps for Busaco, Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive and Toulouse. He entered the army in 1793, as Cornet in the 2nd Dragoon Guards. In the following year obtained a troop, and accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition to the West Indies. In 1803, was appointed Superintendant of Instruction in the Military College at Marlow, and served as Lieutenant-Colonel 89th regiment, in the expedition under Lord Cathcart, in 1805. He served in the Peninsula and France from the autumn of 1808 to the end of the war in 1814, *and was never absent.* In the end of 1808, and beginning of 1809, having been then in the Quarter-Master-General's staff of the forces in Portugal, he was employed by Quarter-Master-General Cradock in observation of the French corps on the frontiers of Castile and Estramadura. In the execution of this duty, he was with Sir Robert Wilson in his operations between Ciudad

Rodrigo and Salamanca, and afterwards with the Spanish army of General Cuesta, upon the Tagus and Guadiana, and at the battle of Medelin. He was then selected to be Quarter-Master-General of the Portuguese army, of which Marshal Beresford had himself taken the command, and returning to Portugal joined it accordingly. In this appointment, he continued to serve throughout the war, occasionally employed, however, in charge of a corps of Portuguese cavalry, which he commanded at Salamanca and Vittoria; in the other actions, for which he received decorations, he was in the performance of his duties on the staff.

Sir Benjamin was Colonel of the 51st King's own Light Infantry, had been Colonel of the Royal Staff Corps, and administered the governments of Antigua, British Guiana and the Cape of Good Hope, at which last he conducted, to a successful termination, the Caffre war of 1835, and suggested those measures for the restraint and well being of the Caffres, which, at first rejected, have since been wisely adopted.

His military funeral took place on the 28th of May, and was attended by 10,000 spectators, and an obelisk erected to his memory in the

Victoria Road Cemetery, Montreal, by the officers serving in Canada, records, "He died as he had lived, in the faithful discharge of his duty to God and his Sovereign."

The Parliament was prorogued by Major-General Rowan, (now Lieut.-General Sir William Rowan, K.C.B.) a Peninsular and Waterloo officer of high character, and experienced in Canadian affairs, from having been military secretary to Sir John Colborne, (Lord Seaton), during the rebellions of 1837-38. General Rowan was now appointed to command H.M. forces in Canada, and Lord Elgin proceeded to Toronto, as the seat of government, after which it was transferred to Quebec.

CHAPTER II.

Canadian Watering Places—St. Leon Springs—Freshness of a Summer morning—Author continues on the Staff—Excursion on horseback to the Eastern Townships—The St. Francis River—Lake Massiwippi—Pretty Girls—Lake Memphramagog—The Water Serpent—The Buckboard—Annexation—A frontier Custom House—Montreal—Deer Driving—Journey to Lake Chateauguay—Old Bellows—The Hunter's Shanty—American Sportsmen—Their Rifles—Hunter's Equipments—Fishing—Porcupines.

In Canada, there are certain watering-places, where in the hot summer months sea bathing is enjoyed, at others, mineral springs, the fresh air of the woods and exercise restore the health of those "in cities pent." The Caledonian springs on the Ottawa, have been long frequented. I visited, with my small family, the St Leon springs in the summer of 1849, then a new and interesting watering-place. The water here

is salime and rather agreeable to the taste, and the locality is twenty-one miles from the town of Three Rivers on the St. Lawrence. The road lay through a country smiling with cultivation, and dotted with the farm-houses of French Canadians, till the wooded and picturesque banks of the Rivière du Loup, fringed with water lilies, are reached, where stood the "Spring-house" which received us.

The "Fountain of Health" bubbled up abundantly, with seats round it under a roof; before breakfast the water is aperient, after, it is a tonic. It was a wonderful relief to escape from the heat, dust, confinement and disease of a city, and to find oneself in the coolness and quiet of the St. Leon springs. At our feet, the river glided slowly past, and on it, for several miles up and down, there was very good boating and fishing; on both sides of the river the shelving banks were clothed with fine forests of mixed timber, the tall pines overtopping the aspens, constantly shivering in the breeze below. In the morning the air was most delicious, fresh and scented with the balsamic smell of the green woods, in which the Canadian robin was heard, mingling its rich notes with the plaintive strains

of the Kennedy bird. An hour's drive, and a walk of a mile and a half, conducted one to a water-fall as high as the famed Niagara. Health and pleasure were cheaply acquired, at the charge of a dollar (4*s.* 2*d.*) a day at the St. Leon Springs.

I continued for some time at Sorel, after having been requested by General Rowan to join his personal staff. I made an excursion in August on horseback, with Lady Alexander, Miss Stayner, the daughter of the Post-Master-General, Mr. S. Stayner, and Mr. C. Freer, round the lake and mountain region of the Eastern townships, then almost a *terra incognita* to the inhabitants of the Canadian cities, but soon I suppose to become to the lovers of the picturesque, like our Cumberland lakes, Killarney or the Scottish highlands. Gold, iron, and other metals are found there. Wheat, Indian corn, oats, potatoes, are also raised there. The winter is less severe than at Montreal, and there is no lake fever as in some other parts of the west.

Besides our saddle horses, with a cape strapped on in front for a shower, we had a light one-horse

cart, driven by a groom, for our carpet bags, containing a complete change of raiment, also some good tea; but we trusted to the houses by the way-side for the rest of our provent. Grey soft hats and blue veils saved the head and eyes from the heat and the glare.

We usually rose at five, took some milk and bread, and mounting, rode some fifteen miles before breakfast, leisurely, at the marching pace of dragoons, then breakfasted and halted till the afternoon, reading and drawing during the heat of the day. Mounting again, we rode about the same distance as before, then stopped for the night where we could find accommodation.

We went by the St. Francis River with its bright and rapid stream enlivening the valuable farms on its banks, by Drummondville, Melbourne, Sherbroke and Lennoxville, to the great Lake Memphramagog, and found that for purity of air and variety of prospects, and for mountain, forest and lake scenery, and for its attractions to the sportsmen, in fishing and fowling, the region of the Eastern townships far exceeded the famed lakes of England, very beautiful though they be. But as I said, these

townships were not appreciated, and a few years ago were not resorted to by persons in search of information, health or recreation.

On our way to the great Memphramagog, the charming Lake Massiwippi, seven miles long, deep, overshadowed with a wooded mountain, diversified with bays and headlands, and abounding in capital fish, bass, pickerel, &c., arrested our attention. The thriving farmers there were busy with their hay harvest, the ox teams were fat and lusty, and as a good climate and fine scenery are usually indicative of a superior race of people, the men were strong and tall, and among the women there were some of the prettiest girls we had seen in Canada; a traveller might be apt to stop them on the road and ask them about distances (which he might know as well as they did) in order to have the opportunity of admiring them. A Massiwippi wife might sound odd, but let bachelor settlers "go and see."

It would require the aid of poetry to describe the noble Memphramagog, where

"Nor fen, nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge

Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
Far in the mirror bright and blue
Each hill's huge outline you may view."

Its scenery, in due course of time, will cause the inditing of many verses; a poetic temperament would there be speedily developed and matured.

The lake is thirty miles long, and four broad, its wooded islands number a score. Its greatest portion is in British territory, its upper end belongs to our enterprising republican neighbours; there is a Scotch settlement within our lines at "the Point," where information may be got regarding the prospects of a farmer there. The Owl's head, from whose summit Montreal mountain may be seen, towers to the height of 2300 feet, and when one stands directly opposite to it, the resemblance to a recumbent lion is very striking. The sugar loaf mountain is also a fine and bold elevation; beneath the shadow of these the lake is at least 500 feet deep. Moose deer are sometimes shot on the western flanks of these mountains, and the hunter can steal on flocks of wild ducks, either advancing on them

from the woods when they alight on the bays of the lake, or suddenly coming on them round a jutting headland in his canoe. Gulls screaming wildly, are constantly seen dipping their white wings in the wave, and picking up dead fish, also shoals of fish sparkle on the surface at sundown.

As usual there is a tale of a great water serpent under the waters of Magog, and as we rowed along to visit Skinner's Cave (where a man of that name took refuge with his ox team when he encountered a storm on the ice) we saw, fishing with a hundred feet line, for the spotted lake lunge or salmon, the sturdy borderer Hewett, who professed to have seen the monster several times, when it appeared to be "as thick as a mill-log forty feet long, and with a head like a horse." However, our strong shouldered boatman, George Dimond, had never encountered this leviathan, though he had lived forty years on or by the lakes.

Below the outlet of Magog, on the bright and sparkling river, there is capital fly fishing; it is obtained by hiring a canoe with a man to pole it up stream, who, if he make a mistake in "setting" his pole, will occasion a wetting and

a swim to the fisherman; but this is part of the excitement of sport!

Taking a last look at this lake region, we will say that a more attractive one for a painter could not be found, a fore-ground enriched with waving plumes of fern, diversified with blue and yellow wild flowers, and rocks right and left, in the middle ground, green fields; beyond them, fine birch and maple trees standing high above the lake, and descending to its margin; across the broad water, mountains shaggy with primæval forests, above all, massive clouds set in a cerulean ground. How different all this from the dry and stony deserts of Damara land in Africa, where we had formerly wandered, and were often reduced to the greatest straits in the midst of savage men and beasts.

Shefford and Orford Mountains, not far off, are loftier than those about Magog. From the latter, 4500 feet high, eighteen lakes may be seen at once. There is fine Alpine scenery about the Brome Lake, and the village of Waterloo is beside a beautiful lake and mountain. Lake Megantic is in a region of game. Where wild-fowl "most do congregate" is at Missisquoi Bay, an inlet of Lake Champlain. Here at Philips-

burgh we saw, for the first time, a long carriage called a "buck-board," which is used about there, and which might be adopted elsewhere, in newly-settled countries with rough roads. A ten or twelve-feet plank rests on the axles of four waggon-wheels. The plank is fixed to the hind axle, but revolves, by means of a block and pivot, on the fore one. There is a seat on the middle of the plank (which is its own spring), for two persons. The whole looks smart when neatly painted, and the cost is only twelve dollars; whereas a light waggon, affording the same accommodation, costs 50 dollars. Having the wheels, a house-carpenter can make the rest; and so one may go along "sparking" for a partner, on a buck-board.

On this agreeable journey, round the southern frontier of Canada, I became aware of the existence of a party to annex Canada to the United States after the late troubles at Montreal; and I was in one of their places of meeting. Fortunately, their proceedings came to nothing. I was also impressed with the absurdity of the relations then subsisting between Canada and the United States, by which the latter imposed 20 per cent duty on the produce of the former,

and droves of cattle and horses, and sheep in large quantities were taken over the lines from Canada at 5 per cent., and even less.

Thus at an American village near the frontier, there was a custom-house officer who imposed a duty of a quarter of a dollar on Canadian two-year-old heifers, the value of which might be nine dollars a-head, and three quarters of a dollar on three-year-olds, and on other *bestial* in the same proportion. There was great traffic through this village, and it throve apace; but this custom-house officer was one day changed, and another was sent in his place, who began to exact higher duties, and the flocks and herds took another route. The Yankees then acted in their own peculiar manner. They avoided social intercourse with the new official—"he had no friends." His board was doubled at the inn, and he was threatened with Lynch law. All this had its effect. They got back the "old man," and all went on quietly and comfortably as before.

Again, an American cattle-dealer would come into Canada, buy 200 head of lean cattle for a small sum, say in February when forage is scarce, then drive them to the lines, and scatter them

on the ice. Who was to know if they were Canadian or American cattle? and so he would get them across without any duty at all.

The promulgation of these and similar facts, perhaps tended to lead to reciprocity between Canada and the United States, to effect which great object, Lord Elgin laboured hard and successfully. After Great Britain had liberally opened her ports to the Americans, they could not well exclude Canadian produce, and at the same time derive benefit from the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and participation in our fishing grounds; yet what a disturbance the enlistment of a few "loafers" lately occasioned!

We returned to Sorel. Afterwards we took up our residence at Beaver Hall, Montreal, where were the duties and gaieties usual in a garrison town, marching and drilling the troops, sleigh-driving and snow-shoeing, balls and musical entertainments. A few families met at each other's houses alternately for the practice of music—an agreeable arrangement for the winter.

Having been previously employed on a Government exploration and survey in the forests of New Brunswick, to facilitate communication between Canada and the maritime provinces,

and develop the resources of an unproductive, though valuable region, I got habituated to the woods, and was not happy without an occasional break to smell the fresh pines. We accordingly now propose to "drive the deer" at the Chateauguay Lake—

> "How divine
> The liberty for frail, for mortal man
> To roam at large among unpeopled glens
> And mountainous retirements, only trod
> By devious footsteps—regions consecrate
> To oldest time."

Forest, lake, and mountain, in their untamed wildness, still occupy vast regions in the northern portions of the great state of New York, west of the great inland sea of Champlain, and the lovely waters of Lake George; woodsmen and trappers are found scattered here and there in small communities, or in solitary shanties, (log huts,) in these great solitudes, where still roam the moose deer, with its palmated horns and huge bulk, the brown Virginian deer, panthers, lynxes, bears, foxes, racoons, and other game, animals and beasts of prey. The Beaver, Oswegatche, Racket, Saranac, and other clear and rapid streams, are

occasionally visited by the huntsmen and fishers from more civilized regions, and here, life in the woods may be enjoyed to its fullest extent—the sensibilities being powerfully influenced by the clear skies and solemn hills overhead; the dark woods and bright waters around; and the air redolent of the balsamic odours of the silent wilderness.

It was early in November, the weather was bright, and the first snow lay lightly on the ground, when I left Montreal, to cross the Canadian frontier and journey towards Lake Chateauguay, situated in the region above described; a favourite haunt for the deer, and, in the summer, affording abundant sport to the fisherman. I intended to join the "camp" of two American sportsmen, who had gone on before, and who had engaged all the dogs about the lake, for the purpose of driving the deer to the water, and there securing them for their winter supply of venison. Neither they nor myself were of that class of sportsmen (so called) who kill for the mere gratification of destroying the creatures so bountifully provided for the use of man; and, for my own part, I think there is as much gratification in wander-

ing among fine scenery, and in the adventure of the chase, as in the actual "bagging" the denizens of the woods and wilds. Let it be remembered also, that woodcraft is a very essential part of military training.

Crossing Lake St. Louis to La Prairie, and journeying through the flat country towards the south, I fell in with an artillery officer and a clergyman; our conversation turned on moral reform, temperance, and similar topics. "A mild answer turneth away wrath," and, in a similar manner, had the worthy pastor managed to get rid of a nuisance. He disliked smoking; and, seeing the driver proceeding to light his pipe beside him, he ventured to remonstrate; the driver took no notice of this, but commenced smoking, when the clergyman taking two apples out of his pocket, said—"I have two good apples here; will you take one?" The driver did so, ate it, and put away his pipe.

Passing St. John's—a military post for the Canadian rifles, we reached Rouse's point, on Lake Champlain, where the Americans have a stone fort, to command the navigation of the River Richelieu, flowing towards Lower Canada. An illustration of the customs still prevalent in

this section of country, was shown by a traveller who arrived here. On applying to the landlord of the hotel for a bed, he answered, "they are all full; but," said he, pointing to an Englishman, "I dare say that gentleman will not object to share his bed with you." The Briton however replied, "I *do* object;" when the other indignantly rejoined, "Well, I dare say I can get some other gentleman to sleep along with me, anyhow."

From Rouse's Point I journeyed to Chateauguay village, or "Four Corners." Here lay, in 1813, the army of General Hampton, previous to the daring attempt to penetrate to Montreal, by the Chateauguay river; and which resulted in a gallant and successful action, by a body of Canadians, in defence of their country. We shall close this paper with an account of this useful lesson in bush-fighting.

On enquiring my way to an inn, in order to get a waggon to go on to the hunting-ground, an American sportsman, with his "wiping rod" in his rifle, directed me where to find one. Shouldering my leather-bag, I was met by the landlord, who, relieving me of it, walked on before, with the remark, "Considerable heft

(stuff) in this bag, I guess?" "Can I get a waggon to go on to Lake Chateauguay, this evening?" I enquired. "You will be froze up," said he, "before you get half-way. I would not go for the best five dollars in the country; mud freezes to the wheels till you can't see through them, and there's too little snow for sleigh-runners."

Bargaining to get away at dawn next morning, I comforted myself with tea, (as did half-a-dozen other wayfarers) accompanied with soft toast and plain bread of very excellent quality, corned beef, and smoked venison, biscuits and honeycomb; and, wrapping myself in my plaid, slept well on the outside of a bed. In almost all countries, in small inns, for a night, this practice is safer for health than getting between the clothes; and it should not make much difference to old campaigners whether they sleep ready dressed or not.

Next morning, "inspanning" a pair of horses in a light waggon, and placing in it my gun, axe, and wallet, we travelled, with much plunging, over a partially-frozen road, and passed some clearings, with frame and log-houses, raised by French, Canadian, and Irish settlers; but the

best "locations" had been selected by the more acute Americans, on higher and better land; and not in hollows like the others.

At length, a broad patch of water appeared through the forest; it was part of the lower Lake Chateauguay, backed by a wooded hill; and before us, in a clearing, was the respectable-looking "Hunters' Inn," of Mr. Bellows; himself an old and retired hunter, and the father of some sturdy sons, "well used to the bush."

"Old Bellows," who was seventy years of age, (and was playing with his grand-child; whilst the mother, a remarkably fine young woman, stood by to complete the group) had been thirty years about the lake, and slain his 800 deer, was full of anecdotes about "the wild." Among other facts in Natural History, he said that he remarked that here the salmon tribe spawned in October, the *ovæ* lay dormant all the winter, and were vivified in spring.

There are two Lakes Chateauguay, an upper and a lower, connected with "narrows." The upper lake, where there are no settlements, is five miles long, the "narrows" four, and the lower lake is two miles in length. I asked Mr. Bellows for a boat to go to the Upper Lake,

and he said his best boats were away, but "there was a machine" at the landing I might have. I got into this tub-like conveyance, with a stout lad, and we pulled and paddled towards the narrows.

I thought I should have had my hands frost-bitten, the cold being great on the water; and, also, as my companion said, "it started snowing." We had noble views of hill and forest, far and near, as we passed up the narrows; a wooded island was at "the outlet," and then the fine broad Upper Lake opened on us, with Lyon Mountain, and other lesser eminences rising in the S.E. The only signs of man were a wooden, uninhabited lodge on another island, and one on Indian Point.

We looked about for the smoke of the fires of those we were in search of, and presently heard the baying of a hound in the forest, evidently in pursuit of a deer, and driving it towards the water; then the sound of chopping directed us to a log hut or shanty, where we found black Jacob, the cook, boiling a kettle outside, whilst near him a fine deer hung by the heels from a branch.

The shanty, backed by the pine woods,

formed a picture of a temporary forest home. From the extremity of a stove-pipe, projecting from the bark roof, curled a thin wreath of smoke; a fringe of icicles depended from the eaves, and the walls were composed of round fir-trees. A small dog-kennel, a miniature of the house, was close to the door. Inside there were a rough table and benches, sporting gear hanging from nails, mess tins and plates on shelves, and blankets and tarpaulins rolled up in corners, and which, at night, covered the floor to form the hunters' beds.

After refreshing with some cold meat and biscuit, we pushed again into the lake, and steered for Indian Point, a commanding headland of gneiss rock, projecting into the deep and clear water; from this a grand prospect was obtained of Lyon mountain opposite, apparently some thousands of feet high, and now powdered with early snow, whilst below were swelling ridges, dark with the evergreen firs. Light, fleecy clouds floated in the transparent American sky, and the glad waters sparkled in the sunlight.

Two hunters, in grey coats and leather leggings, were watching anxiously for the deer

emerging from the woods and taking the water, and their boat was ready to pull towards the game. Most people fancy that slaying deer in the water is a very easy matter; it may be so when the lake is smooth, but it is very different when there is a swell on, and the deer has got a considerable start of his pursuers. It is so difficult to take aim then, that before one deer was killed by a party of three hunters, on a stormy day, upwards of twenty shots were fired at him, and, after six rounds, one of the hunters laid his rifle down in the boat in despair, and the poor animal was eventually secured by the stroke of a paddle.

After some tarry at Indian Point, we pulled towards "Split rock," also a favourite look-out. The baying of the unseen hounds in the woods, was now followed by a shot, and the appearance of Louis Bellows, and presently a plump doe lay at the bottom of our boat.

This deer, the *Cervus Virginianus*, is found from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; of graceful mien and elegant form, its coat varies in colour according to the season of the year, in summer a reddish brown, and in winter, when the indivi-

dual hairs become tubular like a bird's quill, they are of a greyish russet colour. The weight of the Virginian deer is one hundred pounds and upwards; the horns of the male resemble two crescents in front of the eyes, with the prongs pointing forwards, so that it is surprising how they manage to get through the bush. The long ears are in constant motion to catch the slightest sound, and the soft large eye of exceeding beauty, would disarm many a hunter if viewed closely.

The wanton destruction of this or of any other of the gifts of Providence, provided for the sustenance of man, is most reprehensible, but we have never scrupled to indulge in the chase in moderation, particularly as we never have yet assisted to slay the *feræ naturæ*, except to use them or to let others do so; and we esteem it no proof of manhood, but quite the contrary, to brag of "a heavy bag," the greater part of which may have been left to rot in the field.

When the deer, driven from the covert of the forest, came to the water's edge, they would trip about hesitatingly and anxiously, looking now across the lake and then towards the wood,

and if they did not take the water (in which they swam, showing their heads and part of their backs) they would try to conceal themselves in a bush or in the top branches of a fallen tree; one was shot in this last position.

In the afternoon, no more deer being inclined to take to the water, the dogs were brought into the boats, and we rowed and paddled back to the shanty. My comrades in the chase, Mr. Harrison Stephens and Mr. Fellers, were both excellent shots with the rifle, the former was also a most expert salmon and bass fisherman. Till middle age, he had been extensively and successfully engaged in the mercantile profession, when, finding that too close attention to business was injuring his health, he wisely abandoned his desk in summer, and took to the woods and streams, and immediately recovered his physical energies.

The rifles which these American sportsmen used were the "Wesson" and the "James," both very excellent of their kind; the first weighed eight and a half pounds, the other twelve pounds, which were suited to the size and weight of those who carried them. To load men of all sizes, and varying in strength,

with the same heavy weapon, had better be avoided if it is possible to do so; as has been often clearly shown by that practical soldier, Colonel Leach.

The small conical balls of the Wesson rifle, thirty-five to the pound, were most carefully cast, and smoothly turned or "swedged;" they were without belts or projections on the surface, were solid throughout, and were loaded with a ramrod with a cup, and introduced into the barrel by means of a loading, or false muzzle (fixed whilst loading with pins) so as to give them the true direction into the piece with two taps from the "starter." I saw that these small balls made wounds through and through the deer, and in practising at trees with the Wesson rifle, the ball penetrated five inches into the green hard wood at sixty yards. The sight was carefully adjusted to the right or left, after repeated trials from a fixed rest, by a graduated index at the muzzle, and there was a globe sight, flat, circular and with a hole in the middle, fixed behind the breech. The strength of the powder having been ascertained, the proper quantity was carefully weighed in small scales, and though the powder employed

was Hazard's Kentucky-rifle-powder, which soils very little, the use of the wiping rod was frequent, so careful and particular are the American hunters. The attitude for correct shooting is important; thus, for "off-hand" shooting, or without a rest, if the rifleman has to fire at an object, say north of him, he fronts his body due east, his legs being firmly fixed and apart, and then aims to the north, pressing back his right shoulder with the butt; this position will be found much more steady than the usual one.

"The Kentucky dodge," is a crooked iron from the hip, supporting the left arm. I prefer as a rest, kneeling, an iron ramrod, swivelled, and the small end fitting into a hole drilled near the muzzle. This rest is always at hand, cannot be lost, and it is evident that a line of kneeling musketeers, with arms in rest, and waiting for an advancing foe, would assuredly produce a terrible effect, when they opened their fire.

The "James" rifle was provided with a telescope, in appearance like a large ramrod, which was placed along the barrel, when required for long ranges, 500 yards and

upwards: the balls used were conical and solid, like those for the Wesson.*

On African expeditions, and when the country afforded that cover which enabled one to creep upon and close with the large animals of the chase, I found that, for a long day's work, a light-rifled-carbine was sufficient; one, the range of which was 200 yards, and throwing a ball, 24 to the pound—one-third pewter and two-thirds lead, hard and heavy. When not in the act of creeping, the carbine had best be slung, and a light six foot pike be used as a walking-stick, for the hills and rough ground generally: it is also a capital weapon for offence, is much more "handy" in fencing than a musket and bayonet, or rifle and sword; whilst a loose strap round the middle, and a pike butt, like a fishing-rod, converts it into a rest; and, for want of rests, what a quantity of valuable ammunition is constantly wasted! Half-a-dozen of these pikes, piled three and

* General George Hanger, in his singular book on Sporting, on Rifles, &c., says he prefers a rifle with a twist one whole turn; the barrel 3 ft. 3 in. long, its (the barrel's) weight, six pounds at least, and carrying balls thirty to the pound. I prefer a piece, stock and all, weighing nine pounds for average-sized men.

three (or the same number of muskets, with cleaning-rods in two of them), with a turn of a ridge rope round two, and pegged down to the ground at the "ends of the tether," make a good ranger's tent; the cover at the back, (with triangular ends) being light striped ticking, 12 ft. by 10 feet, weighing 8 pounds: in front is the fire. A bell-tent, with its pole, pegs and mallets, weighs 65 lbs. Our poor fellows suffered much from rain and cold during some of the patrols in Kaffir-land, having no rangers' tents, and being unable to transport the heavy bell-tent.*

With a light and sun-proof hat, a blouse and flannel shirt, and strong trousers, easy shoes, a complete change in a waterproof haversack, a rolled blue blanket at the back, a large powder flask, a long ball pouch round the waist, two men out of six carrying 2 lb. axes in a belt, one the light tent in a piece of waterproof stuff to sleep on, and three men, meat and biscuit, and all with strong knives and strong

* When first in Kaffir-land I was not aware of the advantages of a ranger's tent and not till I had, for some time, used one in American explorations.

mess tins, rapid forays may be made in wild countries by hardy and active partisans.

The Highlanders, Swiss, Tyrolese, Kaffirs, &c., use long walking-sticks, among their hills, whilst the inhabitants of plains may not appreciate their utility to diminish fatigue or for partisan warfare.

After this roving digression, let us return to the Lake and its denizens. I observed, in retired bays of the lake, wild fowl of various kinds, which did not seem to have been much disturbed as they quietly swam about and fished, till the hunter, concealing himself behind a young fir-tree set up in front of him in the boat, was pulled within shot of the birds. The black duck, with its yellowish-red bill, was seen; also the handsome goosander, or sheldrake, with its fine crest, its slender bill, black head glossed with green, black back, breast and belly white, and cinnamon-coloured neck, swam lightly on the waves, or suddenly disappeared beneath them.

Before we settled ourselves for the night, I went off in a boat, to assist in lifting the gill-net, twenty yards long by one deep, which had been set all day on a shoal, on which there was

six feet of water opposite the outlet of the Upper Lake. We found entangled in the meshes, half-a-dozen white fish, two or three pounds weight each, and of delicate flavour, for our evening meal; of which, also, sheldrake formed a part, and which our black cook had deprived of their fishy tast, by boiling them in three waters, and then stewing them.

We fared sumptuously and with keen appetites, on fish, flesh, and fowl; told hunter's stories afterwards, and tried, in vain, to relieve one of the dogs, which was brought in with his face swelled from the quills of a porcupine, two of which animals had been "treed" and shot; but which our hunters disdained to bring in for the pot, though the meat is good eating, if it is both boiled and roasted to soften the "crackling."

The north American Porcupine is a remarkable quadruped; and, though one of the most sluggish in creation, is admirably adapted for the locality it inhabits, and is well defended from the weather and from its foes, by its fur, hair, bristles, and quills. Its form is thick set with an arched back, its colour black, except where the white ends of the quills, showing

beyond the hair, give a mottled appearance; its feet, armed with strong claws for burrowing or climbing trees, are prevented sinking into the snow by the lateral arrangement of the hairs: its strong incisor teeth enable it to feed on roots and bark; it also consumes fruit and grain. Its quills are easily detached from the skin, and, as we saw by our unfortunate hound, inflict terrible wounds by switching with its tail, the barbs at the tips of the quills working them into the flesh and causing great swelling and irritation, and thus, for the time, rendered the sufferer useless.

The quills of the African porcupine are very long; and there being no occasion for much hair for warmth there, the quills clash with the motion of the animal. In the war of 1835, I have mistaken the rustling of the quills on a night-march, for the noise of a bundle of Kaffir assegaes.

Our assistant hunters, four in number, two of the Bellows' family, Stores and Avery, were in the habit of trapping sable (ermine) minx, martin, &c., in the wild country to the west of us, in the direction of the Racket river; and where, also, stray beavers are seen, and panthers

encountered. There is a splendid sporting country south, about the Saranac lakes, where deer and fish may be met with in abundance.* I may here mention that, in summer, the pest of the black flies and mosquitoes may be defied, by an admixture of oil, camphor, penny-royal and kreosote. I found camphor and oil alone of little use whilst exploring in the New Brunswick forests.

* Major the Hon. Fane Keane, Captains Gallwey and Lambert, R. E., Collingwood, late 89th, &c., have successfully sported in this region.

CHAPTER III.

Early rouse for Shooting—Sunrise—Lake Fish—A run-away Slave—"Can she make good Bread?"—Shooting by Torch-light—A Sermon in the Bush—Sketch of the Battle of Chateauguay—Rifle Clubs and practice recommended—A Shooting Shanty—Different Rifles—Globe and Bead Sights—Rifle Powder—Effects of Rifles—The telescope sight—Claymores against Sharpshooting on the plains of Abraham.

On the 7th November, Stores, the hunter, being appointed to the duty, woke us at 4, A.M. exactly, his own usual hour of rising, as it is with many "pushers of fortune" in the States. The morning was beautiful, calm and frosty. Of course there was no appearance of dawn on the grey and cloudless sky; and the waters of the lake, whilst performing my early ablutions, lay motionless in the star-light, which revealed the dark outlines of the opposite hills.

Springing about for a short time, to supple the limbs and give an appetite for breakfast, I returned to the shanty, where Jacob, the cook, had prepared a savoury stew; and, at half-past five, the three boats were launched and rowed up the lake past the Ouleout brook, and positions were taken up at Split rock, Indian Point, and the Western inlet. The sunrise was splendid behind the snow-powdered head of the Lyon mountain, and was ushered in with orange and golden clouds; till the dark woods and waters of the lake were lighted up, we had rowed through mist clouds which floated away towards the north.

This day, with so bright a beginning, we had no success among the deer, which had gone off towards Ragged Lake, so named from its indented shores; perhaps the deer were scared, thinking, probably, that there would be ice on Chateauguay, in which case they avoid the lake. Ruffed grouse, though here called partridges, and white fish were killed. These Alhamegs, or white fish (the Coregonus Albus of the salmon family) are the most delicious of fresh-water fish in America, and seem partial to cold, deep, and clear water. They are blueish grey on the

back, lighter on the sides, and white on the belly, and are very deep for their length. One never tires of eating white fish—or, as one of the hunters said, " I am death on the fish."

In Lake Chateauguay, besides the white fish, of excellent flavour, there are two other esteemed fish, the lake trout, the *salmo confinis* of Dekay, which attains a weight of from 15 lbs. to 20 lbs., and the well-known speckled trout, which rarely exceeds three pounds or four pounds, and its delicacy of flavour has ever been fully acknowledged. The short and thick Ontario salmon has been caught here, but it is rare.

My friend, Dr. W. Agar Adamson, one of the best fishermen in North America, (and I may also add, highly distinguished in the pulpit) has found that for fly-hooks, bodies of fiery brown and claret are the most killing for these western waters. The trout, like other denizens of this new country, have not got very fastidious appetites, so that when they are on the feed, almost any fly will take them. It is recommended to fishermen who venture on lakes like Chateauguay, whilst gently fly-fishing along the shores, to have a second rod, trolling

a real or artificial minnow after the boat, about eighteen or twenty yards behind, and there is a great secret of success in a long rod and line.

The most deadly way of fishing in these North American lakes, and the simplest, and far before the minnow, is the spoon. A thin piece of brass or silver, shaped like a table-spoon without the handle, is attached to a stout line (linen line is the best) by means of gimp and a swivel, and double or triple hooks are fixed to the lower end of the spoon, this apparatus revolves in eccentric circles in the water, when trolled from a canoe or boat; fish of the largest size are attracted by it, and either hook themselves on it whilst trying to seize it, or are hooked by it, whilst incautiously examining it.*

In sitting by the fire at night, and entering into conversation with Jacob, he said he had run away from slavery in Virginia, because he felt no security there. On asking him to explain, he answered, "I may have a good master, who does not ill-use me, but he may gamble, and lose me at cards, and I may get

* This year, a piece of white metal, twisted like a cork-screw and with a fish's head, was in fashion—its motion through the water being very inviting.

into bad hands; this makes our coloured people always uneasy; besides, the fine is 5,000 dollars and six months' imprisonment, if any one teaches us to read, and many of us wish very much to learn, so we 'clear out,' when we have the chance."

A thin crust of ice began now to form on the shallow parts of the lake, and in the Narrows; we were afraid of being frozen in—and eleven deer (on the water, on the shore, and in the forest) having been secured, into the stomach of one of which I caused some white fish to be sewn, as the best means of carrying them, to give a treat to friends in Montreal—we rowed back to Bellows' on Saturday night, and tarried the Sabbath there. It was worth while to go into the country to eat the delicious bread, such as Mrs. Louis Bellows made with "milk emptyings," or milk, flower, and salt mixed and warmed, to form a yeast, to raise the bread with. Young American farmers, in selecting a wife, usually inquire, "Can she make good bread?" and this is very important for comfort, when "remote from cities."

In Midsummer the usual way of shooting the deer at Lake Chateauguay, (and as I also

practised in Canada West) is by torch light; although, by a true hunter it can never be regarded as altogether legitimate sport. The darkest portion of the night is occupied by this description of deer shooting, which has its attractions and excitement, as well as the other modes of securing venison "to use, not to abuse."

The hunter having elevated a lamp in the fore-part of a canoe or skiff, places himself on board, with a sagacious canoe-man at the stern, who perfectly understands using his paddle, without making the least noise to alarm the deer. Whilst moving slowly through the water, along the shore, the light is shaded by a board in the rear, so as to throw it forward; this places the hunter in a position to see the deer, which may be grazing, or cooling itself among the water lilies. The deer notices nothing but the light, which seems to fascinate him, until he receives the contents of the rifle, and either falls in the water, or leaves his bloody trail on the shore, to be taken up after dawn.

On Sunday morning I ascertained that there would be a sermon, in a school-house at the

upper settlement of the Chateauguay river, where there are saw-mills, and I walked there, through the woods, over the frozen roads. I reached a hamlet of wooden houses, and found people, respectably dressed, assembling at the school-house. I went in and took a seat on the right of the door, but had not been long there, when a man came from the other side, and shook me by the hand; with difficulty I recognised Stores the hunter, who had lost his "bush" beard on donning his, "go-to-meeting clothes." He said "you are among the women, sir." I asked pardon for the unintentional mistake, and moved to the other side.

When the school-room was full, and, with a large stove in the middle, it was sufficiently close for the admirers of confined air. I was enjoying a broken pane near me, when a man came in "ruminating" tobacco, and soon perceiving the defect in the glass, took off his cap, and with it closed out the fresh air. There was considerable interest excited on the present occasion of meeting, for a funeral sermon was about to be delivered, in consequence of the sudden demise of the son of one of the most respectable settlers of the place. After a long

pause, an old man entered in a dark green coat, wearing his grizzled hair in the apostolic style, blue gloves on his hands, and a red sash about his waist; the last an excellent article for comfort and support in travelling. This reverend pastor bore in his hand a carpet-bag, containing his sermon, &c., and, looking deliberately round the assemblage, before he mounted to the desk or pulpit, he authoratively turned out certain parties, who had taken possession of two or three seats on the left of the pulpit, and then directed that these seats might be filled by the father and the female relations of the young deceased. After prayer, the aged minister addressed his congregation in a sober, earnest, and staid manner. "The Providence of God, my dear friends," he said, "has caused us to assemble here this morning. Two weeks ago, when the father of brother Abner was in my house in sweet sleep, the soul of his son took flight, but his memory is not obliterated here. Brother Miles was in some way prepared for the blow when he took leave of Abner, who went to Boston for the benefit of the change of air, and for advice, but from whence he never returned. My texts are in

12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;' and again, in Job the 14th chapter, 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble,' If I preach to you now from these texts, it is in the infirmity of the flesh, for since four winters ago, when I went to live at Malone, I have not been able to keep my health.

"Job, my friends, had many afflictions; he thus gained experience as well as instruction; he was a man well qualified for giving instruction; he was at one time very rich; the first blow fell on his property, then his children were taken away, and lastly, his health being gone, he cried out, 'Have pity on me.'

"First, 'man that is born of woman is of few days;' years are not mentioned, but *days;* so we should be prepared to live by days, and number our days. Here I first preached to the parents of some of those assembled before me. My congregation consisted of fourteen, and two of them children." Here Stores got up and opened the door of the stove, when the minister said, "I wish you would not put more in there," when Stores answered, "I am not

going to;" and certainly I found the heat required no augmentation to it.

"Secondly, 'His days are full of trouble;' more diseases fasten on man than on all brutes; in them, diseases are not in so many forms and shapes as in the human family; with the rich and with the poor, it is a continual struggle with the King of Terrors, and we see the strong and the weak borne down in the struggle.

"Third, 'He cometh forth as a flower;' see how many efforts are now made in our villages to cultivate flowers; but did you ever ask a tender mother if she ever gathered flowers that were half so fragrant as a child's caress; but, as Squire Beaver remarked, what a change may take place in a few hours. Odious! As to our deceased brother, he was always willing to oblige me, unworthy, to take my horse and attend to my comforts, when I visited at his father's house."

Addressing the parents, he said, "If Abner had been allowed to come back and die, it would have been some consolation; and now you may not even see his tomb;—but remember, that God *done* it. God has taken this way

to show that we should not devote our children entirely to the world. What can I now say; you who are twined about my heart, are you prepared to lay down the body to be devoured by worms and reptiles? This affliction ought to make you more attached to one another. Tell Jesus, and commit your sorrows to him. We have had several sudden calls before this one. First was a gentleman who worked in a shoe-shop: it is true he was intemperate, he drank, went a little way from the house and cut his throat. The little boy Bink was killed by a sheep (commonly considered a harmless animal) on his way to school; another little boy was playing among logs in the Chateauguay, and was drowned; and a young man you all know, was killed by a bear—a lovely youth was James! All this should teach us to number our days." In this homely style, but in a manner suited to his country audience, did the old minister address them.

After this, he called on those of the congregation who could sing, to come and sit together and sing, which they did well; among the best voices was that of Stores, who, it appeared, was not only a hunter but a farmer, and had kept school

for sixteen years; and had also charge of the admirable institution in the Northern States, the district library, and 200 choice volumes.

Before we retire from this interesting region, we will now shortly describe, from original sources of information, the brilliant achievement effected in the last American war, by Canadian militia-men, assisted by a few "old country men," in defence of Canada, on the Chateauguay river. A division of the American army, under General Hampton, had been lying at "Four Corners," and was waiting for the descent of the St. Lawrence by another division, General Wilkinson's, so as jointly to fall on Montreal. Major-General De Wattville, suspecting the designs of General Hampton, was on the alert to frustrate them. On the 21st October, 1813, at four, P.M., the Americans moved, and their advanced guard drove in the British pickets, at Piper's road, ten leagues above Chateauguay church. Major Henry gave this information to General De Wattville, who immediately ordered 300 or 400 men to advance up the Chateauguay to observe the enemy, they advanced two leagues to a wood, and halted outside of it. Next morning, Lieut.-Colonel De Salabery, a

very resolute officer, of herculean strength, with his voltigeurs, and Captain Ferguson, with the light company of the Canadian regiment, joined the first party.

Colonel De Salabery next moved about a league to the other side of the wood; and a patrol of the enemy's having been observed, he took up a position at the edge of the wood next them. The wood was intersected, on the left or north bank of the river, with ravines; and on four of these he formed lines of defence, one behind the other. The three first lines were about 200 yards from each other. The fourth line was about half-a-mile in the rear, and commanded a ford which, for the safety of his left flank, it was very necessary to watch. He threw up breast-works on each side of the lines, which extended from the river, and some distance into the wood, following the course of the ravines.

The right bank of the river was also covered with forest, a strong guard was placed at the ford, and sixty men of the Beauharnois militia were posted, as a picket, in advance. The second day, Colonel De Salabery sent thirty axe-men of the Beauharnois division, to proceed

a league and a half in advance of the first line, and destroy the bridges, and make an abattis of felled trees. We here see the great use of the axe, instead of the imperfect bill-hook, in campaigning; a 2-lb. or 3-lb. axe, with a long handle, is easily carried, and is of the greatest value in wooded countries.* A formidable abattis was accordingly made, about a mile in front of the first line, and extended from the river to a swamp; thus were the four lines as well protected as the time and the means allowed; and the enemy's ten pieces of cannon rendered of little avail. After the above judicious arrangements had been made, General De Wattville visited the lines, and approved of everything which had been done by Colonel De Salabery, who, like a careful officer, *left nothing to chance*, but took every needful precaution.

On the 26th, at ten, A M., an advanced corps of the enemy came within fire of the abattis, when Lieut. Guy, of the voltigeurs, with twenty

* For the varied service to which British troops are liable in all parts of the world, it would not be amiss, if part of a General's inspection were to note the proficiency of regiments in the use of the all-powerful axe, and of entrenching tools. An old bush-ranger will perhaps be pardoned expressing this opinion.

men in advance, fell back, and was supported by Lieut. Johnstone in his rear. The working party engaged in improving the abattis, laid aside their axes, and the firing immediately brought Colonel De Salabery to the front with a considerable portion of his force, which he thus disposed of: Captain Ferguson's company, with twenty Indians, extended on the right, and in front of the abattis. Captain J. B. Duchesney's company in the centre, and Captain J. Duchesney's company, with fifty or sixty of the Beauharnois militia, *en potence*, (left thrown back) on the river, to flank and protect the Beauharnois militia on the right bank. Between the abattis and first line, were Ecuyer's company of voltigeurs, and Captain Debartsh's light company of militia, with their flank pickets thrown out to the right; a large body of Indians, under Captain Lamothe, were extended on the road, to the right of Captain Debartsh. Colonel MacDonnell, of the Glangarry light infantry (distinguished for his most gallant attack on Ogdensburgh) moved from the third and fourth lines to the first and second, and all these dispositions being rapidly made, the British force awaited the appearance

of the enemy. Among other worthy gentlemen commanding companies on the occasion of the fight of Chateauguay, Captain Longtin must not be overlooked. He knelt down with his men before the commencement of the action, which was evidently to be a desperate one, offered up a short and fervent prayer, and then said, "As you have now done your duty to your God, I expect you will also do your duty to your King."

The Americans now issued from the woods, and began to form on a large plain of a triangular shape opposite the abattis, General Hampton commanded there in person, and he had with him the 10th and 31st regiments, and other corps, three squadrons of cavalry, and four guns; the numerical strength was here about 3,500 men, with a reserve in the woods in the rear, whilst 1,500 men of the 4th and 33rd regiments, light troops, &c., moved down through the forest on the right bank of the river.

A strong column of infantry now advanced across the plain towards the abattis. Colonel De Salabery seeing that they had laid themselves open to a front and flank fire, commenced

the fight, by shooting a mounted officer with his own hand, and then ordered the bugle to sound "commence firing." The fire from the abattis soon brought the enemy to a halt, they deployed and answered with volleys; those towards the left were uselessly expended in the woods, but their fire from the right being effective, obliged the British skirmishers to take shelter behind the abattis. Huzzas then issued from the American ranks for assured victory, but they were replied to from the lines.

Lieut.-Colonel MacDonnell caused his bugles to sound in all directions, so as to induce the enemy to believe that thousands instead of hundreds composed the British force, and the fight continued amidst clouds of smoke and loud cheering. The enemy's fire gradually slackened, whilst Colonel MacDonnell came up to the front to assist at the abattis.

The American column on the right bank having overwhelmed the Beauharnois militia posted there, opened a fire across the river on the British left, but which was spiritedly replied to. Colonel De Salabery now ordered Colonel

MacDonnell to send a company, as a reinforcement, to the other side of the river, and Captain Daly was selected for this service; he crossed at the ford and moved rapidly in advance; Colonel De Salabery then mounted the stump of a large tree, to reconnoitre, and gave his directions to Captain Daly across the river in French, and cautioned him to answer in the same language. Captain Daly drove back the enemy, who, rallying on their supports, and he being twice wounded, his men fell back before an overpowering fire; the enemy coming again opposite the British, who were *en potence* on the left bank, Colonel De Salabery threw in so heavy a fire on their flank that they retreated with precipitation, leaving twenty prisoners with Captain Daly's party, forty dead on the ground, (the wounded were carried off;) muskets, drums, knapsacks, provisions, &c. General Hampton now withdrew his whole force; and the victors, who lost about two-score men, slept on the ground they had disputed so gallantly, and for which a medal has been deservedly granted. Next day the retreating enemy was followed for a considerable distance with light troops and

Indian warriors, and General Hampton did not renew his attempt to penetrate into Lower Canada.

The enemy's force though numbering 7,000 infantry, 400 cavalry, and ten guns, was thus effectually repulsed by 300 on the side of the British, which was the number actually under fire. Of those 300, (to their great credit be it recorded) almost all were Canadian born, except Captain Ferguson, three other officers and three men. The remainder of the British force was in support and in reserve at the judiciously-constructed lines, which, with the abattis, demonstrated clearly the great advantages derived from the use of the axe and entrenching tools.

But it is time to return to Montreal after a successful hunt, and to close this desultory account of Deer Driving, and other matters, in a region whose name recalls proud recollections to the sons of "the land of the beaver and maple leaf."

Lord Palmerston once well remarked, "There is no fortification like brave men, armed, organized, and ready to meet an enemy;" and few, except the worthies of the Peace

Society, will be inclined to dispute this. Every right-thinking man values the countless blessings of peace; but these cannot be long enjoyed, whilst so little of the angelic nature exists in this sublunary scene, unless the possessors of these blessings demonstrate that they will not, without strong opposition, allow their privileges to be invaded.

We see on the Continent of Europe, we see in America, the youth accustomed to arms; this does not continually lead to a reckless and wicked resort to deadly weapons, unless the occasion demands it; but it gives confidence and a feeling of security to those who possess a knowledge of arms, and also to the peaceful citizens, where such knowledge exists. There need be no panics, no fear of invasion, if in every town and village of our beloved native land, encouragement is given to manly exercises, and among others to the use of the rifle.

Our cousins the Americans, once foes, and now, we trust, for ever friends (if travellers and writers would only view with an eye of charity the peculiarities of the respective countries) have been long distinguished for their appreciation of the value of the rifle, and for their skill

in its use. To dive into the *arcana* of rifle shooting, as practised in America, I associated myself with some American riflemen, and joined a club for practice. The Montreal Rifle Club afforded hints for the formation of other rifle clubs, and showed with what facility rifle practice can be carried on. "Sharpshooting" is the fashion of the day, and the more it is practised, and the game of war made more dangerous, the sooner will arrive the blessed reign of "universal peace and good-will" over the whole earth.

The Montreal Rifle Club was not numerous, and a moderate subscription of a few dollars brought it into existence, and enabled it, under the able direction of its secretary, Mr. A. Murray, and other zealous members, to continue its practice over the ice of the St. Lawrence in winter. "A shooting shanty" of frame-work was erected at the edge of the ice, the dimensions were twenty-four feet long, ten wide, ten feet high at the back, eight feet in front (two feet of slope). It was divided into two apartments; in the inner were two good sized glazed windows at the front and gable, shelf-tables all round for facility of loading,

cleaning, &c., and a small stove. In the outer apartment (the door of entrance being in the gable) were a form for sitting on, seventeen and a half inches high, a rest, made somewhat like a carpenter's tressel, with four legs, and a narrow table at top, its dimensions were four feet six inches long, thirty-six inches high in front, thirty-three in rear, the top ten inches wide; there was a moveable block, nicked at top, to rest the rifle on, nine inches high, and sloping pieces of board, as rests for the elbows, twelve and nine inches, a flat board hollowed out for the chest and nailed to the table; the whole, with the form, a complete rest, and described in that excellent work "Chapman on the Rifle."

The chief use of this rest is to prove one's rifle, also for matches with the rest; a good rifleman should be able to shoot with or without a rest, or "off hand" as the American term is; still it would be foolish not to avail oneself of a rest when it offers, as much as of cover. The outer apartment of our shanty was open, waist high, and a shutter let down closed it when no longer required for practice. A shooting shanty may be put up for £20, and it may be moveable.

The targets were of square boards on one leg; on each board was tacked a sheet of blue paper 18 inches square; on it was a white patch, 9 inches in diameter, with a bull's-eye in the centre. The targets were set up in the snow at the distances of 75, 110, 220, and 440 yards. Small pennons on sticks along the line of fire warned intruders from danger. No one had been hurt during the club's existence. The markers stood well at one side, or they were dispensed with altogether by using a telescope from the shanty.

The weight of the rifles generally used varied, of course, with the purpose to which the weapon was to be applied, and ranged from the hunting gun of from 8 to 12 pounds, to the heaviest target gun (such as I had seen used in the Tyrol), which sometimes reached 20 pounds. Regarding the length of the barrel similar remarks apply, and this also is much a matter of fancy. As a general rule, however, the long barrels which were for many years employed by the Western hunters, are now abandoned, it being found that the increasing or "gain twist," as it is termed in rifling, gives to a short barrel the power of producing even

a more rapid revolution of the ball upon its axis, and with much less friction, than could be accomplished with length of barrel with the even twist. It may be mentioned that the degree of increasing spiral from breech to muzzle, varies with the length of barrel, increasing more rapidly as the barrel is made shorter. Very close practice, at from 200 to 300 yards, can be made with the Wesson pistol, which bolts to a gun-stock, and the barrel of which is but twelve inches in length. A very handy and short rifled carbine, to load at the breech, which I got some years ago from my old and esteemed friend, the well known *maître-d'armes*, Captain John Norton, and which I carried in the interior of Africa, had a range of 240 yards, and answered admirably for creeping after wild animals to slay for food, and not for mere sport.

The sights employed by the M. R. club were either open, globe and bead, or telescopic—the globe and bead being those in general use. The globe-sight screws into the stock, just behind the break-off, and is made of steel; it is a circular plate (not a globe, though so called) about three-quarters of an inch in diameter,

with a small hole through the centre, counter sunk on each side, to avoid reflection, and is mounted on a stalk about two inches in length, and cut with a thread about sixty-four turns to the inch. The bead-sight is so called from its peculiarity of shape, a bead about half the size of a pin's head is filed on a piece of steel-wire, and the stalk left as flat and thin as possible. This stands up about three-sixteenths of an inch from the barrel at the muzzle, and is shaded by a thimble about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and one inch long. The bead, stalk, and thimble, are attached to a piece of bevelled steel, which slides along a dovetail, cut across the barrel, about one-twelfth of an inch in depth, and three-eighths wide; a point filed on the front end of the thimble shows how many divisions of the index the sight has been removed from the centre. The index is cut on the top of the barrel, and is divided into 1-32nd of an inch. By elevating or depressing the globe-sight by means of its screw, and moving to the right or left the bead-sight, any required allowance can readily be made for length of range and cross wind.

The ball used was the flat ended picket or conical bullet, solid; which after being cast is pressed by the blows of a mallet or small hammer, in a steel matrix, termed a " swedge," in order that perfect uniformity of surface may be secured: the conical balls for the winning rifle weighed about forty-five to the pound.

The powder used for these rifles was made expressly for the purpose, and chiefly by Colonel Hazard, and is characterized by mildness, moderate strength, evenness in grain, and the residuum a sulphuret of potash very soluble in water; quick-firing, strong powders, of which the components are very pure, do not answer well for American rifles. The grains appear to ignite too rapidly, and the residuum cakes very hard upon the bore at the breech end, requiring much moisture to loosen it, an evil to be avoided as much as posible. The Hazard " sea-fowl powder" on trial by a powder proof, in strength, compared with the Government powder for small-arms, is as five to nine.

Men trained to use the globe sight at long ranges, say from 250 to 1,000 yards, would be well adapted to disperse artillerymen, or reconnoitring parties, or to annoy columns ad-

vancing to attack. Musketry at such distance is perfectly harmless, but every bullet from a rifle of this description, in well trained hands, tells. If objection be made to the little additional time required to load rifles, still the superior accuracy of aim fully compensates for the loss of time, and if the bore be pretty well "freed," 20 to 30 shots may be fired in succession without requiring to wipe out the gun.

The main points of the American rifle and practice, were weight of metal, comparatively small bore, with the increasing or gain twist, heavy charges and scrupulous care in loading to secure uniformity, and maintain the ball true alike in its shape and position in the gun; while the prevailing practice in England and the continent was large calibre and a comparatively light, short barrel, with a quick twist, with about one turn in three feet, sometimes using a patch and sometimes not, the ball spherical, and the front part almost invariably flattened by starting and driving home.

It is startling to look through the telescope-sight of an American rifle, which resembles a walking-cane laid on the barrel. In taking aim at a pigeon on a distant roof, for example,

the breast of the poor unconscious bird is seen most distinctly crossed by the wires in the field-glass, and its destruction seems certain with a rest. It is cruel to touch a trigger or "draw a bead" at a living object, merely to show one's sleight-of-hand.

It is considered that the relative value of rifles may be viewed under these heads:—first, safety in firing; second certainty of not missing fire; third, facility of loading; fourth, simplicity of construction; fifth, rain or unfavourable weather not interfering with their execution; sixth, keeping clean by their own discharges—say with tallowed balls, groved.

Besides assisting at the Montreal Rifle Club, we saw also in the Forest what American rifles can do against deer, the small but solid conical ball, of which 150 could be carried with ease, going right through the light-footed harts. We hope to see more attention paid, generally, in England to target practice, whether with rifle or smooth barrel, than there has been, and that rifle corps or clubs may be formed in many parts of Great Britain and her colonies, and prizes given by Government. Archery meetings are very pretty, no doubt, but useless,

except for contributing to the amusements of "the fair Foresters." We should admit of no inferiority in any respect in the "wars of the giants." Development of muscle, also, on half-holidays, should be extensively patronized in this age, which is apt to become too sedentary and effeminate.

On the Plains of Abraham, a pillar, surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, and lately erected by the army of Canada, records that there the heroic Wolfe "died victorious." The poet Cowper well says of his native land,—

> "Praise and boast enough
> In every clime, and travel where we might;
> That we were born her children. Praise enough
> To fill the ambition of a private man,
> That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
> And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own."

From this scene of conflict, honourable to both sides who contended for victory in September, 1759, we are instructed by the gallant conduct of the Highland regiments on that occasion, how to deal with riflemen or troops, posted and galling with their fire under the screen of woods. The right of the French line was under cover, and doing good service,

when a portion of the Highlanders on the British left, were ordered by Brigadier Murray to cease firing, sling their fusils, and charge home with their broadswords,—not probably these unwieldy hilted weapons we now see, but those with equally balanced blade and *light* basket hilt which figured in the old Scottish fights. The Highlanders with alacrity obeyed the summons, and, followed by their supports, they drove, with their flashing blades, their foes to the gates of Quebec.

CHAPTER IV.

American Watering-place—Fort Hamilton—The celebration of Independence—Lord Elgin revisits Montreal—Fancy Dress Ball—A Mountain Boulevard proposed—Attack of a Snow Fort—Model Commanding Officers—Temperance Lecture by Barnum—Mr. Gough—Great Fire in June—Followed by a most disastrous one in July—Author loses his effects—Visit to the Great Falls of Shewenegan.

In the summer of 1850, I had occasion to take my small family to the sea-side, and we selected Fort Hamilton, near New York, for change of air, travelling with the Honorable Mrs. Dyneley and family, also, by way of the glorious Hudson, and tarrying for a time at a large hotel occupied by well dressed visitors. The accommodations were good as was also the fare, we were driven about in the neighbourhood

of Fort Hamilton, by some new and kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hoge of New York, and visited Coney Island, which proved "a mistake;" it is a dreary looking place, not at all fashionable, but with good bathing.

We were in New York, staying with our valued friends the Misses MacLeod, at the celebration of Independence, the fourth of July, when there was a remarkable turn out of the City train-bands on the occasion, well worth seeing, some thousands of Citizen soldiers, many of them, no doubt, capital marksmen, as they don't neglect target practice; but arrayed in every variety of costume, some quite theatrical in their style. Every Captain had dressed his company according to his own taste, or theirs, and it was surprising to behold in one place, the black bear skins and red coats of Her Majesty's Foot Guards, then kilted Highlanders in all the bravery of ostrich plumes and belted plaids—followed by soldiers of the days of the Revolution,* in three-cornered cocked hats, broad skirted coats, buff vests, and breeches and top boots; the most sensible and soldier-like dress of all, was that of the grey riflemen in tunics, and

* The Continentals of 1776.

with black and bronze belts and appointments. There was an immense expenditure of gunpowder, not only by boys, but by grown men, in the streets, and from their houses; and the sticks of numerous rockets, descending from their aërial flight, occasioned some accidents. The battle raged all day, accompanied with great noise, and "the loud smell of powder all around."

We returned to Canada by the route made classic by Cooper in "the Last of the Mohicans;" passed "Bloody Pond," so named from 100 British Grenadiers having been thrown into it after a fight there, swam in the pure waters of the beautiful Lake George, and visited Fort Ticonderoga where 600 of my late regiment, the 42nd R.H., fell in the old American war, in repeated attempts to scale the steep turf parapets, without ladders.

Observing that the celebrated Scottish vocalist, John Wilson, an old acquaintance, had arrived in the States, I wrote to invite him to Canada. He came, and was very successful; but imprudently fishing on a hot summer's day at Lake Charles, near Quebec, and partaking of iced milk, he was seized with cholera and died.

A few of his countrymen erected to his memory, in the beautiful Mount Hermon Cemetery, overlooking the St. Lawrence, a solid and appropriate monument over his remains; whilst the breeze in the pine trees there sing his dirge.

