

CANADA AND THE CRIMEA

OR

SKETCHES OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE

FROM THE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE

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CANADA AND THE CRIMEA



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

MY object is to make this book, as far as possible, autobiographical. I shall therefore content myself by giving a very slight introductory sketch of my brother's life before he entered the army.

From that time, until his death in 1856, his letters and journals record its principal events. I have selected from these what I consider the most striking and interesting passages; purposely omitting everything which it appeared a violation of confidence to make public, or which would be unattractive to the general reader.

A portion of the contents of this book has already appeared in a small volume edited by myself and published four years ago.*

I have added considerably to this portion of my present subject, and availed myself of information I

* Six Months at Sebastopol.

have received, to render my brother's narrative of events in the Crimea as correct as possible.

Should this labour of love prove successful, its success must be attributed to him; should it fail, it will be owing to want of skill on my part, in the arrangement of materials, in themselves interesting and attractive.*

GEORGE RANKEN was born in London, on the 4th of January, 1828. He was educated by the Rev. Dr. Smith, at Rottingdean, near Brighton, and the Rev. William Moore, at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

In 1843 he received from the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn a nomination for a cadetship at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

In that year he left the Isle of Wight, to commence at Woolwich his future course of studies. In 1844 he became a cadet, and in October 1847 was commissioned as second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, having passed a most excellent examination, in which he held the fourth place among forty competitors.

This was a successful *début* into military life for one who had had but little previous training for the Academy, and no intention, until 1843, of entering a scientific corps.

* The publication of this book has, from various causes, been delayed; but no time seems more fitted for its appearance than the present, when so much interest is concentrated upon Canada, and when the prospect of a winter campaign in the West recalls the heroism and devotion displayed six or seven years ago by our noble army in the East.

In December 1849 my brother became a first lieutenant, and in April 1850 received orders to proceed to Canada.

He arrived at Montreal early in May, remained there about a month, and was afterwards stationed at Quebec, until March 1852, when he returned to Montreal. In February and March 1853, he made a tour through the United States and portions of South America, where he commenced a journal, which he continued till within a few days of his death.

In May 1853 he went a second time to Quebec, remaining there until September in the following year; and then returning to England. From November 1854 until August 1855 he was stationed, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards at Fort George, Inverness; and in August received orders to repair to the Crimea.

These dates render more intelligible the narrative which follows.

His first impressions of America I consider sufficiently graphic to be given at some length.

Extract from a Letter.

‘ Revere House Hotel, Boston, United States,
April 22nd, 1850.

‘ Thank God! I am safely landed. I arrived at Boston about twelve o’clock on Saturday. We had a very pleasant termination to our voyage, though the day after I wrote we got into a field of ice, which delayed us four or five hours. The captain tried to get through

it, but found he could not, and was forced to back out with considerable damage to his paddle-wheels, almost all the floats of which were broken or injured. The field was of vast extent, no blue water being visible beyond from the masthead.

‘The cut-water of the steamer ran right into a large block, which we carried away with us for a short distance, until the officer on watch perceived that, although there was a dead calm, we were only moving along at three knots per hour, and took measures to dislodge our travelling companion. We approached Halifax harbour on Thursday night, and reached our wharf at about twelve o’clock. The night was lovely; water quite calm, and moon and stars shining. The light, however, was scarcely sufficient to give us a clear view of the town. The harbour is the most dangerous one imaginable to enter in foggy weather, as there is a large reef of rocks at its mouth. Ships have sometimes to lay-to several days near the entrance, as misty weather frequently prevails.

‘I landed, however, with a party, and walked through the town to the principal hotel, where we found the accommodation wretched, and were disappointed of the pleasure of drinking sherry coblers as there was *no ice*.

‘Nova Scotia is a wild, rugged country, covered with primeval forest, and dotted with small lakes. Halifax is supplied with fresh water from a lake several hundred feet above the city; this elevated reservoir is most useful in case of fires, as no pumping is required. Halifax itself is a large town, with two harbours and some fine

houses. It is an agreeable military station, as there is capital fishing and shooting.

I think the Americans have been much maligned, or have much improved since the works of Mrs. Trollope, &c., have been written.

‘I was very much pleased at the extreme civility with which the commonest people answer any question you may ask, though the equality which is supposed to exist out here amuses me vastly.

‘I intended going round by New York, and therefore wished most of my luggage to be forwarded to Montreal direct. I was introduced to the agent and carrier, who touched their hats, and shook hands; and the next morning one of them breakfasted at the same table with me.

‘On the morning of Saturday, April 20th, we came in sight of the shores of America, and entered the beautiful harbour of Boston. We had a lovely morning for the termination of our troubles. The sun shone brilliantly, sparkling on the water, which was scarcely rippled by a light breeze, just sufficient to fill the white sails of the beautiful and elegant craft which was cruising about around us and in the offing.

‘Sails are made here of Russian canvas, which is finer and whiter than ours, but not so suitable for rough weather.

‘The steamers are ugly enough to look at, having large cabins on deck. They go ahead, however, most gallantly, doing sometimes nearly twenty miles an hour; but are more liable, generally speaking, to ex-

plode than ours are. When they race (which they do a great deal on the Mississippi), they put weights on the safety valve.

‘The approaches to the harbour are strongly fortified, and I had occasion to admire an extremely pretty, regular, little pentagonal fort, built according to Vauban’s system, on a small island.

‘The lower parts and narrow streets of Boston have much the appearance of a French city, and are dirty and disagreeable.

‘The best houses have most of them white doors with the resident’s name on a brass plate, and a glass bell-handle on each side for servants and visitors, as in England. They are kept beautifully clean and bright, and have a pleasing and cheerful effect.

‘Coloured panes of glass are introduced in the windows in the most irregular manner, with the view, I should imagine, of throwing a rich light on some particular object or article of furniture.

‘The hotel I am staying at is a new and very fine one, beautifully fitted up in the French style; but though very bright and pleasing in appearance, without that air of comfort which pervades an English residence. A thing which I found almost unbearable is the high temperature at which they keep the hotel by means of steam pipes. The thermometer stands between 65° and 70°, and the difference between the temperature in and out of doors is most trying.

‘The great luxury out here is the Wenham Lake ice. Everything is iced. Ice on the butter, ice in the

beer, wine, and water; ice creams always for dinner, and all kinds of ice drinks, the principal of which are lemonade, mint julep, sherry cobbler, and sangaree. The names of some of the drinks which you get at the bar of every hotel or oyster saloon are most amusing. A man told me he could make up 400 different kinds. The principal are different kinds of punch, brandy cocktail, brandy and gin smash, brandy skin, thunder and lightning, gin sling, sherry cobbler, &c. Some of them are made with pepper, and have correspondingly *hot* names.

‘Squash, an immense yellow vegetable something like a pumpkin in appearance, and eaten mashed, is used for tarts, and as a vegetable. It tastes much like a sweet turnip.

‘Sweet potato, a vegetable between a potato and parsnip, is likewise eaten. It is yellow and dry.

‘They *roast* their hams out here a great deal, and eat them with champagne sauce.

‘Halibut is the principal fish in the States. It is of enormous size, and like cod, but not considered so good.

‘The society at the ordinary is most mixed. There is very little conversation carried on during dinner; the Americans have no time for it. They generally dispatch three courses in about twenty-five minutes, rarely take wine, and rise abruptly, and the instant they have finished walk off to their counting-houses, &c.

‘The whole mode of life in an American hotel is perfectly different to what it is in England. You take all your meals in public, or pay extravagantly for the

privilege of privacy. You get a very good dinner, but it is not a comfortable one to Englishmen. The whole affair is so hurried that you have scarcely time to swallow your food, and none for conversation.

‘The gentlemen and ladies each have their own dining-room and parlour (as ladies travel all over the States alone, and with the greatest comfort, meeting wherever they go with the greatest attention and politeness). Gentlemen, however, who may be travelling with ladies, dine with the ladies; and Mrs. Finlayson’s company procured for me that privilege on Sunday, when I had an opportunity of beholding the Boston belles. Most of the women are pale and interesting-looking. They are generally small, and have rather slight figures. Some of them look like French women; and this resemblance is increased by their dressing in the Parisian fashion, and wearing very bright colours.

‘They dress very showily, and sometimes in shocking taste. I saw a girl in a green dress, red shawl, and yellow bonnet.

‘As for the men, they have all a marked look of intelligence, keen, restless eyes, generally sharp features, often adorned with a scraggy beard, sallow complexion, and long hair. They dress singularly, often wearing blue trousers. The most fashionable colour is, however, greenish-yellow.

‘Speculation and money seem the great objects of life out here. Credit is great. Every little bank issues more dollar and half-dollar notes than its capital.

‘On Sunday I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson to church, and heard an excellent sermon on bigotry, preached by a very intelligent-looking man. The American liturgy differs slightly from ours. They read the Lord’s Prayer thus: “Our Father *who* art in heaven,” &c.; the same as ours to “forgive us our trespasses as we forgive *those who* trespass against us.” They pray for the President and Congress, do not repeat the Lord’s Prayer so frequently as we do, omit the short prayers at the end of the Litany, and the Nicæan Creed at the end of the Communion. There are several rather pretty churches in Boston, but the most elegant-looking spire is made of *wood*.

‘The Italian Opera, I fancied, had a very ecclesiastical appearance; and, to my astonishment, I learnt that on Sundays it is used as a Baptist chapel!! and that this practise of double usefulness is not uncommon. How shocking this seems to an Englishman!

‘Everything here is done on a go-a-head principle; the roads are shocking, but good enough to go-a-head over.

‘Telegraph wires cross the principal streets, and tall unpainted crooked poles run along opposite some of the best houses with the wires attached to them most roughly; but they answer the purposes of communication, and are most extensively employed in the States, running between places where there are no railways.

* * * * *

‘*New York*.—The American railways are exactly described by Dickens, in his “American Notes.” The

travelling is very cheap; I paid only five dollars for the journey from Boston to New York, 224 miles. The arrangements for luggage are excellent.

‘They give you a brass ticket with a number on it, and attach a similar one to your luggage, which is conveyed to your hotel without any extra charge.

‘The country between Boston and New York is very wild and uncultivated. Large bare rocks protrude in all directions, only covered occasionally by a thin coating of turf. This rocky ground is portioned off by rough stone walls into small divisions, as if it were valuable property.

‘We passed through many clean, bright-looking towns, built of wooden houses painted white, with green outside blinds.

‘Every little insignificant village boasts its three or four places of worship, built principally of wood and all small.

‘The train barely stops at the small stations. It lets off its steam as it approaches, and comes very nearly to a halt; during which interval of slack speed, people who wish to start or stop are supposed to get in and out.

‘The carriages hold more than fifty people. Every carriage has its stove, and a kind of lane between the seats, where restlessly disposed individuals may promenade.

‘Trains pass over turnpike roads without the smallest ceremony, but a warning is posted up to “look out for the engine while the bell rings.”

‘The country through the whole journey is monotonous. I missed the smiling fields, the sheep, the cattle of old England. The houses, too, stand on the roughest ground, and few of them have any gardens.

‘When we got to New York the engine left us; the cars were separated; four horses attached to each; and we were drawn, still keeping on trams, through one of the great avenues of the city.

‘The Broadway at New York is certainly a very fine street; but the houses are very unequal in size, and consequently extremely dissimilar in appearance.

‘The American private carriages are of the most eccentric forms; many of them exceedingly light, the better to “go-a-head” in. They have all good horses, and indeed the commonest vehicles are drawn by excellent cattle, all of which are in first-rate condition, and much superior to our poor battered cab horses. They, most of them, come from the Western States. The hackney-coaches in New York are like private carriages, and very comfortable.

‘The city has some exceedingly fine public buildings; one, the Custom House, built after the model of the Parthenon at Athens.

‘The City Hall is splendid, and built of white marble. It has an immense bell on the top which tolls in case of fire. These occur almost nightly; and on the first night of my arrival I had the opportunity of witnessing a very large one, which destroyed property to the amount of nearly 80,000 dollars.

‘The fire brigade is composed of young volunteers.

The service is most arduous and hazardous, and the exposure to all kinds of weather very injurious to health; but it is popular, as it procures exemption from serving in the militia or on a jury. One of the firemen was killed at the fire I saw, by falling through a trap-door.

‘The engines are preceded by a vehicle with the hose attached to it, and a large bell which rings as it moves along. The number of the engine, on a red lantern, is carried in front, and the carriages are drawn by the firemen and volunteers.

‘I saw this morning, from the papers, that the crowd and I had an exceedingly narrow escape. We had all been standing on the brink of a precipice, as the fire was close to an immense spirit store, which escaped ignition almost by a miracle, and which, had the flames reached it, would have exploded with a force sufficient to cause the destruction of all things animate and inanimate in its vicinity.

‘How secure we feel on the brink of the stream which may engulf us!

‘New York is built with beautiful regularity, and promises to be a gigantic place. Broad roads with trees planted on each side (a common and beautiful custom in the States) run along, at regular distances from and parallel to each other, from north to south. These are intersected by cross streets at right angles, many of which extend right across Long Island from shore to shore, and are almost as broad as the avenues. Some of these latter are five or six miles long and

perfectly straight; they are crossed by more than 130 broad roads.

‘Time only is required to fill up this gigantic plan for a vast city. As yet the avenues and cross streets are lined with houses merely in the neighbourhood of the city; elsewhere the houses are scattered.

‘Irishmen are the tools with which Jonathan carries on his vast works. Their huts are the only wretched-looking abodes I have seen.

‘Everywhere there is cleanliness and comfort about the houses, and an air of prosperity, very different from the misery and struggling poverty of the mother-country.

‘Yesterday I visited the Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, five or six miles from New York, a lovely place, occupying nearly 250 acres of ground, and richly wooded.

‘Some of the monuments are in good taste, and have touching and appropriate inscriptions. One of them had simply a group of forget-me-not flowers with the single word “Mother” underneath.

‘This certainly affected me, and carried my thoughts home, which I shall be delighted to see whenever my wanderings cease. After all, there is no place like Old England.

‘The morning I left New York was inauspicious and gloomy, so that I saw the Hudson to disadvantage. We had light enough, however, to see the Palisade, a famous line of rocks on the left bank, perpendicular, and 300 feet high. They extend for some distance, and

are crowned with trees, presenting a very romantic appearance. The scenery at West Point (fifty-two miles from New York) delighted me. In summer, and at sunset, it must be exquisite. The shores of the river are very bold, and composed of richly wooded hills; and the river just here makes a fine sweep, which has a very beautiful effect.

‘The Military College is conducted on somewhat similar principles to the Academy at Woolwich, though in some respects on a stricter plan. The cadets are admitted from the age of seventeen, and generally get their commissions before twenty-three. They are all kept at the college four years, during which they have only two months vacation. At the end of four years, if able to pass the examination (which not more than *one third* are) they graduate, and receive commissions, having choice according to merit. The Engineers is the highest service out here. They have a first-rate education, and are instructed in several branches not essentially necessary to a military man. They have no study during the summer months, (when West Point is crowded with company) but live in tents, and are constantly at drill, going through all the duties of a private soldier. Their uniform is quiet and useful—grey, with black stripe down the trowsers, and round brass buttons on the coats, which have short tails, like our cavalry. There is a grand-nephew of Napoleon studying here, the grandson of Jerome, whose wife, Madame Buonaparte, lives at Baltimore. He has a family-likeness to the great Emperor, and is a clever fellow, and will

probably push his fortunes in France, when his education is completed.

‘There is a cemetery for the cadets, very beautifully situated on a high point near the river. It appears, from the inscriptions, that it is customary when a cadet dies, for his class to erect his monument. On another part of the shore, amid a grove of trees, stands one to the memory of Kosciusko, who I believe was of great assistance to the American army.’

CHAPTER II.

MOOSE HUNTING — A CANADIAN FIRE.

‘Quebec, April 1852.

‘**N**OW for the moose hunting. I wished very much to have gone out last winter, as several officers of the garrison did, and returned successful; but my hopes were blighted by my commanding officer refusing me leave.

‘This year, when I got leave, I found some difficulty in getting a companion. At last a Lieutenant O’Brien, of the 54th Regiment, offered himself, was accepted, and the start arranged.

‘Moose are found on both shores of the St. Lawrence, but are more numerous on the south than on the north. They are seldom met with much to the south of Quebec. They return year after year to the same neighbourhood. Though shot down without mercy both by the settlers and the Indians, the hunters say that their numbers appear rather to increase than diminish. They are probably wanderers which roam free and unmolested through the immense pine forests of North America.

‘The moose is identical with the elk. He is a large,

clumsy-looking animal, with very long, powerful legs, a large head, with a remarkable nose or mouffle, large ears, a hump on the neck, a mane, and a long tuft of hair under the chin; his eye rather small, and without the eloquence of the gazelle's; his tail remarkable, and similar in shape to a hare's. He has a cloven foot, like the deer tribe, and sinks at each stride nearly to the full depth of the snow. His colour is generally a greyish brown; the hair of his fur long, his antlers corresponding to his size, but only procurable in summer, or at the very commencement of winter. His skin is converted into mocassins, snow shoes, &c. His hair is dyed and worked on bark, or cloth. In the summer time moose are shot from the water. Many are lost in this sport, as, if not killed by the first bullet, they run away into the bush and die there.

'In the summer time they frequent the banks of rivers, whither they repair to cool their limbs, escape the mosquitoses, and feed off the roots and stems of a small water lily, of which they are passionately fond.

'They will drive their heads and shoulders three or four feet under water to secure this "bonne bouche."

'The hunters who were to accompany us into the bush lived at a settlement called East Frampton, on the River Etchman, about forty-two miles from Quebec. They were Irishmen; four brothers, fine-spirited, honest fellows, perfectly at home in the woods, and accustomed for years to the chase of the moose. They were superior, in several points of view, to the Indians who were in the habit of accompanying parties on these

hunting expeditions, as they worked harder and more cheerfully, and were much more desirable as companions. Their farms being covered with snow, and a dead letter, as it were, for so many months in the year, they take to hunting every winter as an occupation, realising a very snug little sum by the sale of moose skins, mouffles, &c., and from the liberality of the gentlemen who may chance to require their services as hunters.

‘On the two days preceding our start Quebec was visited by one of the heaviest snow storms that had been witnessed even in that favoured city; but on the day we left all nature was at rest. The sun shone brightly, and not a breath disturbed the surface of the stately river as we crossed it in our canoe.

‘Accidents occasionally occur to canoes in crossing the St. Lawrence in the winter, from their getting jammed between the stationary ice on the borders of the river and that which is being carried down with immense force by the stream. A canoe, or boat, getting between these opposing masses, is literally tossed up in the air like a shuttlecock, and its living contents scattered. We were entertained with an agreeable description of an accident of this kind while crossing.

‘We got a couple of sleighs at the landing-place (Point Levi), and proceeded on our journey, over roads rendered execrable by the recent fall of snow.

‘After travelling about eleven hours, we found ourselves, at ten o’clock at night, in a small house, thirty-

six miles from our starting point, very much shaken and very tired.

‘Our road lay through several neat, clean, and flourishing French Canadian villages; the country about them wearing the appearance of cultivation, and cleared of stumps (an indication of the length of time it had been settled). We reached the shanty of our Irishmen on the next day. We were in a new country; in the place of the comfort and cleanliness we had left but a few miles behind us, were Irish dirt, Irish architecture, and Irish poverty. Our hunters’ dwelling was a rude, unfinished cottage, with three small windows, and a door in front, kept shut during the winter; a deficient pane supplied by some paper stuck to the sash by a fork, which, being called in requisition at dinner-time, as part of the family plate, the fresh air of heaven was permitted to enter, and chill the apartment unobstructed.

‘One end of the principal apartment (and there were but two, besides a kind of attic) was occupied, on our arrival, by five or six sheep with their interesting progeny, who were too delicate to be exposed, at that cold season, to the chilly atmosphere of a barn.

‘The place was dirty; but the inhabitants formed together a group which pleased me.

‘Two of our hunters, fine, intelligent young fellows, lived there with their mother — a mother of fourteen children. The elder of the two was married, and his family had evidently a prospect of being transformed, at no distant period, from the singular to the plural

number. The wife was a young, and rather plain girl, but her features were stamped with honest good feeling and cheerfulness, so indispensable in the companion of a poor man. Their only child, however, was spoiled.

‘Our hunters made their preparations, during the afternoon, for our start on the day following. At night I slept on the floor; O’Brien in a bed in the same room. We breakfasted at daybreak, and made traces on our snow-shoes about an hour afterwards. Snow-shoeing is hard work when the snow is loose, as it was when we started, and as it continued during the whole of the time we were in the bush. When the surface of the snow has been partially thawed by rain, or the heat of the sun, and frozen again, a crust is formed, which is scarcely broken by a snow-shoe, and over which you can walk with ease and comfort.

‘Each of our four hunters drew a small Indian sleigh (or “tarboggin”) after him, laden with provisions, buffalo robes, &c. We took with us hard biscuit, flour, split-peas, rice, onions, tea, sugar, and brandy, with a few pounds of pork. We speculated on soon obtaining moose meat.

‘The snow-shoeing was very heavy; and we were glad enough, after a fatiguing tramp of nine or ten hours, to arrive at a spot suitable for the formation of a camp. It was on the borders of the river Etchman.

The camp was formed thus:— a hole, about ten feet by seven, was dug out with snow-shoes; two trees, selected as supporters for the ridge-pole of our roof, were felled to within about seven feet of the ground;

the ridge-pole rested on these, and the roof was formed of boughs, covered with green fir branches, the ends of the boughs resting on the ridge-pole, and sticking into the snow.

‘A fire, extending right across the hole, was lighted at one end of it, and at first smoked horribly, almost blinding us. Of course, with such rude implements as snow-shoes, we could only partially clear the ground of snow; all discrepancies, however, were hidden by fir branches, over which we spread our buffalo robes. We slept, of course, with our clothes on. I wore a habitan’s “bonnet rouge,” a thick red woollen night-cap, and over this I drew the head of my blanket-coat.

‘Thus, with a hard carpet-bag for a pillow, and a blanket rolled round me, I lay down to repose, with the clear sky as a canopy above my head, and the bright moon shining full in front of me, with my head within a few inches of the snow-wall of our cabane, and my feet close to a blazing fire, and sometimes almost burnt by it. I slept badly the first night; the cold was intense, and perhaps the strangeness of my position drove away the drowsy god. Next morning, after a hurried meal, we started again, shortly after seven o’clock, intending to form our hunting camp two or three miles further on. We crossed some moose tracks during our journey. Our hunters left their packs and diverged: we followed, hoping for sport; but, after walking some miles, we crossed the snow-shoe track of some Indians, who had evidently anticipated us. In the woods, if a man discovers, what is called, a moose-yard, or, in other words,

finds traces of moose, he has a right to hunt the moose thus discovered, as long as the print of his snow-shoes is visible. This is a general law in hunting, and is generally respected. Occasionally, however, a dispute arises as to the right of privity; and our hunters told us an anecdote of an encounter they had had with four Indians bound for the same yard as they, and who, at first, asserted their rights to the hunting of it. Our men explained that they were the first discoverers; the red men appeared satisfied. Both parties professed feelings of mutual friendship, and loaded their guns. At night they rested in a cabane, with a fire between them, and each man's gun at his head, watching one another, the Indians continually coming to the fire to light their pipes, and neither party sleeping a wink. Each expected an attack from the other. Incidents of this kind rarely occur, and the Irish and Indians are, generally speaking, on good terms. After our first disappointment, we continued our march three or four miles further, and leaving two men in camp, O'Brien and myself started off, in different directions, with the other two. We all returned unsuccessful in the evening; tracks of moose had, indeed, been discovered, but near them, likewise, had been found the foot-prints of our rivals the Indians. Our hunters were annoyed. "We had lost," they said, "through those infernal rascals, six or seven moose. The Indians had never hunted on those grounds before: they had anticipated them merely to spite them, and to prevent a repetition of the preceding year's success." They did not, however, at all de-

spair, but only regretted the additional time and trouble necessary for the accomplishment of their object.

‘Next morning, directly after our rude repast had been completed, I started with my man, and O’Brien with his; the other two were left behind to tend the camp, prepare pea-soup for dinner, and look out for moose-yards.

‘We had a hard day’s walk. Our want of success made our hunters energetic; they were *determined* to find moose. We came continually on fresh tracks, only to be as continually disappointed by finding close beside them the tracks of the Indians, who seemed to haunt us like a shadow.

‘We started from the clearings on Wednesday. This was Friday, our third night in the bush. Just before our return to camp we found a moose-yard about five or six miles from our woody mansion. Our hunters were full of conjectures as to whether it had shared the fate of the other discoveries, and had been already hunted; it was too late then to ascertain this. We resolved to return there the next day. We did so, and were successful. We killed between us three moose, a cow and two calves. They gave us a pretty sharp run.

‘The one I shot was a young bull. When I got up to him he was standing, panting and exhausted, with the snow up to his chest; he was a small moose, not more than five feet six inches at the shoulder, but still a fine animal.

‘After he was despatched we heard shots close to

us, hurried on, and found another moose at bay, and wounded, with the dogs barking at him. I fired, and hit him in the shoulder; but my charge of powder was not large enough, and still he lived. O'Brien (who was not so active on snow shoes as myself) came up and shot him through the head. He dropped without a groan. The shoulder, and behind the ear, are the two most vital points.

'O'Brien killed a large cow with one bullet just behind the ear. He was a very good shot, and had had a great deal of practice, wild-boar hunting, in the West Indies.

'The cow was a huge beast, upwards of seven feet at the shoulder.

'Immediately after the moose were shot the hunters proceeded to skin them, and cut off their mouffles, tongues, and mocassins. They likewise cut out the kidneys, and a few steaks, leaving the mangled carcasses in the snow.

'The poor settlers draw away a great deal of moose meat thus abandoned, for their use during the winter. The Indians, after they have killed a moose, allow the settlers to have all the rest of the carcass for their trouble in drawing out the hind quarters, which are sold at the rate of fourpence a pound at Quebec; and, if kept long enough, are very good eating. We got back late, and tired. However, our supper of moose kidneys fried with onions was excellent.

'Next day being Sunday I resolved to stay in camp; and my toes were so very sore from the snow-shoe

straps, that whatever the day had been I should scarcely have been able to walk. O'Brien remained with me. The men went out to look for a yard, and found one.

'We started after it the next morning, when I found that, in addition to my sore toes, I was suffering acutely from lumbago.

'I shall not readily forget the pain and fatigues of this day. We were six hours in getting up to our moose. I was mentally wishing them at the bottom of the sea, during this interval. When we got up to them I forgot my troubles.

'I killed a moose to-day by a shot just above the eye. A dog was holding on by his nose all the time, and the moose striking fiercely at him with his fore feet. It is very dangerous to get within ten or fifteen yards of one, however severely wounded he may be. He collects all his strength and runs at you, and if he gets up to you he will soon put an end to your life with a few strokes of his fore feet.

'One of our hunters, who was carrying my gun in front, shot a large cow, which, being the case, she was considered my property, and I had her two fore feet taken off, and am now getting them worked by the Indians. '

'We reached our camp sometime after sunset, nearly dead beat. My lumbago, however, was gone. We were satisfied with our success, and resolved to make tracks for the clearings. On the next day (Tuesday), when we awoke at sunrise, we found snow falling, and we made a journey in this one day of nearly eighteen

miles through very heavy drifts. Our hunters were obliged to leave their tarboggins, with most of the traps, about four miles from the clearing, as they were afraid of darkness coming on, and our being unable to find the blazed line. In the bush we were in the habit of finding the time by observing the bearing of the sun with a pocket compass. On a clear day, with a compass, a man accustomed to the woods is never afraid of losing himself. We reached Quebec on Thursday.'

A Canadian Fire.

'Montreal, July 11th, 1852.

'More than 1200 houses have been consumed by fire in this city, during Thursday and Friday last. My house escaped by a miracle, but my sleighs were both burnt, and I have lost several things in moving my furniture, &c., to the wharf.

'The fire broke out about nine o'clock on Thursday morning, in one of the suburbs of the town. The water-pipes are being changed for larger ones, and during the change it was found necessary almost to empty the reservoir which supplies Montreal with water. Consequently, scarcely any means were available for stopping the flames. Most of the houses in the suburbs, and nearly all the outbuildings attached to large houses in the heart of the city, are of wood, with wooden roofs. The weather had been very hot for several days previous to the fire, and the thermometer during Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, stood at 96° in

the shade. It may be imagined how dreadfully overpowering this must have been, combined with the intense heat of a raging fire, and how readily the dry wooden roofs caught the flames.

‘The fire spread with fearful rapidity, and soon menaced one of the best streets, composed principally of handsome private residences. Here lived several of my friends, and my commanding officer, Colonel Dixon, R.E., who was absent at Quebec on duty.

‘When I arrived at the scene of action, I took a general survey of the fire, and reported to the Commandant of the Garrison what I thought ought to be done to arrest its progress. Owing, however, to the universal confusion, and the want of water, nothing I suggested was done. Finding that my professional services were useless, I applied myself to rescue property belonging to my friends; and, after cutting down and securing a large number of paintings in one house, I rushed to my colonel’s, and, assisted by soldiers of the Artillery and 20th Regiment, succeeded in saving greater part of his furniture before the flames reached them.

‘By this time my eyes were almost closed with dust, and I was nearly exhausted with heat and fatigue; so I left the fire for a few minutes, to procure some brandy and soda-water. On my return I found the flames had considerably increased, and I was sent for by the officer commanding the troops, introduced to the chief engineer of the city, and directed to blow up any houses he might indicate. It is perfectly useless to blow up wooden houses, as they offer scarcely any

resistance to the gunpowder, and the scattered fragments, instead of deadening, only serve to increase the fury of the flames. I, however, made an effort to arrest the fire by blowing up a large brick house with ninety pounds of gunpowder. I was assisted by the artillery in placing the charge, which, on account of the near proximity to the flames, and a quantity of straw which was lying scattered about, was a service of some danger.

‘The bugles sounded the alarm, and the majority of the spectators withdrew; however, notwithstanding all the bugles, and the loud shouts of the bystanders, one man (whom, I conjecture, must have been half-drunk), persevered in maintaining his position on a log of wood close to the doomed house. Nothing would induce him to move; and I was at last compelled, at my own risk, to run forward, and carry him off in my arms, amidst the cheers of the mob.

‘The explosion brought the house completely to the ground, but, owing to the number of wooden buildings on all sides, was not sufficient to arrest the fire. I rode four different horses during the day, and was galloping about for several hours, with my clothes torn, in all directions.

‘The soldiers, both of the Artillery and 20th Regiment, exerted themselves in the most praiseworthy manner, and afforded a most striking contrast to the apathy and brutality of the mob. The Roman Catholic archbishop’s palace was involved in the general destruction, amid the despairing prayers of the priests; one of whom,

it is said, threw himself across the road, with a crucifix in his hand, and prayed God to permit the fire to proceed no further. At last about half-past-five, or six o'clock, the flames appeared completely subdued. I returned home and changed my clothes, and was issuing from my house, at about half-past-seven, when I met the wife and daughter of my colonel, whom I accompanied to the Artillery stores, to assist them in recovering some of their property which had been placed there during the morning. We had just loaded a cart with some of their effects, when we observed a dense column of smoke issuing up behind Dalhousie Square (near which I reside), and where were situated our mess and offices. Mrs. Dixon (who is an old lady), was exceedingly nervous, and much alarmed when she perceived this second fire breaking out. I used all my efforts to soothe her, and accompanied her and her daughter to their hotel. Just before we arrived, several horses running wildly, without bridles, came down the street. I knew in a moment, that the stables belonging to the officers of the 20th Regiment were on fire, and was very anxious to get to my own house. The old lady, however, was so frightened, that I did not like to leave her, and remained until the cab with her things arrived, and then returned to get a fresh load. Leaving the cab at the store with her servant, I ran to my own house, where I found my servant had packed up most of my things, and my groom had removed my carriage and horses into the street. All the out-buildings at the back of my house are of wood, and as dry as tinder; the

wind, however, was carrying the fire steadily away from them.

‘About eight or nine men came and volunteered their services to remove my property; and a friend kept guard over my things as they were moved to the rear of my house. To him, indeed, I feel myself, in a great degree, indebted for their preservation.

‘I found my groom with my carriage and horses, not knowing what to do, and unable to manage the horses by himself. I took them from him; and he, assisted by a 20th private, drew my carriage after me to an hotel in the neighbourhood.

‘The fire was, at this time, to the highest degree grand and terrific. An enormous hotel, the largest in the city, was burning. The flames consumed the vast building, and no less than nine or ten stone houses, in less than two hours. The fire was communicated from these buildings to my side of the street; and it was only from the fact, that my house is situated at the back of the barracks occupied by the 20th Regiment, and, consequently, that every exertion was made by the troops to prevent the fire spreading in that direction, that it was preserved. While engaged in removing my things, I heard an explosion; and, leaving my servants to look after my property, I hastened to the fire, to ascertain whether my services might not be required to blow up houses, &c. There were only three engineer officers present at the fire, four being absent on leave or duty. I repaired to the head of the fire, and remained there, being gradually driven backwards by the flames, for several

hours. I was the only officer present at this spot, all the others being near the barracks, engaged in their preservation. The corporation of the city begged me to blow up any house whose destruction I thought would retard the fire; and they brought up a quantity of gunpowder, with some wet blankets (by my desire), in a canoe. I blew up two houses evidently doomed for destruction; but, there being no water at hand, and the wooden buildings some distance in advance of the burning houses being in flames, the attempt was futile.

‘I found, when I approached my house at two o’clock in the morning, that it was still in existence though in great danger. I obtained a fevered sleep of an hour and a half, and then rose and went to the wharf. I found my servants there, looking very pale and fagged, and all around furniture and baggage of every description, and groups of poor men and women.

‘More than 10,000 persons have been burnt out, and are now living in the fields, or under tents and sheds supplied to them by Government.

‘What makes this terrible calamity the more appalling is, that there can hardly be any doubt that it was mainly owing to incendiaries. Even the night after the fire, people were arrested in the act of setting fire to buildings.

‘The head-quarter Engineer Office, the District Office, and the General Office, have been burnt. Almost all our plans (*some most valuable*), papers, and records destroyed. The flames spread with such rapidity, that

it was scarcely possible to save anything from these buildings.

‘I shall never forget this fire, or the fatigue, anxiety, and exertion, I underwent. I may well thank God for the safety of my own life and of most of my property.’

CHAPTER III.

TRAVELLING IN THE UNITED STATES.

‘Montreal, Feb. 10th, 1853.

‘I LEFT Montreal to commence what Madame de Staël calls “one of the saddest pleasures in life” to-day. My journey had a gloomy commencement, as I was late for the train, and obliged to wait four hours and a half in an unfurnished and melancholy waiting-room till another started. I employed the time in reading a couple of articles in the “Westminster Review,” and was commencing another on the eternal subject of “American Slavery,” and “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” when the “bus” from Montreal brought over its party of passengers going by the train, which I was certainly not this time too late for. Among the travellers I recognised Lect and Dewar in company with some American ladies, whom they were escorting to the terminus. Lect introduced me to his fair friends.

‘The party (with whom I travelled for the greater part of this day and the next) consisted of an old lady and gentleman and three girls. They were natives of Boston, and thither bound. The old lady I found afterwards in conversation to be a well-read, observant,

acute, and energetic woman,— a type of a large class in the States. She talked to me of her own country, and of Canada ; of the energy and rapid development of the one, and of the torpor and apparently self-satisfied stagnation of the other ; but was much pleased with both Montreal and Quebec : she was acquainted with some of the leading men in the States, and had heard and admired some of its most eloquent orators. She spoke of Mr. Ingersoll, the new American minister, and here betrayed that feeling of reverence for wealth which is so distinctive a trait in the Yankee character. She thought Mr. Ingersoll would not be able to maintain his position with such *éclat* as his predecessor Mr. Lawrence, as he was not nearly so rich a man. I endeavoured to convince her to the contrary, by assuring her that, though money had its due influence in England, yet wealth and position were by no means synonymous terms.