The tumults which took place at Montreal, some time after the Earl of Elgin had assumed the reins of Government, have been described. There was a remarkable reconciliation of the contending parties in the end of 1851, which we witnessed after returning from a visit to Europe. His Excellency had assisted at Boston, at a great Jubilee, at which many of the British were present, the Mayor and Corporation of Montreal were there, and asked Lord Elgin to revisit their city, and they hoped that what had passed would be forgotten. His Excellency consented, and there was a great gathering at Hayes' House (hotel), when speeches were made, and hands shaken all round. After this, I went, by invitation of the Directors of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic rail-road, to Melbourne, where his Lordship, at a monster dinner, commemorated the opening of the line so far on its way to Portland, since which it

has been in successful operation, under the all-powerful influence of the steam horse.

On—on—on—with a haughty front,
A puff, a shriek and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
To babble back the sound.

Beside the ordinary balls at Montreal in the winter, there was a fancy dress ball in 1851, the preparations for which excited considerable interest in the community, as it was the first that had taken place for some years.

It was held at Donegana's Hotel, and 300 people were present at it. There was a well dressed poudré quadrille of the time of George II. The powdered hair, and the *mouches* coquettishly placed on the face, were most becoming to the ladies. The gentlemen were correctly dressed as soldiers or civilians of the same period. Other ladies, not in the poudré quadrille, personated "Night" and "Morning;" one lady wore a costume of the time of the Crusades, and there were the usual Swiss and Tyrolese peasants, Italians, Spaniards, Vivandières, Greeks and Turks, in a room decorated with silken banners, and

glittering with stars of ramrods, bayonets, and sabres.

In the following spring, seeing the great capabilities for the formation of a fine Boulevard and drive, shaded with trees, round the upper part of the Montreal mountain, where the purest air could be enjoyed, (this so called mountain raising its massive and wooded sides behind the city, and commanding splendid views of the St. Lawrence, the great plain beyond, scattered hills of picturesque outline, and the mountains of Vermont in the far distance), I occupied myself at various times in surveying the mountain, and making plans for an 80 feet Boulevard. A public meeting was called, to discuss what would tend so much to the health, comfort and happiness of the community, the Honorable Peter MacGill being in the chair, and among those who took the deepest interest in the undertaking was Mr. J. J. Day, an Alderman. We hope that this, which would be the finest drive and promenade in North America, the mountain Boulevard at Montreal, will not be lost sight of by the city authorities.

In the course of my mountain rambles, sometimes on snow shoes, I remarked how well

adapted a portion of the front of the mountain was for the formation of a public terraced garden, whilst behind the mountain was a secluded and romantic valley, with a stream of water, and well fitted for a cemetery. This has been subsequently purchased and enclosed for a cemetery, and it already contains many handsome monuments on the grassy slopes, and beside the shady walks. Of those gentlemen who took the greatest interest in this important object, was the excellent Judge McCord.

In the month of March, 1852, we had a little military display and instruction in the shape of an attack on a snow Fort, Captain Eveleigh (since distinguished in the Crimea as Lieut.-Colonel Eveleigh, K.L.H. and C.B.) with the Grenadiers of the 20th regiment stationed at the fortified Barracks on St. Helen's Island, opposite Montreal, (beautiful in summer, with its fine trees, and the broad stream running swiftly past it, and in winter connected with the mainland by a massive table of ice) having been directed to construct and defend a snow Fort, it was done by connecting with a curtain of snow a battery on the west end of the island, with a square redoubt in the

rear. A couple of guns manned by the Royal Artillery were mounted on the work, and Infantry lined the parapets.

On the 4th of March, the day being favourable for assaulting the Fort, a strong party of the 20th, under Major Crofton, moved from the barracks at an early hour, with scaling ladders, over the ice of the St. Lawrence, and took up a position on the Island, out of sight of the Fort. At 11 A.M. another column marched out covered by skirmishers on snow shoes, this was the false attack. A part of the garrison under Lieut. Rotheram, with two guns on sleigh runners, commanded by Captain Gardiner, R.A., now met the assailants under Commandant Horn* on the ice, and attempted to drive them back, but being repulsed, after much firing, the real attack took place, the storming party and supports rushing from their ambuscade under Lord Mark Kerr, dashing through the abattis of boughs, plunging into the ditch, planting the ladders and scaling the walls.

After the British colours had been hoisted on

* Afterwards Brigadier-General, and wounded at Inkermann.

the highest part of the Fort, three cheers were given for the achievement, which was witnessed by General Rowan, and numerous spectators from the city. It was an animating sight, and the weather "though frosty was kindly."

It is highly useful "to make a break" frequently during military service, and to get up instructive amusements like the above, along with the constant practise of gymnastics in the open air, of an afternoon, in summer, and in a *salle d'armes* in winter, in a climate like that of Canada.

A commanding officer will find it materially to the advantage of his regiment, and that it will help to check desertion, if he has always something in prospect for his men, besides the usual military duties, which are the first and primary consideration, of course. If the service becomes a dull routine, it will be engaged in with as little zeal as that displayed by a cavalry officer, who was made a Major one day; after a time a friend said:

"I hear you are going to leave."

"Yes," answered the other, "it's too much for me, they wanted to make a Colonel of me,

I consented to be a Major, that's easy, but a Colonel would be too much of a bore."

There was an officer serving in Canada, who seemed to me to be a pattern commanding officer, the late Colonel Sir Charles Chichester, 81st Regiment; very attentive to his duties himself, and seeing that others were so also, he took care to instruct those under him, and kept them always usefully occupied. He promoted their interests in every possible manner, and was really the father of his regiment; thus, when he saw that an officer displayed zeal, and by his acquirements was qualified for the staff, Sir Charles, instead of selfishly retaining him with the regiment, endeavoured to get a staff appointment for the qualified and deserving officer. He caused those officers who were able to do it, to lecture on military subjects, and in the winter, snow forts were constructed and attacked, in a similar manner to what we have just described.

On one occasion, when Sir Charles was heading an attack himself, he was knocked down in the ditch with a piece of frozen snow from the parapet, and he called out to those who stooped to assist him,

"Never mind me, men, scramble over the dead bodies!"

He had no desertion from his regiment, even on the frontier, thus proving the excellence of the system he pursued, and which he continued, till his death by liver complaint, caused by long service in hot climates.

Sir Duncan Macdougal, Colonel of the 79th Highlanders, in Canada, was a commanding officer of the first class. With extraordinary energy and zeal, he kept every one on the alert, and his regiment had a particularly dashing look about it. Whilst he was most liberal of his own money, he took every care of the pockets of his officers, and would not for a moment tolerate debt.

We had the well-known Barnum at Montreal, with Tom Thumb, and a menagerie of wild beasts; he also lectured on Temperance and the Maine Liquor Law. A specimen of his style may be given. He is a Connecticut man; in appearance he is tall and robust, with a round head, square face, short nose, an intelligent, but severe expression, hair not lanky, but cut even all round the head. Coming forward to the front of the platform, "in a genteel suit

of black," and holding his hands together with his fingers touching, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to be here to contribute a little mite to the cause of temperance; no doubt curiosity brings many here this evening, so would a trial for murder. If in your streets a man had robbed and murdered half-a-dozen citizens, there would be a great attendance to see him tried; however, whatever may be the motive for your coming here, I hope that the result will be for good, though at the mouth of him who exhibited Jenny Lind, and Tom Thumb, the mermaid, and the woolly horse.

"There was a toll at a bridge over a river, and when the stage came to it, if there was any delay, the driver swore terribly, and the passengers, though annoyed, said, 'it does not concern us.' So with passengers on a voyage across the Atlantic, if they are awoke in the night with the cry of the 'ship's on fire!' one might answer 'it does not concern me;' but we are universally interested in temperance.

"I drank a great deal once *my*self, but I now see it is a universal evil, and that the best man in society, the most social, generous, liberal,

falls by the infatuation of liquor. The parsimonious man is too mean to get drunk.

"An Irishman used to come home often drunk, and once when he was watering his horse, his wife said to him, 'Now, Paddy, is not that baste an example to ye, don't you see he laves off when he has had enough, the craytur! he's the most sensible baste of the two.' 'Oh, it's very well to discoorse like that, Biddy,' cried Paddy, 'but if there was another horse at the other side of the trough to say—here's your health, my ould boy! would he stop till he drunk the whole trough, think ye?'

"Drunkenness does not only affect one's self, but also one's wife and children, so selfish is it. I won't detain you for a long time now, but just *touch off* a few matters about drunkenness. The cost is great of intemperance, and 150 millions of dollars are spent in the United States annually on liquor. Seven out of ten of the convicts are from drink.

"We should get posted up (informed) on this subject, to be able to speak on it. We are all in pursuit of happiness, but I think it can be attained by different means, the most absurd is

the indulgence of our appetites. The cost of the police, and of jails is from liquor, if we will put down drink, we will put down all that. If you allow publicans, they will entail great cost, rum-sellers make criminals and paupers, and fill jails, and you pay the expense. I have never seen a drunken man succeed in business, if he did, I, being fond of curiosities, would exhibit him in the New York Museum.

"A man who drinks is muddled, has lassitude, and is unfit for work. The Maine Law would remove all temptation to drink, and some drunkards would be very glad of this. Publicans then would not be able to live by drink; but some people say, 'oh you carry this too far, it is tyrannical,' no, you may keep as much liquor as you like in your cellar, if foolish enough to do so, and drink as much as you please yourself, only you must not sell it to another, that is all the Maine Law says. Then again you say, 'the doctors recommend liquor,' no, the doctors recommend drugs to those who are ill; again you say, 'God made alcohol and we should use it,' no, there is not a particle of it in nature, no spirit in the mineral and vege-

table kingdom, the proof is you may eat barley and grapes in any quantity, and you won't be intoxicated.

"I saw wine made in France, not in presses, but the grapes were trodden with the feet, the juice was innocent, and whilst eating bread with it, the labourer played the fiddle; but the juice allowed to ferment, they were injured by it, and rolled about instead of dancing, the substance of the juice was changed. Sir Astley Cooper never admitted alcohol into his house, it was poison he thought, alcohol never digests, tap the arm of a drunkard and you get pure alcohol. My mother was recommended to take milk-punch when I was a nursing child, to keep me quiet when I was troublesome, she did so and I went off to sleep.

"Alcohol is a nervine, that is, it destroys the nerves, second it is a stimulant, and third it is a narcotic. Green tea, which ladies are fond of, is something like this, and it kills one if you drink it all day. Ladies, with green tea, go on a spree, but they don't give it that name, they call it a tea party! they drink three or four cups, then hear how they talk, all in good nature, intend no harm, but how they cut up

their neighbours!—I'll tell you the effects of liquor. I once saw on board a Mississippi steamer, a man who had been drinking brandy, he ran out of his state room, rushed through the ladies' cabin and the gentlemen's cabin into the social hall, (where some folks get socially drunk at a bar), people ran after him, I did so too, he wanted to break the chairs, to strike, to kill; he saw a poor creature sitting in a narcotic state in a corner, he looked at him and cried,

"'I'll eat him — I'll eat him!' the other opened his eyes and said yawning,

"'I—never—said—so—'

"'I'll eat him!' cried the man, mad with drink.

"'I—never—said—so—' slowly repeated the other. This shewed the difference between alcohol as a stimulant and a narcotic."

Mr. Barnum now said 'a collection would be taken up,' before he touched on the Maine Liquor Law, after which he continued:—

"A rum-seller only benefits himself, a shoemaker benefits others, a robber with a pistol in his hand says, 'your money or your life!' a rum-seller with a bottle in one hand and glass in the other, says, 'your money and your life!'

I'll undertake to carry the Maine Liquor Law through in Connecticut, and *will* do it next year. 'Oh!' say some folks, 'why not try moral suasion, you hurt yourself by trying law.' But moral suasion will not do for the rum-seller, and he will evade the law by painting a pig blue and yellow, and then exhibits 'the striped pig,' behind a screen, gets ten cents for this and gives in a glass of liquor and a cracker. He gets round the fifteen gallon law too; gets two or three to join, and get fifteen gallons of liquor and they divide it, and also they get up indignation meetings about the Maine Liquor Law.

"Moral suasion is like a big lubberly boy, who was crying, at the top of his voice, in the street, and he was asked 'what is the matter with ye?' 'I want to be pacified,' said he, 'I want mother to come and pacify me,' so it is with moral suasion, to pacify people, but it can't do it. The Maine Law says, 'you must not sell liquor though you may have it in your cellar,' and some tried to frighten folks with Maine Law, but it won't do. It was like an old woman who was coming from church, and she met a man dressed up with horns sticking out of his head and a tail, and he cried 'Bo!' the old

woman was credulous but also religious, and she said:—

"'Who are you?'

"And he answered,

"'I am the devil!'

"'You're a poor crittur,' said she.

"By the Maine Law, if a man is convicted of selling liquor, he is fined 10 dollars for the first offence, for the second 20 dollars, and for the third he is imprisoned for three months, but this may fail to stop him, and he may pay and go on. But wait till there are 10 or 12 indictments against him, and he is to be imprisoned for 36 months, he will then be beat, and will sign a paper to give up rum-selling.

"After the Maine Law came into operation in Portland, the House of Correction was empty, they used to lock up men there, they now lock up liquor seized; formerly a man was seen like a walking demijohn of liquor, and they locked him up; now the liquor only is locked up. 'Ah, but this interferes with property,' say some, but if a tiger got out of my menagerie and killed a man, would it not be justifiable to take a rifle and shoot it, or to shoot a mad dog? So liquor, which rages like a tiger, and drives

people mad must be put down, and you will all sing Hosannahs if it is so here."

For some years past, since I have had soldiers under my charge, I have taken a considerable interest about Temperance, my ideas on the subject are to be found elsewhere,* Mr. Barnum's peculiar lecture will suffice in the meantime. Mr. Gough, the celebrated lecturer, came twice to Montreal, and I asked him if he would lecture to the garrison, he said,

"I think I can speak to soldiers with some effect, as I am the son of a pensioner of your 52nd Regiment."

The men heard him with great attention, he made them laugh one minute, and they were sobbing and crying the next. Of their own accord they went and asked him to lecture again, he did so, many took the pledge and kept it, and when he left they accompanied him to the wharf, and cheered him heartily as he went off in a steamer.

After a tedious Canadian winter of six months, the weather, as is usual, became "blazing hot," when there is always great danger of fire in the American cities of stone,

* At Mr. Tweedie's, 337, Strand.

brick and wood intermixed, many of whose roofs are of wooden shingles, and whose out-houses and stables are almost all of highly inflammable materials. In short, there is, as it were, a train of gunpowder laid along the back of the streets, so much for the wisdom of our ancestors and the old municipal authorities.

Half a dozen years before this, Quebec suffered fearfully, and 20,000 of her people were burnt out by two great fires in one summer. In 1852, Montreal was devastated and 12,000 of her citizens were roofless. At a great fire at which I assisted, which took place on the 6th June, in the principal commercial street, St. Pauls, and along the quays, fifty or sixty houses were burnt, and £250,000 worth of property destroyed. This was bad enough, but at the second great fire on the 8th July, the St. Lawrence and St. Mary's suburbs were consumed and 1100 houses and £500,000 worth of property destroyed. This was something like a great fire, and the chastening hand of the Almighty was heavy indeed on the people that year.

At the first fire in June, General Rowan, the staff and the garrison were actively engaged in endeavouring to save life and property, two

lives were lost, and considerable risk was run of being blown up by gunpowder, as some of the hard-ware stores in St. Paul's Street, contained several kegs of powder, though contrary to law. The ships were saved with difficulty. At the last and most terrible conflagration, the exertions of the military were beyond all praise, the men of the 20th Regiment, and of the Royal Artillery, working, directed by their officers, till they dropped from fatigue, and under the influence of a sun whose heat was 90° in the shade, and of flames which raged 50 feet above the highest houses.

The fire of the 8th July, began at a baker's shop in the middle of St. Lawrence Street, at 9 A.M. For nearly an hour little or no water could be got, the reservoir, at the upper part of the city, was unfortunately empty, as new arrangements were being made; about water pipes the fire got headway with a westerly breeze, spread right and left, and swept everything before it. The engines were of no use, the wooden roofs were like tinder, and the tin roofs of stone buildings quickly caught from their *wooden* gutters.

The people, in advance of the fire, hurriedly making up their clothes in bundles, fled,

leaving most of their furniture to be destroyed. The whole city of 60,000 inhabitants was in fearful commotion, agitated crowds ran to and fro distracted, and vehicles of every description carried off females, the old, and infirm, and children to places of safety. Many valuables were also carried off, and were never seen again by the owners. Plate-chests, cash-boxes, jewellery disappeared.

The fire now raged like a hurricane, and smoke and burning flakes, and a whirlwind of sand preceded the flames, which crossed the streets (running at right angles between the St. Lawrence and the mountain) in vast sheets of apparently several hundred yards wide, the scene was terrifically grand and imposing, and most melancholy. At 5 P.M. at the open space of the Viger Square, for want of material, the fire seemed to cease, and the exhausted crowds retired to breathe and rest; but at 8 P.M. a light flame suddenly shot up behind the largest hotel, Hayes' House, it was quickly consumed, and the limestone walls fell inwards with an awful crash, the flames then "licked up" the fine three storey houses in Dalhousie Square, catching from the wooden

stables in the rear, and then swept down St. Mary's Street to the jail, raging all night. The length of the fire was reckoned at a mile by half a mile broad, and this great space presented the appearance of a red and grey surface, with crumbling and blackened walls, and tall chimneys standing in all directions like gigantic tombstones.

The Roman Catholics made great exertions to save their Bishop's Church and palace, holy water was sprinkled in vain to arrest the flames, the priests and nuns carried off the pictures and images, but the buildings were destroyed, also St. Thomas' Church and some Chaples.

The Infantry and Artillery Barracks were saved by the greatest exertions on the part of the soldiers, and by Captain Gallwey R.E. blowing up a house near them to make an open space, almost all the military stores were preserved, but most of the officers were burnt out of their hired quarters, suffered great loss of clothes and effects and were afterwards uncomfortably lodged in various directions. A great many of the people fled to the country, some of the rest erected temporary wooden sheds among the ruins, waiting for help to rebuild—and tents

supplied from the military stores were pitched in all directions for the people.

A fourth part of the fair city was 'in heaps.' About a dozen people died from the stroke of the sun on the day of the fire; and numbers took to their beds. The smell of dead animals among the ruins, was most unpleasant.

I had gone off two days before the fire with two of my family, to visit some relations near Galt, Canada West; we had got as far as Hamilton, when a telegraph message came to Sir Allan McNab there, to inform me that "my house was burnt, and the children removed." This was so vague, that we could not go on, but hurried back, thinking, as we rolled down the long Sault Rapids, and pitched and twisted among the rocks of the Lachine, that the voyage was far too tedious, till we reached Montreal and saw it still partly in flames, the third day after the commencement of the conflagration.

I found our late pleasant house in Cornwall Terrace, entirely burnt out, black, gaunt and roofless. All my swords (5), belts, best books, guns and rifle, gymnastic apparatus, and trophies of the chase in Africa, irretrievably gone; those of my effects which were not destroyed or stolen,

were scattered, the horses, carriage and sleigh saved; and Brigade Major Mitchell, R.A., had kindly carried off, to his own house, our two little boys, and two of the maid-servants, whilst burning flakes fell upon them; he also gave us shelter until we were ready to move to a cottage behind the mountain, at St. Catherine's. Thankful that no lives were lost, we tried to make the best of our position, others having suffered as much as we had.

To refresh a little after the great fire, we went, sometime afterwards, to visit the very interesting falls of Shewenegan on the St. Maurice river. Miss Lunn, Lord Mark Kerr, 20th Regiment, Captain Francis, the Hon. F. C. Colborne, A.D.C., and Captain Maycock, 20th, being of the party. We slept very comfortably at an hotel, at Three Rivers; then up by times next morning, and off in waggons and caleshes over a road roughened with the wheels of charcoal carts, then got into a large canoe, and paddled 'up stream' to the bottom of the Falls, where the river rushed round a large wooded island, and dashed with great noise, and amidst clouds of spray over, black rocks of fantastic shape into a vast caldron of unknown depth. Years ago, an incident of a

tragic nature took place at these Falls. Part of a tribe of Indians was descending the St. Maurice, in several canoes, intending to stop above the Falls and make a portage round them. As they drew near, the chief, in the leading canoe, observed the banks lined with the warriors of a hostile tribe waiting in ambush to surprise and overpower them. Standing up in his canoe, he pointed with his paddle to the bush, and then down the stream to the cataract, his people understood his meaning, 'better to perish in the thunder of waters than by the scalping knife and tomahawk of their foes,' and the whole, without hesitation, glided down the rapids, and perished amidst the thundering waters of the Great Shewenegan.

CHAPTER V.

Propose to visit the United States' Military Academy—Companions on the Journey—The Situation of the Academy at West Point—The Buildings—The Halls of Study—The Cadets—The Riding School—Description of a Field Gun—Dinner at the Superintendent's—The American Uniform—Bowls—The Mess—Reminiscences of the Mexican War—The Cumanchees—Fort Putnam—Regulations of the U.S. Military Academy—Visit to General Wool at Troy.

THE success of the American arms in Mexico, was, in a great degree, attributable to the course of instruction provided for the United States officers, at the Military Academy; there they were well taught the science and art of war, founded, not on mere rules, but on mathematical calculations. The development of the faculties of the mind, and the discipline to which the students were subjected at West

Point, prepared them to render unformed soldiers intelligent, and to organise them for useful service in the field. A large body of officers, of high attainments, and capable of serving with distinction in any part of the world, have proceeded from the Military School on the banks of the far-famed Hudson.

Having seen previously the outside of the Military Academy, I now determined to observe its interior arrangements also, and to ascertain the system of military instruction among a practical people. Accordingly, I communicated my intention to some brother officers on the staff, Lieut.-Colonel D'Urban, deputy quartermaster-general in Canada, Major H. Rowan, R.A., military secretary, and Captain Wetherall, A.D.C. They agreed to visit West Point first, and afterwards proceed to see something of life in the gay commercial capital of the States, New York. I wrote to the Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy, Colonel Lee, intimating our proposed visit, and received in return a friendly invitation to West Point. He suggested that the best time to see the Academy was at the annual examination, in June, but I preferred seeing the working of the system during the course of study.

It was in April, 1853, when we left Montreal. The river, opposite the city, was dangerous to cross, being full of ice, which was getting soft under the influence of the spring sun, and the stream was cutting in it long channels. We entered the caravan-like passenger car at the terminus of the Lachine railroad, and sped onwards to the head of the foaming and wildly-tossed rapids below the Indian village of Caughnawaga.

We encountered a scene of painful excitement at the commencement of our journey: a woman of about thirty years of age, respectably dressed, sat beside a man with black hair and beard; she said loudly, "Give me my gold watch and chain; I cannot trust you to keep them!" "I'll give you them by-and-bye," he answered; when she burst out—

> "I am a lone star
> And my love has gone to the war;
> His name is Bryan Buroo,
> No other Bryan would do."

We thought she was intoxicated; but the poor creature was raving mad, and was on her way to an asylum in the States.

Her paroxysms became stronger, she sang other scraps of songs, threw herself on the floor of the car, and tried to break the windows; plucked her husband's beard, and called him King John. He had great difficulty in holding her, whilst she tried to tear off her clothes. Dr. Wolfred Nelson, the mayor of Montreal (by a singular turn of fortune, as he was distinguished for his courage and activity, in the wrong cause, in the "troubles" of 1837 and '38) was present, and he suggested tying her arms with cords, which was done. She became quieter, and even sensible, and said, "Oh, my poor man! I know I give you a great deal of trouble—I can't help it; but I'll be all right when I go to New York again; they will take good care of me there, and do you look after my children." The husband told the Doctor that he had not slept for three nights watching his wife, who some time before had gone mad, after confinement. He had taken her to New York, where, in two months, she seemed to be cured; but the madness had come on again through fright, in crossing the ice of the St. Lawrence on the way home.

A poor boy, with St. Vitus's dance, going for

treatment, and occupying an opposite seat, did not increase our comfort; but, crossing the ferry, we got into new cars and company, and rolled on towards Moore's station, with Mr. Coffin in company, the energetic and intelligent president of the railroad. The floors of the cars were covered with a comfortable-looking matting; but when a reverend gentleman looked at this, he gravely remarked, "This seemed a good arrangement at first, till I remembered the peculiar habits of the country;" he alluded to the too free use of tobacco. We believe "chewing" is wearing out. Tobacco is of use in keeping wild and excitable people tolerably quiet; its abuse is when men of intelligence and education indulge in more than a mild cigar "of an afternoon."

A lady of a fine spirit had been placed under my charge, to see her safe as far as I could. She was the widow of a distinguished lawyer, but she hardly required assistance; for, in America, the ladies can take good care of themselves. Thus she said, "People talk of danger on the rail; I never think of it, I've too many other things to think of; there's danger in one's own house, there's danger everywhere."

I was anxious about her baggage; but she said it was all ticketed, and the railroad people were responsible. However, it was very easy to lose one's portmanteau on American lines, as happened to two or three of our fellow-passengers, on the change of cars and lines.

From Moore's we went to Rouse's Point, and from thence to Rutland. I observed, with Mr. Samuel Keefer, a civil engineer of note, the wood and iron bridges, which require screwing up every few months; all the sleepers were hemlock, cross laid; there were no longitudinal ones; there was a want of attention to drainage; the ditches were full of water, which was soaking through the ballast, and destroying the wood by capillary attraction; men were employed here and there raising the sunken sleepers, and introducing gravel below them; the fences were not good, they were slight, costing about half a dollar the rod; but, in time, all these defects will be remedied on the paying lines.

We passed the scene of the battle of Bennington; and in the valley of the Otter river, saw a farm of 160 acres, producing beautiful white marble; the land was sold lately for one

hundred thousand dollars. It was at Bennington that the tide of General Burgoyne's good fortune turned, in the war of the Revolution. He had despatched Colonel Baume with 500 German troops, to secure the stores collected at Bennington, and guarded by American militia under General Starke; but these being found to be stronger than was supposed, Baume hastened to entrench himself, and sent for reinforcements, but was attacked and defeated before they arrived under Colonel Breymar, who also was repulsed by the militia, and the continental reinforcements under Colonel Warner.

The dust is a serious inconvenience on the American lines in summer. I do not see why they should not be sown with grass, or sodded, to prevent this. Some of the cars were provided with a pan of water, under the ventilator at the top, to catch the dust; whilst the windows opening down the middle, had a current of air rushing out, which prevented the tendency of dust to fly in.

We arrived at Coldspring, on the Hudson, where we left the cars; and, in the midst of much rain and wind, we consigned ourselves

and "mails" to two skiffs, and were ferried down and across the noble river to the rocky plateau, on which conspicuous stands the buildings of the Military Academy of West Point. We found rooms at the comfortable hotel of Mr. Roe, where boarded some of the married officers of the Academy.

The situation of the Academy is admirable, away from the distraction and contamination of towns, high above

"The great, glorious river, broad and deep,"

enjoying the purest air, beautiful wooded and craggy hills around, remains of forts and fastnesses (celebrated in the seven years' revolutionary war) within sight; all which combine to show the wisdom which dictated the selection of West Point as a very fit position for prosecuting, with advantage, studies, which are intended to conduce to the honour and the strength of Britain's healthy offspring, the United States of America.

We sent our cards to the Superintendent, Colonel Lee, and requested to know when we might call on him; he returned a polite message by Bt. Major Porter, his adjutant, and

breveted for Mexico, who conducted us to the Superintendent's office.

Colonel Robert Edmund Lee is an active-looking and intelligent officer of middle age, with a very gentlemanlike address. He is a Virginian, a cadet of 1825, and belongs to the United States engineers; was assistant astronomer for fixing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan in 1835; was chief engineer of the army of General Wool in the Mexican war of 1846; was made Bt. Major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo in 1847; Bt. Lt. Colonel for distinguished service in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco the same year; and lastly, Bt. Colonel for his gallantry in the battle of Chepultepec, where he was wounded; he then deservedly became Superintendent of the Military Academy in 1852. By marriage he is nearly connected with the family of the great Washington.

Captain George W. Cullum, of the United States engineers—a very valuable officer, professor of practical military engineering at West Point, and whose other onerous duties were, the charge of the fortifications at New London, and

of the assay office or mint at New York, and who was a brother juror with me on arms, accoutrements, engineering, &c., at the Crystal Palace, New York—on my applying to him, was so obliging as to give me particulars of the public buildings of the Military Academy, which are these:

The Cadets' Barracks; Cadets' Guard-house; the Academy; Mess Hall; Hospital; Chapel; Observatory and Library; Laboratory; Superintendent's, Professors', and Officers' Quarters; Hotel; Engineer, Dragoon, Artillery, and Band Barracks; Dragoon and Artillery Stables; Commissary's, Sutler's, Shoemaker's, and Tailor's Shops; Engineer Equipment Shed; Powder Magazine; Soldiers' Guard Houses; &c.

Cadets' Barracks.—This is a large four-storey building, in the castellated Gothic style of architecture, 360 feet long by 60 broad, with an L or wing, 100 feet long by 60 broad. It contains 176 rooms, 136 of which are occupied by cadets, and 40 at present by bachelor officers of the post. The cadet rooms are 22 by 14 feet, at one extremity of which are two sleeping alcoves for the two occupants, each 7

feet square. The furniture of each room consists of two iron study tables, a clothes-press, wash-stand, gun-rack, &c., and two iron bed steads, hair mattresses, and necessary blankets, &c.

Cadets' Guard House.—In rear of the cadets' barracks is the guard-house, a small two-storey brick building, in which are the offices of the commandant of cadets, the officer in charge, the cadet adjutant, and rooms for the fire-engines.

Academy.—The academic building is a very spacious structure, 275 feet long, 75 feet broad, and three stories high, built of granite, with red-sandstone dressings, columns, &c., in the Italian style of architecture. In the first storey is the *Chemical Laboratory*, 75 by 38 feet; the *Fencing Hall*, 75 by 38 feet; and a large room, 188 by 65 feet, at present used, for want of a better, as a *Riding Hall.* In the second storey are the *Mineralogical and Geological Cabinets*, 75 by 38 feet; and *Engineering Academy*, 75 by 38 feet—to which are attached two rooms, each 46 by 22 feet, for models of machinery, architecture, and civil and military engineering. In the third storey is the *Trophy*

Room, 75 by 38 feet, in which, besides captured flags and other military trophies, is a fine model of the silver mine of Valenciana in Guanaxuato, brought from Mexico, and a small collection of artillery models, &c.; also, on the same floor, is the *Drawing Academy*, 75 by 38 feet—to which are attached the *Statuary* and *Picture Galleries*, each 70 by 22 feet, the former being chiefly filled with plaster casts for drawing models, and the latter containing the exhibition of paintings, drawings, &c., executed by cadets, besides a full-length portrait, by Professor Robert W. Weir, of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, of the corps of engineers, one of the most distinguished of the superintendents, and called the "father of the Academy." The remainder of the academic building is occupied by twenty-two rooms, each about 24 by 22 feet, which are used for *Recitation* and *Lecture Rooms* for the various departments of instruction.

Mess Hall.—A beautiful granite building, 170 by 64 feet, in the Norman style of architecture, the central part consisting, above the basement, of a spacious room, 100 feet long, 50 broad, and 20 high, in which all the cadets

are messed together. In the northern wing, the purveyor of cadets' commons is quartered; and the southern wing and towers contain the *Mess Rooms*, &c., of the officers of the army on duty at the Academy. *The Kitchen*, *Store Rooms*, &c., pertaining to the cadets' mess hall, adjoin it in rear.

Hospital.—A plain granite building, 130 by 40 feet, the central part being occupied by the wards for sick cadets, and the wings being the residences of the surgeon and assistant-surgeon of the post.

Chapel.—A granite building, 100 by 53 feet, in the Roman style, with open slips for the cadets (all of whom are required to attend Divine service on Sunday), and closed pews for professors, officers, and visitors. On the wall above and behind the chancel is a beautiful painting, by Professor Weir, representing the United States on a field azure, with thirteen stars resting upon a tablet, on which is inscribed, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach upon any people," and supported by allegorical figures of peace and war.

Observatory and Library.—This is a handsome granite building, about 160 by 80 feet,

in the Elizabethan style of architecture. The *Library Room*, occupying the east wing of the building, is 46 feet square and 31 high, with a gallery, and two tiers of book-cases, containing 16,000 volumes, chiefly military, scientific, and historical works, 300 choice maps and charts, 70 volumes of valuable engravings, and ten paintings, Presidents Jefferson and Munroe, under whose administration the Military Academy was established and extended; Mr. Calhoun, the secretary of war, who was very instrumental in improving the institution; Colonel Williams, the first chief engineer and superintendent of the Academy; Professor Mansfield, the earliest professor of mathematics, and, subsequently, from 1812 to 1828, of natural experimental philosophy; the other portraits are those of General Swift, Colonel Armstead, General Macomb, General Gratiot, and General Totten, all of whom have been chiefs of engineers and (ex-officio) inspectors of the academy. There are also in the library well-executed marble busts of Washington, Lafayette, and Napoleon, the generous gift of Mr. Thorn, of New York; a few medals, one of which is that voted by the State of New

York to her gallant son, the late Colonel Bliss, the distinguished chief of the staff of General Taylor in the Mexican war; and sections of the various flag-staffs from the fields of battle, fortified places, &c., won in the Mexican war by the United States army, officered mainly by the élèves of the Military Academy. The library is a very elegant and tastefully arranged room. In the same building with the library are the offices of the superintendent and his military staff; *Philosophical Lecture Room*, containing a good collection of apparatus for the illustration of the principles of mechanics, acoustics, optics, electro-dynamics, astronomy, &c.; and in the three towers, or *observatories*, are a large transit instrument, equatorial telescope, and mural circle.

Laboratory.—This consists of three small two-storey granite buildings, in which the cadets are practically taught a thorough course of military pyrotechny, and the preparation and packing of ammunition of all kinds. In the *Laboratory Yard*, inclosed by a granite wall, are the *Gun-Sheds*, and also a large collection of trophy guns, mortars, howitzers, &c., with a piece of the heavy chain stretched across the

Hudson river, from West Point to Fort Constitution, during the revolutionary war. This was made at the Stirling Foundry, so called from the revolutionary general, with whose family I happen to be connected: I therefore looked upon these giant links with considerable interest.

Superintendent's, Professors', and Officers' Quarters.—These consist of six moderate sized two-storey brick buildings, three double stone buildings, and seven small wooden buildings. As before mentioned, most of the bachelor officers are at present quartered in the cadets' barracks. Should Congress add 62 more cadets, as is probable, it was proposed to erect a large building for the bachelor officers, whose rooms in the barracks would be required for these additional cadets.

Hotel.—This is a three-storey brick building, 60 by 50 feet, with an attached wing 60 by 30 feet. The hotel was built for the accommodation of relatives and friends of cadets; but the attractions of West Point are so great, that, for many years past, it has been the favourite resort of summer travellers, escaping from southern and city heat, and desirous of daily

admiring the up-river view of the Hudson, of world wide celebrity, and (in the opinion of the natives) unsurpassed by any river scene in either hemisphere.

Engineer, Dragoon, Artillery, and Band Barracks.—These are all wooden buildings, for the accommodation of a company of 100 sappers, miners, and pontoniers, attached to the post, to assist in the instruction of cadets in practical military engineering; a detachment of 60 dragoons, to act as artillery drivers and grooms of the horses used by cadets in cavalry and field artillery exercises; a detachment of 72 men from the artillery, who attend to no military duties, but are employed in the police of the post and public buildings, and serve as artificers in the quarter-master's department, making repairs and improvements; and the Military Academy band.

Dragoon and Artillery Stables.—These are granite buildings, but are altogether unsuitable and inadequate for the cavalry and artillery horses, of which there were 72. As soon as proper stables should be built, the number of horses was to increase.

Commissary's, Sutlers', Shoemakers', and

Tailors' Shops.—These are all small wooden buildings, the names of which sufficiently indicate their purpose.

Engineer Equipment Shed.—This is a large two-storey brick building, 154 by 54 feet, in which are stored all the sappers', miners' and pontoon trains of the army.

Powder Magazine.—A large brick structure.

Soldiers' Guard House.—That of the engineers is of brick; and that of the dragoons of wood.

Soldiers' Hospital.—This is a spacious brick building, two storeys high, besides a good basement; and, in every respect, is one of the most convenient hospitals in the service.

Besides these buildings above enumerated, there are many small wooden buildings, occupied by laundresses and the various employés of the post.

Strong efforts were being made to get the approval of Congress to projects for the erection of officers' quarters, a riding hall, dragoon stables and barracks, and quarters and a barrack for the officers and men of the company of sappers, miners, and pontoniers.

We proceeded with Colonel Lee to visit the

halls of study. The first we entered was that of Professor Church (mathematics), the author of a work on Differential and Integral Calculus. The cadets in this "section," were well-grown lads, dressed in grey short-skirted jackets, and trousers, with buttons and black braid on the breast, herring-bone fashion. Two of the cadets were required to answer questions in descriptive geometry: 1st, to measure the angle between two oblique planes; 2nd, to find the shortest distance from a point to a line. They spoke out well, and were ready with their answers; they used no letters on the black-board (except in writing their names), but only pointers. There were no desks, except the Professor's, or tables in the hall. The cadets who were not under examination, sat on comfortable seats, with backs, holding four or five, and there was a ventilating frame over the door.

The next hall was that of Professor Bartlett (natural and experimental philosophy), author of an elementary Treatise on Optics. Two cadets were examined, one on the polarization of light, and the other on achromatics. After this, we were introduced to a gentleman whose acquaintance I had long desired to make, Professor Mahan,

author of a Treatise on Field Fortification, an Elementary Course of Civil Engineering for the use of Cadets; and a Treatise on Advanced Guards, Out-posts, &c. I considered his Field Fortification so comprehensive, useful, and portable, that it has found a place in my portmanteau for many years. All his works (which I have got) are prepared with great care, and from the best authorities. By the Professor, and his assistant, Lieut. Smith, the cadets were examined on the manner of posting and handling detached troops in presence of an enemy; they seemed well acquainted with the theory of these important services.

In the chemical hall, the phenomena in natural philosophy were explained to the cadets; in the model room, were specimens of Greek temples, of public buildings in the States, of different kinds of stone staircases (by the way, too seldom used in this country of wood and of highly inflammable buildings), a model steam-engine, a front of fortification, which had been battered and breached, and was ready for assault. This had been got at Chatham, and had been prepared by the present Governor of Malta, Sir William Reid, R.E.

The drawing hall was very interesting; it was lofty, and well lighted and ventilated. Each student had his separate seat and desk. Opening into the hall, and at right angles to it, was a large room, on one side of which were hung up coloured figures and landscapes, copied by the students from first-class prints on the opposite side. The copies are taken away by the students when they leave the Academy, and their places supplied by fresh drawings.

Cadets are not admitted to the Academy till after the age of 16, and after passing a preliminary examination. Colonel Lee said he got sometimes applications from youths similar to what follows :—

"Sir,—Being desirous to devote myself to the service of my country, I request that you will send me the regulations of the United States Military Academy, that I may prepare myself for entering it."

Unlike our military establishment of Sandhurst (cujus pars fui)—at which the son of a civilian pays £125 a year for his education, and the sons of officers from £40 upwards, according to the

rank of the father, and the officers of the senior department £30 annually—the United States cadets *receive* from the Government 24 dollars a month, wherewith to cloth themselves, and provide plain furniture for their dormitories, in each of which, as before stated, are two cadets.

As a body, the American cadets are steady and orderly, for, as one said, "We must get up early, for we have a large territory; we have to cut down the forests, dig canals, and make railroads all over the country."

"Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true;
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.

"Would you bless your fellow men,
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task; and then,
Paddle your own canoe."

It is true that some of the graduates are wild, like other youths; that they get out at night by rope-ladders, or otherwise; that they ride the horses of professors by moonlight; and also occasionally plunder orchards which may be convenient to them;—but this is usual elsewhere. A friendly professor had asked some of

the cadets to his house, and they danced pleasantly with his daughters. The professor happened to boast of his grapes. Next evening, a beautiful serenade was given under his front windows; the family assembled there to listen and admire, while the grapes were being silently removed from the rear of the premises! One professor had an original way of preventing frivolous complaints: if a graduate came to him to complain of ill-usage from another, he would punish the complainant, and then tell him to go and "fight it out!"

We attended the riding-school, which had been a gun-shed, with two rows of pillars down the centre. A new building for equestrian exercises was much required, though it was difficult to get an appropriation for this, and other requisites at the Academy, from the Government. There is a party in the States, who do not see the utility of West Point at all, though its value is undeniable, as providing civil engineers (as well as military), for vast regions still in a state of nature.

Lieut. Sacket, of the dragoons, was the instructor of riding,—a stout, good-humoured German officer. The cadets rode without stirrups, and in trousers reinforced (strapped) with

cloth up the leg, and with black leather round the ankle. Perhaps they have a better grip of "the pig skin" this way, than with the leather up to the fork. The cadets galloped round with spirit, and cut at heads stuffed with straw, on the posts and on the ground, gave point to the right, over the left arm, &c. The saddle resembled the hussar, lined with leather inside, and was well raised off the horse's back; it was complete with valise and holsters, in one of which last was a pistol, and in the other a currycomb and brush; at one side was a ring for a leathern pocket to contain two spare shoes. I had a saddle weighed—18lbs. was the result.*

There was a detachment of United States dragoons at the Academy to attend to the horses. They were light, active-looking men—in dark blue jackets, and yellow tape down the front and up the back seams, forage caps, and French-gray trousers. If required to act on foot (and I earnestly hope to see a couple of regiments raised in England, to act on foot

* As an old dragoon, I beg to recommend, heartily, Captain Nolan's complete and excellent work on "Cavalry" to all *sabreurs*. His early death on the plain of Balaclava we must ever lament.

and on horses' backs, as mounted rangers, in plain serviceable uniform), they had a handy way of detaching the strapped spur: the trousers were buttoned a short way up the leg, the strap of the spur passed over the lower button, and served to keep down the trousers in riding; when the spur was removed, the trousers were as free as those of foot soldiers.

I am sorry there is a prejudice against mounted rangers (chasseurs-à-cheval) in England. From what I have seen of them, and having served with them, I think highly of this arm. I am convinced, that if a commanding officer, and troop-officers generally, encouraged dragoons to exercise on foot as well as mounted, and *set them the example*, we might get dismounted men to skirmish over broken ground, (which cavalry are at present obliged to avoid), to climb hills, to storm field-works, to run, leap, swim. I would abolish all useless ornament and unnecessary weight in equipping this corps; give the men light leather helmets (12 or 14 oz.) bronzed, with a lion-fronted crest, sabre proof, a short scarlet frock, bronzed buttons, dark-green facings, shoulder chains, such as were in use fifty years ago, dark-green

trousers reinforced, and scarlet stripes, strap spurs. The arms, a light fusil or short rifle, 7 or 8 lbs. weight, a long straight sabre, and a small bayonet to fix, if charged whilst on foot by cavalry, brown belts (imitation Russia leather). I believe that men, turned out in this style, *with military simplicity*, and imbued with a chivalrous spirit, would do excellent service; and such should be our British yeomanry, in the national scarlet hunting-frock. Let it be tried!

Better to run the risk, in red, of a rifle bullet, than to be shot by one's own people for wearing a foreign uniform. I lately tried the effect of blue, black, gray, and red jackets, at 1000 yards; all were faintly distinguished, and nearly alike marked, but a white belt across the body made a man a target at once.

Let us see now how the West Point cadets fare. Their appearance bespoke abundant and wholesome food. "Celui qui faire la guerre doit commencer par le ventre," said the great Frederick. The cooking department was clean and well managed, and it is wonderful what a cooking stove can turn out in America. We tasted the bean soup; it was capital, and there

was variety in the diet.* In the dining-hall the cadets sat on curious seats, somewhat like piano stools, but of iron, and with slender stems; these were adopted because wooden seats were often broken.

Major G. H. Thomas, the senior artillery officer, who had distinguished himself in the Florida war, and at Monterey and Buena Vista in Mexico, was kind enough to cause a field-gun to be brought out, horsed as for service, for our inspection at the laboratory. From this it was seen that the limber of the United States field-gun carriages are different from those of the English, by having the boxes all in one; they are the same as the boxes on the wagons, and can be shifted from the one to the other at pleasure.

The gun carriage had no small store-box on the axle-tree, and no place for port-fire-sticks or slow-match—the gun being always fired with the lock and lanyard. The locks are so constructed that, after firing the cap (which is used in preference to the tube), the hammer leaves

* I had experience of the black-bread diet in the war of 1829 between the Russians and Turks, and cannot recommend it.

the vent uncovered. The Americans claim this invention for Enoch Holden (though Colonel Dundas, R.A. has a lock somewhat similar); and the Jurors, at the New York Crystal Palace, gave a bronze medal to Mr. Holden for his lock, which has been thoroughly tested and approved in the U. S. service, as Major Mordecai of the Board of Ordnance at Washington informed me.

The U. S. guns are the same calibre as the English field-guns (6 lbs.), but they are constructed so that the difference of metal at the muzzle and the breech is only one inch in diameter. The point-blank range is 600 yards —point blank being the distance from the muzzle to the intersection of the curve made by a shot fired by the line of metal, with the prolongation of the axis of the piece. The shot are fastened to the cartridges when packed in the limber. It is believed that the mode of packing at Woolwich is better than that practised in the States.

The horses were yoked to the limber with poles and pole-pieces, and not shafts. The yokes passed under the horses' necks in front of their breasts, and were attached to the

hames, and the breeching continued round the breast of the horse, over the bottom of the collar. The traces were of black leather (brown was proposed); each horse was saddled so as to carry a rider, as in the Bengal horse artillery. On the peace establishment, there are four horses to a gun. The traces of the leading horse were connected with those of the wheelers. The wheels were lighter, less dished, and had smaller naves than the English. I think the American wheel generally is well worth careful study and attention. The gun-carriages were painted olive; each wagon carried a spare wheel, for which an iron spindle was fixed to the hind-part of the axle-tree of the limber.

The fuzes were cut into lengths calculated for respective distances, were driven in pasteboard instead of wood, and did not require to be cut before being inserted into the shell. *The lengths of range were denoted by colours,* white, red, or yellow, which every soldier could easily understand. The fuzes fix into a wooden plug, which is placed in the usual manner in the shell with the bursting powder; percussion caps fitted on the hammer, *and were made of paper instead of copper.* These were carried

packed in tin cases of 1000; and, during the Mexican war, were never known to explode. Lastly, the fire from the caps is so strong, the cartridge need not be pricked.

We got through a good deal of work the first day, and, in the evening, dined at the Superintendent's. Colonel Lee had a comfortable, well-furnished house; and Mrs. Lee, of the family of Washington, had, as heir-looms, besides some of the plate of the first President, two large and very interesting pictures, one representing George Washington as a colonel in the British army of Virginia, 40 years of age, healthy-looking and ruddy, in a small three-cornered hat; silver-bound blue coat; deep-flapped red vest, and breeches; a sash across his breast, worn Highland fashion; a sword and gorget; his ruffled right hand is in his breast, and in his left he holds at his back a fusil. The picture of his wife, Mrs. Washington, in a low dress, and pearls in her hair, a flower in her hand, was that of a well-looking, portly young dame, like what a Scotch minister, a friend of ours, used to remark of ladies of this style of beauty, "a remarkably luxurious woman."

The dinner was excellent, and well-dressed; and the Colonel produced, as for "favoured guests," some Mount Vernon wine, 40 years old, which proved to be capital Madeira. Among the party present, was Major R. S. Garnet, the commandant of cadets, and instructor of infantry tactics, who had won his promotion by meritorious services as A.D.C. to Generals Taylor and Wool, in Mexico.

In the drawing-room, was a fine picture of the battle of Minden; it had hung in General Washington's study at Mount Vernon, for many years. An officer on horseback, in a blue coat and chapeau, is supposed to be Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, who commanded the Hanoverian troops. An officer on foot, in a scarlet coat, and uncovered, may be Lord George Sackville, or else the Marquis of Granby. The first was censured, and the latter commended for his conduct. A brown horse, belonging to the British officer, is prominently placed in the foreground, and has a very satisfied air, for some unknown reason. The painter's name seems to contain four letters, the first and last H and s; the second and third may

be u or a. "Haas," or "Haus," was a painter of eminence about the time of Minden.

Amongst the other matters discussed after dinner, was that of the new mysteries of table-turning; it had been tried at the Academy, and quite puzzled the most scientific professors. There was also a story current of a gentleman, an enthusiastic admirer of Byron, whose daughter, being a spirit-rapper, had been induced to call up the poet, who then supplied the lines omitted in various of his stanzas. "Curious if true!"

In the library of the Academy, we saw a very useful publication, and one much required in other armies, to produce strict uniformity in dress. It is entitled "Regulations for the Uniform and Dress of the Army of the United States, from the Original Text and Drawings in the War Department," very well brought out, and published by the enterprising military furnishers, Messrs. Horstmann and Allien,

A General Order says, "1. The following description of the uniform of the army of the United States having been approved of by the Secretary at War, is published for general in-

formation, and will be strictly conformed to. Colonels of regiments and corps will rigidly enforce this order; and Generals and other inspecting officers, will notice all deviations from it. 2. Every departure from the established dress, will subject the offender to trial by court-martial, for disobedience of orders." All officers now wear a frock coat of dark-blue cloth; the skirt extends from two-thirds to three-fourths of the distance from the top of the hip to the bend of the knee; single breasted for captains and lieutenants, and double-breasted for all other grades.

The men also wear frock coats, and look well in them, as the British now do, in well-fitting scarlet frocks, instead of the tape-covered coatee. The buttons are brass; the trousers of "sky-blue mixture," for regimental officers and men, and dark-blue for all other officers; the cap for officers and men, generals and all, is (like the French cap in shape), of dark-blue cloth, *very light*, and with a horizontal peak. I prefer a light leather helmet to this, as there is no protection from sun and sabre, in a cap: "having suffered, I speak." The back of the head, particularly, is much exposed in a French cap.

Sir Charles Napier's hunting cap, with a white cover, and peaks before and behind, is excellent for service in the East. A leathern helmet I had made, weighing 14 ozs., has the peak continued all round, narrow over the ears, and broad at the back and front; it gives effectual shelter from the sun and rain, and is everlasting.

On the second day, we visited the fencing hall, which was under an athletic professor, Monsieur Patrice de Janon, and saw some fierce encounters. Perhaps it is the climate, the extremes of heat and cold, in many of the States, which disinclines the youth to the active exercises which are in fashion in Britain, of hunting, rowing, cricket, fives, &c.; but the authorities of West Point have wisely provided the manly, soldier-like, and useful exercises of riding and fencing, which are daily practised for some months, so as to strengthen and improve the whole physique. I remarked, that the masks were well-contrived with projections to protect the ears, and the flannel jackets were guarded on the right breast and upper arm, with leather sewn on them.

We strolled towards the grave-yard, and saw

some affecting memorials to officers and to cadets. The tombs converged to a centre, and were not disposed east and west, as in "the old country." One inscription ran thus, sufficiently touching, "Dear little Sam, the child of H. C. and Harriet Bartlett." The darling of his parents required no other "storied urn."

The favourite amusement in the States is bowls, and there was a good bowling saloon at "the Point." The Superintendent was so obliging as to appoint different officers to accompany us, and as it rained in the afternoon, we were asked, in the phraseology of the country, "if we felt like bowls." We said we did; and adjourning to the alley, we played with bowls at large "ten pins," set up at the end of the raised wooden course, the balls being returned to us along an inclined trough. There is a good deal of crash, noise, and exhilaration about bowls, as played in the States.

In the evening, we spent a very pleasant time at the officer's mess, held in a large apartment, well lighted and warm, the fare good and abundant, and the Madeira excellent; *item*, champagne. The officers having no shell-jacket, as with us (an admirable dress, by the way, for

mess purposes chiefly, but not suited for the streets, if a man is "wonderfully made," before and behind), dined in their smart blue frocks and shoulder-straps. Table-d'hôtes being so much in fashion in the States, gave rise, perhaps, to peculiarities in discussing food, when sometimes there may be "short commons;" and one requires "to look a-head," or "come short." Thus, after soup, and being helped to roast beef, a waiter (the word servant is anti-republican) said, "Take a chop, sir, with your beef?" We did, and also helped ourselves, when offered, to potatoes, apple sauce, and maccaroni. I would rather use these mixtures, than sit down to underdone meat, the trail of woodcock, or to "high" grouse; the taste for which, in England, is to me incomprehensible. We finished with celery, cheese, and coffee, and adjourned to play billiards in the ante-room.

Many of our new friends (and I am happy to say that the most friendly feeling prevails between the officers of the United States army and our own people generally — "may the hatchet never be unburied again"—there is plenty of elbow room for us all) had been engaged in the Mexican war, as I previously

noticed; and they were pleased to tell, and we to hear, of some of their experiences in the country of the Aztecs. One thing they did not seem particularly to relish on service, was the clashing of rank of the militia and volunteers with that of the regulars. After a man has engaged in the regular service, and prepared himself by years of careful study at West Point, to have some of the glory and honour taken away from him by a gentleman fresh from a store, and "known on 'Change," was rather hard; but the regulars have their revenge, as occurrences like this took place sometimes. General "Downy," of the militia, (lauded in a History of the War), in passing a volunteer sentry, who was lounging on the trail of a gun, called out, "Stand up, sir, and salute, or I'll take you off your post," whereupon the sentry, applying his thumb to his nose, said, "That won't do, Gen'ril, I tell ye; I was posted here by a regular lootenant!"

There was a fighting parson, with the army in Mexico, who was a character, and a great favourite. Thus, when the column came to a stream which the men hesitated to cross, he jumped into it up to his middle, and handed

the muskets across dry, in presence of the enemy, and exhorting the men thus, "Come, my boys, fight the good fight, put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry," then, thinking he had said too much, he would suddenly hold up his hands, and say with pious horror, "What a terrible thing is this war!"

In discussing the powers of endurance of different men, one of the officers remarked, "I don't care how large, or how small a man is, he will stand any fatigue under heaven, if he has only grit," (stamina).

Some tales of the Cumanchee Indians of Texas, were interesting. The Texan Rangers found that the best way to defend themselves against the Cumanchees was with a revolver and a bowie knife. The revolver carried well for 100 yards, and more, whereas the Cumanchee arrows reached hardly seventy yards, to kill; and though these Indians are wonderful horsemen, riding fearlessly, shooting arrows as fast as revolvers can be discharged, and covering themselves with their horses' necks, yet they stand in wholesome fear of the new firearms. The Americans are partial to using buck-shot: they think there is nothing like

tying up three buck-shot with a ball; if the ball misses, the shot may hit men right and left; if the shot did not kill, it disabled, and men went out of action. I have seen cartridges made up of twelve buck-shot, three and three, for close quarters.

The Cumanchees are great horse thieves, and have been compelled of late years to eat horses for food. However, they relish this fare very much, particularly the part under the mane; but, as we experienced in Africa, when compelled to eat portions of some score of zebras, (among other *feræ naturæ*) the taste of the flesh is disagreeably sweetish, leaves a taste in the mouth, and it is not advisable to smell it. The liver used to be the delicacy of the zebra. In their forays, the Cumanchees sometimes kill the settlers, and carry off the white women. One of the officers at West Point had seen a white woman retaken. She looked squalid and miserable, had a skin round her loins, and had been a slave to a squaw; she was so overjoyed at her release, that the soldiers shed tears from sympathy.

On the third day of our agreeable stay at West Point, the morning being beautiful and clear, and the willow-trees showing the bright green of returning spring (it was the 16th of

April), I was up at five, and climbed the height on which are the remains of the interesting old revolutionary post, Fort Putnam. Trees grew on the ruined walls, the casemates dropped with water, there were wooded and lonely hills around, and the deep Hudson below; the air was fresh and elastic.

> Oh, here is calm! Still hold afar,
> Old world, thy hard, unsparing hand—
> We covet not thy flying car,
> That, like an earthquake, rends the land.
> No; rather we will wander hence,
> O'er breezy heights, through valleys green,
> With nought to blind or jar the sense;
> And in the soul, with joy intense,
> Receive the moral of the scene.

On a signal-staff was this civil injunction: "This signal is the property of the United States; all persons visiting it are respectfully requested not to interfere with or disturb its adjustment," it would hardly do on this side of the Atlantic "offenders will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." The "offenders" might take Lynch law into their own hands.

Descending the hill, I was attracted by the sound of martial music. I asked a cadet what

it was. He said it was for guard mounting. I saw a suspicious-looking lump in his cheek—what one expects to observe in that of a Jack Tar; and if an Irish echo had been asked, "This is what?" it might have replied, if it understood Latin, "Quid." The drum-major was "got up" with a bear-skin, &c., in the French style, and the band were distinguished by broad yellow lapels to their blue frocks. The cadet officers on duty for the day, marched past with black cocks'-tail feathers in their chakos, and saluted by dropping their Roman-like sword, without raising the left hand to the peak, as with us, and which, by the way, tends to unsteady the pace.

I will now give, as concisely as possible, some of the regulations of the War Department relative to the U. S. Military Academy. And first, as to the admission of cadets:—Each congressional and territorial district, including the district of Columbia, is entitled to have a cadet at the Military Academy, and no more. The members of Congress nominate the cadets; and there are ten appointments besides allowed,—these are termed "at large." The qualifications are, that the candidates must be over sixteen years of age,

and under twenty-one, at the time of entrance into the Academy; must be, at least, five feet in height, and without disease or bodily infirmity. They must be able to read and write well, and perform, with facility and accuracy, the various operations of the first four rules of arithmetic,—of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions.

During the months of July and August, the cadets are engaged in the military duties and exercises, *living in camp*. The academic exercises commence in September. The half-year examination takes place in January. If any have been found unable to master the course, they are returned to their homes. "The nation sends these young men to the Military Academy, supports and pays them adequately, and opens to them an honourable profession, in the expectation that their best efforts will be given to qualify themselves for the higher duties of the military service. Those who will not, or cannot, profit by these generous provisions, should not occupy the place of those who will and can." In June is held the annual examination, which is also a searching one; more than one-third of those who receive appointments fail to graduate.

Yet though these may have been averse to mathematical investigation, their mental abilities may enable them to succeed in other walks of life.

During the four years of the course of study, the first or senior class includes engineering and the science of war, ethics, infantry tactics, artillery, mineralogy, and geology. The second class, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, and drawing. The third class, mathematics, the French language, and drawing. The fourth class, mathematics, the French language, and English studies.

In running over the extracts from the regulations of the U. S. M. Academy, I find that no married person shall be admitted as a cadet; and if a cadet get married, he must immediately resign his appointment to the institution.