‘ We reached Rouses Point at a quarter-past six, at half-past seven were entertained with a meagre and unsatisfactory supper, and retired to rest (at least I did) very soon after, having visions before me of a journey of eighteen hours on the morrow.

‘ *Friday, Feb. 11th.* — Rose at a little after 5 A.M., after passing a restless night, principally owing to a propensity for walking up and down the passage outside my room, developed by an individual in thick boots. Ate some tough beefsteak and swallowed a cup of weak tea, and then resumed my journey. My new friends travelled with me as far as Windsor ; and by the

time we arrived there, I found myself talking to the young ladies with the freedom of a friend, instead of the reserve of one day's acquaintance. They chatted away very familiarly and cheerfully, and shook hands quite affectionately when we parted, hoping I would come and see them if ever at Boston. They were intelligent girls, and had apparently read most of the current publications of the day. I was amused at the avidity with which one of them devoured a newspaper,—not so generally appreciated by the fair sex at home,—and at the eager manner with which they studied, in the pages of a magazine, a picture of a new, and in my opinion hideous, fashion in dress. They did not possess that refinement which is so characteristic of an English lady, and their manners would certainly not have been considered perfection at home; but, spite of this, they were “cute,” kind-hearted, and sociable, and, at all events, pleasant travelling companions for a solitary bachelor, who is delighted at the opportunity of occasionally escaping the melancholy and solitary companionship of his own thoughts.

‘The Vermont central railroad, by which I travelled from Montreal to New York, traverses here and there some pretty bits of scenery, and skirts for some distance the waters of the Connecticut river. The green mountains are the most striking natural object on the route. The traveller is generally doomed to monotony in journeying through the States. Flat tracks of partially cleared wild land form the staple of the scenery. The thriving appearance of all the towns and villages,

however, on the route, and the observations you hear made by travellers concerning their sudden rise and rapid growth, lead you, without any violent stretch of the imagination, to depict to yourself the altered aspect of wild and barren nature, in a few years, beneath the genial influences of energy and industry. The desolate swamps, disfigured by blackening stumps, will then teem with a golden harvest, or be transformed into grassy meads, and all nature around will "burst forth into singing and gladness." Railway travelling for many hours together is very tedious and fatiguing. I certainly had a dose of it to-day. After a bad night's rest, I travelled from six in the morning till twelve at night, arriving sleepy and weary at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, about the latter hour. Here, instead of turning into a comfortable bed, I was obliged to be content with a shake-down in a tiny cot in a small bath-room, every room in the hotel being engaged, and several sitting-rooms having already been converted into public bed-rooms. My bed was so placed (and almost necessarily so from the size of the apartment), that were I to have had troubled dreams and roll over its side, I should inevitably have found myself in a dry but cold bath. I altered things as well as I could; and consoling myself with the reflection that at sea the rooms were still smaller than the one I was in, gently sunk into the arms of "*Murphy*."

'*Feb. 12th.* — I availed myself of my position this morning to have a most luxurious cold and shower bath, indulging in both at the same time. After

various exercises of ingenuity with regard to space, I managed to clothe myself, and walked downstairs to breakfast. "The Metropolitan Hotel" (which I was now able to examine a little more minutely and closely than I had been the evening before) is one of those gigantic palaces with which it delighteth the Yankees to adorn their great Broadway.

'Its dimensions, and the number of people it will accommodate, I mean to ascertain before leaving. It has been built within the last two or three years, and was not in existence, or probably even not thought of, when I was at New York in the spring of 1850. *Then* the Astor House was *the great hotel*;—*now* it is considered, by the side of its young and gigantic rival, quite an ordinary building.

'After breakfast I walked down the far-famed Broadway to Wall Street, armed with a letter of credit for 500 dollars. The day was lovely, and as warm as April in England; everything looked gay and smiling, and I felt my spirits rising under the genial influence of new scenes and a new climate. I got my draft cashed, took a hack-carriage, and drove to houses near Broadway, to the occupants of which I had brought letters from Judge Day of Montreal. After driving about for an hour and a half at a snail's pace (the carriage being taken by the hour), I paid two dollars for the pleasure of being bored, and proceeded to climb the staircase leading to the summit of Trinity Church, Broadway, the finest in New York. An ascent of 308 steps brought me almost to the top of the spire

but before reaching this enviable elevation I had enjoyed the magnificent view commanded by the Church from a humbler altitude. The vast city, teeming with life, bustle, and activity, lay at my feet. The beautiful harbour, with its coasts reflected in the calm blue water, bathed in sunshine, encircled it. The white sails of numerous elegant craft glittered in the bright and joyous light, and gave character and animation to the tranquil expanse over which they glided. Men walking below in the busy Broadway seemed like moving specks on the earth's surface. There they were toiling for business or for pleasure, and playing their great and little parts on the stage of life! New York, embraced in a *coup d'œil* from this point, impresses the spectator by the breadth and grandeur of its streets, and by the magnitude of some of its blocks of buildings, as well as with the regularity with which it has been laid out. When the plan for this vast city is filled up (and who can tell, with the energy of its populace, *when* that may be), it will assuredly be worthy of being called the capital of the world.

‘ The interior of Trinity Church (in which I was not sorry to find myself after the fatigue of climbing) is rich and handsome, but rather sombre. The style is Gothic, and the building itself is, I believe, considered the best specimen of that style in America. It has a very rich stained glass window over the altar, with figures of our Saviour and four Evangelists introduced. Over the central figure, on two glass compartments, are the significant Greek letters, Alpha and

Omega. The Bishop of New York usually officiates in this Church; and I was told that he would preach on Sunday, and hold a confirmation afterwards. The Church is surrounded by a small burial-ground, filled with plain, unpretending monuments. A new one, of rather more ambitious character than the rest, is erected to Captain Lawrence, who fell in the celebrated action between the Chesapeake and the Shannon. An inscription in suitable and dignified language records the virtues of the deceased, and his claims on the gratitude of his countrymen.

‘Leaving the Church, well satisfied with my visit, I retraced my steps towards my hotel, my attention engrossed by the gay crowd who, in their carriages and on foot, were out, breathing the pure delightful air and enjoying the fine weather. Many an expensive carriage and handsome showy pair of horses passed me, and occasionally a pretty face might be seen peeping from a window. I say occasionally, for the New York ladies cannot, as a class, lay claim to great beauty. There is a strong family-likeness between them all, and a peculiar and characteristic, though not an agreeable, expression in every face. Slight, fragile, and delicate figures, with feet and ankles which might be envied, even in China,—faces filled with an eager, restless, though clever and intelligent, expression,—countenances uninfluenced and unabashed by the gaze of a stranger (from the American habit of living so much in public),—a costume reminding one of the *outré* Paris fashions,—make a *tout ensemble* not altogether disagreeable or

without merits, but which an Englishman finds very inferior to that combination of rare and beautiful traits and qualities which make and characterise one of his fair countrywomen. Those who have strolled down Regent Street and down Broadway will at once see the contrast, and the advantage of it in favour of Old England. "*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" I think I shall always be of the same opinion on this point.

'I visited on my way back to the Metropolitan "Risley's Moving Panorama of the Thames," and "Bryan's Picture Gallery." I came in about the middle of the former exhibition, but was much pleased with what I saw. The painting is calculated to impress the Yankees with the greatness of England, and the beauties and interesting associations of "Old Father Thames." Its varied scenes carried me home again; and I recognised with pleasure, not unmixed with regret, many a familiar spot connected with pleasing recollections.

"Bryan's Picture Gallery" is a small collection of paintings, collected at great trouble and expense from various parts of Europe; several of them by Rubens, Teniers, Correggio, Raffaele, Giorgione, Hogarth, &c., though none that could be called a favourable specimen of the styles of these great masters. A small female head, by Greuze, pleased me the best, and I was complimented by the man in charge for my taste, and told that that was considered one of the gems of the collection. Two large paintings from Marshal Soult's gallery, the "Descent from the Cross," and the

“Adoration of the Shepherds,” evince the energy displayed in procuring pictures. I dined at the five o'clock ordinary at the Metropolitan; the dining-room will easily contain upwards of 200 persons. The dinner is excellent both in *matériel* and cookery. The ladies dine with the gentlemen, seats in particular places being generally pre-engaged for parties travelling together. They dress very nicely, and with great attention to effect. What a temptation to a pretty girl (brought up à l'*Américaine*) with plenty of money for making herself the observed of all observers! A table goddess! Whatever effect all this may have on ladies, it is agreeable enough to the gentlemen to have pretty faces to look at and admire, even though they may claim no more acquaintance with their owners than a cat with a king. In the evening I went to Wallack's Theatre in Broadway to see the “Lady of Lyons” acted; the theatre is a neat and pretty one, the scenery and acting were both good, and the audience remarkably orderly and well-behaved: I had never seen Bulwer's celebrated play before,—it quite delighted me! The beautiful character of Pauline Deschappelles was sustained by Miss Laura Keene, and ample justice was done it by this accomplished and fascinating actress. The successful conquest of woman's deep unalterable love over her wounded pride and sense of wrong was most touchingly and delicately rendered. Every feeling of woman's heart,—her love, disdain, contempt, devotion, pride, and despair,—were all truthfully and faithfully portrayed. The character of Claude Melnotte, her

lover, was likewise well acted, and the minor actors sufficiently good not to mar the interest of the piece.

‘*February 13th.*—Snowing hard when I awoke. I gazed from the garret I occupied with some satisfaction at the falling flakes, picturing to myself amusement in the spectacle of Yankee sleighing. I walked to Trinity Church, and heard the Bishop preach, and confirm afterwards, as I had been led to expect I should. The sermon was good and much to the point: it was on the subject of confessing Christ before men. I took a long walk after church, traversing nearly the whole length of Broadway, and visiting the site of the projected Crystal Palace. This latter is partially constructed, and gives promise of being both an elegant and beautiful building. It looks infinitely smaller than the Exhibition building in England, and is situated quite in the outskirts of the town, on a piece of ground adjoining the great Croton Reservoir. The two erections will be a striking contrast to each other,—evanescence and durability side by side. The neighbourhood of the chosen site is very wild and barren, and the buildings in the vicinity by no means either picturesque or ornamental: we shall see what change the hand of man may be able to accomplish when the 1st of May comes. An intelligent citizen, of whom I made some inquiries, informed me that there were to be all kinds of Hippodromes in the neighbourhood, and that a French confectioner was about to erect a Fairy Palace, and dedicate it to cakes and gingerbread.

‘I was much struck by the many noble-looking private

residences I passed on my way to this place. Fifth Avenue, Union, and Madison Squares abound in them. The number of the wealthy class, "the upper ten thousand" in New York, must be very considerable: mendicants there appear to be scarcely any, and I have only seen one *object*. The Irish supply the bone and sinew to Brother Jonathan for carrying out his enterprising designs and speculations. An Irishman after a short residence in the States endeavours often to out-Yankee the Yankees themselves: he cultivates a peaked beard, *guesses* with a rich brogue, and wishes for a sallow complexion. This I cannot say I have encountered myself, but I can easily believe it. To-day at dinner I sat close to a most gorgeously apparelled damsel, who but for her high cheek-bones might have been mistaken for a Frenchwoman; she was dressed in a rich scarlet geranium-coloured silk gown, trimmed and ornamented with black, her hair brushed well back, after the American fashion, and with "rings on her fingers," and, for aught I could tell to the contrary, "bells on her toes;" her complexion was most delicate, and something between a maiden-blush and a peach-blossom. Altogether she was a bright object, and relieved the black coats of the men near her most admirably: she was stylish without being pretty or attractive; had she been either of the latter, I should have spoken of her with more reverence. A Sunday evening in a large hotel where you know no one is not likely to be lively. I wrote some journal, read three or four of Macaulay's speeches (which pleased me much),

and watched several happy pairs of ladies and gentlemen promenading up and down one of the large passages of the hotel. It struck me as rather a remarkable circumstance, but one which I noted in many cases, that the doors of private sitting-rooms, in which ladies are sitting talking to one another, were almost invariably left wide open, to afford passers-by an opportunity of beholding and scrutinising a series of small natural tableaux vivants. A young damsel, whom I judge from her eyes, complexion, and youth, to be fresh from the south and from school, has for the last day or two directed occasional glances at me,—not of love, but apparently of compassion for my solitary and isolated position. I endeavour in return to infuse as much gratitude as I can into my looks, and I always, on sitting down at table, glance my eye round the room in search of my sensitive little friend. I shall begin soon to feel that we are acquainted, and shall perhaps, if I am near her and absent in mind, ask after her father in New Orleans, or whether she finds New York cold after the south.

‘*Feb. 14th.*—Cold, but bright and cheerful. After breakfast I sauntered down Broadway, and visited several Law Courts in the City Hall. The absence of wigs and gowns is at first very striking to an Englishman. The judge, too, is by no means the same terrible and imposing person (whose very frown agitates the hair of a culprit) that we see administering justice at Westminster Hall or the Old Bailey. He is a simple citizen in a black coat, sitting in an arm-

chair behind a kind of elevated desk. He is addressed as "the Court." The council engaged in several of the courts sat on opposite sides (if the term be admissible) of a round table, placed near the centre of the Court. They did not appear to me to conduct the examination and cross-examination of witnesses quite so regularly as an English barrister does; but they generally looked keen, 'cute men, ready to catch a point instantaneously, or detect any flaw in statement or argument. I was fortunate enough at the District Court of New York to hear a celebrated lawyer, a Mr. C. B. Cutting, plead a cause for the defence. He spoke more than three hours. I heard the latter half of his address, which struck me as very powerful and impressive. The charge against the prisoner, whose cause he pleaded, was for smuggling,—a crime which in the United States is most severely punished, the greater part of the revenue of the country being derived from the Customs.

I continued my stroll down Broadway after this visit to the Majesty of Law, and lounged into Barnum's American Museum, a vulgar collection of curiosities. The state-coach formerly belonging to Queen Adelaide figures conspicuously: the footmen and coachmen in wax are dressed in state liveries. There is an extraordinary petrification exhibited in this Museum, which, if genuine, is certainly very curious. It is a group, consisting of a man on horseback encircled by a huge boa constrictor. The man is represented as a South American, and the group is asserted to have been discovered in a cave, where it had been *lying*

for ages, and about which probably its present and future proprietors will *lie* for ages to come.

On returning homewards, I called at the St. Nicholas, and requested to be shown a celebrated apartment in that hotel, called the Bridal Chamber. Bridal chambers are common enough in steamers in America, but I had never before heard of a particular room in an hotel exclusively devoted to the delights of the honeymoon. The room at the St. Nicholas is small; its walls are covered with fluted white satin, and the sofas and chairs are of the same material. The bed, with a refinement of ostentatious indelicacy, occupies the centre of the apartment; its curtains are of rich white satin, and it is illuminated by four crystal lustres (each for four burners), one at every corner!!! A rich veil of lace, worth several hundred dollars, reposing on a quilt of white satin, greets the eye when looking downwards from the glories of the curtains. The modest sum of 150 dollars *per noctem* is charged to the occupants of this luxurious apartment. I think the pair who occupied it, when they emerged, would be as great curiosities as the room itself.

‘In the evening I went to the opera, where a crowded audience were assembled to hear Madame Sontag in “Lucia di Lammermoor.” I had never heard her before, and was a little disappointed at the piano manner with which she executed several airs. She has created a perfect *furor* in America,—to do which it is only necessary to achieve an European reputation. Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, sat in front of

me at the opera. He is a lively old gentleman, with extraordinary hair and spectacles. Phrenologists would not, I think, pronounce him a genius at first sight: he is, I believe, a native of Boston, where he resides.

‘*Feb. 15th.*—To-day I strolled about Broadway; and, at about eleven o’clock, paid a visit to the “Tombs,” the Newgate of New York. The building is situated near Broadway, and has somewhat the appearance of an Egyptian temple; there are, of course, scarcely any windows to relieve the eye. The prisoners, in pairs, are confined in small apartments; visitors walk along a narrow platform, and look at them through the gratings of their dungeons, as they would at wild beasts. I hurried away from the spectacle of degraded humanity, and amused myself by walking up and down Broadway, and looking at unconvicted citizens.

‘I met a gentleman whom I knew at Montreal at the Metropolitan. He pointed out to me Mr. Meagher, the Irish editor of the “Nation,” who was concerned in the Smith O’Brien riots; and who, after first escaping with his life, had at last managed, by breaking his parole, to escape from confinement. Walking up to the officer on guard, with a pair of loaded pistols in his hands, he said, “I surrender myself,” I suppose; adding, “I’ll shoot you if you attempt to take me.”

‘Such is the flimsy subterfuge by which Mr. Meagher endeavours to escape the imputation of having broken his parole; he is treated in the States as a hero and a martyr; an address has been presented to him by the city of New York, signed by the mayor; and he lectures

on "Australia," and "Grattan and the Volunteers of '82," to crowded audiences. He is young, and rather good-looking. The Americans sympathise heartily with every blackguard from Ireland or elsewhere, who makes himself conspicuous by his pretended efforts for liberty, against the cause of order and constituted authority.

'A large monument stands in one of their cemeteries in Broadway, raised to the memory of Thomas Emmet, brother of the celebrated Robert, who, however, in this case, though a rebel, was certainly a fine fellow.

'I was invited this evening to dine with Mr. Lane, a New York merchant, living in Tenth Street. The conversation at dinner turned on the alleged claim of a missionary clergyman, known in the States as the Rev. Eleazar Williams, to be considered the Dauphin of France. It is said that he was privately conveyed to America, and the body of some other person shown to the Duchess d'Angoulême as that of her brother. He served in the American army during the war, and, though only in a subordinate position, received the thanks of Congress. The Prince de Joinville, it is further stated, when in America, paid him a visit, and asked him to sign a paper renouncing all claim to the throne of France, on consideration of the receipt of an annual income. This Mr. Williams refused to do; and stopped the prince's remonstrances by quietly saying, "If I am the Dauphin, as you represent, I am your superior." The whole affair is wrapped in mystery; but sufficient is known or conjectured to produce great excitement in the States.

‘Mr. Williams preaches at New York ; he has resided for some time as a missionary on the United States frontier. His story has been told by some very respectable citizens of New York in one of the magazines, but I do not think very much credit can be attached to it. The improbability of the Prince de Joinville’s attempting to bribe a man not to assert a claim, whose existence he must have been ignorant of, is a strong argument against the truth of the story.

‘The dinner was excellent : young green peas and prairie hens were great delicacies to a man from the wilds of Canada. Mrs. Law is an intelligent, well-educated woman. She was very kind and courteous, and expressed her regret at my not having been with her in the morning, when she had been paying some reception visits ; and I might have had an opportunity of seeing the abodes of some of the merchant princes of New York. Dr. Metcalfe, one of the guests, had been educated at West Point, and had served in Mexico with the American army ; he described the service on the frontier as harassing and monotonous, — exertion and exposure uncombined with amusement or agreeable excitement, — something of what the Caffre war is to our soldiers.

‘The inauguration of General Pierce as President was expected, I heard here, to be very quiet, on account of his domestic bereavements. Senators, Mrs. Law told me, were not the men now-a-days that they were formerly. She described President Fillmore as a perfect gentleman in manner, and most agreeable in conversation. The children (very pretty ones) joined us at des-

sert, and we all adjourned to the drawing-room together, according to the American custom. Dr. and Mrs. Metcalfe were engaged to some other parties, and left soon after dinner. I followed, thanking my hospitable hostess for her kindness, and receiving an invitation to call at her house again on my return from the South.

'*Feb. 16th.*—Wet and disagreeable. Remained indoors all day. Read the papers and wrote a letter to England. The papers, though generally a little bitter against "Old England," have, I found, often articles written in a conciliatory spirit, and rebuking the obnoxious swagger and braggadocio so characteristic of a certain class in the States.

'While at New York I saw the funeral procession of one of the New York Volunteers, who had died from the effects of the climate of Mexico, pass down Broadway. It was well attended, and I had an opportunity of seeing a few American soldiers. They looked a rough lot, marched in a loose straggling manner, and had anything but a parade appearance. The liberty they enjoy of cultivating scraggy beards at pleasure is more than sufficient to destroy uniformity of appearance. I left New York at about 5 o'clock for Philadelphia, distant eighty-eight miles. The line traverses a flat and uninteresting country. I crossed two ferries, one at New York, and the other over the Delaware river, from Camden to Philadelphia, and reached the latter city at about half-past ten o'clock. I was poked up as usual in a small room in the sixth storey, and went to bed tired and uncomfortable.'

CHAPTER IV.

PHILADELPHIA—GIRARD COLLEGE—STATE HOUSE.

FEB. 18th.—Girard College, the lion of Philadelphia, is a magnificent building, or rather group of buildings. It consists of a central temple of Grecian architecture, slightly resembling the Madeleine at Paris, and four isolated buildings — two on either side of the temple,—the whole built of white marble. It is the most noble monument of individual charity in this or perhaps any other country, and was constructed solely from funds bequeathed by Stephen Girard, a native of France, who settled and accumulated an immense fortune in Philadelphia. Besides two millions of dollars for the erection of this college, he left large sums to many public charities. Girard College is built solely for the instruction of male orphan children. Their number is always limited to about 300. Mr. Girard, who in his will gives minute directions for the construction of the College, enjoins—“That no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatever shall ever hold, or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose,”

or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated for the purposes of the said College."

'The reason he gives for this extraordinary provision is his desire to keep "the tender minds of the orphans" free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are apt to produce. "My desire is," he further says, "that all the instructors, and teachers of the College shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may, from *inclination* and *habit*, evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their mature reason may enable them to prefer."

'The will was endeavoured to be set aside by Girard's relations, on account of this provision; and they engaged Mr. Webster to plead their case before the Supreme Court of the United States. They were unsuccessful, however, and the judges unanimously decided in favour of the will. Girard commenced life as a common sailor in a French merchant vessel, and raised himself solely by his untiring energy and merit.

'After dinner I visited the State House, where the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776, was adopted by Congress, and publicly proclaimed from the steps the same day. The rooms wear almost the same aspect as they did then, little change having been made in the furniture or interior decorations. At the end opposite the door is the figure of Washington with the Declaration in his hand. Near him is placed a

portion of the identical step on which his foot rested when he read the document to the multitude. Round the room are hung portraits of Washington, when a colonel, William Penn, and Lafayette. The bell which first proclaimed liberty(?) is also preserved here. It was first cast in England, and subsequently recast in America. The room was hung with crape, in memory of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

‘The next lion, partaking, however, in its nature more of the character of the lamb, is the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. It contains 144 pupils, who are admitted at the age of ten or upwards, and remain six years at the institution. They are taught to read and write the English language, and when this great object is attained, arithmetic, geometry, &c., follow.

‘The difficulty of communicating ideas and knowledge of language is, as may be supposed, very great. The first step towards it is the acquisition of the knowledge of the names of different objects, and their uses. “The instructor presents an object, or a picture of one, or makes a sign for it. He then teaches them to write the name, presenting each letter by the manual alphabet. When they can all write it, it is erased and rewritten a number of times until it is impressed upon the memory.” The next idea to be imparted is the quality or uses of particular objects, and their relations.

‘Series of sentences, anecdotes, narratives, &c., are written off, and explained by signs. These are copied by the pupils and studied as evening exercises, and in school are written from memory, or recited by signs.

‘When once taught to read the mute is supposed capable of self-instruction, but a large number do not even reach this point from want of capacity.

‘They sometimes display great inventive genius, and skill in drawing and the imitative arts.

‘I was shewn several lithographs which would not have disgraced the windows of a London print shop, which were executed by the unaided efforts of some pupils of the institution.

‘Attached to the asylum is a museum filled with stuffed birds, and animals, models of various objects, specimens of grain, &c.; and is of important use in imparting definite ideas. Arithmetic is taught by means of a number of black, and red wooden beads strung on wires fixed to frames, and moved like the markers used at billiards.

‘Some of the children, the manager told me, were not born deaf, but lost the power of speech at an early age. They, however, entirely lose the knowledge of the sound of language, but are generally more apt pupils than the rest.

‘The deaf and dumb alphabet is indicated by one hand only. Instances never seem to have occurred here of pupils recovering their speech or hearing.

‘The blind have an exquisitely fine sense of sound and of touch, but the poor deaf and dumb appear to possess no superiority either in their senses, or faculties. Life must, indeed, be a blank to some of them. When, however, their natural faculties enable them to master the difficulties of reading, and writing, they are perhaps

in a more enviable position than those who are unable to see the glorious sun when he shines with all his splendour on the fairest scenes of nature. A deaf and dumb person may yet acquire a thousand ideas from the objects around him, and a strong, natural religion from the contemplation of the wonders of creation. God manifests Himself to him by His works.

‘My next visit was to another institution even more interesting than the one I had just left,—the Asylum for the Blind. Here, as at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, I was treated with marked courtesy and kindness. The manager took me to several class-rooms, and I saw some of the girls write. The paper they write upon is placed on a piece of grooved cardboard. The grooves they feel through the paper, and they serve them as lines. They look downwards on their paper, as if, poor things! they could see what they were writing, and follow the movement of their pencil with their left fore-finger. One, whom I observed, wrote well, and with tolerable rapidity, the words, “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

‘I was introduced here to a dear old Quaker lady. We soon became capital friends. She seemed overflowing with kindness and benevolence. The poor little girls appeared to hail her approach as that of some heavenly being who had dropped down upon them to dispense love and happiness.

‘The men and boys are principally instructed in making mats and brushes, and sometimes become sufficiently skilful to procure their own livelihood.

‘After seeing the children at dinner, and taking an affectionate farewell of my conductress, I continued my walk to the Fairmount Water Works, situated near the river Schuylkill. They occupy an area of thirty acres. The water is raised by eight wheels, moved by water-power, and working pumps. The power necessary for this is obtained by throwing a dam of 1600 feet long across the river. Each pump will raise about 1,250,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. The works were projected, and executed by a Mr. Graff. The Schuylkill is a small, and rather insignificant river.

‘*Feb. 19th.*—This was the morning which was appointed for my introduction to the great Mrs. R——. I accordingly, about one o’clock, accompanied the lady who was kind enough to introduce me to her house.

‘The whole of her magnificent mansion was arranged, and its furniture and fittings chosen by herself.

‘Nearly all was from Paris, where she had resided for some time.

‘Three sides of a quadrangle at the back of the house are occupied by a most beautiful conservatory, richly stored with a profusion of rare and exquisite plants and flowers, all in perfect preservation,—a sight quite refreshing to the eye in this season of snow and frost.

‘The interior of the house was fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, and in a style of oriental magnificence. Two rich tapestry curtains, which hung across a folding door, cost 3000 dollars each. The profusion of gigantic chandeliers and lustres,—the ex-

quisitely carved and richly inlaid tables and cabinets,—the gilded chairs, ottomans, and sofas,—the vast mirrors and rich curtains,—all created in the mind the impression of boundless wealth. One room, furnished in a style wholly different from all the rest, and affording a marked contrast to the rich damask, and gold, and the glories of the French clocks, and candelabras, was unique, and exquisite in its way. It was in the mediæval style. The cabinets, and mantel-piece were all of dark wood, beautifully carved, and ornamented with highly finished figures of knights, and warriors in bronze; and a mass of helmets, cuirasses, and other armour, admirably arranged and most delicately executed, brightened the general effect. Everything was in keeping. Not a glittering object was admitted, and an effect was produced both tranquillising, and agreeable after the comparative glare of the other apartments.

‘I spent the evening with the J——s; Mrs. J. told me she was god-daughter to the Duchess of Leeds, who was a Baltimore lady. Three sisters, who accompanied their father to England, were married to three of the highest English nobility, viz. to the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Wellesley, and Lord Strafford. The two first were widows, and rich before they became peeresses.*

‘*Sunday, Feb. 20th.*—I dined at the ladies’ ordinary at half-past three, and sat next to three naval men: they seemed good fellows. They were not quite so refined, I fancied, as our own tars; they appeared to lack

* Daughters of Richard Caton, Esq., of Maryland.

a "*Je ne sais quoi*," that easy, gentlemanly manner which makes an English sailor's frankness so attractive. The promotion in the American navy is very slow, and men remain for years in subordinate positions. This fact has been taken up by the press, and will probably be brought under the consideration of Congress. It seems a much better service than that of the American army.

‘General Pierce had arrived at Philadelphia, but kept very quiet, as he has done everywhere, on account of his domestic bereavements. His picture, which is in all the shop windows, represents him as a short and rather plain, but a decided looking, and intelligent man.

‘In my walk to-day I had reason continually to admire the great breadth, and straightness of the streets of Philadelphia, and the manner in which the city is laid out.

‘Though it does not contain such rows of magnificent, and stately mansions as New York, it may still boast of some very handsome ones, and of the beauty of some of its public buildings, built with that most beautiful of materials, white marble. It has still further reason to congratulate itself on its extreme cleanliness, and in the number of public squares, planted with trees, which afford delightful shelter during the summer heats.

‘It is celebrated for fruit and vegetables, which are grown on a neck of land, separating the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill; from this circumstance the streets derive their horticultural names, Chestnut Street being the finest in the city.

‘Philadelphia at one time was considered the principal city in the States, and endeavoured to retain its superiority against the rising importance of New York ; but “the Empire City” gained the race easily, and its triumph is now completely acknowledged. The country around the city is generally tame. In this respect, also, Philadelphia is very inferior both to New York and Boston.

‘*Feb. 21st.*—Fine cold clear morning; after breakfast I went to see the U.S. Navy Yard near the Delaware river. It hardly repaid the trouble of a visit; a slack-looking marine in a light blue uniform, something of the colour of the hospital dress worn at Woolwich, stood sentry at the entrance; a few badly finished guns, and two, or three piles of shot, were almost the only objects of a warlike nature. Two empty docks for building frigates, or two-deckers, and several long low brick buildings, used, I imagine, as workshops, with here and there an open shed, composed the navy yard. A new ship—a small frigate—was being finished close to one of the slips in which she had probably been built; and another vessel of about the same size, and in commission, was lying at anchor a few yards from the shore. A boat putting off from the ship afforded me an opportunity of seeing how the American sailors handle their oars, and I must say they both pulled and shipped them in a sailor-like manner.

‘I left Philadelphia in a very crowded train at two o’clock, and reached Baltimore at about 6 P.M. We crossed the Susquehanna river in a steam ferry, and

when safely located in fresh cars at the other side, I became for the first time aware that the train I was in was bearing the American Cæsar (Anglicé, President elect) and all his fortunes. General Pierce and his suite occupied a car by themselves, to the dissatisfaction of the rest of the passengers, and especially of an old gentleman who had come from Georgia to witness his inauguration after voting for him. He seemed to consider such exclusiveness most foolish, and quite unprecedented, and asserted that General Pierce should not confound his private and public characters together, and allow domestic afflictions to influence his conduct as the President of the United States. I found my old friend very sociable and well informed. He was evidently partial to England, and said that America would never allow any foreign power to subjugate her, and destroy the last stronghold of liberty in Europe. He had seen, and known Jerome Bonaparte, whose son, by his first marriage, he told me, was living at Baltimore, and was very like the Bonaparte family in features. He had also lived on rather intimate terms with Napoleon's eldest brother, Joseph, at Jersey; and spoke of him as an intelligent and superior man. He thought the present Emperor an insignificant personage (!), but did not approve of the severe strictures of the English press against his character and actions, after he had been chosen by such a vast majority to be the ruler of a great nation. General Pierce continued his journey, without stopping, to Washington, where his arrival was announced this morning in the papers. He seems to have been com-

pletely hunted down by office-seekers, and compelled, in order to avoid them, to depart suddenly and unexpectedly from place to place.

‘It was dusk when we reached Baltimore, so I could form but little idea of the city. The cars took us through some dirty back streets (the Baltimore Wapping), and we skirted the edge of the basin or harbour, defended by Fort McHenry.

‘After a beefsteak and a cup of coffee, I went to the theatre, utterly unconscious of a fact which I afterwards ascertained — viz. that Thackeray lectured elsewhere this very evening. Instead of being delighted and gratified, as I make no doubt I should have been, by his enlightened and elegant criticism, and his graphic illustrations, I was bored by the rather inferior performances of a Chinese troupe, in a densely crowded theatre. The exhibition was not wholly without interest: I had certainly never seen Chinese eat chow-chow with chopsticks, or heard them talk that mysterious language, the symbols of which adorn our tea-chests. I had also never previously beheld any living specimens of their fair sex; and I must say the ladies, though they do wear trousers instead of petticoats, have a decided advantage over the gentlemen. The tricks performed were generally but little above mediocrity: two, however, struck me—a boy throwing a head somersault without using his hands, and a man darting knives at another, and fixing them into a board, within a hair’s breadth of his head and face. This last was truly national, and, though rather alarming in appearance, was sufficiently exciting.

‘Barnum’s Hotel, Baltimore, in which I had taken up my abode, is a large and rather seedy place, very inferior both to the Girard House, and the Metropolitan. At about half-past five in the morning, in the middle of a refreshing snooze, I was alarmed by the cry of “Fire!” and the ringing of divers bells: these spoiled my night’s rest.

‘Baltimore, Feb. 22nd.

‘After breakfast I started to examine the city. It was unfortunately wrapped in fog, so that a *coup d’œil* of the city was impossible. The handsomest portion of the city is in the neighbourhood of Washington’s monument. The site is a favourable one, and commands an extensive view. To-day is the anniversary of Washington’s birth. The stars and stripes figure conspicuously from various public buildings; balls are given by different public bodies; and processions march through the streets in most cities of the Union. The birthday of her greatest son, however, is not celebrated by America with any extraordinary pomp or rejoicing.

‘Baltimore is on the borders of the Slave States. At the theatre there is a gallery especially reserved for coloured people, be they bond or free. The waiters at the hotel are all, or nearly all, black. Poor Sambo! he is a good fellow after all. Good natured, cheerful (in spite of oppression), with a sensitive and affectionate heart, if not brought to a state of sullen indifference by a course of cruelty. Most of the black people I have yet seen have either been pure nigger, or near approaches

to that state of imperfection. As the reflection of his degraded condition flashes across my mind, I feel a species of restraint in the presence of one of these poor fellows. I am afraid to catch his eye, and to read in his looks, and expression the sense of bondage and inferiority; of wrong, contumely, and injustice; and, more touching than all, to see that look of desponding, despairing submission, which shews that soul as well as body is bowed down and crushed. When can a slave enjoy that common right of all men—self-respect? Is he allowed to express—even to form—an opinion of his own? Are not thought, will, and feeling alike shackled by the iron hand of despotism? It is this moral degradation which, to my mind, is infinitely more painful and humiliating than compulsory bodily labour. Compulsory bodily labour is not slavery, or else slavery exists in every country; for in what country is compulsory bodily labour not indispensable to the existence of a large portion of the community?

‘The Slave question is a difficult and delicate one. Emancipation—sudden and complete emancipation—would ruin both slaves and slave-owners. Whom do you emancipate? Whom do you raise to the rank of free men? Are they men who even know what freedom means? Do we give children edge-tools to play with? What would be the effect of suddenly raising several millions of human beings, ignorant, without the sense of moral responsibility, without a chief to guide them, surrounded by a hostile crowd, with every disadvantage of prejudice and position added to those of want of capacity or capital,—

what would be the effect of suddenly raising this mass as it were from the dead, in opposition to the energy, the ability, the hatred of white men? It may be said—Let him, when free, emigrate,—let him leave the land of his past disgrace and bondage,—let him hasten to those countries where his wrongs have so long afforded a theme over which the sympathising tears of thousands have been shed. Will not his heart glow with the unexperienced sensations of freedom? Will he not be proud of a bond—a bond of union and brotherhood—with that race which was formerly to him only an object of dread or aversion?

‘But what is the practical view? Where is the negro to get funds to enable him to leave the scene of his captivity? What is he to do in these days without knowledge, or experience? Some of the negroes—the mulattos and quadroons,—those with a dash of white blood in their veins,—might succeed, after a heroic struggle with the force of circumstances; but what is to become of the great mass—the mass for whom this outcry is raised?

‘How are they to be benefited? The evident preparation for freedom is *education*. Let freedom be the reward of certain attainments. Let us liberate that class who are most deserving of freedom, and most likely to use it well—the mulattos, quadroons, &c. This will be a great step in the right direction. We prepare a class in the State which will sympathise with the remaining victims when they are liberated, and we allow an interval to elapse to accustom men to the spectacle

of a community of free blacks, whose intelligence will secure them some degree of respect and consideration. It may be urged that this spectacle of freedom would produce insurrection—would lead the negro race to rise as a man against their oppressors, and forcibly throw aside their bonds. But do men without a chief or a head, separated into distinct communities, having but little intercourse with each other,—do they resort to force, violence, or bloodshed, when a fair and reasonable expectation is before them of the peaceful attainment of their object? The black man—the pure negro—is submissive by nature, by education, by habit. We have removed the great element of revolt and mischief, by removing the most intelligent and spirited. Who are those who are left behind? They are numerically imposing, no doubt; but so are the Chinese—so are the hosts that move at the nod of the despots of India;—but are they not, even more than these, a body without intelligence or unity of purpose, or a knowledge of their own advantages or disadvantages?

‘Reasonable reforms and concessions are the essence of good government of all kind,—they are the antidotes against the poisons of revolution and anarchy.

‘*Feb. 23rd.*—Wet, gloomy, and disagreeable. Left Baltimore at 9 A. M., and reached Washington at 11 A. M. I travelled to Washington with the same chatty old gentleman who had expressed his indignation at the President’s exclusiveness a few days before; he told me that he was born near Baltimore, and that all his early associations were connected with that city and its

neighbourhood; he pointed out to me the house he used to live in, and the stream in which he fished when a youngster. Baltimore at that time was not one-third of its present size; but a pretty place, surrounded by fields and gardens. My friend likewise informed me that the country in the vicinity, both of Washington and Baltimore, was very poor, the soil being light and nearly worthless without manure.

‘It was raining hard when we reached Washington. I went to Gadsby’s hotel, a great house some years ago, but quite commonplace now. I secured a good bedroom, inquired the English Minister’s direction, which I was told was at the corner of K and 23rd Streets, and drove in a hack-carriage to the Capitol.

‘The “Capitol” at Washington is a magnificent white freestone edifice, built in an elevated and conspicuous position; it greets the eye from every point of approach to the city, and looks down on the straggling town below, with the dignified complacency of a lion regarding the sports of a party of puppies. The eastern point is the most magnificent, and is adorned by a splendid portico of twenty-two lofty Corinthian columns; two pedestals are left for statues or groups of sculpture, one on each side of the great stone staircase leading to the east portico. One of them is occupied by a well-executed group by an Italian artist, representing a half-naked figure in a crouching attitude, looking half-imploringly and half-admiringly at an armed warrior, who is apparently invoking the assistance of Heaven for some enterprise. The Capitol occupies an

acre and a half of ground, and a large building is being constructed on each wing, which will add materially to the effect.

‘The Capitol at Washington is undoubtedly the handsomest public building in America; it is worthy of the nation, and of the man whose city it adorns. It is so admirably situated, and of such vast size, as to impress any one, even the most travelled monkey, who had never seen it before. Two rather seedy, but very large starred-and-striped banners were floating on the breeze from its roof, and destroying the general effect of the edifice they were intended to adorn.

‘The east front is much superior to the west. The building is surrounded by an inclosure, and approached on the west by a broad avenue, lined with trees; two fountains adorn the carefully kept grass-plot in front of it; the whole building is surmounted by a dome, which I did not particularly admire. The interior is devoted to the Senate, and House of Representative Chambers, and to public offices. In the centre, and lighted by the dome, is a large circular hall, adorned with paintings and *alto relievos*: the pictures, executed by Trumbull, represent various scenes and triumphs in American history, such as “The Presentation of the Declaration of Independence,” “The Resignation of Cornwallis.” They appeared to me to be well executed; the figures were as large as life. The intermediate spaces and niches over the entrance-doors of the hall are ornamented by *alto relievos*, representing the rescue of Smith by the interposition of Pocahontas, Penn

treating with the Indians, &c. The hall is of striking dimensions, and grand and imposing in its general effect; visitors, and in fact everyone, are admitted into the galleries to hear the debates in both Houses. The galleries in the Senate House are very small, and will accommodate comparatively few persons; an especial gallery is reserved for ladies in the House of Representatives, though I should not imagine that they often availed themselves of it.

‘I visited both Chambers, and heard a portion of two debates. In the Lower House they were discussing a bill for reciprocity of trade with Canada; and the member (one of the Whig party) whom I heard speak, advocated the policy of receiving English goods, and especially iron, free of duty; on account of the heavy demand made by the custom house in the State, a larger sum was paid, a few years ago, for conveying goods from New York and landing them at New Orleans, than for sending them to Peru. The House of Representatives contains several hundred members; they sit on benches arranged in semicircles, and approached from avenues radiating from the Speaker’s chair as from a common centre. The Democrats occupy the quadrant on the Speaker’s right; the Whigs, who constitute the minority, that on his left; a few Democrats, who cannot find seats on their own side, are obliged to occupy those vacant on the other. The hall or chamber is a noble apartment—ninety-six feet long, and sixty high. It is surmounted by a dome, supported by twenty-four columns of dark marble from the neighbourhood of the

Potomac, and of the same colour as the columns in the Temple church at London, with Corinthian capitals of Italian marble. The Speaker sits just under the ladies' gallery. He sits on a raised and commanding seat, but is not rendered so imposing as our Speaker by the robes of authority. In front and below him are lines of reporters. The great size of the hall, and its lofty ceiling, combined with a perpetual busy hum of conversation, render it difficult to hear the speeches distinctly. I was every way better pleased with the Senate. There, dignity, order, and decorum seem the presiding genii; the members of the Senate are also older men, none being eligible for election till after the age of thirty-five; and as their powers are the same, or even greater, than those of the other House, and as they are less numerous, they are generally men of greater weight and ability. The members of both Houses are regularly paid during the time Congress is sitting, and their deliberations generally extend from 11 A.M. till 4 P.M. daily. On the election of a new President, both Houses adjourn till December, and then commences what is called the long session. They have thus a much easier time of it than some of our hard-worked and underpaid public men and politicians. Another peculiarity of the American system is, that men, on accepting office, are by the laws of the constitution obliged to relinquish their seats in Congress. **This** I think a defect, and a great one; for it is *obvious* that on the election of a new President of different politics to the one preceding, all the officials, who of course are supposed to be selected for ability,

servings under his predecessor, are obliged to resign, and have to struggle through another election to get restored to their seats in Congress. If they fail, their services are lost to the country; and thus a number of able and willing men are wasting their sweetness and their strength in the desert air, or on the promotion of their private interest, when they might have been beneficially guiding and directing the vessel of the State.

‘The debate in the Senate was on a bill passed by the other House for transferring the management of the public armouries from the Ordnance Corps to civilians appointed by Government. I heard General Cass (so celebrated for his animus against England) speak. He was busily engaged in consulting authorities before rising, and made statements and quotations from them in his address. The subject was not of a nature to call forth any particular display of eloquence; and from the manner in which he spoke, I should not think that General Cass was ever an eloquent man. He is stout, rather tall, red faced, and corpulent. He is a little fussy in manner, and I should think irritable. His appearance would not impress a stranger with the idea of a man of ability.

‘The majority of the speakers were against the measure before the House, and several amendments for investigation and reports were made. The Ordnance Corps was spoken of in terms of praise, and the efficiency of the armouries strongly dwelt on. The votes of the Senate were taken while I was present. The House divided on several amendments, and when the ayes and noes seemed

nearly equal, another division was called for, and each party showed its numbers distinctly by rising alternately from their seats. The Vice-President for the time being is Speaker of the Senate.

‘When I again emerged into the open air, after witnessing these interesting proceedings, I walked up an avenue, opposite the east front of the Capitol, and admired its noble proportions from a distance. Opposite the front is a large white marble statue of Washington, in a sitting posture and, with little superfluous drapery. The figure is noble and commanding, but not pleasing.

‘After discussing a dozen oysters, I commenced a walk down Pennsylvania Avenue, the great promenade, for the house of our Minister Plenipotentiary. The road led past the “White House,” the official residence of the President, and about a mile from the Capitol.

‘It is a handsome structure, and has a fine portico, supported by columns of the Ionic order: two large buildings, the offices and lodgings of officials, are situated near its wings.

‘All the public buildings in Washington are handsome, some of them magnificent; they present a marked contrast to the general appearance of the city.

‘Any one viewing Washington from an elevation, would say, in the words of Scripture, these people “began to build, but are not able to finish.” The whole city is laid out on a gigantic scale; broad avenues, intersected by others at right angles, extend for miles; but the houses are few, small, and far between, like the plums in a school pudding. Pennsylvania Avenue contains

nearly all the private buildings of any pretension. The city is not advantageously situated for trade; and, in the present state of America, it is not to be wondered at if Yankees decline to settle down in a "location" where they cannot accumulate dollars with rapidity.

'The city is of course crowded to overflowing at the time of a President's inauguration; and at the present, more than any other, the hotels have been thronged by swarms of office-hunters, who worry and run the poor President-elect to earth most mercilessly. General Pierce I believe, turns a deaf ear to their cries, and the practice is one which tends to lower the American nation in the eyes of the world. I heard it severely commented on in the Senate, and denounced in the above terms. Our Minister at Washington lives in a rather seedy house, about a mile from the President's abode; his door was opened by a dirty man-servant, into whose paw I thrust a card, and retired rather chagrined at the poor figure cut by the representative of England.

'*Feb. 24th.*—Rose about half-past five, and was ready before six to start for the steamer. The hack-carriage that had been ordered for me did not arrive; and I was indebted to the charity of a paddy for a seat on the box of another. The nigger driver, my Hibernian told me, had not come out on account of the coldness of the morning; I suppose the frosty air does not agree with Sambo's complexion. The weather was certainly very cold, the wind cutting and searching, particularly disagreeable to an unbreakfasted traveller, in an exposed position.

‘The Banks of the Potomac are pretty, but rather monotonous. “Washington House,” at Mount Vernon, is situated on the right bank of the river, about five miles from the city; it is a good-sized, plain-looking building, probably considered a mansion when Washington occupied it. The tomb of the “father of his country” is situated near the house; it is a plain red brick monument, scarcely visible from the water; the house and property belong to the United States, having been purchased by Congress. A high wind, which blew unintermittently all the morning, had driven so much water out of the creek, that our boat stuck in the mud within a few yards of our landing-place. The tide was not expected to rise, so the passengers and mails were landed in boats, the luggage left behind, and the train, after two hours’ delay, proceeded onwards to Richmond. The railway trams are merely flat pieces of iron nailed down to planks resting on sleepers, and if traversed at great speed, would probably curl up; fifteen miles an hour is considered the correct pace. Very slow in these days, and productive of expressions of impatience from travellers, pampered by superior methods of annihilating distance. We passed through an undulating and pretty country; here and there might be seen the rude log shanty of a nigger, and either Sambo or his wife at the door looking at the cars. We stopped nowhere for refreshment. The company endeavoured to forget hunger in the enjoyment of apples, which they munched with a vigour worthy of better provender. Some enterprising youths, at the risk of being left behind, con-

trived to get a drink, but its quality was comforting neither to mind nor body.

‘ We reached Richmond about 6 p.m. Drove to the Exchange Hotel, a very large one; found it full. Man at the bar wanted to put me into a room with two others; had visions of spitting, snoring, and infraction of the eighth commandment, and so refused. Threw myself on his generosity to find me a room to myself in the course of the evening, and went to the supper room (having had no dinner during the day), and exercised my jaws on some inferior beef-steak. Walked through Richmond in the dusk; appeared a well laid out, pretty place; remarked an extraordinary number of chemists’ and pastry-cooks’ shops—handsome ones, and brilliantly illuminated. Listened to the distant murmur of the falls of the James River (on which Richmond is situated), and saw their spray dimly illumined by the pale light of the rising moon. Found the man at the hotel had been worthy of my confidence, and had given me a capital room. On the door, a caution was pasted up, “ Bolt the door to prevent night robberies; ” complied with the polite request, and shortly afterwards accepted the invitation of “ Somnus ” to “ come to his arms. ” Knocked up at half-past five, and turned out most unwillingly; bolted an indigestible breakfast, paid my bill, and started for the Meechum River railroad. This brings me to—

‘ *Feb. 25th.*—Rapid travelling, early rising, and insufficient dinners, had rather jaded me. When I started this morning I had the sensation of one who had been

for nights running to balls or parties ; in fact I was not particularly disposed to fall into raptures either with a pretty face or a pretty prospect, had either presented itself; luckily, however, I was not called upon to undergo the fatigue of admiration.

‘ I saw with my half-opened eyes that the scenery was tame and monotonous, and so closed them altogether. After two or three hours’ travel, the bright rays of the sun chased away my drowsiness, and I aroused myself to look at the passengers and the country, and to read “ My Novel; ” I was most pleased with the latter.

‘ The Meechum Ferry railway carries, I should imagine, very few passengers in the winter time; in the summer it is one of the most convenient routes from the North, and some portion of the South, to the Virginia Springs—much frequented during the month of August.

‘ The defects of the American system of travelling are obviously seen in inferior railroads. A system which jumbles up all classes must be always objectionable; but passengers between large cities or towns are more tolerable than those in the country, as though many of them chew and spit in a most revolting manner, they generally pay more attention to soap and water than their rustic brethren; a few of my fellow-passengers to-day, were certainly not perfumed with millefleur. Fancy reading Bulwer’s beautiful and imaginative descriptions surrounded by such Goths and Vandals! They served as a deep shadow to bring out in still brighter and fairer relief the forms and figures of those whom my fancy conjured up from Bulwer’s magic page. The

dark-eyed, high-souled, glorious Violante, and the sweet, tender Helen, what more than angels did they appear, when I glanced from the page which brought them brightly and vividly before my mind's eye, to the ruffian forms around me!

'About one o'clock we reached a small town called Charlotte's ville, where we stopped for a few minutes, and where I *ought* to have got out to dinner. I speculated, however, on feeding at Meechum's Ferry before continuing my journey to Staunton by the stage. Little did I know what was in store for me! When we reached Meechum's River, we found a stage ready to take us on. An American stage is a large, heavy, lumbering vehicle, constructed to hold *nine* inside and two out: the insides are packed together something in the fashion of clothes in a carpet-bag; that is to say, they are well crammed in, and pressed down. I managed to insert my body into a vacant seat, with my back to the horses; and having disposed of my legs in as satisfactory a manner as circumstances would admit of (and seriously I advise no man of more than five feet ten inches to venture into an American stage). I looked at my fellow-passengers; two pale, sickly-looking women and a man, the husband probably of one of them, occupied the back seat; in front of them, *i. e.* in the centre of the stage, and with their backs resting against a leathern strap, sat three men, respectable, ordinary, well-washed looking personages; and on my side were two other men, probably small farmers, or pig-drivers by profession.

'I tried to get a mouthful to eat or drink, as I

had breakfasted at six, and it was now two, but was quite unsuccessful. Away we started, after the roof and boot of our "vehicle" had been filled with a mass of heavy luggage; and then began my miseries and my *first*, and I trust *last*, experience of the felicities of American stage-travelling over country roads in the winter. We left Meechum's River at about 2 P.M., and were bound for Staunton, twenty-eight miles distant, which any reasonable human being would have supposed we should have reached in four or five hours, even at a slow rate of travel. One of my friends opposite commenced an animated conversation, told several pleasing anecdotes of upsets, and breakdowns, and then gave us his conjecture, founded on hearsay and experience, as to the state of the road we were about to traverse. It appears that the road is *tolerable* in summer (though even of this I am sceptical), but is rendered nearly impassable by the winter rains. A practical illustration was soon afforded us of its condition. The road somewhat resembled a ploughed field; its deep ruts were partially frozen, and the wheels slipped off their crests into the hollows with mighty jolts: the stage vibrated and swung from side to side on its heavy leathern springs. Suddenly there was a tremendous jolt—the coach seemed just balanced on two wheels, and the next moment likely to be in the mud. A short plunge, a struggle, a series of violent throes and convulsions, and we are saved, and congratulate ourselves on having a good driver; we proceed at a snail's pace; we have got over three miles in little more than an hour, and my companions are

congratulating one another on the rapidity with which we are travelling: the jolting, bumping, and squeezing continue. One old stager tries to fall asleep, and his head wags about like a Chinese figure. I get into conversation with the man opposite me; he proves to be an engineer on a railway—a most desirable one—intended to connect the point we have left with that to which we are travelling. This railway passes under the Virginian hills. The engineer told me that they were constructing a tunnel which would be about a mile and a half long, through a hill of what he called iron stone—harder than the hardest granite. Their progress was necessarily slow on account of the difficulty of working the rock. To sink shafts for the necessary supply of air was next to impossible; thus, consequently, they were much inconvenienced by the want of this real “staff of life,” and were obliged to “raise the wind,” or keep things going by means of an air-pump.

‘We passed several little villages of clean, comfortable-looking Irish huts and shanties built on the hill-side. Cows and pigs were occasionally visible, but I do not suppose the latter animal’s claim to the best part of the lodging would be allowed, as he does not here pay the best part of the “*Rint*.” The Irish labourers get a dollar a day, and are very provident and saving; most of them, as my informant told me, are tolerably well educated, and can nearly all read and write. They mostly live on beef: in the summer they kill an ox, wait till he is *gamy*, and then cut him up and eat him. The engineer remarked particularly on that peculiar

characteristic of poor Irish girls, even when exposed to the greatest temptations—their chastity: they have obtained a high character in the States for this virtue, and very few of the girls in the large hotels, where they must be a great deal exposed, have been seduced. At a place where we stopped to change horses, I managed to get a couple of biscuits and a piece of cheese to appease the demon; and at about half-past seven had a miserable supper at a dirty inn. It was dark, and our position, floundering along, wedged together, over an execrable road, and expecting every moment to be upset, by no means an enviable one. About a mile from our last halting-place, we found ourselves upon a super-excellent system of ruts, and the shackle which supported one of our leather springs, yielding to weight and force of circumstances, broke with a crash, and the coach nearly toppled over.

‘Had not our engineer, with three tremendous chests, probably containing furniture, left us, we should undoubtedly have been deposited in the mud: as it was, we were in a nice fix. The driver, however, took things with praiseworthy coolness, left the stage for assistance, and returned with a negro blacksmith, two or three men with handspikes, a chain, and some lucifer matches. The body of the coach was shoved up by levers, the broken iron shackle removed, and the chain substituted for it; and after about three-quarters of an hour’s delay, we resumed our journey. Finally, after struggling with every description of bad road, ruts, holes, stones, deep mud and clay, pools, and frozen clods, we found

ourselves at Staunton, tolerably exhausted, at half-past 11 P.M., after a journey of nine and a half hours. I walked about five miles, partly up hill and partly over some road which exceeded all the rest in badness.

‘The scenery among the hills through which we passed was romantic and pretty, and though not so grand, reminded me somewhat of the Western Highlands of Scotland.

‘The eastern portion of America along the Atlantic coast, and in the vicinity of the large cities, is so flat and monotonous, that a hill of any description is greeted by the traveller as a pleasing and agreeable variety; the slopes afford good pasturage for sheep, and are many of them covered with wood, principally pine. I was very glad to roll my bed-clothes round me, and court the drowsy god.

CHAPTER V.

STAUNTON.—LEXINGTON.—AN UNPLEASANT RIDE AND A
DISAGREEABLE ADVENTURE.—VISIT TO HARPER'S FERRY,
AND RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

‘**T**HE United States is a country great in newspapers. How the multitude published can pay at the low rate at which they are sold is a matter of wonder. The “New York Herald,” occupies a place somewhat similar to our “giant of the press.” It has more rivals, however, who assert claims to equality than our “Times.” I believe the “Times” in America, and I fancy generally in all foreign countries, is looked on as the “*vox populi*” of England. The reports of speeches and trials are not given here with anything like the fulness and accuracy that they are in England. I was present at a very interesting trial where the prisoner was defended with great ability and eloquence by one of the leading barristers at New York; but a bare statement of fact was all that appeared in the public papers; and when at Washington I referred to them to read over the debate I had heard on the previous evening, I found the report extremely meagre and defective, something similar to the summary of parliamentary intelligence in our papers.

The American journals are principally filled with foreign intelligence, and comments thereon. Receiving mails from Europe two or three times every week, with a vast mass of complex politics, and of the ablest criticisms on men, measures and events, having merely to cull and select the flowers from this rich and fertile field, they are at no loss to fill their columns with both interesting and attractive matter. Extracts from what they always call the "London Times," with its views on the great questions and events of the day, whether as affecting themselves or the continent of Europe, furnish a kind of theme for dissertations and remarks of their own. Besides this, from their geographical position, they are of course abundantly and constantly supplied with news of all that is going on, or looming in the future of the Western hemisphere. In fact, news from New Orleans, or other distant points of the Union, amounts very nearly to the same thing as foreign intelligence. The leading journal, which I mentioned above, seems to take conciliating views of English policy, and of the intercourse between England and America. In the mind of a sensible or enlightened man, a rupture between the two countries would be not only destructive and ruinous to each as a nation, but would inflict a severe blow on the principles of liberty, constitutional right, and good government. The lower sort of Yankees are a swaggering, conceited set of fellows, and John Bull has a pretty good notion of his own prowess; but happily it is not permitted to these belligerent gentlemen to settle their disputed points in their own savage or school-boy fashion.

‘Staunton is a pretty village, surrounded by hills; and when the railroad connecting it with Richmond is completed, will be a place of importance, as it lies near one extremity of the great agricultural valley of Virginia. At present it is a century behind the Northern States. A traveller in a few hours perceives the vast difference in the progress of civilisation between the two sections of the Union. After travelling through the North with speed, punctuality, and comparative luxury, he finds himself, when only a few miles from the beaten tracks of human intercourse, contending with bad roads, bad inns, dilatoriness, and *otium sine dignitate*.

‘The old-fashioned plan of travelling on horseback is still adhered to, and is common in Virginia. Virginian waggons, having the top covered with white sail-cloth, being drawn by six horses, may be seen creeping along the roads. A nigger rides one of the wheelers, and with only *one* rein attached to a leader, contrives to guide the whole team. Original, clumsy, and picturesque they look, slowly coming into view at the turn of a country road, with the sun shining brightly on their snowy covering; and they speak strongly, and with incontrovertible evidence of the comparatively slow progress of the people who use them. Virginia is, however, awakening from her sleep. Railways are being constructed across her in all directions; the spirit of enterprise is shedding its awakening influence over the dormant energies of her population, and she will soon be what her size, climate, and natural advantages seem to foretel, one of

the greatest and most flourishing States of the Union. The white population of Virginia considerably exceeds her black; and her soil being principally cultivated for grain, or producing pasture for sheep and cattle, there are but few regular plantations, where slaves drudge, and toil like farm-horses. I saw an advertisement in the inn at Staunton offering a reward for a runaway negro boy; but I should think that in this State, though there are more facilities to escape, the inducements to do so are less than those farther South. An intelligent mulatto driver, who pleased and interested me, said he had requested his mistress to allow him to go to Siberia. Hearing I was an Englishman, he asked if they were not against slavery in England, and if Canada were not a free State? I told him that Canada was a British colony, and all British colonies were free. He said he should much like to go there. I asked him if he were married; he answered, "Yes." Have you got any children? "No, there is only me and my wife." His mistress, a widow lady, made a profit out of him by letting him out to drive and do jobs. The man was not only intelligent, but courteous and gentle in manner. He had evidently a great deal of white blood (the element of freedom) in his veins. He was a fine-looking fellow, upwards of six feet high. I really felt interested in him, and fell into a painful reverie on the evils of a system which degrades what God has made noble. The day will come when the mulattos, illegitimate offspring though they be, will prove themselves their fathers' sons. In my opinion, the event must take

place in the natural order of things. Here was a man, sensible of his degraded position, keenly desirous of freedom, hearing with delight of those lands where slavery is unknown, intelligent enough to perceive the injustice of the system which oppressed him, and to feel that, if he rebelled, he would not sin, but assert a right, which the God who made all has given to all,—here was a man, a type of a numerous and rapidly-increasing class in the South, in whose mind was laid a train, which it required only circumstances and opportunity to fire,—a man who would fight, as the Greeks of old fought, under the watchwords of liberty, and right.

‘The coach which was to convey me to Lexington at length got under weigh; I mounted on the box to enjoy the sunshine, and to see the country. Our first sixteen miles was over a terrible road, and we took about four and a half hours to traverse it. The rest of our journey was over planks, which appeared by contrast like a sudden transportation to Elysium, after the cares, troubles, and contentions of life. I walked over four miles of the worst part of the road. My driver was a good, honest fellow; had driven the stage along that road for twenty-eight years, and had just earned enough to bring up, and educate his children. He made some sensible and intelligent remarks on the advantages of education, and seemed fully to comprehend the value of the gift bestowed by his exertions on his family. In America, education, if combined with energy, application, and good sense, is wealth to its possessor. Hundreds of

roads are open to every man for free and generous competition—the true source of much of the greatness and prosperity of a nation.

‘As my time was very limited, and travelling in the part of the country I had arrived at both slow, and uncertain, I hired a waggon to drive me to the Natural Bridge,—distant, by the best road, about seventeen miles from Lexington. The morning was warm, bright, and cheerful. A hazy appearance in the distance, however, seemed to indicate rain. My carriage was announced. I walked out, and beheld a waggon painted with three coats of natural brown from the muddy roads, with the sorriest Rozinante I had ever seen. A stalwart nigger, with huge black moustaches and beard,—who looked big enough and strong enough to carry horse, waggon, and all,—supported the trembling steed by the head, and replied to my inquiries as to when the animal had last dined with an indignant assurance that he was well fed, and could go well. I submitted to my fate, though I was not without feelings of compunction at inflicting seventeen miles on a bony anatomy, requiring not a day’s, but a week’s rest.

‘I drove steadily, and quietly at first, and endeavoured to excite my steed to action by words of encouragement; but this was probably so new to him, that he did not know what to make of it, and little or no alteration in his sober and solemn gait took place. The last resource was, I regret to say, applied; and it generally elicited a melancholy shake of the ears, and the ghost of a canter. The country through which I passed

was the same in character (though perhaps rather of a grander description) as that through which I had journeyed on the previous day. A series of hills with curved outlines greeted the eye on all sides. There was an absence of that boldness which characterises the wild mountain scenery of Scotland, where the dark rocky masses stand out against the blue sky in sharp, clear lines. They bear the same analogy to the wild hills of Caledonia that the soft, rounded outline of a woman's form does to the bold, angular figure of a man.

‘I encountered difficulties of every kind on the road, was nearly upset two or three times, and obliged to refresh my Dobbin with a drink of meal and water to insure his getting through his labours at all.

‘The Natural Bridge is situated in a deep valley, among some fine hills. It spans an insignificant little brook about fifty feet wide. The bridge is a vast limestone arch 215 feet high, 80 feet broad, and 85 feet long. The arch has the appearance of having been gradually excavated by the continual action of water; and this supposition is in some degree confirmed by the great height of the banks of the streamlet, which are composed of the same rock, and rise nearly perpendicularly from the water in the vicinity of the bridge. Can it be possible that the little brook, which now ripples peacefully at your feet, could once have been a mighty river, and have burst with irresistible violence the opposing barrier? The rock in other places has crumbled and fallen, and may have been preserved from the same fate here merely by superior hardness. There is some-

thing wild, grand, and impressive in that gigantic, lonely arch standing unchanged in solitary grandeur after the lapse of ages—a memorial left by nature of some bygone scene in the history of her revulsions.

‘My predictions regarding rain were mournfully fulfilled. It first drizzled, and then poured. The rain continued all night unintermittently; and I listened to its heavy pattering on the roof of the crazy old inn with gloomy forebodings of the difficulties and struggles of the morrow.

‘I superintended the washing of my poor Rozinante’s legs; and directed he should have a good bed prepared for him, and as much oats as he could eat.

‘The stable in which my unfortunate steed was doomed to pass the night was a construction which would have been called *rude* even among the ancient Britons. Free admission both for air and rain was afforded by numerous yawning gaps and cavities. The wind, in whatsoever direction it might be blowing, had the privilege of whistling through it; and the horses (hardy beasts!) stood there without a scrap of clothing, and lay down on the hard boards at night to repose. I wish I could have transported an English groom to this savage spot. His astonishment might have helped me through a dreary afternoon.

‘This afternoon, however, did not pass without an incident in which I myself figured as the astonished party. I was the only visitor at the inn; no one in his senses thinking of going to the Natural Bridge in the winter time. Several gentlemen of the neighbourhood, how-

ever,—probably according to their usual Sabbath custom,—had repaired thither on horseback to dine together. One of these, the biggest and sturdiest of the party, went down to dinner drunk and quarrelsome. He sat exactly opposite me, and stared rudely and stupidly at me for some time. He at length asked me, in a rough manner, where I came from. I told him, and he ate two or three mouthfuls of his dinner, pausing between each to continue his steady stare. At last he suddenly stopped and said, abruptly, “Come here.” I thought at first he might be speaking to a waiter behind me, and looked round; but he instantly repeated the command, pointing to a chair next to him, and saying, “Come here; I want to talk to you.” I answered, as coolly as I could, “No, thank you; I prefer sitting here and eating my dinner, and I advise you to go on with yours. If you want to talk to me, I can hear what you have to say just as well where I am.” This produced a vacant, stupid look, and a short silence. One of the hotel people came up and apologised to me for the conduct of my friend (?), saying he was not aware of his being so drunk, and begging of me to take no notice of what he said. I saw alarm depicted on every countenance.

‘My toper grasped his knife, poised it carelessly, directing the point towards me, as if with intent to throw it at me. I was exactly opposite, and though I did not much dread a drunken man’s shot with a blunt knife, I was anxious to avoid a scene in a low, out-of-the-way place, where there were few who would sympathise much with me, though they might assist me if I were

assaulted. I knew drunken men have a great deal of sense, and are capable of being amused by a little talk; so I said to the brute opposite me, "Why do you want to quarrel with me? Did you ever see me before? Then what reason have you for wishing to quarrel?"

'The knife remained poised in the hand; I finished my dinner and left the table, my brandy-and-water friend being held back by the others from making a rush at me. He was very noisy and troublesome for some time, but at last went home. I heard he was a doctor, and a *perfect* gentleman! when he was sober.

'Sambo woke me, and I rose sleepy and unrefreshed. The rain had almost ceased; soon it discontinued altogether. I swallowed a cup of tea, ate a mouthful of bread, cast a doubtful look at poor Dobbin, paid my bill for a day's discomfort, and started.

'A benevolent individual at the inn recommended me to go home by a road different from the one I came by. I followed his advice, and got into an old and almost impassable cross country road, and never thought I should get out of it. About four hours and a half were consumed in accomplishing the first fourteen miles of my journey to Staunton. I reached Lexington at about 11 A.M., and wished, after breakfast, to have proceeded at once, but was kept waiting for about an hour for a carriage, which I had ordered at half-past 9 A.M. The day was Court day, a great and busy day at Lexington. Sales by auction were going on, and the place in a state of bustle, confusion and excitement. These Court days

come round at the commencement of each month, and debts are paid and bargains made on the occasion.

‘The arrival of my carriage, drawn by unevenly matched horses, relieved at last my almost exhausted patience.

‘Twenty miles of our journey lay over plank-road, the rest over pools, and ruts, and mud, which really did not deserve to be dignified by the title of road at all. My poor horses (I could get no change on the road) were nearly done up, and I was pretty tired myself when I reached Staunton, at half-past 7 P.M.

‘I had supper (which was also dinner and tea, as I had eaten nothing since breakfast), and turned in for four or five hours’ rest. I went to bed a little after nine, and was again awaked, at half-past 12 P.M., to start by the Winchester coach, which left at one in the morning.

‘*March 1st.*—In the lumbering old coach was only one passenger besides myself. Went off into a kind of doze; night fine, and moon shining when we started; clouded over, and commenced raining soon after. After some unwholesome and indigestible scraps at a dirty inn, at one o’clock, which passed for a dinner, coach at length became full. A negress and her baby sat opposite to me, and obliged me to keep my face turned to the open window. Do these people ever wash? Two dirty agriculturists, in damp clothes, forced themselves in; and a vulgar woman with a frightful cough, and a wet bundle and bonnet-box. In stage-travelling in the States, more than in railways, you see the discomforts of democracy. I wish a few theorists would condescend to jostle awhile with the “*οι πολλοι*,” they would then

see the cap of liberty grimy with filth. There can be no *equality* unless all men use soap and water, and certainly but little *fraternal affection* between a gentleman with immaculate linen and the great "unwashed." The road passed through a rich agricultural country, where I was told some of the finest wheat in America was raised. The farms are very large, and but little manure used; guano is occasionally employed. The soil is not so rich as in Winconsin, where it is, if possible, too prolific, and of inexhaustible fertility. The climate here is, however, much healthier, and the farms nearer the great markets.

'Left Winchester at 8 P.M., in the railway cars, for Harper's Ferry; distance, thirty-two miles; took three hours to go there; line out of order, and engines feeble, as usual. Put into a miserable room, as cold as ice, with no fireplace nor chairs, and with dirty, cracked walls. Could have slept on a deal board. Coiled the clothes round me, and when the candle was out, discomfort was banished.

'*March 2nd.*—Dressed, and left my dismal apartment between seven and eight; breakfasted on some greasy viands, and walked out. The day was lovely, and the air delightful.

'A gentleman, who, on the previous evening, had professed himself to be an Ultra Democrat, and had received a few languid attempts at jocularities on my part with roars of laughter, requested me, on my arrival at Harper's Ferry, to introduce myself to a relation of his, who rejoiced in the name of Snooks, and pursued

the avocation of a boot-maker. Snooks's disposition, he told me, was most amiable; and his delight at the opportunity of showing me the lions, which, without some friendly guide, I should be utterly unable to discover, would be unbounded. I thanked him a hundred times, and listened to the praises of the immortal Snooks with the resignation of exhaustion. I believe I was too tired to laugh. My friend got out, and with him vanished the shade of Snooks.

'The scenery of Harper's Ferry is very beautiful. Nature has done her part towards rendering the spot both attractive and interesting; *man* has done his towards thwarting her benevolent designs. He crosses the two romantic "shining rivers" on railway bridges like sheds, superlatively hideous; and he accompanies the gentle murmur of the Potomac for some miles with the sweet music of a steam-engine. The railway skirts one bank of this beautiful river. Mr. Jefferson wrote a graphic and animated description of Harper's Ferry, which appears in his work on Virginia. It is the point of junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers; and it is supposed that these streams, as if each conscious of its individual inability, here combined their waters, and forced a passage through the Blue Ridge, which runs almost transversely to their course: this opinion has been entertained by Volney, and other eminent travellers. The Shenandoah is a much smaller river than the Potomac. In the Potomac, above the point of junction, are several rocky islets, round which the water impatiently chafes. The river narrows as it

approaches the point, where it formerly encountered its great obstacle. The current is rapid, but the river, when it effected the change in the aspect of nature, must have been a stream of much greater power and magnitude than it is at present. Volney imagines it to be the contents of some vast lake (whose position and boundaries may still be traced by the coal deposits which have been left), which at first found a small outlet through some rocky fissure, in time increased it, and finally, with the whole weight of its waters, rent the rocks, and formed a mighty river.

‘The village of Harper’s Ferry is an ugly collection of dingy houses and barns on a bare hill side, close to the point of junction of the two rivers. A canal runs along one bank of the Potomac, near the village, and communicates with the city of Washington, which can be reached in a day and a half by the boats.