Offences are divided into seven grades, namely:—

Mutinous conduct, . .	10	Demerits.
Disobedience of orders, .	8	„
Visiting in study hours, .	5	„
Absence from drill, . .	4	„
Idleness in Academy, . .	3	„

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Inattention under arms, .	2	Demerits.
Late at roll-call, . . .	1	„

If any one year a cadet's offences number 200, he is dismissed the Academy; each year the demerits count more, one-sixth, one-third, and one-half (the last year). Cadets may obtain leave during the encampments; but if they overstay their leave, without good reason, they are "dropped from the rolls." A monthly stoppage of two dollars is made from the twenty-four dollars' pay of the cadet, to purchase a uniform and equipments, on receiving a commission. The punishments are, privation of recreation, extra hours of duty, reprimands, confinement to room or tent, confinement in light prison, in dark prison, private and public dismission. No cadet is allowed to drink intoxicating liquors, or to gamble, or use tobacco, or cook in his room, or keep a waiter (servant), horse, or a dog. Cadets must attend Divine service on Sundays (the chaplain was a Presbyterian clergyman at the time of my visit), no fighting is allowed with deadly weapons, and all combinations are prohibited.

The cadets are organised into a battalion of four companies, officered by the cadets, who are also made sergeants and corporals. The réveillé sounds at five A.M. from 1st of April to the 1st of November, and at six the rest of the year. At ten P.M. "Taps," when all lights are extinguished. "Peas upon a trencher" is the signal for breakfast at seven A.M., and "roast beef" for dinner at one P.M. The hair of the cadets is cut close behind, and no moustaches worn. With regard to the "police of quarters" —as the local term is—cadets arrange their bedding and clean their lamps, &c. The (cadet) officer of the day notes all irregularities in the rooms.

Among the cadets at West Point, there was a Mormon from the Salt Lake; also, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, a son of the ex-king, Lucien; he had just got his commission. His general merits stood thus: on the last roll of the first class, eleven; his age twenty-one and a half; and his demerits, for the year, only fifteen. He is likely to do credit in the East to his distinguished family.

Having concluded our very gratifying visit to the West Point, we bid adieu to our new

friends; and, whilst my brother officers went to New York, to spend a few pleasant days there, I travelled north, and visited, at Troy, the senior officer next to the commander-in-chief of the American army, an old and esteemed friend, Major-General J. E. Wool. We had travelled together formerly, and I had been presented by him to the celebrated President, General Jackson, at Washington. The honourable career of General Wool is as follows:—Entering the United States army, in 1812, he distinguished himself, and was severely wounded at the battle of Queenstown heights (where the gallant Sir Isaac Brock fell, and is interred), he became Bt. Lieut.-Colonel for Plattsburgh, for several years was Inspector-General of the Army, and received the rank of Major-General for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, in Mexico.

I was glad to see that the General was still hale, strong, and cheerful, notwithstanding his arduous career. His good judgment and management were particularly evinced when he led a division of 3,000 regulars and volunteers across the Rio Grande, into the heart of Mexico, to Chihuahua and back. When he was about to

cross the frontier of the enemy's country, a number of the volunteers of his force (whom he had brought into order, and had disciplined sufficiently to enable them to take care of themselves) came to him, and said, "General we must help ourselves now." He replied, "No, I allow no plundering; we are to pay for our supplies." Hitherto, all the supplies, by long trains of wagons, had been derived from the States; he knew that these could not much longer be kept up, and that it was desirable to conciliate the Mexicans, to prevent a system of reprisal for injuries, guerilla warfare, and assassination of stragglers. The General, accordingly, called all the volunteers together, and said, "Those who do not agree to my terms of no plunder, had better go back." He knew that they had come for fame, and would have been ashamed to return without a campaign. They promised obedience; there was no plunder, no punishment, and his troops, on their long marches, were abundantly supplied by the Mexicans.

At the great battle of Buena Vista, General Wool, in conjunction with General Taylor (afterwards President of the United States), defeated,

after a protracted struggle 20,000 Mexicans, under Santa Anna; the Americans numbered about 4,500. General Wool, on that occasion, exposed himself fearlessly everywhere in the field, and displayed the greatest bravery and military skill. He thus holds a distinguished place in the annals of his country, which, in perpetual alliance with Great Britain—"the nursing mother of infant nations"—it is to be hoped, will promote the arts of peace, extend liberty without licentiousness, morality, and our holy religion, to the ends of the earth.

"Clementia et animis."

CHAPTER VI.

Alessandro Gavazzi—He arrives in Canada—Lectures at Toronto and Quebec—Describes the Inquisition—A Riot ensues at Quebec—Quelled by the Troops—Gavazzi proceeds to Montreal—Anticipations of Riot there—The Battle Ground—Gavazzi's exciting Address—Its effects—A fight—The Troops called out—They Fire on the crowd—Casualties—Mayor Wilson—The Coroner's inquest—Opinion on the causes of the loss of Life.

THE blood-stains which not long ago lay thick on the plank side walks of Montreal, have been cut away by the keen edge of the adze, and the bullet marks have been effaced from the walls, where the painful tragedy consequent on the visit of the Italian patriot, Gavazzi, to Canada was enacted; but years will elapse before its traces are obliterated from the recollection of the inhabitants, and the deplorable results of

the evil passions then called into active exercise.

I desire to place on record (having been requested to do so) a succinct narrative of what fell under my observation on the above sad and memorable occasion; but first a short outline of the history of Gavazzi.

Alessandro Gavazzi, one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century, was born at Bologna, in Italy, his father having held there the offices of judge, peace magistrate, and professor of law. Alessandro was the second of twenty children, and was remarkable in his youth for his talents and for his powerful frame. In 1853, he seemed a man of forty-five years of age, with dark hair, well-formed head, prominent nose inclined to aquiline, in good case though not too fleshy, and in height about five feet ten inches.

At the age of sixteen, Gavazzi became a monk of the Barnabite Order, devoting himself to study. At the age of twenty, he was appointed to fill the chair of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the college of Caravaggi, at Naples. His oratorical powers being remarkable, we next find him as a teacher and preacher at Leghorn;

but not being able to reserve to himself the expression of fervent sentiments of patriotism, he was forced to quit Leghorn. He then itinerated in Piedmont, preaching honour, virtue, the love of country, and the fear of God, to numerous audiences. He now incurred the opposition and animosities of the Jesuits, who contrived, through the minister for foreign affairs, Margherita, to get him expelled from Piedmont, which was for his enemies a great triumph.

At Parma he lived four years; and in the zenith of his power and his popularity, he has been known there to have addressed audiences the almost incredible number of ten times in one day — a superhuman effort. It was at Parma where he had such powerful effect over the prisoners, to whom he became chaplain-extraordinary. At Ancona, the fiery outbursts of his zeal, and the free expression of his liberal sentiments, occasioned his being imprisoned by direction of Pope Gregory XVI. He remained in durance till Pope Pius IX. assumed the tiara, by whose directions Gavazzi was liberated. After various fortunes in life of intense excitement, whilst Italy was struggling for liberty,

Gavazzi found himself again imprisoned in the dungeons of Cometo, among malefactors of the worst description. From thence, eventually liberated, he repaired to the eternal city, to Rome, at the time of the short-lived republic. Rome, attacked by the French, was defended with enthusiasm for a time, till at length she fell, and the leaders of her defenders, amongst whom Gavazzi was the chaplain-general, being dispersed, Gavazzi came to England, where he was received cordially by many new friends; thence he proceeded to the United States, where his reception was most encouraging; after which he accepted invitations to visit Canada, his mission apparently being to preach a crusade against Popery, as he stated it was inimical to the liberty of the people.

Gavazzi declared that he was neither an apostate nor a sceptic, neither a follower of Luther or Calvin, but simply a disciple of the Catholic Church founded in purity by St. Peter.

It would be well if these maxims could be adopted and followed out by energetic minds, at the same time discretion tempering their zeal.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a Christian in the strife!
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Gavazzi's first lecture in Canada was delivered at Toronto, where, the Protestants and Orangemen being in the majority, no molestation was offered to him. From Toronto, passing Montreal, he appeared at Quebec, the ancient capital of the province, where the French Canadians and Irish Roman Catholics, in the population of 40,000 souls, much outnumbered the other denominations. It was dangerous ground for him, particularly among such an excitable class as the lower order of Roman Catholics.

The first lecture, which, doubtless, some of the Irishmen attended, to ascertain the nature of his oratory, was in the Wesleyan Church. The sheriff, Sewell, was in the chair; but this lecture, as probably there was no time to organize opposition, was allowed to proceed without interruption. However, broad hints were given that there might be danger if another lecture

were attempted. The Wesleyans declined again to risk their handsome chapel, and, on the 6th June, 1853, the second lecture took place in the "Chalmers" Free Church—a very neat and appropriate building, ornamented with Gothic spire and windows.

At eight o'clock in the evening, a large and highly respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Free Church. The subject chosen for lecture, as had been intimated by hand-bills, was—"The Ancient and Modern Inquisition," A number of rough-looking fellows, evidently bent on mischief, collected in the street and about the door of the church. The police were also there, in their blue frocks, and armed with truncheons; but, as it unfortunately happens here and elsewhere, they were chosen not by the general government, but were put into their offices by the members of the corporation, and they were too often connected by feeling and by religion with rioters aud indifferent characters.

The lecturer described in fearful terms the severities practised in the Inquisition—among others, the torture by water, the face held up, the water dropping on the cloth muffling the

mouth, and he acted the gradual choking of the sufferer with such effect, that one lady we know (and there may have been others) left the church overcome by her feelings.

Nine o'clock had struck; it had become dusk; when, in talking of Ribbonism in Ireland, that combination for murder and violence, Gavazzi asserted that the priests did not try to put it down, when a voice from the body of the church called out, " It's a lie !" whereupon there was a cry of " Turn him out." The interruption seemed to be a signal for a general outbreak. The greatest confusion and tumult immediately ensued, and a volley of stones was thrown from the outside through the windows and in at the doors towards the pulpit. Dr. Cook, the eloquent and excellent minister of St. Andrew's Church, got into the precentor's or clerk's seat, and attempted in vain to address the excited multitude. The sheriff Sewell, and Mr. R. Symes, the energetic magistrate, tried also to restore order; but rioters from the outside rushing past the unresisting police, and joined with those already inside, first hurled Bibles and Psalm Books from the pews at the head of Gavazzi, and then attempted to storm

the pulpit, which is lofty, stands out from the wall, and is ascended by two stairs in the rear. The design of the rioters seemed to be to tear Gavazzi from the pulpit, and to beat him to death with bludgeons on the spot. He knew he was in great peril, and that the most strenuous efforts were required to preserve his life. His muscular power and well-knit frame stood him now in good stead. Seizing the chair which stood in the pulpit, he struck down the first rioters who ascended the stair, and he battled with this weapon valiantly. A gallant sergeant of artillery, "Lawson" by name, an honour to his corps (and afterwards presented with a gold watch by some of his civilian admirers), seeing the fearful odds mustering against Gavazzi, sprang to the rescue, got into the pulpit with Gavazzi, and fought by his side. His aid was very important; likewise that of Captain Haultain, R.A. and Lieutenant Noble, R.E.

The chair was torn from Gavazzi's grasp, when he seized a stool, and wielded it also with effect; till his assailants, climbing up behind when he was occupied in front, overpowered him, and the sergeant and the padre were hurled out of the pulpit by the legs. Fortunately there

was a crowd of rioters and Gavazzi's friends struggling below. He fell fifteen feet, on their heads, and thus escaped death from the fall. Regaining his feet, he hurried into the basement, where his secretary was also carried, though with black eyes and much bruised.

The *mêlée* went on for some time in the church, and outside some of the gentlemen among the audience, were much injured. The howls and yells of the rioters were mingled with the cries of the terrified ladies. One or two strange incidents occurred, not reflecting much credit on the gallantry of the sterner sex, one of whom, having escorted a lady to church, after the tumult began, climbed into a safe position, and then, looking down at the lady, said—"Can you get up here?" "No," was the agonising answer. "Well, for God's sake, take care of yourself," said the hero. Mr. Buchanan, the emigrant agent, was knocked on his back in the dark, and cut severely about the head. He called out his name and asked why he was struck, when his countrymen, who were battering him, apologised and helped him up.

"They met with a friend,
And for love knocked him down."

When the rioters slackened in their violence, the police made a show of interfering, when the cry was raised, "Send for the troops." Colonel Grubbe, of the 66th Regiment, the commandant of the garrison, quickly turned out a party of his regiment, and of the Royal Artillery, and marching them to the scene of the riot, it immediately ceased. The citizens who had remained in the church were enabled to retreat to their homes, and Gavazzi regained Russell's Hotel.

A telegraphic message conveyed the above particulars to Montreal, with the addition that Gavazzi was about to visit this, the largest city in Canada, of 60,000 inhabitants. Many of these were accustomed to arms since the rebellion of 1837-38, when the loyal people turned out most gallantly in the cause of the Queen, and subjecting themselves to great hardships, and risk of loss of property, health, and life, marched and fought alongside of the regular troops. May they ever remain faithful to the old flag!

The Montrealers are an excitable people, active-minded, and rapidly advancing in prosperity and intelligence; yet still, in 1853, there was a strong leaven of party spirit among them, which it was dangerous to rouse into action.

From having seen many fights in the streets of Montreal at elections, and stones, pistols, and axe-handles freely used, the military called out, followed by pursuits and captures; and having also, in charge of troops, assisted to preserve order, I knew what would be the result of the injudicious invitation to Gavazzi to lecture in this city. What had just occurred at the usually peaceable Quebec ought to have been a sufficient warning of what would be likely to happen in Montreal. The invitation was given "to maintain a principle"—freedom of speech for Protestants as well as Roman Catholics—the recent convert from Protestantism, Brownson, having been allowed to lecture against his previous form of religion uninterruptedly; but the result of the Gavazzi lecture at Montreal was most lamentable.

Expecting a disturbance from the moment of Gavazzi's arrival, desirous also of seeing what might occur, and wishing to be of service in

preserving peace and order; on the 9th June, I walked, at an early hour, from my quarters in Notre Dame Street, to the steam-boat landing. Gavazzi had been accompanied from Quebec by a number of friends carrying concealed arms. He was met on the wharf by the Rev. Messrs. Jenkins and Campbell, and others, and was escorted to his hotel by a body of friends, too numerous for the would-be rioters to encounter; some of whom, however, well-known hired combatants at elections, were lurking about and watching the chance of a tumult.

During the day, Gavazzi held a sort of levee at the St. Lawrence Hotel, and walked the streets, accompanied by a Protestant clergyman and zealous Orangeman, the Rev. Mr. Campbell.

Hand-bills announced a lecture by Gavazzi at Zion Church (the congregational) in the evening, and in the afternoon I went to reconnoitre the ground about it, to consider how troops could be placed to the best advantage in case of a serious riot.

The Haymarket, where Zion Church is situated, is a large open space at the west end of the city. There are houses on the west side of the market, a fence enclosing a wood-yard on

the east side, a detached weigh-house at the upper end of the market, in a diagonal line from which is Zion Church; opposite are some enclosed gardens, above which the ground rises towards the Unitarian Chapel and Lagauchetiere Street. Craig Street runs across the bottom of the Haymarket, and south of it there is another open space called Commissioners' Square, with a detached fire-engine house. I thought that if a body of troops were placed inside the garden-fence opposite Zion Church, and ready to act in a moment if required, there could be no serious riot. A different plan was adopted.

Some of the respectable merchants and store-keepers went to the magistrates, and offered to enrol themselves as special constables. Unfortunately the mayor, thinking that his police could maintain order, declined the offers of service tendered to him. A Protestant wine-merchant, whom I encountered, told me, "We will be prepared in the church to meet force with force."

The relief of the 20th Regiment, which had been for some time in garrison at Montreal, happened to take place this day, the 26th Cameronians taking their place. This was

another misfortune; for the 20th Regiment were acquainted with the character of the people of the city, whereas the new regiment, just landed from Gibraltar, came into a strange place, of the inhabitants of which they were as yet quite ignorant; by outward appearance, irrespective of deeds, they could not form a conjecture who were peaceable and who were riotously disposed.

At six in the evening, I rode with Lieut. General Rowan, commanding H. M. Forces, to see the head-quarters of the 20th Regiment embark in the steamer for Quebec, previous to sailing for England.

After the troops were on board, and the General having no further occasion for my services at the time, and I being anxious to hear so remarkable a character as Gavazzi, I went in undress uniform to Zion Church, buying a ticket at a book-store on the way. It was after seven before the church was reached.

I met with no obstruction, though I thought it not improbable I might do so, as I passed knots of rough-looking men in the Haymarket Square. I overheard one man say to another, "There are some military in a house in Craig

Street" (about 500 yards off). The mayor had brought them there.

In front of Zion Church, I saw about forty policemen drawn up, armed only with their blue batons, which I always thought were quite inadequate to deal with the pistols and bludgeons carried by the disturbers of the peace. On the right of the church, in a narrow street, two policemen were keeping the ground, where I saw a door leading into the basement, a convenient sally-port if necessary.

On entering the church, I found the heat very great; the afternoon was close and sultry, indicating thunder. The interior was filled with respectable-looking men, with a few ladies in the gallery. The windows on the left of the pulpit were boarded up for fear of stones coming through them, as had happened at Quebec.

I was invited to take a seat at the far end, below and near the platform; but, anticipating a disturbance and the calling out of the troops, I declined to sit down, and remained standing at the right of the cross passage, near the door of entrance. There I could see and hear perfectly well, and felt myself comparatively at liberty to act as the occasion might require.

This hand-bill I had just seen in the streets, but I did not think that the Irish Roman Catholics would pay much attention to it, though the Canadian Roman Catholics took no part in the subsequent riot:—

"CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL! !

Keep the peace, and let Gavazzi say what he will; do not disgrace yourselves by creating a disturbance for the sake of a worthless fellow; keep quiet, and take no notice of what he says. Your Protestant fellow-citizens will be ashamed of their renegade friar yet.

"By order of the Catholic Institute.

(Signed) "S. O'GRADY, Secretary.

"Montreal, June 9, 1853."

Father Gavazzi was addressing the audience in Zion Church from the front of a temporary platform. On three sides, behind him, were seated about a dozen and a-half of gentlemen, among whom were some clergymen. Gavazzi was conspicuous by his commanding figure, long hair, and black gown, with large crosses on the breast and left shoulder, as he is usually seen in

pictures. He spoke in English, and it was not easy to follow him at first. He was discursive, and his accent was of course peculiar. He was calm, and energetic, and violent by turns.

He talked of the errors of Popery, of the danger of Protestant parents sending their boys to Roman Catholic schools and colleges, and their girls to nunneries, for education; recommended Protestants on no account to allow their precious Bibles to be banished from their seminaries; said he could hardly believe that this was a land enjoying freedom under British rule, since, though Brownson (before mentioned) had been allowed to lecture violently, and several times, against that Protestantism he once professed, yet he (Gavazzi) had been attacked with sticks and stones at Quebec. He "suited the action to the word," threw about his arms, and clenched his fists, occasionally flinging the loose folds of his gown over one shoulder, whilst his hair at times streamed over his face.

The whole scene and appearance of the lecturer must have been startling to those with weak nerves, and there was a lurid glare of light shed through the southern windows of the

church. I strongly felt that "coming events" do sometimes, indeed, "cast their shadows before them."

The audience maintained a deep silence for a time; but I thought, that if I had been a Roman Catholic, and heard Gavazzi's powerful denunciations against my creed, I must have been greatly stirred and moved against him, and that his manner of lecturing amongst, possibly, a mixed audience, was dangerous in the extreme. I also wondered at the boldness of the man, and how little he seemed to regard his own life, or the peril he then was in, and of the dangers he had already so frequently passed; indeed, "a baptism of blood."

By and by, as he went on, there were encouraging cheers from the audience, and some derisive ones also near me; and a person whispered to me that one of the leaders of the Irish Roman Catholics was in the church. Gavazzi now went on to give a ludicrous imitation of the apparently meek and gentle demeanour of a Romish priest, whilst speaking of Gavazzi, of *his* errors, *his* delusions, and clasped his hands, and whined as if pitying. It has been truly said, "C'est la ridicule qui tue;" and the leader above men-

tioned now got up and left the church, just as the gas was lighted.

Immediately cheering and shouts were heard outside, and those inside becoming excited, Gavazzi ceased speaking. Some got over the backs of the seats. I asked what was the matter, and was answered that there was a fight outside with the police. A party of men from the audience now rushed past me, and disappeared below by a side door. I thought they were escaping by the basement, but they presently reappeared armed, some twenty or thirty of them, with fowling-pieces. They went outside. There was some more noise, but the tumult soon subsided, and the armed party returned inside. The gentleman (Mr. W. Lyman) in the chair behind Gavazzi, now came forward and assured the audience that all would be well, and the orator continued his address; but again there was a disturbance outside, the church was attacked by a mob, and a man was brought in wounded in the head.

I thought it now time to see what the troops were doing, and left the church, in which the only officer I saw was Captain Crespigny, 20th Regiment; also two artillerymen near me. I

directed the latter to come out. I saw the front of the church clear of the police: they had been attacked by the mob and beaten off the field. The two chiefs of police, the brothers Ermatinger, though fighting manfully, had been overpowered, and severely cut in the head. The rioters had tried to storm the church, but were repelled; shots were exchanged, two or three men were knocked over, the rioters fled, and were pursued towards Craig-street by some of the church party. The rioters then drew up in a dark mass near the engine-house in Commissioners' Square, and their opponents shouted at them, waved their hats and guns at them, and defied them from the corner of the Weigh-house of the Haymarket. It was an exciting scene.

The charging party passed me on their way back to the church, and I now saw below, the military, 100 rank and file of the 26th Regiment, under the command of Bt. Lieut.-Colonel Hogarth, C.B. (now no more), march along Craig-street, and draw up in a line facing the rioters, as if to separate them from the church party, or to enable the discomfited police to rally. I went towards the troops, and asking, on my way, if any of the people who had been hurt were

near, I was directed to the Weigh-house, where I found a man in a coarse shirt and trousers, lying on his side, and in great distress from a gun-shot wound through his ribs. "It was just a poor boy* coming from his work," said a man beside me, "and he's used in that way!" But he had been engaged in the *mêlée*. As Dr. Macdonald lived across the way, I got two men to assist to carry him, and I left him to the care of the Doctor, who had his hands full before the night was over.

I found the mayor, the Hon. Charles Wilson, and the town-major, McDonald, with the troops. The mayor said that the police had been beaten, and I understood that he also had been struck. There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the mayor and the town-major about the disposition of the troops; Colonel Hogarth, who was a stranger to the place, was desirous to get distinct directions what he was expected to do with his men, and he said he would immediately do it. The line was then faced about, and marched a little higher up the Haymarket, then divided; one-half under Lieutenant Quartley halted and faced about towards the rioters, the

* Donelly by name.

other fifty men, under Captain Cameron, with whom was Lieutenant Chute, moved on obliquely, were halted and countermarched at fifty yards from the other party of the 26th Regiment; they thus faced outward, one flank of each sub-division resting on the side walk on the west side of the Haymarket, the other flank being *en l'air*.

I now took the liberty of suggesting to the mayor, with whom I was well acquainted, the expediency of marching part of the soldiers past the front of the church, and occupying the hill above, the rest of the troops remaining below (whilst the bulk of the audience in Zion Church, and Gavazzi himself, who was still inside, could retire); but the movement I proposed was not thought necessary; so, taking up a position on the side walk in front (but clear) of the sub-division facing the hill, I waited to see the people come out of church; the police in the mean time drew up again south of the Weigh-house.

Some of the rioters had got round by the back of the church, there being too few police to observe them, and I saw a scuffle take place in front of the church; the people about me, among whom were some females on the side

walk, seemed much excited. Colonel Hogarth was in the clear space between the two sub-divisions of his party, the mayor was moving towards the lower party from the police. I now saw some shots fired from the rioters near the engine-house, apparently in the direction of the troops; and I understood afterwards that the balls whistled past their ears; many of the party knew the sound of balls, as they wore Chinese medals; there was also much shouting, and a rush towards the troops.

The soldiers had loaded by desire of the mayor *previous* to coming on the ground. The mayor now, hurriedly, read the Riot Act, which is very short. I was too distant to hear it, and I understood that some one called out, it was alleged to have been the mayor, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" which was done, first by the lower party as if rapidly file-firing, shots were fired from the hill towards where I stood, and this seemed to draw the fire of the soldiers facing the hill—there was a round from each sub-division; I heard no word of command from any of the officers, and whilst I drew back towards the houses out of the line of fire, and pushed the people near me back also, and into a doorway,

the bugle sounded loudly "cease firing." The whole was the work of half a minute.

Some of those about me laughed, and thought that the troops had fired blank cartridge: but they were undeceived when some people were seen lying towards the top of the hill, yet the troops fired high, and, I am sure, discharged their pieces merely to obey *what they thought*, amidst the noise and confusion, was an order, and without any other feeling, having just arrived in Montreal. There were bullet marks very high up on the pillars of the Unitarian Chapel at the top of the hill, and a Mr. Drummond, who was in his house in the Haymarket, near which house one of the sub-divisions stood, told me that he remarked that the soldiers generally elevated their pieces, and fired at an angle of 45°, in proof of which, next morning, he drew my attention (when I was occupied sketching the ground for General Rowan) to several large bullet marks high up on a brick wall at a blacksmith's shop in Commissioner's Square. Mr. Dawson a bookseller, also told me that he saw the troops fire high, and he thought they were merely "emptying their pieces."

It was now eight o'clock and dusk, and the

spirit of evil seemed to be moving about among the crowd, and the groups of agitated people. Colonel Ermatinger, the police magistrate, and Captain Ermatinger, chief of police, were bleeding profusely from their temples, their men had been scattered with large stones chiefly, after resisting, in the first instance, the rioters advancing to the steps of the church. There was still skirmishing going on at the outskirts of the mob, towards McGill Street, the rioters attacking at close quarters those going home; more than two-thirds of the casualties—and there were perhaps fifty in all, killed and wounded—took place from pistol bullets and knives, and not from the large military bullets. Persons from ten years of age to sixty suffered, including gentlemen and workpeople, with English, Scotch, and Irish names,* two ladies were wounded, and some good people, though apparently not dangerously wounded at the time, died afterwards with much suffering.

Colonel D'Urban, who had been, as Deputy-Quartermaster-General, superintending the em-

* Pollock, P. Gillespie, C. Clarke, Hutchison, Adams, O'Neil, Welsh, M'Grath, M'Auley, Clare, Guy, Wallace, Benally, &c.

barkation of the 20th Regiment, now came on the ground mounted, and gave directions that a party of soldiers should go to the church and escort Gavazzi and his friends in safety to his hotel in Great St. James Street. They were followed by a mob, and a reinforcement of 100 men having arrived under Captain Carey, the Colonel patrolled with part of the troops along Great St. James Street and down McGill Street. The town-major and myself accompanied this patrol, and we saw that the rioters immediately dispersed on the approach of the soldiers. I do not see how a considerable body of troops, of some kind, can ever be dispensed with at Montreal, being required, among other reasons, to keep in check the workmen engaged in the numerous public works there.

There was a very angry feeling displayed towards the mayor, and not towards the soldiers, at the time, by those who had narrowly escaped from the fire as they came out of church, or whose friends had suffered. Several gentlemen crowded round his Worship, shaking their clenched fists in his face, and denouncing him as a murderer for ordering the troops to fire, and declaring that he himself should be mur-

dered on the spot. I thought his life was in danger, and as he had no escort of police or any magistrate near him, I took him by the arm, and put him among the soldiers, and advised him on no account to let a crowd close on him. He was so occupied with the responsibilities of his situation, that he seemed to me to be regardless of his personal safety, and he had done very good service on previous occasions of disturbance.

General Rowan, to whom I was on the eve of going to report and to ask his orders, having heard the firing from his house in Sherbrooke Street, now came on the ground on horseback, also Major Rowan, Military Secretary, Captain the Hon. F. Keane, R.E., and Lieutenants Noble and Lambert, R.E. A party of troops and of police were stationed at the weigh-house to prevent Zion Chuch being set on fire during the night, another party, with an officer, was placed in the hotel, Great St. James, where Gavazzi was, and an officer's party also protected the mayor's house. The artillery, under Captain Rotton, patrolled the streets as a troop of cavalry, and the remainder of the night was

passed in quiet, except by those who mourned the loss or attended to the wounds of friends.

Though some insisted that Gavazzi should lecture again, strongly guarded, yet it was eventually more wisely decided that he had better leave the city; and he did so, and I afterwards heard him lecture in Italian in New York.

Great excitement prevailed in Montreal after the disastrous proceedings of the 9th June. A public meeting was held to investigate the causes of the riot, and to concert measures to maintain the peace of the city. A proclamation was issued, enjoining all peaceably inclined citizens to refrain from going abroad unnecessarily after sun-down; several people were knocked down, abused, and fired at; among others, Mr. Augustus Heward, a bold and active man of the church party, had some narrow escapes.

A coroner's inquest was held, and continued its sittings for a month. The inquest was most impartially conducted under the direction of Messrs. Jones and Coursolle, the joint coroners for the city. There was much conflicting

evidence among the military. Some of the soldiers maintained that they had got a military word of command to fire. *They may have thought so;* but I am certain that they did not get the words, "Ready, present!" from an officer.

A remarkable evidence appeared in the person of a Scotchwoman, Mrs. Parker, who had been a teacher in Upper Canada, and had lately been employed in a store in Montreal. She was in the crowd at the Haymarket, at one side, and between the two subdivisions of the military; and she said that a man came from the left of the lower subdivision, and when the words, "fire! fire!" were given by some one, there was a little delay, when the man, who looked like an Irish labourer, placing his straw hat under his left arm, and putting his hand to his mouth, gave the military command, in military style, "Ready, present!" The lower subdivision then fired, and he said, smiling, "It's nineteen years since I took the lousy shilling (enlisted), but all that time I had not the satisfaction I have this night." Mrs. Parker lost sight of him for some time, but saw him again with two or three others, ap-

parently his comrades. She taxed him with being the cause of the troops firing, and the loss of life, when one of the men said, "It was not him gave the word; it was the Holy Virgin!"

If Mrs. Parker's evidence was correct, it clears up a great mystery. I saw her two or three times afterwards, when she was exposed to risk, and even wounded with a pistol-bullet, for her evidence, and I had no reason to doubt her veracity.

A court of inquiry was assembled, by the direction of the Lieut. General Commanding, on the conduct of the military on the 9th of June. The firing of the troops may be accounted for, as far as I could explain the matter from what I observed, in the following manner.

The police had fought as well as they could in front of Zion Church. They were few in number compared with the mob opposed to them, and they were very inadequately armed with their blue sticks only. The mob had sticks, stones, and pistols. The chiefs of the police were severely wounded; they fought bravely, and did all they could against such

odds. The mayor, as is well known, had on former occasions done very good service, and had shown a great deal of zeal and activity. This ought not to have been forgotten on the present occasion. Seeing what had happened to the police, and to quell further riot, the mayor ran off for the military, 100 rank and file, who were posted (I think) much too far from the scene of action, at a fire-engine house nearly a quarter of a mile from Zion Church.

The military were hurriedly called out of the engine-house (next to the police station, Craig-street), and were directed by the Mayor to load, to quell a serious riot, and save the police. The police magistrate came up wounded and bleeding, and called out, "The troops! the troops!" The soldiers saw and heard this. The troops were marched rapidly to the Haymarket, ready loaded. This was unfortunate. The act of loading before a mob has a useful effect. Few of the people at the Haymarket knew that the soldiers were loaded; I did not know they were loaded when I joined them.

From what the soldiers saw and heard as they came on the ground, and from the confu-

sion near them, they were probably somewhat excited, and some of them *may* have thought that this was to be a "Six-mile Bridge" affair (when the troops were attacked by the mob); also when fire-arms were used in front of both parties of the soldiers, and it is given in evidence that some pistol balls passed among the soldiers. The word was given by some one (not by an officer) *to fire*. The soldiers thought they should fire, and they did so (probably thinking a magistrate gave the order), first the lower division and then the upper division.

The 26th Regiment has a high character in the army for steadiness. A very handsome general order was issued when the regiment left Gibraltar for Canada in May, 1853. Many of the old soldiers wore medals for the China war; the others were a fine set of young men, who may never have seen a riot before. The regiment had been only thirty-six hours in Montreal when this unfortunate "Gavazzi riot" occurred. The men knew neither Catholics nor Protestants on the ground. One-third of the men were Roman Catholics, two-thirds were Protestants; the senior officers who

commanded at the Haymarket were Presbyterians.

The men fired from misapprehension—it was a mistake; and I am sure they regretted extremely, as we all did, the innocent people who fell by that fire. There was much to be said in excuse for the men.

One thing was important, as far as the military were concerned, and which seemed to have been forgotten. This I remarked during the riots in 1849, when the Houses of Parliament were burned. They would not have been burned if the military had been called out a little sooner then. At that time, 300 horse-pistols, and the same number of cutlasses, were issued from the ordnance stores, to arm a civic force. Very few of these arms were returned; 180 pistols were still in the hands of the people. They carried a large ball; about as large as a musket-ball. One of these was in court to compare with a musket-ball. I believe that several of the wounds by large balls, inflicted on the evening of the 9th June, did not proceed from military muskets.

Finally, I believe that many of the soldiers

fired high on purpose, else the loss of life would have been much greater. It was unfortunate that one division fired against a hill. As I said before, if the troops had not been on the ground at all, from what I saw of the angry feelings of the contending parties, at least 100 lives, instead of twelve, must have been lost in and about Zion Church. Until there is less rancorous feeling and party spirit abroad, we cannot dispense with armed men.

There were three consecutive years of disaster in Montreal. In 1852, terrible fires swept across the city. In 1853 was the Gavazzi tragedy just described, and in 1854, a fearful visitation of cholera. Fourteen hundred citizens and emigrants perished in July and August. May we hope, that with the radiation of railroads from Montreal, the success of the numerous factories rising in the suburbs, the appearance of the flags of all nations on the waters of the St. Lawrence—and among them ever pre-eminent the red-cross flag of Britain—the triumphant completion of one of the world's wonders, the Victoria tubular bridge, the subsidence of party spirit, and the spread of charity and brotherly

love, and, above all, by the blessing of the Almighty Ruler of events, that Montreal, like its glorious mountain in the leafy month of June, "Viret in æternum!"

CHAPTER X.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire—Portland in Maine—The Foundery—Cape Cottage—The Portland People—A notion of Canadians—Sermon of Bishop Lee—Glen House—Directions for Waiters—Visit the Crystal Palace, New York—Fellow Jurors—Mr. Collins—General Scott—Strange petrified Group—The bearded Lady—High tide of Enterprize—Discussion on Slavery—Accompany the Administrator of the Government to Quebec—Amusements there—A Snow Fort—Snow Shoe Races—Great Ceremony to re-inter the Bones of Warriors—Burning of the Parliament House—Visit the Lower St. Laurence—The Habitans—M. Bonenfant—Trout, Salmon and Whale-Fishing.

To the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and to Portland to look for sea-bathing quarters, a most agreeable journey was made after the "Gavazzi riots." By way of the valley of the St. Francis, by the lake called

Island Pond, we reached the fine group of the White Mountains 5 and 6,000 feet high. I ascended one of them, and was highly pleased with the wild forest scenery, and the panorama of mountains around, the view extending eastward as far as the broad Atlantic.

At the beautiful River Androscoggin below the mountains, there is good fishing ground, and the journey down the Connecticut River is through a pleasant and fertile country. Portland is a clean-looking, cheerful place, with plenty of trees shading the streets, a fine bay and a rising trade. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the family of the President of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic railroad there, the Hon. Josiah Little. A gentleman who kindly piloted me in Portland, was Mr. J. Dublois, whom I met at Miss Jones' boarding-house, one of the cleanest and best I was ever in, and with some very agreeable ladies and gentlemen to converse with. Mr. J. Brown, one of the most enterprising of the merchants, showed me his extensive works for converting molasses, which he imports in large quantities, into a capital brown sugar, which is extensively used in the States.

At the Portland Foundery, I was pleased to see the behaviour of the men at noon; instead of going with dirty hands and faces to their meal at that hour, they all washed and put themselves to rights, ("slicked up" is the phrase) for dining. They begin work at seven, after their breakfast, have an hour for their mid-day meal, and work ten hours altogether, and well too. American superintendents and contractors are not to be trifled with. Some don't allow a pipe to be lighted, or a word spoken during working hours. This is hard on "Paddy" at first, who likes to take a "shough of the dudeen," and to "discoorse," resting on the top of his spade.

The common workmen got three quarters of a dollar per day at the Foundery, the next class one dollar, mechanics one dollar and three quarters, or seven shillings British—more than the pay of British lieutenants of the line.

At Cape Cottage, on the sea shore, a short distance from town, there was a good bay for bathing, a grove of trees behind for a noontide walk, and the Atlantic dashed incessantly in great white waves over a group of rocks before the windows. It was altogether a place where,

as the American phrase is, "one could have a good time."

At Portland is the head-quarters of the Maine Liquor Law party, and I can testify to the quiet and order which was preserved in the streets at all hours, helped, also, no doubt, by lending libraries, an excellent museum of natural curiosities, a well-regulated post office, at which letters could be written if required, and a town band, paid out of the taxes, which also assisted to keep the people quiet and amused, and tended to inspire them with self-respect.

Between thirty and forty ships were built about this time annually in Portland, and its exports were fish, lumber, ice, &c. Its inhabitants numbered about 24,000. The people looked healthy generally, and the ladies were "fair to behold," facts attributable to the good climate, the long rocky promontory on which the city is built, being swept by the pure breezes of the ocean. The deep bay here never freezes, like that of its rival Boston.

I much admired the islands which stud the bay, for they seemed to promise "no end" of pleasure, in the way of pic-nics and fishing

expeditions. Altogether, I consider Portland quite a model town, and I am happy that the State of Maine, with its fine people, "away down East," are now in a manner "hooked on" to Canada by means of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic rail.

As we know more of the citizens of the Union, and they of us, I hope and trust that Christian charity will mutually abound, ignorance is the parent of ill-will and jealousy.

An old Yankee, at the late Boston jubilee, had a curious opinion of Canadians, many of whom were invited there, and he remarked to an acquaintance,

"Wall, Sir, there be a considerable of Canadians to Bosting neow. I never seed much of them Canadians, be'nt they raither an Indiany kind of folk?"

I journeyed back towards Canada with a pleasant party. At the hotel, at the foot of Mount Moriah, I spent Sunday, when Bishop Lee, assembling a congregation in the public room, and taking as his text one of the verses of scripture inscribed on the tombs at Cape Riley, over three of Franklin's sailors, "Consider your ways," drew such an affecting picture of

what must have been the sufferings of the brave and devoted Arctic leader and his people, that I saw now clearly the excellent feeling which had suggested the Grinnell searching expedition, under the intrepid Dr. Kane from the port of New York, so very creditable to our transatlantic brethren, and now followed by the restoration of the abandoned "Resolute," to the British Government.

I visited Ellis Falls among the mountains, and put up at an excellent hotel for excursionists, desirous of ascending the 6800 feet of Mount Washington opposite. In the dining saloon there was this characteristic notice:

"Glen House, White Mountains, 20th June, 1853. RULES FOR THE GLEN HOUSE DINING-ROOM, to be obeyed by particular request of the proprietor of this house, by the servants in the dining-room.

"There shall be no dancing, singing or whistling while waiting on meals,—there shall be no remarks made upon people sitting at the table. No smoking, chewing tobacco, or spitting round the room,—there shall be no stopping to eat while waiting on meals, or taking anything off the table to go aside. No

servant is allowed to take any liberties with any lady or gentleman in the dining-room.

J. M. THOMPSON,
Proprietor of the Glen House,

ISAAC KENDALL,
Head-Waiter."

Said head-waiter, by the way, was a smart coloured man, and he kept good order among his white and dark assistants, and placed abundant and wholesome fare on the long tables.

There is some sport to be met with on the White Mountains; what I did in this way was to catch a porcupine with my plaid, but like the man who won the elephant in the raffle, I did not know what to do with it. In Africa, it would soon have gone into the pot, but here after it had parted with several score quills in my garment, I let the poor creature go, not agreeing with the wish of the guide to "kill the porcumpine with a club."

Invited, at the end of 1853, to attend as a juror from Canada, on the arms, &c., of Class 8 in the New York Crystal Palace, I journeyed thither with Major Rowan, R.A.

Military Secretary, and "we had a good time."

The Crystal Palace was a very creditable undertaking for those who originated it, and though it did not turn out a profitable speculation, it caused to be collected and exhibited in a vast structure of glass and iron, works of art of great interest, useful machines, the most improved implements of husbandry, valuable articles of porcelaine, glass and jewellery, cotton goods and broad cloth, cutlery, ships' iron boats and life boats, cannon and mortars, pictures and statues, arms of all kinds, some of which were lent from the Tower of London, revolvers two hundred years old, &c.

My fellow jurors in the section of arms, &c., were Colonel Page, Colonel Hazard, Major Mordecai, U.S.A., Captain Cullum, U.S.A., Mr. E. K. Collins, Mr. Bell, &c., they were pleased to appoint me chairman, and Major Mordecai, who was at the head of the arsenal at Washington, an officer of great scientific attainments, rendered valuable assistance as recording secretary. We carefully examined the arms of American and foreign manufacture, some of which were of the most costly description, and

awarded medals to the best of our judgment, and without partiality.

One afternoon Mr. Collins, the well known principal proprietor of the fine line of ocean steamers from America to England, named after him, (the rivals of the Cunard line) shewed me over one of his ships; she seemed in high order, and the accommodations very luxurious. It was understood that the American steamers did not last so long as the British, owing to the great quantity of fuel consumed, and the consequent "wear and tear" of the machinery in the desire to beat the Cunard line; this is now altered. From what I saw and heard of Mr. Collins, I should think he follows what I observed hung up in his office, whilst waiting for him.

A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
  Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
  And a gentle word for all;
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
  Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavour, whilst passing along,
  To make it as smooth as we can.

Mr. Collins is greatly to be sympathised with

for the terrible domestic calamity which, after this, befell him, when the Arctic steamer was run down and lost off the coast of Newfoundland.

Major Rowan and myself paid our respects to the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, General Scott, who fought well for his country against our troops in the war of 1812, and also was the chief in the Mexican war. He is a tall and robust man, with white hair and a quiet demeanour, he was suffering from the effects of a recent accident, having tripped up and fallen over a projecting stone in the street.

He said, though jealousy and animosity had led to the last war with Britain, yet since then a kindly feeling had sprung up towards the old country. It would be absurd to go to war now, our interests were so blended, there was enough in the world for both nations without quarrelling, and he thought, that if there ever arose any combination against England, that her American descendants would immediately step forward to assist her. The progress of Canada was discussed, in assisting at the invasion of which, long ago, the General was severely wounded at

the battle of Lundy's Lane. It was considered that Canada would be a fatal gift to the States, and would cause a dissolution of the Union.

Among the remarkable objects I saw at New York at this time, was a group consisting of an Indian and his horse in the fatal embrace of an immense serpent, all converted into stone, and said to have been found in a forest of South America. The horse was on the ground, the man stooping over it, and partly concealed by the folds of the monster. This was not exhibited by Mr. Barnum, but the bearded lady was, and she was certainly a wonder. Madam Clofulhia was a Swiss, age about 34, and was born with a beard, and as she told me, had a son ten years old with whiskers. She was a short and stout person, with a sallow complexion, not a happy expression; and she invited me to touch her black whiskers to see "there was no mistake," and there was none.

Two men and a woman from the country, sight-seeing, came up to the bearded lady, who was sitting in the middle of the room, and one of the men, touching her bare shoulder, as if it had been a piece of statuary, remarked, "there is har (hair) here!"

We were very hospitably entertained by my friend Mr. Hoge, and I was much pleased to meet again, among other old friends, the very intelligent Mr. S. Ruggles.*

We left the great pulse of New York beating high and strong, there is no rest there. A country manager hired a man to blow a horn, he rested for a time.

"Why don't you blow?" cried the manager.

"There's a rest of fifteen bars here," said the man.

"I hired you to blow, not to rest," said the other. The busy world is always blowing at New York, and sometimes there does not seem time to finish what had been begun in earnest. A cook was asked her opinion of a particular child. "It does not seem done enough," said the *cuisinière*. One thing, however, seemed to have been well finished here at this time; that was a fire-proof safe. The inventor, Mr. Wilkes, bet five hundred dollars as to its power of standing fire; and he won his wager. It was severely tested for four hours, then opened,

* I claim connexion with New York, as a Member of the Historical and Ethnological Societies there.

when a live cock walked out of it, shook its feathers and crowed !

After this, we returned to Canada, hearing, by the way, in a rail-car a discussion on slavery between a man from the South and a New Englander. The last said:

"I may give it as my opinion that if slavery war (were) unprofitable, you would let the slaves go free; but as long as you make money by them, slavery will go on. Almighty money, that is the God the Yankees worship."

"Why, if slaves were free to-morrow," said the other, "you would require an army to protect the whites."

"Well, you have got an army," said the New England man. "We have got none here, in Vermont. One Yankee boy and his rifle will keep everything quiet here. There's a mob now and again, that is the everlasting politicians, because we are governed by *law*."

"Yes," said the southerner, "more law than justice;" and there was a laugh all round.

Lord Elgin having gone to England, General Sir William Rowan became the Administrator of the Government for nearly a year; and I accompanied his Excellency and Lady Rowan to

Quebec, near which the Governor-General's residence at Spencer Wood is one of the most agreeable in America, high above the St. Lawrence, in a park of seventy acres. Gardens, trees, walks, fine prospects and fine air all combined in rendering it attractive. Looking over the bank in front, one saw a characteristic Canadian prospect, a perfect "desert of rafts," which had been floated down for shipment in the fleet of vessels, timber which lay under the shadow of the rock of the citadel.

Close to Spencer Wood is the path by which the chivalrous Wolfe and his troops climbed to fight the battle of the plains of Abraham; and not far off, a handsome pillar, surmounted by a Roman helmet and sword, erected by the troops, in Canada, in the time of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, marks the spot where he fell. A well beside this, afforded him his last draught.

People at Quebec live nearer each other than in Montreal, and are very sociable and hospitably disposed. There were big and little dinners, balls, private theatrieals and music. When the winter set in with all its Siberian force, we put

on the light and broad snow shoes, and went straight on end over fields and orchards. On one occasion of a fancy ball in town, and the three miles of road from Spencer Wood being impracticable for horses, owing to a partial thaw, and followed by a hard frozen surface, whilst the branches of the trees by the wayside, cased in ice, rattled like immense bundles of arrows. Aides-de-Camp Wetherall, Colborne and myself were obliged to "pursue pleasure under difficulties," by snow-shoeing into town in our blanket coats, and with our fine clothes dragged over the snow in a hand sleigh or toboggin.

But the grand doings in winter are at the frozen cone of snow and spray, eighty feet high, or more, below the Falls of Montmorenci, where crowds of people "in fine spirits" go out to slide down the cone on hand sleighs. A gentleman taking a lady in front of him, and steering with one leg behind, till they happily end their rapid career far out on the bosom of the St. Lawrence. A mishap may cause them to descend head foremost, and plunge into as now wreath amidst the laughter of the spectators.

Of late there have been skating rinks covered in, where ladies and gentlemen, in appropriate costume, display their graces and improve their health. Curling is practised with animation at Quebec. As a native of Caledonia, I had a severe day on the open ice as umpire at a grand match between the Scotch and the Barbarians, as all others are facetiously called; and then followed a big dinner and speeches.

A large Snow Fort, complete, with ditch, bastions, a high keep and flag staff in the centre, an abattis of boughs and trous-de-loup, or pitfalls, outside, was constructed after some weeks' work, at Spencer Wood, by means of the forty men of the 66th Regiment stationed there as a body guard. A party of cavalry was improvised amongst the grooms for reconnoitering purposes; defenders were placed in the fort, and five hundred men of the two Regiments at Quebec, the 66th and 71st, with a battery of the Royal Artillery, were marched out to attack it with scaling ladders, &c., in the month of March. When martial excitement was at its height all over the civilized world, we had our little practice among the snows of Canada.

The programme was, that an attack being threatened on the fort, and the enemy approaching, a reconnaissance took place with the cavalry, who retired on ascertaining the strength and apparent designs of the enemy. The fort was then invested, when a sortie was made from the fort by light infantry on snow shoes. The guns of the artillery opened on the fort for a time, and the skirmishers retired. The enemy now closed on the fort, their riflemen in advance, and were received by volleys from the fort. The enemy retired twice, and finally advanced, covered by a heavy fire, to the ditch. Some however, including a fine tall fellow, Segrave, of the 71th, who led them, disappearing, to their surprise, in the trous-de-loup at the salients. The ladders were lowered into the ditch, some carried to the opposite parapets, which were scaled amidst showers of snow balls, when a short scuffle took place inside, in which some bruises took place. A part of the garrison, not captured, retired to the citadel, intending to hold out, but the eager assailants applying ladders to it also, the place fell, and the flag was hauled down amidst great cheering.

Great interest was occasioned by the garrison snow shoe races for prizes this winter; and the citizens became so excited after the second competition, that they subscribed for a third, both officers and men contended, also some civilians at the last. Marvellous jumps were taken over hurdles, and much amusement was occasioned by the accidents which occurred, without any injury to the person, from the keenness with which the contest was kept up.

After the fall of Quebec, in the winter of 1760 a large French and Indian force coming from the direction of Montreal, under M. Levi, attempted to surprise the city, and beat back the troops who were incautiously and hurriedly, sent out against them. M. Levi afterwards besieged Quebec for some time, but reinforcements arriving from England, the siege was raised.

A highly respectable and energetic French Canadian gentleman, and Scotch by his mother's side, the Honourable Colonel Taché, collected subscriptions, in the spring of 1854, to erect a monumental pillar at the scene of the desperate conflict which took place between part of the

Quebec garrison and the force of M. Levi, round an old windmill, on the St. Foy road, and not far from the residence of my esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Okill Stewart of Holland House.

The bones of the dead were to be seen in summer on the banks of a rivulet there, and they were being washed away at the melting of the snow in spring. A great procession, accompanied with a funeral car, was got up, at which the garrison assisted, to collect these honoured re-remains, and re-inter them where British, French, and Indians, once foes, were now mingling their dust.

This affair, coupled with the happy union of the flags of France and England in the expedition organizing for the East, had the best effect in dissolving lingering jealousies of the two races in Canada, where it is the sincere desire of the government that all the colonists should be on a perfect equality, and as equally partake of the offices and appointments under the Crown as old-country men.

In fact, a colonist has now a much better chance of getting office, if he is capable of

holding one in his own colony, than an old-country man with interest, and seeking employment in a colony. This I was told by the late Lord Sydenham, Governor-General, when desiring to be employed in exploring and surveying in the Oregon Territory.

There was certainly no want of variety this winter in Quebec. Among other incidents of note, was the burning of the fine Parliament House there. It overlooked the broad St. Lawrence, and occupied a commanding site in the Upper Town, and where, at the conquest of Canada, stood the Bishop's palace. It consisted of a centre, ornamented with a handsome portico and dome, and two projecting wings. The whole had been built at great expense; it contained the Halls of the Legislative Council, and House of Assembly, a large and valuable library, the chambers of many of the public offices, an interesting Museum of the Literary and Historical Society, and pictures of British Sovereigns.

The want of a watchman inside, and an overheated stove, were the causes of the catastrophe, at which, though the cold was intense, 20° below

zero, Colonel Grubbe, the commandant, with his regiment, the 66th, Colonel Stack, with the 71st Light Infantry, Colonel Thomdyke, with his Artillery, and Colonel Wolfe and the Royal Engineers, assisted most vigorously and zealously. Yet the wooden partitions and staircases inside got the better of them, and the building was burnt out. Some of the books, pictures, and furniture were saved. The city firemen could render little assistance for want of water. Another large building was immediately after in the course of being fitted up for the Parliament, and that, too, was burnt before it was used, owing to the accumulation of shavings by the workmen, and perhaps some carelessness about a pipe. Finally, the Parliament took refuge in a handsome Music Hall, which was hired for its deliberations.

Summer, at length, came round, and it was a hot one. No rain for weeks, and the dust thick on the roads and streets of Montreal and Quebec; there was an outbreak of cholera; and some esteemed citizens were cut off. General Rowan took a farm-house on the Lower St. Lawrence, for sea-side quarters, at the

scattered French Canadian village of Cacona; and the air and drives were very enjoyable there.

Nearly opposite Cacona, the great river Saguenay, poured through its immense walls of rock its deep flood into the St. Lawrence, and there was the fine mountain range on the north shore of the latter river, on whose waters the white sails of merchant vessels were continually observed, giving constant life to one of the finest pictures that can be conceived.

From Quebec to Metis, two hundred miles of excellent roads conduct one through a primitive French Canadian population. The inhabitants cultivate their fields and gardens there in peace, and their pastures are ever green, whilst in other parts they become yellow in the fall of the year.

The glittering tin roofs and spires of the churches are frequently observed along the river; and the population, from the social disposition of the people, may be said to be continuous, though not thickly set.

The houses are picturesque, wooden generally, of one story, with high roofs and dormer win-

dows; inside perfectly clean, and a clay oven usually outside. At the side of the great barns there is seen a peculiar kind of windmill for grinding the corn.

The priests have great influence amongst these simple people, and there are many excellent men among the ecclesiastics, who have got a college at St. Anne's. Large crosses are seen by the wayside, and sometimes figures of our Saviour and the Virgin, as large as life.

The men are small, of dark complexion, and dressed in home-spun cloth; the women, in summer, are in printed gowns, and with enormous, but useful, straw hats. All are perfectly polite to one another, and to strangers. It takes some time to understand their patois French.

It was in a house of one of these worthy habitans, that we lived for some weeks. M. Bonenfant was an old bachelor with a bustling housekeeper, and some nephews to assist him on his farm; and his avocations were various indeed. At one time, he might be seen felling a tree; next making hay with a wooden-pronged

fork; then on his knees milking a cow; again he would be observed at the wash-tub, preparing his shirt for Sunday; and, lastly of an evening, occupying himself, 'spectacles on's nose,' with the spinning-wheel. No occupation seemed to come amiss to Bonenfant.

Judge Meredith, greatly esteemed in his profession, had taken a house not far off, and as we were in the best fishing region in Lower Canada, we arranged to wet our lines at lakes Vaseaux and St. Simon, the latter thirty miles from Cacona. We went in a caleche, and hired canoes, and caught many dozen of excellent trout with the fly, in fact, I never saw fish so abundant before as here on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

On the north shore, there is a mine of wealth in the way of salmon fishing, which is not generally known. One river in Scotland used to rent for £12,000 a year—there are thirty rivers below Quebec as good. With new and increasing means of transport, fresh salmon could be caught N. E. of the Saguenay, and sent to the United States, &c., under most remunerative circumstances. A couple of armed schooners

cruising there would prevent poaching and preserve order. When formerly employed exploring and surveying in the forests of New Brunswick, and in Canada East, for a military road, I was grieved to see so many fine rivers destroyed by dams across them, and no Queen's gap, so that the fish could not get up to spawn in the proper beds, and when they attempted it below, the spawn was carried off by floods or devoured by other fish. Valuable streams were, and are, ruined for the sake of benefiting one individual. It is to be hoped the Government will see to this important matter.

The month of June is that in which gentlemen fishermen engage pilot schooners at Quebec, freight them with tents, skiffs, cooking apparatus, preserved meat, liquors, fishing tackle, fowling pieces, mosquitoe nets, &c., and move down below the Saguenay, for what is considered by many, more exquisite sport than any other in the world, the pleasure of catching a fine salmon.

Five or six weeks are sometimes spent among the rapid, cold and clear Labrador

rivers in salmon fishing. The expense may be about 100 dollars for each person, if three engage a fishing smack, and the return may be fifty or sixty fish with the rod, and a large brown or black fly. The Esquimaux Indians there, spear the fish by torch light, also some white *barbarians* do the same. The white porpoise of the lower St. Lawrence is a curiosity in these waters, where there is also seal catching, and plenty of sea-fowl shooting

The Bay of Chaleur, New Brunswick, is likewise visited by fishermen for its fine salmon rivers, particularly the Ristigouche with its wild scenery and rapid career. Micmac Indians will be found about it. There is a magnificent pool for salmon below the great falls of the river St. John, near where the writer owns a farm of fine land. The Nipissiquit, also, in New Brunswick, is a favourite salmon river, and the Gold river in Nova Scotia. I fished in the Mirimachi, and ate delicious salmon there for some weeks, without ever tiring of it. Rod fishing in these countries, however, requires this preparation, a few drops of

creosote in some oil to smear the face and hands, and so repel insect tormentors in summer.

The gentleman fisherman who visits the Lower St. Lawrence in his schooner will see sights like this: he is becalmed, maybe, and there is a partial fog on the water; he sees a strange object near; by and bye it turns out to be a whaleboat with a crew; then another is seen, and the white sails of a whaling schooner. A couple of whales blow; the boats row towards one of them, perhaps a ninety-feet whale; the harpooner rises in his place, and drives his weapon into the whale; it rushes off and circles for three miles, the boat being towed after with a wall of water on each side of its bows. At last the monster stops; the boat approaches again; twice is a lance plunged rapidly into its vast back; with a roar of pain and rage its head and shoulders are thrust above the surface; after many struggles for life, at last it vomits blood, falls back, and is secured. The other whale may be its cub, which swims continually round its mother, and is also soon lanced. A round of good beef is taken out

from under the fin, which eats well; but with the exception of this particular morsel, the meat of a whale tastes like an old lamp.

CHAPTER VIII.

Propose to visit Lake Superior—Suggested Yacht Voyage—Leave Montreal for the West—American Settlers, anecdote of one—The Victoria Railroad Bridge—Progress of the Country—Firewood difficulties—Toronto—Leave for Lake Simcoe—Difficulties on a Rail—Bush Travelling on Wheels—Pensioners—A break down—Reach Penetanguishine—The Voyage on Lake Huron—Shebanoning—Indian Settlements—The Bruce Copper Mines—Bears—Agreeable Sailing—The Sault St.-Marie—The new Ship Canal—Indians Fishing—A Canoe Voyage—Remarkable objects on Lake Superior—The five great Lakes—Mines—Shoot the Rapid of "The Soo"—The interesting island of Michilimacinac—Incident at Lake St. Clair—Detroit—Story of a Widow—Hamilton—Berlin—German Settlers—Return to Montreal.