‘I walked up to “Jefferson’s rock,” a very striking mass of stone, on a hill overlooking the whole scene, and tried to sketch it. From its summit there is a beautiful view of the two rivers and surrounding country. The whole landscape was bathed in sunshine, and lay spread out like a map at my feet. Near Jefferson’s rock is a pretty, quiet little cemetery, overlooking the Potomac River. Its site, like most of the cemeteries in the States, is well chosen. The resting-places of the dead are indeed everywhere in well-selected and appropriate situations. It is some consolation to the mourner to think that the ashes of the departed loved one sleep in a spot where the bright sun

casts his beams on a scene, calm, holy, and beautiful; and that, instead of the foul atmosphere of a city charnel-house, the air which steals over the tomb is laden with the sweet perfume of delicate and lovely flowers, which the hand of affection has planted.

‘At Harper’s Ferry is a large armoury, where muskets and rifles are manufactured for the United States Army. I walked through the workshops, and was much pleased with the order, regularity, and method. The barrels of the muskets are bright, of the rifles browned. A musket is manufactured for from between nine and ten dollars, and a rifle for about eleven or twelve. The armoury is under the superintendence of the ordnance. An arsenal is shortly to be built.

‘*March 3rd.*—Started about 5 o’clock A. M. for Washington. Our engine broke down about half-way there, and we were delayed for an hour while it was undergoing repair. This brought us to Washington at a more Christian-like hour. I went to Gadsby’s Hotel, where I had stayed on my former visit, but found, as I had anticipated, every nook and corner occupied. I left my luggage there, and commenced a systematic hunt for a night’s lodging. I tried several of the hotels, but at all received the same response. My hopes now lay in the probability of there being a room to spare at some respectable tradesman’s. I tried one or two, and at last, undeterred by visions of poisoning, had the courage to enter and make inquiry at a chemist’s. Its owner could not accommodate me, but told me of a house where it was possible I might succeed in getting

a shake-down. It was a private residence belonging to a widow lady, who had consented to put herself to temporary inconvenience for the benefit of travellers.

‘Her house was conveniently situated near the Capitol, the dame herself portly and comfortable-looking, and I congratulated myself on my good luck ; my joy, however, was a little damped when my fair hostess gave the reins to her fancy, and indulged in speculation as to the number of additional wanderers she could accommodate. I had my luggage moved to the house, and then went to the Capitol to hear the debates of Congress.

‘The Senate and House sat all night, and on the following morning the members looked very jaded and knocked up ; however, they had a holiday till the month of December in store for them, and would soon recover from the cares and strifes of political life. I was much pleased with the urbanity, intelligence, and firmness of the Speaker of the Lower House ; his duties were arduous and troublesome, a perfect shout being raised, immediately after a division, of “ Mr. Speaker ! ” from all sides of the house, and a great deal of confusion and conversation going on during the transaction of business. The visitors’ galleries in both Houses are small, and do not at all answer the expectations or meet the wishes of the sovereign people, who certainly ought to have a little accommodation to hear with their own ears, and see with their own eyes, how their servants are carrying on their affairs.

‘I went, during the afternoon, to a large Bazaar held

at the Patent Office; there were a great many people there, and things of interest exhibited. Among these the daguerreotypes, and some plans engraved most beautifully, especially attracted me. The Americans excel in the daguerreotyping art; this climate is more favourable to it, I believe, than that of Europe. The Patent Office, in which the fair was held, is a fine white building, with handsome porticoes and columns.

‘The bustle and gaiety of Washington to-day were quite animating; crowds were arriving by every train, and every steamboat discharged its living cargo of eager and expectant visitors. The accommodation of the city was completely exhausted, and hundreds passed the whole night of the 3rd of March in the great hall of the Capitol, or in roaming about the streets like troubled spirits. Even at the huge hotels, which one would think alone capable of accommodating a city or two, scarce a place could be obtained for dinner at the ordinary. A small crowd, waiting for vacant seats and sniffing the fragrant air, was stationed near the entrance to the dining-room at Brown’s Hotel, where I went to dine. I remained like them in anxious expectation, till a black waiter, opening the door a few inches, and partially revealing the paradise beyond, whispered, “Dat dere was seat for one,” and then, without hesitation, I plunged into the apartment, and requested, in a decided tone, to be conducted to the vacant chair. I drank tea at my lodgings, and was formally presented by my buxom hostess to my fellow-lodgers. They were

staid, middle-aged, quiet-looking people ; civil, but reserved.

‘The tea (with a due regard to economy) was served from a huge teapot by the lady of the house, and a very small negro boy handed it round to the company. We all dispersed after it ; I to the Senate House, my friends where their inclinations led them. When I returned, at half-past twelve, I found madame sitting up, looking very tired, and complaining of a headache. She said she did not know what she could do for me, as she had told some of the other gentlemen that if they brought home some friends they would be accommodated. I replied that it was not likely that they would think of bringing in strangers at that late hour, and as nobody appeared, she had accommodated another gentleman (my humble self) who was very tired ; that he was going away the next day, when a bed would be much at their service ; and I further added, as a still more powerful argument, that, though I certainly objected to sleeping double, I should be delighted if she would afford me the opportunity of paying for one *beside myself* : I also strongly insinuated that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. By degrees, my landlady began to admit the force of my reasoning, but requested double payment in advance. I placed three bright little gold dollars in her soft palm, lighted my candle, bolted my door (to secure myself from the invasion of disappointed applicants), and, with a chuckle at my diplomacy, and at the mercenary spirit of stout females, was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

INAUGURATION DAY AT WASHINGTON—MEETING WITH
THACKERAY — CHARLESTON.

‘ March 4th.

‘THIS eventful day broke gloomily: the sky was overcast, the air raw and cold, and the whole aspect of the city as dreary a contrast as could well be conceived to the appearance of the previous day.

‘Crowds began to muster at an early hour. Small parties of military, and deputations from various societies and public bodies, might be seen, headed by their bands, marching to their place of rendezvous, opposite the City Hall. Four guns of the Flying Artillery, preceded by some questionable trumpeters, seemed to excite great attention. I made no attempt to get into the Senate House, as I felt my doing so to be utterly hopeless. I walked again to the platform, and took my stand among a thin crowd, who were shivering under their umbrellas, in a snow-storm. The crowd soon increased in size, and density, but the space in front of the Capitol is so large, that there was no crush. I stood about two hours in the position I had chosen, exposed to the merciless snow, when distant music was

heard, and the shouts of a cheering multitude borne to our ears by the breeze. A bustle was observable at the back of the platform; a small dark crowd emerged from the doorways, and arranged themselves in order under the portico. An eager buzz of expectation passed through the crowd of spectators. The dark figures advanced: a small man, with a large supporter on each side, occupied the central and most conspicuous place. He advanced to the table, with his hat off, and seated himself. This was General Pierce, the President elect. His face was pale and anxious, but determined and intelligent; forehead broad and high; mouth rather large; lips thin and compressed, indicating firmness and decision; eyes small, restless and observant; his height below the average standard; his appearance prepossessing and gentlemanly. One might almost recall Macaulay's celebrated description of Warren Hastings, when gazing on his pale face, beaming with intelligence and spirit, and upon his small and delicate-looking form. *There* was a man, under whose portrait was legibly written "*Mens æqua in arduis.*" The members of the former Government, with their chief, the Supreme Court and Senate of the United States, seated behind him, formed a noble background to the principal figure. The oath of adherence to the constitution was administered amidst breathless silence, the whole multitude, as well as the President, standing uncovered. The solemnity, and impressiveness of the spectacle were enhanced by the snow, which fell on the bare and exposed heads of the mute actors in the great moral scene, and the

indifference with which they bore what, at other times, and under ordinary circumstances, would have been scrupulously avoided,—a striking evidence of the readiness of even the most mixed, and heterogeneous multitude to recognise and appreciate the sublime. General Pierce took the oath, one hand raised in the air, and the other resting on the sacred volume. He repeated the words in a low voice, audible to him only who administered it. He then advanced to the front of the platform, and amid breathless silence, only interrupted occasionally by cheers, delivered his inaugural address. His voice was clear, distinct, and silvery; he spoke with energy and gesticulation. At some of the most impressive parts of his speech, he half turned round, and addressed himself specially to the Senate. He was applauded throughout, and especially at those points where he announced his determination to adhere to the Monroe doctrine of forbidding colonisation by European powers in the American continent, and where he declared the Fugitive Slave laws of 1851 to be strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly enforced. He considered the slave system a right of the South, and the slaves a description of property as much to be protected and defended from injury as land or money. Both these items in his address will doubtless give offence. In England, the assertion of a doctrine which forbids our right to colonise in America, “beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible,” when our American territories are of greater extent than the whole of the United States, will seem a great piece of filibustering and swagger. The death-blow, also, thus

firmly dealt at all the hopes of emancipators, and the dreams of philanthropists, cannot fail in creating a great sensation. I thought the speech, in both these particulars, faulty, and likely to exercise a bad influence on the excited feelings of the great masses of the American people. The policy of this model republic has always been grasping, warlike, and aggressive. Such a policy is suited to the feelings of the uneducated classes of an energetic, and enterprising people. The annexations of vast territories, with, or without right, have been frequent and barefaced. Already Cuba, and Canada are regarded with envious eyes. A war, to secure the possession of either, would be instantly popular; especially a war which might annex the former, as the struggle would be less protracted and injurious to the country, and the prize rich, and easily preserved. The Senators themselves say that no other power in the world should be permitted to obtain possession of Cuba, even if the Spaniards made a voluntary tender of their island; and they have some show of reason for this determination. The rest of General Pierce's speech I liked very much: the language was nervous, and eloquent; the sentiments noble, and patriotic. He reflected, with just pride and exultation, on the bright fulfilment of the most sanguine prophecies of the great founders of the nation; on her prosperity, increase of wealth, population, and territory; and then advocated, in glowing language, the necessity of union among the States, saying that if one bright star were withdrawn from their banner, no human hand could ever replace it. He concluded by referring all the

blessings the country enjoyed to that God who presides over all things, and in whom alone countries as well as men should trust. Every one appeared delighted with the speech, and I heard many people remark that it was the best inaugural address ever heard. The immense crowd dispersed in an orderly and quiet manner, and their shouts of applause were succeeded by the guns of the "Flying Artillery," saluting the new President of the Republic. General Pierce was attired in a suit of clothes, presented to him, I fancy, by the city of Boston; at least, they seemed to correspond with the description, given in a Boston paper, of a dress in course of preparation in that city, by the best tailor, which was to be worn on the occasion. The city of Boston also presented the General with a very handsome carriage, and a pair of fine bays.

'All the fun was now over. There was to be no ball in the evening, on account of the President's domestic bereavement; and the great event which had drawn so many of the sovereign people together, was a thing of the past. The snow still descended; I was cold, and very tired. I determined, however, to exert myself and see as much as I could, as I was to start at nine in the evening for Charleston, South Carolina, where I wished to arrive before the 8th of March, to catch the Havana steamer. I walked to the Patent Office, where General Washington's clothes and some of his camp furniture are shown, and where there is a large Museum, and collection of curiosities; but I found the doors locked, it being a public holiday. I made another attempt to pro-

cure admission into the Smithsonian Institute, a large, red brick building in the Norman style, which contains a picture gallery, and is devoted to scientific instruction.

‘I packed up my traps and drove down to the steamer, which I found crammed with some of the Richmond Rifles, who had taken a part in the procession, and were now returning home, and with a number of pleasure-hunters like myself.

‘The atmosphere of the cabin and sleeping-rooms was stifling. I walked miserably about, without knowing where to repose my wearied limbs. At length I sank exhausted on some flour sacks, where I was exposed to a fierce draught, which I bore sulkily for some time, and at last beat a retreat, and threw myself on a seat in the hot cabin. We were shifted at about 1 A.M. from the steamer to the railway cars, and arrived at Richmond just after sunrise on Saturday morning.

‘A great part of the journey was through a swampy wood: all the land around seemed completely flat and but little cleared. Between Weldon, and Wilmington, North Carolina, indeed there are scarcely any signs of habitation; some of the railway stations are nearly twenty miles apart, and the houses in their vicinity poor, and scattered. The railway between these two last places is an excellent one, and the fast trains travel at the rate of forty miles an hour. In South Carolina, I was told by an engineer who had been employed in government surveys, that vast unhealthy swamps existed among the woods on table-lands elevated above the general level of the country.

‘He instanced a well-known marsh, called the “Dismal Swamp,” and drew a small illustrative sketch. He said that the woods in the neighbourhood of these dreary wastes, are more healthy than the cleared country. The Dismal Swamp might easily be drained.

‘I reached Wilmington between nine and ten o’clock.

‘*Sunday, March 6th.*— The day broke lovely, sunshiny, and warm. It was like being suddenly transported to England at the end of May.

‘The boat for Charleston left at 10 A.M. We were to reach Charleston at four or five o’clock on Monday morning. The steamer did not go very steadily, though there was but little swell. What her conduct would have been had wind been blowing, I am quite at a loss to conjecture; but was very glad not to be in her under such circumstances. She stopped several times during the night, in the open sea, without any assignable reason, except perhaps to prevent her boiler bursting, and let off her steam with a prodigious noise.

‘To my great surprise I learned that Mr. Thackeray, whom I had long wished to hear and see, was on board this queer little steamer. I recognised him in his spectacles, and German travelling-cap, from his likeness to his portraits. He is a tall man, with grey hair; his face is full; forehead broad, and finely developed. A keen enjoyment of fun, and sense of the ludicrous, might be distinctively traced in his lineaments. I introduced myself to the great man’s secretary (an artist, named Crowe, whom I found afterwards a very nice, gentlemanly fellow), and through him had the pleasure of

making Mr. Thackeray's acquaintance. He was very sociable, and talked in an unreserved, kind manner.

‘He had been travelling all night, and turned in for a few hours before tea to get a nap.

‘On a clear, calm evening, with a deep blue sky, spangled with stars over our heads, Thackeray and I sat talking for more than two hours. He told me he liked America,—thought her a very fine country, and considered her future as likely to be more glorious than England's. He said it did an Englishman a great deal of good to travel in the States, as it removed a little of his pride and self-sufficiency.

‘The Americans had received him most kindly and hospitably.

‘One or two articles had indeed been written in a different spirit when he first arrived, but this feeling had soon died away.

‘He was much pleased with the great men of the country to whom he had been introduced. He spoke of the new President as a man of great intelligence, energy, and observation.

‘Mr. Everett he characterised as an elegant scholar; and said the members of the whig administration, generally, were very good fellows, and perfect gentlemen.

‘General Scott he liked much, and called him a fine-hearted, noble old fellow.

‘He told me that lecturing in America had been a little harvest to him, and that he thought he should repeat his visit next year.

‘He was injured a great deal from the cheap reprints of his works in the States, and said he hoped an international copyright bill would soon be passed, to remove the evil under which authors, English and American, both suffer. The present system is, he thinks, more pernicious to American authors and literature even than it is to English. A publisher will not give a great writer, either on scientific subjects or in general literature, a high price for a work when he knows he can publish one more clever and amusing, and of greater learning and research, for nothing but the price of the paper, and the expense of arranging the types.

‘I asked Thackeray if he had read Currer Bell’s last novel, “Villette,” and he replied that he had not, but wished particularly to do so, as he knew the author.

‘I found subsequently, from his secretary, that Thackeray had been the first to discover and appreciate the merits of “Jane Eyre,” and had written a congratulatory letter to the author, who was at that time unknown to him. He corresponded for some time with her, not knowing all the time whether he was writing to a gentleman or a lady. Her letters were composed and written in a most masculine style, and were good both in manner, and matter. Her last novel (which I had the satisfaction of being able to lend to Thackeray) is very melancholy, and sad.

‘Thackeray liked “Shirley” better than “Jane Eyre,” and I quite concurred with him. In the midst of our chat the steamer suddenly stopped, and commenced a see-saw motion from side to side. She then proceeded

to let off her steam, making a most deafening and rather alarming noise. We could get no explanation of the reason of this pause, and were obliged to retire in the hope that all was right.

‘The night continued calm and fine, and when I left my cabin at about six o’clock on Monday morning, I could see the glorious old sun, red-faced and happy, rising in the East, and casting his beams upon the harbour and town of Charleston, South Carolina.

‘Charleston is built on the junction of the Ashley, and Cooper rivers. Its harbour is a fine one, and well sheltered by islands, and a projecting tongue of land. The soil it is built upon is very light and sandy. It was formerly bounded by a marsh on one side, but this has been drained, and a quay built upon it, trees and grass planted, and a pleasant promenade made, much frequented on account of the sea breezes. Overlooking this promenade are some of the prettiest private houses in the place. They all have little gardens in front, which are adorned, so bountiful is nature in these sunny regions, even in March, with roses, geraniums, and lilies of the valley in full bloom.

‘There are no very prominent, or conspicuous public buildings in Charleston, but its churches, exchange, court-house, &c., are all sufficiently handsome, and substantial. The roofs of most of the houses are made nearly flat, to allow their occupants an opportunity for enjoying the summer evenings in the open air.

‘I was delighted with the trees in the streets, and with the fresh appearance of the grass.

‘Charleston is an important commercial city. Its chief trade is in cotton. The plantations are some distance from the town, and are visited by water—a steamer, for the convenience of planters, plying up and down the Ashley river. During the hot summer months, the air of the plantations is poisonous and pestilential. No white man can exist on them. They leave them under the management of black, or mulatto agents, and are only able to pay them a visit about once a week, or fortnight, and then only between the hours of sunset and sunrise.

‘The atmosphere, which is destructive to the white, is perfectly harmless to the negro race, who enjoy it, and thrive under the hot summer sun. This is certainly a strong argument in favour of the existing system of slavery.

‘I saw numbers of blacks in all directions; most of them very black and very hideous, but rarely were my eyes refreshed by the sight of a mulatto, or even a man or woman with a dash of white blood in their veins.

‘The mulatto women are represented as being good-looking, and having finely-formed and softly-moulded figures. They rarely appear in public except on great occasions, such as the 4th of July. They dress nicely, and are generally virtuous; and in manner and deportment would give a very good and useful lesson (as I was told by the mayor of Charleston) even to white ladies.

‘The great number of darkies is very striking at first.

You see, even in the main streets, two or even three of these to every white man, and in the back streets you see no one else. I wandered to the military college at about five in the afternoon, and saw instead of a parade some slovenly marching, and a group of artillery militia in blue coats, small shakos, and red epaulettes, mustering for drill, with their black band. Blacks are often employed as musicians. The pure negro has an excellent ear for music, but can never be brought to understand it as a science, or even to read it from a music book. The mulatto, on the contrary, masters these difficulties, and thus shows the enlightening influence of white blood.

‘The women at the table d’hôte were some of them rather pretty,—generally speaking brunettes,—and very rarely with fair skins and blue eyes. They are nicer looking, and more feminine and lovable than their Northern sisters. The men likewise, in the South, are more like Englishmen in appearance, manners, and tone of voice. South Carolina was originally colonised by English gentlemen, and their blood reappears in their descendants in spite of the influence of republican institutions.

‘*Tuesday, March 8th.*—After breakfast I walked through the long market, where negresses, with white or coloured kerchiefs tastefully arranged, sit like presiding goddesses at their cabbage-stalls, and where negroes, greasy and well-to-do, superintend various experiments in the comparative anatomy of sheep and oxen; and found myself soon on board a small steamer

bound for Sullivan's Island. This island is a favourite summer resort. Its shores are washed by the waves of the Atlantic. It is covered, for some extent, with groves of myrtle, and I noticed several picturesque palmetto-trees rearing themselves above the hot, loose sand of which the island is formed. A large hotel, deserted at this time of the year, stands on a point of land close to the water, and the summer retreats, with their verandahs, are mostly built facing and skirting the sea.

‘I reached Charleston again at half-past 3 P.M., and went up to my room to get ready for a ride; but found something there, or rather the absence of something, which detained me at home. While I was away, some thief had surreptitiously obtained admission to my bed-room, broken open my portmanteau, and abstracted therefrom the sum of 100 dollars in gold, which was neatly folded up in a small parcel. My carpet-bag (in which were 200 dollars) looking very empty, escaped his observation. Nothing except the money appeared to have been taken. Vigorous measures were evidently necessary. I could entertain very little hope of compensation from the hotel proprietor, as warnings are pasted up in every room, cautioning travellers not to leave money or articles of value in their rooms, and stating that there was an iron safe in the bar where they might be deposited. I locked my door, and commenced my long descent to the lower regions of the hotel, where the respectable occupants of the bar were to be found. On my way, I encountered Thackeray and his secretary, to whom I explained my loss, and who

immediately accompanied me to the scene of devastation. There lay the portmanteau most significantly telling its own tale. The robbery had been performed by a dexterous and practised thief, as the lock was uninjured, and the portmanteau had been simply and neatly torn open.

‘The door of the room and its lock did not seem to have been touched, and indeed the latter was fast when I returned. We all went together to the bar, and I made my formal statement of what had occurred. The account was received with grave nonchalance, and indifference; indeed, I was congratulated by one gentleman on my escape from total bankruptcy. A stout man, with a peaked beard, seemed, however, a little melted; conjured up an expression of grave concern, and begged me to show him my portmanteau. I did so, and listened to the remarks and suggestions of my corpulent friend for ten minutes, when he left, after giving me very little consolation—(except sympathy) for my misfortune—to order a smith up to repair damages. This useful individual soon made his appearance, and entertained me, in answer to my queries, with some agreeable descriptions of smashing open doors, and deeds of gangs of rowdies, who were wont, in former days, to follow their vocations at the Charleston hotel.

‘One advantage I gained from my loss—I was put into a much better room lower down, and treated with great civility.

‘I went in the evening to hear Thackeray’s lecture :

his subject was Jonathan Swift, and he treated it with skill, pathos, and eloquence. It appeared more than to satisfy the expectation of the audience, and struck me as a finished and masterly performance.

‘I met Thackeray on the steps, just going out of the hall, and he introduced me to the Mayor of Charleston, and two or three other gentlemen, who, I found, had taken him in tow for an evening’s amusement, and were about to entertain him with the spectacle of a “quality ball,” to show him that niggers could sometimes be happy, and endeavour to soften his Anglican and abolitionist prejudices.

‘We adjourned from the Hibernian Hall, in the first instance, to the Main Guard-House, where we smoked cigars, to the music of the worst drums to which it has ever been my evil destiny to listen. They reminded me, in tone, of the sweet sounds which are evoked from the toys of our infancy, and in power to three or four hundred penny drums all going together.

‘The Mayor told us several amusing anecdotes about the niggers. One was of an old fellow who was celebrated for his preaching and religious fervour, and always took for his text the words “Truss in de Lord.” On this he was in the habit of discoursing most eloquently; and he enjoined, in an impressive manner, the whole congregation, in whatsoever position of danger, distress, or difficulty they might be placed, always to “Truss in de Lord.” One day the old gentleman was seen in a canoe, half full of water, in the centre of a rapid stream, calling most vigorously and lustily for

help. His cries reached the ears of two of his congregation, who, at some risk, and amidst his shrieks of terror, extricated him from his perilous position. When they all got safe on land, his rescuers could not help being struck at the complete despair of their reverend pastor, when he found himself in danger, and one remarked: "I say, Sambo, you didn't seem to truss in de Lord *den* much. Why didn't you truss in de Lord, you nigger?" to which the other replied: "Always truss in de Lord, my bredren, on de land; but no truss in de Lord on de water!"

'The negroes have a great reverence for the dead, and their funerals are performed with much pomp and ceremony. They conceal the spot where the body lies by a hundred ingenious artifices, to prevent its being disinterred, and dissected by medical students, of which they have a great dread and horror.

'Most of the negroes are Methodists, or Baptists. Many of them are really honestly and sincerely pious, and they all take great delight in going to church. They prefer white to black preachers; indeed, the latter often preach the most extravagant nonsense,—one man having gravely told a congregation, which received the assertion with the gravity of him who uttered it, that "he had seen Gor de Fader at de footstool of de Holy Ghost!"

'There are several free blacks at Charleston, men of property, who of course are as much under the protection of the law as the whites. They are interdicted, however, from marrying white women; and white men

are similarly prohibited from espousing negresses, or mulatto women.

‘Now for the quality ball! We threaded several narrow, obscure, and dirty lanes, and, after groping through a long, dark, breakneck passage, found ourselves in a tolerably large room, completely filled with the votaries of Terpsichore. Every one had come for good, earnest work. There were no loungers and mere lookers-on, and, in fact, no room for them. We took up our stand near the head of the room; the music struck up, and proceedings commenced. The band played a noisy air, and the dancers’ movements were regulated by a nigger with stentorian lungs, who shouted out, in the most commanding voice, “Hands ’cross,” “Turn your partners,” &c., all which directions were complied with, with much grace and in admirable time. Thackeray declared it was the best dancing he had ever seen. Here, and there a little affectation and conceit were exhibited by some peculiarly ebony lady; but great order, politeness, and decorum prevailed.

‘One or two of the women were olive, and wore ringlets. They might have passed anywhere for Spanish creoles, but were all slaves. The contrast of the black arms, and necks with the white dresses was singular, and picturesque. The dresses were occasionally pretty, though there was evidently a great absence of stays. The women’s feet and ankles, hands and arms, and occasionally figures, were good. The men were dressed in their ordinary walking clothes, with an occasional

lover in correct evening costume, and had all of them clean shirts on. One bouncing black beauty attracted Thackeray's attention, and I saw on his table next day an admirable little sketch of a group of dancers, with her comely figure in a conspicuous position, executing "a pas," and a capital likeness of a most die-away and affected "thing" (as the ladies would have called her), going through a killing, and bewitching movement at the side. We stayed about half an hour at the ball (merely as spectators, of course), partook of some refreshment, consisting of plum cake, and very nice sassafras beer, and toddled home to bed, bidding our friends adieu.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLESTON—SLAVE MARKET—SAVANNAH—KEY WEST.

‘ Thursday, March 10th.

‘ **W**ENT at 11 A.M. to see the sale by auction of ninety-six prime negroes, which took place near the Exchange. The gang was to be sold in families; all good field-hands, or some other excellent qualification, and to be disposed of, at so much a head, without reserve. The negroes, with their wives and little ones, were standing huddled together in a crowd behind the platform, on which each family was exposed for sale in turn, according to a printed programme. Many of them seemed indifferent, and a stout negress or two looked, occasionally, even defiant; but there were several mothers with their babies at their breasts (and even *black* innocence, and helplessness are pretty and interesting) sobbing bitterly. The auctioneer explained the conditions of sale to the company, and stated that all the niggers were to be considered sound, unless anything was said to the contrary. There was no degrading exhibition to ascertain physical efficiency, but all the negroes were in decent clothing. The slaves were

arranged in families, according to their nearest relationship, and sold in lots at so much a head. The competition was tolerably brisk, and several lots—old men, babies, and all, sold very well. The scene, of course, was most painful, humiliating, and degrading. I became quite affected myself, and was obliged to hurry away, for fear of showing what I felt.

‘*March 11th.*—Left Charleston on a lovely morning for Savannah. We entered the Savannah River at half-past three in the afternoon. The sun came out, and lighted up a perturbed stream, the colour of copper, and low, marshy banks. The Savannah river resembles the Mississippi in general character; it winds through swampy islets, only visible at low water, on which in summer the alligators delight to bask.

‘Savannah is twenty-four miles from the mouth of the river, and in the centre of the rice country. We passed several rice plantations; they are perfectly flat, and *below* the high-water level of the river. They are protected from its waters by embankments. In the spring, when the crops are sown, the sluice-gates are opened, and the plantations flooded, and kept covered with water till the young rice shoots above their surface, when they are drained, and the rice left to the action of the sun.

‘Savannah itself is built on a sandy bluff, elevated about forty feet above high-water mark. It is laid out in fine, broad, regular streets, and avenues lined with trees, and green shady squares, which give it a most pleasing and rural appearance. The variety and beauty

of its trees are very striking; there are several descriptions of live-oak, a tree which lives for hundreds of years, like our giant of the forest; though in other respects it but little resembles it. Its branches are adorned, all the year round, with festoons of dark slate-coloured moss, which hang from them in drooping clusters, sometimes ten or twelve feet long, contrasting strangely with the bright green buds of opening spring, which the supporting boughs are putting forth. I saw the olive-tree in blossom, the laurel sixteen or eighteen feet high, "the sad cypress," the mulberry, the pine, the cedar, the Pride of India tree (covered in summer with large lilac blossoms of a languidly rich perfume), and several other varieties I was too ignorant to recognise. The effect produced by this great and luxuriant variety of foliage can readily be imagined.

'*March 12th.*—At both Charleston, and Savannah I felt the debilitating influence of a southern clime, and a feeling of languor and depression. This wore off, however, after a short time. I began even to like the hot weather. It was such a sudden change from the dreary monotony of a winter landscape, to the bright and gorgeous hues of summer. Here all the trees of the forest are budding, and blossoming. The young fruits of the earth sprouting green, and fresh above its surface; the delicate, and beautiful flowers of summer blooming fearless of the withering frost, the bright and glorious sun warming, and gladdening the whole with his genial presence.

'The sun is a great inspirer of poetry; how does the

young poet, or lover delight to muse under the calm influence of his declining glories, when the whole landscape is gorgeously painted with the glowing tints of heaven, and the air, laden with perfume, is wafted gently through the boughs, whispering peace, and bidding thoughts of care and grief depart from the consecrated ground.

‘Love must be quite another passion in these sunny abodes.

‘I left my hotel immediately after breakfast, and, on the principle of “business first, pleasure afterwards,” went to the agents for the Havana steamers, and paid \$40 for a passage by the good steamship *Ysabil*. I was told I must get a passport, and went to the French Consul for that purpose, but unluckily he was from home. I procured a horse, and rode through a wood, in which the wild jasmine was growing in beautiful luxuriance, to Bonaventure Cemetery, about four miles from Savannah. I met with an incident on the way which amused me. I had become a little confused, by a number of roads in different directions, and apparently at cross purposes, and found myself, after keeping for some time to one, which seemed probably the most correct, riding past a few rude cottages on the edge of a bluff, overlooking the Savannah River. A negro was at the door of one of the huts, and I made inquiries of him as to the bearing of the lost cemetery. His master stepped forward to my relief, pointed out the direction in which I should ride, conjecturing, from my ignorance of the locality, that I must be a stranger. I told him

who, and what I was (a British subaltern on furlough), and then my old friend (he told me he was seventy) commenced a speech about slavery, which it would have edified Mrs. Stowe herself to have listened to. His language with regard to that lady's famous production was forcible, though not particularly elegant; and he spoke with the earnestness, and indignation of a man whose character, or fair fame had been unjustly taken away. He told me his father was an Englishman, and he hoped that I, as an English officer, would embrace every opportunity for observation or investigation which presented itself, and use my best efforts, if myself convinced, to disabuse the minds of my friends, and (I think the old gentleman said) the public generally, of the prejudices, and false notions they had formed from reading that string of lies, which endeavoured to shelter themselves in a cabin. "You couldn't buy my slaves, sir," said he, very vehemently, "they wouldn't leave me;" and such is the case very frequently. "They enjoy," he added, "more comforts, and are better provided for and happier, than thousands of your white countrymen in the large manufacturing towns of England." He told me to go to their church, observe their appearance, and demeanour, and note the neatness, and care with which they were dressed, and the perfect liberty they enjoyed during the Sabbath. I promised to do all this, and bidding my friend good-bye, after hearing him descant on the comparative salubrity of his situation (near a mound of oyster-shells in a state of partial decomposition), returned towards the town of Savannah.

‘I rode towards a square, gloomy-looking house, which he had indicated to me in the distance, and, dismounting, knocked at the door to make further inquiries, according to my old friend’s direction. I was obliged to repeat the rap several times, before it was responded to; and was just on the point of going away, when the door was opened by a gaunt negro, with a hollow voice, and imbecile manner. He pointed out a foot-path, which he said I must follow; and in answer to my inquiries as to the proprietor of the cheerful mansion from whence he had emerged, told me it was a pest-house, where patients ill with the small-pox were placed! He relieved my mind a little by telling me that there was no one afflicted with that disease in the place at the time, and that there were but few cases, except in the summer months. I did not feel inclined, however, to prolong the conversation, but wished my friend good morning, and commenced tracking the “bridle path” (as G. P. R. James would have called it) through the wood.

‘I soon reached the cemetery, a most secluded spot, where you might easily fancy the weary lie at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling. There was a holy, sacred calm about it, harmonising well with the character of the place. The trees which adorn it, and which give it a character peculiarly triste, and appropriate, are a description of live-oak, more than one hundred years old, planted in regular rows, with the funeral-looking moss hanging in weeping clusters from their branches over the graves beneath.

‘No one who has not seen these extraordinary and beautiful trees can imagine the effect produced by several rows of them, with intertwining boughs, planted over a space of five or six acres of ground. There are but few monuments, and these generally plain and unpretending. No Mr. Snooks, with millions of dollars, has, as yet, erected a shapeless mass to his parents, children, or wife; and no old gentleman, with an eye to the future, has engaged a last resting-place for himself and family, built in the rectangular form, with an intimation to the public, on the outside, that it is his family vault. I think I saw *one* vault of this description, but forebore to *look* at it. I rode home at a smart canter, and reached my hotel just in time for dinner.

‘At five I called on the English Consul (Mr. Molyneux), whom, on second thoughts, I considered I ought to apply to for my passport, as it would be unpatriotic on my part to divert the fee from his pocket to that of a foreigner. Mr. Molyneux was not at home. I left a card, and walked through the town to the park, where I saw several young ladies, walking innocently, and in pairs, with sprigs of jasmine in their hands—emblematic, I am informed, of grace, and elegance. Either the gentlemen of the place thought themselves graceless, and inelegant, or reserved the charms of their society for the ball-room, and house; but the young ladies seemed to be left to waste their “grace and elegance” in the evening air alone. I would have given anything for an introduction; but I was obliged to sit looking on, like a miserable fox among grapes. My Georgian friend

came to my relief, and I strolled about with him, and went to see the rising generation instructed in the art of dancing. The little things did very well, and there were several pretty little girls, of about five or six, who footed, and glanced it to perfection, and who will do wonders, if they preserve the similitude of their present smiles, and ankles. My friend, after arranging that I should drive out with him to dine in the country at twelve o'clock on Monday, left me, and I went home to tea.

' *March 13th.*—After a short stroll I went to a black church, according to my old friend Thunderbolt Bluff's advice. The service, I was told by a black at the entrance, would commence in a few minutes, and he politely conducted me to the pews especially reserved for whites. These were exactly opposite the pulpit and a kind of reading-desk below it, with an old bible on it, and three or four chairs placed round, as I conjectured, for the elders of the church. I was the *only* white man present. The church was a rectangular, plain room, with windows resembling those of an ordinary house in size and appearance; its walls had a dingy look and a certain air of shabbiness, and poverty seemed to pervade the whole place.

'The congregation assembled slowly, and I had time and opportunity for studying each individual that entered. The men were all respectably, some *well* dressed; the women, generally speaking, patronised gaudy colours, but looked very nice, and tidy. I got tired of waiting for the clergyman, but was relieved by

a man in yellow breeches voluntarily taking upon himself the duties of pastor, and, after a brief expression of regret at the shepherd's absence, commencing the service by reciting a hymn of six verses. This he repeated again two lines at a time, joined by the congregation in a loud, harsh, musical chorus. After the hymn, my friend (who had taken his stand at the desk exactly opposite me) commenced an extempore prayer, which was good, though a little abounding in tautology, and was earnest and sincere in delivery. A sermon (on certainly an appropriate text for the occasion), "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," gave me an opportunity of forming a better estimate of my volunteer's powers of composition. He preached very sensibly. A hymn similar in length and execution to the one preceding it, and another prayer, delivered from the centre of the church, at the request of the gentleman officiating, by a member of the congregation, completed the service. I saw a good deal of friendly hands-shaking, like the "how-dye-do" at an English village church on Sunday; and, as it was hardly twelve, went to another church; *white* this time, and heard another sermon. After the completion of this second service I called again on the consul's; and, hearing that he was out, but expected home in a few minutes, took a seat in a comfortably-furnished room, ornamented with portraits of "H. M. G. M." and "H. R. H." and parliamentary companions, navy lists, &c., on the table, all reminding one of Old England, to await his return. A gentleman (whom I at first took for the consul) occu-

pied a chair when I entered, and exchanged a few commonplaces with me. Our consul soon came in, shook hands with me very cordially, and asked me to dinner. He was a grey-haired old gentleman, who had filled the office of consul for thirty years, and a thorough Englishman in appearance and manner. His wife was a nice person, and I soon felt myself at home dining with the pair; I had a snug little dinner, and a good glass of wine after it, and talked to mine host about Canada, the R. M. A. at Woolwich; and the army. He told me he had a son at Rugby, who wished to go into the army; and a daughter whom he occasionally visited at a school at New York. He drove me out in a tilbury—a good old English tilbury!—to see a great railway terminus which is in course of construction, and will be the terminus of the railway to New Orleans and the inland towns, and cities of the south. In a few years the facilities of communication in this part of the country will have much increased. *Now*, a person may travel by railway, and steamer across the country to within five or six miles of New Orleans.