As one of the real order of travellers is not content till he has traversed a considerable portion of the mountains, valleys and sands of Africa, with its novelties of scenery and dangers

in the shape of savage men and wild beasts, so I was not contented, when about to leave America, till I had sailed on the waters of that vast inland sea, Lake Superior, so clear, so deep, surrounded with alpine rocks and cliffs, fringed with mighty woods, falls of flashing water pouring into it, at many most picturesque localities, and its shores abounding in exhaustless stores of mineral wealth.

The beauties of Lake Superior are as yet unsung and comparatively unknown, but they will not remain so long, now that the ship canal is completed between the waters of Huron and Superior, at the Falls of St. Mary; our adventurous yachtsman seeking a new excitement, will be able to leave England in "the merry month of May," cross the broad Atlantic, be tugged up the St. Lawrence, with its grand mountain ranges about the coasts of Labrador, and visit the ancient capital Quebec, the scene of the conquest of Canada, by the immortal Wolfe. Taking then a new start, he will pass on to the thriving and enterprising city Montreal, see there one of the greatest monuments of human skill, the Victoria Tubular

Bridge, next pass up the great river, its banks variegated with the smiling fields of an active population, and the remains of primeval forests, circumvent the rapids by means of canals, linger about the Lake of the Thousand Isles, and at Kingston enter the waters of Lake Ontario.

Sailing onwards he tarries awhile at Toronto, the capital of Western Canada, he then drops anchor in the Niagara River, and visits the great Cataract, the world's wonder, passing round it by means of the Welland canal, he navigates Erie or the Mad Lake, then the strait separating American from British territory, next Lake St. Clair, and enters the great Lake Huron, clustered with islands at its northern part, and abounding in the finest lake salmon and white fish, which the Indians of the Manitoulin islands know so well how to secure. At length, he will reach the Mecca of his pilgrimage at the bright waters of the River St. Mary, and engage there a half breed pilot to assist in the navigation of Superior—the father of lakes.

If we had yet to see all that the above

voyage promises, there is no undertaking we would sooner engage in for three or four months in summer, than a voyage from England to Lake Superior, and we now heartily recommend it to the notice of our enterprising yachtsmen.

Expecting a summons to the east before long, to assist in the great contest which was then raging, and for which at its, commencement, as was my duty (having been in Russia and in the Crimea before) I had volunteered, in the autumn of 1854, I got leave to pay a parting visit to some relations in the West, resolving whilst there to see, what I often tried in vain to do, Lake Superior.

With a pleasant party, which I happened to meet on board the Champion steamer, commanded by a fine manly specimen of a lake sailor, Captain Sutherland, we loosed from the wharf at Lachine, nine miles from Montreal, and by Kingston we reached Toronto.

In Canada, there is now a considerable admixture of Americans among our British population, and a genuine Yankee is not un-

common among the settlers; our fine land tempts them over the lines, they make improvements, and then "make tracks" for another *location*; but they always preserve the cool independence of their original "diggings." Thus an officer encountered in a narrow road near New London, a hay cart driven by an American citizen. The bigger load usually holds on its course, and the lighter vehicle is expected to give way to the other, and whilst the Yankee held on to the "crown of the causeway," our military friend disputed this arrangement with his dog cart; both pulled up, and the officer taking a newspaper from his pocket, read it for a time, and then crumpled it up. "Mister," said the owner of the hay cart, "if you're done with that paper, I'll take a spell of it." After this "the Britisher" seeing it was useless to hold out any longer, gave in.

Though the navigation of its lakes and rivers has been of the greatest use and advantage to Canada in summer, and the frozen tracks over the snow have facilitated intercourse and traffic during winter, yet, in this rapidly progressive

age there was a call for railroads here as elsewhere, so that in summer and winter one might pass freely along the length and breadth of the land.

The Canadians felt their way with some short railroads, next the Montreal and Portland, and then the great undertaking of the Grand Trunk Railroad, connecting the chief cities and extending a length of 850 miles, was begun, chiefly with British capital, and is now just completed. The vast and fertile regions of Michigan, Minesota, Wisconsin, and the Far West generally, of the American States, will be thus connected with the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic at all seasons of the year.

The giant work on the line of the Grand Trunk of Canada, is the Victoria bridge, the cost of which is estimated at £1,250,000. Its great square iron tube, two miles long, rests on 24 lofty stone piers 100 feet high, with sharp edges up the stream of the St. Lawrence above Montreal, to cut and splinter the large sheets of ice which descend on it in November. The span between each pier is 242 feet, and 350

over the navigable channel in the centre. The Victoria bridge, constructed on the principle of the Britannia bridge at home, will be well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to examine it, besides the peculiarities of the works on American railroads in general.

The progress of Canada has been immense since I first landed at Montreal on a mud bank a number of years ago, before the splendid stone quays, to be compared only to those on the Neva at St. Petersburgh, were built, when a sailing vessel sometimes took a month to complete the voyage of 180 miles between Quebec and Montreal, and when the prospect of having 1400 miles of railroad would have been considered an idle dream. But this has been realized and much more; for instance, the St. Lawrence has been tapped and sent by water works seven miles long, to the highest buildings in Montreal, under the direction of the Canadian Engineer T. Keefer. Then the deepening of the rapids, and removing large boulders in them, was an important work in progress when I left Canada, the importance of which, and its value to the mother country

cannot be over estimated. Would that many British statesmen would only visit this colony before legislating for it.

There were several good specimens of clever, calculating Americans on board the Champion, and we soon got acquainted, one said:

"Firewood is high in Montreal, ten dollars the cord."

"Then what is your remedy?" I enquired.

"Why this, let a smart Yankee come along with a steam tug and two barges, buy wood for two dollars along the banks, and sell it for five, why don't some of your folks lay hold of this?"

A Scotch farmer from Chateauguay, said that all the firewood about him was used, and they must now burn the fences, and throw several fields into one. He had both French Canadian and Irish labourers, the former were more willing than the latter to work, but did much less, being lighter men.

We rounded the long and low spit of sand forming the harbour of Toronto, its fine buildings and church spires rising before us along the flat beach, with numerous lake craft and

steamers in the foreground. When I first saw Toronto, in the time of that admirable public officer Sir John Colborne, (Lord Seaton), it contained 3000 inhabitants, now it numbers 45,000, and when we walk through its streets and see its handsome stores, filled with choice goods from Europe and the States, and observe the business air of the well-dressed inhabitants, the good horses and vehicles moving actively about; we cannot be surprised to hear that property has increased enormously in value here, and that labour is in great request, sometimes two dollars or 8*s.* 4*d.* per day being the wages. There is no direct taxation, the merchants and traders are in good credit, and education is carefully attended to in excellent schools and colleges. The fertile soil of the back country, with thriving farms up Young Street (or road) &c., may have been the chief cause of the rapid growth of this fine city; and as railroads are now radiating from it, its onward progress will, no doubt, be amazing.

Still let the inhabitants of Britain, who can live in tolerable comfort at home, be made aware that the American climate is trying for

many constitutions, and "ages" a person sooner than that of our native island. The heat is great in Toronto in summer, when the lake becomes a great basin of tepid water; and in winter the ice boats and skaters wheel rapidly over some feet of ice on the frozen bay, when furs, and stoves, and all the appliances to resist a severe winter are in demand.

I drove out of Toronto to the Milton Mills of Mr. Gamble on the Humber River, and tarried there for a day or two with his amiable family. The country and woods were very attractive about Mr. Gamble's place, six miles from Toronto. I also stayed a night with my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Widder, on the shores of Lake Ontario. Mr. Widder is the chief commissioner for the Canada Land Company, (proprietors of the great Huron Tract &c.), and is a gentleman highly esteemed for his ability, and for his attention to his important duties. The company sell and let land.

Next morning I was up at five, and off to the station of the rail which led north of Toronto towards Lake Simcoe, &c., where formerly I had ridden with the Lieutenant Governor to see *a*

mile of experimental wooden tram-way, we had now the iron path extending towards the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. But matters were as yet conducted roughly, the man who took me in a cab to the station, asked me a dollar for the short journey, on my objecting to the charge, he said, *he* had to get up and get his breakfast before bringing me along.

Then there was no cover for passengers at the terminus, and the baggage was thrown down on an open platform; the conductor having called out "all aboard!" the cars began to move on, and as no one had taken charge of my portmanteau and bag, nor of twelve others lying there, I called out that the baggage was being left behind, whereupon the guard cried:

"Get on board yourself, jump! and we'll take your baggage!"

I saw it thrown on board, and pitching my roll of cloaks on the step of one of the cars, I sprung after them catching hold of a rod of iron. Now all this was dangerous and very bad, a lady could not have taken a flying leap

without the risk of losing her life. But in America, one requires to keep the "eye skinned," as the saying is, or life, limbs and baggage may suffer.

The night before an attack had been made on the train, with what object it was impossible to conjecture. Three men were observed at a place called the Cross; they lowered the telegraph posts as the locomotive came up and cut the engineer under the ear with the wire, and followed this up with a volley of stones which knocked out two of his teeth, he stopped the engine, and ran back, but they were off.

The sheriff of Barrie was in the car. We stopped at a station on Lake Simcoe, and he asked me to get out and look at a new steamer there. To my surprise, I found my baggage on board, and about to make a voyage without me on the lake, I got the things back on the cars, and we reached Barrie, when the sheriff politely looking out for a covered conveyance for me, I got into it, and found two handsome young women in it; and we journeyed on together towards Penetanguishine, 38 miles off, through the woods, and by a rough road.

At "Hamilton's," the half-way house, a country inn, where the young women left us, we stopped to refresh. I found some old soldiers there, hanging about; and, addressing myself to a fine tall fellow who saluted me, and rejoiced in the name of Paddy Murphy, I asked him his corps. He replied, the 13th Light Dragoons. I said I had been in that regiment in India, when immediately, in a state of great excitement, he called out to the others (late of the 79th Highlanders), "Oh! blood and ouns, here's an officer of my old corps!" and wanted to treat me. I said, I hoped he did not indulge in drinking; and as he was an old Peninsular and had been wounded at Salamanca, he ought to take care of himself, he replied: "I will die, Sir, and then there will be an end of the drinking."

Charles, the half-Indian coachman, asked me if I wanted some dinner. I said, I did; and he and a friend of his, also a *bois brûlé*, sat down with me to bacon and eggs, cheese and tea. The two were very polite to me, and to one another. After our repast, a little man came up, looked at me, and asked me if I was

the Bishop of Toronto. I had a broad-brimmed white hat on, blue neck-tie, dark shooting-coat and vest, and thick 42nd trousers. I certainly did not expect to pass for, even in the woods, a dignitary of the Church.

I replied, I was not a bishop, and enquired why he asked. He said, he was expecting the Bishop to come along that way. His daughter was going to be married, and he wanted her to be confirmed first; then, pulling out a square of tobacco, and biting a piece off it, he added, winking his eye at the same time, "I expect we'll be able to marry her without it."

As we drove off, the dragoon came up to shake hands with me, and to borrow a quarter-dollar, of course not for bread.

The road did not improve as we went on through the forest. First, in a deep rut we lost a wheel. This was put on again. Next an iron under the pole broke, and the horses turned round, and looked as if to see what had happened. A stout fellow came up and helped us, exclaiming, "that's the music!" as things were painfully screwed into their places with the

drag-chain and a rope. It fell dark, and we jolted and lumbered on. Like the ship-boy,

"On the tall and giddy mast,"

I can sleep almost anywhere; but I was suddenly awoke from a doze by a violent pitch forward of our vehicle, which then remained stationary with its stern in the air. The pole, fore-wheels and horses had become detached from the body of the elegant conveyance, and the two half-breeds were laughing, whilst they were trying to hold on by the reins and pick themselves out of the mud. We had lost an important bolt.

Charles said to me, "Will you ride one of the horses to Penetanguishine, Sir?"

"What will you do with the portmanteau? You can't strap it on a horse."

"No, we will leave it in the bush."

"That won't do; I will remain with it, and you go on with a horse the twelve miles for help."

Whilst this was being arranged, we heard voices and the noise of wheels in the wood,

and three teams with waggons drove up. I transferred myself and baggage to one of them, and found they were freighted with Lake Superior miners, their wives and traps. There was a discussion whether we should stay at a wayside inn or not.

"No, sirree! I'll stay in h—— rather," said one of the wild fellows, "bad fixings there, the bread is sandy."

One of the women who had no cloak on, and was sitting on the top of some harness, complained of cold as we "squirmed along," as they termed it, through the deep road, so I put a plaid about her.

"William," says one of the men to the husband, "you'll lose your wife now."

"No fears," I said, "unless I want two."

At last, after I had begun to be fearful about the state of my habiliments from the rough seat, we arrived at the inn at Penetanguishine, and getting into my travelling night-bag, I slept like a top till half-past five; then, refreshed with a country walk before breakfast, cleaned my boots as I best could. Grease is more used than the "incomparable Warren,"

in these mining, lumbering, and hunting regions.

There is a fort and barracks at Penetanguishine. A staff officer of pensioners, Captain Hodgetts, was there with his family, and he had charge of the pensioners. The place is beautiful in summer, with its bay, woods, and heights, its wild fowl shooting, and fishing ; but in this remote part, away from all society, the long winters are terrible. Some of the pensioners cultivated their patches of ground, and grew the best potatoes on a sandy soil, (Penetanguishine means "moving sand") I ever saw. Some drank, and some had married young wives !—with the difference of years, 20 and 50, much domestic happiness could not be expected.

The Lake Huron steamer, Kaloola, coming in from Sturgeon Bay, I put my light baggage on board, and we stood out into the waters of the Georgian Bay, and were assailed by a strong wind and a rough sea. Captain Currie was a good specimen of a Lake Huron skipper, an Argyleshire Highlander, never without his blue bonnet, and hardly ever off the deck.

"I wish I had never learnt this route," he said, "the dangers are many, there is no good anchorage to save us from being driven on shore, and there are no lights here to guide us, the government has not done anything yet for the lake."

We touched at Owen Sound Settlement at an early hour. On board there were several singular characters, including Ben, the porter, who cleaned boots, and wrote verses on the passengers, including Lord Bury, who passed up about this time with Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, the author of some very clever works, "Minesota," "The Shores of the Black Sea," &c. The indignation of the Italian steward, a tidy man, had been excited by the whittling practices of an American, whom he followed round the deck to pick up his chips; at last, he looked the unlicensed whittler in the face, and said: "Next place we stop at, I'll go ashore and get a d——d big log for you!" (to whittle).

It is supposed that a man's character may be judged by his manner of whittling; thus, if he does it away from himself, he is a

foolish and careless person, but if he whittles inwards, he is evidently thoughtful and careful.

After passing Horse Island, we witnessed a lively scene; half-a-dozen sharp-ended, and broad-beamed Macinaw boats, with crews of fine, active-looking, and noisy half-breeds, fishing for salmon, trout, and white fish, with gill nets. They salt and export the fish, and thus make their living.

We next reached the Indian settlement of Shebanoning. The houses here, among grey rocks, were the smallest, with door and window I ever saw. There was a fertile meadow behind them where fat cattle grazed, in the foreground were some conical wigwams, canoes, and long-haired squaws, and papooses (or children) swaddled and strapped on back boards, to keep them out of mischief, Indian fashion.

Settlements like this at Shebanoning, and at Manitowaning on the great Manitoulin Island, (which we also saw) are not likely to improve, if the Indians are collected and are left unmixed with good settlers to set them an example of

industry. The poor red man, if left alone, is apt to live from hand to mouth, and to rely on the uncertain produce of the chase and the fish spear; but in good hands, he can be brought to attend to seed-time and harvest like his white brethren. Thus, at Assinaboyne, in the Red River settlement, the Rev. Mr. Sutherland collected some Crees, got them to plough, sow, and plant, by setting them the example himself, and they all have fields and gardens, and all the winter, eat potatoes with their wild meat, whilst others are in great want and misery.

If Indians are encouraged to cultivate the ground, and get spades, ploughs, and harrows, they may alter their mode of life; but if they are supplied by the white men (for his advantage) with guns, powder, and blankets only, and are told, "What is the use of farming to you? do as your fathers did, hunt, and we'll take your peltries," they will always remain hunters, and the vast regions in Prince Rupert's Land continue merely a great preserve for wild beasts.

We were now on the North shores of the great Lake Huron, the La Cloche Moun-

tains rising to the height of 2,000 feet inland; and we presently approached the long wooded heights, below which are the Bruce copper mines, where we descried rows of houses, indicative of a large establishment. I landed at a wharf, and found an intelligent superintendent of the mines in Mr. Barron. He had prepared for a visitation of cholera, which had been moving through the country; had removed all accumulations of dangerous matter, and had attended to the drainage. Out of the 600 people usually employed about the mines, he had not had a death for two or three years; only one woman, and she was ill when she came there.

I saw some Cornish miners employed, also French Canadians, half-breeds, &c. The wages were £10 a month for those employed below the surface, and 6*s.* 3*d.* a day for surface work. The miners, though they had good wages, are unsettled in this part of the world, and "track off" as soon as they hear tales of what is doing elsewhere. Winter is the best season for work, for then they cannot get away by coasting along in canoes for the Sault Ste. Marie, &c.

I was rather interested about copper mining, having brought from Africa, as I believed, the first rich specimens of copper from the Orange River; and which region has lately attracted much attention on account of its mineral wealth.

At the Bruce mines, I saw the open cuttings, the steam crushing mill, the jigging house, where, by washing, 15 per cent of mineral was got, but it was hoped that by the new dressing machine, 25 per cent would be realized. A steamer takes the ore to Buffalo periodically. Another intelligent gentleman, Mr. Pilgrim, whom I found at the mines, recommended extensive explorations, by the Government, of the north shores of Huron and Superior for minerals, and thus prevent, in future, the practice of mining parties buying large tracts of land on the mere chance of finding mineral wealth, and often throwing away their money uselessly.

This was a region of bears, and there was much talk of them, their habits, their emigrations, points of land where they cross straits by swimming, and where the Indians lie in wait for

them, and pursue them in canoes, and knock them on the head in the water. A boy had shot a cub and its mother had fled, next day she had returned to the place and partly devoured her offspring—a singular mode of proving her affection. Elsewhere, when a calf dies, the body is stuffed with hay, and the mother gives down her milk; but, in licking her dead offspring, the lacing sometimes gets loosened, the hay appears, and is quietly eaten by the afflicted mother, which comforts her, poor thing!

I was awoke in the night with a disturbance on board the 'Kiloola;' a convivial party from the mines had been indulging too freely. "Sam!" cried one, "you said you would beat me and my brother, Davison; now I'm ready to box you, and to box naked—real thumpin'—that will hold—ye said so, me and my brother!"

Then another man wanted to fight anybody for half an hour, and he told the captain so, who replied, whilst trying his utmost to preserve order: "There's one on board who will beat you in ten minutes." "Where is

he—show me him!" cried the other, and he searched the boat for him. Captain Currie meant the brandy bottle he had in his hand, which would soon knock him flat. One must be prepared for some rough scenes in these remote 'diggings.'

After daylight, we sailed through the most beautiful scenery imaginable, up the St. Mary's River, twenty-five miles long, and connecting Lakes Huron and Superior, where rocks, trees, and clear water, and pure air, exhilirated the senses. I saw no fort built here to command the channel, which I was surprised at. It is to be hoped, however, that by the exercise of common sense and Christian feeling, on our side, and on that of our neighbours, it will never be necessary to have here

"Towers along the steep."

We had the high land at Lake George on the right; the Echo Lake there is worth exploring, and pensioners might be advantageously placed about here. It blew hard against us down the St. Mary's River; and where a squall of rain crossed us, the captain said there was rain there

every day of the year, unless I suppose "when it snawed."

A great object of attraction was now before us, and on which we could not cease to gaze with intense interest, the Sault Ste. Marie, usually called 'the Soo,' or the waters of the great Lake Superior coming tumbling and foaming down past wooded islands, in the form of a broad rapid, with Fort Brady and an American town on our left, and a fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a scattered British settlement on the right.

"Simmary," as the Americans call Sault Ste. Marie, will rise to be a place of great importance, as no doubt a vast traffic will pass through it, now that the ship canal is constructed, to enable uninterrupted navigation from the centre of the North American continent to the Atlantic.

Mr. Allan Macdonald, a very well-informed gentleman, a chief of Lake Superior Indians, and with considerable influence among them, came off, and I accompanied him on shore to an inn kept by a very civil man, Mr. Pym; here we found others connected with mining; and copper ore, and specimens of different kinds,

were seen in all directions in the house. In the passages were the bundles, and the rifles, and axes of explorers.

After dinner, we essayed to cross to the American side in a boat; an equinoxial gale was blowing; a sail-boat was capsized before us, and I loosened my shoes for a swim; but we managed to reach the other side with only a wet jacket. The first remarkable objects we saw, were masses of pure copper lying on the wharf, ready to be shipped off; one was marked 2000 and odd pounds weight, another 4542 pounds! These masses had been painfully cut out of the mine, by means of a chisel and sledge-hammer; but miners find it is easier to deal with the sulphuret of copper, by means of stamping and washing, and more profitable than cutting out, with great labour and expense, solid pieces of nearly pure metal.

After inspecting Fort Brady—a square enclosure of stout palisading, and containing wooden barracks, where Captain Clarke commanded, and with him two subalterns and forty men—I lost no time in proceeding to view a work of great importance, and which, if some of our

legislators in Canada had acted wisely, would have been on the British side; I mean the ship canal, a mile in length, connecting the waters of Superior and Huron, and thus overcoming the impediment of the 'Soo.'

We saw 1200 workmen, mostly bearded, employed in excavating, blasting, and building along the course of the canal. These. labourers were either Irishmen or Germans. I conversed with Colonel Glen, the state engineer, and I remarked there was one objection I had to make to the canal, it was on the wrong side. "Well," he said, "we waited for you to make the canal on the north side; but, as you did not, we did it on ours."

The dimensions of the ship canal at the Sault Ste. Marie are these:

The length	5694	feet
Depth at low water mark . . .	12	"
Width at the bottom	64	"
At the water level	100	"
At the top of banks	115	"
The locks each in length . . .	350	"
The width of ditto	70	"

The cost of locations, construction, &c., is estimated at 1,066,751 dollars. The excavations are mostly through rock and granitic boulders.

The locks are supposed to be the largest in the world. I saw a quarter of a mile of solid-faced masonry, twenty-five feet high, ten feet thick at the base, with heavy buttresses every twelve feet, all of which was laid in hydraulic cement; and the stone for facing was brough, several hundred miles from Sandusky. There was increased cost of work in 1854, labour and provisions were high, dysentery also prevailed and cholera cut off the constructor and head carpenter.

Five hundred thousand acres of pine land, and two hundred and fifty thousand acres of mineral land have been located in connexion with the canal, that is the Federal Government granted to the state of Michigan seven hundred and fifty thousand acres to raise funds to get the canal through.

I went out with two Indians, in a canoe, to the bottom of the Sault, to see the method of catching white fish, here most delicious, with a

scoop-net at the end of a pole. One man stands at the bow, looking over it keenly into the clear and rapid water; the other steers, and keeps the canoe up to the proper places where the fish are running up stream. The quickness of eye of the Indians is wonderful in detecting the fish, and their dexterity great in fishing it out. They also use fish-spears, and the life of a white man was saved by one of the latter some time ago here. Some adventurous young men, in a sail-boat, not taking any Indians used to the Sault with them, thought they could shoot it; they got into the boiling water; the boat pitched over, head foremost; two managed to cling to her, and escaped; one only of those who missed his hold of the boat and was hurried down the Sault was saved; an Indian in a canoe was fishing below, and seeing a body come down under water, he drove his fish-spear at it, caught the man by his clothes, and brought him on shore half dead.

I now put myself in the hands of a clever Indian named Canaush, or white man—as he was fairer than the others about him—in order

that I might have a short cruise on the waters of Lake Superior. My friendly landlord, Mr. Pym, stowing away some provisions in the bottom of a fine 'north' canoe, we commenced with a crew of four stout Indians to pole and track up the side of the Sault among some islands, then paddled away past Point aux Pins towards Gros Cap on the right, and Point Iroquois on our left—so named from a great massacre of the tribe there by some of their enemies, who had surprised them when encamped, and expecting no harm from the lake side.

Lake Superior abounds in remarkable natural curiosities; there is an immense scope for the pencil there, and curious Indian legends may be gathered there, connected with its lofty headlands and caverned bluffs.

The painted rocks are great objects to visit at the lake, where they stand out fantastically into the water, are hollowed out into caverns by the action of the waves, and are crowned with foliage. The lichens which cover the cliffs are of various hues: yellow, grey, burnt sienna and deep brown; whilst bright blues, greens and

scarlets are not wanting—the effect of the whole is wonderful.

On some of the painted rocks on the lake, the dates of early voyages are still on the lichens, 1764 is one of these; whilst rude figures of alligators, by Indians, indicate a traveller from the Missisippi. Horses have also been scratched on the rocks; wild swans drinking water with their heads raised; bears pursuing hunters, &c. Pic Island is remarkable, as it overhangs its base like a mushroom, and is difficult of access; a strange and silent lake, cliff bound, is in the interior of the island.

At Gargatua Point the canoe is usually stopped over the dark water, to allow the stranger to observe the rocks, jutting up from great depths in pinnacles under the surface, whilst the gigantic figure of Manebajou, 60 feet high, sits on his rock and looks sideways and solemnly across the vast lake. Offerings are made to him of tobacco by the Indians to help them to a good wind for their western voyages. The Indians also expect the white voyager to contribute a piece of money; anything will do that has any value.

Isle Royal, rich in copper, belongs to the Americans, as do the beautiful Apostle Islands on the south shore. Thunder Cape, a great promontory on British territory, rests like a huge lion, 1,400 feet high, by the side of the lake. Cariboo Point is where the most curious of the hieroglyphics are seen, handsome agates are also found there.

Canaush said, in describing the perils of the navigation, that he had taken a young Englishman and his tutor, some years ago, to see the painted rocks on the south coast, it came on to blow so hard that the canoe and passengers were cast by the waves right in among the trees and bushes of an island, where they lived on berries for six days, getting only one white fish from an Indian after a walk of twelve miles for it; at last, after the wind subsided, they got away from their prison.

The five great Lakes of North America cover an area of 90,000 square miles. Ontario is 180 miles long, 65 broad, and with an average depth of 500 feet; Erie 250 miles long, 80 broad, and 200 feet deep; Huron 200 miles long, 160 broad, and 300 feet deep;

Lake Michigan 360 miles long, 108 broad, and 900 feet deep; whilst the great Lake Superior is 355 miles long, greatest breadth 160 miles, mean depth 988 feet, its elevation above sea level is 627 feet, its area 32,000 square miles.

Lake Superior has its dangers like the other great lakes, and is subject to squalls and tempests, raising waves, unlike the long swell of the Atlantic, but quite sufficient to engulph those who are not prepared to encounter their power.

Mr. J. L. Wilson, mining on Michipicotton Island, said that, in navigating the lake in open boats in gales, when he got on the crest of a wave and saw white water on both sides, his boat then might sink for want of support; in which case he would suddenly lower his sail and let the wave go past.

The copper mines of Lake Superior appear to have been worked long ago by the Indians with rude tools, and their descendants, as I understood, know from their ancestors of several valuable mines still undiscovered by the white men, and the localities of other mines have been

communicated from time to time 'for a consideration;' yet much, it is said, remains to be revealed.

Though the land close to the lake, in many places, appears barren and unfruitful, and the vegetation of black and white spruce, red pine, birch and aspen stunted, yet inland, at some distance, this is not the case; trees increase in size with a deeper soil, and corn, fruits and flowers, reward the industrious cultivator of the useful and the beautiful. An American shewed me some very early wheat which he was introducing at Lake Superior, and which he said would be ready for the sickle in seventy days after it was sown. He was also taking up turnip seed from Quebec, where seed imported annually from Scotland produces the best turnips ever tasted anywhere.

The whole of the coasts of the lake are rock bound; the southern, or American shores are comparatively uninteresting in the way of scenery, but the north, or Canadian shore, consists of a series of the most picturesque islands, of crags and cliffs descending sheer into the clear water; nature being exhibited there in her most fan-

tastic guise. There also is the great cataract of Kakabeka (or straight downfall) near Fort William, 130 feet high and 450 broad, besides minor falls on the numerous rivers which feed the lake from the north.

The salubrity of the climate of Lake Superior is a great recommendation, and it is very bracing for invalids exhausted by the heats of the south. The Americans say that at Keweena Point the cold is not more severe there than in the New England States. The temperature of the water throughout the year, in the centre of the lake, may be stated to be from 30° to 40°. The lake from its great depth does not freeze in the centre, but sometimes as far out as 15 miles from the shore, the ice can be traversed with safety with dog sleighs, that is when storms are not breaking it up. Bears and deer are sometimes seen taking an involuntary voyage on a detached floe of ice.

Dr. Jackson, U.S. geologist, re-discovered, from the old French records, those valuable copper mines which have since yielded so abundant a supply of ore, on the southern shores. The operations of the Lake Superior copper

company commenced in the year 1844, at Eagle River, were not successful; but their successors, the Phœnix Company have raised and exported from the Cliff mines, great quantities of ore. They also discovered a quantity of the black oxide of iron. Copper has been found in masses of 100 tons weight at Eagle River, and 900 tons are said to have been got out in one year, also silver. Stamp ore is that which requires to be crushed along with the rock in which it is diffused, and barrel ore consists of lumps which are shipped in barrels.

Before these American lakes were touched by railroads, the value of their commerce was estimated at 327,000,000 dollars; what it will be since the iron horse has reached them is incalculable.

The fisheries of Lake Superior are very valuable, the Indians depend greatly on the fish for their living, though bears, Alpine hares, porcupines and wild fowl reward the successful hunter.

From Fond du Lac, at the west end of Superior the great Mississippi River is not far

distant, rolling its turbid flood over the Falls of St. Anthony, and towards the waters of the Gulf of Mexico; but to see and enjoy wild life, the active traveller might arrange, at one of the Hudson's Bay Company's Forts, an excursion through the forest and wilderness land north-east of Lake Superior, and not stop till he reaches Hudson's Bay, and then ship himself for home at York Fort.

We paddled, sang boat-songs, refreshed on shore, and the Indians smoked their kinnikinic leaves mixed with tobacco. A Lake Superior excursion is very enjoyable; I could not make a long exploration, for two reasons, it was late in the season, and it was hard work paddling against the north wind in the end of September; then I expected to hear of my regiment going to the Seat of War from Malta, and I had the prospect of my leaving the staff to join it, so, as a finish here, we "shot" the rapid of the Sault Ste. Marie, which we recommend to those fond of excitement.

The Indians took a moderate "horn" of fire water before attempting this, tightened their belts, and Canaush going to the post of honour,

the head of the canoe, to guide it with his paddle and clear the rocks, the man at the stern had to obey the short and sharp orders of Canaush.

The water was sooth at first, and we glided along quietly, the paddles dipping to keep the head of the canoe in the proper direction; as we looked at the bank we observed the great velocity of our course, it increased as we got among loudly threatening and wildly tossing black waves with white crests, and were pitched and dashed through them, Canaush standing up in a fine attitude watching the rocks, and the dangerous eddies among them; we shot past the wooded islands, and reached the bottom of the rapid, amidst great noise of angry waters boiling and sparkling round us.

A scene of great excitement was exhibited elsewhere on this day, the Battle of the Alma was being fought, and some old and valued friends were being violently hurried into the eternal world, whilst we were "shooting" the Sault Ste. Marie.

We passed Indians "scooping" for white fish,

and heard of accidents from drink at the Sault. Indians tumbling out of their canoes and being drowned. Indulging in fire water does not suit such a fall as that of Ste. Marie.

Parting with some new friends at "the Soo," I embarked in a noble steamer, the 'E. K. Collins,' with one of the finest and loftiest saloons I ever saw afloat, apparently 16 feet high, painted with zinc colour and dead white; velvet-covered couches were provided, and there was a great display of plate in a glass case. Alas! all this bravery could not save her from destruction, this was the last voyage of the 'E. K. Collins,' she was burnt to the water's edge one night near Sandwich, and some of the hands and passengers perished by drowning.

We had well-dressed ladies on board, and rough-handed miners, who had "paid their money and took their choice" of the best that was going, their appetites were "a caution." We had beautiful clear weather, and enjoyed the scenery down the St. Mary's River, past Sugar Island, Neebish, St. Joseph's, and Drummond Islands; on one of these, a retired officer

solaces himself with literature, and two wives—Mormon fashion.

After a time, we steered due west for the entrance of Lake Michigan, and saw before us, resting on the waves, the Island of Michilimacinac, or Mackinaw, like a great turtle, which its name implies. This island is remarkable in the history of the west, as being the scene of the massacre of the British garrison by the Indians, instigated by the French colonists in the days of Pontiac. This great war chief flourished about the year 1760, when Canada passed from French to British hands. A "ball play" was got up outside the Fort to attract the garrison to witness it, squaws were sent into the fort, with tomahawks concealed under their blankets, unarmed Indians strolled in, their weapons were handed to them by the women, and inside and outside the fort, the garrison were surprised, and fell under their savage butchers.

In the war of 1812, Mackinaw was surprised and captured from the Americans by a small British expedition, and at the end of the war was given up, as was also Detroit, Fort Niagara, &c.

But the chief claims Mackinaw has to our attention, are its picturesque beauty, its pure air and the deep clear water around it. So healthy is it, that the Americans say, "if a man wants to die, he must go somewhere else."

We passed the Jesuit Mission House, now a hotel, and saw a curious old church with a quaint spire. The houses of the settlers were built along the beach in a crescent shaped bay, where were also the tents and canoes of some Ojibbeway Indians; above was the fort with block houses at the angles, mounted with brass guns, and over all the stars and stripes floating.

It is worth while to pass two or three days at Mackinaw, good wholesome fare and magnificent trout and white fish will be found there. Also an old fort inland to examine, a natural arch, the pinnacle rock, and the cave of sculls, where one tribe of Indians smoked another to death; and wild raspberries, whortle, and strawberries are found in "the fall," whilst one wanders about inland.

The highest part of the island, which is a mass of brecciated limestone, is 1100 feet above

the lake. "There are some rogues at Mackinaw," said a fellow voyager, "it used to be a thriving place, but by the change of routes, it's not going ahead at present, so there's some *sharking* done here, a man will engage to take two or three strangers out in a boat to fish, will put off the time, and charge them 10 dollars ahead before he brings them back again."

It came on to blow after leaving Mackinaw, and sea-sickness laid low many of the passengers, as we passed the level shores of Michigan; at New Port we took a large scow or flat bottomed boat in tow, for what reason I could not ascertain at first, as it impeded our progress, but when we stuck fast on the shoals below Lake St. Clair, and heard this order "Gents who are not sick or asleep get on the flat!" along with a deck load of potatoes and sand ballast in barrels, I found out the use of the scow.

The current carried us some distance from the steamer, but the passengers made the best of our "unpleasant fix," some ate peaches, others played at a gambling game called euchre,

the wind rose a little, and an Irishman called out "Bi' mi' sowl we'll niver get to land!" whilst a facetious American answered, "it's all right, change your quids, trim the boat, and take a reef in that bag of potatoes!" At last, after six hours knocking about on the flat, we were towed back safe to tea; after which a negro band, three of the waiters, producing a guitar and fiddles in the saloon, and singing out as a sort of accompaniment the figures of the dance: "Gents advance;" "hands around;" "Ladies chain;" &c. induced those so disposed, as it was elegantly termed, "to take the knots out of their legs."

I disembarked at the thriving city of Detroit, a fort and village were only there when the gallant Sir Isaac Brock* captured it, and now it contains 40,000 inhabitants. I put up at Windsor, on the British side, for the convenience of getting away by rail on Monday, I attended Divine Service at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, and was much pleased with the slow,

* Mrs. Drake, of Amherstburgh presented me with the chair he used at her house, before his success at Detroit, a highly valued relict of a noble soldier.

deliberate, and distinct manner of reading there, and which seems to be the style in the States generally, and is decidedly the best, also the church service was judiciously shortened, though the entire worship occupied the usual time.

Cholera had lately visited Detroit, but though severe at Pittsburgh and elsewhere, it was moderate in its demands of victims at Detroit, which is a healthy place. As there are many absent proprietors of the wild lands about Detroit, by putting up at the hotel of an old sporting friend and excellent shot, Mr. Fellers, bears, deer, ducks, and prairie "chickens" may be got not far off.

The Great Western Railroad, through one of the most level, fertile, and promising regions of Canada was now just in operation, the names not yet painted at the stations, and the working of the line not yet perfected. I was fortunate here, as I had been with the 'E. K. Collins.' A terrible accident, after I had passed along the line, occurred at night (though accidents are as yet comparatively rare on Canadian lines) when three or four score people

were smashed together, from a sand truck being left in the way, and several were killed.

There were few passengers going east in the car with me, which was calculated to hold fifty. Elsewhere, under similar circumstances, a down-east Yankee, lean and tall, was travelling, and seated behind a widow, after several efforts "he caught her eye" — and addressed her,

"In affliction?"

"Yes Sir!" she replied.

"Parents—father or mother?"

"No Sir."

"Child p'raps, a boy or girl?"

"No, Sir, not a child," she answered "I *have no children.*"

"Husband then, 'xpect?"

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Hum—cholery? a tradin' man, mebbe?"

"My husband was a seafaring man, the captain of a vessel, he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned!"

"Oh! drowned, eh?" cried the other, and after a moment's consideration, he continued, "save his chist?"

"Yes, the vessel was saved and my husband's effects."

"Was they?" said the interrogator, his eye brightening, "pious man?"

"He was a member of the Methodist Church."

"Don't you think you got great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man, and saved his chist?"

"I do," said the widow abruptly, and looked out of the window. For the last time, the Yankee returned to the attack, and leaning over the back of the seat, he said confidentially.

"Was you calc'latin' to get marryed again?"

"Sir," said the widow, "you are impertinent!" and moved to the other side of the car.

"'Pears to be a little huffy," said the bore, turning to a passenger behind him, "she needn't be mad, I didn't want to hurt her feelings,—what did they make you pay for that umberel you got in your hand? It's a real pooty one!"

At Hamilton, I visited friends living in capital houses, Mr. Isaac Buchanan and Mr. White, on the cool ridge, whilst it was blazing hot below. A handsome verandah, glazed, at the residence of the former is worth trying, as in winter it keeps out the cold wind, and in summer the reflected heat and glare, thus preserving inside an equal temperature.

I next went to visit my relatives, Mr. and Mrs. J. Colquhoun, up the Grand River, with its beautiful banks, to Berlin (originally a German settlement), where everything is rapidly improving, with a rail going through the settlement. There is little crime in these parts, for when I visited the new Court-house and jail, I only found one prisoner in the latter, a horse thief. When Germans quarrel, they take out a knife and score one another; but they are generally quiet, kind and peaceable.

I was pleased with the style of farming about here, the huge wooden "bank barns" 100 feet long, placed against a bank, costing from 800 to 1000 dollars, and containing besides the corn

and hay, the horses and cattle, well arranged for feeding "by the head." It was quite a picture to see the farmers' daughters, not sitting on piano stools, but along side of the cows in the evening, milking, and neatly dressed, after the fashion of their old country, in stuff gowns with pink trimming round the bottom of the short skirts, and red handkerchiefs on their heads. They were fresh and clean, and in good case, and would no doubt make thrifty partners for country folks.

Bidding adieu to that land of great promise, Canada West, I went from Hamilton by steamer, and encountered an equinoxial storm on Lake Ontario, accompanied with thunder, lightening and hail; the Arabian steamer rolled and pitched terribly, and alarmed both male and female passengers, some prayed, and others sang hymns. We reached Kingston in safety, and then sped down the rapids of the St. Lawrence "like a hurricane" with the west wind blowing strong behind us.

CHAPTER IX.

Leave America for the Seat of War in the East—Embark at Boston—Fellow passengers and their peculiarities—An Abolitionist—Arrive in England—Ordered to Cork—General Mansel—Doings of young Soldiers—The Author is done by Old Women—The Saldanha Transport—Messing on Board—A tilt against the Rum Cask—Occupations on Board—A Fire Parade—The Coast of Spain—Beautiful yacht-sailing through the Pillars of Hercules—Scene of a Wreck—The Coast of Africa—Pantalaria—Arrive at Malta—Excursion there—The Climate—Advertisement of a genius—Sail for the isles of Greece—The Ship on Fire—The Dardanelles—Constantinople—The Hospitals at Scutari—The fatal Slide—A pugnacious Priest—The Opera——Roguery—The Bosphorus—The Black Sea—Anchor at Balaklava.

At length the order, long expected, came in the beginning of 1855, for Europe and the seat

of the war. It took very few days to pack, to take leave of valued friends, and to quit America, probably for the last time, and to undertake the tenth voyage across the Atlantic. The weather was clear and cold as we journeyed by Burlington to Boston, thence shipped in the Canada steamer for Liverpool. The sturdy pilot in beard and moustache stood on the clean deck, the weather was bright, and a chilly N.W. wind blowing as we glided out of the harbour. We left a snowy track behind us in the black waves with their white crests; gulls, following after, dipped their wings in the brine. Though I had left, I believe, many friends in the land of the West, I felt exhilirated under the influences around me, and what was in prospect. Nothing could have induced me to go back, or to step into the clipper schooner with its white cotton sails which conveyed Mr. Going, the pilot, ashore.

Our fifty passengers remained very quiet for a time, till they had become accustomed to the motion of the vessel, and then their peculiarities became apparent. One, a Frenchman, was a first-rate pistol shot, could drive

a cork into a bottle of champagne placed horizontally, and could hit at one shot, five times out of eight, six bullets placed on an iron plate; this is done by the ricochet, and hitting the plate in front of the ball.

We had a strong abolitionist of slavery on board, and there were very hot arguments about "the domestic institution." Among other anecdotes he gave of his experience of slavery was this: "I lived, he said, "on one occasion a week with a planter; he was a careless sort of a man, and left the charge of the house and everything in it, to his coloured housekeeper, a bustling woman fifty years of age, whom he used to consult, and called always 'Aunty Kitty.' We had many arguments about slavery, and the last morning I was with him he said, 'We don't want any slavery here, it's a bad thing; we would free our slaves if we got the money for them. Aunty Kitty, what is there for dinner?'

"'Don't Aunty Kitty me, you brute,' cried the housekeeper, 'you talk abolition before the stranger, but you didn't tell him you sold my daughter to a nigger driver, and she has gone

south.' The planter hung down his head and said nothing. I enquired privately the particulars of this affair. The housekeeper said, it was quite true that her daughter had been sold, she was nineteen, and a pretty girl."

If a man has slaves left him, what can he do? he cannot sell them at once, and so starve himself and family, but he can always improve the negro and prepare him, by careful teaching, for eventual emancipation, and that event might not be distant, if the northern people would help with their money, as Britain did with her millions, to free the slaves. Yet, too hurriedly did emancipation take place with us, for the good of either white proprietor or black slave, as I had occasion to notice in a progress through the West Indies years ago, and also saw the effects of sudden emancipation of slaves at the Cape of Good Hope, in causing the emigration of the Dutch Boers in thousands with their slaves.

Arrived in London, we were allowed a short run to "the north countrie," to visit

home and friends; and as we turned south again, we could not help repeating these old lines:

> Adieu fair Snawdown* with thy towers hie,
> Thy Chapel Royal, park, and table round,
> May, June and July, would I dwell in thee,
> Were I a man, to hear the birdis sound.

But it was some weeks before H.M. Transport 'Saldanha,' was ready for the detachments I had to take charge of to Malta and the Crimea. In the meantime, the Emperor and Empress of the French arrived in England, and left in the midst of great enthusiasm. This was the event in the spring of 1855. At last, I was ordered to Cork, and found 28 officers and 750 men of the 3rd, 9th, 14th, 39th, and 89th regiments ready to embark, in the stout and well found ship, of which Captain Wylde was the active and zealous commander, with Lieutenant Hawkey, R.N., an old ship mate on the coast of Africa, as the Admiralty Agent.

General R. Mansel, K.H. commanding the

* Stirling.

Cork division, was quite in his element in preparing the troops for embarkation, and seeing them placed on board. He was constantly at work, in or out of his office, and rendered most valuable service during the war, at a very important point of departure.

There was a delay of some days at Cork, and after the morning's work was over, I had great satisfaction in viewing the environs under the kind pilotage of the Messrs. Jennings, seeing Ballincolig Castle, and Kilrea Abbey and Castle, ancient upright stones, commemorative of the fall of chiefs in battle, Raths and inscribed Ogham stones. I had formerly visited Blarney Castle, and kissed the stone which possesses such a power of "sootherin," and I listened with pleasure to the bells of Shandon, and entering into the spirit of these touching lines:

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in
Tolling sublime in
    Cathedral shrine,

While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music,
Spoke nought like thine,

or memory dwelling,
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,

Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

The young soldiers who were scrambled up and sent to the war, were necessarily imperfectly drilled and disciplined for want of time to do this, the best was done that was possible with them under the circumstances.

A set of villains got hold of them sometimes in Cork, who "hocussed" them in public houses, and when they were asleep stole their ammunition-boots, and thus many came into barracks of a morning with bare feet.

One day the General gave them a lecture and threatened to confine them to barracks, when suddenly a large number

took a start from the ranks, and jumping the barrack wall disappeared, they were brought back, or came back by degrees when their money was gone, and they had "had their fling."

At length, the "Saldanha" arrived from Liverpool. I went down to the ship at Queen's Town to make arrangements with five officers, one hundred and fifty men and the baggage, returned and mustered the remainder of my charge at an early hour next day on parade; it is dangerous for soldiers to take leave of an afternoon to the tune of the "Girl we left behind us." I was pleased to march the remaining six hundred young fellows out of the barrack square all "sober and alert," followed by a crowd of women, the men cheering, the band of the 2nd Somerset militia playing us down the hill, and an Irish boy saluting me at parting with "God speed ye, Sir!"

I thought—of all these boys, officers and men, rejoicing in their youth, who will return? perhaps half according to the rate of the casualties hitherto in the Russian war. We

went down the river in two steam boats to the ship. I watched closely for drink, but saw none, however to my great annoyance out of the hold of the other steamer many men rolled up drunk, and it was difficult to get them over the side of the "Saldanha," with their packs and muskets handed up. On investigating this, I found that certain old women had stowed themselves in the second steamer, and sold milk "laced" with whiskey, "an iron hand in a velvet glove" to knock a man down, hence the mischief, and how the old women "done" me.

But all were shaken into their places as soon as possible, and every one was searched for lucifer matches, and those that were found were thrown overboard. The men were berthed, divided into messes, arms placed in the racks, chakos over them, the pouches with ammunition were stowed away in barrels in the ship's magazine out of the way of danger, and a few pouches left out for an emergency; best clothes were put away, and old ones looked out for the voyage.

The "Saldanha" of 1563 tons, and 60 men

of a ship's company, was too crowded with 28 army officers and 750 soldiers besides—838 souls in all. We had 150 too many for comfort; there were standing bed places for 350 sick from the Crimea, but we could not swing hammocks conveniently for the additional numbers going to the seat of war; however we tried to make the best of it, though it was difficult to keep the ship as clean as we wished, and tried to do, with such a crowd. A good mess was established for the officers, it cost, with a pint of wine, beer, and a glass of grog at night, 3*s.* 6*d.* each; the ship was well found in provisions for the men. I wish it were the custom in the service to give no grog on embarking, only tea, coffee or cocoa,—beer might be allowed, if it were not too expensive and did not take up too much room. In a week and after a bout of sea sickness, men would not miss spirits, if they got two or three times a day something warm to comfort them, exhilirating but not intoxicating. I tested this system twice exploring, and proved its advantage with men accustomed to daily spirits,—without spirits, after a month, they would feel so much better,

that many might leave off their use ever after. The human body cannot be healthy or well prepared for wounds with daily drams, the finest muscle loses its power, more or less, under alcoholic influence; a man's temper is generally better without than with spirit drinking.

At this time of writing, St. Patrick's Day, I see men and women, boys and girls staggering out of town, the worse for liquor, that infernal whiskey, and which is seldom tempered with water by the working classes; many youths will date their ruin from this day.

We sailed with a favouring breeze, the soldiers in the castles, at the mouth of the river, turning out and saluting us with bugles which we replied to. In the evening we saw the old head of Kinsale.

Next day, I observed the decks unaccountably wet after breakfast, and I found the men had thrown about their cocoa, and had not drank it. I enquired the reason of this, "they did not like it, they were not used to it—it was like dirty water," I was obliged to harangue them by detachments, from the top of a hen coop,

explained to them that they had the best of food on board, that they must get accustomed to the cocoa, and that they would be glad of it after a week on service ashore; that every justice would be done them by their officers, and though we were crowded, yet all must endeavour to be contented and to be pleasant to one another. With more "sweetening" to their cocoa, they took to it, and all went on well.

After they had got over their sea sickness, they were marched and trotted round the decks with a drum and fife for exercise. We had foils, boxing-gloves and single sticks, sea quoits and shuffle-board for the officers. All our books were thrown together to form a library for the officers; there was also a stock of books and tracts for the men's reading during the day, and a fiddle in the evening for dancing. We had much singing, and a couple of conjurors frequently exhibited their skill; one of them had an egg bag with him, and other apparatus of the black art. We had variety enough on week days, and on Sundays the religious duties were devoutly attended to, the Presby-

terians singing their psalm tunes with great fervour. The officers were gentlemen, and an excellent Adjutant was found in Lieutenant Terry of the 9th Regiment.

A "stout party" on board was accused of pretending illness to avoid his turn of watch. Perhaps he was of that great family, one of whom said of himself:—

> "I've ne'er had a ganius for work
> It is not in the blood of the Bradys
> But I'd make a most elegant Turk,
> Being fond of tobacco and ladies."

It was said of the above worthy, 'Why is he like England?' 'Because he expects every man to do *his* duty.'

Warned by long experience of sea voyaging, and by the late fearful example of the 'Europa' transport, which took fire, it was supposed, from a lucifer match, and the destruction of which was fatal to Colonel Moore of the dragoon guards, several non-commissioned officers and men, and all the horses of the detachment on board—as soon as our people had got their sea legs, a fire parade was arranged, crews were told off to the boats, the boatswain

and his mates were appointed to the charge of the fire engine, hose and water tubs. Bayonet sentries were placed, under the orderly officer, along the upper deck to preserve order, enable water to be passed, and prevent a rush to the boats; the rest of the soldiers were below under their officers, and ready to pass water, or be otherwise employed. The Captain of the ship, of course, had the command on his own quarter-deck. The fire bell was rung, and we went through the form of extinguishing a fire in the fore-castle.

I think this matter, though we had no orders for it, is of the greatest importance, viz: a fire parade in troop ships, it prevents hurry and confusion on the occasion of a fire, and it should be practised as soon as practicable after leaving the harbour.

The fifth day after leaving Cork, we sighted the high mountains on the coast of Spain, with their varied outline, and the extensive buildings of Cadiz in the distance; far out at sea black and high prowed boats were pulling over the waves as if going to fishing grounds, then a mountain near Trafalgar appeared, with beautiful

effects of light and shade on its bare top and grassy sides; next the red and yellow flag of Spain waved over the castle and towers of Tarifa, remarkable in the Peninsular War for its siege and stout defence. The coast of Africa now rose before us, the rugged Apes' hill, backed by the giant Mount Atlas, its flanks loaded with snow. Our enthusiasm was roused as we passed through the pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean Sea, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" and on our left, Gibraltar's high promontory, its fawn-coloured town clearly seen, and two hundred ships detained at anchor by the west wind.

"This is beautiful yacht sailing," said one.

"But have you secured a return ticket from Sebastopol?" asked another voyager.

"Well we must 'put our trust in Providence, and keep our powder dry,' that's all we can do."

We passed the magnificent ridges of Sierra Nevada in Spain, then Galita and the Serti Rocks, where Her Majesty's ship "Avenger," Captain Napier commanding, was lost. The "Avenger" was one of two steamers which left Gibraltar in 1847, they raced in a gale of wind.

One went north, the "Avenger" south of Galita, and thus she smashed on the Sertis. Lieut. Rooke was saved by a miracle almost, he was in his cot after his watch, ran on deck when the vessel struck, and got off in a boat with the carpenter and a boy, all the rest were drowned; but the Lieutenant never got over the shock, he died sometime after, and the carpenter and the boy went to sea again, and have never been heard of.

We passed Cape Guardant, Bay of Tunis. Twelve miles from Tunis are the ruins of Carthage, they are now about three miles from the sea, an aqueduct remains "to point the moral' of its fall, of Carthage which ruled three hundred African cities.

Next was Cape Bon and the fine Neapolitan island, thirty miles in circuit, of Patalaria; a volcano is four miles inland, and a lake in the crater with sides rising a hundred feet above the water, which is unfathomable. Patalaria has craggy ridges, is well cultivated, producing figs, olives, cotton, vegetables, &c., — many white houses appeared among the fields. There are four thousand five hundred souls

on it, and some of the Neapolitan nobles are banished there, they might be in a much worse place, "apperiently," according to the pronunciation of an Hospital Sergeant. 'How's that man to day, Sergeant?' 'He is apperiently better, Sir.'

We were not far off the place where Graham's Island, a mile round, rose from the wave to a height of one hundred and eighty feet, had the British flag hoisted on it in 1831, and sank again in 1832!

After a splendid run of thirteen days, we sighted Malta, and at night, as we rounded in by the south coast, it was exciting to see the planet Jupiter shining over the lighthouse of the Castle of St. Elmo, as our guiding star. We sent up signal rockets, a pilot came on board, the anchor plunged into the water of the harbour, and we were soon on shore and climbing the steep streets of Valetta to the Strada Reale. I paid my respects to the General, Sir James Ferguson, visited a relative Miss Mayne, well known and much esteemed in society at Malta, and then returned on board, previous to a hot day's work, which consisted

in disembarking some of the detachments, and taking on board others as "food for powder."

There was a delay of two or three days at Malta, till all was ready for the continuance of the voyage, and I took the opportunity to see as much of this remarkable island as possible; the church of St. John, the Palace of the Grand Masters with their portraits, and a curious Armoury, containing old swords and firelocks, suits of armour—some of which were dented with balls, about the time when it began to be disused; light and handy scymetars of the Turks, of the period, when they took, after desperate fighting, the Castle of St. Elmo; the black armour of a Spanish giant, &c.

The view over the harbour from the Barracca was not omitted, and an inspection was made of some of the magnificent auberges, of the different languages of the Knights of St. John. Then at an early hour in the morning, off in a calèche, with Captain J. Lewis of the Buffs (my new Adjutant), to Città Vechia, in the middle of the island.

The treeless country at Malta is not very attractive to a stranger, driving between stone walls and along a dusty road, yet one cannot help admiring the industry of the inhabitants in the cultivation of their fields, and off the hard rock by forced soil and manure, producing the crops they do. The well-watered garden at St. Antonio, the summer residence of the Governor, Sir William Reid, K.C.B. with its trees, flowers and walks was inviting as a half-way house.

The cactus plants, and a palm or two by the road side, waving their fringed leaves in the air, indicated that we had got to the land of the sun. At the old capital, we saw the church and grotto of St. Paul, in the latter a statue of the earnest servant of God. A priest, for a *honorarium*, conducted us, with a boy carrying a light, through the catacombs there. Above ground we were assailed, as is usual here, with old women extending the hand and whining out, with their head on one side, "Miserabile! Miserabile!"

Malta in winter, that is for seven months of the year is very well, but the other five months

are killing. I have seen the three doctors of a regiment ill at once there, and all the officers very piano from the heat, and on the sick list constantly. Singular that at Malta it has not been the custom to wear white cap covers as in India. I have a wholesome respect for an eastern sun, and know well its power on an European head.

I was in the Opera House at Valetta, but it was hot work, one advantage it has for the British frequenter of it is, that it helps to the acquisition of Italian. Many professors of the language are to be found at Malta for the seeking, and willing to impart their knowledge at a reasonable rate. One card I got, surmounted with the Royal Arms, was comprehensive enough and ran thus: "The Rev. J. Florian teaches the French, Italian, and Latin languages, the piano-forte and the guitar; he takes daguerreotype likenesses; prints on brass or lithographic stone, *guilds* and plates, bronzes, washes and cleans gold, makes busts of different colours, on forms, black, blue, and red ink, copies music, makes mirrors, &c.,

St. Francis Convent, Strada Reale."

Representing to the authorities at Malta, that we were over-crowded by 150 men, I got that number less, and we breathed freely with 600 soldiers on board,—we left Malta towed by the "Cambria," a powerful steamer, and stood away towards the Isles of Greece. At the Horse Guards, I was told I had to stay at Malta six weeks and drill a battalion, but I was ordered on at once, I never asked the reason of the change, but I was afterwards very glad of it.

For the benefit of the new detachments, I gave directions for another fire parade. Some of the officers seemed to think it unnecessary, as our voyage might be a short one, however, we had the parade, and half an hour after it was over, and whilst the men were at dinner, the orderly officer ran down to where I was reading in the cabin, and said, "Sir, there's a fire in the ship!" I could hardly believe him at first, however, on going forward I found the main deck full of smoke, and that there really was a bad fire.

It appeared that the baker, a landsman, had left the ash-tray out in his bakery, and

the live cinders dropping on the deck had burnt through it in his absence, and the sergeants messing below were half choked with smoke.

The fire bell was immediately rung, all knew and took their places, the engine was rigged and brought into play. Lieutenant Hawkey, and Dr. Bews, staff-surgeon, were particularly active with wet blankets, the deck was broken into through the bull's eyes, the burning wood deluged with water, and after half an hour's hard work all danger was over. This was a practical illustration of the use of fire parades.

We had two young doctors on board, who were full of zeal and anxious for cases; at dinner a report was brought to the youngest of them that a female was unwell, and near her confinement, he bustled about and got what he thought was requisite for the emergency, but returned to table much disconcerted, and sat down amidst great laughter, when the interesting case turned out to be that of a sheep.

We reached the rocky coast of the Morea,

and passed between Cape Matapan and the Island of Cerigo; opposite the Gulf of Athens appeared the bare heights of Zœa,—then Cape Colonna, with the pillars plainly seen of a ruined temple of Minerva, excited the greatest interest as the scene also of Falconer's "Shipwreck." Next was the considerable Island of Andros with its white town and vessels of quaint rig stealing out of the harbour; presently the interest was changed to the shores of Asia Minor, to the site of Troy, to Mount Ida 5,700 feet high, to Tenedos, behind which the Greeks hid their vessels after the stratagem of the wooden horse was successfully practised.

We entered the Dardenelles between the castles of Europe and Asia. The field of Marathon was not far off, and we were in the midst of scenes of the highest interest in history. The walls of the fortresses commanding the strait were deeply marked by the hand of time. We observed where Byron swam from Sestos to Abydos, a French three decker was passing up there, towed by two steamers, then came the "Montezuma"

towing a frigate full of French soldiers at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora, its islands famous for marble quarries.

We kept Her Majesty's birthday on board, fired the ship's guns, three volleys of musketry, and hoisted all the colours, and soon after saw the "Seven Towers" of Constantinople the Magnificent, and brought up amidst a fleet of ships opposite the Golden Horn, on which looked down mosques and minarets, the walls of the Seraglio and vast piles of building relieved by the fresh green of the interspersed trees, — a glorious panorama.

We landed first at Scutari, and Major Sillery, commandant there, was so good as walk round the great hospital with me, and showed me the arrangements which seemed perfect. The wards were well ventilated, beds and bedding in first rate order, a shelf at the head of each bed for books, cooling drinks or any little article the patient might stand in need of, good medical attendance, a corps of nurses, and in a cellar plenty of good Marsala and beer for the convalescents. Rows of wounded

men in bed, and officers moving about on crutches, told the tale of war not far distant.

Rowing towards Seraglio Point, a broad shoot or slide of wood is seen commencing from a door in the upper part of the garden wall, and terminating in water running rapidly past below. Strange stories are told of this slide; apparently it is for shooting garden rubbish into the Bosphorus, but it is said that it has been employed also to get rid of faithless ladies, who, brought in sacks to the fatal door, were hurried down the descent, and disappeared beneath the wave. That cries of distress have been heard at night by men-of-war anchored near, armed boats put off to assist, nothing seen at the time, but next day another ship coming in, turning up with its prow sacks with beautiful females in them, so it is related.

The streets of Pera and Galata were crowded as usual with men and women, Oriental and European costume mixed up with many red breeched French soldiers. The barracks of the French were on the Constantinople side of the Bosphorus. I went off in a light caique to

visit the new and splendid palace nearly finished, of the Sultan, at Dolma Bagché, and fell in with a pugnacious French priest there; we were refused admittance at the first door at which we presented ourselves, which roused the ire of my friend, "we must get in here," he cried.

"How?" I asked.

"Draw your sword and go in as our officers do!"

"That won't do with us," I said, "let us try another door."

We did so, and saw workmen employed on the beautiful blue, white and golden walls of a magnificent hall. A handsome mosque was near, I proposed to go and see it; we were stopped at the door as I expected, and a man pointed at our boots.

"Draw your sword!" again said the priest.

"No, no," I said, "pull off your shoes if you want to see the inside," and he was reluctantly obliged to do so.

It is only right and proper, and no hardship, to comply with this custom, as there are mats to walk on in the mosques, and though

this priest said so, I do not believe the French officers forced their way in Turkey, sword in hand, into places to which access was refused.

I paid my respects to Rear-Admiral the Honourable Sir Frederick Grey, K.C.B. in command at Constantinople, and then went to see what was not thought of, when I was last in these regions, the opera. I heard some "loud" performance there, but the smell of the place, and the dust on the floor were not agreeable, though I can put up with a good deal of *misere;* the charge for the boxes was about four shillings.

We now got bales of summer clothing for the men, consisting of a drab tunic and trowsers like sacking, and made at Trieste by contract. The bales were said to contain 300 suits each, and I was asked to sign for a certain number of bales. I declined till a bale was opened and counted; to the surprise of the officer appointed to issue this clothing, not only for our people on board the Saldanha, but for others at the seat of war, one hundred suits were deficient out of three hundred. Here was wholesale roguery.

We moved up the Bosphorus with all its beauties of natural scenery, and cheerful with oriental architecture, trees, gardens, and fields. Transports were coming down with sick and wounded, and many more besides ourselves were pressing onwards, freighted with men and horses for the great struggle in advance of us. The Sardinians were with us, and they swarmed like bees on the British steamers in which they were embarked, crowded on the decks and sitting along the hammock nettings, in hundreds, in their grey-undress.

The contest had been flagging for some months, in fact since the bombardment in October nothing very important had occurred, now however it was commencing again in earnest, from all we saw as we entered the Black Sea. On our right was an old Castle, where two English ladies, incautiously approaching to sketch, with only one attendant, had lately made a narrow escape from a wild garrison, some of which tried to detain them.

Fogs impeded our progress across the Euxine, then clearing off, we saw the wild and rocky coasts of Crim Tartary before us, breasting the

waves with high cliffs of dark red and ochre colour. As we sailed on, two beautiful doves alighted on our taffrail, emblems of peace, with burnished wings of yellow and bronze. We listened for the sound of cannon as we dropped our anchor outside Balaklava Harbour, we soon heard the solemn boom of a large gun, then others at intervals, "the deep breath of the cannon's mouth." We knew then that we were in time, that the great siege was still going on, and that though peace might be expected eventually, yet from all the preparations we saw around us for the vigorous prolongation of the contest, scenes of great excitement and interest must ensue before we could expect the end of the Russian War.

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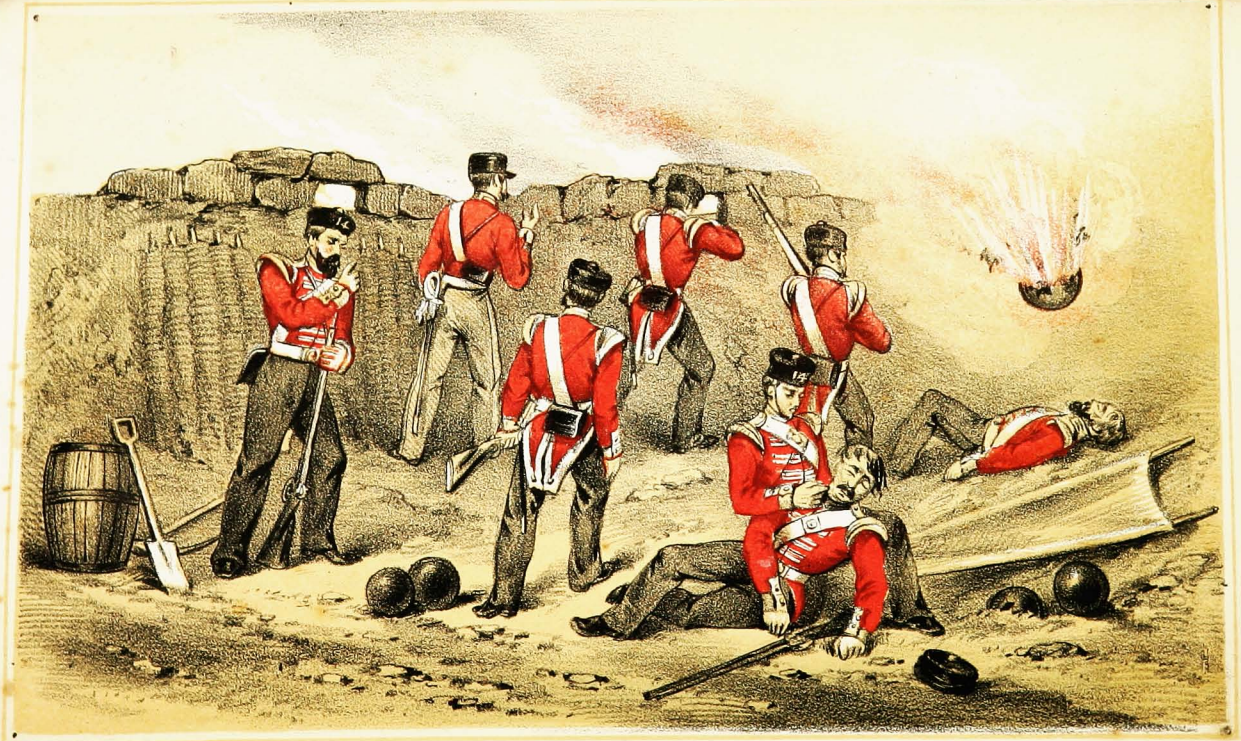

J. E. Alexander

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SCENE IN THE TRENCHES.

PASSAGES

IN THE

LIFE OF A SOLDIER,

OR,

MILITARY SERVICE IN THE EAST AND WEST.

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL

SIR JAMES E. ALEXANDER, KNT., K.C.L.S.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL AND ASIATIC SOCIETIES, &c.

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IN

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

Sevastopol—Recollections of a former Visit to it—Distribution of the besieging Armies—The Right and Left Attacks—Good spirit of the Soldiers—Their Duties in the Trenches—The General's Hut there—Casualties in the Valley of Death—Imprudence of young Soldiers—Hardships and sufferings of the Siege in Winter—Soldier's Song—Trench Life in Summer—Commissary-General Filder, C.B.—Lieut. Donelly, R.E.—Death of Captain Maunsell—A Hot Place—The Sailors of the Naval Brigade—Incidents of Trench Work—Sergeant O'Grady—Facetious Soldiers and Sailors—Return to Camp.

THE household word, "Sevastopol," is attended with many strange, pleasing, and distressing recollections. "This fair and

false city," growing up from the small Tartar village of Aktiar, on the north side of a magnificent harbour, to the dimensions of a metropolis, with handsome public buildings, ornamented with tower and spire, and massive columns, with wide streets of capacious houses, and with suburbs extending to the east and west like the wings of a spread-eagle, was first known to the writer several years ago, when Field-Marshal Diebitch was victorious at the Balcan, and Admiral Greig commanded in the Black Sea. Several very agreeable excursions were made from Sevastopol in those days. The crypt town of Inkerman of the Tauri, who are said to have had human feasts, was examined; the city of the rock, Tchufut-Kalé of the Karaet Jews; the fortress of Mangoup Kalé of the Genoese; the charming valley of Baidar; the highly picturesque south coast was explored; Kaffa, Simpheropol, and the Tartar city of Bakteserai were visited. The unpleasant recollections of Sevastopol were those of a long detention in

quarantine after a voyage from the seat of war in a Russian frigate with the plague on board; of a confinement in the north fort, Severnaia, on suspicion of being an emissary of the government, after the unexpected visit to the harbour by Captain Lyons with the frigate *Blonde*, and a forced journey to St. Petersburg in winter as a prisoner, though previously a volunteer with the army; lastly, the bloodshed and loss of friends at the ever-memorable siege, and the long months spent on the bare, bleak, and dreary plateau of the Heracleotic Chersonese.

During the siege, and after it, the British divisions were pitched in white rows of tents to the south of the city, and the French occupied ground to the right and left of the British, ravines intersecting the encampments, and becoming deeper as they approached the ramparts of Sevastopol, which were thickened with well-rammed earth, and bristled with thousands of cannon.

The British force was divided into the Right and the Left attacks. The Right attack had to deal with the great Redan chiefly, and the works to the right and left of it. The attention of the Left attack was chiefly occupied by the Garden battery, the Crow's Nest and Street batteries. However "a shell from the Redan!" was nearly as familiar, as a warning, to those engaged on the Left attack as to their brethren on the Right.

Every evening during the hot summer months and the autumn of 1855, till the fall of the place, did two bodies of trench guards, 2,300 and 1,500 strong, march down the centre ravine and the Valley of Death to relieve those on duty in the trenches the previous twenty-four hours. A general was daily on duty in the trenches of each attack, a colonel commanded the trench guards, and subordinate officers commanded detachments of the regiments of which they were composed.

In the forenoon, the colonel got from

the brigade-major the details of the guards, he then took the pleasure of the general as to their disposal in the trenches, or was allowed to make his own arrangements, if considered capable of doing so, and it was a very responsible task. He went in the evening to meet the guards at the place of rendezvous at the head of one of the ravines, saw them march off, and accompanied one of the detachments into the trenches.

The men were in forage caps, red coatees, cross-belts, and dark trousers; they carried, with the light and handy Enfield rifle and bayonet, sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, their great-coats and water barrels; following them was a keg of rum, and last of all the stretchers—blood-stained—to carry the slain warrior to a hastily-prepared grave in the trenches, or the wounded soldier back to his hospital in camp, after being treated at a sheltered place in the trenches.

Though the men knew full well that

some of those who went nightly down to the trenches in the pride and strength of manhood would never come back, or would be borne helpless and in pain to their camp, there to lose a precious limb, or to die after a lingering illness in hospital, yet they went down always gaily, full of "chaff," and talk, and joke, though some of a grim nature certainly; and while marching down with parties, even singing and whistling as they went, it was distressing to think how transitory might be the joyousness of many of those fine fellows, and how their tune would be altered on the morrow; but, as the song of the immortal Wolfe says—

> "Why, soldier, why
> Should we be melancholy boys?
> Why, soldier, why,
> Whose business 'tis to die?"

The place of rendezvous, Left attack, was in the hollow between Cathcart's Hill and the left picquet-house, where the detachments assembled, and where the colonel met

them, called the officers about him, and gave them their instructions as to the disposal of their parties in the trenches by night and by day, but ever varying as the trenches were advanced to the front, towards the Garden, Creek, and Barrack batteries. A careful commander would give instructions *in writing* to each leader of a party, so that there could be no mistake. There was a major, second in command, and an adjutant attended the colonel as his aide-de-camp, and a bugler to carry his waterproof and havresack. Two doctors were also detailed for duty for each attack—of those of the Left, one took up his position in a bomb-proof between the third and fourth parallels, the other at Green-hill, in the rear.

The Woronzoff road, that admirable macadamized highway, planned and executed by our enlightened *quasi*-foe, but real friend, the Count Woronzoff, carrying one into Sevastopol from the south coast through beautiful scenery, and terminating in a deep

and battery-commanded ravine at the Karabelnaia surburb, was a point to be especially watched against sorties. A smart captain with a hundred men was usually selected to lie in this road, behind a small mound forming a rude traverse, whilst detached from the party, and in front, were a subaltern and thirty men to guard the *chevaux-de-frize* of iron which ran across the road. The Woronzoff road was no quiet sleeping place. All night through, round shot or whistling grape might be expected up it, or a sortie from the Russian picquet-house near the termination of the road. In the early morning, the party was withdrawn from the road, and retired by the right of the second parallel.

Then between four and five hundred men would be told off for that position of excitement and of shells, the fourth parallel, and twelve double sentries in the fifth parallel, whilst others were thrown out to the edge of the ridge. Every officer and man was told off as at quarters on board

ship. The men were posted behind those parts of the parapet over which they could fire easily, and not at those places where the banquette or step was not completed. It was hard and rocky ground to work on, the sound of the pick immediately drew fire, and little soil, and that painfully collected, was there to afford shelter. White stones and rocks in many places formed the parapet, soon to be dashed with blood. The best mode of disposing of the advanced sentries, was found to be to distribute them along the parapet, first of all, in skirmishing order, then to make them go over at once and take up their positions. They were thus more rapidly placed, and avoided observation, as they were not collected in groups and posted one after the other. Latterly, a subaltern remained out with the sentries, and a captain, as before, went round and occasionally visited them.

The cemetery with its stone tombs and black crosses, low down and on the left of the fourth and fifth parallels, was a post of

danger. About one hundred and fifty men lay in this by night, and were constantly liable to be stirred up with shell and vertical grape, though safe from round shot by reason of the terraces which crossed the ravine in rear of the cemetery.

On the left of the fourth parallel were caves or "ovens," in these lay fifty or more men to watch the enemy who might crawl up from the houses and gardens below.

The cemetery party was almost all withdrawn by day to the fourth parallel, where the major was posted to keep up, with about four hundred men, a fire at any of the enemy showing themselves in their works. The reserve was disposed to the right and left of the second parallel by night, and withdrawn into the caves overlooking the Valley of Death during the day.

No men except gunners were latterly left in the third parallel, which became a mass of gun and mortar batteries, from whence and to which a constant storm of large and deadly missiles was kept up, over the heads

and sometimes into the bodies of the occupants of the fourth and fifth parallels. Double sentries connected one part of the zigzags with the other, and communicated between those in the Woronzoff road and Cemetery.

The colonel's place was usually by night in the fourth parallel, occasionally he moved about to see that all were on the alert, or he rested for a time at a traverse, or in the rifle-pit in the centre of the parallel, but always wide-awake, ready to start up and direct the men to meet a real or supposed sortie, of which there were several right up to, and over the advanced trenches. The colonel's position was sufficiently lively, when it was directed that a steady fire of rifles and musketry should be kept up all night by good shots from the advanced trenches, of both attacks, on the Redan and the works in rear and on the flanks of it, to prevent the enemy repairing the injury done to their works by the bombardment during the day—the artillery at night assisting the infantry with fire-balls.

At early dawn the colonel left his post in advance, and went with his adjutant to the second parallel, where was the General's Hut occupied by the general of the trenches, who, if all was quiet, at five o'clock, usually returned to camp with his A.D.C., and the colonel took his place for some rest in the hut.

The hut was a small chamber, constructed of sand-bags and covered with planks and earth. It was supposed to be bomb-proof, though a good-sized shell, falling plump on the roof, would probably have penetrated it—as it was, shot and shell struck the outside repeatedly, and men were killed all about it. It was a hot place for fire, and hot inside, in June, July and August, from the blazing sun.

A table occupied the centre of the hut, and two narrow benches on two sides, where, on a watch-coat, a sort of uneasy sleep was attempted till the soldier-servant brought one's coffee, biscuit, and bit of meat from the camp.

I have some agreeable reminiscences of

the General's Hut. After looking about in the morning to see that all was regular, and when not making my rounds at other times during the day, it was a pleasure to invite the junior officers, lying in the trenches near, to partake of the shade (hot though it was) of the hut, to eat their rations there, and talk about the progress of the siege. I made many esteemed acquaintances in the General's Hut.

It was not always reached from the place of rendezvous for the trench guards without casualties. The Russians pitched shells and fired round shot at the reliefs coming down the Valley of Death, and some took effect. Two of the 68th lost limbs as they came down as part of the guards. On another occasion a round shot was noticed to be hurtling towards some hundreds of the trench guards on the march down. All threw themselves flat to avoid it except one man. He stood up, but in a moment he fell back a bloody and headless trunk, struck by the iron mes-

senger. It was an ugly sight. One day, when I was in the trenches, a dozen of the Royal Irish, coming across, and exposed to firing, were struck by a shell; some were slain outright, and seven amputations besides were the result, whilst Major Harrison, 68th, riding over the iron-encumbered ground near Stony-hill, towards the first parallel, instead of keeping to the ravine, as he ought to have done, (but it was only his second trench, I believe), was knocked down, man and horse, by a round shot, and he died on the spot.

The Valley of Death was appropriately named. Shallow at the top, near the camps, it becomes deep, narrow, and solemn, as it approaches the city. Cliffs of shell limestone, with caves in them in many places, rise on either hand; in the caves dwelt owls, which screeched at intervals during the long nights of vigil, and the stunning noise of pieces of artillery was accompanied with the plaintive cry of a bird, whose note resembled the noise of a

shell in its passage through the air—" he heeo, he heeo."

One night the moon had risen, and the ground was clearly seen between the first and second parallels from the Great Redan. A troop of ammunition mules was imprudently crossing this space, with noise and clamour of the Croatian drivers, to make a short cut to a trench magazine. I was watching the result as I entered the second parallel from the valley, when, with a loud "whish" and bright blaze, crash came two gun shells among them, scattering them in a moment. The mules threw off their powder barrels, the drivers gathered up their baggy trousers and took to flight. More shells were then pitched among us in the trench. A stout fellow limped to the rear, struck with a fragment of shell, and leaning on his firelock, and I passed a poor corporal, struck into a mangled heap in the first zig-zag leading to the third parallel.

Young soldiers were imprudent on enter-

ing the trenches. It was difficult to prevent them making short cuts across open spots, and they invariably, if not checked, carried their arms on their shoulders, instead of trailing them out of sight, in moving through the parallels and zig-zags.

The Russians were very particular in having their embrasures secured with mantelets of thick rope, and even the guns themselves had a circular mantelet of the same material; so that they were fired with comparative safety, whilst the British embrasures were generally open. Our people had not the facilities which a naval arsenal afforded the Russians, to make bullet-proof screens; it was, therefore, dangerous to pass our embrasures for the stinging Minié bullet, or whirring fragments of shells. A big round shot would, of course, smash through any ordinary mantelet.

Who of those "who live at home at ease" can fully understand the extreme misery and wretchedness of our soldiers,

who nightly went down to the trenches in the winter months of 1854-55, on rations of salt meat and hard biscuit, inducing thirst and disease, plunging through mud, and arriving at their posts wet and weary, unable to lie down in the slush of the trench, and keeping a miserable vigil till dawn showed the pale, haggard, and mud-be-grimed "Crimean heroes?"

Frost, snow, and rain then alternated. If the trench guards sat down, they were perished with cold and wet: if they walked about, out of the trench and in rear, they exposed themselves to be shot, as the parapet was not sufficiently high to protect them. One night three poor fellows, overcome with fatigue, went outside the parapet to sleep on a dry place, risking the Russian bullets—they were all three shot. Trench life was not a pastime, certainly, summer or winter, yet some officers really took an interest in it, and I heard that deservedly esteemed and gallant soldier, Sir John Campbell, rally a field officer

one day about his partiality for the fourth parallel.

Shot and shell kept up the excitement, and this, with the labour of the pickaxe and shovel, tended to make the blood circulate; but it was wretched work altogether in these winter months. Our gallant dragoons saw and testified what the infantry underwent. No reward is too high for the men who passed through this fearful ordeal uncomplainingly. Sometimes they dropped by the way to or from the trenches never to rise again, their comrades not having sufficient strength to carry them home; or returning to camp they would enter a damp tent of single canvas, and then sometimes hunt in vain for fuel to cook their slice of pork. But Russians and all suffered at this time, and the Czar allowed a month of the siege to count for a year's service. The mortality at this time, the winter of 1854 and 1855, was 35 per cent. There were gloom and anxiety both at home and at the seat of the Eastern campaign. Yet, strange to

say, there were occasionally heard from a soldier's tent by night the strains of the now familiar air, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" to which these words are adapted:—

"On, soldiers, on!
Once more the path of glory
Opens its view before your longing eye.
March, boldly march!
And add to Briton's story
A page of valour that shall never, never die.
France, gallant France!
Fights valiantly beside you,
Shares in the toil and glory of the field.
The bands of conquest firmly will unite you;
The foe, though daring, shall be forced to yield.

(*Chorus, with energy.*)

On! soldiers, on!
Your banners proudly streaming;
On! soldiers, on!
You battle for the right;
On! soldiers, on!
Sword and bayonet gleaming;
On! soldiers, on!
Till victory crown the fight.

"On! soldiers, on!
Our prayers, our hopes attend you;

A nation's blessing cheers you on the way;
The mighty God of battles shall defend you;
Hearts deeply grateful will your toil repay.
Weep for the slain who die our cause defending;
Hallow their names and hand them down to fame;
Help the mourners on our aid depending,
They who love their country will admit their claim.

Chorus—On! soldiers, on!"

In June, the nights were, of course, warm enough, and the men not on sentry lay down in the trenches, or sat dozing with their backs to the parapet in their red coatees, forage caps, and white belts—a rather dangerous and conspicuous dress, to go over the parapet of a clear moonlight night, whilst the vigilant Russians were lying in wait in the Woronzoff Road, and in rifle-pits of loose stones at the bottom of the hill, on which were traced our lines of the Left attack. The Russians in their long drab great-coats could hardly be seen at night till one got very close to them.

In the hot summer months, the trenches were exhausting during the day, and the

thirst was great. Some canvas screens, provided at first, were carried off to the camp by soldiers and sailors, and those men who followed suffered. Firelocks were arranged here and there, and great-coats spread so as to afford partial shelter. But what with the heat, and the indifferent water, and sometimes stringy beef, (though the commissariat deserves the highest credit for indefatigable exertion to procure the best rations for the army), bowel complaint supervened after a twenty-four hours' trench.

In Canada, Commissary-General Filder, C.B., was well known as a most zealous and untiring public officer, working indefatigably himself, and making every one under him work also. Though he was careful of the public money, yet he was always desirous, and exerted himself to have the troops supplied with excellent rations, and I believe that in the East, under great difficulties, he fully bore out the character he had established after long Peninsular

experience, and at the head of his department in the West. He was selected for the Eastern expedition on account of his previous high reputation as a commissariat officer, but his health broke down in Balaklava the pestilent, where perished our old and much esteemed friend Admiral Edward Boxer, C.B., a man of unequalled zeal and activity in the service of his country.

Colonels in command of the trench-guards had their own several ways of doing their duty before retiring to the General's Hut by day. Perhaps, the better way was to wait in the second parallel till the old guards had passed out, and the men had taken their places in advance, than to go round by the zig-zags to the fourth and fifth parallels, seeing that all were properly posted, according to the previous written directions at the rendezvous; then passing by the right along the third parallel, and taking up a position on the left of it, or in the middle of the fourth parallel, where there

had been an old rifle-pit, till it was time to go the rounds again, and see that the officers and non-commissioned officers were keeping the men on the alert against sorties, and alive to jump out of the way of shells.

On the left, between the fourth and fifth parallels, was, as I said, the cemetery where, on the 18th of June, Sir William Eyre, K.C.B. led his brigade, and was fortunate to have escaped with his life (though with the loss of 700 men) from a sort of pit of hell, a bowl into which the Russian batteries pitched shot, shell, and grape from the front and flanks. The gardens and houses partially protected our men. It was most fortunate they advanced no further than they did, after gaining possession of the cemetery (which was held to the fall of the city), for then that most formidable work, the Creek Battery, with its ship-guns, musketry, five lines of *trous de loup*, and mines, besides the cross fire from both flanks, would have caused double the amount of casualties.

I here beg to record the gallantry and good judgment of Lieutenant Donelly, R.E. The night after the cemetery was gained by our troops, they retired for a time, after their great exertions, with their wounded to the rear, and ascended to the trenches above them. Next day there was to be a flag of truce to bury the dead. Lieutenant Donnelly, seeing the necessity of at once resuming possession of the cemetery, got leave to call for volunteers to reoccupy it. Sergeant Cooper and twenty men of the 14th Regiment, and ten riflemen, sprang forward, and they went down the slope under fire with Lieutenant Donnelly and occupied the cemetery, thus preventing the Russians entering it—Lieutenant Bradley and thirty more men, 14th, strengthening the first party. During the flag of truce, the British were thus in possession of the cemetery, which was afterwards a post of importance, and one also of peril.

One night, when not in the trenches, I was awoke by feet passing my hut, and a

voice said: "We must find the head doctor;" and another replied, "We will be all killed and murdered at that place." This was a party bringing up, on a blood-stained stretcher, from the cemetery, Captain Maunsell, a fine young man, of the 39th Regiment (our next neighbours in camp). He had left for the trenches a few hours before, full of health and in good spirits; popular in his regiment, and beloved by his friends at home. His post was on the right of the cemetery, where there was at first indifferent cover. A shell was seen in the air. "Look out! look out!" was the cry. It plumped down amongst the party and burst; the fragments took effect on a corporal and five men, whilst one of poor Maunsell's precious limbs was carried clean off, and was not found till next day. He jumped up and hopped about, and said to those assisting him, "Never mind me; see if any one is worse hit." There was some unavoidable delay in bringing him up to hospital. The hemorrhage was great, and

as he was carried past the brigade office, his pulse was low and his body cold. He died before he reached the surgery, and we attended his funeral, an impressive one, next day at Cathcart's Hill, where repose many noble remains of gallant men.

The hottest place for fire, I found in the Left attack, was a traverse in the 4th parallel. I took up my post there one night for some time with the party, commanded by an old Canadian friend, Captain Hawley, 89th Regiment. Four men looked out for shells, of which the Russians were particularly liberal. When our people sent one shell from the batteries in our rear, the Russians returned five, and then stopped till our side began again, and this went on for hours. When number one of the Russians came, "Look out!" was the word, "and count four more." They flew close over our heads, and burst behind us, and in the trench beside us. We escaped on these last occasions by a rapid rush and tumble of all hands round the traverse, I must say

in a very undignified manner, but there was no help for it. I happened to be on duty when the order was first given to keep up an incessant fire by good marksmen all night on the Russian works, to prevent by night the repairs of the damages by the bombardment during the day. The Russians sortied just before this began, and covered the sortie by volleys from their ramparts. Round shot, shell, and grape, were plied from both sides; the air was full of iron and lead; the missiles screamed and whistled overhead; the bellowing of great guns prevented one hearing; the flashes of light were blinding, and the smoke suffocating. Our people's blood was up; they stood up bravely to their work, and cried, "Let us jump over the parapet and meet them. They're coming on!" Soon, however, some of them were groaning and bleeding in the bottom of the trench.

The storm of great guns and small arms raged so fiercely, that it appeared in

camp as if a general attack was made on our lines, and soon Lieut.-Colonel the Honourable Francis Colborne jumped down into the trench, sent (as an Assistant-Quartermaster-General) to ascertain what was the state of affairs. The violence of the storm ceased, though not without leaving many casualties, and the rifle-balls vexed the Russian defences till daylight. The losses of the Russians were at this time very heavy.

On different occasions, I had as my adjutant, or A.D.C., Lieutenant Phillips, 39th Regiment; in moving through the trenches, and in keeping our vigils till daylight, we providentially escaped. About two in the morning, the eyes became heavy; with some effort we kept awake, assisted by the shot hurtling overhead, shells bursting near us, and grape-shot rushing over the parapet, like the noise of the flight of large birds, and then pattering in succession into the soil beyond.

Near the General's Hut, on the left,

looking towards Sevastopol, our gallant sailors of the Naval Brigade fought their guns and mortars most valiantly; they also replied to the sunken long-range guns of the Russians with two or three guns of large calibre, also sunk at an angle in the ground. One of these, a 68-pounder, they said, sent the balls clear over the harbour, and further than they could tell beyond it; the others crashed among the buildings of the town.

The sailors went to their duties with extraordinary alacrity, and did their work with their usual daring and activity; would put in a couple of shells, if they had the chance of doing so, to get rid of their pile, and fired at conspicuous buildings to produce an effect. One facetious character among them, George Adams by name, was fond of reciting poetry, and when it was sentimental the effect was ludicrous enough.

> "Would that I were a careless chy-ld,
> Still dwelling in my highland cave,"

was often in his mouth.

It was tantalizing to see the large Russian ships in the harbour, and for a long time apparently untouched by our missiles. It was supposed that their decks were covered deeply with sand-bags, and that it might be difficult to sink them if sails were hung over their sides, and their interior filled with bales of wool, &c. A French battery was expected to open on them from the right of the Mamelon, which it will be remembered fell with the quarries on the 7th of June.

Whilst the siege was at its height, the stories that one heard in the hut of wounds and death were painfully exciting; body wounds rendering fine strong young fellows invalids for life, arms and legs carried off, rendering others cripples to their dying day. It was the general wish that the Russians would come out and have a fair stand-up fight as at Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava; at last they did so on the Tchernaya. I shall allude to this hereafter, also to the bloody day of

the 18th June, and the fall of the strong city on the 8th of September. Incidents connected with the trenchwork are what I am treating of in this chapter, reminiscences of the days of fierce bombardments on our part, and replied to gallantly and unflinchingly by our Muscovite antagonists.

Watching, on one occasion, for a while beside a traverse at midnight, I heard steps approach; four men are carrying a body on a canvas stretcher.

"Who is it that is struck?"

"A corporal of the 4th, Sir; he is knocked to pieces. We are going to bury him here; he was struck with a shell in coming in over the parapet from the sentries outside, and Captain Paton, beside him, was wounded on the head by a piece of the corporal's body."

A grave is dug at one side, and the poor remains are at once consigned to their final rest. A religious sergeant used to carry a prayer-book with him, and on occasions of this sort read

the service by night or by day over the dead.

Towards the close of the siege incidents like the above became very frequent. Thus I had the first night half-a-dozen casualties, then eleven, fifteen, and so they increased. There were at last forty and sixty in the Right attack alone; whilst the French, more numerous than ourselves, would have one hundred killed and wounded in the twenty-four hours.

Captain Paton being disabled, as was just related, I was moving along the fourth parallel with difficulty among the legs of the trench guards lying down, when a shell, with its eye of fire, came on us from the Redan, pitched, and exploded with a deafening crash close to us. I was then particularly pleased with the activity and zeal of Sergeant O'Grady, of the 4th Regiment, who had taken his wounded officer's place, and went about encouraging men to be on the alert, either for shells or sorties. "Look alive, men! Don't go to sleep!" said he,

whilst he stirred them up with his foot. I recommended him to the favourable notice of his commanding officer, the energetic soldier, Colonel Williams, and he gave him a colour on his arm.

During the hottest part of the siege, and when casualties were rife, and the cries of the wounded were heard in passing the hospital huts, I saw a band of imitation negro minstrels singing and playing on the banjo and bones in the Guards' camp, whilst amongst the sailors, ridiculous figures, as a clown and Mary his wife, followed by a crowd, visited the different divisions, affording fun by their rough jokes.

I said the General's Hut was a warm place for fire. Thus, one Sunday, as Lieutenant Raby, R.N., of the "Wasp," was reading under his awning there, whilst a sailor was occupied with his Bible on the other side of the traverse, a shell came and burst. Then all seemed quiet, when a man reported that the poor Bible-reader was dead, a piece of the shell having passed from left to right

through his stomach. A man boiling coffee there had a leg carried off by a round shot through an embrasure, and a third had a gabion knocked on his head, the spikes of it making numerous festering holes on the skin.

But enough of these details in the mean time: we must not "sup full of horrors." Let us now, having seen our guards pass out of the trenches, and the new guards occupying them, after twenty-four hours of exhausting heat and of hot firing, wend our way with our bugler past the caves in the Valley of Death, picking our steps amongst the rocks and stones and innumerable shot and shell, of huge and of ordinary size, lying in the bottom and on the sides of the ravine, recalling to mind, whilst we do so, those beautiful words of Scripture—"Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

CHAPTER II.

Admiral Boxer, C.B.—His Energy—His Death—The Frame Huts—How to manage a Tent—Effects of impure Water—The Sardinians—Sir William Eyre, K.C.B.—Admiral Michell, C.B.—A Bombardment—Lord Raglan—General Pelissier—Omar Pasha—The Mamelon assaulted and carried—Also the Quarries—Burial of the Dead—The Russian Hand-Mines—Anecdote of an American—Hospitals—Cholera from imprudence—The fourth Bombardment—Preparations for an Assault — Colonel Waddy and the Stormers — Casualties in the Woronzoff Road—Repulses at the Redan and Malakoff—The Honourable Captain Agar—English Navvies—Bad effects of Rum—Eyre's Brigade—Fight at the Cemetery—Lieutenant James, R.E., Captured—Divine Service.

"BLESS me! I am very happy to see you," was the friendly greeting of that most worthy and hard-working man of war, Ad-

miral Boxer, as I ranged up alongside of his two-oared boat in the harbour of Balaklava: "You have just come in good time; something of consequence must be done immediately," and so it came to pass.

In May, 1855, everything about Balaklava harbour bespoke the zeal and energy of Admiral Boxer. At the entrance of this remarkably deep and secure haven (land-locked by its enclosing hills, which were of reddish ochre colour, and nearly bare of vegetation) there appeared a strong chain cable, the extremities only seen as it was sunk by day and hauled up at night, as a protection against fireships or rafts from without, whilst inside 200 vessels of all sizes, were crowded, but all in perfect order, with their sterns to the shore, and leaving a clear space for vessels entering or leaving, and for boats in the middle.

A police boat rowed about to see that cleanliness was attended to, and every precaution was taken against fire. It was at first a wonder to me that none occurred

in Balaklava harbour during the summer and autumn of 1855, but remembering who organized the arrangements there, and superintended them, my wonder ceased.

"That blessed Admiral," (as a merchant captain, anchored among thirty other vessels outside, said,) "gives us no rest; he is up at four every morning, and not only sees that all is right and square inside, but comes outside with a pair of oars and rouses up the captain or agent of the vessel to give us our orders."

In America we had many proofs of the value of Admiral Boxer as a public officer, and had several communications with him regarding the defences of the St. Lawrence, &c.; his ideas were very excellent, and I cannot forbear paying a passing tribute to his memory. When I visited his tomb on the hill-side near Cossack Bay, opposite Balaklava, the inscription was then, with regret I say it, only on wood, "Sacred to the memory of Rear-Admiral Boxer, C.B., who departed this

life June, 1855." At his feet lies his nephew, Sydney Boxer, R.N.: both perished at their posts of cholera.

As the admiral predicted, "something of consequence" did take place in June, after the lull since the heavy bombardment of Sevastopol in April. Transports swarming with Sardinians and Frenchmen, besides red jackets, arrived, and good news of the fall of Kertch reached us at this time; 2,000 Russians having abandoned the place after blowing up the magazines, and leaving one hundred guns, clothing for forty thousand men, two hundred and forty vessls, great stores of corn, flocks and herds, in the hands of the victorious expedition to the Sea of Azoff.

For the work of the siege, and the business of the trenches, the greatest activity prevailed on shore, between Balaklava and the sea of tents in front, on the plateau overlooking Sevastopol. Parties of troops moved about on fatigue in grey linen suits, and the forage caps of their regi-

ments. There were lusty and light dragoons on horseback, carts driven by Turks, Tartars, and Orientals of various nations in their turbans, red fezes, or fur skull-caps, embroidered round jackets and baggy trousers, whilst subaltern officers (facetiously called "rabbit skins," from the grey fur-lined jackets served out to them in winter) hurried past on their ponies, eager for supplies for their larder from the ships. Arrived on board a merchant vessel or transport, they, whilst effecting their purchases from the steward, told terrible stories of what went on in the trenches, about the General's Hut there, of legs, and arms, and heads carried off, so that one doughty fellow, a fresh arrival of a branch of the service which did not require to move behind a parapet, and who had laid a bet of fifty to one that he would go into the trenches and see all about them, said, when he understood that life was not worth half an hour's purchase there, that he would rather pay forfeit, for he was led to believe that the danger was so

great, that every one who went in there carried a sand-bag with him!

The frame huts, which some of us occupied at this time, were like young barns; the difference between the officers' hut and the men's was chiefly this — both had a door in one gable, and a glass window over it, and a corresponding window opposite. The officers' hut had a partition in the centre, and the floor was boarded all over; whilst the men's had no partition, and the bare earth was seen in the passage up the centre. Centipedes of several inches in length, six or seven sometimes, infested the huts in May; mice, also, nibbled one's boots, then rats, of cat-like size, skirmished over one's body at night. Those who dwelt near the commissariat stores were tormented with myriads of flies, and at all times there was some plague or another, not the least of which was a numerous and active race of fleas, which oft-times "did make night hideous."

Among the white canvas towns and hamlets which spread far and wide over the bare steppes in front of Sevastopol (and which city at this time appeared bright and clean on its elevated site, backed by the great harbour), many valuable hints could be picked up by the uninitiated in camp life, as to making oneself tolerably comfortable in a bell tent. Thus, the floor might be sunk two and a-half or three feet, the pole supported on a barrel or stout piece of firewood, and a table "rigged" in the middle, on the top of the barrel; another barrel might be cut into the form of an elbow-chair, the bottom being filled with a bundle of hay, a strap with hooks enabled the forage cap, sword, revolver-pistol, telescope, small water-barrel, waterproof cape, &c., to be suspended from the pole, a cross-legged bed with barely room to turn in it, and covered with a double blanket, from which sheets had been long divorced, stood at one side, whilst recesses cut in the earth of the sides contained tin plates, knives and

forks, canisters for tea, coffee, preserved meat, ration biscuit, &c.; a bottle of ration rum, or something better for a visitor, might also be found there. Beer and porter were, in May and June, two shillings a bottle. In the cold and wet weather, a few boards formed the floor of the tent, and a small fire-place was made in the earth opposite the door, and a chimney outside, contrived out of a piece of stove-pipe, conveyed away the smoke "into thin air."

A valuable addition to a tent is an Algerine gourbie, that is, an oblong leafy bower set up beside it, a few upright stakes with boughs wattled between them, a flat roof of branches, and a door and window or two. In this pleasant retreat (of perfect shade, and through which the breeze whistled), the afternoon may be comfortably spent. I found two on the hill where the celebrated Omar Pasha had his tent, between Balaklava and the great camp; some of the French Generals also had them, though our people, perhaps from gourbies being new

to them, and also being some distance from trees, did not adopt them. But, in truth, I believe, that except those officers who had previously served, and (like myself) suffered for a time from the rays of an Oriental sun, the generality of the British were too indifferent to what the sun could do in striking them by day, also "the moon by night." We had both sun-stroke and moon-blindness in the Crimea, and I did not rest till I got white linen cap covers as soon as possible for all the men with whom I had to do. How the French Zouaves held out in their little red fezes, rakishly worn off the forehead, was to me a standing wonder, whilst I was so frequently inclined to cry out, "O, quis me in gelidum nemus Hæmi sistat?"—"Oh, who will carry me to the cool groves of the Balcan?"

About the General's Hut in the trenches, and all round the camp, the water in summer was full of impurities; dip a cup of it in the evening, and examine it next morning, and a thick coat of sediment

would be found at the bottom. This, of course, would have all been swallowed in solution if the water had been drunk the night before. I am convinced that the impure water, though the taste was not disagreeable, save a little earthiness about it, was one of the chief causes of bowel complaint in summer. Most of the officers and men who did not take the trouble to boil the water before using it, or make tea or coffee with it, felt derangement of the interior, some partially, others to such a degree that they either invalided or died.

Stringy beef, salt pork, and the work of the pickaxe and shovel in those warm ditches, the trenches, superadded in some cases to the feverishness occasioned by the alcohol imbibed the previous evening, induced a raging thirst, when the thermometer was 80° and upwards (and we had it 109° in the shade), caused great consumption of dirty water. A well-known drinking place was in rear of the second parallel Left attack; there, though exposed to the Russian bul-

lets from the Garden batteries, &c., the poor fellows drank the turbid water and suffered.

In the end of May, the Sardinians, 15,000 strong, complete in drill, discipline, and transport, arrived; they were clustered first about the hill-sides of Balaklava, but the enemy retiring from the plain, where the celebrated charges of British heavy and light cavalry took place, the valuable accession of strength to the allies, the Sardinians, moved out there also, and took possession of the ground about Kamara, and a green-topped and white-walled building called "the Pagoda;" beyond these they commenced carefully and neatly to construct field works. I had previously seen the "Armada Sarda" in their own country, and the picturesque and valuable Bersaglieri, or light troops with round-topped hats and green cock's-tail feather, and short rifle with a spike at the butt for sticking-into the ground. The Bersaglieri are taught to run, leap, swim, and climb trees; and when I rode out with

others, highly pleased to be released from the confinement of the camp by the retiring of the enemy, and refreshed by the rank vegetation and wild flowers of the plains and hill-sides, suddenly would start up from his lair a Sardinian rifleman and challenge, and afterwards become invisible in the long grass, truly an " anguis in herbâ" to the enemy.

In returning from the Kamara Hill with Colonel Wood, and the Hon. F. Colborne, a tall figure of dark complexion, and in a blue surtout, rode in front; in this I recognised an old R. M. College comrade, Sir William Eyre, K.C.B., with whom " I had wrestled a fall," and who has attained his present distinguished position in Canada by close attention to his arduous duties, and by his activity before the enemy both in Cafferland and in the Crimea.

The vast preparations for carrying on the siege were now observed, not only on land, in the tens of thousands of troops, but also at sea; English and French line-of-battle ships, frigates, and steamers watching Sevastopol

seaward. The harbours of Balaklava, Kamiesch, and Kazatch were black with transports and merchantmen. I had occasion to visit the noble man-of-war, the 'Queen,' at this time, commanded by a relative, Captain (now Admiral) Michell, C.B., and which had played its part with *éclat* in the previous bombardment of the 17th October, so as to elicit at the time the signal from Sir Edmund Lyons. "Well done, 'Queen!'" The 'Queen' went in to relieve, and draw off the fire from the 'Agamemnon' and 'Sanspareil,' and suffered herself; she also lost many officers and men in the trenches.

Arrangements were now in active progress for another bombardment, and on the 6th of June we saw, from our huts and tents, on the plateau, the ships opening fire, whilst shot struck the water round them in all directions. The guns in our batteries had been changed from 24-pounders (which were only throwing cricket-balls against the massive earthen parapets of the beleaguered city) to 8-inch or 68-pounders, and 10-inch or 96-pounders.

The flash and roar of artillery extended from right to left in our front, whilst shells curvetted and burst in the air, or in our batteries.

The General's Hut in the trenches became a post of considerable excitement, being in the midst of the smoke and the fray, whilst the reverberation among the rocks and caves, and deep ravines of the Woronzoff Road leading into Sevastopol, and the Valley of Death, were grand and sublime. One became irresistibly impressed with the idea that the Lord of hosts, the God of battles, was ordering these great conflicts for some wise purpose.

I went from the camp to the picket-house, Left attack, and then down the slope in front of it to watch the effect of our shot on the city, and on the enemy's lines. Shot flew overhead with threatening crash, or stole through the grass, or, bounding, raised a cloud of dust; whilst shells cracked, and the fragments whirred and hummed in exciting proximity.

Next morning we were ordered to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice; and looking to the hollow ground in our rear, we saw immense columns of French and Turks moving past to our right, and proceeding towards the Russian works on the Mamelon hill. The impression on the mind was—here is war on a grand scale; if numbers give confidence, here they are in great masses of dark uniforms and bright steel overhead.

> "Entrancing,
> With sword and bayonet glancing,
> And plumes in the gay wind dancing."

A cheer on our left called attention to another source of attraction. Lord Raglan, in blue surtout and white-covered cap, rode along, accompanied by a lady, the wife of General Estcourt, Adjutant-General. A numerous staff of gold-peaked officers followed, also Hussar orderlies. Then the sturdy soldier, Pelissier, appeared, in red and gold-bound kepi or forage-cap, and white Arab

cloak, worn for coolness over his uniform. A crowd of officers in blue and gold rode behind, also his Algerine spahie in white flowing robes; the tricolour guidon was carried by a standard-bearer, and the braided jackets of a party of red Hussars composed the escort. It was altogether a brilliant *cortège*. Lastly, Omar Pasha galloped past to the front in his red fez and gold-bound coat, and attended by two or three officers; among them my old bush-ranging friend, Colonel Simmons, R.E., and Turkish orderlies, armed with sword and pistol.

All the preparations had been well considered on this occasion, and all went on prosperously for the allies with a few exceptions. The French rushed from their trenches, and advanced rapidly against the works of the Mamelon in line, led by a little figure. Waving a sword, he disappeared over the parapet, the Russians pouring out at the rear. The French, carried away by the excitement of finding themselves in possession of the Mamelon, passed through the works, and did

not stop until they had advanced several hundred yards beyond, towards the abattis of the Malakoff Tower and outworks. The Russians, supported by artillery, rallied in a hollow, poured in a murderous fire; the French retired and went through the Mamelon, but recovering themselves on the south side, they re-occupied it; and hoisting the tricolour, they held the works.

The British assaulted the open space called the 'Quarries,' in front of the Great Redan, carried it gallantly, and held it obstinately, notwithstanding the persevering attempts of the enemy to recover it. Here some of the 62nd Regiment, whilst on the ground for partial cover, experienced the fatal effects of a round shot; it lobbed in among them, a Lieut.-Colonel, Major, Captain, Colour-Sergeant, &c., were the casualties on the occasion. Our loss altogether was 45 officers and 600 men.

Watching the Mamelon, after its fall, from Cathcart's Hill, in company with Colonels Warre, 57th, and the intelligent commander

of light troops, Norcott, R.B., "See how our poor friends are suffering!" said the latter, as shell after shell from the Russians burst in and over the Mamelon.

Next day I rode to the Victoria Redoubt, opposite the Mamelon, affording a commanding view of it, of the works on the right (where 12 Russian officers and 400 men had been made prisoners), also of the Malakoff Tower, and part of Sevastopol. A French general was sitting behind the parapet of the redoubt with his cap off, talking and gesticulating to himself: he was soon after killed. One of my companions, on this occasion, on a visit to our hut, was a fine young man of the 81st Regiment, from India, Major Sorel, who, seeking service in the Crimea, died of cholera a few days afterwards. Death was now busily claiming his victims by various and sudden modes of removal.

On the 9th of June, a flag of truce was displayed from the Redan, to enable the dead, which lay about the Quarries, &c., to

be buried. I set off on foot to the first parallel, Left attack, then went down the slope to the Woronzoff Road, and went along it till I got within sight of the town. Shot lay thick in the road. The quantity of shot and shell the Russians expended was enormous, from first to last, showing the vast stores accumulated by the Czar for Eastern conquest. Ascending the steep side of the ravine to the right, I found myself in Gordon's Battery of the Right attack, and, going in advance, came upon two bodies of soldiers of the 55th Regiment smashed with round shot, and lying together in a zig-zag. General Airey, the Quartermaster-General (always on the alert), rode past, also General Dacres, commanding the artillery, accompanied by Colonels Gordon and Hamley, the latter the author of several much esteemed works.

The Redan is close at hand, a high parapet with two faces, and on its salient angle appears a short flagstaff and white flag. Embrasures are in the faces; and in them,

beside the guns, appear Russian gunners in flat canvas caps and frocks, as if prepared for hard work in the sun. An abattis of trees stretches across the front of the Redan, and at some distance from it a line of Russian sentries in green prevent approach to the abattis, and facing them is a line of British sentries; between are some Russian officers conversing with the British. Men of both armies are at work with stretchers removing and burying the dead, some sorely mangled.

A subaltern, fresh from England, toils through the trenches, proudly laden with Russian swords and muskets, his trophies of the late fight.

Four soldiers carry past me, from the Quarries, an officer on a stretcher; his left hand is twisted into the waistband of his trousers. He looked life-like, and I hastened to place his cap on his head on which the sun was beating, but the features were fixed in death, and wounds on the forehead and stomach told that his warfare was

over: this was Lieut. Webb of the Connaught Rangers.

A puff of white smoke and an explosion soon drew my attention to the left. One of our people had trodden on the glass tube of a Russian fougasse or powder box, sunk in the ground, and which in some instances occasioned fatal effects. On searching about, these hand mines, as they may be termed, were discovered in various directions, and dug up. They consisted of a large tarred box, like a tea-chest, containing many pounds of powder; on the top was a contrivance like the letter T, a horizontal tin tube enclosing a glass one, in which was sulphuric acid. A match descended into the box through the leg of the T, and the tubes being crushed by the pressure of the foot, ignition and an explosion resulted. The least injuries I saw from this were scorched legs. War rejoices in hellish inventions to mar our Maker's image!

There is no doubt that there were Americans at this time in the service of

Russia, probably medical men chiefly. It was said that whilst the flag of truce was flying, two British surgeons were near the Malakoff, and were accosted by an American:

"British, I presume! Doctors looking after wounded, I guess. Like to see Round Tower?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll take you in."

He did so, and introduced them to "the governor," or the general in charge there. Two blank guns were fired as a warning that the white flag was about to be hauled down, and the work of death to recommence. The surgeons looked uneasy.

"I'll make it all straight," said their new friend, and took them out again.

In June, the British hospitals (whatever shortcomings there were at the commencement of the war, which was at first by many never expected to come to more than a demonstration) were now in the highest order—good beds, clean sheets, abundant

supply of medicines and medical comforts, and skilful attendance. A French surgeon said to an English visitor at one of their hospitals,

"How ours are so much cried up we don't know; yours are much better. We have only two huts for a whole division, whilst you have three for a regiment, and for that regiment the medicines of a French division."

In winter we had broken down for want of transport for food, medicines, and forage, but all this, thanks to Lord Panmure, was remedied in spring and summer.

"I have been looking in at some of your hospitals," said a Zouave to me, one afternoon, "and I should not mind, Monsieur, being sick, to get into such good quarters."

We had cases of cholera at this time, commencing with derangement of the bowels, which, neglected for hours and days, occasionally terminated fatally. I remember the

case of a temperate sergeant of the regiment, who died after a few hours' illness.

"What had he been doing?"

"Nothing out of the way, Sir."

Still I thought he might have committed some imprudence, and it came out in a few days, from the man who cleaned his appointments, that the day before he was seized was his birthday, and he asked two or three friends "to make merry," got a bottle of bad champagne and a bottle of pickles from a canteen, partook of both freely, and filled a Crimean grave next day. I remarked in the East Indies, and in the West, that when cholera is in the air, the least imprudence "sets one off." The receipt of Dr. Barry, a well-known and experienced army doctor, was, on the appearance of bowel complaints, "Put a teaspoonful of best white wine vinegar in half a tumbler of water. Drink it, and rub the stomach with flannel moistened with camphorated spirit. Don't use astringents, for the bowels are the *cloaca maxima* of the system."

Some men with "proud stomachs" despise all precautions, and say it is "nonsense to consider what a man should eat or drink;" but we have followed many a stout fellow of this class to the tune of the "Dead March," and hold that clean feeding and "mixing water with your wine" is the best rule for holding out under work.

The French and English successes at the Mamelon and Quarries had inspirited the chiefs to hurry on another serious attack, to give the enemy as little breathing time as possible; but *occurrent nubes*, clouds will intervene.

There had been constant firing all along the three miles of the town defences, and from the rifle-pits in front (those dangerous semicircles of stone, with the earth scooped out behind, where one or more, sometimes as many as eight, Russian, French, or English, lay like spiders watching for their prey), but not a sustained bombardment, to fill the air with missiles, and to rend it with the thunder and crash of artillery, till

the 17th June, when the fourth commenced. It was Sunday, and serious people considered that it did not augur well for success recommencing the hot and heavy cannonade on the sacred day of rest. But so it was; and at 3 A.M. another act in the great drama opened.

The earth shook from the discharge of great guns and mortars, and large rockets ever and anon shot into the air, accompanied with a long train of screw-like smoke, which next waved like a gigantic aërial serpent, and then went to leeward as a white cloud. Three French and four English steamers approached the works, got within 2,000 yards, fired their heavy guns in succession for some time, and circling round retired. This vexed the enemy considerably, both in their works and in the town, seawards.

We were warned to be ready for a grand attack on the enemy's works on the following morning, the anniversary of Waterloo. It was thought that this day was selected that

the allies conjointly might efface the recollection of what had come to pass before, and inaugurate the 18th of June with a new victory. Revolver-pistols were fresh loaded, a few hasty lines were penned to those far away, some comforts were placed in the havresack, and those who had flasks filled them. The men were in a high state of excitement, and after the long and tedious trenches, they thought they now had the prospect of a termination to them, and talked of pots of porter in the "pool." The greater number of the men did not go to bed at all, and the camps were lighted up like a mighty fair, the men talking and smoking till it was time to stand to their arms in the dark, long before daylight.

Columns of French were destined for the attack on the Malakoff Tower, with all its earthen outworks and supporting and flanking guns. Twelve hundred British stormers, under Sir John Camphell, were intended to sally out of the Quarries and

trenches of the Right attack, and assault the Great Redan, and make a lodgment in it. Both faces and the salient were to be attacked, sailors, carrying scaling-ladders, and sixty artillerymen, volunteers, were intended to accompany the stormers, to spike the guns, or turn them against the enemy. Another column, under Brigadier-General Barnard, in which was the 14th Regiment, was directed to proceed to the front, down the Woronzoff Road, and be ready to attack the Barrack Battery (by going over eight hundred yards of open ground) as soon as the Malakoff fell and the Redan was attacked; whilst on the left, Brigadier-General Eyre was to lead eighteen hundred men down the Great Ravine, into which the Valley of Death falls, and, continuing on to the cemetery, opposite the head of the Admiralty creek, was to bring up his left shoulder, and co-operate with General Barnard in the attack on the Barrack Battery. Success was confidently anticipated, and a separate order was issued as

to our conduct in keeping the troops together, &c., when we should drive the enemy out of the town and take possession.

Though some doubtless considered victory as certain on this occasion, I own I had not the least idea of success myself. I had watched almost every morning from the front the state of affairs in the town, and on the enemies' works. I knew that they were strong, well-prepared, and not in the least inclined as yet to yield to our pressure, also that they had not been sufficiently beaten, or our works pushed close enough to their principal line of defence, to give assurance of success. Of course, our duty, whatever we thought of what was likely to happen, was to do our best, to comply strictly with our orders, to put a bold face on the matter, and to express no doubts, but to encourage one another "to quit ourselves like men."

Putting our effects in order, in case of our never returning alive to the hut, and

getting a couple of hours' rest, we rose at midnight of the 18th. There was a hum of voices all over our camps, we fell in whilst it was dark, and a strong party of stormers being told off, we moved away towards the right, crossing in front of Cathcart's Hill. The dust was suffocating, and the night sultry. We marched in sections down the ravine, and whilst objects were indistinctly visible, we found ourselves, with portions of the 4th, 39th, and 89th Regiments, in the Woronzoff Road, here commanded by the enemy's guns. We were directed to ascend to the right and occupy the rocks above, and we did so, like birds clustering there.

Colonel Munroe, 39th, commanded the reserve. He was well used to warfare in India, and moved about with zeal and intelligence amongst his charge. We were joined on the hill-side by Colonel Norcott and some of his rifle brigade. Colonel Waddy, 50th, headed the stormers. He had acquired a high character for daring,

and, in fact, exposed himself more than most men on all occasions in the trenches. He now turned out in his shell-jacket, without flask or havresack for refreshment, but in one hand carrying a pistol, and in the other a naked sword (the scabbard left at home) which he had captured in a combat in the East. There was no mistake about the intentions of the gallant Waddy. "Do or die," seemed his motto. Soon balls, great and small, began to pitch among us, and as the day broke, the roar of the combat became louder and louder. We were near the Great Redan, which we saw lower down the ravine of the Woronzoff Road; the Malakoff was on our right, and shot and shell from it flew over us, and ploughed up the ground on the left of the road. All the while our batteries of the Left attack briskly and incessantly fired at the Redan.

The first casualty we observed was a sapper, who was sitting down waiting the

order to move nearer the enemy's works. He was struck with a round shot, which came lobbing down the hill-side from the Malakoff, and taking him in the back of the neck broke his spine, and knocked him a few yards down the hill, where he sat as if asleep, his face turned up, but he was stone dead. Conversing with an old Canadian friend, now first seen for many years, Skinner, 89th Regiment, about "the land of the West," a man behind us uttered an exclamation of pain, and on looking round at him he was holding his left arm with his right hand. He had been struck with a fragment of shell. He was sent to the doctors, who, with the quarter-masters, with supplies of ammunition, water, and the mid-day rum, &c., were at an angle of the ravine below us. Continuing our discourse, another piece of shell grazed our heads, and we began to think we were in a hot place. Grape-shot now lashed among us, and occasioned casualties among

our stormers, who were advanced with the scaling-ladders. Now and then there was a cry of "Round shot—look out!" which was avoided by being on the alert to throw ourselves behind a rock—then up again.