‘One or two gentlemen came in during the evening, and a slow scientific discussion on the merits of the Ericson hot air vessel was commenced. I waited for a pause, rose, and said “Good night,” promising to come to breakfast at eight o’clock the next morning.

‘*March 14th.*—Wet morning. Borrowed an umbrella from the man at the bar, and sallied out to the consul’s. Met Mr. Murray at breakfast. He is a Charleston man, and had been educated with the elegant

mayor of that city. He told me that the month of February was the most favourable one for seeing Charleston in its glory, as people flocked there then from all parts of the States to the races. These races he described as being the best in America; the horses are ridden by nigger boys, who take an immense deal of pride in their master's horses, and would scorn the offer of a bribe to lose a race. The racing is, therefore, just what it ought to be, a fair and generous competition between a number of noble animals. Murray further said that English gentlemen, officers from Canada, were invited to all the balls, and to participate in all the amusements of the place. He, I was happy to learn, had experienced much kindness from the 79th Regiment when he visited Quebec, and, I think, he had formed, and, I hope, diffused, a favourable opinion of the hospitality of the British army. John Bull, whatever may be said against him, is a sociable animal, and feels as much pleasure in securing a wanderer, and placing his legs under his mahogany, as an experienced fisherman in successfully landing a fine salmon or trout. My friend Molyneux (the consul), who had these true John Bullian feelings, wanted me to dine with him again; and when I pleaded previous engagements, invited me, on my return from "the Havana," to stay at his house till the boat started for New York. I only gave a qualified assent. Molyneux drove me to my hotel, and shook hands with me. He would take nothing for my passport, but said it was a general rule that no charge should be made to gentlemen wearing her Majesty's

livery. I found that Thackeray and Crowe had arrived, and walked over to the American Hotel to see them. They were very badly accommodated; the hotel was dirty and uncomfortable, and the beds well inhabited with a busy and thriving population. They could get no rooms at the Pulaski-house.

‘A very scraggy-looking man, whom I afterwards discovered was a member of a deputation from “the Young Men’s Association,” was engaged in conversation with Thackeray when I entered. I afterwards heard that he felt favourably disposed towards me, and would have shown me the lions, and probably feasted me, had I stayed at Savannah.

‘Crowe was pleased with the trees and squares, and the general appearance of the place. They expected a deputation, so I left them and went back to my hotel, where I packed a dress suit in my carpet-bag, to change for dinner when I got into the country. My Georgian friend called about twelve o’clock, and we started together at half-past twelve in a light buggy. My attention was attracted, while going through a wood, by a number of large, dark birds perched on the trees; my companion told me they were turkey bustards, the scavengers of the Southern cities, and that it was illegal to shoot one. I subsequently saw a number of these gaunt, unpleasant-looking birds hard at work, picking up scraps near the market-place at Charleston. The proprietor of the house I was about to dine at, was the son of a Scotchman (a Mr. M’Alpine), who had commenced life with nothing but his wits and a *saxpence*,

and by energy and brickmaking had accumulated a large fortune, and built a good house. The property (according to law in this part of the country) was left to be evenly divided among all the children, the eldest son managing it for himself and the rest, and getting nothing but one share in the spoil for his trouble; a most ridiculous custom, and the ruin of many fine estates. Passing through a straight avenue of trees, we came to a little street of negro huts; quaint, square, peculiar nut-shells, with padlocks on the doors, and a fire, or the remains of one, burning on a vessel in front of each, and designed to keep off the insects. The proprietor's house, which was handsome, stood, unfortunately, on very low ground, and was near the muddy marshy river; the brothers, who were practising rifle shooting, received me very cordially. The eldest I was particularly pleased with; a kind-hearted, fine, good fellow. He was much more like an Englishman than an American. He shewed me his place, his brickmaking, his saw-mills, horses, rice, &c., and pointed out several localities which had been the scenes of skirmishes and encounters during the American war. One tree near his house still retained traces of a cannon ball, which had been, he conjectured, fired by the Britishers to ascertain their range before opening a cannonade from their batteries. Sicknes and fever had killed more men than the sword on this occasion.

‘Women (negresses of course) were employed at brickmaking as well as the men; they seemed very strong, and able to work very hard. The system my

friend employed was that of tasks,—a very judicious one. A certain fair amount of work is to be got through, and then hurrah! for liberty. I have always preferred this plan to the monotonous lazy drudgery of *so many* hours' work. The niggers were wheeling barrows of bricks, so heavy and piled up, that I, though tolerably strong, could scarcely even lift the arms of the barrow.

‘In a return of births and deaths, published at Charleston, seven blacks are reported as having died over a hundred years old, and between the ages of twenty and thirty but few negroes had died; where a corresponding return shewed great mortality among the whites. This speaks something for the care with which the slaves are treated, and the comforts they must enjoy in their old age. We had a plain, homely, country farmer's dinner, and smoked some cigars afterwards. None of my new acquaintances were particularly refined either in manner or conversation. They were kind hospitable people, however, and the elder brother quite realized in my mind, Pope's “noblest work of God.” To bed at eleven.

‘*March 15th.*—Walked out before breakfast to the Exchange to get a view of the city and surrounding country. Savannah looks something like a vast garden; the trees have a beautiful effect.

‘There were a great many passengers, and a vast number of trunks and portmanteaus for the Havana boat. We were all to start in a little steamer at nine, and lay off the bar till the *Isabel* from Charleston came

in sight. The day became lovely. I sat on deck reading "The Caxtons," and looking at the passing vessels sailing or steaming in or out of the harbour. We passed a small steamer with funnels near the bows, and decks piled with bales of cotton, till she looked a large shapeless mass: vessels laden thus will carry an immense freight. We had a wretched dinner on board our "wee" boat, and lay off Pulaski Fort,—a large square work, recently completed at great expense, near the mouth of the river. I inspected the fort; it is casemated, and has great bomb-proof accommodation. It will be very heavily armed when the guns are mounted on the pivots designed for them.

‘It has only one outwork, a weak ravelin, with a narrow ditch not more than twelve feet broad; the ditch of the main work is about thirty feet in breadth. The escarp is exposed, and the faces of the work are long, and might probably be enfiladed by a steamer at a distance; the guns will be mounted *en barbette*. The sides of the square are broken into small bastions; the fire from the casemates would render the passage of the ditch dangerous.

‘There were a good many passengers on board the *Isabel*. A group of ladies, looking pale and interesting, were sitting under a kind of roof in the centre of the passengers’ deck. Our party was shipped in small boats, which, owing to a swell, was rather a troublesome job.

‘*March 16th.*—Came on deck feeling rather sick; all the ladies had disappeared from the scene, and were stretched on beds and sofas in various attitudes of

wretchedness. There were sixty-five passengers on board, and nearly every berth taken. I was doubled up with a sea-captain, with stentorian lungs and excellent constitution. I occupied the upper berth, and generally found my companion, with his clothes on, asleep when I turned in. He never snored, and got up at daybreak—two very desirable qualities. Every one looked miserable. I felt a vertigo in my head, but persevered in reading. The wind was cold and raw, and blew in a most determined manner. For a large steamer the *Isabel* is a very bad sea-boat, rolling and pitching tremendously. I managed to keep the demon of sea-sickness at bay, and eventually completely triumphed over him. The gale delayed the steamer, and we made very little headway.

‘*March 17th.*—The same monotony as yesterday, but in sight of the Florida coast greater part of the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

KEY WEST AND THE HAVANA.

‘ March 18th.

‘ **A** LOVELY day. We had passed from the regions of winds and storms into a calm sea, and a delicious, balmy air. It is about 10 A.M. We are approaching Key West, near the extremity of the Florida Reef. Several little deserted coral islands are in the distance, and we see occasionally the white sails and elegant outline of a cutter, relieved by the blue sky beyond. Most of the passengers are on deck—pale, pretty faces, scarcely recovered from the effects of that terrible storm; but the sea now looks so placid and beautiful, and the air is so soothing, that they must soon recover; besides, we are approaching land, and land is a magic word. We are to have a long rest at Key West (rhyme unintentional). We shall land and roam about it, shall get off that abominable little deck, and be able to walk hundreds of yards without turning. Ha! there are the stars, and stripes floating on the American barracks! Two or three companies of artillery are stationed there, —a dull quarter I should think; there is, however,

plenty of fishing and boating, I suppose. There is the town, and a fort they are building. From all those queer scaffoldings they look out for wrecks, and can see a vessel on the reefs at a great distance. The people here gain their livelihood by wrecking, generally speaking, besides which they catch and sell turtle.

‘There was no use in continuing our voyage, as we should have found the harbour of the Havana closed against us, and been fired into if we had attempted to enter it. We were too late to reach it before sunset. We will stay at Key West till the evening, and cross the gulf during the night. We hope to see the sun rise over the island of Cuba. But now what shall we do? We have a good deal to look at. What a strange place this is where we have suddenly found ourselves, and are so unexpectedly to pass the day! Let us look about us.

‘Marcy and myself strolled along the beach, and picked up a few small and pretty shells to preserve as mementos. The sun was terrifically hot, and, after walking about a quarter of a mile, we were not sorry to take shelter in the friendly shade of the Marine Hospital. Here we had a chat with an attendant, a respectable, middle-aged, sallow man. He told us that, during the summer, there were frequently the entire crews of ships in hospital there with yellow fever. They came principally from New Orleans. There was no disease produced in the island itself, which was exempt from the ordinary scourges of a hot climate. There was a breeze continually blowing, but little rain, and no

cold weather. Gales of wind were not frequent. Most of the wrecks took place in calm weather; they were occasioned by the effect of the gulf-stream on vessels which had become becalmed. "Why don't they," said I, "have a small tug steamer to tow them beyond the reefs in calm weather? Surely it is worth the expense." "I don't know, Sir," replied the man. Many of the vessels are fully insured, and, when they are old ships, they often run upon the reefs on purpose. Lives are scarcely ever lost. The wreckers get thirty per cent. (I afterwards learned) of the value of the cargo they save. The wrecking schooners, and cutters are fast sailers, and beautiful-looking craft. I saw a little schooner apparently just off the stocks, and as trim and as neat as a gentleman's yacht. She was rigged rather like the celebrated *America*. These wrecking vessels draw very little water, and are able to sail *inside* the reefs, where they are quite protected from the action of the gulf-stream. They average, I should think, from thirty to 150 or 200 tons. Numerous fishing boats sail with fish from Key West to the Havana, starting from one place with American colours; and entering the other with Spanish. The fish caught in these seas are gorgeous to look at, the sun, it would seem, even illumining their scales "in the depths of the sea;" but they are tasteless and insipid to eat. Give me the fish, fruits and flowers of a temperate clime! Key West, about which and over which I have been rambling, is an island about twenty miles long, at the extremity of a coral reef which stretches in the form of

a curve from the southernmost point of Florida into the Gulf of Mexico. It is a most important point, as it commands the entrance to the gulf. It belongs to the State of Florida, and contains a larger population than any other town or city in that barren tract, numbering about 3000 souls. It is at present the southern limit of the United States. The inhabitants are partly American, and partly emigrants from the Bahamas, who at elections hoist a flag with a shell on it as an emblem of royalty. They are a miserable set, and live in dirty wood huts in a state of great filth and discomfort. They left the Bahamas on account of the liberation of the blacks in those islands. The Yankees try to paint them worse than they are, but I am inclined to think that their principal vices are ignorance and poverty. They gain their livelihood entirely by wrecking. I do not recollect ever seeing so many drinking establishments; every third house seemed to be dedicated to Bacchus, though I must add, in justice, that soda-water and cooling drinks seemed almost as much in demand as more inflammatory beverages. Key West enjoys a delightful climate; the lowest point to which the thermometer falls in winter is about fifty-nine degrees, and this is considered so cold that fires are lighted. The constant breeze which blows in some degree mitigates the extreme summer heat, though, from the nature of the soil, and the few trees growing on it, the heat is terrific. I thought the place hotter than the Havana. As may be supposed, the inhabitants experience much difficulty in procuring fresh meat

and vegetables; there is little or no pasturage on the island, and the staple articles of consumption are fish and turtle. They have dates, cocoa-nuts, and limes, as fruits. I did not see any orange-trees. Some of the houses are prettily built, with tastefully-arranged little gardens in front, indicating a respectable class of inhabitants. I was told that there were some very rich people living there.

‘I alone strolled along the shore on the side opposite to that along which I had wandered with Marcy in the morning, the heat keeping all the other passengers in the ship quiet; and observed, among other things, some boats coming in laden with sponges, another source of wealth. These sponges are coarse, and cannot compare at all with those from Turkey. I felt inclined for a bathe, but refrained on account of the sharks, which occasionally deprive you of a supporter, if they don’t swallow you whole. I heard of a woman who was sitting on a wharf with one foot dangling in the water, when a shark coolly nipped it off. I was told, however, by an intelligent serjeant with whom I had a chat at the barracks, that during the three years he had been at Key West he had only heard of one soldier who had been bitten, though the men were constantly in the habit of bathing. The barracks, near the military hospital, are built with verandahs on every side, and looked cool and comfortable. I regained my steamer at about two o’clock, at which hour we sat down to dinner, there being a full muster of passengers. After dinner I mounted to the top of one

of the look-out towers, and enjoyed the view of the little town and surrounding islets very much.

‘*March 19th.*—At about six o’clock, on a lovely morning, a group of expectant passengers might be observed crowded together on the bows of the good steamer *Isabel*, straining their eyes to discern more distinctly the details of the scenes which were opening to their view. In the distance was the steamer from New York, which we had passed when contending with the gale of wind off the coast of Florida. She had not been following so correct a course as ourselves, and had not exactly hit the entrance of the harbour, so we were before her. As we gradually approached, the stern old Morro Castle, with its frowning ramparts and lighthouse, became visible, and the Spanish flag (red and yellow) was clearly seen floating above it. Frowning behind and above the Morro is “El Cabanos,” the great fortress of Havana, built on a steep rock, scarped and inaccessible, on the side of the harbour, near its entrance, and opposite the city. The city itself is not seen properly till the harbour is entered. The entrance with the old “Morro” standing like a grim sentinel on one side, and a little fort opposite, looking as defiant as its size will permit it, is so narrow, that a steamer is obliged to move very slowly through it, to avoid swamping small boats that may be passing. What a beautiful harbour! is everybody’s exclamation, and how elegant and picturesque those noble palms are! Ah! there is the town: what a singular old place! There’s a Spanish regiment drawn up on parade, with

the band playing; what soldier-like little fellows they look, and how pretty their uniform is! we must have a close look at them when we get on shore; but when is that to be? that is the question; we have a great deal of formal misery to undergo before we shall be fit or worthy to plant our feet on the territory of Her Most Christian Majesty. There goes the anchor, we are moored off the Alameda de Paula.

‘After a general survey of the harbour, and a longing look of anticipated pleasure in the city, I began to be anxious to get my permit to land, from three Spanish officials, who had been engaged in examining passports in a little cabin, for a quarter of an hour or more, and whose exit was watched and wished for by us all most heartily. Formal, empty-headed looking fellows they were, with their white trowsers and sallow complexions. At last the wishes of a portion at least of the expectant crowd appear to be gratified. Permits are issued, and two dollars a-piece are paid for them. When the clerk of the steamer, with countenance in which annoyance struggled with fear, came to me and told me that in consequence of my passport not having been properly vized by the Spanish Consul at Savannah I could not be allowed to land! Here was a blow; the cup dashed from my lips when just on the point of tasting it. I felt bitterly disappointed and annoyed, as I saw boats coming alongside of the steamer, and passenger after passenger descending into them, until the deck was cleared, and I left only with the ship’s officers, besides one Spaniard, who almost cried with annoyance, being

in a similar position with myself. I determined to be as philosophic as possible, had my portmanteau transferred to my state room, breakfasted with the captain, and afterwards proceeded to dress myself in as cool and respectable a costume as I could select from my rather limited wardrobe. I wrote a letter to our consul, enclosed in it J——'s letter of introduction, and remained in a state of suspense, between hope, doubt, and anger, making sketches of houses, &c., from the deck of the steamer. The day was most lovely, and the harbour with its varied shipping, bounded by green hills or picturesque terraces and frowning ramparts, in itself a picture. Vessel after vessel with her white sails set, glided beautifully into the still expanse of water, and came gracefully to her moorings. The stars and stripes of the United States floated in most cases with swaggering splendour from their mizens. Near our steamer was a brig which the captain told me had been captured as a slaver by the English cruisers, and was now the subject of litigation, her owners having positively denied that she was ever intended for the west coast of Africa; he added that the Cubans winked at the departure of slave brigs from the harbour of the Havana at night. Our commodore was apprised of this circumstance by an English sailor, who happened to be on board one of the brigs, and he immediately sent a frigate after them, which brought them to, boarded them, and on discovering the nefarious purpose for which they were intended, took all these vessels quietly in tow in a line, and brought them into the harbour of the Havana that

evening. This decided step naturally rather diminished the popularity of the English amongst the Cubans. During the Lopez troubles, the Spaniards regarded old England as one of their firmest and most powerful allies, and almost conceived that the only object she had in retaining a squadron in the vicinity of their coasts, was for the purpose of protecting them against the republican spirit of annexation which had so disagreeably developed itself in the neighbouring continent. Their eyes by this decided step were somewhat roughly opened to the true state of the case, and like a criminal who after pleasant nocturnal visions, awakes to a true consciousness of his real position, their guilty souls became suddenly and unpleasantly aware that there were such things as truth, and the fulfilment of solemn engagements, and that there was a power which would protect and enforce both.

‘My captain took compassion on me, and allowed me about half-past eleven o’clock to go ashore with a friend of his, who was to take me to the consul’s, where I was to endeavour to obtain a permit; in case of failure, I was on my parole to return to the steamer, as the captain was liable to be fined if he had suffered me to land without the usual forms having been complied with. I rejoiced at the hopes of emancipation, and cheerfully stepped into the little boat, with a white awning and graceful sail, which was to convey me to the much desired terra firma. Mr. Wolcott (my guide) and myself after walking along a hot sandy road for a few paces, stepped into a volanté, and began to thread

the narrow and intricate mazes of the city of Havana. Our vehicle was singular and unique, and demands a description. Imagine a body something like that of a Hansom cab,—only lighter, suspended on heavy leathern springs, attached to an axletree some distance behind it, on which revolve two enormous wheels, six feet in diameter, drawn by a comical little horse, one mass of harness, his tail carefully plaited and stored away, like a loop on one flank, and a heavy old-fashioned saddle on his back, bestridden by a large negro in enormous boots, and you will have a picture before you of the ordinary vehicle used in Havana, and in fact the only one, I may safely say, which the Spaniards or natives ever employ. A kind of blind rolled up in cool weather at the top of the hood, and drawn down over the face during the heat of the day, protects from the rays of the sun. A volanté is by no means an uncomfortable vehicle; it is a large lounging kind of a conveyance, where you may loll at ease, and enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of existence.

‘We found on inquiry at the consul’s house that he was out, but supposed to be at his son’s office; thither we accordingly repaired, and were fortunate enough this time in nailing our man. Mr. Crawford I found a gentlemanly middle-aged man; he had never received or heard anything of the letter I had sent ashore for him in the morning; but on my stating my case to him, wrote a letter immediately to the secretary to the captain general, praying him, in excellent Spanish, to give permission to Lieutenant George Ranken, of the ‘Cuerpo

del Ingenieri,' to land on the soil of Cuba. Armed with this important document, I again started forth with the obliging Wolcott, and found myself within a few minutes sitting in the palace of the captain general with a Spanish agent of Wolcott's, waiting in painful suspense for the decision of the secretary. That functionary was busily engaged, and my letter could not for some time be taken up to him. Instantly upon receiving it, however, he gave orders that a free permit should be given me; and, elated with success, I hastened to the amiable Wolcott, and placed the scrawl of pardon in his honest palm. I found my way to my hotel, where I found one of my American friends, and took a walk with him through the streets, visiting the Cathedral and the Tacon Theatre.

‘The appearance of the city is very peculiar and picturesque; the houses are solidly built, but seldom more than one storey high; they have no windows, the apertures into which in northern climes, these taxed articles of luxury are fitted, are here filled with formidable, burglar-defying iron bars, and thick, dark, cool-looking Venetian blinds, which cast a refreshing shade over the whole interior of the apartments. The rooms are fitted up in the most simple and unostentatious manner; a side-board, table, and a few chairs being generally the only furniture.

‘Senoritas might be seen at ease, reclining on rocking chairs, lolling out the day or thinking of their evening drive on the Paseo. Under an archway at the side of the house, or in a quadrangular courtyard attached to

it, might be seen the family volanté. Negresses were smoking cigarettes or pipes, and sturdy, naked, black little urchins running about and basking in the sun; not afraid of their complexions, certainly.

‘My friend and I found our way to the cathedral,—a cathedral consecrated by the dust of the great discoverer of America. The ashes of Columbus are deposited beneath a mean marble slab, near the altar of the most tawdry and unsubstantial Roman Catholic church I have ever seen.

‘A small bas-relief, by a native of Cuba, of his head, and an inscription, equally unworthy of the man or the country which produced him, are all that assist, or rather destroy, the sensations of the traveller, when he stands over the remains of this great man. The altar, and pulpit near, are from Rome.

‘The exterior of the cathedral, though possessing no architectural merits, is yet picturesque and interesting, from its venerable greyness. An old pile, over which the hand of time has passed—not to destroy, but to soften and improve,—is at all times a pleasing and interesting object. It is regarded with almost a religious reverence, and it deserves to be so.

‘To Americans, these time-worn grey walls must possess a peculiar charm, after the sharp regular lines which distinguish their rapidly produced cities and buildings, which start into life, and, I might almost say, topple over with the same rapidity as fairy card palaces, such as delighted our younger days.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVANA—DE RAMOS, PALM-SUNDAY—A DINNER WITH
THE ENGLISH CONSUL—RETURN TO MONTREAL.

‘ March 20th.

‘ THIS is the great day for pleasure and amusement in Havana. The weather was lovely; the air soft and delightful. I sallied out immediately after breakfast, and made for the cathedral, whither, it was rumoured, the Captain-General, after entertaining most of the public functionaries at breakfast, was to proceed, attended by his guards.

‘ The cathedral was decorated with real legitimate palm leaves, plaited most tastefully and prettily, laid upon the altar, and in other conspicuous places. When I arrived, the service had evidently commenced some time. I stole along a side aisle, and reached a point whence I could clearly and easily discern the features of that redoubted hidalgo, the “Capitan-General.” He wore a blue uniform, covered with stars and orders. He had well-cut, commanding features, with a grave, gentlemanly, proud expression, and stood nearly six feet high. He appeared to pay great attention to the service. Almost all the Captains-General of Cuba have

been officers of high rank in the Spanish army, and the present one is no exception to that rule; but where he can have distinguished himself to have worthily earned all his decorations, I am at a loss to conceive. The whole of the body of the cathedral was occupied by señoritas of all ages and sizes, kneeling on their rugs, and occasionally, in the intervals of fanning, glancing with an indolent air of devotion, on their prayer-books. So many black eyes I have never seen collected before, nor so many picturesquely dressed women. The mantilla is a very becoming head-dress, and there is a grace and elegance about it which has never been attained by the most perfect specimen of Parisian taste. In the art of using both their eyes and their fans, the Spanish women are supposed to excel all others. It is said that they have the power of expressing any tender feeling or sentiment by means of this elegant little appendage. This is having the art of love *at your fingers' ends* with a vengeance! I did not neglect the favourable opportunity afforded me by this collection of Spanish beauty to criticise and make reflections. I studied the mass of human heads and faces attentively; and, though I saw numbers who were interesting and pleasing, I could not detect *one* face which, except by contrast, would have been called beautiful in England. This may, perhaps, be owing to the prevailing olive tint of the complexion, and consequent pallor of the cheek, depriving youth of half its charm and freshness, or to the gradual effect of a tropical climate. I saw several alarmingly fat old ladies, worthy helpmates for Daniel Lambert. The

service at the cathedral was not imposing. It was quite plain and unpretending after the gorgeousness of La Madeleine, or St. Roch, at Paris. The altars (it being Passion-week) were all in mourning. I should much have liked, had it been possible, to have remained to witness the religious ceremonies of Good Friday and Easter Sunday. The former of these days is most strictly observed. No vehicle is permitted to traverse the streets, the shops are all closed, and long processions, in which a figure representing the dead body of our Saviour is borne, traverse the silent streets in solemn pomp. On Easter Sunday the people, as if suddenly relieved from a stern restraint, plunge, as the English did on the Restoration, into gaiety and pleasure. The theatres are open, balls take place, occasionally a bull-fight lends its inspiring aid; and every one, with religious enthusiasm, devotes himself, or herself to personal enjoyment.

‘I went into several churches; none of them particularly impressed me; all were, of course, decorated with palm leaves. The fish-market was open for the wants of good Catholics. The fish displayed for sale are of bright tropical colours,—beautiful to look at, but, I believe, bad eating. In fact, with the exception of fruits, Havana is not very satisfactorily supplied with provisions. Meat very poor; chickens as tough as shoe-leather.

‘I dined with some friends at three, and at five started out in an open carriage, drawn by two horses, for our great evening drive. The Paseo was crowded;

the volantes almost touched each other. At each end of the long avenue, and at the turns, were little lancers on horseback, who took care that there was no jockeyings or impropriety at the corners.

‘The ladies, in low dresses, with fans gracefully waving, occupied the vehicles, “at ease reclining.”

‘We traversed the whole length of the Paseo several times, and after admiring the scene, and criticising the various groups presented, like *tableaux vivans*, to our eyes, found ourselves in a few minutes crossing a draw-bridge over a military ditch, and just entering the Paseo d’Ysabel Segunda—the Great Drive. This drive is a broad road, planted on each side with elegant palm-trees, and running parallel to the fortifications of the town. Venerable, picturesque-looking old bastions, which it would be a shame, on account of the facility of the exploit, to breach. In this “Paseo” is the “Theatre del Tacon,” of which the “Habeneros” are extremely proud, and which they show to strangers with the exultant superiority of conscious excellence. It is certainly a pretty house, the interior fitted up with great taste, lightness, and elegance. In size it must be inferior to our opera-house at Covent-garden. There were no performances going on while I was there (Passion-week), but the theatre was to be opened on Easter Sunday. A nigger showed us the building, and took us to a lofty point, from whence he intended that we should look, *not* at the fine view of the city spread out at our feet, and bathed in rich light, but at the mysterious ropes and pulleys which regulated and

produced the miraculous stage-effects of rapid appearance and disappearance with which our eyes are so especially delighted in pantomime. There were all kinds of dusty and tawdry stage-finery and properties heaped promiscuously together, among which a very dusty and mild brown bear was prominent. Our guide wrote on the wall the number of people the theatre would hold, and furnished us with other statistics, which our barbarous ignorance alone prevented our properly appreciating.

‘After this inspection of the theatre, and a delightful view of the city from an elevated window, we hailed a volante, and merely saying “Paseo” to our nigger horseman, threw ourselves back and assumed a pleasing and indifferent expression, as if we had been natives of the city, and a drive in a volante was our custom always of an afternoon. The weather seemed rather inclined to be showery, so the “dear little creatures” did not show themselves in such numbers as we had hoped, and as we were fully prepared to admire. We, however, saw a good many. Low dresses, bare arms, and mantillas, certainly look odd at first; and what is still more remarkable, the low dresses, bare arms, and mantillas do not endeavour, or very rarely so, to heighten their charms by contrast with the sombre black coats of the worse portion of the community. The ladies were almost invariably alone; the gentlemen gazed on them with respectful admiration from beneath the palm-trees. “The Paseo,” or regular evening drive, is of some extent. After traversing the main avenue, the volantes skirt the

edge of an inclosure sacred to bull-fights, and follow a road almost at right angles to the main one, leading through trees and gardens adorned with the magnificent vegetation of the tropics. From several points very pretty peeps of the city, and surrounding country are obtainable, and a view to please horormongers of the small castle where Lopez and his fellow-countrymen were garrotted, is caught from one of the avenues near the town. Statues adorn "the Paseo" at several points. That of Isabel in the principal road is of bronze, and represents the queen as an insignificant, pug-nosed, little dwarf, who looks in that vast space more like the statue of an infant that had lost its way, than that of the ruler of Spain and the Cubas.

'We enjoyed our drive exceedingly; I shall never forget the state of exuberant spirits I was in from the excitement, and novelty of the position in which I found myself. Here I was, as it were, suddenly dropped in the midst of a strange land, among people speaking a strange language, and of an aspect perfectly different from any I had before encountered: then the richness, singularity, and beauty of the tropical vegetation, the eastern effect of the elegant palm-trees bathed in sunshine, the associations of the old glories of Columbus and of Spain; these and a thousand other thoughts and images started up, and occupied, and exhilarated my mind. What a contrast do the formal, silly, pigmies of the present day in Cuba, present to their great ancestors! They retain, like the fallen Greeks, their pride, prejudices, and religion, but nothing or little else.

‘Their women retain the eyes of their ancestors, and their rich and beautiful black hair; but they are burnt up by a scorching tropical sun, and get fat from eating and laziness in their premature old age. I saw one stout old woman at the cathedral, engaged at her devotions, whose arm would have made a leg for a man of six feet high.

‘Both sexes marry at a very early age.

‘A young fellow who shared my room with me, and who had acquired a smattering of the English language by a residence in the States, told me, with evident satisfaction at the astonishment his disclosure produced, that his father had married at fourteen and his mother at twelve, that after two years their union was blessed, and that his mother had died at the age of forty-two, after having presented her husband with twelve children.

‘There is a great deal of formality in Spanish society, and the Spaniards do not appear inclined to amalgamate with foreigners. I was told at the English consul’s, by his daughter, that even if you come to the Havana armed with the best letters of introduction to the best Spanish society, the probability is that you will merely be honoured by a visit from the party to whom your letter may be addressed; told impressively that his house, and all that he possesses, is at your service, and then have your existence most flatteringly ignored. I am inclined to think that this picture may be exaggerated, and am pretty certain that the same state of things does not at all events exist in the country; the

rich planters, like all other great landed proprietors, are generally I fancy hospitable, kind, and generous, and the arrival of a stranger is considered an agreeable event. After a very pleasant and lively drive, I returned to my hotel, drank tea, and dressed in evening costume to pay my respects to his excellency the English consul. I was shown up a flight of stone, uncarpetted steps, and found mine host deep in a rubber, sitting with three other gentlemen in a hall outside his drawing-room, and dressed in a delightfully cool, refreshing white uniform. He received me very kindly, and introduced me to his wife and daughter. His wife was a very pretty woman. Several other ladies, in *evening* dress, called to pay their *morning* visits, and a good many Spaniards, who paid a formal visit of two or three minutes, and retired after a couple of complimentary speeches, and a casual remark on some topic, corresponding, I suppose, to the *weather* in England. Crawford's drawing-room was paved with black and white marble, forming a tessellated pavement. There was little or no furniture; and, in fact, the principal ornaments were some very rich and beautiful flowers, which being alone, as it were, in their glory, without damask and gold to vie with them, shone pure and conspicuous. Everything looked cool and airy: furniture in this hot climate would be too oppressive. I was asked if I could play whist, and replying in the affirmative, was immediately booked for a series of rubbers. Tea interrupted our game. I sat next to a fine and pretty woman, a sister of Mrs. Crawford's, who had passed

several years in Germany: she must have been brought up, however, in Cuba, as she strongly objected to the European fashion of wearing bonnets. After tea, iced champagne and fruit were handed round. I thought the champagne an elegant and good idea. After one more rubber, I managed to escape from the whist-table, and have a chat with Miss Crawford and her brother; listening also to the singing of some American ladies. The Spanish country-dance followed the music, and I was a pleased spectator of its gracefulness. At half-past eleven I took my leave; and then, as I descended the stairs, thought for the first time that I had to find my way to my hotel the best way I could, unless I bothered Crawford to procure a volante for me. I had a general notion of the geography of the city, and of the bearings of its streets, and I felt pretty certain that, if I could manage to strike the harbour, I should soon find myself on ground made familiar by my morning's wanderings.

‘I accordingly struck off in a straight line. There was a beautiful, clear moon and a star-spangled sky to guide me, and I felt confident that I should soon manage to reach home. While walking down a narrow, straight street, I perceived a figure, with a long pike in its hand, leaning against a wall, with a lantern at its feet: it proved to be a watchman, guarding the slumbering city.

‘Before Tacon’s time, Havana was a most unsafe city, and the scene of many robberies and midnight assaults. Under his firm and able rule, a proper guard was organ-

ised for the protection of the city, and it is now considered as safe as any large city in America. I was rejoiced by the sight of the calm water of the harbour. After a few minutes' walk, got upon some well-known ground, and soon found my way home. My bedroom was at the top of the hotel, and I was told in the morning that the house was too crowded to admit of my enjoying an apartment to myself, so that it was with mingled feelings of doubt and curiosity that I entered my apartment. Two large beds, with mosquito-curtains well drawn down, and concealing all that might be in or on them, greeted my eye on my entrance. Perhaps they were both occupied. I made a cursory inspection of the apartment, and perceived a pair of foreign boots and some clothes in the vicinity of one of the mysterious couches, and nothing of the same character near the other. I lifted the curtain, and, to my great delight, found the bed unoccupied. Undressed speedily, and popped into it, wondering what sort of a fellow the owner of the boots might be, and carefully placing my waistcoat, with my little property in it, under my pillow. Slept pretty well. Quite a luxury to be ashore again.

March 21st.—The Spaniard with whom I was doubled up, in answer to several inquiries I made respecting the sugar trade and sugar plantations, told me that, at the opposite side of the harbour, I should see a great sugar store, and possibly get some information as to the probability of seeing a plantation in the neighbourhood of Havana. Accordingly, armed with a Spanish direction

worded thus, "À Regla Establecimientos y Almacén y de Azúcar," I walked to the harbour, passing on my way the square opposite the Captain-General's, where several companies of a regiment were undergoing an inspection, and, hailing a little boat with a white awning, threw myself in it, pronounced the words "à Regla" with the nearest approach to the air of a native I could assume, and sank into the back seat. The harbour at this early hour looked bright and beautiful; the air on the water was soothing and delightful. I gazed round me on the charming landscape and clear sky with a feeling of enjoyment I hope worthy of the most pleasant and agreeable portion of a spring day in the tropics. My boatman, when we got "à Regla," wanted to cheat me, seeing that I was a stranger and an Englishman, and probably thinking that several ejaculations of his in praise of the "Inglesi" while crossing the harbour would have softened my heart, and opened the palm of generosity. Nothing, however, have I greater dislike to than being cheated; and, therefore, after appealing to one or two bystanders, and endeavouring, in inferior French, to explain the state of the case, and gathering, from their gestures and manner, that I was in the right, I gave my friend half what he asked, and walked off.