Below us we saw sailors carrying slowly, on stretchers, wounded messmates up the road from the Redan, whilst the shot knocked up the dust and gravel about them. A corporal of sappers came along the hill-side from the direction of the Redan. I asked him what was the news of the assault from the trenches of the Right attack. He said, "Bad news." The French had failed at the Malakoff; our people had tried the Redan, and had been forced to retire with great loss; and Sir John Campbell, who led the attack, and many field officers and others, were killed and wounded.

A party of sappers, mixed up with our men, suffered greatly on this occasion; as the stormers of the 14th turned the corner

of a rock, the sergeant-major of the sappers was shot dead with a round shot, and I think about eight others of them were killed and wounded. Grape shot broke legs among our people, Corporal Brown's thigh was cracked in this way, and a poor fellow named Lynch, was struck sideways on the chest with a passing round shot, he fell on his face and never moved. Ensign Glancy and another picked him up and opened his jacket, he did not bleed, but his breast was soft like wool, and a tear was in his left eye, he was quite dead, and was buried on the spot with the entrenching tools.

Our General, Sir Henry Barnard, knowing the folly of attempting the eight hundred yards of open ground between us and the Barrack Battery, crossed as it was by lines of annihilating fire from the Redan, and other heavily armed works, held his men in hand, and thus saved the utter and inevitable destruction of his brigade, without the possibility of doing any good; that

is, without the previous fall of the Malakoff and the Redan.

The Redan now clearly saw us in red masses, relieved against the grey rocks, and the Russians were observed to be busy cutting away part of their parapet to get another gun to bear upon us. We were accordingly directed to descend the hill-side, to cross the Woronzoff Road, and ascend to the second parallel, Left attack. We did so leisurely.

We had some difficulty in getting along the parallel, for a crowd of ammunition mules was found at the top of the ascent, the enemy all the while crossing us with round shot. The men were directed to keep in the bottom of the trench as much as possible, but some more careless than the rest, or sometimes it happened out of mere bravado, remained high and unprotected by the parapet. A round shot took a party of three exposed in this way (though Major Dwyer and myself were directing them to

keep lower down), knocked them off their legs, striking off a couple of their pouches like crows in the air. One poor fellow, whose bowels were carried clean out of him, remained on his knees for a minute wiping his face, confused and ignorant of the mortal wound he had received, then fell over, and was covered with a great-coat by his comrades. I was much pleased to observe, on this occasion, the zeal and the fearless conduct of Assistant-Surgeon Hyde, who moved about among the wounded, doing all in his power to assist them.

Lord Raglan and his staff were not far off, and in a very exposed position. Officers and men were killed and wounded beside him. Among the latter was that valuable engineer officer, Sir Harry Jones. Seeing that the attack on the Redan had failed, his lordship sat down with his back to the parapet, and Sir George Brown seemed to be comforting him; but neither his lordship nor the mild-mannered and excellent Ad-

jutant-General Estcourt ever got over this black day. They sickened and died soon after at head-quarters.

It was understood that there was to have been three hours of severe bombardment on our part, and that of the French before they attempted the Malakoff, and, it falling, then the English to go at the Redan. But on the evening of the 17th, Lord Raglan reluctantly consented to the proposition by the French commander-in-chief to omit the preliminary bombardment.* Then it was understood there was a mistake in the signal to attack on the 18th. A war rocket was mistaken by the French officer of the first column, to be led against the Malakoff, for the signal rocket. He advanced too soon, and was not supported till too late by the other columns. The powerful works of the Malakoff not falling first, the attack by the British on the Redan

* Perhaps the French thought that the bombardment might have warned the Russians to be well prepared for what was to follow.

failed. There was great slaughter there, besides what occurred elsewhere, thus, of the 120 sailors, carrying scaling-ladders, 80 fell, and our loss altogether was 90 officers and 1,400 men.

"From distant lands the deep reverberations
Of War's loud thunder o'er the seas resound,
Where on the battle-field earth's mightiest nations
Stain with brave blood the dark, unconscious ground.

"Where raged the battle many a form is sleeping,
Whose heart once beat with hope and courage high,
And in their homes—once happy—vigil-keeping,
Is many a broken heart and tearful eye."

It seemed that, after the dashing way in which we took the Quarries, and the French the Mamelon, on the 7th June, we were a little too proud, and required humbling. We seldom have it all our own way in this world, and are doomed to frequent disappointments; and thus we retired along our trenches, "bent" somewhat "but not broken," and carrying our wounded on stretchers, passing the fine fellows of the Royal Artillery, stripped to

the shirt and trousers, and lying after their superhuman exertions alongside of their guns and mortars, grim-looking, and reposing for a while after the late severe "tussle."

With Colonel John Watson and the last men of the regiment, I descended into the Valley of Death, and was invited into a tent there by a friendly officer of the Land Transport Corps, who gave me a refreshing cup of wine and water, which Father Mathew himself could not have refused, if he had been so choked with heat and dust as I was at the time. But groans and exclamations of pain outside the tent directed attention to a group of men round a prostrate figure. This was the Hon. Captain Agar, of the 44th Regiment, as handsome a man as there was in the army, who had got both legs severely injured with a round shot, and was being painfully carried on a stretcher to the camp; but he did not survive, and after death he was visited as a picture of manly beauty, with a fine beard. "Take

my legs off," he had said to the doctor, "and give me a chance, till I am prepared to die." But it was impossible to comply with his desire, and

"Voices familiar once no more he hears!"

Hearing that my young connexion, Evelyn Wood, a naval aide-de-camp to Captain Peel of the 'Diamond,' had been wounded in front of the Redan, I went to see him, and found him suffering from a severe wound from a grape shot in one of his arms; also Mr. Hunter, R.N., lying contused in the same tent. They had truly passed through a storm of death. The grape-shot was as if a man was sowing corn at the abattis, and the wonder is how they escaped with their lives. Outside the tents I found two stout English navvies lying on the ground in the blazing hot sun. Well knowing the consequences of sun-stroke, I got one on his legs to move him into the shade, but he wrestled with

me and tried to trip me up. His friend on the ground was embedded in some lime, and when he was got up, with the assistance of one of the naval brigade, he presented a ludicrous spectacle, his face being half red and half white, from the mingled effects of the drink he had had and the lime.

"D——n it!" he muttered, "we came up to see the place taken, and they've not done it;" and so they had taken a drink out of vexation.

We were now in the middle of the Crimean summer: for three days about eighty-six degrees of heat, then more moderate, and hot again. We were thankful the nights were not sultry. Among six hundred men there would be found about one hundred sick from fever and bowel complaints, chiefly in those regiments in which the men got their day's grog all at once. Many men took it off "neat." They would thus make themselves feverish, swallow a gallon and a-half of ravine water during the day, and then came dysentery.

In those corps which gave the grog in two portions there was less danger to health, particularly if the men had the common sense to use three-water grog. The rum itself was good, and not too new; still alcoholic drinks, especially with a temperature of eighty degrees, are bad. By degrees the men began to see the advantage of cocoa and rice, which they were prejudiced against at first. They are both most valuable portions of soldiers' rations. What numbers of fine men would now be walking the earth and enjoying God's sunlight, if there had been no spirit ration from the moment of embarkation! As I proved on dangerous expeditions in Africa, and on toilsome ones in the American forests, rough pioneers of the wilderness soon forget their daily longing for spirits—*if they don't see it*, and have a good stock of black tea to comfort them instead.

The whole of the afternoon and evening of the 18th, there was great anxiety in camp regarding General Eyre's brigade of the third division, which at one time was reported

to have been cut off in the suburbs at the bottom of the Great Ravine, at the Admiralty Inlet. The Royal Irish had rushed forward like blood-hounds, till they were brought up amongst the houses by a tremendous fire opened on them from the batteries above them, which poured their shot, large and small, as it were into a basin. The walls of the houses were a feeble protection, as the iron crashed through them, the stones flying in all directions. Some old men, women, and children were in the houses. Books, love-letters, mirrors, cocked-hats, guinea-pigs, and a gooseberry-bush, were captured among other spoil; also a woman followed the fortunes of "a bould sodjer boy." The 9th, 28th, 38th, and 44th, were the other regiments of the brigade. All suffered in men and officers, and all behaved very well. It was impossible to remove some of the wounded till nightfall, when they were brought up by Colonel Sparks (38th) to the fourth parallel, Left attack.

It was reported that General Eyre was killed; but on visiting his tent I found him sitting up (in company with the stalwart Scottish warrior, Sir Colin Campbell), with his head bandaged, from a wound inflicted by a fragment of a tombstone beside which he had taken up his position in the cemetery. His aid-de-camp, Robertson, was also considerably bruised and jaded with fatigue. The previous evening, the General, when inquiring what co-operation there was to be on the part of the French, was told to communicate with a French general at Kamiesch. He rode there, and found that he was on the Tchernaya; he set off there, and it appeared that no orders had been given to this French officer to co-operate at all. General Eyre came back to dinner at eleven, P.M., tired, and was up again at one to lead his men down the ravine. A small party of French assisted in taking a rifle-pit on his left; but if thousands had co-operated in the direction of the Garden

Battery, the result of the day's work might have been very different. The above is a specimen of the evils of a divided command, and of desultory attacks with small bodies. Altogether this 18th of June was "a black Monday."

It was distressing to see the ambulance waggons and mules, with litters on each side of them, coming constantly, for some hours, into camp, loaded with the pale and maimed victims of the fight. The surgeons were fully employed. Our huts were in the same row with those of the General Hospital. Sounds of suffering were everywhere heard, buckets full of legs and arms lay at the doors of the hospital huts, and figures tied up in blankets were carried out to the dead tent in the rear for interment. Some of the Irish recruits made very light of their wounds, hopped out of bed on one leg if they required anything, and "shied" arms and legs at each other in play, when not watched.

"Bedad, I'll get a good pinsion now,

anyhow, and no more trinches, but it's bad luck to us we can't get into the ould 'pool' yet."

One of Eyre's brigade, wounded, was left in an open space under the fire of the enemy; he was seen lying there, and occasionally waving his hand for help. The adjutant 48th (Horne), asked two men to go with him to try to get the sufferer away. They tried in vain. He then lay all night, and not till the flag of truce, on the afternoon of the second day, could he be reached. He still survived, and said that a Pole had come to him the night before, and had given him water and something to eat, and promised to come again if he was still alive. Honour to the humane Pole, though fighting in the Russian ranks! Those of them who came out said, it was to fight against the Russians they had deserted.

About this time Lieutenant James, R.E., was captured. He was employed in the Woronzoff Road, across which there were

iron chevaux-de-frise, with trenches right and left, running up the sides of the ravine, to connect the Right and Left attacks.

On returning to the Quarries, in the dark, he kept too much to the left, and fell among a dozen Russians, who took him through the Redan to a Russian general. He also saw Todleben, who planned and executed the earth works of Sebastopol which gave us so much trouble; he was in bed, wounded with a musket-ball. James was confined at first in fort Nicholas. His clothes were sent to him, and his pony and some other effects were disposed of in camp. Eventually he was marched into the interior, and we did not see him again till he was exchanged, months after.

Except on the 17th June, as before alluded to, Divine service was regularly performed every Sunday to the troops, both Protestants and Roman Catholics. The brigades were drawn up in hollow squares, clergymen officiating in the midst—great guns and mortars bellowing in the front at

intervals, reminding the listeners of "a sudden summons." The whole business of the camp, both as to the religious and military duties, was conducted with every regularity that circumstances would admit of.

CHAPTER III.

Visit the French Works about the Mamelon—The Guards of the Trenches—How Embrasures should be blocked—Visit the French Works opposite the Bastion du Mât—Casualties—Examine a French Mine—Visit the French Lines at the Quarantine—Death of Lord Raglan—Funeral Procession to Kazatch Bay—Women in Camp—Trench Incidents—Ride to Vernutka—A Blast against Tobacco—Discover an Old Acquaintance—Story of Mr. Willis—Impatient Newspaper Articles—Anecdote of a Zouave—Ride to the Baidar Valley—A Land-Transport Sergeant—Mortality—Trench Anecdotes—Establish a Regimental Canteen—Gambling—Cooking—M. Soyer—Danger from the Sun's Heat.

THE French trenches and the Sardinian field-works were very well worth visiting, as studies in the great art of war, during the

memorable siege of Sebastopol; the latter were chiefly about the Tchernaya river, on the left bank, towards Kamara, and were also boldly pushed across the river above the Traktir bridge. These field-works of our Italian allies were remarkably well finished; gabions well and strongly made, fascines securely bound and neatly placed; parapets, embrasures, and ditches all *sharp* and perfect of their kind.

Soon after the Mamelon fell, I got a French "Trench passport," and set out with Captain Hall and Lieutenant Warren, 14th, to visit it and the trenches about it. We rode down the Centre Ravine, thickly lined on both sides with British graves, and destined still to bear a greater crop. At this time I remarked only one stone monumental cross—that over the remains of the Hon. Cavendish Brown; he was slain by the pistol of the Greek or Albanian chief, who had volunteered, out of hatred to the allies, to lead some sorties against us, and who at last fell himself, in all the pride of lusty

manhood, and quite a subject for a painter, as he was carried out of the trenches of the Right attack in his gold-braided jacket and vest and white fustanelli or kilt.

Lower down the ravine, where shot and shell were beginning to be rife, were long mounds of fresh earth, sprinkled with white lime-dust: these covered hundreds of the gay sons of France recently slain—

> "Earth walketh on the earth glistering like gold,
> Earth goeth to the earth sooner than it wold,
> Earth buildeth on the earth palaces and towers,
> Earth sayeth to the earth, 'All shall be ours!'"

Then we came to pickets of the Imperial guard, arms piled, some sitting, others lying or moving about, but all grave and soldier-like, all prepared for immediate action, in their dark uniforms and red facings, and black moustache and beard. They took the bearskin to the Crimea with them, which requires epaulettes or wings on the shoulder to carry it off, otherwise it seems too much for the figure.

We left our horses with part of the French 20th regiment, trench guards, and going up a trench to the right followed a man of the 25th French, carrying camp-kettles to the Mamelon, and with his firelock slung at his back. We discoursed of the late losses, and passing here and there small parties of trench guards reclining under their great-coats spread out from the parapet, and supported in front by firelocks.

We were very sensible, as the weather was very hot, of the necessity for a greater supply of lime and the deodorising process in the *boyaux;* but it is absurd to be too particular (unless when health is really endangered) in the time of war.

Large round shot had crashed through the crest of the parapet in various places, or demolished a gabion, and a few "Miniés" flew past like the sound of the "little busy bee," but carrying a more fatal sting. Generally the French trenches were deeper than ours; there was more shelter overhead, and I saw in some places two or three tiers

of banquettes; every facility was afforded for mounting up to fire, and there was security (except from the all-searching shells) when it was not required to mark down a foeman over the parapet.

Arrived at the round-topped hillock, or Mamelon, we found what had been the front of the works towards the French, now open and become the rear; inside the parapet there was at the first glance utter confusion (but progress was being made to make order out of disorder); there were massive traverses and underground shelter for the late garrison, all knocked about. Everywhere the effects of the shells were visible. Small craters were in all directions where these missiles had buried themselves and burst; disabled Russian guns were pointing in various ways, some in the air, others to the ground or were half buried. The French were strengthening the new front towards the Malakoff (distant 500 yards) with a double tier of gabions and sand-bags innumerable, whilst some howitzers were ready to scatter their death-bearing fruit, over the

crest of the work, at the enemy's columns, who might, at any moment, advance to endeavour to regain their lost ground.

A duel now commenced between some batteries to the right of the Mamelon and those of the Russians on the left of the Malakoff, that is about the little Redan; as seconds of the fight we watched it for some time from the Mamelon, joining company with a French lieutenant of artillery, who politely offered to guide us about, warning us, where balls most frequently came, to march "plus vite ici!"

Is it that our people are more defiant, or what is the reason of it, that our embrasures were not *blocked* in the careful manner those of the Russians and French were? By no possibility could we see through the former, and very partially through the latter. The heavy rope mantelet or screen of the Russian naval arsenal's embrasures could perhaps only be managed at that locality, unless imported ready-made, but the brace of sand-bags stuffed with hay and suspended from a *bâton*, over the guns in the French

batteries (and four sand-bags laid on the gun) can always be applied, and doubtless prevent many casualties. Young soldiers passing slowly, open embrasures get knocked over unnecessarily. As an old assistant R.E., I cannot refrain speaking out on this matter, at the same time desiring to accord every credit to our excellent engineer and artillery officers, whose zeal and intelligence generally were most laudable.

Having "done" the Mamelon, and got as near as convenient to the Russians on the right on this occasion, and with better success than a Sardinian officer (who, poor man, going on the same errand as ourselves, lost both his precious legs from a round shot from the opposite side of the harbour), I next, on a subsequent day, with Major Hammersley, D.A.Q.M.G., rode down the ravine to visit the very extensive French trenches on our left, and working towards the Bastion-du-Mât (the Flag-staff bastion), &c.

We left our horses with some French

soldiers at a cave, and slanting upwards found ourselves in a mortar battery formerly one of the British sailors' batteries, and which, stinging the Russians severely, and being sunk in the hill-side, suffered very little itself. We next got into a battery of the marine artillery under the charge of a respectable-looking old captain; all was in excellent order, guns ready for action, sponges and rammers resting against the merlons, arm-racks for the fusils of the men, shot neatly piled, and all swept up as if for an inspection.

We looked over the parapet and saw below us the dangerous ground—"a punch-bowl of batteries"—where our 9th, 18th, &c., had lately fought and suffered. Our new friend, the "vieux moustache," conducted us along the parapet to a covered recess where we had the pleasure of making the agreeable acquaintance of a very intelligent young French officer of good family, M. de Grancy, of the Imperial Navy, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. We

obtained much information from M. de Grancy, and with the assistance of one of his powerful telescopes, we saw the great store of Russian guns and shot collected at the Admiralty Creek, and the bridge across the creek, where the enemy were crossing to and fro rapidly.

News was brought us from another part of the trenches of some casualties which had occurred there:—a party was sitting eating, there was a cry of "bomb, bomb!" they had no time to jump up, and two were killed and eight wounded.

One of the slain was carried clean out of the circle of his comrades, and another lost both his legs. Much feeling and sympathy were exhibited by our new friends at what had just happened to these ten 'malheureux.'

The trench guards were as usual reclining during the day under their great coat canopies, and on questioning a French officer in the part of the lines opposite the Flag-staff bastion, about the mine there, he asked us if we wished to see it; we

said " Very much," and we followed him to it.

There was a door cut in a mound of earth, and miners were about it. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of some of these men, something wild and reckless in their eyes—and no wonder, as their service was one of great danger; the enemy no doubt was busy countermining the French at that very moment, and preparing to blow them into the air if they could. Meeting death in this way is less agreeable than in a fair fight under the canopy of heaven. The officer ordered *bougies* to be lighted, and, preceded by a miner crawling backwards and facing us along the gallery, we went as far in as we could. On our right was a machine, a sort of fanners turned by a man, for driving fresh air through a tube to the remotest parts of the mine.

The sides of the gallery were cut out of marl like out of a cheese; we crawled along on our hands and knees till the mine divided into two branches, and we went so far that it seemed we had got under the flag-staff itself.

When we came out again, with dirty hands and jackets, the officer said, "Would you like to see the effects of our explosions?" We said we should, and he conducted us to where the earth was heaved up in mounds and sunk into craters; under the cover of these mounds the zig-zags were made towards the Russian bastion.

"Where is the enemy?" we asked.

"A few yards off," was the reply: "there! —at that broken abattis," pointing to some stakes sticking out of the top of a mound thirty yards from us, whilst the flag-staff was forty-five yards off. The Russians and French were watching each other like cats; the sharp crack of the rifle was constantly heard, and the *whish* of the balls cutting the air, when the least portion of a foe was seen at these close quarters.

Of course one is wide awake and active in such a position as this, Russian rifle-pits being round the corner; and following the directions of our guide to stoop here and spring to the right and left there, we got safe through our visit to the salient angle of

the Flag-staff bastion, soon after destined to be a scene of terrible slaughter.

Many of the old soldiers of the trench-guards, perhaps on duty for months, seemed indifferent whether they lived or died; lying on their backs on the ground and legs crossed in the air, they talked quietly over the occurrences of the siege, or they sipped their moderate portion of ration rum, or smoked away the hour, seemingly adopting the maxims contained in the toper's song—

"Drink, brothers, drink! man's life is but a bubble,
Dancing a moment in the lap of death;
Smoke, brothers, smoke! and blow away all trouble;
What better use for transitory breath!"

A third visit I paid to the French lines, for information, was on their extreme left towards the Quarantine, and beside the cemetery, where a fierce fight had taken place in April, the church and cemetery remaining in the hands of the French; the marble and stone tombs and iron railings were terribly mutilated by the Russian shot. Leave was required to be got at the quarters of the general of the

trenches at the Russian country-house called the Clocheton; * in going from this to the advanced trenches there was a bank, on the left, of several hundreds yards, closely pitted with balls which had come over from the town works, and was as it were honeycombed, the balls had struck it so thick. There was a mine of round shot there.

In one of the well-constructed batteries in front, two French naval officers were on the look out, with several glasses, over the parapet, and below them was a party of men, with a gun which they had just fired; they had reloaded it and laid it again, and the hand with the lanyard was looking along the piece with a tiger-like glance.

"What are you watching for so keenly?" was asked.

"A party of soldiers has just gone past that opening," was answered, "and we expect them to return immediately."

* A permanent general of the trenches must know more of them, and be better able to direct the officers commanding the guards, than when the general is changed daily.

Alas! for human nature, what delight it would have given to these cannoneers to see a dozen arms and legs go into the air to testify the correctness of their aim!

A fatal attack of cholera having terminated the long and honourable military career of Lord Raglan, preparations were made for conveying his remains to his own country with every respect. Guards of honour were sent from every regiment towards head-quarters, and to assist in lining the road to Kazatch Bay. At the appointed hour, the funeral car left the house, viz., a gun carriage, with its gun appearing in the rear under the coffin; the pall, a British flag, was surmounted by his lordship's cocked hat and sword. The pall-bearers, Marshal Pelissier and General Sir James Simpson, General Della Marmora and Omar Pacha, rode on each side. Then followed after, his lordship's charger with boots reversed in the stirrups, next a large body of staff and other officers of the four armies. British and Sardinian lancers rode in advance, the red and white pennons of the first, and dark blue of the last, dancing in the breeze.

Our men looked lusty, and rode excellent horses. The Sardinians, too, made a gallant show; the officers had abundant silver lace about them, and seemed to ride with pride. The French horse artillery, in fur caps and red-braided jackets, had a remarkably fine appearance, followed by the light and active Chasseurs d'Afrique in sky-blue jackets and red trousers. Next came, in the strength of manhood, Imperial cuirassiers in their glittering steel helmets and cuirasses, and manes hanging down their backs, but the finest men who passed along seemed to be our own Horse Artillery.

Turkish cavalry in their fezes and with carbine on their thigh assisted on the occasion, also our 10th Hussars and our broad-backed heavy Dragoons, their metal helmets judiciously covered with white cotton against the blazing sun. Last of all some of the Land Transport, in red jackets with black braid, brought up the rear, under the command of General Sir Charles Napier's son-in-law, the energetic Colonel Macmurdo.

As the body passed we presented arms, reversed arms, and rested on our arms reversed, and the whole ceremony was perfectly conducted, till the ship bore away the remains of "the Duke's" favourite follower to England, another distinguished victim of the great war.

One night there was a sudden alarm that the Russians were coming up the ravine on our left; we heard a shot, and the sailors immediately jumped out of their tents on the side of the ravine, and I heard the cry:

"Turn out, my lads, with your cutlasses!"

There was a rush, then all was quiet. Inquiring into the cause of the excitement, it appeared that a Frenchman, belonging to a camp on the other side of the ravine, had found his wife, a *vivandière*, in a tent where she ought not to have been; he had fired at her, and then rushed off pursued through the sailors' tents. What was the upshot of the business I never ascertained.

We had no womenkind with our regi-

ment, and it was as well, though some corps had half-a-dozen, but they had better have been away. The idea was that they would be of use in washing or mending clothes for the men, but a soldier is not "worth his salt," who cannot repair his clothes in a common way, and wash his shirt; as to the poor women, from the scrambling way they were sometimes put up, it was almost impossible they could preserve their self-respect, and either look well or feel comfortable on the wild Crimean steppe. On service, if women are unavoidably there, they should be Bloomerised, and turn out in neat hats, jackets, short skirts, and loose trousers, *à la vivandière:* straw bonnets and draggling petticoats are absurd in the field.

In the beginning of July, before the fourth parallel, Left attack, was sufficiently provided with traverses across it, a single shell, as it burst, knocked over twelve fine riflemen. At the same time, a man of the 14th, shot with a Minié through the body, and knowing his end was near, desired those carrying him

out of the trench to stop at the various groups of the regiment, and he took leave of them all in turn—

"Good-bye, Bill—good-bye, Tom!"

It was affecting enough to hear this, and to witness the last shake of the hand. Working in the trenches in the dark, near where this poor man was laid to rest, a party of the regiment suddenly disinterred a Russian previously slain in a sortie; the remains were sickening to those near them, before they were rolled into a new grave.

One Saturday I rode off with Majors Hastings, R.A., and Douglas, 14th, towards the Baidar valley. We passed the Sardinian camp, the tents of which were screened as much as possible from the sun with boughs stuck in the ground round them, or a long porch of branches was contrived in front of the tent to keep off the glare. The mountain scenery beyond was quite Scotch-like, only wanting the heather and the "caller air." There was also the well-made Woronzoff Road, like one of the military roads

of General Wade, winding along the hill-side with wooded crags on the left, and a deep ravine with rocks and water at the bottom on the right. We kept "an eye in our neck" for Cossacks coming down the ravines and cutting us off. Then we opened into the oval valley, where the villages of Vernutka and Miskomia lay, composed of Tartar houses of wattle and daub (clay), with the low minarets of small mosques rising above the roofs; fields with abundance of meadow-grass, and plum and cherry trees were about the villages.

Something was going on in our front, for Turkish troops were retreating, and a French infantry regiment was piling arms on the roadside; then Pelissier himself, with his usual strong escort, trotted past us. We were approaching the pass which separates Vernutka valley from that of Baidar beyond, when three regiments of French cavalry, which had evidently been in advance reconnoitring, and accompanied with artillery, showed themselves. We pulled up on the

roadside. Pelissier came back at a rapid pace, and we asked the last of the troops if there were any of their people in Baidar; they said not, only Cossacks; so we were constrained to turn our heads, and made a rough pic-nic from our havresacs under some trees, determining to try to reach "the Valley of Nightingales," Baidar, on some other occasion.

We returned by the hills above Kamara, and with the sea on our left. We saw the Turkish battalions in their tents, and luxuriating among the trees, and taking their "kief," or indulging in a dreamy state of repose in company with the everlasting chibouk. Will not our young men be apt to enervate themselves, and fall into a state of kief, if the too prevalent habit of smoking extend much further? The hot bath destroyed the energies of Rome, the fumes of the Virginian weed will neutralize much of the Anglo-Saxon energy. If it is an advantage to look prematurely old, a young man will take to the pipe. I have a lively

recollection of the terrible mouths of some young foreigners, with whom I was associated long ago, and from whose broken and decayed teeth, the meerschaum eternally hung; such men cannot be acceptable to the refined portion of the fair sex. I do not intend this "blast against tobacco" for the moderate smoker of a cigar or two "of an afternoon;" a mild havannah *per diem* has no doubt a soothing effect on some constitutions. I only exclaim against the abuse of the fashionable narcotic. A much valued friend, slain at the Alma, spent £60 a-year on tobacco—he was "a slave of the pipe."

I discovered living at the monastery of St. George, with his wife and small family, an old Sevastopol acquaintance, Mr. Richard Willis, who had been in the English navy, and was lent to the Russians to help to repair some of their ships of war at Gibraltar many years ago. He was afterwards asked for by the Russian government, and entering the imperial service became a master constructor at Sevastopol.

When I was in trouble, as mentioned previously, at the end of the Turkish war of 1829 (suspected of being a British emissary), Mr. Willis assisted me most generously, and took me into his house when it was a risk for him to do so. Mr. Willis had retired from the service in 1854, having broken his leg, and he got only one year's pay and a gold medal, as he had never become a Russian subject; however, having a good vineyard (where the French head-quarters were afterwards established), he lived independently enough, making wine and storing it for two or three years, when it fetched a good price, but to his great misfortune, and that of thousands of others the war broke out.

After the Alma, some of the Russians came on his farm and were obliged to use some of the trees for fire-wood; he assisted some of the officers to food, they were half famished; then there was an irruption of French soldiers, who, like others in war time, are not very scru-

pulous, and they pulled the place about considerably, also taking off poor Willis's boots, having need of them, and not knowing, of course, who or what he was. He had been of some use to Sir Edmund Lyons in getting him some supplies, when he paid his unexpected visit to Sevastopol in the 'Blonde,' in 1829; he had now applied to the admiral, and through his means got rations, and leave to live at the monastery.

It was Willis's opinion, that if the allies had gone into Sevastopol from the south side at once, after the flank march to Balaklava, it could have been easily managed, as there were only two or three batteries to oppose them, and very few men; but from my previous experience of the Russians, they are wonderful people to keep up appearances, and though they were, no doubt, considerably paralyzed after the Alma, yet they contrived to hide their real condition, and put a bold front on their weakness. It was written in the book of destiny, that there was to be a siege, and

much loss and suffering, and so it fell out.

It was understood by Willis, at the beginning of the siege, that there were immense stores of flour, oil, &c., in Sevastopol, and in July, 1855, he saw no immediate prospect of the fall of the place, as the Russians could speedily, by means of their large boats, kept at the inlet, called Golandie, throw in 20,000 additional men, at short notice, to increase the force of 80,000 permanently garrisoning the city.

I was able to be of some small service to Mr. Willis, and I got him a passage to England, but he did not avail himself of it, and remained at the monastery, and at Kurani till the end of the war, hoping to do some good yet for his family at his vineyard, though he is now well stricken in years and lame.

It was annoying about this time to read some impatient articles in the papers from England, complaining that nothing was being done. "Why don't they go in and take the

place?—when is this siege to end?—are there not men, ammunition, and all sorts of means enough to do it?" Well, we were doing our best, and there was no backwardness that I saw in putting ourselves in the way of "shaking off this mortal coil" in the country's service. We believed that we were needed here, and consequently should not on any account shrink from our duty, but take all that happened to us as a matter of course. I think this was the general feeling; also among many, I trust, it was esteemed a high honour to have the opportunity of serving their country on this interesting field. The conflict we were engaged in was a serious one, the issue of it most mysterious, and which could not be calculated, so that we hoped our friends at home would have a little patience, and believe that since it had pleased Divine Providence to remove so unexpectedly the Czar Nicholas, the prime cause of the war, success would ultimately crown the efforts of the allies.

An anecdote of a Zouave impatient for military distinction, may be here given. He had not been long in the service, and he said to his brother, "I have got no decorations!" "You have the best of decorations," answered the other. "What do you mean?" "*Vous avez vos quatres membres.* You have got all your limbs about you!" Those men who returned safe and sound from the Black Sea have much reason to be thankful, after witnessing the fate of thousands of their less fortunate comrades.

I made another attempt to get to the valley of Baidar, and succeeded this time, in company with Lord Mark Kerr, 13th L.I. the Hon. Colonel Colborne, A.Q.M.G. the Hon. W. Colville, A.D.C., and Major Coxe, 13th L.I., though I nearly had my leg broken by the kick of a vicious horse on the occasion. We got at first involved in extensive swamps, under the hills, on the way to Kamara, and found herds of buffaloes lazily wallowing in the mud there.

Passing by Vernutka we visited the hunting seat of Count Perowski, an oriental kiosk on a raised terrace, and ornamented with tower and cupola and minarets. Inside, the French had covered the walls with crayon sketches, showing "the humours" of the camp.

Coming out of the charming Baidar valley, there were Turkish horses laden with hay, and strings of arabas, low four-wheeled carts drawn by oxen and buffaloes, and driven by Tartars in their fur skull-caps, brown vests, and loose white trousers. This hay in the arabas, had been collected by the industry of the French as provision against winter. The supply of compressed hay of the British commissariat was kept up to the last, and was indeed a wonderful provision, unknown to the ancients I suppose. Homer fails to tell us about the Greek commissariat at the siege of Troy, or supplies either for man or beast. They had, of course, stomachs for something besides fighting!

We found some Tartar families in the

village of Baidar, and I encountered a good looking Tartar maiden at a well, in a sheet-like garment. When I first knew Baidar long ago, its beautiful encircling hills and shaggy woods looked down on green slopes and meadows enlivened with the flocks and herds of the peaceful Tartars dwelling in this Crimean Arcadia; now there was silence on the hill side where formerly was life, and the shepherd's staff was supplanted by the weapon of war. Beyond Baidar the most advanced troops towards the pass of Phoros were the *indigènes*, the North Africans, in light blue embroidered jackets and fezes, some of them as black as night, but with a good character for fighting.

I got into conversation with some of them as they sat sipping some ration wine and spirits under the trees of a garden, enjoying themselves with their pipes and taking their "kief." They said they were engaged for two years, had been put in advance at the late attack on the Malakoff, were rushing on when they heard "too-too-too," from the

bugles behind them, and a general retreat. These Arab warriors had lost many of their numbers on this occasion.

We had a pleasant ride back by the hills, and the marine heights above Balaklava. One of the party had joined company with a sergeant of the Land Transport riding along the road; he had belonged to the 97th Regiment, and he was asked how much he got in his new corps.

"We get 5*s.* 6*d.* a-day," he replied, "but I would rather be back in the old corps, as we are not reverenced where we are;" "D— the reverence!" was remarked; "you get 3*d.* a-day more than an ensign!" This "shut up" the sergeant.

To give an idea how the mortality was going on up to this time, the middle of July, 1855, of the 55,000 British who had originally left England, 17,000 had been killed or had died of disease in fifteen months, and in one regiment, as an example, 95 had died of cholera and fever in January, 1855; 80 in February; 70 in March; then

in April, May, and June, only 18—a change for the better.

Some examples came to my notice about this period, of the difference between old soldiers and raw hands, in the way of getting through a trench, parties of each going in, and the former losing only one, and the other fifteen before the morning. Some young soldiers were observed to be needlessly exposing themselves beside some gabions in the Left attack. An officer of the navy went up to them, and said, "You had better come down out of that, my men!"

"There's no fear, Sir," was the reply.

"There may be no fear," he answered, "but a good deal of danger." A Minié ball at the same time breaking three of the fingers of one of them, they soon jumped under cover.

Whoever desires to carry out the divine injunction, to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to make "the better man the better soldier," will promote temperance in all things by precept and example. On service

it is particularly desirable to do so, on the score of health, of morals, and of efficiency. Intemperate men cannot be depended on for a day for the rough business of a campaign; they may appear well, but put to the test of extra-fatigue or exposure, they invariably break down. They are also generally lax in their morals, inclined to insubordination, and cross and insolent after a debauch.

Our troops were much belied in the Crimea. It is true there was an outbreak of drinking when the arrears of field allowance were paid the men, yet, on the whole, compared with former times, there was much less drinking than might have been expected, considering the heat of the Crimean summer, and the temptations presented by the Maltese and Greek canteens.

"I admire your soldiers," said a French officer to me.

"Why?"

"From the letters I have read which they sent to their friends from the seat of

war: there is so much patient resignation in them, so much excellent principle disclosed, besides other good qualities."

"There are good qualities in the soldiers of both nations," I replied, "which should lead to mutual respect and regard."

I tried a private canteen in the regiment, and it was successful.* A committee of officers managed it; a steady sergeant kept it in a marquee, which I got as a matter of favour; a storehouse was dug out of the ground next this, and we sold everything but spirits: these were strictly prohibited. Of course, the men could get them elsewhere, but we had wine, malt-liquor, tea, sugar, tobacco, herrings, everything that the men might fancy—save destructive alcohol; they were bought at wholesale prices from the merchants at Kadikoi, &c., and retailed at a very small profit to cover breakages, carriage, &c., and the fund thus created was laid out, from time to time, for the benefit of the men. We got them

* The Quarter-Master, Mr. John O'Connor, was of great service, assisting in its establishment.

tin plates, pewter washhand-basins, smock-frocks for fatigues, &c. To keep the men also about their own camp as much as possible, a school was established in a tent, and a reading-room in another adjacent; all the papers and pamphlets and odd volumes that could be collected were placed there.

In the way of games, skittles, quoits, and rounders were "got up," and "nine holes" were played with shot large and small. Means were also adopted to enable the men to bathe by placing half-a-dozen half-casks in a spare tent, and filling them every morning from the water-bags of the mules. The savings-bank was not neglected; £150 were put into it in one month, and in three months £600 were remitted to friends at home from the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment, besides £60 subscribed "by all hands" to the Nightingale fund, to raise a corps of army nurses.

The stout fellows of the naval brigade beside us would play "rounders" in a ring,

with a ball, with many a rough joke and loud laugh, till the moment of going in, of an evening, to the trenches; then they would scuttle off at a rapid pace in groups, with a monkey-jacket or waterproof under their arm, stick in hand, and "cutlash" for an expected sortie, usually going right across the "open," and despising cover. Perhaps in a couple of hours a ball through the head, or a broken limb from a bounding round shot, would lay some of them on their "beam-ends," but their remains were always honoured with head-boards and inscriptions by their messmates.

Gambling was discouraged, of course, in all the Divisions; still, in going about the outskirts of the various camps, small groups might be seen squatted in out-of-the-way nooks engaged with an old pack of cards, or half-a-dozen fellows would be observed anxiously watching the effects of tossing into the air sundry coins of the realm. In ravines, and still more retired places, larger groups were sometimes noticed forming a

a ring and seeing fair play, whilst two "parties" who had quarrelled were settling who was the best man at fisticuffs.

Man is said to be a cooking animal, but the art does not come by nature: some instruction is required. The celebrated Soyer being at "the front," I took the opportunity of visiting him at the Guards' camp, and partook of his excellent soup made from the rations. He had entered into a speculation in large cylindrical kitchens to use in the open air in all weathers, and save fuel. Those I saw were not portable, but he promised to let me see others which would be a load for one mule, firewood and all, but I never saw them. I sent cooks twice to M. Soyer to watch his operations, but something interfered, and he said he would call and explain various things to us; but somehow this also never came off, and we did the best we could without the great artist's instructions.*

* Whether he was paid or not by our government I don't know.

One trick we found out was to make a good soup out of the common salt beef, and in this wise:—boiling for an hour the meat without previous steeping, changing the water, adding to the beef whatever potatoes, rice, or broken biscuit we had, and boiling the whole for another hour, meat and all; this was quite palatable, and the beef not so much "in rags" as to prevent its being eaten. But the grand discovery was making a good moist stew out of very indifferent fresh beef or mutton, which would, by the usual way of cooking, have turned out stringy, bad, and indigestible. The receipt was this: Take an earthenware jar or pipkin; cut the meat small and put it into the vessel with potatoes or any other vegetables at hand; add pepper and salt, and close the mouth of the jar with a cloth; place it in a camp-kettle full of water, but so *that no water enters the jar*; simmer or boil for five or six hours slowly;—at the end of that time a capital moist and well-flavoured mess will be turned out, fit

for any gentleman to sit down to. This was our pet dish, and a fowl done in this way is "first-rate" for a patient.

If no trouble is taken with soldiers to make them cook decently, they will tire of their everlasting common stew of beef and potatoes, hurriedly cooked and hard maybe; and feeling uncomfortable after a meal of this sort, they will take off some "raw stuff," or what an American teetotaller used to call "liquid damnation," to try and relieve themselves of their uneasy sensations. Soldiers require some variety in their messes as well as other people, and to have good cooking. Our plain cooks generally would do well to study among other things, how to dress vegetables and not spoil them, as they too often do, with rapid boiling.

A cup of comfort in the evening, in the shape of warm tea or coffee, with a biscuit, is an important help in promoting temperance, and when a man has got this to look forward to he may keep quiet.

Commend we heartily to our readers our

friend (and successor in African travel on the west coast) Galton's "Art of Travel" for plain and excellent directions how to find water, how to cook, how to take care of oneself, generally, on the road and in the wilderness. I give here the African receipt to make a fire without matches: Take a bunch of dry grass and make it loosely up like a ball; take a smaller quantity of grass and rub into it some moist powder; put it into the large bunch, light some tinder (or touch-paper prepared with gunpowder) with flint and steel, apply that to your powdered grass, swing the whole concern round in the air: it will soon ignite; have some small sticks handy, and you will soon boil your kettle.

By all means be careful of the men's heads in cooking in the open air in summer; get cover if you can for them against the terrible sun, or make them wrap towels, handkerchiefs—anything—round their heads. In hot climates, our nothern people don't know the direful effects of the sun when the

temperature of the air in the shade is 80° and upwards. The trenches during the summer months, with the glare from the white soil, were most exhausting.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir James Simpson—Anticipated Fight—The Russians muster at the Tchernaya—Battle-field described—Russians assault the Fedouchine Heights—Desperate fight at the Traktir Bridge—The British Guns there—Defeat of the Enemy—Visit the Field of Battle—The slain and wounded—The Enemy fire on the Ambulance—Colonel Hamley, R.A.—The long-range Shot in Camp—A hot night in the Trenches—The Caves by Day—Effects of disobedience of orders—Dr. Home's Servant—Dreadful death of an Artilleryman—A Sailor tries to burn the Russian Ships of War.

General Sir James Simpson, of Peninsular and Oriental experience, was now the British commander-in-chief. The siege

had progressed steadily, but with increasing casualties (as the trenches got nearer the massive Russian works) till the middle of August; it then became evident, from all we heard from deserters, that the enemy intended mischief outside, and would probably make a bold attempt to raise the siege. We heard of Imperial Guards transported on light carts by way of Nicholaef and Perekop, to the north-side of the harbour of Sevastopol, and of ammunition for the mouth as well as for the engines of war being still abundant. We were kept continually on the alert; thus, in the evenings, a sudden order would come to turn out, at two in the morning, a whole brigade or division, and, marching down to the head of the Valley of Death, we there remained till the day was well advanced. The heat for three days was 94° in the shade.

We had practised this several times, when, on the 16th of August at sunrise, we were made aware of a battle being

fought on our right, whilst we were closely watching the ravines against sorties from the city:—

> "Screaming shot and bursting shell,
> And bellowing of the mortars,"

were incessant towards the Tchernaya Valley. The Russians had come down from the Mackenzie heights the previous evening, in force about 60,000 men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and apparently with the intention of forcing their way towards Balaklava through the French on the Fedouchine heights, and the Sardinians and Turks higher up the valley. It was a bold but a wild attempt, unless a powerful and successful diversion had been simultaneously made on the allies on the plateau before Sevastopol. The ravines being so well guarded, the Russians did not seem inclined to come on in that direction, although we expected them there.

Early in the morning at the first shots

on the Tchernaya, with great alacrity did the French and British Dragoons, under General Morris and General Scarlett, spring to the summons to "boot and saddle;" and, mustering in force, rode down in column to the valley so admirably adapted for cavalry evolutions, and where the memorable charges of the heavy and light dragoons took place on the 25th October previously. The heights of the plateau of Sevastopol and of Kamara towards the sea, look down on this valley, on the right of which, in support, was posted the 13th light infantry (formerly part of the "llustrious garrison" of Jellalabad) under Lord Mark Kerr. A heavy battery of British 18-pounder guns, and 32-pounder howitzers, under Captain Moubray, R.A., took up a position on the Fedouchine heights, in aid of the Sardinians there. The Turks were drawn out on the upper Tchernaya: thus the whole of the allies co-operated in the coming struggle.

The extremity of the cavalry valley is shut in from the broad river valley of the Tchernaya by the Fedouchine heights, round topped and capable of being ascended with tolerable ease; the principal road from Balaklava to the Mackenzie heights runs through these heights, and by which part of the celebrated flank march from the Alma to Balaklava was executed in September 1854. Emerging from the shadow of the Fedouchine, an aqueduct is reached full of water, 10 feet broad and 4 deep; this is crossed by a bridge; beside it was a small octagonal building, in which Lord Raglan had slept on the advance to Balaklava aforesaid. There are several of these buildings along the line of the aqueduct; they probably served as guard or watch-houses for those entrusted with the care of the aqueduct. Beyond is the Traktir bridge, or "bridge of the inn;" it is well built of white stone, and crosses the clear and lively Tchernaya, with a couple of

arches; in front of it, towards the enemy, was a breast-work, or *tête de pont*, thrown up by the French.

What recollections of a fierce and bloody encounter does not the mention of this bridge call up!—of the roar of artillery and of volleys of musketry, of smoke and dust, of man contending against man, of intense suffering and hundreds of violent deaths, all in a small space; whilst the waters of the river and of the aqueduct, crimsoned with blood, were eagerly swallowed by the parched wounded.

Looking from the Traktir towards the the right, the steep hills and broken country above the village of Tchorgoun are observed, and beneath them the old tower of Tchorgoun, perhaps built by the Genoese as a fortalice for the village. There is another bridge there.

In front of the Traktir, and across the broad and grassy plain, was the line of the craggy Mackenzie heights, and on

them were placed, faintly seen, Russian batteries. Far to the left were the ruins of the Genoese castle of Inkerman, and beside it the hill-side was honey-combed with the caverns of some of the oldest inhabitants of the Crimea. The battle-field of the Tchernaya was thus one of deep interest.

The Turks, as I said, occupied the country about the upper Tchernaya and towards Tchorgoun; then the Sardinians extended from Tchorgoun to the left, whilst the French guarded the centre opposite the Traktir and away towards Inkerman.

The Russians on the night of the 15th of August made demonstrations towards the upper Tchernaya, seemingly feeling their way, but did not attack there; but another body, descending from the Mackenzie heights, drew close to the Sardinian field-works, which had been boldly constructed on the right bank of the Tchernaya, and, attacking them with powerful

columns at daybreak, drove the Sardinians back to the river; at the same time, pushing other columns towards the river and aqueduct at the foot of the Fedouchine hills, they crossed the river at fords, and carrying with them small wooden bridges, like hand-barrows, they laid them over the aqueduct.

Singular enough the French had not entrenched themselves on the Fedouchine hills, though they had been there for weeks. The Russians, always "wide awake" in the way of espionage, must have seen and known this, and imagined that, once across the aqueduct, which a person without arms or ammunition could jump across, all else would easily follow. The water of the aqueduct was intended for Sevastopol, but it was turned off and wasted itself in the plain lower down in the valley, being retained only at the Fedouchine to help in the defence of these heights.

Perhaps if the French had been cleared

off the Fedouchine heights and sent in disorder into the plain behind them, an attack would have been made on the British from the town, to prevent our falling on the Russian flank in their progress towards Balaklava. The Russians having attacked the small Sardinian force in the midst of a fog at early dawn, put the whole force, French, English, Sardinians, and Turks, on the alert.

On the left of the French, under the Sevastopol plateau, the Russians, covering the plain with skirmishers, and advancing with heavy columns, made a vigorous effort against the division of General Camou. Crossing the river by fording, and the aqueduct by means of their hand-bridges and planks, they advanced up the slope, were received by Zouaves and infantry of the line, and were forced across the aqueduct and river again. Russian guns, brought up opposite the Traktir bridge, pounded the French in that direction and towards the Fedouchine heights; the French guns replied vigorously. The

enemy's skirmishers, pushing on towards the bridge, followed by the columns under the cover and smoke of artillery fire, advanced against the bridge, their long grey coats and flat caps, relieved by their glittering bayonets—a sea of steel—the French were obliged to fall back at first, and the Russians, rapidly crossing the river and aqueduct, hurried up the road and gained some part of the heights which rise on each side of it; but the French rallying above, and bringing up supports of infantry of the line—Chasseurs-à-pied and Zouaves—the former in their little red caps and blue great-coats tucked up, the latter conspicuous in their red fezes, embroidered jackets and red baggy trowsers, all life, activity, and unencumbered, the Russians were driven across the stream again, leaving many dead and wounded, and four hundred prisoners behind them.

The artillery practice still continued,

and the Russians were rallied for a third attempt against the bridge and the heights, crossed again, and were again repulsed with musketry and an oblique fire of artillery, and were followed by rockets; the Sardinian and Turkish batteries, also firing from the heights, acting on their flank. The British heavy battery did excellent service, from its commanding position, on a Russian battery. The first shot struck the ground close to the Russian guns, the next struck them, the third took effect on the gunners, and at the fourth they were seen to disperse rapidly, and abandon their guns.

French Horse Artillery, Chasseurs d'Afrique on their wiry horses and in their gay light blue hussar jackets, mustered along with what General Pelissier called "the numerous and valiant English cavalry," also Sardinian lancers, all ready to take the enemy in flank; whilst reinforcements came from the rear, and six battalions

of Omar Pacha's army, under Sefer Pacha, from the right, General Sir James Simpson and staff also appeared on the field.

The morning mist having cleared away, and the batteries of the allies having full play on the Russian masses, they retired behind their guns of position, followed for some distance by the ever alert sharpshooters of the Sardinians, the Bersaglieri, conspicuous with their round hats and black cock's tail plumes, who preceded some Sardinian battalions, securing in their advance 100 Russian prisoners.

The enemy were now seen to retire in three bodies—one towards Tchorgoun, another disappeared behind the advanced Sardinian works captured in the morning, and the third took the road to Mackenzie's Farm, the whole covered by their cavalry and guns.

The gallant Della Marmora of the Sardinians advanced to re-occupy his lost ground, notwithstanding an overpowering force of the Russians was before him, and going forward with four squadrons, observed at least fifty

squadrons of Russian regular cavalry distributed in twelve bodies, and drawn up with artillery to cover their retreating infantry. These were also under the guns on the Mackenzie heights, which continued their fire all day towards the Traktir Bridge, careless, seemingly, of their own wounded which strewed the plain. The Russian Commander-in-chief, Gortschakoff, had taken up his position on the heights, and there witnessed the defeat of his army.

The loss of the Russians, suffering so much as they did from artillery fire, amounted to from 8,000 to 9,000 men, including the Scotch General Read (brought up in Russia), and another general, killed. The French loss was 1,000, and the Sardinians 200, including the General Count Montevecchio.

The allies had much reason to be proud of this brilliant action, and the enemy also are deserving of great credit for their bold and repeated attempts to force their way over, and through the Fedouchine heights.

There being no appearance of any sortie

from the town, and the battalions guarding the ravines having been sent back to camp (I had previously succeeded to the command of the regiment), I asked and obtained leave from Brigadier-General Barlow to ride to the field of the Tchernaya where the firing was still going on. I saw several hundred Russian prisoners brought up from the river, their faces, long great-coats and boots were covered with the dust of the combat, their cheeks like parchment, and their expression stolid. There were some grey-headed men among them and young boys; Chasseurs d'Afrique escorted them with a smile of triumph on their countenances. Then a wounded French officer was carried past on a stretcher, apparently in considerable pain, from a shot in the leg. Other indications of the combat appeared in the shape of ambulance wagons, whilst on the plain, clouds of dust shewed the retreating Russians followed by allied cavalry; the enemy seemingly trying, but unsuccessfully, to lead our people into a Balaklava charge amongst the guns.

After this, accompanied by my friend Major Dwyer, 14th, I rode along the aqueduct from the left of the French position to the Traktir bridge, and the sights we saw of the effects of shot, shell, and bullets on frail humanity were very painful, whilst some parties who had not probably been in the fight bore past us, exultingly, arms and other trophies of the battle.

Along the line of the aqueduct, and well on the French side of it, lay Russians in various attitudes, grey and bloody; then the red-trousered French on their faces and on their backs as they fell; some had died at the edge of the water, after drinking their last draught, whilst among other strange effects of shot, a fine young Zouave lay stiff on his left side, but in the exact attitude of taking aim, left foot and arm advanced, right hand brought up to his head; his piece was gone, but he seemed still to watch the foe and pull the trigger.

Here and there lay the hand-bridges—two stout pieces of wood with cross battens,

also scantlings and planks, with which it was intended not only that infantry, but also artillery should cross the aqueduct. I am not aware that any of the latter did accomplish this, but there were numerous traces, in the shape of dead men, of the advance of the Russians up the heights; the highest up and much in advance was a brave young officer, who lay for a time on his face, undisturbed, and sword in hand. Next, we came to portions of broken artillery waggons and guns; then a group gathered round the body of a Russian officer of rank, tall, and of a good countenance, with superior under-garments, his great-coat of fine cloth, and with 14 on a button behind—this was General Read; in his pocket was found his instructions as to the mode of attack. Where he fell there was a number of dead horses, perhaps of his staff. It appeared that he had not only directed his troops, but headed them.

The Russians on the Spur battery, in advance on the Mackenzie heights, were all the while looking angrily towards the

scene of their late defeat; and they sent, ever and anon, a ball over our heads, or directed them at bodies of the French on the hill-side; then a shell burst in front of the Traktir bridge, where the killed and wounded lay thick. It was provoking this behaviour of the Russians, and cruel towards their own wounded. I was pleased to see the care the French bestowed on the disabled Russians, in spite of the fire from the Russian guns. They put pouches under their heads, assisted to place them in easy attitudes, and went for water for them. Some of the poor fellows groaned in their agony, others lay on their backs glaring at us, seemingly to expect a thrust of the bayonet to put them out of pain, instead of being cared for, as they afterwards were, with every solicitude in the hospitals of the allies.

Along the line of the aqueduct, the French had thrown up here and there short parapets of earth, to form rifle-screens, commanding the aqueduct and river, but, as I said before, they had not regularly entrenched themselves,

which was an error; but if they had, perhaps they would not have had the glory attending the battle of the Tchernaya. A little French sentry, near the Traktir, was marching about at his post in high spirits, and on my asking him about the combat, he repeated that the enemy had tried the assault "trois fois, trois fois, monsieur, mais creé nom," &c., whilst some civilians from Balaklava, coming for plunder, fled past us up the road out of reach of the shot from the Spur battery.

Next day there was a terrific bombardment. We hurried out in the dark, as if to attack the Malakoff, but we were back again by five in our camps, which it was thought the Russians might have attempted from the town, to regain their credit after the failure of yesterday. At seven I walked to the front to observe the effects of the heavy fire to and from Sevastopol, and noticed, in advance of the left picket-house, a single military figure with a golden beard, seated on a rock, and closely observing what was going on. A shell soon burst

in the air over his head, and the fragments hummed and fell all about him. He was unnecessarily exposed. He got up deliberately, and sauntered back to where I stood, on higher ground. This was the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," of the "Campaign in the Crimea," &c., Colonel Hamley, R.A. We stood conversing on the progress of the siege, and I must say he was more hopeful of the speedy termination of it than any officer I had previously conversed with. "If the alliance hold good, the Russians cannot hold out much longer. Men, food, money, must fail them soon, but they keep up their supplies wonderfully."

Hamley, conspicuous in his gold-peaked staff cap, and I wearing a white, loose dress for the heat, we were marked by the Russians, and a gun shell was sent at us, which kicked up the dust, and cracked in the midst of a group of horses grazing before us; they snorted and galloped about the fragments. But another came still closer. We stooped for shelter behind

Major Swinton's headstone. The heavy pieces flew about us, one of which Hamley picked up, smoking hot, and gave it to me. It was time to beat a retreat, which we did "as if we didn't care."

The loud burst and flash of a shell in front of my hut one day brought me out. I thought it was a long range, but it was a Russian loaded shell which some of our artillery-men had brought up from the trenches to examine its fuze, groups of them gathered round, the fuze was attempted to be drawn, and the shell burst causing a serious loss of life and limb among the unfortunate fellows.

I was again on duty in the trenches, and on my way saw where the long range balls fell in the 4th and 89th camps, and the narrow escapes which both men and horses made. The foot of an officer's iron bed was smashed by a great round shot, as he sat reading later than usual in his tent. We had a very hot night of it in the

trenches from great guns and mortars; shot, shell, rockets, and Minié balls were in the air together; at times it was a sort of hell upon earth. Our gabions were a good deal knocked about, and men killed and wounded beside them in the fifth parallel.

The Russians came out in three bodies, but went back again to their works, and, thinking they were attacked, commenced yelling, bugling and firing from their parapets furiously. Colonel Ferryman was general of the trenches that night, and he brought up the reserves to the front. When the excitement was somewhat abated, and the more regular firing going on, I took up my position with a few men for a time in the rifle-pit of the fourth parallel, with a man looking over the parapet, to watch for shells coming our way, and dispersing for a moment when they cracked and burst beside us.

In some parts of the trenches in the

advanced parallels, for instance, the men stood thick; whilst in other places, to keep up the communication along the boyaux or zigzags, the men were posted two together at intervals; and in moving about in the dark to see that they were on the alert, I found two of the 14th listening and watching beside the opening into a zigzag, and they said "the grape-shot is coming down that way every minute, sir." I waited till the next blast passed, and got along unharmed, and thankful for the warning.

In broad daylight riflemen occupied the advanced parallels; the gunners worked in the third parallel at their numerous batteries, and the rest of the trench-guards of the Left attack took up a position in the caves of the Valley of Death. The caves were cooler and better than the hot General's hut for the officers, and gave shade to the men, but they were shallow, and some of them capable of sheltering only three men, who formed

a picturesque group crouching inside. I went to see our opposition long-range guns in the second parallel. The breach was sunk in a pit to prevent recoil, and the muzzle elevated at an angle of fifteen degrees, with a couple of stout batons alongside to keep the gun in its place. Balls were sent into the town or over the harbour, a couple of miles, and with the same irritating effect as the Russian long range guns had on our camps.

One of the officers who had wandered to the third parallel, to see the mortar practice, came back to the caves with a contused knee; a thirteen-inch shell came in upon twenty of them, wounded an artillery officer behind a traverse, and grazed the back of a gunner. Shot and shell flew thick over the caves all the afternoon, and we had a couple of casualties there from stones flying about. A cheerful companion on that occasion was Captain Jasper Hall, King's Own Regiment, a relative of, and afterwards aide-

de-camp to, Sir William Codrington. Strong and hearty at that time, he lately sickened and died, to the great regret of numerous friends.

Dr. Price, of the 14th, was standing at the door of the General's hut, and looking at some artillerymen coming over the open towards the second parallel.* The Russians saw them, and sent a hail-storm of rifle balls at them. One man fell, shot through his red night-cap; the rest dispersed, two lying down for shelter under a low wall. A sailor came along, "dodging" the balls; he looked at the body, seized it up, and carried it to the doctor. The spirit had for ever fled, but the act deserved a medal.

Disobedience of orders usually brings its own punishment. Thus an artilleryman was told to load a gun in No. 17, *after dusk.* He went in daylight at six

* This was said to have been allowed by a young officer, ust joined, and new to the trenches.

o'clock, took out the gabion from the embrasure, and was proceeding to load when a round shot came in, killed him, wounded two others, and dismounted the gun.

We were greatly tormented by flies by day and fleas by night in August. Those who lived near commissariat stores suffered the most from the former; they swarmed on the food and stuck to the face, whilst the worry of the latter in "the watches of the night" was very harrassing. The long range bothered a good deal some civilians. A Maltese servant of my friend Dr. Home gave warning. He had not bargained, when he came from the nankeen-coloured island, to have his rest disturbed by a round shot tumbling into bed with him, as happened to a poor artilleryman close beside us in front. He was lying in his tent with seven other men, and a ball, making a great hole in the tent, passed through

his body in his sleep, burying itself two feet in the ground below him. The rest thinking it was a shell lay still till it would burst, but as it did not they took up their groaning comrade, who said, "Let me die—its of no use boys—I'm gone." It was believed that Russian spies—pretended canteen keepers—told the enemy where and how to fire; but with all this, not a tent or hut was removed, and shells burst close about General Eyre's quarters.

It was tantalizing all this while to observe a line of Russian ships-of-war, sailing vessels and steamers, extending across the harbour behind the ships, which at the commencement of the siege had been sunk to obstruct the entrance. Some battery, we trusted, would at last be able to touch and tear to pieces these vessels, reduced to their lower masts and yards; but another manœuvre was attempted at this time by an enterprising British boatswain's mate. John Shepherd

volunteered to go in a small boat at night among the ships, and endeavour to set fire to one of them. Twice this boat passed my hut, carried towards the upper part of the harbour by stout seamen. The man, in his low and almost invisible craft, tried to accomplish his object, but did not succeed. The enemy had too many of their own boats rowing about at night. However, Shepherd was rewarded with money and the Victoria Cross for his gallant attempt. There would have been no cruelty in it, as the crew of the devoted ships had plenty of means of escape.

CHAPTER V.

Effect of Rain-storms in Camp—Use of the Rail—Colonel Norcott's Misfortune—The Commissioners M'Neil and Tulloch—The Duke of Newcastle—General Markham—Ladies at the Seat of War—Visit Miss Nightingale—Effects of Spirits after Amputations — Installation of the Order of the Bath—Sorties — Great Explosion at the Mamelon—The Rev. Mr. Cannon—The Siege recommended to be raised—Colonel Unett—The Long Range Balls in Camp—Mr. Russell, of the "Times"—The Russians case-mate their Batteries—The Naval Brigade Theatre.

THE heavy rain, at times was a serious inconvenience, though it served to cool the air, and promote health by carrying off many

impurities; yet the difficulty of moving about was great, laden at each foot with pounds of sticky mud, whilst the horses looked half drowned at their pickets, but which the wet enabled them to draw from the soil and carry off, scampering among the tent ropes. The earthworks were, of course, always considerably damaged, and the siege retarded by heavy showers, and the dead in their shallow graves were sometimes exposed.

The great use and advantage of the seven miles of railroad from Balaklava was now most apparent, the trenches and batteries devouring "no end" of shot and shells. Guns and mortars could not have had their insatiable appetites satisfied without the railroad. This valuable application of modern science to the purposes of warfare was most evident in and after these drenching Crimean storms.

Colonel Norcott of the Rifle Brigade, who was always very zealous in the trenches, and never spared himself—walk-

ing usually to his camp after his work was done in front—had a misfortune in the latter part of the siege. The weather was sultry, and on one occasion he ordered his horse to come for him to ride back to the camp. His groom stopped a while at Green Hill in rear of the Left attack, and had dismounted, when a round shot came over the hill and destroyed in an instant both man and horse. About the lower caves in the Valley of Death was the safest place for a horse to wait for one, after an exhausting twenty-four hours' trench.

In the 14th Regiment, as in other corps, there was a large proportion of very fine men who would "go anywhere, and do anything" they were put to; there were also some strange characters who had taken to soldiering as if by accident, one of this last class joined in the Crimea. The first time he went into the trenches, the men were "sniping" at some trees below the Left attack, where

Russians were supposed to be in hiding; a man fired at a tree and a bird flew out of it, which occasioned much derision; the recruit then asked leave to try his luck, he fired, when a Russian dropped dead from a branch, to the horror of the marksman, who immediately fell on his knees before his officer, and crossing himself, cried out:—"Oh, Musha! Musha! wurra! wurra! it's miself has killed a Christian, it's to hell I'll go for this, Holy Mother save us! Oh, preserve us! I'll die for this. Oh, murder, murder!" A sergeant standing by, trying to control his laughter, could hardly get him on his feet again, but he continued all day muttering prayers and crossing himself, thinking that he would never get over the bloody action of which he had been unintentionally guilty, and that his own death would certainly follow.

The Commissioners, Sir John M'Neil, G.C.B., and Colonel Tulloch, had completed their examination of many evidences

as to the causes of the losses and tear and wear of men and material during the first winter. They worked indefatigably: no one knew their opinions, of course. I had known the first of these gentlemen long ago at the Court of Persia, and the latter as a student at a Scotch college; and I thought that the selection of these gentlemen, for the important mission they fulfilled during the Crimean war, was very wise and judicious. We all now know that mistaken economists and believers in the impossibility of great wars in the nineteenth century, had caused the military resources of Britain to be reduced very low; and some most sagacious public officers would not believe that the Russians would hold out for war as they did, and that there would be a declaration of war, till the day it was made, and then it was thought it might be a mere demonstration, and a sort of agreeable pic-nic about the Mediterranean, or to the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus. But it turned out a very serious affair—war in earnest with a

mighty nation; and then there was the hurried getting together of men and munitions of war; some confusion and some mistakes, as in all human arrangements. But this I think we ought to bear in mind for the national credit—I heard of no instances of peculation, or the making away with stores for private purposes; no cases of bribery or of unlawful gains at the commencement of the war, or during the time it lasted.

The Duke of Newcastle, a most devoted and hard-working public officer, and who had done everything in his power to carry on the war vigorously, was relieved, for political reasons, in his high office by Lord Panmure as Secretary of State for War. He also with the greatest diligence attended to his duties. The Duke then came to the Crimea to watch the siege, and I saw him frequently riding about in a white cap cover and light grey tunic; he was provided with a handsome beard, and he watched from Cathcart's Hill, of an evening, the endless cannonade in front, and shells

pitched among the parties of trench-guards going down to their night work. He lived in a small stone house on Cathcart's Hill, and there experienced the Crimean complaint which more or less prevailed in camp.

I was one day at head-quarters (at the white-washed long and low country-house, with its red-tiled roof, small Tartar chimneys, large back-yard, and out-houses, and grape garden sloping down from the front) paying my respects to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir James Simpson, of whom the Scotch were proud as a firm and resolute old warrior, and who had acquired a high character as a regimental and staff officer, when I observed in the porch a new face, sallow and furnished with a black and grey beard. The expression of the countenance was that of fatigue, of exhaustion. This was General Markham, much distinguished in Canada for forward courage and activity during the Rebellion of 1837-38, and where he was badly wounded, and for exploits in the chase in India. He was so highly thought of

by the authorities at the Horse Guards that he had been sent for all the way from Upper India to take a command before Sevastopol, and probably to head a party to storm it, or the Mackenzie heights; but he was exhausted, poor man. Truly the spirit was willing, but the flesh, by this time, was weak. He had travelled in the hottest season rapidly to Calcutta, and thence came on to the seat of war; but his energies, by the time he arrived, were at a low ebb, though he struggled against his failing health, and did his best while in command of a brigade of the Right attack. I encountered him one evening riding with his aide-de-camp on the heights above the great plain of Balaklava, for cool air. He asked the hour, and this was our only intercourse.

A few ladies visited the seat of war; and the authoress of a book, Mrs. Duberly (the wife of a cavalry officer), was a long time in Turkey and in the Crimea, sometimes living on board ship, at other times in the cavalry camp, and very often

seen, in her felt hat and drab skirt, observing the firing in front, and not hesitating to ride about the field after a fight among scenes of peculiar fascination.

The Countess of Errol, an old acquaintance in America, was with her husband in Turkey, and afterwards assisted him when wounded at the field of the Alma. She exhibited always great energy, was a great favourite, and did much good among the sick and wounded. She was quite ready to expose herself to danger, and carried arms when they were required.

Mrs. Monro and Mrs. Tinley, wives of officers of the 39th, felt uncomplainingly all the inconveniences of a camp life in their husbands' huts, as did Mrs. Birne, the wife of an officer of Royal Engineers. One lady—Mrs. Straubenzee—was wounded with a piece of shell on the foot. It was an anxious time till the twenty-four hours' "trench" was over, and it happened more than once that an

officer was brought up bleeding and dying to her who had shared his tent on this field of slaughter.

A lady with a small party, among whom was Soyer, rode past my hut one afternoon, in a short and useful looking skirt. She was of a good figure and lady-like, with a composed expression. This was Florence Nightingale, one of the noblest of her sex. Whilst our troops were suffering under privations such as few men have ever been called on to endure, half the infantry engaged at the siege having been cut off by disease in the winter of 1854-55, besides those who were killed in action or died of their wounds, let us here record, very briefly, Miss Nightingale's services after she left all the enjoyments and endearments of her English home: her admirable arrangements, in co-operation with the army surgeons at the military hospitals, and indefatigable exertions to provide linen, aided by the "Times' Fund;" her engaging all those

who could wash, to do so for the helpless soldiers, and to cook for them. Her vigilance and attention were unremitting, constantly working with her own hands, or moving about along the long rows of invalids sighing, and, whilst trying to suppress their groans, watching with glistening eye their ministering angel in human shape. She got large additional accommodation for the sick and wounded, and when the means for furnishing new wards were not immediately at hand, she provided at her own charge (afterwards repaid) the necessary supplies. The government, however, did all that could possibly be effected to remedy first deficiencies on a new field of action, with unexpectedly crowded hospitals. In 1855-56 no hospitals were so well and amply provided as the British.

I rode one day with a medical friend—Dr. P. Frazer K.T.S. formerly in Portugal with Admiral Sir Charles Napier, at the time I was there during the civil war—to visit Miss Nightingale, " the

soldier's friend," at the row of hospital huts below the old Genoese castle of Balaklava. I always make friends with doctors, not that I have often required their help in many changes of climate, but because we know they are educated men, and, experiencing much, they can communicate much useful and interesting information if so disposed. The conduct of the army and navy surgeons in Turkey and the Crimea, generally, was most praiseworthy; they were most attentive to their duties, constant in their attentions to the sick and wounded, and a large number of them died at their posts.

It appears that from the *petits verres* of spirits of the French, daily imbibed, and often indifferent food, also from our own salt meat and raw rum, that the body was not in a good state for wounds. The healing process was interrupted; and thus out of several hundred amputations, though skilfully performed, five-sixths died. Of 600 Frenchmen amputated, 100 survived.

Much camomile was used in the French hospitals, and tisans of barley-water with liquorice in it. For a time there was a deficiency of blankets, and other conveniences, the French sick and wounded lying in their great coats. From first to last the proportion of the mortality among the French was much greater than among the British (though that was heavy enough), but the French authorities, perhaps wisely, prevented the amount of suffering being known.

Miss Nightingale's page, whom we met on the hill side above Balaklava, said his mistress was at home, and we found her in a clean room in a wooden hut which overlooked, with many others, the Black Sea; the grey towers of the castle of Balaklava being above them. Miss Nightingale had been suffering from fever, looked thin at this time, and was dressed in a bonnet, with a black dress and shawl. Spare white sheets on the walls formed a sort of

tapestry to hide the boards; the table before her was covered with papers and work. She had visited the 14th hospital huts, and approved of their condition; and she offered Dr. Frazer, for the general hospital, (to which he was attached) pillows with holes in them for bed sores. Aware of the carelessness of some of the hospital orderlies, she was anxious to know if a supply of nurses would be of use in front, but it was thought not safe to send them, for unless the huts were surrounded with palisades and shut off from the rest of the camp, the nurses might be interfered with.

One object of my visit to Miss Nightingale was to ask where we could get school-books for the 14th Regiment; she promised some help, and I afterwards got a liberal supply of copy-books from her and many numbers of the "British Workman" (monthly paper), which, with the Bible, were used as school-books. We took leave, much pleased with our visit; and on the

occasion of another visit I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Nightingale looking quite recovered, and well and cheerful. My countrywoman, Miss Shaw Stuart, a coadjutor of Miss Nightingale in works of humanity and mercy, I also saw; she was well adapted, constitutionally, for the labours she underwent among the suffering soldiers, and is deserving of the highest honour.

I was present at head-quarters at the grand ceremony of installing Knights of the Bath—when the Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, came from Constantinople for that purpose. There was a sort of canopy erected at the rear entrance of the Commander-in-chief's house, in front of it were the flags of the four allies—French, British Sardinians, Turks, with the royal standard in the middle. Infantry facing inwards, backed by Lancers, formed a large square in front of this. Artillery were outside, staff and other officers, spectators, were inside the square; salutes were fired, and

an address was delivered by the Ambassador, and replied to by Sir Edmund Lyons, Sir Colin Campbell, &c., on receiving their decorations.

In August, there were two sorties of the Russians on successive nights; they were determined to show that they would not give in easily, Captain Frazer, 97th, was killed on one of these nights, and Captain Forbes lost an arm; men suffered also, and the Russians threw down some of the gabions of the Right attack before they were driven back.

One night, about nine o'clock, I was suddenly awoke, and felt as if I would be shaken off my stretcher by a terrific explosion; I ran to the door of the hut, and saw a vast column of smoke in the air, slowly passing away from above the Mamelon; a large magazine there, of several tons of powder, had been blown up by a Russian shell striking an ammunition cart, unloading, and 200 of the 1st Voltigeurs, officers and men, were said to have suffered.

A deep pit was left after the explosion, and the Russians fired vigorously towards the scene of the disaster, but did not at all interrupt the progress of the siege.

After this, the French purposely sprung a couple of mines to assist in the prosecution of the works; one had a very striking effect as I watched it from my parade-ground. A vast column of black smoke rose and resolved itself into a gigantic bust, like the King of Terrors, looking grimly towards the Malakoff; it gradually dispersed, and had altogether a very ominous appearance.

Among the friends I made during the siege, was the Rev. Mr. Cannon, military chaplain, attached to the 72nd Regiment, a gentleman who gave up a quiet parish in Scotland for a more extended field of usefulness in Turkey and the Crimea. He is the brother of General Cannon, well known in connexion with the war since 1854. The Rev. Mr. Cannon, among other deeds of active benevolence, had assisted, with others,

to establish the Inkermann Coffee-house for soldiers recovering at the Scutari hospitals. At first there had been much irregularity among the invalids there, but a remedy was applied, and at the coffee-house they had good rooms, books, papers, writing materials, dominoes, drafts and bowls, coffee, lemonade, &c., all appliances were found the men to make them comfortable and happy during their convalescence.

The siege was closely pressed, and there was immense firing on both sides. Our losses nightly were forty and fifty. The stretchers were black with gore, and it was an ugly sight for raw boys joining, to see such things carried down into the trenches behind the columns, and knowing that they would not be long empty. Few could conjecture when all this would end. About this time I saw the copy of a letter from an officer of rank and experience addressed to Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary. This officer had objected to the Crimean expedition, and to the siege, in the first

instance, but since it was determined to undertake a siege, he thought the Katcha river was the point that ought to have been attempted at first with French, British, and Ottomans; but, as that was not done, he imagined that the best way now was to raise the siege, make an advance into the open field, and cut off the communications with Baghteserai and Simpheropol. The allies, he said, were not in sufficient force for both operations, and there was no probability of reducing Sevastopol now, and Kamiesch and Kazatch were good harbours to fall back on, in *echelon* of detached forts, to hold during the winter; that the 40,000 Turks who had gone to Eupatoria had done good service there: they had well fortified themselves, had made a gallant defence against a formidable attack, and French, British, and Turks had marched and fought successfully outside. Great advances could not be made from that point for want of water.

My old friend, Colonel Unett, 19th, soon afterwards slain, called one day, and we

discussed the possibility of cutting off the Russian convoys along the coast towards Sevastopol, by landing cavalry, whilst infantry entrenched a place of arms, and, gunboats being posted at both ends to flank it, dashing on the convoys with the cavalry, and retiring, when necessary, to the infantry and the defences.

There was a reconnoitring cavalry expedition about this time, fourteen miles beyond Baidar, descending the Phoros Pass, and going along the coast. At a deserted country-house was found much wine and furniture, including slabs of the Russian luxury, malachite. Some Greeks there in ambush were said to have shot two or three of the mounted party.

In riding round the camp one evening after dinner, for pleasure, with an old brother officer in the 42nd—the Hon. Robert Rollo, now Assistant Adjutant-General, Canada—our conversation was interrupted by a long range ball, which dashed beside us into the midst of the camp

of the 50th Regiment, and occasioned a considerable commotion among the horses and mules, knocking down one of the latter, and collecting a crowd. Sometimes as many as thirty of the long range a day would come among us: "There goes another of these brutes," an old hand remarked, as one hurtled angrily through the air not far off.

Our cannonade was of the greatest service to the French, by enabling them to make their approaches through the soft ground on the right towards the Malakoff. They used to begin a trench at two ends, by placing and filling gabions and connecting them under cover of their own and the British artillery fire. General Pelissier, being large and heavy, and only occasionally riding on horseback, was seen now in an open carriage, attended by his aides-de-camp and hussar escort. Sir James Simpson and staff were continually on the alert at various points. Men's slumbers were

light and short at this time, particularly whilst the Russian telegraphic lights flashed along the Inkermann and Mackenzie heights. The Russians frequently threw bouquets of small shells among our people, and they scattered and fell at night with fine effect. The soldiers called them, from their brilliant appearance, "The happy family."

I encountered occasionally on horseback, and on the famous look-out, Cathcart Hill, Mr. Russell, the celebrated 'Times' correspondent. He is powerful in person as he is a writer, and was furnished with a Crimean beard. I remember an instance of the effect of his writing in Canada. An eminent physician in Montreal tried to read to his wife the description of the preparations for the heavy cavalry charge at Balaklava and the results, and he was obliged to lay down the paper: his emotion prevented his going on. I tried the same, broke down also from excitement, and I consider this chapter

in "The War," by W. H. Russell, as a test of a man's control, or otherwise, over his feelings.

In talking to a French officer as to the means of destroying the heavy Russian earthworks which the allied balls pock-pitted, but could not breach, he said it was rumoured that a late invention was to be tried, and which was effectual in making great gaps among forest trees, viz: —firing 100 pounds of powder enclosed in a strong cylinder, or cask, with a fuse attached; this bursting at the proper moment, would, it was supposed, breach any mound of earth. On visiting an old Canadian friend, Major George Bent, R.E., then in charge of the Left attack, a most painstaking and intelligent officer, he said that it had been remarked, in addition to the mysterious bridge of 1000 yards of rafts and boats which the Russians had now extended across the harbour, either to facilitate escape, or to bring in easily men and munitions to the south side, that the

enemy was casemating and covering with large timbers and thick earth, the Garden Batteries, &c., exposed to our withering fire. I sat for some time with another old R.E., friend, Major Brown, most active and zealous in the Right attack opposite the great Redan, where the hardness of the ground and the necessary exposure to cross-fire, in forming the advanced trenches, had resulted in a dangerous wound to the Major through his left shoulder and arm. Captain Oldfield, R.A., than whom none worked harder or took more interest in the trench work, after being daily and closely passed by death during the last ten months, was at length struck on the head by a fragment of shell at a battery of the Left attack, and, to the great loss of the service and the regret of many friends, never spoke more.

It is singular to record, that, in the midst of all this "battle, murder, and sudden death," the sailors of the naval brigade enclosed a space for scenery, and

erected a theatre on the slope of their ravine, where, sitting on the hill side *sub Jove*, after the manner of the ancients, the audience had this bill of fare placed before them:—

THEATRE ROYAL, NAVAL BRIGADE.

"By particular desire, will be performed this evening, Sept. 1st, the laughable farce of

DEAF AS A POST.

After which, a variety of comic songs and dancing, to be followed by the farce of

THE SILENT WOMAN.

Interludes of singing and dancing, to conclude with the laughable farce of

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

A finale by the company, singing, &c.—Seats to be taken at half-past seven, performance to commence at eight."

As we sat there enjoying the mirth and music of these honest fellows, I was surprised that the Russians, whose information

was so good of the doings in camp, did not pump in amongst us two or three long range shot; they had sent them as far before, and might now have caused us to substitute groans of pain for laughter and applause at some very respectable performances.

CHAPTER VI.

Indications of a Crisis—A ladder Bridge—The Russian Ships at last touched—Horrors of a besieged City—A hot Bombardment—Bridge across the Harbour—The British siege Train—The state of the Trenches—Occurrences on the 7th September—The eventful 8th September—Distribution of Dragoons and Highlanders—The Third Division—Rencontre with General Pelissier—The Cannonading dies away at noon—Appearance of the Redan—Storming of the Malakoff—Assistance rendered by British Artillery—Colonel Strange, R.A.—Assault on the Redan—Generals Codrington and Markham—The Stormers repulsed—The causes of this investigated—The Sappers—The Killed and Wounded—General Wyndham—The French repulsed—Great Slaughter—Arrangements to renew the attack on the Redan—Violent explosions—Sevastopol

in Flames and Evacuated—Examination of the Russian Works—Anecdotes of Sailors—Reflections on the Fall of Sevastopol.

"THERE is something going on in the French Engineers' yard, near where I live in camp," said a very intelligent and attentive army surgeon, Dr. Longmore, 19th Regiment, who paid me a visit in the beginning of September; "they have got some ladders, together with planks on them, and are practising running them over a ditch."

"No doubt a practice for the Malakoff," I replied, "and I wish our people might have the chance of co-operating there also."

"The beginning of the end" was not long in appearing, and in a very striking and brilliant manner. On the evening of the 5th September, there had been much shelling from our side, and I turned out of my hut at nine o'clock to look round. I observed a glare of light over Sevastopol, as if it were on fire, and looking in upon Brigade-General Barlow, I said, "The city seems on fire," which broke up a small

party there. I then went to Cathcart's Hill to get a better view, and there saw a grand sight, a large ship in the harbour on fire from stem to stern, touched at last by the missiles of the allies. The ribs of the black hull were seen through the blaze, and the flames licked her masts, and a thick canopy of smoke rolled over and away from her towards Fort Constantine; her guns went off at intervals; the red flames were reflected in the waters of the harbour, where steamers were seen to ply backwards and forwards as if to help their consort; but help was vain. The ship after a time blew up and disappeared; next day another frigate took fire and was consumed. "The plot was thickening."

What was doing all this time inside Sevastopol? No doubt there was a vast amount of misery and suffering, for our shot and shell seemed to search every part of the city, crashing through roofs, descending into the lower stories, and dashing on the open streets in a cloud of dust and gravel.

There was a look-out place on the British extreme right, and in advance, where an officer was posted all day with good glasses and a note-book, and sheltered from the sun by a slight awning on four uprights. I was twice there, and saw our shot bursting into large buildings, and a flight of soldiers and women from them afterwards, and the apparent uncertainty of the unfortunate people where to go or what to do. Theirs must have been a life of continual harassment; destruction, danger, and death continually before them.

"The bursting shell, the roof-tree torn asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.
Were half the power that fills the world with terror—
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts—
Given to redeem the mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."

On the 7th of September the weather was cool, but the fire was the hottest we had yet seen—a continual cannonade and

bombardment. A dozen shells were seen aloft at once; the air was rent with missiles, balls, bombs, and rockets crossing each other; the rattle and roll of musketry and great guns was replied to by the enemy; the smell of "villanous saltpetre" filled our nostrils; the wounds and death around roused the worst of passions in many breasts; the projectors of the missiles thirsted for each other's blood, and hurried on a crisis. The devil seemed to be abroad this day, and hell to have broken loose.

Since the beginning of the month we were losing at the rate of a regiment in ten days, and the French, from their greater number, a brigade in the same time.

The French had been in the habit of late of exploding small mines to facilitate their advance on the Russian right. The explosion of these, accompanied with strong jets of flame, and a burst of smoke into the air, was followed by crushing fire all along their lines, whilst our people continued a steady and incessant practice against the

Redan and right flank of the Malakoff in co-operation. Our musketry practice, at night particularly, must have resembled hornets about the Russian batteries, and behind them in the town; the flight of the Minié ball is so far, that no place could have been safe from the terrible torment of missiles of all kinds. The cheeks of the embrasures of the Russian batteries were torn and ragged, the gabions sticking out; the attempts of the enemy to repair them must have been attended with great loss of life.

The floating bridge across the harbour to the north side was observed to be much used now. At one time quantities of stores seemed to be carried across from the town; at another time furniture apparently; then great bundles of forage were brought to the town, possibly to assist in giving shelter against the streams of missiles; next, large bodies of the enemy would be seen to come across to the south side, to strengthen the garrison in resisting an expected assault on

the place; whilst signalling went on along the heights, and we anticipated another attack like that of the 16th August, as another attempt to raise the siege.

Our artillery practice seemed perfect Every ball and bomb appeared to tell exactly where they were intended. The British had now in operation

	34	13-inch mortars,
	27	10-inch ditto,
	16	8-inch ditto,
	20	$5\frac{1}{2}$-inch cohorns,
Total	97	mortars and two Lancaster's.
	61	32-pounders,
	37	8-inch guns,
	7	10-inch guns,
	6	68-pounders,
	3	9-pounders,
Total	114	guns.

The hammering from such a forge may

well be fancied to have been terrible on the doomed city and its defences, besides the free use of the munitions of war from the French batteries. The expenditure of musket ammunition was so great, that it was understood to have been 150,000 rounds by the British alone each night, at the last bombardment. The Russians seemed fond of vertical fire, and sent showers of iron on our advanced works.

Our losses were heavy. About this time, Captain Pechell, 77th, Captain Anderson, Assistant Engineer, Captain Snow, R.A., and Captain Buckley, Scots Fusilier Guards, were killed; Captain Verschoyle, Grenadier Guards; Lieutenant Chatfield, 49th, and Lieutenant Phillips, 56th, were wounded; and about one hundred non-commissioned officers and men were killed and wounded daily, including the losses of the Naval Brigade, who were working hard with their large ordnance near the General's hut in the Left attack. There we could not well push our advances farther;

with the fifth parallel we had got to the edge of the rocky tongue of land overlooking the Admiralty creek, flanking, as it were, the Garden batteries of the Russians. To descend to the Woronzoff Road with a sap, and climb again towards the Barrack batteries, was possible, but the labour would have been great, and the loss of life heavy. The Right attack had got also to "the length of its tether," and had come to ground 250 yards from the Great Redan, which was hard as a paved street, and crossed by the fire of scores of Russian cannon.

The French had pushed their zig-zags from their five parallels, between the Mamelon and Malakoff, working through soft and favourable ground (this was their good fortune), to within twenty yards of the edge of the ditch of the Malakoff, though harassed not only by direct fire from the Malakoff and the curtains about it, but also flanked and raked from the south side of the harbour (this was their misfor-

tune), but they persevered nobly. They were not far off the Little Redan, east of the Malakoff, say one hundred yards; on the left they had got within a few yards of the counterscarp of the Flagstaff battery, and about a hundred yards from the ditch of the Bastion central. Such was the state of the approaches to the Russian works on the evening of the 7th September, when also a considerable force of Sardinians was marched to the French Left attack to assist there. On the French right, at least 30,000 men were collected about the Mamelon, and towards the Malakoff.

A Council of War was held on the 7th at the British head-quarters; Generals Pelissier and Della Marmora were there. The crisis had evidently come, and any doubts about it were set at rest by an order to clear the hospitals of patients who could be got to the rear, and to make ready for a large number of expected wounded.

The morning of the eventful 8th of

September was clear and cold. There was a bright sun, and there were clouds indicating rain, but none fell till the afternoon, and then slightly. A strong wind, bringing with it a sharp dust, blew towards us from Sevastopol. The weather was uncomfortable, but few thought of it, as expectation was raised to the utmost to watch what was going to happen at this stage of the great drama of the war.

Dragoons—heavies, hussars, and lancers—rode to the front from their camp at Kadekoi, under Colonel Hodge, and were distributed as a chain of videttes, to prevent stragglers coming into our trenches, or crowds of spectators about Cathcart's Hill; however, there were many anxious gazers in oriental guise, and camp followers, on various knolls around. The Highlanders were marched up from Kamara, under Brigadier-General Cameron, and were in reserve at the Right attack. The Guards were posted in the Woronzoff Road. Part of the first division held the

trenches of the Left attack, and the second and light divisions were marched into the trenches of the Right attack opposite the Great Redan.

Our third division was directed to move to the front by regiments, and muster behind the heights, so as to be ready to cooperate when our services should be required. I was riding towards the rendezvous across the level ground in front of our huts, at the head of the regiment, which was in good fighting order, when Major Dwyer galloped up from the rear, and said that General Pelissier and staff were approaching us from the left. He appeared with a numerous staff and escort, and one man displaying a large tricolour flag, apparently to hoist on the Malakoff, if it should fall, which, from the bearing of the General, he seemed to have little doubt of. I carried arms to the old warrior, and he passed on, but was immediately after stopped by a British sentry, and directed to make a detour more to the rear, which the Com-

mander-in-chief immediately did, though, doubtless, not without some maledictions on the part of his suite.

General Eyre massed his division and piled arms, and then rode off to the second parallel, Left attack, to which we saw Sir James Simpson, Sir Richard Airey, and Colonel Packenham proceeding. Soon after this, we observed a figure carried to the front on a stretcher by sappers; they were preceded by two mounted officers. We supposed it was the funeral of a sapper, though it seemed to be a strange time for it; but it was the gallant and indefatigable Sir Harry Jones, the commanding Royal Engineer, who, though suffering much from illness, and unable to ride, had himself taken from his bed to be present at the assault. By and bye more stretchers, with wounded men of the Naval Brigade, were carried from the front, and then another stretcher was brought past us; this bore Major Chapman, 20th Regiment, Assistant Engineer, an old acquaintance, who

had now, after many escapes and much trench duty, got a wound in the knee, from which he sank and died.

The cannonading went on briskly in the morning, and died away towards noon, to deceive the Russians, who usually rested themselves at that time. At Seringapatam, in the East, long ago, the same manœuvre had been practised, and successfully. After twelve o'clock, Major Robertson, A.D.C., rode up, and said—"General Eyre sends to say that the Malakoff has been assaulted and carried, and the British have entered the Redan;" also that we were to move more in advance; we did so with alacrity, and halted in full view, and within range of the Russian works.

Our attention was directed to the Redan. To our surprise we saw our batteries throwing shells into it, scaling ladders lying on the exterior slope of the parapet, and dead bodies all about it; something unaccountable had happened. Presently, round shot came from the Redan, directed

at us. The first came dashing towards us right in the teeth of the division, knocking up the dust and stones, dispersing a group of lookers-on; then the word was "Look out on the right!" and my grey charger was nearly knocked off his legs by a ball which threw the dust up in the faces of the grenadiers. There had evidently been a desperate struggle at the Redan, and our people had failed to hold it, but we doubted not that another bold effort would be made, and, though ordered to move a little to the rear, the whole afternoon we were expecting the order to cross the Valley of Death and the Woronzoff Road, and try the Redan with the third division. Some one suggested this to our Commander-in-chief, but he said, "They had better stand fast," it was not the proper time. Again, if we had attacked in the dark, after midnight, as was also suggested, there might have been considerable crowding and confusion at the ditch; of course, great

slaughter, wounds, and death, and horrors in plenty; many were quite willing to risk all this, but after four in the morning was evidently the best time to assault it again. I sent to the huts to get up some tea, biscuit, &c., for the men. The wind continued cold and bitter. Some got up fires, and after dark the order came that we were to go back to our camp, and be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

It was understood that for some weeks past 10,000 men of the Russian reserves came at night to the Malakoff to strengthen the force there, and, if all was quiet, they returned over the bridge of the Admiralty Creek at half past eleven A.M. The same arrangement took place on the 8th September. At this hour also, the old General commanding in the Malakoff, coming out of his subterranean bomb-proof chamber, under the ruins of the Malakoff tower, and looking round, said to some of his officers, "I don't think they will attack us to-day,

but be prepared for to-morrow;" and so all went into their holes again to dinner, when suddenly they were surprised by the apparition of Zouaves and Voltigeurs on the parapets, running along them and jumping down among the guns, with their numerous traverses and well-sheltered interior works.

At noon the French had suddenly issued from their advanced sap carrying a wooden roller on uprights, planted it at the edge of the narrow ditch of the Malakoff, run over it five 30 feet ladders to which planks were fastened, stuck them into the earthen slopes of the parapet opposite, and rapidly crossed and ascended—slanting—the high parapet. They also, as a French soldier told me, got in more to the right, by descending into the ditch and scrambling up the opposite scarp and slope of the parapet. It was quite a surprise for the Russians, and well arranged. A few shots were fired, the garrison retreating with a scattered fire out of the Malakoff, which, very well enclosed all

round, was occupied by large numbers of its nimble assailants. The blue St. Andrew's cross on its white ground was hauled down, and the tricolour we had seen carried to the front, a short time before, was run up on the flag-staff: a very proud moment for France.

By this time the Russian reserves before mentioned were moving towards the bridge over the Admiralty Creek, and, observing some commotion about the Malakoff, they tried to go back and assist there; a British officer prevented them, and materially assisted in enabling the French to hold the Malakoff. Major H. F. Strange, R.A., was in command of the batteries in the Quarries; and, after the French columns had attacked the Malakoff, and were trying to establish themselves in it, he perceived masses of the enemy pushing forward to repulse them through some streets of the Karabelnaia suburbs, which were enfiladed by only two of the guns of No. 17 Battery, where he was commanding. Promptly cutting away with

his artillerymen the left faces of the five other embrasures, he brought the guns to bear in the same direction as the other two, though it threw them off their platforms, and was enabled to direct a crushing fire of round shot and shrapnell on the Russian reserves coming up in support.

The Russians came on to the open ground, but the shot and shell told on them fearfully, and arms and legs flew into the air; they retired, but, again attempting to run this terrible gauntlet, they were driven back a second time. The energetic service performed by Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Strange, C.B., at a critical moment, was most valuable.* The Russians, giving up the Malakoff, ran towards the Redan, filling the wide space behind the breastwork which crossed it. Thus the enemy at the Redan became overpowering, and this accounts for what now ensued.

As soon as the change of flags was observed on the Malakoff, four signal

* Though hitherto not generally known.

rockets went up from Chapman's battery, for the British to attack the Redan. This was considered necessary as a diversion, to assist in securing the French in possession of the Malakoff, and to draw off a large portion of the enemy to other quarters. Yet it might have been delayed till the guns of the captured Malakoff could be brought to bear on the rear of the Redan, which it commanded. In the mean time, however, the assault was to be made under the great disadvantage of the 250 yards of hard open space, crossed with the fire of round shot, grape, and rifle balls, to be traversed from the fifth parallel before reaching the ditch of the Redan.

The previous evening the scaling ladders had been placed behind the gabions of the imperfectly finished sixth parallel, which extended a short way in front of, and to the right of the fifth parallel, so that, as the troops issued from the fifth parallel, they could pick up the ladders and go on with them without loss of time.

General Codrington, all animation and life, and General Markham, feeble from illness, but with an unquailed spirit, were in the advanced parallels, directing. It should be remembered that General Codrington, always on the alert, had first discovered the enemy at Inkerman when going his rounds before it was light, on that bloody morning. The covering party of 200 men, Buffs and riflemen, were under Captain John Lewis (my former adjutant in the transport 'Saldanha,' and whom I well knew to be an excellent officer), and Captain Hammond, who bore the admirable character of a Christian soldier. Captain Maude, Buffs, and Major Welsford, 97th, carried the ladders with 320 men. The rest of the stormers consisted of parties of the Buffs, 1st, 19th, 23rd, 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th, 55th, 62nd, 77th, 88th, 90th, and 97th regiments, with a party of sappers and miners, to make a lodgment, under my lamented friend, Ranken, R.E. The whole were under Brigadier General Wyndham, who physically and men-

tally was well calculated to hold a post of such honour and danger.

Eager to engage and enter the mound of dull red earth before them, with its short flag-staff — the Great Redan — which had devoured for months such tons of shot and shell, and from whose flanks had issued such deadly missiles, the moment the signal was made that the Malakoff had fallen, our people, jumping over the parapet of the fifth parallel, rushed to the head of the single sap before them, amidst showers of shot and rifle-balls from the Garden batteries and flanks of the Redan. Stopping for a moment for breath, and to take up the ladders, they moved on again over the open ground, raked and crossed with a murderous storm of iron and lead, dust and smoke blowing in their faces—(numbers of officers and men fell before they passed through the abattis of trees broken with shot)—and reached, at the salient angle, the edge of the ditch, into which the ladders, fifteen feet long, were lowered,

and found rather short, but the men scrambling down to the bottom of the ditch, some of the ladders were transferred to the other side, and were then eagerly mounted. The work was entered over the crest of the parapet, and through the embrasures, the Russians firing from the interior, and retiring, as our men showed themselves, to the shelter of heavy traverses between the guns inside, and of the breastwork which ran across the Redan some distance from the salient. Our people charged down into the interior, but so many were killed and wounded at first, that there were not sufficient left to reach with effect the breastwork.

Our men got as far as the fifth traverse on the left, and parties held the rear traverses, firing at the Russians, and from the crest of the parapet. The force of the Russians behind the breastwork was constantly increasing when ours was melting away. The Brigadier sent for supports to General Codrington; they were sent, but from the murderous fire to which they were

exposed as they crossed the open space, they were mere driblets by the time they reached the Redan. If a great wave of assailants could have been sent in entire, there might have been a different result, but poor humanity was annihilated under an intense cross-fire. Our people did what they could, and acted as a powerful diversion, and laid down their lives in their country's service, whilst the French were establishing themselves in the Malakoff.

From the nature of the Redan, with its narrow point, where, beside the flagstaff, was a platform, on which our people, as they came over the crest of the parapet, were crowded and exposed, from the traverses between the guns taking up the area, and also an inner parapet to save the Russian gunners from the effects of shells bursting in the interior of the work, it was impossible to get our men collected in sufficient numbers to make a rush at and over the breastwork which commanded the interior of the Redan. Many attempts were made

by the Brigadier and other officers to get up a force for a charge, first on one side, then on the other, but the officers turned out to be destroyed, and the men fell beside them. This went on for nearly two hours; human nature could hardly do much more.

All this while the sappers, under Lieutenant Ranken, R.E., were hard at work in the ditch of the Redan. After assisting to plant the ladders, they pulled down gabions from the parapet of the work, filled them with stones and earth, and made on both sides of the salient, as well as the flanking fire up the ditch allowed them, cover for the men crossing the ditch, also an easy descent into the ditch, and a ramp to ascend the face of the parapet, without ladders being required at all. Captain Montague, R.E., had first asked for and obtained 100 men as a working party, and then 200 more, in case a lodgment had been made within the Russian works.

Officers and men were now observed to stagger out of the Redan, and try to get to

the rear, severely wounded; they stooped, they fell, and rose no more. Colonels Unett, Emans, and Handcock, were carried to the rear mortally wounded; the wife of the latter was anxiously watching from the right piquet-house. Lieut. and Adjutant Dyneley, of the 23rd, who had acquired the character of a good and zealous officer, struck through the body, moved to one of the Woronzoff caves, where he was found in a dying state. The boy-Captain Lockhart, 41st, only a few years a subaltern, who had come with me from Malta, a fine little fellow, and no doubt much beloved at home, was shot through the head. Young Goodrich, 90th, had a narrow escape. He had taken out his revolver to use it as he advanced to the Redan, but replaced it in his belt; three balls struck it and broke it, but did not enter his body; his sword was destroyed in his hand, and he received a ball from above through his shoulder and out at his back, from which he recovered. Colonel Lysons, 23rd, had a

ball in his thigh outside the Redan, but with the help of a bandage, he managed to get to the rear painfully, and witnessing many casualties in his fine regiment.

The ammunition of the men was nearly expended. General Wyndham's messengers for reinforcements in formation had been knocked over; he saw the emergency of the case, and determined to go himself to bring them up. Telling an officer in the Redan why he went, he passed through a storm of shot on his way to the fifth parellel, and found General Codrington at his post.

"I want more men immediately and formed up," said the Brigadier.

"Take the Royals," said General Codrington, "they are the nearest;" but at this instant a change for the worse appeared at the Redan. The men had clung to it inside and outside for a long time, though many of them believed it to mined. The Russians, in overpowering

masses behind the breastwork, had got field-pieces through it to play on the interior of the salient; then advancing along the interior parapet, they were met by our men in diminished numbers; mortal hand-to-hand conflicts ensued, and bodies were afterwards found mutually thrust through, or clasped in a death struggle; but the great torrent of Russians prevailed, and our men were driven through the embrasures and into the ditch, where they were fired on from above, and shot pitched on them. Some, like "Redan Massey," lay there unable to rise; others scrambled out and regained the fifth parallel, from which heavy firing opened on the Redan, which cleared the exterior of the Russians.

Thus had the Great Redan been assaulted and carried, and held for two hours; and though it was mortifying that it was not held longer, it was so ordered by Divine Providence; and probably if our people had retained it in force during the night, they

would have all been in the air before the morning. We know there were wires laid to blow up the magazine in the Malakoff, which were only discovered by the French picking up earth to throw on the burning gabions used to smoke out some of the enemy who fired from the lower part of the tower, and refused at first to surrender.

Our people did what lay in their power, and are not less thought of or esteemed by their comrades than the repulsed assailants of the breach at Badajoz, covered with harrows and crows'-feet, and bristling at the top with sword blades. The slaughter at both places was great; a great sacrifice was required, and it was given. It was never intended that we should have invariable success, we might become insolent when we are enjoined humility; and balancing our successes afloat and ashore in this war against our reverses, we have much reason to be thankful for what we have been permitted to achieve. This is my view of

the matter, and I hope I am not singular in these opinions.

Let us see what the French and Sardinians were doing on the left, towards the Central bastion and *Bastion du mât*, possession of the latter being the great object of their ambition, and towards which miles of trenches were directed. They issued gallantly from their lines, made desperate efforts against the enemy's works, but were beaten back, and their dead formed two great piles at both these places. Again, at the Little Redan, they made bold attempts on it, and on the adjacent curtains. On both sides the combatants fought without cover, the Russians exposing themselves on their parapets, and the French in the ditch and on the crest of the glacis, firing away, and falling rapidly. A battery of field artillery was run down through the French lines, levelled in places, and blocked temporarily with gabions to let the guns pass, and play on the Russians, but it was obliged to retire with heavy loss of men and horses. The rattle of

the musketry was incessant and distressing to the ear; clouds of smoke rose and hung over the scene of blood and death. The dead at the Little Redan on both sides lay in rows, and after a time the French gave up further attempts in that quarter, and, like the unsuccessful assailants at the other assaults, are sympathised with and honoured for their bravery.

It was fully intended, as I said, to renew the attack on the Great Redan; the third division made sure that the honour of this would be theirs, as the division was strong, and was kept in good fighting order. The Guards and Highlanders and the fourth division, no doubt, expected to have shared in the enterprise; but there was a valuable body of men who might have been also employed with advantage at the assault on the Redan. Unlike some of the young soldiers who had lately joined to make up the number of those who had perished from the exposure and hardships of the previous winter, and who had not come to their strength, the

Royal Marines of the fleet, numbering 1000 or 1200 men, all of them stout fellows, most of them five or six years in the service, lusty and full of fight, would no doubt have given a good account of themselves, and rendered valuable aid at the storm. Perhaps, however, those who had picked and dug and fought so long in the bloody trenches might have been jealous at new hands sharing with them the honour and perils of the assault.

Besides the French and English naval brigades in the trenches, the fleet was not idle on the 8th September; and though the large vessels could not anchor in safety from the violence of the wind outside the bays, the gun and mortar boats, from Strelitza Bay, kept up a heavy fire towards the works about the Quarantine.

In the afternoon the wounded began to appear in camp, in twos and threes, walking slowly along; others were carried on stretchers, groaning with pain and asking for water; next the mules with their loads

uneasily swinging on each side; and lastly the ambulance waggons, full and dropping gore on the dusty steppe as they proceeded to the hospitals. Stretchers, mules, and waggons, as they discharged their loads, returned for more. When we regained our hut in the dark, the sounds of suffering were distressing all round us, from the general hospital huts. Balls were being cut out, and amputations performed, with all the accompanying anguish. About a score of men died beside us in the night, and were laid out in their blankets at the dead tent in the morning.

In the light division there were 88 officers and 1,058 men killed and wounded. In the second and other divisions, 158 officers and 2,026 men killed and wounded on the 8th September. The Sardinians lost 40 men; the French are said to have suffered to the extent of 9,000, the Russians 11,000, on this occasion, but 20,000 more within the last few days, under the

"infernal" allied fire, which gave them no rest or respite. Their officers lay thick about the Little Redan, having boldly exposed themselves to encourage their men.

I had not long lain down in my clothes, for an early turn out, before a violent explosion in the front shook the ground, followed by others, whilst a glare of light was over Sebastopol. I thought that the Russians were endeavouring to retake the Malakoff, and I expected every moment the summons for the Redan. Those nearest to it in the trenches observing no movement in it for some time in the night, Corporal John Ross, R.E., crept up to the ditch and entered the work. This was reported to Sir Colin Campbell, who was lying in wait to assist with his usual energy at the expected storm. He called for volunteers to go up and examine the Redan. Men of the 93rd Highlanders immediately came forward, got into the ditch,

slippery with blood and choked with dead and wounded, climbed into the work, and heard sounds of distress about them from wounded men; but the defenders were gone. Our troops took possession, and two British flags were hoisted on the Redan.

It appears that the previous evening, the Russians having collected combustibles to destroy the town as much as possible, set fire to them, and blowing up their magazines, and keeping up for some time a musketry fire from their works, began to move across their long bridge in the dark. There must have been considerable pressure at the south end of the bridge, for a battery of field artillery, men and horses, were hurried beneath the water near the dock. At half-past 6, A.M. on the 9th of September, except some stragglers in the town, the main body of the Russians had passed over, and were seen on the north side as if undecided in their future move-

ments, like sheep without a shepherd. The ships were scuttled and sunk; the long bridge was disjointed, and floated over to the north side. Steamers covered this movement, and towed also barges across. The evacuation was very well managed, and Gortschakoff deserves great praise for it. Zouaves and British sailors were soon in the town, though the French continued to fire steadily into it, to hasten, probably, the retreat of the last Russians; and spoil was carried into the camps, in the shape of Russian helmets and uniforms, pictures of saints, priests' vestments, chairs, looking-glasses, &c. The explosion of the magazines continued, and canopies of black and grey smoke rose over the ruined city, whose fall would occasion such gratification in the countries of the allies.

"But mingling with the shouts of joy victorious,
Come wafted o'er the tones of grief and woe
From stricken hearts, who mourn the battle glorious,
Whose hand has laid the loved and cherished low.

But falter not! no glorious end was ever
  Gained but by strife and suffering, and tears,
And those who fell in this great cause shall ever
  Be crowned with honour by yet unborn years."

I went to the front to see Sevastopol in flames, and met a sailor with a Russian axe in his hand; he said to some of our men, brandishing his weapon,

"I would not sell that for a sovereign; I killed a Rooshian with it, and here is his blood on it yet. I goes into the Redan with Charlie, my mate; I looks about, and I says, 'Charlie, what's that?'

"'It's a man's head,' said he, 'coming out of the ground.'

"'It's a bloody Rooshian,' says I, 'and I've got no cutlash!'

"So I looks about, and I found this here axe, and goes up and hit it a clip and kills him."

As we knew, the Russians sometimes "potted" our men after a fight, when they had a chance, and doubtless this was in the

mind of the sailor when he slew the Russian coming out of the casemate. The British sailor in the East, who fought a Frenchman for some time, and at last knocked him over, and then taking his foe on his back, carried him to the doctor, and throwing him down to have his wounds dressed, cried, " There, ye beggar, that's more than you would have done for me !" is, we believe, a type of the usual manner of ending a fight with our gallant tars.

In the afternoon of Sunday, the 9th September, I was sent in command of the trench guards, Left attack, now reduced to 600 men. It was a strange thing now to be able to walk about across the open ground between the parallels, to notice the furrows of the shot so thick, and the craters made by the bursting shells; also the heaps of rifle-balls, with which the ground seemed sown as if with leaden seed. We had no need now to keep to the bottom of the trench, to watch for the

descending bomb and hear the stinging Minié at one's ear.

It was understood that our engineers had found, after a fight, a Russian plan of the fortifications of Sevastopol, from which it appeared that there had been an intention to construct permanent works all round it, and that Totleben carried out in earth what was originally intended to be in stone; and admirably had it proved the great value of earthworks for attacks such as the allies made. They can be altered and augmented as occasion requires, and the enemy cannot attack according to the plan, which may be changed at any time.

At first, according to the testimony of Captain Hodasewitch, a Polish deserter, the batteries were of earth loosely thrown up by the shovel (a rude implement with a long and often crooked handle), and the embrasures plastered with moistened clay; they thus looked sharp and well at a distance. Next they were faced with wicker-work, then

they were improved with fascines laid in the embrasures, and, lastly, gabions were used. What changes or repairs were required were, of course, made during the night. The inexhaustible arsenal supplied new guns, or replaced disabled ones. All this is part of the Fergusson theory of fortification, earthworks and plenty of guns.

At the Malakoff, Redan, &c., it was astonishing the quantities of fascines, sandbags, and gabions employed with masses of earth; again, the casemates containing the garrison and gunners, were deep holes under these masses, roofed with ship's spars, and loaded with eight or ten feet of earth. It was not easy, I dare say, to get the enemy out of such secure burrows without the officers exposing themselves freely, which I make no doubt they did.

Though our losses had been terrible—

"The path of glory leads but to the grave"—

(most painful was it to think of the effects of the news on the relatives and friends of the sufferers)—yet the view of the burning city, now in possession of the allies, should have caused deep feelings of gratitude to Divine Providence, that the consummation so long desired had at last come, and that Sevastopol had fallen and become "a monument of the noble fortitude of the troops who had brought about this conclusion."

Gortschakoff very cunningly cast dust in the eyes of Europe by saying, "It is true that I evacuated the south side, but I hold north Sevastopol."

He created north Sevastopol for the occasion; there is no town there, no churches, streets, shops; forts and batteries there are, but it was soon found that their possession, by the enemy, was of little consequence, and if we continued to hold the south side, with its barracks, stores, and munitions of war, a stunning blow

had been inflicted upon the Russians, destroying her *prestige* in the East, and rendering the conclusion of Peace, at no very distant day, almost certain.

CHAPTER VII.

The Great Redan after the Assault—Danger from Magazines in Sevastopol—The Streets—The Creek Battery—The booty in the City—Story connected with Kazarski's Monument—The great Hospital and its horrors—The Queen's Message—Explore about Sevastopol—Anecdote of a French Drummer—Burning of the Steam Ships—Dangerous ground—United States Commissioners—Prospects for the Winter—Road Making—Turbaned Workmen—The Docks are mined—Drilling—Anecdote of a Scotch Captain—The Rats—Cavalry Review—Affairs at Eupatoria—Kertch—The Naval Brigade broken up—Expedition to Kilburn—Reviews of the Sardinian Army and the British Artillery—Sir James Simpson's leaves and Sir William Codrington becomes Commander-in-Chief.

"WHAT do you think of this now?" I

said to an officer whom I found, like myself, examining the Redan after the slaughtering work of the assault, and whom I had well known to have been, for some months past, quite desponding about our ultimate success, "Do you believe that Sevastopol is taken now?"

"Yes, it is," he replied, "but I did not expect it."

"Perhaps not," I said, "though it could not be doubted after the pressure that was brought against it, but the Russians held out well certainly."

What we saw at the Redan at this time was painfully interesting, most of the dead, both British and Russian had been laid in the ditch, and the earth thrown over them from the parapet, however, not sufficiently thick, as yet, to prevent the sense of smell betraying what was beneath; some Russians terribly mutilated and lying dead on stretchers, as if the time was too pressing to allow of their removal, were still unburied in rear of the parapets, and there was an

odour of blood, and marks of a desperate struggle everywhere. Guns displaced from their embrazures, fascines torn with shot, broken gabions, powder boxes strewed about, piles of balls of different sizes. In the deep casemates or chambers in which the defenders of the Redan had lived, there were furniture, clothes, bread, papers in confusion. Some of the scaling ladders had been carried into the works, and one broken one lay on the face of the salient angle, where still were scattered many of the forage caps of our poor fellows who were commencing to moulder below. On the crest of the parapet waved two British flags.

> "Dies iræ, dies illa
> Luce splendens et flavilla,"

was involuntarily repeated as we moved behind the massive Russian works, and saw the great excavations made by the exploded magazines, and all the dismounted guns, the earth honeycombed with shell holes; whilst

below, on the other side of the Admiralty Creek was Sevastopol burning and sending up vast pillars of smoke from several points at once. Then a magazine would blow up in some unsuspected quarter with a sudden burst of black smoke, and stones hurled into the air, whose descent was probably accompanied with wounds and death to some of the plunderers of the abandoned dwellings.

It was understood that men had been left by the Russians to blow up magazines secretly after the retreat of the army to the north side; at all events when I entered Sevastopol, and passed along the streets strewed with broken furniture with the walls and roofs of the houses on each side shattered with balls and shells, I saw Russians in their long great coats, and looking as if their last hour was come, dragged along by French soldiers, perhaps to an officer, to enquire if sentence of death should not be summarily executed on them for being found lurking about, as if for mischief.

Certainly one required to look about,

whilst viewing the fallen city, for a shell coming from the other side plump into a group at any open spot, or for a ball dashing along the streets exposed to be raked from Fort Catherine, and then the contents of a magazine going up with a mighty roar close at hand, and overturning and shattering everything round it.

It was my last day of the General's hut in the trenches, the 9th of September, when I was directed to send off 110 men of the trench guards to occupy one of the most important Russian batteries below the Left attack, viz. the Creek Battery at the entrance of the town, and quite a study in itself with its thick and lofty parapets, platforms for musketry fire, heavy ships' guns covered with excellent mantelets of rope, impenetrable, apparently, even to grape shot, and quantities of powder and piles of shot, musket ammunition and buck-shot all about.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of Major Douglas of the 14th regiment, an accident

occurred there. A foreign officer riding past threw the end of his cigar on some powder, an explosion took place, Major Douglas and others were thrown on their faces, and covered with earth, two of the men of the regiment were blown into the air, and one was killed.

It would, perhaps, have been injudicious on the part of the military authorities to have allowed British and French soldiers to go into Sevastopol together, and indiscriminately at first; struggles might have arisen for articles of plunder; our Dragoons were posted outside the town so as to check plundering by our people as much as possible, and to cause those bringing out furniture, &c., to deposit them in a heap for the general benefit; some of our sailors did so, amidst much laughter, as they were dressed out in women's bonnets and gowns. Cannon and anchors were the really valuable articles, no one touched them of course, though some small brass pieces were, I believe, cleverly moved on board

ship by means of a few stout hands and handspikes, and now ornament some private residences at home.

I was walking in Sevastopol, when a friendly Paymaster lent me his horse, and I rode over the broken streets, and beside the burning houses with more comfort than if I had been on foot. It was the entire wreck of a great city, every public building was more or less injured, a great many of the private houses completely so; the French soldiers were looking about actively every where, and some of them amusing themselves by ringing the great bell in front of the principal church.

It was arranged that the French should occupy Sevastopol from the Admiralty Creek west, and the British the Karabelnaia behind the Redan. Passports were at first required for French Sevastopol, but by degrees there was free passage everywhere.

When I was with the Russians during the Turkish war in former years, the gallant behaviour of a Russian Lieutenant of the navy,

whom I knew, was much talked of, his name was Kazarski, he commanded an 18-gun brig called the 'Mercury,' was out cruising with other ships towards the Bosphorus, and was nearly cut off by two Turkish line-of-battle ships of 110 (the Capitan Pasha's ship) and 74-guns. Refusing to surrender to them when they ranged up near him, the officers agreed to blow up the 'Mercury' sooner than surrender, but Kazarski said, "Let us fight as long as we can first," and he trained two guns as stern chasers over the taffril, kept up a running fight for five hours, then disabling one of his big antagonists by a shot through her fore-yard, both hauled off, and he escaped.

Kazarski was immediately promoted, made an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and decorated with the Cross of St. George; double pensions were allotted to the crew, and the 'Mercury' was directed to be always kept up in the Imperial navy. Thus Kazarski and his vessel became quite distinguished.

To my surprise, I now found one of the

principal objects of interest in Sevastopol was a monument erected to the memory of Kazarski, consisting of a massive base supporting a *puppis*, or the bronze prow of a ship, with this inscription below—

KAZARSKOMU,
POTUMSVU V' PREMAYR
1834 GODA.

"To Kazarski, as an example to posterity, the year 1834."

He did not long enjoy his honours, for I now ascertained that he died at Nicholaef in 1833.

A group of mounted officers between Kazarski's monument on the Boulevard, and Fort Nicholas, was observed by the Russians, on the opposite side of the harbour, to be stationary for some time, when a shell plumped among them, caused a scattering not unaccompanied with wounds. A mar-

vellous escape was made by Major Bent, R.E., after all his perils for months in the trenches, a shell burst under his horse in turning a corner in Sevastopol, but providentially the Major was not injured by it.

The most appalling sight in Sevastopol, after the fall, was that of the great hospital inside the dock-yard wall, and in rear of the great Redan. There were several chambers there filled with dead and dying, to the number, it was said of 2000, an hundred unburied officers lay in one room. The horrors of this scene were not known at first, and many unfortunates, doubtless, perished for want of common sustenance, whilst the mortification arising from undressed wounds carried off many others. Men living and dead were lying on pallets and on the floors and under the beds in every conceivable attitude, denoting extreme suffering, some groaned deeply, and twisted about in their fearful agony; others merely glared with their wild eyes. Blood soaked and stiffened in the

clothes of these victims of the war, and the smell was fearful in these chambers of torture.