"I was destined to be disappointed with the "Establecimiento de Azúcar." I found nothing but some spacious stores, in which were piled up innumerable casks of sugar and molasses, and several vessels lying off the wharves lading. Stalwart niggers, almost nude, were working hard at moving casks, and a few formal-

looking Spanish superintendents were gazing on their efforts with a stupefied air. To one of these I appealed, and endeavoured, in French, to make him comprehend that I particularly wished to see a sugar estate, and that I could only spare a few hours to see one in. He said something about meeting me at Regla during the afternoon, or appointing some one else to do so, I do not now quite recollect which. I can only remember that his answers were unsatisfactory, and that I abandoned the scheme. I wandered on the shores of the harbour, and endeavoured to reach the citadel of La Cabanos, but found a marsh intervening, the distance farther than I had anticipated, and the sun gradually mounting higher in the heavens, and increasing in ferocity. I looked out in vain for boats, and wandered on, beginning to feel very hot and rather tired, when I crossed a railway line, and immediately began following it towards the shore, guided by the advice of an old cottager, who *miraculously* understood a word or two of English, and who, pointing to the line, emphatically told me to "Follow him." I found the cars, drawn by *five or six mules*, had just arrived, and, following the passengers, was soon on board a steam-ferry, which took me over the harbour in a few minutes, and for a small sum. It landed its passengers in a part of the city I was not altogether acquainted with, and my morning's walk was lengthened by my again losing my way, and wandering through a labyrinth of narrow streets; I was quite ready for my light claret, breakfast, and cigar, after all this hot work. My wanderings had led me through the

“Almeda de Paula,” a fine broad walk, planted with trees, and close to the harbour.

‘The Habaneras very sensibly make the streets of the body of their town, where business is performed, narrow, in order to be cool and shady, and their evening drives, which are not used till the sun’s rays are becoming horizontal, broad and spacious. I made my purchases of cigars, fans, and preserves, to-day, and called on the consul to request him to advance me some money, as my Charleston misfortune had reduced my finances so considerably that I had no money to get back with, or scarcely any after paying my fare by the steamer. He told me he should be most happy to advance whatever I wanted, and to call at his office again at two o’clock; he was engaged in some law business with regard to a brig seized as a slaver, whose owners positively asserted she was merely meant for the sugar trade. Crawford was not at his office at two when I called; and in the evening, when I took Marcy to introduce to him, I learned that the whole family had gone into the country. I should have been in a fix if Marcy had not kindly accepted my draft on Cox and Co. for £20, and paid me that sum.

‘My last evening in Cuba was delightful. The moon shone brightly on the city, and the music of the band had a soothing and almost melancholy effect. I felt sorry to be obliged to hurry from the place; it had a kind of fascination about it, and, as Willis says, possessed the rare merit of “just enough amusement and excitement to prevent *ennui*, without producing fatigue.”

It is quite a contrast in this respect to London, Paris, or any of those great gay places during the bustle and excitement of their seasons.

March 22nd.—Our steamer got under weigh at half-past six. I had been up at five, and had managed to get my last cup of coffee at “The Imperial,” where they certainly make it worthy of an emperor, and to buy some cigarettes. The Spaniard, who had been doubled up with me on shore, was my companion on the voyage. He was very ill, and almost *did* for me the next morning: the motion of the vessel, bad as it is, is nothing to the spectacle of the misery of others on board. I, however, escaped illness on both my voyages. We had a very violent thunder-storm on the first night after leaving the Havana, and got to Charleston, after a quick run, on Friday morning. The voyage was without incident. We were out of sight of land, and in the centre of the Gulf Stream all the time. We saw several flying-fish scudding along and rising very prettily from the water, but did not encounter the sea-serpent, or any other redoubtable “monster of the deep.” I made the acquaintance on my passage of two Oxford men, who seemed very good fellows. They had been through Mexico and the greater part of the Western States; they gave glowing descriptions of Mexican scenery, but drew a melancholy picture of the degraded, miserable state of the Mexicans themselves. Every kind of vice, scarcely credible, prevail among them. I got my cigars and preserves passed through the Customs House after paying a heavy

duty of forty per cent. As it was Good Friday I went to church.

‘Saw Thackeray and Crowe again, and called on the former and gave him a description of my trip to Cuba.

‘*March 28th.*—Up early on deck to see the entrance to the harbour of New York. Morning fine, cold, clear, and frosty—quite a contrast to the weather I had a few days before been enjoying. The entrance to the harbour of New York is not only beautiful, but strong; two forts opposite one another, built according to the latest principles of art, stand like grim sentinels guarding it; a sort of modernised imitation of the castles on each side of the entrance to the harbour of Havana. I went to the Clarendon at New York, a *quiet* hotel, and a great contrast to the noisy, vast, Metropolitan. I stayed two or three days at New York, and returned to Montreal *viâ* Hudson River Railway, sleeping again at Rouse’s Point, and recrossing the St. Lawrence in a half frozen and rather dangerous state on the 2nd of April, after an absence of about seven weeks from Montreal.

‘I found everything at Montreal on my return looking miserable. The streets almost impassable from half melted snow; the air raw, damp, and chilly; every one laid up with influenza and bad spirits.

‘The bustle and excitement of my journey had dissipated the gloom I laboured under on starting almost entirely; but after being back several days, I found the

blue devils gradually beginning to exert their influence. I had a touch of ague and a sore throat, and found myself affected by the trying changes of weather, like every one else, till the horrible snow disappeared, and the sun and nature began to exert their revivifying influence.

CHAPTER X.

QUEBEC — GAVAZZI RIOTS — RUMOURS OF WAR.

‘ June 11th, 1853.

‘ **Q**UEBEC, Montreal, and, in fact, the whole country have been enlivened in a manner which we neither anticipated nor are able to appreciate. Father Gavazzi has appeared like a firebrand among us, and, in fact, set the whole population by the ears. Protestants against Roman Catholics, and both against the soldiery. There has been a riot at Quebec, happily unaccompanied by loss of life. In Montreal, however, the military have fired upon the people, and killed, and wounded twenty-six of them. Here an attempt was made by an armed mob of wild Irishmen to murder Gavazzi while delivering his lecture. Gavazzi behaved in the most gallant manner; did not throw away a single blow, but felled his assailants as they successively endeavoured to clamber into the pulpit, in a manner which would have excited the admiration of the venerable Ben Caunt. He contemplated the tumultuous assembly with a smile of contempt, and declared, if allowed a fair field and a wall to lean against, he would

fight the whole lot of them. They succeeded, after a time, in hurling him from the pulpit, and he pitched, fortunately for himself, on some cushions which had been removed from a pew, or his skull would infallibly have been fractured.

‘When pursued by the mob into a vault beneath the church, he merely coolly stepped one pace to his right, and the mob rushing past him, groped with murderous hands in vain in the darkness. The French Canadians have taken no part in these outrages; indeed, at Montreal, they expressed their deep horror at the conduct of these Irish fanatics.

‘The 26th Regiment who have been at Montreal, and excited such violent feelings by firing on a peaceful congregation retiring from church, have only just arrived in the country. How or by whom the order to fire could have been given remains a mystery. Some of the most peaceful and innocent inhabitants have fallen victims to it. Gavazzi, indeed, has appeared like a spirit of evil in this country. By attacking the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith in an insulting, scornful, and *unchristian* manner, he has excited to the utmost the religious animosity and hatred of the Irish, and the great mass of the inhabitants of the Lower provinces; and has revived that bitter feeling of religious enmity, which it has been the policy of Government to soften and repress, and which will be a source of weakness and disunion from which, I fear, the colony will not very soon recover. The whole business is a painful one, and in every way to be regretted.’

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[Nothing of general interest is mentioned either in my brother's letters or journal until February 1854, when news of an impending war with Russia reached Canada.—EDITOR.]

‘Quebec, Feb. 22nd, 1854.

‘Reports have reached us here of wars and rumours of wars, and I suppose England will shortly be engaged in the terrible though glorious struggle, into which, after so much ministerial vacillation, she has at length entered. I should like to be ordered out to the scene of action; but as I have not been so long on foreign service as many others in Canada, I shall probably be kept out here another year, when Nicholas will have drawn in his horns, and the struggle have come to an end.

‘It may be imagined how eagerly we look for news of the march of events in this ice-bound corner of the earth, where news requires a fortnight to penetrate. Just at this crisis, all measures of military reform and reorganization are important. The “Quarterly Review,” about a year ago, discussed the injustice and folly of the present system of promotion in the Ordnance Corps, and pointed out its evils and discouragements. In many regiments of the service I might have been a captain, or next door to it; in the Engineers, I cannot hope to be one in less than ten or twelve years indeed, if the present system continue; and I shall be fortunate if I am even then. My colonel at Quebec was twenty-three years a subaltern!

‘I am leading a quiet life for a soldier. I generally rise at seven, and read or write for a couple of hours

before breakfast. (At present that period is devoted to an essay on fortification.) In the winter, when there is little professional work to be done, two hours generally suffice for the office. Two hours more in the afternoon I devote to reading history, and the rest of the day is given up to exercise and amusement. Balls and parties interfere a great deal with my arrangements. Late hours do not suit me at all: I feel want of sleep much more than fatigue. However, Lent and its forty days of rest are approaching, and the restless automaton motions will cease for a while.

‘*April 26th.*—To-day is appointed to be kept as a fast-day throughout Great Britain. I have just been to the cathedral, and listened to a powerful and eloquent sermon, preached by Dr. Adamson, in aid of the wives and children of the soldiers who have been sent to the war, to fight the battles of their country, and of civilisation. Dr. Adamson commenced his discourse by a retrospective glance at the triumphs and progress of religion, education, and enlightenment, since the termination of the last great war.

‘He described the rapture and gratitude of the nations of Europe when the sword, which had spread desolation over the fairest countries of the earth for a quarter of a century, was at length returned to its scabbard. Man then became socially, morally, and politically, another being, and step by step peace achieved gentle and unostentatious but glorious triumphs. A rude hand, however, has shattered the beautiful fabric of victory she had reared. *Peace is no more!* The sword

again flashes forth; again the notes of wailing are heard. England, united to a sister whose hand had long been withheld from her, has drawn the sword to protect the oppressed, and to chastise the oppressor. After dwelling for some time on the efforts being made in this struggle by civilised Europe, the preacher introduced the important subject of his discourse. He reminded his hearers that great sacrifices were necessary to accomplish great objects.

“The statesman devoted his time, his talents, his health, his days, his nights, to the service of his country. Who can justly appreciate his labours, his anxieties, his noble abnegation of self, the magnitude of his sacrifices and his services?”

“But the women of England,—the wives, the mothers, the sisters of soldiers,—what did *they* contribute to the war? One gave the father of her children; another her dear son, the pride of her old age; a third a brother; a fourth, perhaps, one who stood in a dearer relation still, whose loss would crush her young heart, make life a blank to her, and leave her the sorrow, too deep for utterance, of unwedded widowhood.

“And shall we offer them nothing in return? Shall we refuse our sympathy and assistance in their desolation and distress?”

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[Another considerable break occurs here in the journal, and nothing worthy of notice is recorded until the summer, when cholera of extreme severity

visited Quebec. My brother exerted himself to mitigate, as far as lay in his power, the suffering of the unfortunate poor in the Lower Town ; and it is pleasant to reflect, that his last acts in Canada were those of unostentatious charity.— EDITOR.]

‘ Quebec, July 20th, 1854.

‘ Ninety-four degrees in the shade. We are in the heart of our terrific summer. We have had the thermometer up to 96° in the shade, and no rain for about a fortnight. The cholera is prevalent in the dirty, badly ventilated streets of the Lower Town, where many sailors, emigrants, &c., have fallen victims to it.

‘ The Upper Town where I live has as yet in a great measure been spared ; but every one feels the necessity of great prudence and caution.

‘ As a means of enlightening the ignorant population, who were marked out from their habits of life, and the locality in which they resided, as the most probable victims of the disease, I have had a 1000 copies of the Government regulations for the prevention of cholera, issued in England in 1847, printed and circulated, distinguishing the more important paragraphs by the employment of larger type. I have also strongly advocated, in several letters to the Quebec papers, the necessity of the formation of a society for the relief and assistance of distressed emigrants at Quebec. My observations have been favourably received and commented upon, and I have it now in contemplation to appeal to the clergy of Quebec, to afford their countenance and

support to my design, and to solicit the assistance of the Colonial Government.

‘A central board of health has been established at Quebec, of which several of my friends here wish me to be elected a member. The nomination would be an honour, but involve at the same time great responsibility and some risk and trouble. The latter however, I would, I hope, willingly encounter if I could do any good. The streets are as deserted during this intense heat as on the wettest day.

‘If you can possibly do it, and have any regard for your own health, you will keep at home till half-past six in the evening, and *then* only take a quiet drive. One of our thermometers, placed in *the sun* the other day indicated, I am told, a temperature of 130°.’

CHAPTER XI.

BOUND FOR THE CRIMEA—ARRIVAL AT SEBASTOPOL.

‘August 1855.

‘THE scene changes again. The uncertainty of a soldier’s life could not be better illustrated than by my last entry. However I have myself to thank for it. Hearing that the number of Engineers before Sebastopol was much reduced, I felt impelled to volunteer my services for the Crimea, and to suggest that an officer, who might have been invalided, should be sent to Fort George to supply my place.

‘I hardly expected so sudden an answer as I received. A few days after my letter to Colonel Matson, and while at Inverness, on my way to Dingwall in Ross-shire, whither I was ordered on some special duty, I suddenly had a letter put into my hands from the Ordnance Office, informing me that the Inspector-General had approved of my being employed in the Crimea, and that I was to proceed *at once* to London, to embark as soon as my passage should have been provided for me. I felt mixed sensations of satisfaction and regret. I felt sorry, after getting perfectly

settled, and having found several pleasant acquaintances, to be suddenly ordered off at a moment's notice,—and glad at the opportunity of witnessing some of the great and stirring scenes which were so completely absorbing the attention of Europe. I endeavoured to assume cheerfulness, though my heart was rather anxious and heavy, not knowing what the terrors of a battle-field or actual hostilities might be. I rather mistrusted my own powers, and could only pray God that I might have strength and courage to perform my duty. I had little time allowed for preparation. I was obliged to procure the various articles of my kit with railway speed, and was kept continually travelling between Hertfordshire, and London. My horse and servant were shipped off from Southampton in the “Himalaya.” I started, after taking leave of my relatives at Brighton and Dover, with Captain Nicholson, R.E., overland for the Crimea, *viâ* Paris and Marseilles. Nicholson's brother travelled with us, and we had a very pleasant journey to Paris, and enjoyed ourselves a great deal the day after our arrival, in lionising and visiting the Parisian Industrial Exhibition.

‘On Sunday, August 3rd, we left Paris; travelled all day and all night, and arrived at Marseilles on a hot Monday morning, at 8 or 9 A.M. We got our tickets for the steamer, and our luggage arranged, breakfasted, strolled about, and made purchases to complete our kit. Marseilles is a large, rich, dirty, commercial place; its streets smell abominably. We had no time, or were too tired, to make a minute inspection of

it. At 6 P.M. we started in the French mail steamer "Simois" for Constantinople. The passengers were not numerous; but we had 400 or 500 French soldiers on deck, belonging principally to a regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes. As far as Messina, in Sicily, we had lovely weather,—a clear blue sky, and an intense ultramarine sea,—rather hot, but on the whole enjoyable.

'The Chasseurs de Vincennes slept like sheep on deck; but sang, and made themselves merry with their hardships. Some of them are very fine, handsome fellows, with the soft blue eyes and dark eyelashes so popular among sentimental young ladies; and I am quite sure, as their manners are really good, that, if well washed and dressed, they would cut respectable figures in an English ball-room.

'At Messina we landed to look at some churches. It is a very finely situated city, but its inhabitants appear a dirty, degraded race. The place itself was the most filthy I had ever seen, and the stench in some of the streets insufferable. We took a short drive, which had the effect of partially broiling us, and were not sorry to be again on board, and under weigh.

'We touched at the Piræus, drove over a hot, dusty road to Athens, climbed up the Acropolis, did the ruins in twenty minutes or so, and returned to our steamer as fast as our wretched little steed would draw us. The remainder of our voyage was without incident. The weather was hot, the cabins badly ventilated,

and the Chasseurs de Vincennes anything but *mille-fleurs*.

‘We reached Constantinople on Monday afternoon, landed part of our baggage, and with difficulty climbed the steep hill to Messiris’s Hotel. Constantinople from the water did not disappoint me. When examined I found it the dirtiest place I was ever in, and that most of the great lions were exaggerations, and looked better on paper than in reality.—Allom’s drawings are very faithful. We found at Messiris’s, Colonel Gordon, R.E., who had distinguished himself so much, and been wounded before Sebastopol, on his way home for the benefit of his health. He seemed to think we should have to winter in the Crimea.

‘The deluge which poured on Constantinople on the day after our arrival, I think I shall never forget. We landed our heavy baggage in the midst of it. The streets resembled Scotch mountain water-courses; and how our porters, with their heavy loads, contrived to struggle up the almost perpendicular hill through the midst of it, I know not. The thing, however, was accomplished. The rain lasted all day, and we could do little or nothing.

‘Next morning Nicholson and myself went over in a caïque (with Mure of the 42nd, aide-de-camp to General Markham) to Scutari, to report ourselves to Lord William Paulett (commanding there), and got passages on to the Crimea. We were told we were all to proceed next day at 2 P.M., in the “Brandon” screw transport (139). We passed the afternoon in seeing

the mosques of St. Sophia and Achmet, and other lions. With the former I was greatly struck, but a little disappointed (imagination is so invariably stronger than reality). On the morning of our departure I made several purchases of saddle-bags, Turkish matting, &c., in the streets and great bazaar, peeped in a Turkish bath, and perambulated the streets on a little horse for several hours. Scratchley, and myself, were almost late for our steamer. We found she was a very slow craft, and had to coal on the coast, which might detain her for several days. As we had been purposely sent overland to reach our destination as soon as possible, the delay was annoying and vexatious. We had been put to great trouble and expense, shifted our baggage seven or eight times, and after all, found that we should have reached our destination by coming direct, in nearly or quite as short a time.

‘We remained two days at Kosloo, or thereabout, on the coast of Turkey in Asia, to coal. A Mr. Barclay, C.E. has charge of the mines. The coast and surrounding hills are extremely rich in coal, which bursts forth, or crops out on the cliffs in patches. The coal is very inferior in quality to that of Newcastle, and does not go half so far. The coaling of steamers is performed by means of boats, the coast being an iron-bound one, and water very deep near in shore. The prevalence of strong northerly winds likewise compels vessels to anchor at a greater distance from the shore than they would otherwise do. The mines are worked by about 1700 Croatian Turks, Albanians, &c., some of them armed to the teeth

with pistols and daggers, a picturesque, troublesome set to govern. Mr. Barclay has been four or five years almost constantly resident on the spot, has acquired the Turkish language respectably, and being intrepid and energetic in character, and fond of a wild active life, discharges his arduous duties *con amore*, ruling his motley subjects with a rod of iron. The mines are situate about four miles from the coaling points, the coal being brought up on the backs of mules. When a heavy surf is running no coaling can take place, and ships are often detained for several days on this account. The scenery along the coast, and in the vicinity of Kosloo, is very beautiful and striking, consisting of hill and dale, and towering mountains wooded to their very summits; a most pleasing contrast to the arid coast of Sicily and Greece. We enjoyed a scamper across what in England would have been considered ground impracticable for cavalry, on little Turkish ponies, which galloped like the wind, and descended precipices without ever making a false step. They are shod with a plate having a small hole in the centre, and how they preserve their footing as they do is a marvel to Englishmen. We got under weigh from Kosloo on a beautiful evening, and stood boldly across the Black Sea for our destination. A heavy peculiar rolling motion was imparted to the steamer by one of the Black Sea cross swells.

‘*Aug. 12th.*— We reached the entrance of the harbour of Balaklava after sunset, too late therefore to enter, and accordingly cast anchor among a fleet of

ships and steamers of all kinds moored outside. The coast is wild, and very lofty and perpendicular. I could easily imagine the terrific consequences of a gale of wind to a fleet anchored in it. The huts of the sanatorium, recently established on the heights, were alone visible, with a few tents of the marine encampment. Next morning, Monday, August 13th, we landed to report ourselves and ascertain how the land lay. I found two brother officers, whom I knew, at Balaklava, through whose assistance I obtained a pony, and rode with Captain Nicholson to head-quarters, to report myself to General Jones. Our conductor through the mazes of the camp, was an officer of my own batch, who had led the storming party on the 18th June. He had escaped by a miracle. He says every one he turned to speak to seemed to be shot before he could return an answer. The whole plain near Balaklava, where the great cavalry charge took place, and the hills in its vicinity, are occupied by the English cavalry, horse artillery, and field batteries, a most efficient and imposing force of 5000 or 6000 men.

‘The valley of Balaklava is surrounded by wild rugged hills, now in our possession, but last year occupied in force by the Cossacks.

‘Balaklava, originally a pretty Tartar village, has been metamorphosed into a collection of dirty, dilapidated tenements. Every tree, I believe (literally, with the exception of one clump) has been cut down. Gardens, vineyards, and other more ephemeral adjuncts to beauty, of course, went at once, and now, the peaceful

little village is changed into a noisy, hot, scrambling, dirty, irregular place (interesting, but disagreeable), in fact, a perfect chaos of men of different nations, clothed in different garbs, and jabbering different languages.

‘There is, notwithstanding, more order and cleanliness than I expected to find. Almost every regiment has its store (one of the wooden huts) here; and the Commissariat have erected several large iron buildings with circular roofs. The little harbour is literally crammed with ships lying side by side with their sterns towards the shore, and admirably arranged. The neighbourhood of Balaklava, before our landing, was exceedingly picturesque and pretty. On leaving the village, and proceeding towards Sebastopol, we encountered rich vineyards empurpling the ground with Muscatel grapes. Sweet, secluded little farmhouses peeping through cool foliage, and nestling amongst orchards and flowers. The valley, through which our light cavalry charged with such despairing bravery, was then covered with vineyards and dotted with trees. Now not a shrub is to be seen. The roots of the vines even have been grubbed up for fuel, leaving fields covered with small holes to mark where they have been. The valley extends through bold rocky hills as far as the Tchernaya. Near Balaklava, and to the left of the road towards Sebastopol, the valley and hills are dotted with the tents of the English cavalry and field batteries, with long lines of horses, picketed in rows behind them.

‘About a mile from Balaklava is the village of Kadekoi. With the exception, however, of the church,

and perhaps one or two Russian houses, the whole consists of recent flimsy-looking nondescript wooden or iron sheds, where the names of several leading English firms are posted up, and in which most of the wants of the officers of the army are supplied at a tolerably fair rate. I was introduced to General Jones, whom I found sitting in his hut with a rough sketch of the English siege works before him. He said we were all very much wanted, and must get our things sent up to the front, and report ourselves ready for duty as soon as possible. We continued our ride to the front to see a little of the work, which the continual booming of the guns (which never cease for a minute, day or night), told us was going on.

‘The country, as you approach the beleaguered city, is cut up into dreary and precipitous ravines. The ground becomes rocky or parched, and dusty, and not a blade of grass, not a shrub or tree is to be seen,

“ But all is rocks at random thrown,
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone :
 As if were here denied
 The summer sun, the spring’s sweet dew,
 That clothe with many a varied hue
 The bleakest mountain side.”

Above all this there is a magnificent blue sky and a glorious sun. The climate of the Crimea, as far as I have seen of it, is delicious in the autumn, and I should imagine, exceedingly healthy. About Sebastopol the ground is rocky and difficult. Elsewhere, I should fancy very rich and fertile. We saw fresh encamp-

ments in valleys or on hills to the left and right of us as we proceeded onwards towards the front. An hour, or less, brought us to the head-quarters of the British Army, and in view of that celebrated mansion, depicted on every plan, and conspicuously designed in every model of the siege, called "Lord Raglan's House." A plain, one-storied little cottage holds the English Commander-in-Chief, his staff, and his fortunes.

' We continued our ride to Cathcart's Hill, whence we looked, for the first time, on the famous city, the cause of so much bloodshed, and misery—the scene of so much heroism, and endurance. It presented a very singular appearance. The Malakhoff, and Mamelon, and the Redan, looked like mere mounds of earth from the point we occupied, distant about 4000 yards, and it was impossible to do more than form a vague notion of the defences and appearance of the town, and of our own, and the French works. Of their magnitude, however, we were able to form an idea from the wide circuit of the flashes, extending for several miles on either side of us. We could hear the whistling of the shot and shell, and occasionally a 32-pound shot flew past us, and buried itself in the earth within a few yards of where we were standing. The Allied Army, from information obtained through spies and deserters, had been expecting an attack and under arms for three nights previous to our arrival. It was rumoured that the Russian army, under Liprandi, had been reinforced by between 80,000 and 100,000 men. With my telescope I could clearly see dense columns of Russian

troops drawn up on the hills on the north side of the harbour.

‘It is impossible to convey to a person at a distance, a correct notion of the appearance of our camp. In fact, one is, at first, completely bewildered at its immense extent. From the top of every hill, and through every ravine, you see nothing but long regular rows of white tents with bare spaces around them. The roads are perpetually traversed in various directions by long files of cavalry in undress uniform, taking their horses to water,—by lines of mules laden with wood or stores,—by commissariat, ammunition, and forage waggons,—by soldiers of the various armies, French, Sardinian, and English,—by Croats, Greeks, Albanians, and all descriptions of ruffianly, bronzed, picturesque looking fellows, in various showy dresses of faded splendour. The Turks, Sardinians, the English cavalry, and field-batteries, and a division or more of the French army, occupy the valley of the Tchernaya, and cover our position from Balaclava to the right of the siege lines beyond Inkerman.

‘The engineers’ camp is situated close to Cathcart’s Hill, and near a road which leads to the Woronzoff’s ravine. It consists of several rows of huts, in which repose our men *vis-à-vis* to several rows of tents dedicated to the officers. Nearly the whole English army wear white covers over their caps and helmets, and are easily distinguishable by this means from the French, who go through the greatest heat without any such precaution.

‘I met in the camp a number of men I knew very well. I dined with De Moleyns, R.E., Capt. Wolsely, 90th Regiment, Major Campbell, 49th, Assistant-Engineer and Capt. Browne, R.E., director of the right attack. We had soup, some stew, plenty of bitter ale, and brandy and water—in fact a very fair dinner. The booming of the guns of the attack and defence was our music; while every now and then, a whistling sound, followed almost immediately by a heavy plump, told us that we were within range of the enemy’s guns.

‘My first night in camp was passed, I acknowledge, in a state of great apprehension. The shot kept pitching close to our tents, and around us all night. I had been told of an artilleryman having been killed in his bed by one, a short time before, fifty yards beyond us; and as I lay awake in the dark, sheltered merely by the frail canvas of my tent, and heard the roar of shot after shot, and the explosion of shells, which seemed to burst only a few yards from us, my sensations were similar, I should imagine, to those of the criminal whose head is placed under the guillotine, and who is waiting for the fatal axe to drop. Notwithstanding, however, I managed to compose myself to sleep for a few hours.

‘The Russians managed to throw shot into our camp (at least, so we conjectured) by burying the breech of one of their guns in the earth, and firing at an angle of 45°. I was told that they had discontinued the practice for several months. Our camp is one of the most advanced in the army. The Rifles and 89th Regiment are close to us, and share the delights of our nocturnal

disturbances. This long range practice has only been going on for a few days. I must say I dislike it more than anything else; but I hope, with God's help, to be able to sleep as serenely in danger as in safety.

'The next day was passed in arranging my things. I found that most of the officers of my corps under canvas out here, had holes dug out for their tents. This gives more height, and enables a man to stand up in his tent without knocking his head against the canvas. I considered myself fortunate in being able to purchase a hole in the earth, about ten feet in diameter, and two feet six inches deep, for ten shillings. Over this my tent was pitched; my matting from Constantinople covered the irregularity of the floor, while a barrel filled with earth supported the pole. I had several shelves put up, inserted partially into the earth; horse rugs, matting, and India-rubber sheets placed over the bare earthen sides of the tent; and soon found myself ensconced in a very habitable little snuggerly; in fine weather almost as good as a room in a house. Of course many luxuries, or what perhaps in civilised countries would be called necessaries, had to be dispensed with: no sheets for my bed, flannel instead of linen shirts, no chairs, and in the feeding line, no butter or milk, and ration bread and beef as a staple article of consumption, varied by the purchase of sheep, &c., all procured from Kadikoi or Balaclava, a distance of five or six miles.

'I naturally looked forward rather anxiously to my first night's duty in the trenches; I was to go as a super-

numery to learn the ins and outs, and get a general confused idea of our attacking lines, and the defences of the enemy; Anderson, R.E., a subaltern, rather junior to myself, was to be my conductor. I was surprised to find the whole of our attack appear so clear, especially the approaches on the Redan, carried along the crest of a hill.

‘The Redan itself is but a short distance off, and we seemed to be creeping close up to it. The noise of the guns and mortars, and the roaring and whistling of the messengers of death, as they winged their way through the air, was bewildering enough. A bombardment was going on during my first night in the trenches, and the casualties were rather numerous. Every projectile appeared to have a sound peculiar to itself, and ours different to the enemy’s. Our thirteen-inch shells were really pretty objects at night, ascending majestically, with a rolling motion, accompanied by a singing sound, to their highest point, and descending with the same grace and precision into the enemy’s works. Their fall was followed immediately by a bright flash, caused by the explosion of the shell on striking the earth. Our shells fired from guns, and our round shot, made a most terrific rushing noise. Grape flew past with a rushing whistle; minié bullets whizzed by with a gentle singing sound, like a loud mosquito buzz; the fragments of shell, with an irregular half whistling, half roaring noise, very disagreeable in character. A shell bursts with a loud crash. Our fuzes are much better than the Russians’. The enemy’s shells continually burst in

the air, before striking the ground, their fragments descending vertically and with great force.

‘The night duty in the trenches is extremely fatiguing. The walking is execrable. It is necessary, in addition to avoiding stones and other obstacles, to step clear of men asleep, or half asleep, lying all along the trenches. The working parties break off their work at about 2 A.M.; and from 2 to 5 the exhausted Engineer may consecrate to repose, if he can manage to sleep in a wretched little hut but a few feet square, crowded with three or four others, with a sand-bag for a bed, and fleas and mice for companions. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, it must be remembered that this hut was a place of safety, to which no missile (except perhaps, by an extraordinary chance, a splinter of a shell) could penetrate.

‘The trenches of the English right attack are about five miles in extent, full of zigzags, batteries, and parallels; they are surrounded by other trenches and batteries which, from the broken and curious character of the ground, it is at first difficult to determine as friendly or hostile.

‘Directions were given by my companion to the various working parties, superintended by sappers, as to the duties they were to perform during the night. Most of them were working within rifle range of the Redan, and were consequently exposed to great danger, should the enemy open a heavy fire. (On one occasion we lost five or six men in planting three or four gabions as a continuation of the parallel or approach.) When

arrived in the vicinity of the Redan, it was especially necessary to keep as much as possible under cover, as the Redan lowered upon us at a distance of 200 yards. The Quarries are more extensive and important than I supposed when in England. Their possession, with that of the adjoining Mamelon by the French, I consider of immense importance. It is now almost impossible for the Russians to make effective sorties, as they used to do, on our line; and the possession of the Mamelon by the French protects most effectively our advanced trenches from falling into the hands of the enemy, as they are commanded by it. I remained nearly all night in the Quarries.

‘A sortie was expected at head-quarters, and a telegram sent down to the General commanding in the trenches to be prepared for it. The guard of the advanced trenches consisted of the Guards and Highland Brigade, so that the Russians would have met with a warm reception had they made the attempt. Large masses of troops had been, during several days, observed marching from Sebastopol into the Redan; and as a very large army is in the neighbourhood, and the siege is approaching a critical period, it was thought not unlikely that a desperate attack might be made to impede its progress. The left face of the Redan had been much smashed and battered by our fire of the two preceding days, and orders were given to preserve a fire of musketry on it the whole night, to prevent the enemy from repairing damages.

‘Suddenly the Russians opened upon us with the

utmost violence; every one in camp thought from the extreme heaviness and rapidity of the fire that a sortie was going on. Crouched under the parapets, our men remained with their arms in their hands, prepared for any event. The grape whistled past us and over our heads like hail. We could see the shells winging their destructive course above us, whilst every now and then one of them would plump down in our vicinity.

‘When this “fire of hell” had a little slackened, my confrère and myself started to visit the working parties, and prevent their abandoning their work. We were exposed to a great deal of danger in doing this; but it is a most necessary duty, as our fellows, though as brave as lions in the field, certainly have a dread of working under fire. The Sappers are noble fellows, and invaluable men in a siege. One private has often a party of 50 or 100 line soldiers to direct. The other night two of them distinguished themselves by carrying out the body of a poor fellow killed by a shell, in our advanced approach: his own comrades (probably young soldiers) were afraid to fetch the body. I mentioned the sappers’ names in my report, and General Simpson directed 3*l.* to be given to one, and 2*l.* to the other. The men were much gratified. I have written for books for the men in my company, and those in the hospital, to read, as well as a few for my own perusal.

‘The life in camp abounds in contrasts. When off duty, I take pleasant rides through scenery picturesque and full of interest. The country beyond the valley of Balaklava, towards Baidar, is richly wooded, romantic,

and beautiful. The Woronzoff road is admirably made, and carried along the side of precipices, and on the crest of wooded ravines and hollows.

‘On the morning of Thursday the 16th, at about half-past 3 A.M., the long-expected attack of the Russians on the French and Sardinians near the Tchernaya took place. A brother officer of mine (the Hon. Capt. Keane), stationed at Balaclava, had his attention attracted, about one or two o’clock in the morning, by the display of a number of lights from various parts of the English camp. Knowing how many spies we have amongst us, he rightly conjectured that these were signals to the Russian army, to intimate that all was right, and that they might advance. Acting promptly on this idea, he wrote a despatch to General Jones, and mounting a horse, rode himself direct to the quarters of General Scarlett, whom he requested to send a mounted orderly, to warn General De la Marmora of the probability of an attack. This information was given an hour or so before the order arrived from headquarters for the troops immediately to get under arms, and advance to the front. The Russians advanced on the Tchernaya, and the heights held by the French and Sardinians, with the utmost resolution. They were supported by the fire of several batteries on the heights, and they brought forward a powerful field-battery on to a plateau, to cover their attack. Their main effort was directed against a French *tête du pont*, guarded by only sixty men. These they drove from their works, and crossing the river (a mere brook) with little rude port-

able bridges, stormed the heights with the greatest gallantry, and did not abandon the attempt until the ground was covered with their slain.

‘After the battle, I visited the Tchernaya and the Chasseurs d’Afrique — very fine-looking fellows indeed, mounted on small Arab horses, with long manes and tails. A bronzed Zouave, I was told, refused 5*l.* for a small pocket-book, taken from the body of a Russian officer. It contained locks of hair, and the portraits of two or three very pretty girls. He said he had shot the Russian himself, and intended keeping it as a souvenir of the battle. The French were very kind after the Tchernaya to the Russian wounded, and they covered the faces of all their own dead they had been unable to inter on the day of the battle. I saw hundreds of Russian slain, lying in every attitude of agony over the ground, mangled with round shot, or pierced by bullets: some of them, poor fellows, near the crests of the heights which they had so gallantly tried to storm. Their boots were all stripped from them, as well as every article of any value. These poor serfs were clothed in the rudest fashion; they had no socks, but merely a bit of canvas wrapped round the foot, to protect it from the pressure of the boot. Their grey coats were worn and dingy; the bread they carried resembled earth; it was strewn about in various parts of the field. They all carried three or four days’ provisions.

‘The Russians apparently had endeavoured to turn the Sardinian and French positions, and isolate the Turks and Sardinians from the rest of the army. The

Sardinians fought admirably, but the chief brunt of the battle was borne by the French. They are very proud, and with justice, of their victory. The Russians, it is said, lost 4000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. They retreated in great order, their rear covered by immense masses of cavalry, at about noon. General Pelissier was on the field at 6 A.M.; before that time the French were commanded by General Le Clerc. It is said the strength of the Russian army was 70,000, though they did not bring anything like that number into action. The advance division was provided with entrenching tools, and it was clear that the Russians intended establishing themselves permanently on the heights, if they had won them. I knew nothing of the battle until it was nearly over, but saw the Russians in retreat, from a hill a few miles off. The 12th Lancers was, I believe, the only English regiment engaged. It was sent to the front at General Pelissier's request.