Messages were sent across the harbour for the Russians there to send help, and to attend to their wounded, and the dead were removed and buried as speedily as possible. Captain Vaughan of the 90th, a fine young man, wounded in the Redan, and who subsequently died, was found alive in the great Hospital, as were several British soldiers who had terrible experiences to relate.

By telegraph there came this memorable message, which was published as a General Order:

"The Queen has received with deep emotion, the welcome intelligence of the fall of Sevastopol; penetrated with profound gratitude to Almighty God who has vouchsafed this triumph to the allied army."

I now took the opportunity to explore all round Sevastopol, and the adjacent country, before any expedition was under-

taken to follow up the success of the 8th September. An interesting ride was round the walls to the ruins of the old Greek city of Cherson, near Quarantine Bay, where a couple of shots from Fort Constantine, tried to knock a friend and myself "off our perch." Then to that cemetery near the Quarantine, where a murderous fight took place between the French and Russians in April, and where the church was pierced with Russian shot and shell, and the marble tombs and their railings were shattered and destroyed.

Another ride was towards the upper bridge of the Tchernaya, and to Tchorgoun with its ancient tower, apparently a fortalice of the Geneose to guard the inhabitants of the village from marauders. In a ravine near a French camp, Lord Mark Kerr observed a grey headed French drummer practising on his noisy instrument by himself, and his Lordship asked him what he was doing there.

"I am only beating the drum *pour*

m'amuser and I have been at this for 30 years!"

The Russian steamers had not been destroyed by the enemy in the same way they had disposed of their line of battle ships and frigates, but the turn of the steamers also came. They were kept as far out of the reach of our guns as possible, however at length being hulled, one night the torch was applied to them by the Russians, and they blazed up in succession, causing a mighty conflagration to light up the harbour and adjacent batteries, and in the morning the smoking and blackened hulls disappeared beneath the wave. Thus did the Russians destroy their whole Black Sea fleet, and prevent the possibility of a war craft being exhibited as a trophy in British or French waters.

In wandering about in front of the Creek Battery, three rows of *trous de loup* were observed; at the bottom of these wolf holes, boards were placed, about a yard long and three quarters of a yard wide, in

these were fixed spikes of many points, then laths and grass put over the spikes to conceal them, but when the foot trod on this blind, the barbed ends of the spikes would have caught and torn it fearfully. In addition to the rows of *trous de loup*, there was a line of buried *fougasses*, or powder boxes with a glass tube at the top, as formerly described. A purveyor incautiously riding among them, his horse trod on a tube, the box exploded and blew off the horse's tail, to the great astonishment of both man and horse. On examining the place, sixteen other powder boxes were found buried, their position marked by pegs driven into the ground on each side of them.

Old friends unexpectedly appeared on the scene. Among the members of an American Military Commission, which our acute cousins had sent first to St. Petersburg, Moscow, &c., to collect information, and then into our camps, was Major Mordecai, of whom honourable mention has been

made; he and his confrères received every civility from our military authorities, and they had some escapes from the shot of the Russians, among the ruins of Sevastopol. Another old acquaintance was Dr. Barry, a well known Inspector General of Hospitals, he came from the Ionian Isles, and desiring to see the Malakoff, I was piloting him thither, when shells were cracked at us in the open space north of the Mamelon, to hasten our progress there; horsemen were always sure to draw fire from the north side.

It became now evident that it was intended the troops should pass another winter in the Crimea, that the Russians still keeping the North side, the Mackenzie ridge, and many of the passes leading into the interior, it was desirable to watch the enemy and to wear them out without losing 10,000 men in forcing through the barriers before us. It was known that the Russians sustained great losses in bringing up supplies of men, provisions

The French were said to make their roads more rapidly than we did, a party would go on to the line, grade or level it, and dig side ditches, another party would follow to lay stones in the foundation, then a third to spread gravel; but the British roads, in the end, were found much more lasting and held out well all the winter and ensuing spring; were well drained with side ditches, and culverts under the road to carry off the water from the ravines and gullies at right angles to them. The Sardinians, good and willing people at any business they were put to, were thought to waste time in finishing off their work too neatly.

The first day I went on the roads, I was amused to see the turbaned workmen near the cavalry camp, two carrying a basket of stones between them, at a snail's pace from a heap, or another sauntering along like a gentleman, with a stone raised in his left hand, and "blowing a cloud" from a long pipe in the other. The stick

or the application of the foot behind was much required for this style of work.

The beautiful docks in Sevastopol, which, constructed at vast expense under the direction of the British Civil Engineer, Upton, had fitted out the fleet which destroyed the Turks at Sinope, being doomed to destruction, French and British engineers, with a large body of soldier workmen, were employed, under fire, to sink shafts and prepare mines to blow in the massive side walls, and make heaps of the foundations.

When our men were not working at the roads, &c., they were being drilled. The unusual number of 500 nearly raw recruits had joined the 14th Regiment since February, 1855; the best had been done with them that circumstances would admit of; and when not in the trenches their drilling had, of course, been attended to; but after the siege, the generals required drilling from the ele-

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gant goose step and "sooplin" motions upwards to battalion movements, and the highest classes of light Infantry skirmishing, also the appointment of marksmen, or the best shots in the different companies, to move out suddenly on the flanks, and to cover the advance, or retreat of the column on the march. Then followed a great amount of ball firing for the spring campaign.

The divisions were inspected by their generals; a "taut hand" was looking at the fire-locks of a company, commanded by a Scotch captain.

"I hope you have oil for your arms?" said the general.

"Plenty of oil and rags, Sir," answered the captain.

"D—— it," cried the impatient chief, "I did not ask you about rags, have you oil?"

"Plenty of rags and oil, Sir," said the other.

The general prudently "shut up," as

the Scotchman was evidently determined not to abandon his rag.

In our huts, the rats became now intolerable, the want of food in Sevastopol drove them to where they could get it, and it was necessary to go to bed with a lantern burning at one's head, and a stick to make play among them when they became too familiar and insisted on sharing one's bed. To have our bread and cheese devoured was bad enough, but not half so unpleasant as finding a great hairy monster crawling up one's leg under the blanket.

The plague of fleas we had in summer, then that of flies, and lastly the rats, came "to cap the climax."

Previous to the cavalry embarking at Balaklava to spend the winter near Constantinople, there was a review of 3,200 British Dragoons, and it was a marvellous fine sight, and one that never had been witnessed before or since, so many prime British *sabreurs* brought together. I had

belonged to cavalry regiments with blue jackets, but as I rode round the rear of the long line of heavies and lights, I was particularly struck with the effect of the red in increasing the apparent size of the wearers; and from the breadth of the back of the helmeted and bear-skin men, it was evident why they rode through and through the vastly superior numbers of the enemy in the charges of the 25th October, 1854, under the intrepid Scarlett and other leaders, and on the very ground on which they now trotted and wheeled.

An expedition from Eupatoria was at one time contemplated to act on the rear of the Russians in the direction of Baghteserai. There were in September, 30,000 Turkish Infantry in an efficient state at Eupatoria, and with the addition of some British, French and Sardinian cavalry and infantry, no doubt a good account could have been given of the enemy near the place, but to make a

movement S.E. of Eupatoria, the great difficulty was water; the steppes are scantily supplied with it in that direction, and so no movement, except reconnoissances and some skirmishing took place from Eupatoria after the Russians had vainly attempted, and with considerable loss, to carry it.

The Tchongar route by which the Russians brought supplies into the Crimea, West of the Genitché Strait, which led into the Putrid Sea, had been secretly examined by the enterprizing Captain Sherard Osborne, C.B. R.N., and the ever active and intelligent Captain Spratt in the 'Spitfire' had explored and surveyed towards Perekop on the west. There was no want of zeal in the public service ashore or afloat.

A cavalry affair came off near Kertch, a part of the 10th Hussars, out patroling, were set upon by a large body of Cossacks, they cut their way through

the enemy with considerable slaughter, but left some of their own number on the plain and in the hands of the Cossacks. The French had a brilliant affair near Eupatoria, a Russian detachment was surprised and 170 prisoners and six guns remained in the hands of our allies.

Our neighbours on the plateau of Sevastopol, the Naval Brigade, was now broken up, and we saw them leave with great regret; in fact, the left flank of the regiment looked exposed and bare without the bold and lively blue jackets, who had fought their guns so well, and worked so hard in the trenches from the 25th October, 1854, to the following September, besides suffering severely on "the Black Monday," the 18th of June. They lost out of 1400 men about 500 killed and wounded. Our band played them off to their ships, and they left few traces behind them, except the graves and

headstones and boards of their messmates slumbering in the neatly arranged graveyard in "the sailors' ravine."

There were now rumours and indications of a secret expedition in some direction, we could not conjecture where, most probably it was Odessa. I thought it would be quite right to demolish the forts and batteries there, but I could not see how this could be done without destroying that commercial city also, and inflicting great loss and disaster on unoffending civilians, and on a large body of Foreign merchants. I had seen Odessa in its pride and beauty in former years, and I now regretted the prospect of its destruction.

But it appeared that the expedition which was now organized and (the British portion of it) entrusted to Brigadier General, the Honourable A. Spencer, was intended merely to make a demonstration, and create a diversion towards Odessa, after which it was to attack the

forts at Kilburn* and Oczakoff at the mouth of the Dnieper and Bug, leading towards the naval station of Nicholaeff. The British force consisted of 3,300 infantry and artillery, and twenty-one dragoons, and embarked at Kameish in twelve ships-of-war and transports, and co-operated with a French force. The most remarkable objects in the French part of the expedition were three floating steam batteries covered with plates of iron, and painted of a livid or blueish grey colour.

The allied squadrons, with their accompanying gun-boats, made a formidable display as they sailed or steamed away from Kameish and Kazatch bays, and steered across the Black Sea to Odessa. They anchored there, and occasioned the greatest commotion for several days; troops poured into the city, and many people of substance left the place, with

* Or Kilboroun, from Achilles, King of Pontus, and "boroun" cape.

their valuables, to escape the threatened bombardment.

The approaches to Kilburn, on its spit of sand, being duly surveyed, the fleet weighed, stood along shore, and then crossed to the mouth of the Dnieper. Forcing the passage between Forts Oczakoff and Kilburn, they anchored in Cherson or Dnieper Bay. The troops then landed on the spit to cut off Kilburn from the mainland, whilst the ships went in and attacked the fort on the 17th of October. The troops sapped towards the fort, which made a desperate defence of several hours; but nothing could withstand the tremendous cannonade and the iron shower that was poured into Kilburn. The vessels delivering their broadsides, and shells searching out and destroying the interior of the fort, with many of its defenders, and rockets setting it on fire. The firing continued on both sides from the early morning to 2 P.M. The Russian balls hopped off the iron-sides of the floating batteries, merely

denting them. At length, a flag of truce was waved from a rampart, and the thunder ceased, 1,100 prisoners marched into the allied lines, whilst 200 were reported to have been killed in the work, and 400 wounded, with hardly any damage to the allies.

The second in command, a Pole, also the Artillery and Engineer commandants, were desirous of holding out longer; but the Governor, Kokonovitch, and the majority of the garrison, saw the absurdity of contending longer, against the terrible storm of metal, which was smashing their guns, gunners, and buildings in pieces, from the ships under the direction of Sir Edmund Lyons, and Sir Houston Stewart, and the French Admirals Bruat and Pelion, also from guns on the land side. The works of Kilburn were repaired; those of Oczakoff, opposite, had been destroyed and abandoned by the enemy. A French garrison was left for the winter in Kilburn, with English gun-boats to command the spit of sand leading to it; and the ex-

pedition, after reconnoitering the approaches to Cherson and Nickolaeff, returned to Kameish and Kazatch Bays.

This taking of Kilburn was the event of the month of October; it was a dashing and brilliant achievement, as it shut up the Russians for mischief from their arsenal at Nicholaeff, and occasioned extensive fortifications at Perekop, towards the north, and a garrison of 25,000 men being kept there in anticipation of an advance of the allies from Kilburn to attack the Crimean army.

I was present, after this, at an interesting review of the Sardinian army, under General Della Marmora, a fine-looking man in dark blue and silver, the favourite dress of the Sards. The Infantry were drawn up in three lines, and the Lancers and Artillery in another. The Infantry wore, for service in the field, blueish grey great coats, chakos, like the British Infantry, and chakos with a brim all round, besides the round-topped Bersaglieri-plumed hat. The havresacks were of blue and white striped stuff, and were less

conspicuous, and keep longer clean than the British white havresack, which should also be waterproof. The banners were green, with a shield and red cross in the white centre.

Sir James Simpson, the Commander-in-chief, having requested to be relieved of his command, our new chief, Sir William Codrington, alert, intelligent, affable to every one, with great command of temper, and most zealous in the discharge of his duties, held a review of the British Artillery; and 74 guns, in first-rate order, with their gunners, horses and forage, marched past His Excellency. The rapid rise of two officers on the ground is worth recording. A year before, Sir William Codrington held a company in the Guards; he was now a General-officer, K.C.B., and Commander-in-chief; General Sir Richard Dacres, K.C.B., commanding the R. Artillery, was a captain three years before, merit and *willing service* had much to do with the rise of these two officers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Inventory of the Stores found in Sevastopol—Trophies—A Startling Calamity—Losses sustained by a Great Explosion—Sufferings of the French from Cold—Races—War with the Raki sellers—The Sanitary Commission—Extraordinary Escape of One of the Commissioners—Steeple-chases—Dinner at Sir William Codrington's—Cold Huts—The Guards' and Engineers' Messes—Amateur Theatricals—Discovery of Antient Buildings—A sudden move to the Marine Heights—Grand Review—The Russians disposed to make Peace—Violent Death of an esteemed friend—The white Flag at the Traktir Bridge—A Disaster on St. Patrick's Day—Peace—Remains on the Field of Inkerman—More Reviews and Athletic Games—Due respect shewn to the Dead—Visit to my old Prison—The Field of the Alma—Mangoup Kalé—Laspi—The South Coast—Leave the Crimea for Malta—Arrive in England.

THE Mixed Commission had been

labouring hard to make an inventory, and to distribute the stores found in Sevastopol. They consisted of nearly 4,000 guns, besides shot, shell, cannister-cases, gunpowder, ball-cartridges, waggons, yawls, logs of *lignum vitæ*, nearly 600 anchors, chain cables, copper sheathing, ropes, pitch and tar, water-casks, spars, fir-wood, paint, boilers, large and small bells, coal, steam-engines, pumps, dredging-machines, marble statues, sphinxes, biscuit, flour, buck-wheat, salt meat, &c. Russian muskets and bayonets were appropriated as plunder—they were so easily carried off by soldiers and sailors. The shot and dead shells were collected from the works, and from the ravines, and shipped off in immense quantities; but what all the above realized to the respective Governments, no one knew.

Guns were allotted to the Sardinians and the Turks.

Considering the difference of pay between the French and British private

soldiers—1*d.* a day and 1*s.* clear (as an additional 6*d.* had been given to our people to make up for the wear and tear of clothes, &c.)—it was quite fair that both at Sevastopol and Kilburn, the French should have got the cream of the plunder of small articles, though there was a good deal of grumbling about this at the time.

It was natural that the officers were desirous of securing trophies. We got no gold or silver, and no prize-money, and the specimens of Russian arms—muskets, swords, lances, drums, &c.—which were picked up, or bought, would have fetched little or nothing if sold *pro bono publico.*

The road-making, the hutting, the collection and arrangement of stores for passing the winter had all gone on regularly and satisfactorily of late, the weather was also good, and the health of the men excellent, when suddenly a most startling calamity took place in our midst.

It was on the 15th of November, the

day after the anniversary of the disasters by storm and shipwreck the previous year in the Black Sea, that I happened to be drilling the battalion in front of our huts, when on our right there rose suddenly in the air, to a great height, a vast column of black and grey smoke, accompanied with intense flashes of fire, a loud and awfully grand sound, followed by the crackling of shells, and hissing of rockets, producing a combination of sights and sounds of the most soul-stirring character, and the immediate conviction that a large magazine had been designedly blown up.

Wounded and scorched men were ere long brought to the General Hospital beside us, and we learnt that the catastrophe we had witnessed, arose from the accidental explosion of a great part of the Russian powder, brought out of Sevastopol, and placed in the Parc de siège of the French Right attack, where also 800 barrels of French powder shared the same fate; be-

sides piles of shells, and many rockets near the Windmill, a place of mark at the battle of Inkermann.

Sir William Codrington, Sir Richard Airey, General Wyndham, and other chiefs hurried to the scene of disaster, and our men were kept in readiness to assist.

The French bazaar and many tents were on fire, huts were blown down, and some of the sick were wounded in their beds in the hospitals. The windmill, full of British powder, was in great danger, when a party of soldiers, headed by a young Scotch officer, Lieut. Charles Errol Hope, 7th Royal Fusileers, most valiantly got on the roof, and applying wet blankets, at the risk of being momentarily annihilated, saved the windmill from destruction, and doubtless, many score lives. French and British worked heroically, amid bursting shells, to stop the spread of the flames, and after a time succeeded in doing so. It was terrible to see the blackened appearance of the ground extending to a great area from the

centre of the explosion, the burnt tents and huts, the portions of dead men, and the dead horses lying there. Of the French, six officers were killed, and 13 wounded, 65 men killed, and 170 wounded; of our people, one officer, Mr. Yellon, of the commissariat, was killed, and 20 men killed and missing, and Lieuts. Roberts and Dawson, of the artillery, severely wounded, besides 70 men.

Poor young Dawson! I visited him afterwards in a hospital hut. He had been only five weeks in the Crimea; full of zeal, he had rushed into the midst of the burning, and was removing loaded shells, when one bursting, carried off his left foot; suffering greatly and long, he at last died, no doubt to the great grief of his friends at home.

The surgeons, Alexander, Gordon, Mouatt, Home, Longmore, &c., displayed their usual zeal and intelligence during and after the above great catastrophe, and which, it was understood, arose from a piece of shell observed in a powder box by three French

artillery men employed in shifting powder. This fragment of metal thrown on the ground, struck a stone among some loose grains, and with most disastrous effect.

The Russians fired furiously immediately after the great explosion, from the north side of the harbour and the Mackenzie heights, and we were all out early next morning, expecting, and many anxiously desiring, an attack, so as to get the enemy well on to the plains and finish the war. But the Russian commanders had sufficient lessons at Balaclava, Inkerman and the Tchernaya to prevent their tempting their fate again.

The French Government did the best it could for their army to enable it to pass the winter, but I believe that the sufferings from cold in their single tents, though they had some huts also, and the absence of flannel under clothing, which our people had, (the capote was not a sufficient substitute for the flannel) also the less abun-

dant supplies of food than our men, had caused a much higher rate of mortality among the French than in our hutted lines.

Our dead men were decently sewn up in their blankets, but our allies saved their blankets for the living, and taking their dead by night in waggons, consigned them to graves always ready prepared for half a dozen corpses. 100,000 Frenchmen are said to be buried in the Crimea.

In December, races were got up on the Balaclava plains, and it was a service of danger, and serious accidents occurred when the rushes of horsemen, 3 or 4000 in number apparently, took place from one part of ground to the other in the eager desire to see the sport.

I waged war as well as I could against the raki sellers round me, against that villanous compound, which inflamed and poisoned the drinker, and I had some analised, and the component parts, consisting of

vitriol, sugar of lead, &c., were published on on the outside of a bottle on which the words "vieux cognac" had figured on a beautiful label. We had the best malt liquor, also wine, in our regimental canteen, to save the trouble and danger of looking elsewhere for liquor.

I was put on a board of enquiry with General Garrett, Dr. Home, &c., to ascertain if any change could be made in the men's rations. The spirit ration twice a day was condemned, the evening dram abolished, and more sugar for coffee substituted. The waste of valuable rice was also checked, and it was suggested that if a man drank no spirits at all, he should get a penny instead.

It has been well said, that the only effectual correction of drunkenness (the parent of the majority of military crimes) as of every other vice, is a sound and rational sense of religion, this is the only true foundation of moral discipline.

Though Sir John Hall, K.C.B., and his

medical staff had worked most efficiently in their department, yet to satisfy the public, sanitary commissioners were sent out in 1855, and they also made useful suggestions, as did Lt.-Colonel Lefroy, R.A., so well known for his scientific acquirements. The remarkable escape of Mr. Rawlenson, C.E., one of the sanitary commissioners, may be related here. He thought of going into the trenches of the Left attack, and arranged to breakfast with an artillery friend. and accompany him to his battery; but reflecting that he was a married man and had no business in the trenches, he said he would ride with his friend as far as was prudent and then turn back. They had got some way into the Valley of Death, when a round shot, rushing angrily overhead, struck the bank above them. This was a warning to go about. Mr. Rawlenson then raised his right hand to salute his friend, and was turning his horse with the other, when a second ball crashed between him and his horse's head, tearing open his waistcoat, cutting his reins, and smashing the pommel

of the saddle. Mr. Rawlenson fell from his horse; and the artillery officer thought he was killed; he placed him on the side of the path, but found he was alive and comparatively uninjured. The steel rings of a purse had wounded him in the side, fortunately he had not his watch, having left it in camp as it would not go. That might have killed him. A soldier afterwards dug the ball out of the bank, and gave it to Mr. Rawlenson as a souvenir, it was a 42 pounder.

Racing and steeple chasing became the fashion, the French vying with the English in "Le sport." At a great steeple chase behind the French head-quarters, the large field being enlivened with British, French, Sardinian and Turkish costumes, General Lawrenson got a heavy fall. A French race of a mile was amusing, as it was accompanied with encouraging cries of "Hip, hey, hip!" to the horses, and great excitement on the part of the riders.

With alternate frosts and falls of snow and thaw, the mud was so deep and tenacious all

about the camps, and on the plateau in January, that on receiving an invitation to dine with the Commander-in-chief, three miles in rear of our huts, it was left to one's option to come or not, but after floundering through the "sloughs of despond" and changing one's waterproofs, it was a pleasure to get into a large well-lighted room once more, with a most urbane and agreeable host, and a pleasant staff, though one felt "a little shy" at seeing a table cloth again, instead of candles in bottles, and a newspaper to conceal the rough board.

After dinner an important communication regarding the Russian movements on the heights was received, and it was necessary for Colonel Blane, the military secretary, to go to the French head-quarters, to communicate with Marshal Pelissier. This was difficult and even dangerous at night, for the Colonel was charged twice by French sentries, and having passed these, some *nonchalant* aides-de-camp declared he could not see the Commander-in-chief at that hour, "he might be

asleep," but the Colonel persevered, and the chief came out from a whist party and *sacrè-ing* the A.D.Cs they fled, and the burly Algerine leader proceeded to business.

We suffered a good deal from intense cold on the open plateau in the beginning of the year, with the great mountain of Tchatir-dagh, the distant ranges and the surrounding plains white with snow. In our single plank huts, the winter's wind whistled freely, and snow sometimes powdered our faces in bed. Of an evening, I sat in state in a flour barrel cut across, so as to form a rude arm-chair, with hay in the bottom and a Scotch plaid about the lower man, but often was quite unable to hold the pen or pencil from cold, "thus did we suffer for our country," but otherwise were in rude health.

The Guards had established a very pleasant mess in a large hut in the midst of their camp, a bright fire surmounted by a stand of colours was at one end of the room, from the fire extended horse-shoe tables

covered with wholesome, well-cooked dishes, and after one's hunger was satisfied, lively conversation and jests passed round with moderate potations, and those who were "sorry to part" drew round the fire to enjoy "the weed" and some excellent singing. I found the Guards' mess (and as a guest of Lieut.-Colonel Stuart, M.P.) very enjoyable and well-conducted. The Royal Engineers had also established, for the winter, a comfortable mess, at which I met "Deane the Diver," who had come out to make himself useful among the ships lying in the bottom of the harbour. On stranger nights it was the custom to adjourn from the mess table to a lecture room in an adjoining hut, where a chaplain or an officer delivered a lecture on some popular or interesting subject for the benefit of the soldiers. The Rev. Mr. Harris was particularly zealous in this good work, himself setting the example and engaging others (of whom the writer was one) to lecture.

Amateur theatres were fitted up and very good acting exhibited by both officers and men among the different divisions.

An old Canadian friend, Lieut.-Colonel Bell, C.B. 23rd R. W. Fusiliers, distinguished himself on the boards as he had done at the Alma in a different line, when he took single-handed a Russian cannon, and has the honourable distinction of V.C. attached to his name.

A point of attraction and speculation turned up at the Col de Balaklava, half way between the camp and the port. Some hewn stones being observed there, in the process of road-making, Colonel Monro, C.B. commanding 39th Regiment, an officer of great intelligence, explored further with the assistance of 50 men allowed him by General Barnard, Chief of the Staff, and brought to light the massive foundations of circular and square buildings with *amphoræ*, or jars sunk in the ground, perhaps for grain. Whilst there were glass, pottery, statuettes and other indications of the site of a temple,

though it was also considered to have been a fortress with a bawn, or enclosure, for cattle. I applied for, but did not obtain leave to explore, in conjunction with my lamented friend, Major Ranken, R.E. some very tempting *tumuli* on the steppe indicating the presence of chamber tombs, like those of Kertch, where besides bones were found pottery, arms and ornaments of great interest.

Everything had been got into good working order in the Regiment, officers' and men's huts complete, and cooking stoves and boilers in the latter, instead of a separate cook-house as at first, ablution place arranged, also school and reading-huts; the instruments in the band-hut discoursing sweet sounds under a first-rate Bandmaster, Hogan;* when suddenly the order came in February to move to the Marine Heights of Balaklava, and occupy huts there overlooking the Black Sea, on the hill-side, below the

* Our favourite march at this time was "Das Deutsche Vaterland," arranged by S. Koessl.

Crow's nest, to which the 39th our neighbours, had previously moved. We accordingly broke up from the front, in the midst of intense frost, and frost bites, and had a great clearing out of huts previously occupied by Turks; below us was the 89th Regiment, under the energetic command of Colonel C. R. Egerton.

We soon got reconciled to our new position, and preferred it to the other (among other advantages were the ministrations of an excellent Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ferguson,) when the weather became more genial, the grass and flowers began to appear, and we could ride or walk among the picturesque hills about us, and watch the stormy Euxine.

We had an agreeable Brigadier to work under, and one who knew his duty well, General Warren, though from this circumstance we got the name of "the Blacking Brigade."

In the end of February, a review of

46 British Battalions took place at Telegraph Hill overlooking the Tchernaya Valley. It was a proud display, that of these 25,000 stout men, as they shook the ground under their tread, and Guards, Highlanders, Linesmen, heavy and light, and Riflemen, all in high condition, marched past Sir William Codrington, with Marshal Pelissier and a large number of foreign spectators.

The Russians now seeing the uselessness of prolonging the contest, after their severe losses, and feeling keenly the difficulty of keeping up their numbers, drawn from distant parts of the Empire, and traversing roads nearly impassable for men or waggons, with hospitals full at Baghteserai and Simpheropol, now evinced a desire for an armistice.

Sevastopol, by this time, presented a miserable spectacle, it was one vast ruin, in heaps, for what roofs and wood the flames spared had been carried up, for weeks, for hutting purposes and fuel to

the allied camps; and the Russians, from the north side, had helped with their shot and shell in the destruction of the late Queen of the Euxine.

I had witnessed the blowing up of the great Fort Nicholas, had watched the fishing up from the bottom of the harbour some of the 18 brass guns, which, with their horses and some of the riders, by accident or by design, when the long bridge enabled that wonderful retreat to be made across the harbour on the 9th of September, had plunged below the wave. I had been invited to see the docks blown up, and the White barracks, but some duty prevented my being present at the latter event, I saw the smoke of the explosion from our camp on the Balaklava heights and little imagined then that this was accompanied by the violent death of a valued friend. Major George Ranken, R.E. had the blowing up of the white buildings, some unavoidable delay took place, the hour fixed had passed,

and some of the spectators expressed impatience. Ranken seizing a port fire and warning all to retire out of danger, went into the great building; it was supposed that sparks had fallen on some loose powder, or that there had been a defect in the fuze; when a sudden explosion took place, smoke and stones rose in the air, but poor Ranken never came out of the ruins, and the crushed remains of as fine a young man as there was in the British army were not extricated till next morning.

In the beginning of March, a white flag was displayed on the Russian side of the Traktir Bridge, General officers of the allies, and of the Russians, with their staffs, met there to discuss regarding an armistice, again there was a meeting at the same place, at which I was present. The Russian officers looked grave, some were in dark green, though many of them wore the long grey great coat like the men, but finer, and with lace on the shoulder straps,

their general appearance would not have made them targets for riflemen like our late golden epaulettes. The Cossacks excited much attention, sitting high on their shaggy ponies, and wearing fur caps and long grey coats, a whip hanging from the right wrist, and slung on their back a long carbine, in their right hand a formidable black lance.

I was President of a Court of Enquiry on a lamentable affair which occurred on the 17th March, St. Patrick's day, below us, near Balaklava in the huts of the Commissariat branch of the Army Works Corps, of which Mr. Felix Wakefield was the intelligent head. Some of the men had been honouring the Saint with libations and had retired to rest. It was supposed that one of them, trying to smoke in bed, had set fire to the hut, two huts were entirely destroyed, and 16 men in them. Sergeant E. Grant, of the 14th, was on guard there, he saw a roof taking fire

at 11 P.M. called out his guard, posted sentries all round, sent for assistance to the 82nd Regiment, near at hand, broke in the doors of burning huts to let the men escape, got out the cash chest, and, doubtless, with his soldiers of the 14th saved many lives and valuable property.

The armistice was followed by PEACE. The Russians had had an unexpected success in Asia, Kars gallantly defended against the Russians for months, under the direction of the gallant General Williams and his assistants; and the garrison having repulsed the assailants after a great battle, the defenders, at length, starved out and not relieved, succumbed to General Mouravief. This fall of Kars soothed the Russians after their late losses and disasters in the Crimea, and inclined them to agree to these terms; namely, to refrain from the invasion of Turkey, to use the waters of the Euxine for commerce, and not for war, that there should be no more Black

Sea fleet, and only a few armed vessels to prevent piracy, and the forts of Sevastopol not to be rebuilt; whilst the allies evacuated, within six months, the Crimea; and the Russians gave up Kars.

The Proclamation of Peace was accompanied, on the 20th of April, with a salute of 101 guns, fired all along the French, British, and Sardinian lines, and by the men-of-war, and preparations began to be made for the embarkation of the troops and stores. Long-coated Russians now strolled into our bazaars, and were treated by our men. Officers, in grey and green coats, drove and rode into our camps, and there was a great deal of fraternity with our late adversaries.

Riding round by the ravines, down which the Russians had hurriedly descended after the great fight of Inkerman, it was painful to witness the many unburied bodies which still remained there of the three armies (there was no possibility of burying them during the firing), whilst Russian bones, clothing, portions of knapsacks, accoutrements, &c., lay

scattered all round by the banks of the Tchernaya, and by the head of the harbour towards the city, evidences of the wounded who had got so far, and had then fallen and died away from help. A French soldier approached the body of a Russian, which was dried up, and nearly perfect. The Frenchman looked for a moment at the corpse, then took out his knife and hacked away at the head; but he could not manage to get it off easily; putting his foot on the chest, he wrenched off the head and transferred it to his haversack; he was asked what he meant by this; he replied—"Pour mon Docteur!"—a grim souvenir of the war.

The Russians held a review on the Mackenzie Heights, and turned out many thousand well-appointed soldiers; and General Lüders afterwards saw the French and British armies reviewed, in new clothing, and making a most gallant show. The French held a grand carousal, where, in a large square enclosure, surrounded with spectators of all nations, they went through the practices of

the riding-school, with sword and lance, carrying off rings and cutting at wicker heads. Then the British and French had a great race meet on the banks of the Tchernaya, near the Traktir Bridge, and which the Russians witnessed. The scene was gay and animated with colours, and with bands of music. Next there were foot races near the Guards' camp; the chief athlete among the officers there was Captain Ashley. We, of the Blacking Brigade, had also several competitions for prizes, running, leaping, wrestling, throwing shot, dancing, &c.; the best football player of the Brigade was Captain Trevelyan of the 11th Hussars, badly wounded at the celebrated "Light Cavalry charge of the 600."

I was happy to be near my old regiment, the 42d Royal Highlanders, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Cameron commanding, at Kamara. Sir Colin Campbell lived in the midst of the Highland Brigade among the hills there; and in a most romantic valley, with steep hills and woods and impending cliffs

around, Highland games were held, accompanied with the stirring notes of the great Bagpipe.

For not alone on Scotia's plains,
Are heard those glorious, martial strains;
Look north or south, or round the world—
Where'er the meteor flag's unfurl'd;
And, 'ere that flag was planted, there
Was heard upon the startled air,
Those sounds so warlike and so wild,
Which Scotchmen aye of fear beguiled,
And pledged them, like their battle cry,
To death or glorious victory!
Such music is for them alone.
To Sassenach ears it yields no tone;
We hear and hail in that free strain
The spell that wafts us home again.

The due ordering of the graves of our people, who lay here on every hill side, in the ravines and on the open steppe, was now attended to. All groups of graves were enclosed with stone walls and trenches, monuments sent across the seas were carefully placed, and the stone-cutters among the Royal Engineers had full employment on the

spot. The French, besides the great graves containing many score men, also left ornamental tombs and enclosed grave-yards. The Sardinians erected a handsome obelisk overlooking the Black Sea near Cape Aia, in honour of their officers.

As soon as the peace allowed of a visit to my old prison at Fort Severnaya, I joined company with a French Major and others, on a long ride by Inkermann, and the head of the harbour to the formidable forts on the north side, most of which had been called into existence since the time when I unwillingly exercised behind the ramparts of the Star Fort. The room where I had lived was now roofless, from the effects of shells probably, and I now looked down on "the grave of the Black Sea Fleet," where I had formerly seen it securely moored.

The French officers at the Fedouchine heights got up a fancy-ball, to which I was invited. Vivandières were the ladies, and some of the costumes were most grotesque, particularly of those who associated Roman

helmets with top-boots, and a lady wore the jacket and kilt of a 42nd piper. But the interesting finish we made to our Crimean campaign was excursions to various note-worthy points, and the first was to the field of the Alma.

We were a small party of five with servants and baggage-horses. It was the month of May, and the country looked fresh and beautiful. Crossing the Balbek and Katcha rivers, we got on the great steppe, and saw hares, and quails, and snakes. Galloping on towards Ortakesek, one of the small Tartar villages in rear of the Russian position; we pitched a tent there, and took possession of an empty house. Some poor Tartars, who had suffered from the war, came about us, and we gave them what food we could spare.

We were awoke in the morning by the lively twittering of swallows and starlings on the roofs about us, and we were not long in proceeding to make the circuit of the steep cliffs, up which the nimble Zouaves had

climbed. We then visited the Telegraph Tower where a fierce struggle took place, marked now with many mounds of red earth rising on the green sward, and rudely ornamented with white stones laid on the mould. We passed on, deep silence being all round, whilst blue and yellow flowers waved gently in the breeze, and we observed the ground strewed with straps, pieces of knapsacks and buttons; a few round shot and bones of horses were in the ravines, and we reached that part of the field up which our men had charged and suffered and nobly conquered.

I stood beside the graves of men I had known in the far West, a stone has since been set up there to eight officers of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who, with their Colonel, the accomplished Chester, were stricken down in front of the Russian entrenchment, and now lay within it.

We looked on the great plain over which the armies had advanced from the north, the Black Sea was on the left, and below us, vineyards beside the burnt villages of Alma-

tamak and Bourliouk, and that stream of which these lines eloquently say.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower and shrine,
Little streamlet! knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine,
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest, around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest, to the memories of the dead.
Oh thou River! dear for ever, to the gallant and the free,
Alma! roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea!

During the continuance of hostilities, there were few opportunities for attending to the climate and the Natural History of the Crimea. An officer who devoted considerable time and attention to these interesting matters was Dr. William Carte, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making on this expedition to the Alma; he was a careful collector of objects illustrative of the zoology of the country, and his observations are recorded in the Royal Dublin Society's Journal of this year.

When the bold and party-coloured south coast of the Crimea is first seen at Balaklava, the formation is observed to consist of a variegated conglomerate of red and white lime-stone with calcareous spar; this is interrupted by a bed of conglomerate of quartz and red sand-stone, cemented by a calcareous paste, and the general dip is to the N.E., at an angle of about 45°. When the huts and tents were placed on pudding stone, good health was the result, but those who lived on the saponaceous clay were troubled with fever. This last happened below where we were encamped on the Marine Heights.

The most remarkable shrub about Balaklava was the *Paliurus aculeatus* with its hooked prickles. Varieties of land shells were seen about the heights. About Kamara the hills are of decomposing conglomerate, and the Fedoukines are of white chalk, marl and sand. The Tchernaya passing through banks of sandstone at Tchorgoun, washes the oolite rock of the

Inkerman heights, full of fossil shells. What our people had to work on in forming the trenches and which was interrupted by ravines running towards Sevastopol, was an agglomeric calcareous rock with a scanty covering of earth.

The highest degree of heat that the thermometer recorded in the Crimea, whilst the troops were on the plateau of Sevastopol that I heard of, was 109° in July, and the lowest degree of cold in December $2\frac{1}{2}$° When the wind blew from the north over the frozen steppes, in winter, the cold was biting in the extreme; the great barrier of rocks shelters the south coast from this. In the month of May, daily the country became more beautiful about our heights, with thyme, violets, roses, &c.

I saw part of Dr. Carte's collection of birds, &c., at the Castle Hospital, Balaklava, in forming which he was assisted by Lieutenant Blakison, of the Royal Artillery. Among the quadrupeds observed in the Crimea, were the common hedgehog, the

fox, the martin, the Norway rat and black rat, the common mouse, the long-tailed field mouse, hares of two kinds, hamsters like short naked tailed mice, the deer (*cervus dama*) were found in the woods, the Crimean camel, of a light brown colour, was oftener used to drag waggons than as a beast of burden. Of birds, there were vultures, (*species fulvus*) tawney and red eagles, falcons of several varieties, long and short-eared owls; the melancholy cry of the *Strix Tengmalmi* was well known about the ravines during the siege. The other birds occupy a large catalogue as shrikes of various kinds, swifts and swallows, king-fishers, orioles, thrushes, goldfinches, black-birds, larks, nightingales about Vernutka and Baidar; wrens, buntings, linnets, crows, woodpeckers, red-legged partridges and bustards, these last were shot in December in considerable numbers, and were excellent eating. Of water fowl there were ducks, teal, widgeon, sheldrake, cormorants, gulls, &c.

Tortoises, snakes, and lizards, appeared with the warm weather, as did insects in great numbers, about 150 of which were noted by Dr. Carte, also land shells. The shores of the Crimea abound with fish, the red mullet and turbot are capital eating; two or three times I was offered a little fat fish which was caught among the dead in the harbour of Sevastopol and the shipping of Balaklava, but which I carefully eschewed.

The next excursion was to visit the remarkable Genoese fort Mangoup Kalé, on a great mountain near the valley of Korales, and in the direction of Baghteserai. Leaving our horses at the foot of the mountain, it was a stiff walk to the immense walls enclosing the top, where we passed many very ancient stone tombs, and came on a plateau commanding extensive views, and where a tribe of people might have sown and reaped, and grazed cattle if shut out from the valleys below. The Cave of the winds at an angle of the precipice, was a point of great interest here.

I did not visit Baghteserai, or Simpheropol at this time; I had seen them long ago, and I did not like to disturb the pleasing recollections I had of the very interesting Tartar palace of the former, and the agreeable country houses and people I had known at the latter; among others, Madame Nariskin, a literary lady, wife of a former governor of the Crimea. I knew that war and disease had told on the old and the modern capitals of Crim Tartary.

Laspi, a charming retreat, in a valley, and under high cliffs, the fit abode of a retired sea rover, was visited, and there was a ride by the Phoros pass, and round the most picturesque South coast with its immense walls of rock on the left, the abode of eagles, its slopes of earth and boulders, interspersed with trees, descending to the sea on the right of the winding road. Country seats of the Russian noblesse are seen there, and Tartar villages with their flat roofs resting on the hill-side, from

which many of the unfortunate people were emigrating to Turkey, and carrying piously their aged and infirm with them on arabas, in melancholy procession. At Alushta was the beautifully situated and handsome palace of the Count Woronzoff, in the midst of gardens and rocks, forest and fruit trees collected from many lands. Altogether, the South coast of the Crimea is one of the most charming and attractive regions in the world.

At length, in June, the order came for us to follow some other regiments, and leave the Crimea. We received this order with mingled feelings of joy, sorrow and thankfulness: we had been nearly thirteen months in the seat of war, and our mission was accomplished there. We were, I trust, sincerely grateful to Divine Providence for allowing us to retire unscathed from the late scenes of strife, and we deeply regretted the many thousand brave men on whose graves the wild flowers of the steppe were now blooming. Portions of the Regiment (about this

time 900 strong, besides the depôts at Malta and at home) embarked in three vessels, and I followed in the Ottawa steamer with the head-quarters. We had a young nobleman, Lord Abercromby, and Mr Page on board; a handsome Russian widow, Madame Tripaud, going with her two sisters-in-law to a relative at Malta; her husband, an officer, had been slain two or three days before the fall of Sevastopol.

She had witnessed all the horrors of the siege, death flying round her for months. Her maid on board, had an extensive wound on her right arm, and her man-servant had been destroyed by a shell in the room before her face, whilst carrying her food. After this she took refuge, with other families, in Fort Nicholas, till the retreat across the harbour.

We had a most agreeable voyage, pleasant company, our excellent band, and a great variety of amusements on board.

A visit was paid to Constantinople for the third time. I had a ramble through

the streets and bazaars, and an examination, with boots under my arm, of the great Mosque of St. Sophia, which I could not have ventured on in former years; finally, we arrived at Malta, and occupied the Isola gate Barracks.

The hot weather was in all its fierceness in July, half the Regiment was under canvass, the place being crowded with military under the command of a most energetic soldier and excellent drill, Sir John Pennefather. Fever was beginning in the Regiment, when I received a summons to Britain. I handed over the command to Lieut.-Colonel Budd, and reached home by way of Gibraltar and Southampton, much refreshed by the voyage in the Ava. Here then, I take leave of those indulgent readers, who have voyaged, and travelled and campaigned with me in the East and West.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

TRAINING FOR SERVICE AND SETTLING.

1. The ranks of the British Army contain many officers and men, who, serving their country for a few years, intend to settle in one of the colonies—the first, as proprietors of land; the second, as labourers, and eventually (if they conduct themselves with ordinary discretion), in the hope of following a trade, or owning land like their officers.

2. We propose to discuss what should be the preparations for settling, and in the meantime, investigate how soldiers should be made efficient, physically and morally, for fighting the battles of their country, previous to "beating their swords into ploughshares."

3. It should be borne in mind, at all times, that our men enter the ranks voluntarily. We have no forced enlistments, and though it is true, that many repent "taking the shilling in her Majesty's name," yet with the present humane and fair system of dealing with recruits, particularly giving them a free kit or outfit at starting, besides their bounty, recruits must be very hard to please if they do not soon prefer the regular food and good bed they have in barracks, and medical attendance, to the scrambling life they may have been previously leading, perhaps, too, dirty and uncared for.

4. From the moment of entering the Service, every man should have something inviting to look forward to. Without the hope of eventually improving one's condition, and without "the glorious future" of the religious man, life will be dreary, and its cares are then apt to be drowned in the health-destroying cup. A happy frame of mind is to be without envy or jealousy of our neighbour, and to be always ready to hold out a helping

hand to a man requiring a lift, and to let every man have a fair chance of bettering himself if so disposed.

RANGERS.

5. In enlisting men, it might be well to try how a few corps of Rangers, composed of stout and active little fellows, of from 5 ft. 3 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. in height; 5 ft. 6 in. and upwards has been the fashion hitherto, and though there have appeared many noble soldiers of grenadier height, yet for the general purposes of war, what the best Roman soldiers were said to have generally been, namely, short and square men, are surely worth trying as corps. The weight of a man, the measurement of his chest, &c., being also duly considered. There are fewer men to choose from among the tall men, than among men from 5 ft. 4 in. to 5 ft. 8 in., therefore there is a better chance of getting good short men.

HEALTH.

6. Next, due care should be taken that the man's dress, the arms he has to use, and the load he has to carry, are proportioned to his size and powers of endurance; also that on entering the Service he is duly instructed how to preserve his health, informed of the nature of his constitution, how easily the system is deranged with imprudence of conduct, what he is to "eat, drink, and avoid," the evil consequences of badly ventilated rooms, how to guard against the dire effects of the sun's rays between the Tropics, and the consequences of extreme cold towards the Polar regions.

DRESS.

7. As it should always be considered a disgrace to be on the sick list, from want of ordinary precautions, so we should at the same time avoid what is vulgarily called the "coddling system;" a man in health

should not fear going out in all weathers, that is, properly protected, his head against the sun in extreme heat, and the body so covered in wet or cold, that there will be no bad effects resulting from exposure. For India, white covers protect the head from the sun; in Africa, whilst travelling or hunting, ostrich feathers afford good cover, or a turbaned hunting cap. In the damp woods, and among swamps, one can go from morning to night with wet feet, without injury, if cased in worsted socks, and with a pair of stout moccasins, or soleless shoes and leggings, and having a dry change for the camp at night. With good flannel next the skin in dry cold, and avoiding spirits, which chill the extremities, there need be little apprehension of unpleasant sensations or disagreeable results.

BATHING.

8. Cold water daily, or frequently applied to the skin, from head to foot, is a great

secret of health among people wearing clothes; naked savages are obliged to grease themselves to keep out the cold and repel the attack of insects. A bath glove without fingers, that is, a small bag made of towelling, is a capital purifier of the skin.

CONTENTMENT.

9. It is very important to make men contented with their situation on joining their corps, also to find themselves in a good position instead of a wrong one, good officers will be able to bring about this result by the care, attention and *sympathy* they display towards the men, and not merely attending to their own pleasures and recreations. Popularity hunting is contemptible, but a careful officer who takes his men in hand, encourages them in learning their drill and duty, and attending to their schooling (for a large proportion of men enter the army unable to read or write) and who promotes manhood among his people in the shape

of gymnastic exercises, and sets an example in these matters himself only does *his* duty.

10. Disgust to the Service and desertion after a short trial of it arise from various causes, among others, excess of drill, no recreations present or in prospect, a dull routine and monotony.

GYMNASTICS.

11. Some consider that encouraging manly exercises leads to drinking, but it will be found on trial to have quite a contrary tendency; men desirous of exhibiting their power of muscle, soon find out that they cannot compete successfully if they indulge in strong drink, men in training never use spirits, as they afford only a momentary stimulus; thus for a final effort at the end of a fight, a glass handed round with the spare ammunition may be of use, but as a general rule, for giving strength and endurance, alcohol is a mistake.

12. A useful exercise for young men, and of which all are fond, is that called the

giant's steps, a thirty-feet pole set up, an iron swivel at the top, and four ropes and rings depending from it. The exercise in passing round the pole and swinging from the rings is excellent for the wind and for the muscles of the chest, arms and legs—all are in play, and usefully for the system, simultaneously.

"PUTTING."

13. Throwing or "putting" the stone, or an iron shot, is of great use for the muscular development of dragoons, engineers, artillerymen, &c., who require strong arms, if the weight thrown is suited to the bodily powers of the individual. Leaping is highly useful for foot soldiers, for in skirmishing across a country they have frequent occasion to practise it, and it is unfortunate if a man is obliged to "shy" at an ordinary jump. Wrestling is a valuable exercise, and no bad consequences result from it, if it is practised with good temper, and those looking on prevent any cruelty from kicking shins with shoes on, also that the ground is not too

hard for a fall. Of course, running is indispensible for *voltigeurs*, though it is alleged to have been overdone in foreign armies, and fine men have broken down and become useless after five years of excessive running, and too violent exertion. Constant exercise, but in moderation, should be the rule for the due training of the bodily powers.

MUSIC.

14. It is very desirable to cultivate singing among troops, it has a wonderfully humanizing effect, an officer may often be found able and willing to teach a class of singers. Good glees, choruses, and patriotic songs, are the best, also sacred music. Of course everything of a frivolous or licentious nature should be discouraged.

DANCING.

15. A dancing master may be found in a body of men, also a fiddler; it is very use-

ful to encourage these "professionals," and giving prizes for dancing at competitions will be found to have a very good effect. A good dancer is usually a smart fellow, and even looking on at dancing promotes cheerfulness, to which also cricket, foot-ball, quoits, skittles, and fives, materially contribute.

SWIMMING.

16. A great accomplishment for our soldiers is swimming. Crossing the sea so much as they do, exposed to the risk of storms and wrecks, fording rivers, and their lives frequently imperilled by water as well as on land, it would be desirable that every British soldier be turned out a swimmer; and it may be done with very little trouble, and at very moderate expense. A small boat with a short pole or boom rigged out horizontally from the stern, and a ring at the end of it for a rope to pass through, serves as a very fit apparatus for this purpose. Three men get into the boat,

one to row, and one to instruct. The learning swimmer stripped, and, with a girth strapped round his chest, to which an end of the rope is fastened behind, gets into the water, and is supported in it by the instructor, who slackens the rope as the swimmer gains confidence and performs his strokes properly.

A SALLE D'ARMES.

17. For the winter months in barracks, an empty room fitted up as a *salle d'armes*, and single-sticks, foils, masks and boxing-gloves, kept there in charge of a non-commissioned officer, would be very advantageous for officers and men.

HANDICRAFTS.

18. We now come to handicrafts. It is not usual to practise any trades in barracks, except those of tailors and shoemakers; but, if it were possible to fit up a carpenter's shop,

and allow soldiers to learn the most useful art of carpentry, few things would better prepare them for the exigencies of a campaign, or for being handy settlers after they got their discharge. There are always jobs about a barrack, or at the married officers' quarters, which would employ the soldier carpenter, who, if he learned also a little smith's work in the armourer's shop, would be materially benefited thereby.

19. In those colonies where wood is employed for fuel, the use of the axe may be acquired by cutting up and splitting the fire-wood. Men skilled in the use of the axe and rifle, like the lumberers or woodsmen of the Canadian forests, are invaluable for a campaign, not only being well able to help themselves in the bivouac, or in crossing rivers, but also being able to assist the regular soldiers in many ways—hutting for instance.

HUTTING.

20. The underground huts used in the Crimea, with a simple roof placed over them, afforded good shelter, and were inexpensive. Soldiers might be practised constructing them, digging out square holes, if on a hill-side so much the better; but the open plain will do also—a window at one end, a door, with steps inside to descend to the floor at the other gable. If there is no canvas or tarpaulin for the roof, thatch will do, or branches of fir trees.

21. The usual huts are of rough stones, some take the trouble to make sun dried bricks for huts, walls of wattle and daub, &c. The "lean-tos" used in the American woods are very good; two forked sticks planted in the ground, a ridge pole between them, poles resting on this, and the whole top and sides covered with branches or with canvas; in front, the fire of logs. These half houses are the favourite "camp" of the hunters, but

they sometimes content themselves with a screen of bushes set up to windward.

WELL-SINKING.

22. The handicraft of the well-sinker is an important one on service, troops sometimes suffer greatly for the want of a sufficient supply of good water. In dry countries, like Africa and New South Wales, it is of great consequence to know how to find water at all, and when found, if it is brackish, to know how to distil it, by boiling and collecting the steam, or condensing the steam in a gun-barrel laid in water, the fresh water dropping from the touch-hole; or if impure to filter it by passing it through moss, sand, charcoal, &c., whilst a small piece of alum will purify gallons of turbid water. The use of dirty water to allay raging thirst is the cause of much sickness.

23. Carrying water in bags is practised in the East, where barrels might soon fall in pieces with the heat, if left empty. There is a mode of carrying a small supply of water in

a bladder with the assistance of a couple of skewers; small tin water-flasks are the handiest for service, and not wooden barrels.

COOKING.

24. Food, and how to cook it, are matters of the first consequence always. When salt pork is the ration, a little goes a great way; and a slice "frizzled" at the end of a forked stick is not a bad dinner with the addition of a large biscuit. Broken biscuit may be improved by throwing hot water over a couple of handfuls, and stirring about in them a little grease. Newly killed meat is best dealt with by chopping it up with an axe or billhook, and cooking it in the frying pan. Boiling lumps of fresh meat, especially hurriedly, makes it tough and difficult to chew or digest. If rice is well boiled, men will soon get fond of it, but as a moist pudding it is not inviting. One lesson in rice boiling will suffice: first boil the water briskly, proportioning the quantity of water to the rice,

say a quart of water to a cupful of rice, then throw in the rice, boil briskly for a quarter of an hour, without stirring the rice, strain off the water, which use as a drink, sweetened; dry the rice by the side of the fire in the pot. Every particle will be found separate and well cooked.

25. If there is flour, a small iron plate makes good cakes; or balls of flour may be well kneaded with the hand, and toasted like potatoes at the fire. Soups are best made by slowly simmering whatever can be found to put into the *pot-au-feu*. Salt-meat and rank wild-fowl can be used by changing the water used in boiling once or twice. There are no tea-pots, usually, in the field, but a muslin bag will make good tea in a tea-kettle. Clear coffee is easily managed by taking the pot off the fire three or four times, when it comes to a simmer, and then letting it settle.

MAT-MAKING.

26. Mat-making is useful, and is easily

acquired. Straw or reeds may be used, with strings. In the East Indies, much of the comfort of the people is derived from mats; they make walls of mats, and hang up mats to windward, and wet them, to cool the air behind them, in the hot season.

TENTS.

27. How to pitch and secure tents is very important. Those unacquainted with tents will very soon have them about their ears in rain, or blown away, perhaps in the middle of the night. Among young campaigners, there are many tent accidents. The accomplished author of the "Art of Travel," Mr. Galton, gives many valuable hints about tents, and lately presented models and specimens, illustrative of the art of travel, to the Royal Institution at Woolwich, which are well worth examining carefully.

28. Soldiers should be practised how to secure tent-ropes in sandy soil by bushing and burying sticks; how to drain the ground

round tents should be shown; the effects of wet on tents, in lifting them suddenly from the ground; how to pitch a tent for a permanency, building a low wall round it, sinking the floor, having it paved, arranging a fire-place in a tent, strengthening a tent-pole with side-pieces at the joint; how to repair a broken tent-pole by lashing a rough stick to it; how to support the pole on a log when the floor is sunk, &c. The use of awnings, when there are no tents, may also be shown. In hot climates, and the sun nearly vertical, a square awning on four poles is cooler to pass the day under than any tent.

29. A whole regiment may be encamped without any canvass tents, under the blankets of the men, four men occupying each *tente d'abri*. The blankets to have eight holes worked at the corners and middle of the edge; two rifles are set up on their butts at the distance of the length of a blanket; the rifles have small plugs in the muzzles; a ridge-rope, pegged down to the ground, con-

nects the muskets (passing round the plugs); two blankets are held up lengthways, and four corner-holes are passed over the muzzles of the pieces; the blankets are then drawn out, and pegged to the ground; the remaining blankets of the four men are of use inside. The 14th Regiment had their blankets prepared with worked holes, in the Crimea, and they were used instead of tents occasionally, when the camp was cleaned.

FIRE.

30. Fire-lighting is a great art in the field, when there are no lucifer-matches. The young campaigner would be rather at a loss, and might smile, when desired to make a fire with a bunch of dry grass, and with a piece of tinder inside; but when this is lighted with a flint and steel, and blown with the mouth, or the bunch swung round in the air, and a flame ensues, incredulity ceases. Small chips of wood are, of course, best to begin a fire with, and a great log will

keep up a fire for many hours. Burning-glasses are sometimes carried to light a fire. In South Africa, the brass tinder-box is the favourite apparatus for kindling a fire, with the assistance of flint and steel.

COOKING.

31. Gipsies cook, their pots suspended by a hook from three sticks, set up triangle fashion, or in a small tent of four wands, with a piece of blanket skewered round them. The usual bivouac fire-place is a hole dug in the ground, or three or more stones placed together, and the fire made between them, the camp-kettle resting on the stones. Fuel may be economised by boiling six camp-kettles at once, half of each being over the same hole. In America, the pot is suspended over the log-fire at one end of a horizontal stick, the other end being firmly fixed in the ground.

RAFTS.

32. If a regiment were to reach the bank of an unfordable river, without a soldier in it skilled in woodcraft, they would all be "brought up," and might look in vain for the means of crossing to the other side, but if there are trees there, and a woodsman, he will soon make rafts of logs bound together with withes or cords, and float the whole across. In the East, gourds tied round the waist are used for crossing rivers. In Africa, a wooden horse, or a tree with a peg in it, for the swimmer to hold on by, and kick out with his feet. Bundles of grass and reeds, and corked bottles secured inside the shirt easily support a man in the water.

FISHING.

33. Fishing is a great recreation for soldiers, it should be encouraged as a pastime, and to give variety to the mess.

HORSES, &c.

34. How to take care of horses, cattle, and sheep, should be learned. Wet, cold, and indifferent fare destroy the lower animals as well as men, but horses are often too much cared for, and confined in close stables for the improvement of their coats, and to save trouble in cleaning them. Taking horses so treated suddenly into the field kills them, their lungs and their system generally not being prepared for hardships. In Lower Canada, the hardy horses from cool stables are driven to church on Sundays, and in the middle of the winter, perhaps covered with perspiration, they are tied up to a fence, and left there, and are coated with ice before the service is over, and without injury. However, it is miserable to see horses standing out in rain, and without roofs, if a roof could be got for them. Bushes, arranged as circular kraals, prevent cattle and sheep straying.

HANDY-MEN.

35. Soldiers should, of all things, try to become what is called handy-men, they are very valuable in a regiment, as they can apply their hands to so many useful things, and are likely to be the best settlers.

USEFUL REWARDS.

36. The Adjutant-General, Sir George Wetherall, when in command of a regiment in Canada, rewarded good-conduct-men by allowing them to work for the farmers and at gardening; this was not only encouraging to the men, but prepared them for settling when the period of their service expired. The Royals were always employed about their barracks on useful fatigue duties. Accustoming men to the use of the pick and spade, in camp and quarters, cannot be too much insisted on.

MORAL COMMAND.

37. All the above "helps and hints" for soldiers as preparations for settling, will be valueless without *self-control*, and due regulation of the passions. When a soldier becomes his own master, he is apt to be led away by the designing, particularly if he is a handy-man; but if he is firm, he can easily shake off those who might injure him, and trusting in Providence, and in his own energies, will set about, with all diligence, establishing himself in a new and honourable position to gain his livelihood, with or without the assistance of a pension.

THE END.

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