‘On my first night of actual duty I was associated as junior officer with Captain Cooke, R. E. We had to commence a new sap from the fifth parallel, on the salient of the Redan. A number of gabions, bread-bags full of earth, hand-barrows, and spades, and shovels were collected. Our working party was a strong one, and set about their labours skilfully and cautiously: two gabions were quietly pulled out of the parapet, and an opening made for men carrying gabions to pass. The direction of the sap was indicated by a white tape, and the gabions were placed in a row, with as little noise as possible, along the line thus marked out. The utmost

silence was necessary, as we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the Redan, in range of every description of missile, and, besides were close to the Russian sentries. The firing, which had been maintained with some spirit during the evening from our trenches on the Redan, suddenly almost ceased, and the suspicions of the enemy appeared to be aroused in consequence. They threw out a fire-ball which alighted within a few yards of our newly-placed gabions, and blazed brightly up. We withdrew our working party as rapidly as possible to prevent their being observed, and waited in anxious suspense watching the burning missile. By what seemed almost a miracle, the light fell in every direction, apparently, but that of our trench; and the enemy clearly had not perceived us, as no fire was opened for several minutes, and then only a chance shower of grape, with the view of making sure all was right, directed across the space in front of the salient. This unhappily killed one of our working party, and I had an opportunity afforded me of witnessing the coolness and unconcern with which a casualty was regarded in the trenches. The poor fellow's body was borne past me as I stood near the entrance of the trench, and half-an-hour afterwards, when at the same place, one of the bearers returned to report that the man was buried, adding that "he was surprised to find he made such a handsome corpse." All this was said with the enemy's shot and shell flying over us, and scattering death around. There was only one casualty in the working party, and 87 gabions were placed and filled, and a small trench dug behind them.

‘I had charge of another working party of 100 men, employed in improving the 5th parallel. The ground was extremely rocky and unfavourable, and it was necessary, in order to obtain earth, to place a portion of the party employed *outside* the trench, unprotected by any cover whatever. The men worked in their red coats buttoned up to the throat, and with 60 rounds of ammunition suspended across their shoulders, as they had to resume their arms and act as part of the guard of the trenches on the slightest alarm being given of a sortie of the enemy. It was not to be supposed that men thus encumbered would be able to get through much work.

‘The real fact of the case is, that the system pursued is wholly an erroneous one. It is not to be supposed that men will work well buttoned up to the throat, and weighed down with straps and pouches; neither can it be thought that inexperienced workmen will achieve much under any circumstances. In addition to these disqualifying causes, a man is physically unable to undergo much fatigue after a night passed in the trenches without sleep, and under the enemy’s fire (as all morning working parties have to do). The proper mode of proceeding in my opinion would be, to establish two regular permanent working corps of 1000 or 1200 men each, selected from the various regiments in the army; to give these men higher pay and a more suitable working dress, and to camp them as near to the siege-works as possible. These corps would be sufficient to furnish all the requisite working parties for each attack; they

would perform more work in an hour than ordinary working parties would in five or six, and do it in a more workmanlike manner. They should be marched home to camp immediately their labours were over, and have plenty of time for rest and sleep, being merely worked as ordinary navvies or labourers. It seems surprising that some system of this kind has not been adopted.

‘*August 25th.*—Last night Captain Browne, R.E., the director of the right attack, was severely wounded by a minié-rifle ball through the shoulder; the doctor hopes he may get over it well. We all feel great regret, as he is an excellent officer, and a very good fellow. As we get nearer and nearer the Redan, our work becomes more and more dangerous.

‘A great attack, near Baidar, was anticipated last night. The whole of the Highland Brigade was sent there to co-operate with the French, and extra troops marched into the trenches to guard against a sortie, which was likewise expected. The unfortunate Light Division (which has suffered so heavily throughout) were detained 48 hours in the trenches. Our artillery and cavalry were under arms and in readiness to move at a moment’s notice. It is now past seven in the morning, and we have heard nothing of the attack in camp, though the siege-firing has been heavy all night.

‘*August 31st.*—My nights in the trenches are generally rather hot ones, *i. e.* there are a great many casualties—one night especially so, when one regiment alone (90th) lost 36 men, killed and wounded. I had the superintendence of a number of working parties, amount-

ing to about 400 men, and was walking about visiting and directing them. I came to a hole where a shell had evidently burst. A corporal of some line regiment was standing by, with a bayonet and part of a belt in his hand. I inquired what had happened, and was told that the shell, which had fallen close to where I was standing, had blown some poor soldier literally to atoms. A foot, a few yards in the rear of the trench, was all they had been able to discover of the dead man. I hurried past the scene of this shocking accident to encounter another of a similar character, a little farther on.

‘I can imagine no duty more trying and harassing than that performed every day and night by our army in the trenches. If a man gets a medal for going through a battle which lasts only a few hours, without running away, what do they deserve who, night after night, and day after day, are exposed to be killed or wounded, lying in a ditch, and have to perform their duties without the stimulus and excitement of action? I saw one poor fellow after another brought up to the doctor’s, but many of them frightfully wounded by splinters of shells. Such perpetual exposure to death, in cold blood, tends, every day, to demoralize the army, and makes men fear the shot of the enemy.

‘My night’s duty in the trenches, on one of the last occasions I was down, was diversified by a little incident rather exciting in character. We were engaged about the time in making a sap from our 5th parallel along the slope of a hill, with the view of establishing a rifle-pit at the end of it, to silence the fire of several guns on the

proper left face of the Redan, which were unpleasantly annoying our gallant allies. The Russians seemed to have divined our intention, or at all events to regard our nearer approach with great uneasiness; for the moment they discovered the existence of our sap, they directed a heavy fire of shells, grape, and round shot at it, killing and wounding, night after night, the men of our working parties, and knocking our gabions into toothpicks. They also made frequent sorties for the purpose of pulling down our parapet, and impeding our operations. The sap was not far from the Malakhoff, commanded by that work in some measure. The Russians (who are admirable at outpost and picket duty) almost always manage every night to get possession of the ground in front of our works, and of a small rifle-pit, in a ravine, whence they were able to annoy our men. They were partly favoured in their approaches by the colour of the grey great-coats; they were undistinguishable from earth at a short distance.

‘It was proposed to establish a rifle-pit on the side of the ravine opposite theirs, with the view of silencing their fire. Elphinstone was on duty with me (though my junior officer) on the night the attempt was directed to be made; he had been in the Crimea almost from the commencement of the siege, and knew the ground perfectly. We both repaired, shortly after nine o’clock, to the most favourable point of our line for starting an expedition across “the open.” Unluckily, though this was by no means an exception to the general rule, our sentries had been posted late, and the Ruskies were in

possession of the ground in front of us. Nevertheless we determined on trying the experiment. Our party consisted of three soldiers with muskets, and a small working party of a sapper and ten, or twelve men. Elphinstone and myself, with our three armed men, crept on in front, followed at a short distance by our working party carrying tools and gabions.

‘We advanced as cautiously as we could: the shot and shell directed from our batteries at the enemy, and by theirs at us, whizzing over our heads. We spoke in whispers and endeavoured to tread as lightly as possible; I groped about for a flower to bear off and send to my mother as a trophy, but my hand encountered nothing but thistles and grass. At length, after walking about thirty or forty yards, Elphinstone stopped, and told us he thought we had reached the right place. He had no sooner said this, and our small working party halted to wait for our workmen, when a low whistle was heard from the Russian sentries, lying concealed around, and we perceived that we were discovered. Our men in the trenches had been told we were out, and directed on no account to fire. Our discovery was immediately followed by a volley of musketry directed at us from all around, and our men, in spite of the warning given them, seeing the blaze of the Russian muskets, opened an indiscriminate cross fire on every one (ourselves included). We took to our heels and made for our own trenches as fast as our legs would carry us, and happily reached them in safety. Three of our working party, however, had been wounded, and they had been forced to abandon their

tools and gabions. This adventure led me to suggest that buglers should be sent into the advanced trenches to sound "fire," "cease firing," &c., in order that a command might be instantaneously conveyed along the trenches when necessary.

'On the night of my rifle pit adventure, the advanced sap was guarded by a strong party of the 55th Regiment, whilst the Guards lined the adjoining parallel. The Russians were distinctly heard advancing, and their yell was quite audible. They soon gave more convincing proof of their approach, by firing a volley at the trench. I thought I perceived signs of wavering among our fellows, but they happily stood firm, and returned the enemy's fire with vigour. The officer commanding the detachment of the 55th said he wanted reinforcements, and I accordingly ran to the nearest parallel, and got an officer of the Guards to bring up twenty of his men. The enemy, however, seeing the English soldiers stand firm, withdrew, abandoning his attempt.

'I continue my rides in intervals of duty. The other day I rode to a French battery near the head of the harbour, whence I had an admirable view of the town, harbours and shipping. The houses on the north shore are pretty-looking white villas, quite uninjured. We are firing now more frequently on the town, and some of its finest buildings have been greatly damaged. The Russians are making a bridge across the harbour, which looks as if they were ready to make a run for it if necessary. The Malakhoff is immensely strong, and fortified towards the town as well as towards us. Everything depends on the approaching assaults. If they fail, some

wholly different movements may be made. Everybody is sick of the siege, with its perpetual hammering, and the gradual daily consumption of life in the hot, dusty trenches, apparently to all the world in general without any result.

‘I have visited lately, amongst other places, the Monastery of St. George. It is very picturesquely situated. A few Russian monks are still permitted to live there, and there the French (gay everywhere) delight to have their little picnic, occasionally enlivened by the presence of some *piquante brunette*, the wife of an officer of the navy or army. On the occasion of my visit, a party were sitting on the ground around the relics of a feast, singing and drinking champagne. It was certainly a contrast to “life in the trenches.”

‘The Monastery of St. George is almost the only building within range of the camp which has been respected. It consists merely of a few plain buildings, and a couple of little chapels. It has, however, a noble well, and a fountain of the coldest and most delicious spring water. The ground immediately in front is arranged in small terraces, shaded by trees, overlooking the perpendicular cliffs and the blue sea. There is a sanatorium in its neighbourhood for sick officers and soldiers. One of the attractions of the place is a pretty little Greek girl with classical profile, and gentle winning demeanour; she is quite a child, only twelve years old. She will have plenty of youthful memories to cherish up. The beauty of the weather almost reconciles one to the monotony of camp life. There has been scarcely a drop of rain since I came,

and the sky and temperature resemble those of Canada in September. I should think, to people living in properly drained cities and unexposed to hardships, the Crimea must be a most healthy residence.

‘A grand combined attack on our siege works and the whole position is daily, and even hourly, expected. The whole of the troops on the line of the Tchernaya have been, I hear, under arms every morning at three o’clock for the last fortnight; and the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd, 72nd, 79th, and 93rd Regiments, under Sir Colin Campbell, have been marched to the left of the Sardinian army as a support.

‘Since the battle of the Tchernaya, the French have fortified their position very strongly, and the hills are covered with musketry ambuscades, entrenchments, and masked batteries. No one is allowed to cross the river, and Zouave sentries, in their picturesque uniforms, line the banks at intervals of a few yards. The position I consider now almost impregnable at this point. The choicest troops of the French army defend the line of the river, and the Chasseurs d’Afrique, their crack cavalry, are in great strength in the neighbouring valley. The variety of uniforms, and the picturesque costume of the African corps of the French army—the Zouaves *Indigènes*; Egyptians principally, the finest infantry they have—is very striking, and one continually encounters groups forming perfect little pictures. The French are quite at home in the field. One of their regiments is encamped on the top of a bleak hill with no shelter except *tentes d’abri*, blankets stuck on bayo-

nets. Here and there they have formed harbours of boughs of trees, and the other day I saw a pretty miniature little garden.

‘General Pelissier’s head-quarters are surrounded by a chevaux-de-frise, and the front of his tent gravelled, and kept in the neatest order; no officer, even of the highest rank, being allowed to ride to the door, but obliged to dismount before approaching it. The youngest ensign of our army may ride or walk to General Simpson’s unmolested.

‘*Sept. 5th.* — Thank God, I still keep quite well, though disease and death are rife around me. Exposed constantly to danger, I can rely only upon God, and place my life in His hands. Last Sunday I received the Sacrament with seven or eight of my brother-officers, — the ceremony, within sound, and even range, of the enemy’s guns, was to me deeply impressive. Nothing makes a man feel the extreme uncertainty of life, and his entire dependence on the will of God, so much as war. I was on duty in the trenches on Sunday night, and I think the ceremony I had gone through strengthened, and supported me a great deal. I had several most providential escapes.

‘There are strong rumours current of the evacuation of Sebastopol after a grand despairing effort of the enemy. This morning, shortly after daybreak, another general bombardment from the English and French batteries on the whole Russian line of defence commenced, and was conducted with such violence that in half an hour the Russians withdrew their guns from the embrasures,

and ceased to reply to it,—it is to be continued for thirty-six hours. Its object, I understand, is to enable the French to push forward on the Malakhoff: they are so close that a final assault cannot long be delayed. The Russian defence has been admirable; their batteries are beautifully constructed, and quite models of engineering. One cannot help both admiring and pitying them.

Sept. 6th.—Yesterday morning, an officer of the 31st (Captain Anderson), who had been acting for some time as Assistant Engineer, was killed by a round shot in the trenches. He was a very fine young fellow, and one of the handsomest men in the army. All of us who were able (I believe) attended his funeral in the afternoon. I had only known him a few days, but liked what I saw of him, and his death has been a blow to us all. The band of the regiment played his funeral march to the grave. The coffin was a plain deal one, and on it were placed a Union Jack, and the cap and sword of the deceased. The procession moved from our camp at about six o'clock. The evening was lovely. The burial-place (Cathcart's Hill) was in full view of Sebastopol and the siege works, and a bombardment was going on from various parts of our line as we lowered the corpse into its last resting-place. Groups of soldiers off duty stood watching the sad procession as it moved slowly past them; some civilians, who happened to be present, uncovered; and cavalry soldiers dismounted and stood by the side of their horses. Nothing could well have been more impressive. I walked side by side with the clergy-

man, and thought of who might be the next victim. One must steel one's feelings and summon all one's fortitude to bear the spectacle of the miseries of war.

'Last night one of the enemy's large line-of-battle-ships, moored in the harbour, caught fire and illuminated the whole horizon. There were also, I hear, two other smaller fires. The sight of the burning ship was very fine. It could be seen distinctly from a hill near our camp. The guns went off as the fire reached them; but it seems the Russians had contrived to save the powder, as no loud explosion was heard. The sight of this fire was of course very cheering to our men, who devoutly wish the whole place would burn to the ground. The bombardment is still going on, and the thunder of artillery accompanies my pen as I write.

'Orders have been given to form steps in the most advanced parallels, and also to hasten the completion of a small battery for three heavy guns near Egerton's rifle-pit, to silence the fire of one of the flanks on the proper left face of the Redan, which commanded the space in front of the salient angle.

'*Sept. 7th.*—Thank God, I am alive and well after another night in the trenches. The bombardment is still going on. The Russian shells killed and wounded several of our men in the advanced trenches; but I managed to push forward our approaches satisfactorily.

'An officer of the Guards was killed whilst visiting his sentries at the head of one of them; I had been speaking to him shortly before. The duties of the Engineer officers at night in the trenches are very

arduous. I was walking about under fire nearly the whole night, having working parties in various parts of the trenches 450 strong. I was several times obliged to throw myself on the ground to avoid splinters of shells. There is a little hut protected from fire in the quarries, which is called the Engineer Office. It is so small that one cannot stand upright in it, and is full of fleas and mice ; but it is a welcome retreat from danger, after a long and fatiguing round through the rocky trenches. I gave it up in great measure to the doctor on duty last night, but happened to be present when several poor fellows were brought in with limbs torn away by splinters of shells. I was much shocked at the various sights I was compelled to witness. The wounded men behaved heroically.

• The Engineer on duty, though perhaps only a young subaltern, is the next greatest man to the General of the trenches. Every one consults him; and I was frequently asked by experienced officers how many men should be placed at particular points, and how they should be disposed; and my advice was always immediately acted upon.

• After an arduous and sleepless night, and a fatiguing walk from the advanced trenches to a point where a horse can be brought in safety, Engineer officers, on their return to their tents, between five and six in the morning, have to write detailed reports describing the progress of the work during the night, the operations of the enemy, and the employment of a variety of working

parties. This morning my report covered more than a sheet of large letter-paper, so it can be easily imagined that it requires some effort to write these reports when very tired; but necessity knows no law, and there is some satisfaction in knowing that one's effusions are perused by the Commander-in-Chief. My recommendations of various men for distinguished conduct have brought gratuities from General Simpson for the individuals praised, amounting altogether to 8*l*.

‘It is rumoured that the French assault the Malakhoff to-morrow. The English Light Division are also reported to be under arms, so that it is probable the English army may take part in the assault. * * * May God bless all who are dear to me, and have them in His holy keeping. The above rumour has been fully confirmed, and this may be my last night on earth.

‘If the French army succeed in their assault on the Malakhoff, the English are to attack the Redan; in fact, there is to be a general attack along the whole line. All the officers of Engineers are to be told off to their several positions to-morrow; several accompany the assaulting column, some remain with the reserves, I may know early to-morrow where my place is to be, but of course everything is uncertain in war. I am sad, but quite calm; I look upon all this butchery with horror, but accept it as a stern necessity, and am determined with God's help to do my duty. If I die, may God of His infinite mercy prepare me for the great

change. How many hundreds of poor fellows will breathe their last to-morrow! I must not think of home, or I shall unman myself. May God be pleased to bless and preserve me.

'Sept. 8th.—I am to lead the assault with the scaling ladders. I march down in about half an hour.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ASSAULT OF THE REDAN.

THE secret of the attack was admirably preserved. Not a whisper was circulated. It took us all by surprise, as we imagined no further attempt would be made on the Redan, after the failure of the assault of the 18th of June. We heard, however, that it was arranged that both armies should "go in" in earnest, and that the success of the French in their attack on the Malakhoff was to be the signal for our advance on our old enemy the Redan. Our several positions were not assigned to us; but knowing that it would probably fall to my lot, as Senior Subaltern, to occupy the post of honour and lead the ladder party, I prepared myself, as well as the short interval permitted, for the probable fate which would attend the performance of the desperate duty. I took farewell of my mother and all my relations, committing them to the blessing and protection of God. I endeavoured to pray earnestly, and to compose my mind. I felt the only course left open was willing submission, and fixed resolve that if I were to die, to fall in endeavouring to do my duty to the uttermost.

Beyond this, I was determined not to go. Though every soldier should expose himself without the slightest hesitation to the greatest danger when necessary, recklessness should never form part of his creed. His duty to his country should be the primary, and the preservation of his life the secondary, consideration. No really good soldier throws his life away without aim or object.

‘I had been on duty in the trenches during the night of the 6th September, and was consequently very tired on the night before the assault. I slept well and calmly on the whole, but awoke rather early in the morning.

‘Between five and six o’clock, A.M., the Adjutant came in and confirmed my conjecture that I was to lead the ladder party. Soon after Anderson came into my tent, and informed me he was told off for the working party to follow when the storming party were well in possession, and form a lodgment across the Redan. I rose and dressed; I put on my red shell jacket to look as much like the men as possible, and carried in my pocket besides a tourniquet, portion of a night-shirt torn into strips for bandages.

‘I called at my Colonel’s (Col. Chapman) to read the written instructions given me by General Jones. I found they were as follows:—“The Subaltern of Engineers in charge of the ladder party should, as soon as the troops have got into the Redan, commence a communication by a ramp from the ditch to the glacis. It will be necessary for him to ascertain whether any parapet will be necessary across the ditch of the two

faces, to guard against any attacks the enemy may be disposed to make by them. If the scarp and parapet of the salient of the Redan do not form an easy ascent and descent, it must be made so."

'These directions were clear and explicit enough; but to carry them out, positively *no* working party, with the exception of a few sappers with shovels, had been told off. I immediately pointed this out, and asked for and obtained a working party of 100 men, who were instructed to follow immediately after the storming party.

'I had an interview with Nicholson (now Major Nicholson, R.E.), to whom I gave my brother's address, with a request that he would communicate with him in the event of my death. He promised to act for me in everything as he felt I should have wished him to act, and tried to reassure me as to my chance of escape, though (as he told me afterwards when I came back) he had not the slightest expectation of ever seeing me again safe and sound. These matters settled, I rode down to the trenches with Anderson, Sedley, and Major Campbell, 46th. They were thickly lined with troops when we arrived, and the batteries were firing heavily on the Redan and Russian works; the enemy replying with grape and round shot.

'I found the ladder party, composed of men from the 3rd Buffs and 90th and 97th Regiments, lining the sap in front of the Redan (called the sixth parallel), the trench which Cooke, and myself commenced on my first night's duty in the trenches. The party consisted of 320 men, who were told off to forty scaling ladders,

each twenty-four feet long. My instructions were, to advance with my sappers, armed with crowbars and axes for cutting through the abatis, and with the ladder party immediately after the skirmishers had been thrown out. The party was under the command of Major Welsford, 97th Regiment, with whom I conferred for several minutes, and to whom I explained the point where the ladders were to be placed, in order to screen them as much as possible from the fire of the enemy. I then told my party of sappers what they were to do, and assembled the non-commissioned officers to point out the measures to be taken under their directions, in the event of my being either killed or wounded. These arrangements being made, I awaited the signal to advance, silently calling upon God to aid and assist me in doing my duty, and, if it were His will, to preserve my life. Suddenly there was a shout that the French were attacking the Malakhoff. I looked over the parapet, and saw them rushing up the salient. They were apparently unresisted. The French flag in a minute was seen waving on the ramparts. All this happened so instantaneously, that it took us all by surprise.

‘ We had anticipated a hard struggle, and we were ordered not to advance till a decided success had been achieved; but, as it were, in a second the dreaded Malakhoff had fallen into the hands of the French. Our men could be no longer restrained; before there was time to get the ladders to the front, and before the sappers could advance to cut away the abatis, they

rushed in a straggling line over the parapets, and dashed onwards to the salient. I hurried up my sappers as fast as I could, shouting to them till I was nearly hoarse, and ran forward with them and the ladder party, with a drawn sword in my hand (my scabbard and belt I left behind). In the hurry and confusion, many ladders were left behind. There was, however, little excuse for this, as the men had had their places distinctly assigned to them, and should not have left the trench without their ladders. It was of course impossible to perceive that anything of the kind had occurred, and still more impossible to have rectified it had it been known. The only word was—"Forward;" the only course to pursue—to advance as rapidly as possible. Nearly 200 yards of rough broken ground, and an abatis had to be crossed under the enemy's fire. The men advanced with the greatest spirit. I could see bodies dead and wounded lying along and strewing the ground on each side of me, as I pressed forward, shouting continually to the men to advance, and not to pause for an instant. When I came to the abatis, I found five men nearly exhausted carrying a ladder and trying to get it over the opposing branches; the remaining three men composing the party of eight had probably been killed or wounded in the advance. I lent them my aid and urged them on. The edge of the ditch was soon reached, and I was relieved to find the ditch not nearly so formidable as it had been represented, and as I had good reason, from the solidity and extent of the Russian defences, to suppose it was likely

to prove. I was prepared for a broad deep ditch, flanked by caponières, and for military pits, chevaux-de-frise, palisades, and all kinds of obstacles. The dreaded ditch of the Redan, however, proved nothing but a simple trench, perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet deep at the counterscarp, and twenty or rather more at the escarp. I kept my ladders rather to the right of the salient angle, having been warned that the flanking fire would probably be severe up the proper left face. Half-a-dozen or so were lowered and reversed in a minute, and the men poured up them with eager haste. I set to work with every sapper I could get hold of, or to whom amid the din I could make myself-audible, to tear down the rubble stone-work with which the salient of the escarp was reveted, and form a ramp practicable for ascent without ladders.

‘The long continuance of dry weather which preceded the assault must be regarded as a very favourable circumstance. The gabions staked to the ground with wooden spikes (with which the counterscarp was riveted) were torn down, and used in forming, with rocks, stones, and débris, a small parapet across the ditch of the proper left face, and a similar counter-caponière thrown up also on the other side. I had to work, however, with my own hands; it was difficult to get any one to do anything; the men, as they straggled up to the assault in support of the advance, seemed stunned and paralyzed — there was little of that dash and enthusiasm which might have been looked for from British soldiers in an assault; in fact it required all

the efforts and example of their officers to get the men on, and these were rendered almost ineffective from the manner in which the various regiments soon got confused and jumbled together. The men, after firing from behind the traverses, near the salient, for half-an-hour at the enemy,—also firing behind his parados and traverses,—began to waver. I rushed up the salient with the view of cheering them on, and the officers exerted themselves to sustain them; the men gave a cheer and went at it afresh. The supports or reserves, ordered to follow, straggled up in inefficient disorder, but were unable to press into the work, as the men in advance, occupying the salient, refused to go on, notwithstanding the devoted efforts of the officers to induce them to do so. Whether it was that they dreaded some secret trap, or some mine which would destroy the whole of them at once—whether it was that the long and tedious siege works had lowered their “*morale*”—or whether it was owing to the dreadful manner in which their Division (the Light, *most* injudiciously selected to lead) had been cut up in previous actions—it is a melancholy truth, that the majority of the assaulting column did not display the spirit and dash of thorough good soldiers, when assaulting the enemy. They refused, however, to retreat, and seemed to look round for aid; I trembled when I saw no one coming, and looked continually, anxiously, round for the reserves I considered, as a matter of course, would be advanced immediately it was perceived that the

leading columns had failed to carry the position, and were commencing to waver.

‘ It was in vain, however, to look ; our Generals had left their reserves about an hour’s march in the rear, so that even if our soldiers had charged forwards, as they should have done, they would probably have found themselves compromised, surrounded by the enemy, and immolated, before any assistance could have been brought to them. I had just given directions to the fraction of the working party of 100 men told off to me, which reached the ditch, what they were to do, and was returning towards the salient, when the sad repulse took place. What brought matters completely to a crisis, I have never exactly ascertained : I heard directly after I regained our trenches that three officers of the 41st, after vainly striving to induce the men to advance, rushed forward together, and were all three shot down like one man by the cross fire of the Russians behind their parados. This was the turning-point, according to this account, of the men’s indecision — they wavered and fled. I was near the counterscarp, when I saw the whole living mass on the salient begin reeling and swaying to and fro. In a moment I found myself knocked down and lying on my face, with a number of men scrambling over me — their bayonets running through my clothes. I expected to have been stunned and bayoneted, and to have been left insensible in the ditch, or shot by the enemy before I could drag myself out of it. However, at last I saw an opening, and holding on by my hands and knees, managed to force my way to it

through the moving mass, and regain my legs. I ran then as fast as I could towards our advanced trenches, the grape whistling past me like hail, and the Russians standing on the top of their parapets, and firing volleys into the crowd of fugitives.

‘ In our trenches all was shame, rage, and fear—the men were crowded together and disorganized. It was hopeless to attempt to renew the attack with the same troops. My Sappers all went to the Quarries, but I remained for more than half an hour, in the most advanced trench, with the shattered remains of the assaulting column. An officer of the 92nd came up to me and shook me by the hand, saying that he was glad to see me safe and sound, and that of his regiment he was the only officer left,—Major Welsford and Colonel Hancock (whose wife, poor thing! was then in the Crimea) having both been killed, and several others wounded.

‘ Finding there was to be no attempt to renew the attack, and mentally returning thanks to God for my wonderful preservation from imminent peril, I returned to join my party at the Quarries. On my way I passed General Sir William Codrington, who was charged with the direction of the attack, sitting in one of the trenches, with his aides-de-camp about him. I repeated to him a few words I had heard fall from the lips of an officer of the 33rd, to the effect, that if it were possible to collect the men of the various regiments together, under their own officers, he would be willing to renew the assault. Sir William said the fire of the grape was too heavy to admit of the attack being repeated that day. I

was received with very kind and hearty congratulations by one friend or brother officer after another, whom I encountered in my progress through the trenches — Anderson especially, who was attached to the same company as myself, said he had been particularly anxious; and when he found I did not return with the Sappers, thought it was all over with me. The Engineers' hut, near the Quarries, presented a most lamentable spectacle when I reached it. Every stretcher had been put into requisition for carrying off the wounded. Some of the men employed as bearers, it was said, had not returned — remaining away to avoid the danger (for death and wounds were rife through every part of the lines this day, and men were actually killed in the stretchers on which they were being borne wounded to the rear).

‘Several poor fellows, more or less grievously wounded, were lying helpless and in agony in the trench. Inside the hut was a poor gunner, with his leg badly shattered by the splinter of a shell. In front, in the centre of the roadway, lay a rifleman dying, covered with blood about the head and face, and foaming at the mouth — a most ghastly spectacle. Near me was a poor fellow shot in the small of the back, in great pain: I managed to raise him up, with some empty sandbags, to make his position easier — this was all I could do. Three or four more victims lay groaning or faint and silent around; while the inexorable roar of cannon and shot continued, and death remained busy at his work. The rags I had taken down with me proved very useful: I bound up

the wounds of several poor fellows with them, in the ditch of the Redan, during the assault, administering some brandy to them from my flask ; and actually was thanked by the surgeon in the advanced trenches for a couple which I gave him from my cap, as I went down (he having told me he was quite destitute of any supply !), and that by some shameful neglect he had been on duty during a terrific bombardment, dressing the wounds, or perhaps merely roughly binding them up, as well as the urgency of the case would admit, for forty-eight hours. I felt very indignant and disgusted at this, after all that has been said and written on this painful subject.

‘ Whilst waiting in the Quarries with the remains of my party of sappers (some of my mere handful of twenty-two having been killed or wounded), a naval officer came up and asked for Elphinstone, the engineer officer on duty, as he wished the direction of an embrasure in a battery to be altered, in order that one of the guns might be turned on some shipping. Though my duty strictly speaking was over, yet I felt I was called upon to supply Elphinstone’s place at a time like this, and therefore repaired with a party of sappers to the battery indicated. I heard that the Russian fire had been very heavily directed on this and an adjoining battery, and that they had succeeded in silencing several of the guns. I gave the necessary directions for the alteration of the embrasure, and then repaired to a point near where Col. Chapman, De Vere, and several

others, were looking over the parapet, and watching anxiously, as well as the dense clouds of smoke and dust would admit, the assault of the French. It was impossible, however, to distinguish any object very clearly; all was din, smoke, and confusion. A kind of hurricane blew during the day of the assault, and prevented the intended co-operation of the navy. Col. Chapman told me that my ladders had been admirably planted, and that as there appeared nothing for me then to do, I had better go and report myself to Sir William Codrington, and ask him if he required my services any further. If he said not, I was to return to camp, and write a short report of the assault for General Jones. I returned to the Quarries, and found on my way there that Sir Colin Campbell was left in command. I accordingly addressed my inquiries to him. He told me that he should not want me, and asked me to sit down beside him, and give him some account of the attack. I did so in a few words. On my way home, every one that I met who knew I had been with the ladder party, seemed astonished, and I am happy to add glad, to see me back. Tired and excited as I was, I had to write a report, which was altered on account of the last paragraph, which might have got me into trouble, and to give me an opportunity of mentioning the names of the sappers who distinguished themselves. There were nine I think killed or wounded out of a small party of twenty-two. The following is a copy of this report : —

“ R. E. Camp, Sept. 8th, 1855.

“ SIR,

“ In obedience to your instructions, I have the honour to report for your information the proceedings of the sappers and ladder party to which I was attached at the assault of the Redan this morning. I was ordered to advance with the ladder party, immediately after the skirmishers had been thrown out.

“ The excitement among the troops in the trenches, however, was so great when they perceived that the French were masters of the Malakhoff, that they rushed unexpectedly over the parapets, before the ladder party had had time to get clear of the advanced trench. I got my sappers to the front, as soon as possible, with their crowbars and axes, and ran on with the advanced ladders.

“ The enemy opened a heavy musketry fire upon us, and occasioned many casualties among the ladder party; however, the men pressed rapidly forward.

“ The abatis did not prove a serious obstacle, and the ladders were soon lowered into the ditch, and reversed from the counterscarp to the escarp. They were placed in such a position that the men descending and ascending them were scarcely, if at all, exposed to the flanking fire of the Russians up the ditch of each face.

“ The ditch of the Redan itself is not more than 15 or 16 feet deep, if so much, and only 8 feet broad, and there was no difficulty experienced in forming a ramp for the men to ascend.

“The working party told off for me (consisting of 100 men of the 77th Regiment) were not to arrive till the whole of the assaulting column had come up. I, however, employed the small party of sappers under my charge till their arrival, with a few men of the assaulting party, in forming a small caponière across the ditch of the proper left face, up which the enemy was pouring volleys of musketry.

“Gabions were torn down from the counterscarp, and filled as well as possible with loose stones, and a partial cover was soon obtained.

“The fire of the enemy, however, was so hot that, after half-an-hour, the work had to be suspended. A small caponière was also in course of construction across the ditch of the proper right face, near the salient, and a fair cover had been obtained there when the assaulting column retreated. A portion of my working party had arrived just before the troops withdrew, and they were engaged on these caponières, and on forming an easy ramp into the ditch from the glacis, when the repulse took place.

“It is not my duty to offer any opinion on the general arrangements for the attack. I shall therefore forbear from stating, unless called upon to do so, the causes which in my opinion led to its failure.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“GEORGE RANKEN,

“Lieut. Royal Engineers.

“Lieut.-Col. Chapman, C.B., &c. &c. &c.”

‘After I had finished my report, I dined with Anderson and his brother, the same party which had dined together with anxious and rather gloomy forebodings on the previous evening. Before I had well eaten my dinner, a telegraphic message summoned me to headquarters. I rode there with Captain Montagu, R.E., (who had had the superintendence of the various parties at the assault,) and found the old General sitting up in his arm-chair looking rather grave and stern. He was in conversation with Sir William Codrington, who had evidently been giving him a description of the day’s proceedings. I explained to him about the ditch of the Redan, and answered a number of questions, and he then told me I might go. I retired to rest on this eventful day, hardly able to express my gratitude to God for my deliverance.

‘I was very tired, but the heavy fire of cannon which still continued, and my excitement, prevented much sleep.

‘*Sept. 9th.*—I was awakened from a broken slumber at about four this morning, by a tremendous explosion, and soon after heard Nicholson (who had just come back from a night’s trench duty) assert, that the Russians had evacuated the town, and were firing their magazines by galvanic batteries. I immediately dressed, and after a cup of coffee rode off with Nicholson, De Vere, and Sir Edward Colebrooke (an English gentleman who had come out in his yacht to see the fun) towards Sebastopol. We had not gone far, before we saw an immense cloud rise into the air accompanied by a deep sullen sound, the

explosion of another large magazine. The whole of Sebastopol was in flames; but nearly half of the burning city was hidden by the impenetrable cloud caused by the explosion. The huge line-of-battle-ships which formerly lay like grim floating towers, blocking up the harbour, had been sunk. Nothing of them but the tops of the masts was visible. A few steamers, looking melancholy and isolated in the midst of the general wreck, alone remained of the fleet which had spread terror over the Black Sea, and the possession of which had been urged so strongly by the Russian negotiators.

‘When we reached the Woronzoff ravine, we met Highlanders bearing out the wounded men found scattered over the ground in the neighbourhood of the Redan. By some unaccountable negligence, though it appears that the Redan had been in our possession from midnight, or eleven o’clock on the previous evening, these poor fellows, though exposed the whole night to the cold, had not had any species of refreshment administered to them. I gave the first three or four I met some brandy from a small flask I had with me, but this was soon exhausted, and I thought I could do some good by returning to camp and loading a baggage pony with half-a-dozen bottles of brandy, and taking a couple of servants with water canteens and drinking cups. Sir Edward Colebrooke* approved of my idea; we returned together, and on our way back again to the

* I take the opportunity which the mention of this gentleman, as associated with my brother in a work of mercy, affords me, to express the gratitude which all my family feel at his generous

Redan, were able to refresh upwards of fifty poor fellows, some of them in the last stages of faintness and exhaustion, with brandy and water.

‘The refreshment was, in all cases, most gratefully received, with the exception of several too desperate for any remedy. We emptied four or five bottles in a short time, and I hope did some good. I saw Sir Colin Campbell, who seemed to approve of what I was doing, and told me I was playing the good Samaritan.

‘So great had been the neglect of the proper authorities, that I actually gave a wounded man some brandy and water, with my own hand, as he lay at the bottom of the ditch of the Redan on the spot where he had received his wound. I refreshed several poor Russians who were found wounded, and who expressed their gratitude in a sort of uncouth joy. They were simple, ignorant-looking fellows, perfectly virtuous of ambition, — bodies without souls.

‘The salient of the Redan presented a terrible appearance. Outside the ditch, and a little to the left of the salient angle, in a small hole, lay the bodies of fifty or sixty English soldiers, thickly piled together. Near the crest of the counterscarp was an officer with his hand stretched out as if in the act of waving his sword. His features were not distorted, but noble, composed, and manly, though a portion of his head had been carried away by a grape shot.

sympathy to us during our great affliction, and the kind mention he has made of my brother's name in his interesting Journal, which I have had the privilege of reading.—EDITOR.

‘The ditch near the salient was full of bodies, gashions, and débris, lying in horrible chaos together. Inside the Redan few bodies were to be seen, but a handful of our men having penetrated into the interior. At a point, however, more than twenty yards from the salient, I saw the body of a young English officer, and close to him, three or four soldiers lying side by side, or across the bodies of several Russians. The attitudes of the various figures bespoke the energy of their death struggle. There were several Russians wounded sitting or lying on the terreplein of the interior, or concealed in the splinter-proof barracks constructed under the parapets, but I did not see many dead bodies. At one of the flanking batteries I saw a deeply impressive spectacle, and from it was enabled to form an idea of the devotion of the Russian artillerymen.

‘On both sides of the guns were the bodies of the gunners lying one upon the other, five or six deep. All around were strewn canisters of the grape-shot they had been firing to the very last. The Redan proved a very large work, undefended at the gorge, except by a single infantry trench, but with huge traverses, and a double line of parapet, which would enable the defenders to open a cross fire on the head of any column advancing from the salient-angle (as they actually did on our troops). The width of the work at the gorge facilitated the advance of reinforcements, while it rendered the formation of a lodgment more difficult. The whole interior space was ploughed up by our shot and shell

in the most terrific manner. It was a mere chaos of deep holes, dismantled guns, shattered gabions, broken iron, and solid shot. It seemed a marvel to us how men could have existed in such a place at all.

‘The losses of the Russians from our fire, when their works must have been filled with troops in readiness to repel an assault, must have been terrific. A certain garrison, however, the defenders could hold safe and sound. We found under the huge piles of parapets and traverses, both in the Malakhoff and the Redan, long splinter-proof barracks, calculated to contain several hundred men, most solidly constructed with beams and the masts of ships, and perfectly safe from the effects of the heaviest projectiles. Long lines of beds, in double tiers, where the men slept at night, were found in these galleries and barracks, covered with coats and clothes, full to overflowing of fleas, and perfumed “à la Russe.” Soldiers’ wooden spoons, fragments of their black bread, innumerable articles of clothing and accoutrements (some nearly new) were scattered about these splinter-proofs and the parapets of the work. Huts for the officers were also discovered, containing cupboards, empty wine bottles, and in some cases, chairs.

‘My faithful domestic (a sapper named Munro) who accompanied me, bore off an arm-chair from the Redan in triumph, which afterwards decorated my tent (and in which I now sit as I write this), probably used by some Russian Captain or Colonel.

‘Walking with Graham and Campbell (whom I met

viewing the works) towards the Malakhoff, I encountered General Simpson, to whom I was introduced by Colonel Chapman, as the engineer officer who led the ladder party. The General said he had heard of me, and that I was a fortunate fellow to have escaped. I looked upon our *rencontre* with some satisfaction, as I considered my being thus prominently brought under the notice of the Commander-in-Chief might increase my chance of being mentioned in despatches. Colonel Chapman told me to direct any Royal Engineer officers I met to come back to camp as soon as they could, as their services would probably be required. We had all of us visions of various duties and occupations before us. Surveys, plans of the Russian works, &c., demolition of forts and docks, and perhaps the construction of fresh batteries to silence those of the Russians on the North shore. However, the great consolation—the inexpressible relief—of the termination of “duty in the trenches” had come, and other fatigues and dangers seemed child’s play to this great all-absorbing service. I walked with Major Campbell and Lieutenant Graham almost as far as the large white buildings behind the Redan, perforated in all parts, and a scene of desolation and ruin from our batteries. The whole of the civil portion of the city was still in a blaze; and as it was quite uncertain where the Russians might have secreted their mines, or what fort or buildings they might intend to blow up, it was by no means prudent to venture far into the town. We had no time to look at the Malak-

hoff, and, in fact, were rather hungry, having had only a sort of military snatch before starting forth on our rambles.

‘The Church service, performed under our rough tarpaulin roof, was very impressive to-day, though it was difficult to abstract one’s thoughts from the stirring events which had taken place.

‘*Sept. 10th.*—I rode down with Anderson to visit the ruins of the still burning city. We were enabled to traverse the military portion of the town without molestation. We found the magnificent ranges of white barracks and public buildings all more or less injured; the barracks near the Redan perforated in all directions by cannon shot, or torn and smashed by shells; a number of smaller buildings, probably the poorer suburbs, literally a mere heap of ruins. The requirements of the vast defensive works were manifested by the gutting and dismantling of several fine ranges of barracks, solely for the purpose of obtaining materials from them for powder magazines, splinter-proofs, and platforms. While endeavouring to force our way through the civil portion of the town, occupied by the French, we encountered General Pelissier and a large staff, and were warned by one of the Generals on the staff not to advance further, because an explosion was expected to take place in the town. We accordingly turned back, and reached the Malakhoff, on our way home, about the same time as the French General. He is a small, very active looking man. He jumped off

his horse, and ran down into one of the ditches of the Malakhoff with the vivacity of a schoolboy.*

‘The Malakhoff presented a ghastly spectacle, dead lying everywhere in it and near it; Russians evidently shot while running away, and Zouaves killed whilst in the ardour of pursuit; noble-looking fellows lying dead on the escarps and the embrasures, all along the ditch leading from the Malakhoff to the Little Redan; bodies in every attitude, with faces little distorted, but rather ennobled by death. Many of the dead had been collected and buried, but there were at least a thousand or fifteen hundred lying about in all directions, filling the ditches, or collected together for interment. I fancied I should never have been able to look on the dead on a battle-field; however, as my three weeks of warfare, from the battle of Tchernaya to the grand assault, has been nothing but bloodshed and death, I am now familiarized with the spectacle.

‘While urging on the men to the assault of the Redan, I stood in the midst of the dead and dying, and poor fellows in every state of suffering lay around. It was a scene of such horror, that I have hardly yet recovered from the shock. The French say we fought well at the Redan, and that if we had succeeded in gaining possession of it, we could not have held it, as it is quite open and very wide at the gorge, and the Russians could consequently bring up heavy masses of

* It was probably General Bosquet my brother saw on this occasion.—EDITOR.

men to envelope, and crush our straggling column of assault, already torn and disordered by a terrific flank fire of grape on their advance. Instead, therefore, of our useless and bloody assault, we should, in my opinion, have done much better had we sent two or three regiments to assist the French in holding the Malakhoff, and when they had gained a decided footing, and been enabled to turn some of the guns in the Malakhoff to sweep the gorge of the Redan, made our assault on that work, which being isolated and shut to reinforcements, must have succumbed to a vigorous and spirited attack. This is the more certain, as, even as it was, had our Generals employed their reserves properly, we should, in my opinion, have carried the work and held it.

‘The Redan is, in a military point of view, much stronger than the Malakhoff; the latter, from its commanding position, is a very imposing looking work, but to our surprise, we found it very badly, if at all, flanked; whereas the Redan is flanked by an indented line mounting half-a-dozen or more heavy guns on one face, and on the others by batteries in a ravine, very difficult of access to our projectiles. By far the strongest work of the whole is the Flagstaff Battery, covering the civil portion of the town; the defences here are very well contrived, and so formidable that I might safely stake my existence that no troops in the world could carry them if only tolerably defended. The Flagstaff is in itself a Redan, with a broad deep ditch with palisades and military pits in it; beyond the

counterscarp of the salient is a small battery of guns and mortars, sweeping the approach and firing into our lines, which it sees into most unpleasantly. Behind the Redan are two or three other strong lines of entrenchments mounting the heaviest guns, and when all these are passed you suddenly come upon a battery sweeping the approach to the town, and placed on a rising knoll in front of some buildings very difficult to carry by assault; this position is, therefore, impregnable, and it is extremely fortunate for us that it was *not* the key of the whole.

‘The extent of the French siege works is enormous, I suppose that altogether there must be thirty or forty miles of trenches and zigzags in front of Sebastopol.

‘The Russians possessed immense advantages over us in having all the stores of the dockyard available and close at hand, and all the heavy guns and ammunition from their ships and arsenal, while we had to drag everything over miles of morass and mud, and do all our military work also with a mere handful of men. The interior of all the Russian works is tremendously ploughed up by our shot and shell, but all the parapets for purposes of defence are sound and good; we may look upon our success as a marvel. It is no disgrace to the Russians, no army could have fought better or defended itself with more unflinching courage and skill. An officer of artillery tells me that his battery fired right into dense columns of Russian troops, advancing to drive the French out of the Malakhoff, and he could clearly see the effects of its shot, whole

ranks were ploughed up by it, but the column remained as steady and firm as if not a single shot was being fired into it. .

‘ Both armies, it is unnecessary to say, have a great respect for their opponents. The day after the assault, 30,000 fresh troops marched into Sebastopol; their arrival thus late must be regarded as another happy accident, or rather interposition of Providence, as their presence on the preceding day might have turned the scale against us.

‘The French have undertaken the police of the town, and the streets are lined by their pickets. The churches (none of which have been destroyed by the Russians) are used as guard-rooms, with a few other buildings which preserve the semblance of a roof, and our brave allies may be seen chatting together in lively groups over their rations and “vin ordinaire,” with their arms piled and glittering in the sun in front of them. I rode yesterday through all the French portion of the town; we have the military side, and come in for huge barracks, hospitals, &c., most of them dilapidated, but of vast size and admirably built; these may perhaps be fitted for the reception of a Division of the Army during the winter.

‘The harbour is the most lamentable spectacle of desolation I ever witnessed, completely choked and filled with wrecks and the masts of sunken vessels.

CHAPTER XIII.

INSIDE SEBASTOPOL.

‘ I THOUGHT I had seen sufficient horrors on the 8th and the ensuing day; but on the morning of the 10th, I witnessed a spectacle more terrible than any I had yet witnessed. About a thousand or more poor wounded Russian soldiers and officers were found in a large building near the ruins of Fort Paul, on the morning of the 10th. They had passed nearly two days in agony and misery, without food or any assistance. Many dead were there, and the stench in the vast charnel-house of horror so dreadful, that it is a marvel how any had supported existence. It is a stain on the humanity of the Russians that they could thus leave these poor wretches to their fate without even indicating where they were. A flag over the building, or even a surgeon or officer with a flag of truce left behind to explain and direct our attention to the Hospital, would have been sufficient. A flag of truce was, I believe, sent over from the North shore on the morning of the 10th, and some Russian officers selected from amongst the mass of poor sufferers those whom they thought the most likely to

recover from their wounds, and capable of being again rendered fit for service. All the bad cases I heard were left to the English and French surgeons. They had enough on their hands as it was, though they of course undertook their painful task as well as they could.

‘This long siege,—the dreary drudgery of French duty,—the constant spectacle of death, and wounds unaccompanied by excitement,—the losses of our old soldiers, and the fresh draughts of young recruits that have been sent out, have all contributed to depress and demoralise our army; who can wonder at it? Marching down for periods of twenty-four sometimes thirty-six hours together, exposed in a ditch to be killed as they slept or while at work, tired and dispirited as they wended their weary way back to the camp: they must have hard hearts indeed, who cannot make some allowance for men thus sorely tried. No one can imagine what the work has been; even I though out so short a time, felt a gnawing anxiety eating into my mind. I was very much exposed on duty, and I never could feel any confidence when I went down for a night in the trenches that I should return. Our army I feel sure will recover by a campaign in the field, which is much more congenial with the feelings of the soldiers, and has much that is animating and inspiring about it.

‘The native strength of the Russian soldier’s constitution was demonstrated in several instances. I saw a poor fellow sitting on the steps of the Hospital, who had probably passed nearly forty-eight hours without sustenance, supporting the stump of one of his legs, the

lower part of which must either have been shot away or amputated. The man did not look very faint or ill, and bore his sufferings without a groan. Above this scene of misery was a store, full of Russian uniforms, helmets, &c. I obtained a few trifles as trophies. The harbour and dockyard creek near this hospital were strewn with fragments of wrecked ships, and a small steamer partially burnt and submerged was washed by the swell almost against the quay walls. The Russians appeared to be very loth to burn the *Vladimir* (their pet steamer).

‘ One of the subalterns of my company was ordered down with a detachment of sailors to build a battery on the coast, the night after the attack, for the purpose of sinking her. The jack tars were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and worked like demons. The steamer moved up within a hundred yards or so of them, and took a melancholy glance at their preparations. In front of her was the whole English fleet. Escape seemed impossible, and the final step of burning the vessel was at length (to the great anger and disgust of our sailors) resorted to. When she came close up, they proposed to suspend work, and sink her with a field gun.

‘ Fort Paul, standing at the end of a split of land, running out into the harbour, and probably not more than seven hundred or eight hundred yards from the nearest Russian batteries on the opposite shore, was a shapeless mound of ruin; its demolition had been perfect. Fort Nicholas had been partially burned, but the

sea bomb-proof wall was still uninjured, and the embrasures for upwards of 150 guns were as intact and solid as ever. The enemy's arrangements for blowing up this fort must have failed. Possibly the wires connecting the mines with galvanic batteries on the opposite shore, were broken, by coming in collision with the wrecks of sunken vessels, or some timber or large floating body may have driven against them by the heavy sea which was running during the whole of the 8th. The walls of Fort Alexander also stand very well, though the enemy managed to explode the mines intended, without doubt, for their destruction.

‘I visited the French portion of the town a few days after the place was taken, in company with Lieut. Graham, R.E. We were neither of us provided with the requisite papers for the French trenches, and the whole of the main street of the civil portion of the city, occupied by our gallant allies, glistened with the bayonets of their pickets. Yet, nevertheless, through the ignorance and vanity of a little French sentry, who mistook our English “permit” for a correct document, we managed to obtain an entrance into the ruined streets.

‘Sebastopol is finely situated, and laid out in broad spacious streets. Some of the houses, though now nothing in general remained of them but blackened disfigured walls, must have been very handsome and elegant. The club house and several churches remained nearly intact. The principal church had been already converted into a French guard-room. We looked with the deepest interest at the remains of the famous city,

and noted even within its streets preparations for obstinate and desperate defence. There were barricades at intervals down the streets, and fire-arms and gun-powder we learnt had been found in many houses. What the final struggle might have been, had not God in his infinite mercy permitted our surprise to succeed, it is almost too terrible to picture. All the scenes of blood here enacted would have shone feebly by the side of it. We rode to Fort Nicholas, close to which is a large open space, used by the Russians during the siege as a market-place. It was almost the only part of the city out of reach of our shot and shell. A naval officer on board one of the ships of the fleet told me, it was always densely crowded, and that large military parties were constantly employed there, making gabions, &c. From Fort Nicholas the Russians could be seen very plainly walking about, with apparent unconcern, on the opposite shore, or on the tops of the parapets of their redoubts. From this point their works on the North side had a most formidable appearance, battery after battery rising tier above tier, seemed ready at a given signal to lay the remains of the devoted city into ashes, and to render the whole uninhabitable to the victors. Graham and I dismounted from our horses (as we did not wish to tempt a Russian rifleman by being too conspicuous), and leaving them in charge of a French sentry, advanced in front of the fort and close to the water. The masts of the *Twelve Apostles* and other line-of-battle-ships, were almost within a stone's throw of the spot where we stood. With a telescope, I could almost dis-

cern the features, whilst I was enabled clearly to watch the movements of Russian working parties, pursuing their avocations as quietly and unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. Groups of two or three might be observed here and there standing looking at their lost city, and watching a few stragglers who, like ourselves, had reached the opposite coast. As if by mutual consent, hostilities seemed to have been suspended. Both armies weary with fighting, were taking a kind of holiday. We found that the French portion of the town was very strictly guarded, and saw nobody but sentries, a few French officers, and some of the English staff, who had doubtless with some trouble obtained permission to enter the place from the French head-quarters. We therefore considered ourselves fortunate in having obtained this early view, and rather congratulated ourselves on our successful impudence.

‘The English are not allowed to enter the town, a cordon of cavalry being drawn up to prevent it. The French have it all to themselves. There can be few of the excesses, which generally attend a successful assault, perpetrated. Almost all the valuables are either burnt or removed; and the inhabitants, with very few exceptions, have quitted the devoted city.

‘The Russians are now in the forts on the North shore, and in a large entrenched camp close to the harbour. They will probably open fire upon us soon. Last night was a disagreeable one in camp; the wind blew with great violence, accompanied with clouds of dust, which soon filled the tents and reduced every-

thing to an uniform drab. The tent vibrated to and fro, and I expected my pole every moment to break and the tent to come down on my head. I made dispositions to meet these events by partially dressing, and placing stools, &c. on high points, to prevent the tent half smothering me by receiving it when it fell.

‘The wind was soon followed by a thunder-storm accompanied by very heavy rain; this lulled the wind and I got to sleep.

‘This morning our parade ground is covered with the most adhesive clay I ever encountered, and the rain pours on; however, these are but small matters now that Sebastopol is ours. The city is now like a great charnel-house. I met to-day strings of waggons filled with the Russian dead almost in a state of putrefaction. They say that to-day 100 Russian officers were found lying dead in a large room all together; they had probably perished from want of food and attendance after their wounds. The Russian army fought with desperate courage. A French officer told Nicholson to-day, that after the French had carried the Malakhoff, a Russian officer and *forty* men in a pit near the centre, refused to surrender, and fought till nearly all were killed.

‘We do not know the precise loss on both sides. All we know for certain is, that it is enormous. What the Russians can possibly gain by prolonging the struggle no one knows: the Crimea is filled with their sick and wounded. I observed them again to-day on the North shore, apparently getting timber from the wrecks of their vessels.

‘The general characteristic of all the Russian works was their extreme strength and solidity. They seem the works of giants. It is impossible not to be astonished at the vastness of the undertaking, or to avoid conjuring up the hosts who must have toiled day and night to carry it out. A great deal of the vast labour expended was, however, unnecessary, in a military point of view, and even defeated its own object. The gigantic traverses with which most of the principal works were covered, and the splinter-proof barracks under them, in which garrisons might remain safe from shot and shell, both proved detrimental to the defenders when the assault was given. The traverses formed parapets, equally for the attacking as for the defending troops, and the splinter-proof barracks, prisons, from whence their tenants were effectually debarred emerging by a few opponents. The necessity of both, however, appears obvious when the interior of the works is examined. The terre-plein of the Redan is a sea of crater and débris. The enemy had formed a slight covered communication between it and the barracks in the rear, along which relief might pass comparatively, though by no means, effectually, sheltered from our fire. The whole of the ground near the salient of this work, so especially and so long the object of the English attack, was covered with half-buried disabled guns, whose muzzles, or breeches protruded grimly and mournfully in the midst of the chaos of holes, fragments of shells, and débris of gabions.

‘The Malakhoff, in my opinion, would never have

been taken except by surprise,—once surprised, the holding of it was a matter of no great difficulty, though, of course, accompanied by rather heavy loss. Though the key of the whole line of works, it was on this account, one of the weakest. It possesses also but little saliency beyond the general contour, and is most imperfectly flanked. Most happily for us, the Russians had been led to adopt the form indicated by the primary round tower, merely at first building an earthen parapet around it; happily too, they had been led to neglect it till the latter portion of the siege, on account of the projection of the salient portion of the Mamelon, which effectually commanded all the approaches of the Allies. Had they constructed a second bastion du mâ, retrenched only half as strongly as the original, our hopes of taking Sebastopol by an assault would have vanished, or must have been undertaken against another part of the defences. It was painful to reflect on the small part the English army had taken in the great assault, and how that small part had been marred. I still think our fellows would fight better than any others in a fair field, and under a good general, who kept his recruits away from vital positions.

‘I had charge of the water-works for the supply of the army after the siege was over, taking it from Elphinstone, who had been wounded severely in the trenches by a stone, knocked out of the parapet by a round shot. My labours were not arduous, and I had time for little trips into the country to explore the scenery, and get a few ideas respecting the position of the various *corps*

d'armée. One of my expeditions proved a very interesting and exciting one. Our party was arranged several days before our start, and consisted of Captain Nicholson, Lieutenant Edwards, and myself (all R.E. officers); Major Campbell, 46th Regiment, and Mr. Smith (an uncle of Nicholson's, staying in the camp on a visit). I had been on duty, commencing a battery near the ruins of Fort Paul, on the previous evening, and had not gone to bed till nearly three in the morning. It had been arranged that a cart, with provisions and blankets, should be sent in front of us to Baidar (seventeen miles), there to await our arrival. I was so frequently awoke during my very short night by perpetual disturbances, noises of bugles, &c., that I felt quite unrefreshed, and though the rest of my party left at a quarter to eight, I delayed my departure until nearly two hours after. The day (Michaelmas Day) was most lovely, and the pass beyond Kamara looked perfection; I had never, on any other occasion, been more than a few miles beyond the Sardinian camp, so that soon all became new to me. The Woronzoff road (which we followed in the main through all its twistings and windings) led through rocky, wooded ravines, skirting and edging spurs of rock, which jutted like so many capes or promontories into the deep valley below. Emerging from this romantic and beautiful pass, tinted with the hues of autumn, and showing all the varied and striking effects of light and shade in strong contrast, the road enters the valley of Baidar, a sweet little vale, enclosed by green sloping and wooded banks, whilst in the dis-

tance, to the East, rise rugged mountain peaks and lofty summits of hills, redeeming the landscape from tameness, and serving, as it were, as a setting to its gem-like richness. Peroski's villa, a small rather fantastically-built chateau, with a white tower surmounted by a green cupola, standing out very conspicuously, and situated a few yards to the right of the road, about a mile from Baidar, was the point which, on a previous occasion, had been selected as a rendezvous, and I accordingly hoped, when after a long sharp canter I approached it, that I should find my party engaged in a rustic "*déjeuner à la fourchette*" on the green sward, under the trees surrounding the house. A French guard proved the sole occupant, and the sentry informed me as I rode up that it was "*défendu*" to enter; however, on inquiring, I learnt that my party had been there only ten minutes before, and riding on at a rapid trot, I soon sighted them, traversing in a line a green plain that bordered the road. We found our cart at Baidar, where we arrived at noon. Baidar had not been very long in the occupation of the French.

‘After the fall of Sebastopol, they pushed forward their advanced posts wherever they could, and the Russians retreated before them. We found the streets of this quaint, picturesque little Tartar village crowded with "*Français*," buying meat, onions, and bread, or chatting together in groups. A regiment of Chasseurs d’Afrique is now encamped in the place, whilst conspicuous on a neighbouring hill-side, to the rear, may be seen the white tents of the Turks. We lunched,

seating on the grass, near the watering-place at Baidar, and fed our horses. Our road, after leaving Baidar, wound up a hill, at the top of which we found a regular masonry arch and a French guard of 120 men; this was the entrance of the pass of Phoros, which the French had taken possession of. The archway, with very little difficulty, could be strengthened in such a manner as completely to close the road against the advance of an army, however formidable. It is situated on a most commanding point, overlooking the road for more than a mile, and the nature of the ground (composed principally of gigantic landslips) is such as to necessitate a most tortuous and winding route, and several apparently retrograde movements in the advance from one point to the other. At the archway the scene burst upon us in all its grandeur; we rode along admiring more and more, as we advanced, the loveliness to which it had served as a portal, and to which we had so suddenly been introduced.

‘ To our left was a continuous lofty precipice—varying only occasionally in height and ruggedness—towering proudly into the clear blue sky, its edge defined with beautiful distinctness and delicacy against the charming background. Trees and shrubs, here and there instinctively rooting themselves in the small patches of earth, niggardly sprinkled over the harsh barren rocks, shot up fresh, green, and beautiful, on its sombre sides. At the foot of this vast rampart of cliffs were masses of rocks tossed confusedly about, as if by some Titan hands; here and there standing boldly out, but gene-

rally imbedded in earth, and half hidden by the foliage of the trees springing up from their resting-places. The road wound along the base of this wild and beautiful chaos. Below it was a scene somewhat similar—a series of gigantic landslips jutting out into the sea ; but below, earth and vegetation predominated over rock and barrenness. A little Tartar village, close to the sea, soon greeted our eyes. It consisted merely of a few little white houses, with red tile roofs. Just opposite it, and not half a mile from shore, lay a French man-of-war steamer at anchor, and at a short distance beyond, a second steaming slowly up. They were stationed at this point to guard and observe the pass.

‘ We expected to have met with some difficulty in getting through the French advanced posts, as a permission in writing from the French head-quarters was generally demanded. We, however, fortunately found a very complaisant young Frenchman on duty, who, after a few explanations, permitted us to proceed. I offered him my “ Illustrated ” to look at (happily containing a picture of General Bosquet on the first page), and left it with him to peruse till our return. We were warned by him not to proceed along the road beyond the most advanced French posts, which he stated to be “ two hours ” in front of us (in the phraseology of the country two leagues). We rode on and on, however, more and more charmed and delighted with the scenery as we advanced, and looking right and left of us for the red trowsers of a Frenchman ; none were visible, yet still we proceeded till, towards evening, we reached a

small road-side chateau, which appeared eligible as a resting-place for the night. It was in a half-pillaged state, with broken windows, and floors strewn with the débris of chairs, and tables. There was a tolerable stable for the horses, who were soon tied up and discussing their well-earned evening meal. I busied myself in lighting fires, putting large drawers collected from a wardrobe in requisition as chairs. We found a capital round table ready for our use, and a deal plank on a stand formed an excellent side-board. Nicholson and Campbell, rather mistrusting the security of our retreat, rode on for a few miles to reconnoitre.

‘They reported on their return that they had discovered nothing. Our dinner consisted of a kind of nondescript stew, made of slices of mutton immersed, with pieces of onion, pressed vegetables, and a small tin of essence of beef, in water, and cooked in a camp frying-pan. Some potatoes were set to boil on a fire made of broken furniture. Whilst dining, we held a council of war as to our movements; to stay or run away, that was the question. We felt half convinced that we must be beyond the French advanced posts. We had seen no waggons of the “*équipages militaires*,” (the constant attendants of the French army,) or even mules carrying provisions or fodder. We were at least twelve miles beyond Baidar. If, too, any of the Tartar inhabitants of the houses which we had passed on the road, actuated by the hopes of a reward, should inform the Cossacks of our whereabouts, what could we do? As for four or five of us resisting a large

armed party of cavalry, or making good our retreat, when pressed by them, on our jaded horses, the idea (to me at least) appeared preposterous. Supposing we were surrounded, and made prisoners by the Russians, what should we have to say in our defence when we returned to England, if we ever got back? We should probably all lose our commissions. On the other hand, it was pleaded that, if we really were too much "out of bounds," we were so unintentionally; that we had been misled by the officer commanding at Phoros. If we showed no light towards the road, the chances were, that reconnoitring parties of the enemy might even pass close by without discovering us, and finally, that seven Englishmen could satisfactorily thrash at least double the number of Cossacks. Our horses were tired, and we had made all our arrangements for the night.

'It was finally agreed, therefore, that we should stay where we were, but that the whole party should be on the *qui vive* during the night, with revolvers close to their heads, and an armed sentry should perambulate the garden. I was so completely done up with the fatigues of the previous night, passed principally on foot, and the long day's ride, that by general consent I was kindly omitted from keeping guard. I rolled a horse cloth round me, placed my revolver close to my head, to be ready in case of an alarm, and soon fell fast asleep. I had previously arranged a tolerably comfortable bed by help of an arm-chair, and bench (both stuffed), and an air pillow I always sleep on out here, and which I have found invaluable. I have no doubt

my friends kept an excellent look out; but, as fortunately they were not obliged to challenge any one, they were unable to afford any practical proof of their vigilance. Soon after daybreak we rose, drank some coffee, munched a piece of bread, saddled, and rode along the road towards the Russians, to explore still further.

‘The ride was certainly very exciting and enjoyable. The morning was lovely, and the air most exhilarating and inspiring. The road wound so much along the base of a projecting spit of rock that we could at no time see far before us. Still we advanced—the excitement every moment becoming more intense. We were all eyes and ears. We scanned every inch of the ground on either side, scrutinizing suspiciously every bush, and even going so far as to imagine a small stream of water to be the sword or bayonet of some Russian soldier, to which in fact at first it bore an unpleasantly strong resemblance. At length we sighted a village half buried in some trees close to the water’s edge. Several people were walking about, and one or two were distinctly visible standing on a roof, and looking up at us with apparent astonishment.

‘We held a council of war. It was manifestly imprudent to proceed, as if, as was extremely probable, there were any Cossacks concealed in the village, our retreat could be completely cut off. The question was put to the vote, and decided in favour of an advance by the casting vote of old Mr. Smith, who was in a state of intense excitement. On we went, therefore, Camp-

bell and myself mentally saying, "What fools we are!" After riding about a mile or less, we came to distinct traces of a Cossack picket near a bend of the road, whence a good view could be obtained of the route we had followed in our advance. Traces of watch fires, hay scattered over the half-charred bushes, and unmistakable signs of the recent presence of horses, shewed us clearly enough where our friends had been. A few paces further, we encountered a Tartar, whom at first we took for a Cossack. He had bread and salt in his hand, which he offered to us, and of some of which Nicholson ate. We questioned him by gestures, and repeating the words "Russes," "Francese," as to whether there were Russians or French ahead. From his replies we learnt, that we were quite beyond the French outposts; and there were nothing but Russians in front of us.

'At length, after we had gone four miles or so beyond our chateau, we decided on returning. We deviated to the right on our way back, to visit one or two deserted French villas near the sea-side. The principal one was the property of M. Demidoff. It had been a very pretty place, and evidently fitted up in a style of great luxury and comfort. The situation was very fine, though a little difficult of access. We found a large wine press, and materials for wine making; a cabinet-maker's shop, fine stables and out-houses, and the remains of a very handsome decorated little chapel, wantonly pillaged by the French and English cavalry, who had made a reconnoissance along

the road some days before. The priest's house, which was small, but furnished with taste and elegance, was united to the chapel, and had shared the same fate. Edwards found, seated peacefully and happily on a pile of broken chairs and tables, a very tame and pretty little white cat, with hazel eyes and pink ears. Puss, who illustrated the old saying, of a cat's never abandoning the house, was borne off in triumph, and now inhabits a tent on the heights. We had to climb an almost inaccessible hill to regain our chateau; and having breakfasted, packed our cart as we could, bearing away with us a couple of chairs, a bookshelf, a form, and a drawer from a wardrobe as trophies.

‘I am much annoyed at finding my name has not been given in General Simpson's despatch, though perhaps, considering all things, it is not a subject of great regret. Nothing can be more insulting to the army and the common sense of the country, than the manner in which general officers persist in mentioning almost exclusively their own staff—men who, in a general action, do little or nothing, and hardly one of whom left the shelter of the parapet on the 8th of September. If I find I am not recommended for promotion, I shall try to ascertain the reason of the omission. Every one here says, I have been very badly treated. At the assault of the 18th of June, three engineer officers were killed; on the 8th of September, I was the only engineer officer who left the trenches. I performed my duty to the entire

satisfaction of all the senior officers of my corps, several of whom, Colonel Chapman, Major Bent, and Major Stanton, expressed themselves to me very handsomely on the subject. I sent the other day the following letter to the *Times* on the subject of the scaling-ladders, most untruly described as too short by their correspondent.

‘“ *To the Editor of the Times.*

‘“ SIR,

‘“ Your Correspondent’s letter describing the grand assault of the allied armies upon Sebastopol, though generally very accurate and correct, contains a misrepresentation respecting the English attack upon the Redan, which, as I was personally present throughout the assault, and charged by General Jones with the conduct of the scaling-ladders, you will perhaps permit me to rectify, through the medium of your columns. The scaling-ladders are stated in your Correspondent’s letter to have been ‘too short,’ and it is further asserted that there were very few of them placed round the salient. A simple statement of the facts of the case is the best answer to these assertions.

‘“ Forty scaling-ladders, each twenty-four feet long, to be carried by 320 men, were collected on the morning of the assault in the most advanced trench. Eight men were told off to each ladder; and about half-an-hour before the attack took place, the late Major

Welsford, in command of the party, ordered, at my request, every man to stand or sit by the side of the ladder he was told off to assist in carrying.

“My duty consisted in conducting the party to the best point for placing the ladders, and I had about twenty sappers under my orders, provided with axes and crowbars for breaking through the abatis, and with picks and shovels for forming a ramp into the ditch, &c. When the signal for the advance was given, the ladder party ran to the front as rapidly as they could. . . . The fire of the enemy, however, was heavy, and several ladders were left behind in the advanced trench.

“The ditch proved much slighter than had been anticipated. Its depth at the salient could not have been more than twelve to fifteen feet.

“I was ordered by General Jones to make the descent into the ditch, and the ascent of the escarp, practicable. With the assistance of my sappers, I effected this in a few minutes, and numbers of men ran up the ramp thus formed, without using any ladders at all. When the first column mounted the salient, they drew several ladders after them. This may have led those who came up afterwards to imagine the number of ladders employed much smaller than they really were. *Not a man* was delayed from want of means for mounting the escarp. Trusting that you will excuse my trespassing upon your valuable space, but feeling that it was only due to my corps and to myself to make

the statement that I have done, and that you would be the first to receive such an explanation,

“ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ Your most obedient Servant,

“ GEORGE RANKEN,

“ Lieut. Royal Engineers.

“ Royal Engineers' Camp, near Sebastopol,

October 16.”

‘ Nothing so annoys and dispirits one as finding, after passing through the most trying ordeals, everything misrepresented and unappreciated, and rewards and honours conferred on undeserving men, who have done little or nothing to gain them. This miserable system I hold to be one of the chief causes of the inferiority of our army, as an intelligent machine of war. Every one who has had the dangerous and arduous trench duty to do, is disgusted beyond measure at finding himself, instead of being distinguished, *confounded* in a heterogeneous mass, with the cavalry, who have not been under fire for a year, and even with men on board ship, and at Kertch, who have been indiscriminately rewarded with “ the Sebastopol clasp.” Injustice and stupidity are seeds which never will produce good fruit, and until justice and common sense prevail, no one must feel surprised at misfortune and failures.

‘ Our movements since the grand final struggle have been principally confined to preparations for the approaching winter. It would astonish a novice to see the prodigious amount of labour necessary for the form-

ation of a thoroughly good road from Balaclava to the front. Several thousand men are employed daily along the whole length, under the superintendence of the Army Works Corps, and several captains of line regiments, specially told off to particular sections. I am the only officer of engineers employed, and I have between 500 and 600 men under my directions. My portion will be finished in ten days or a fortnight, its breadth varying, according to circumstances, from twenty to twenty-four feet, well macadamised, with a margin of several feet on each side, sloping down towards deep trenches. Several large culverts are constructed where, from the nature of the ground, there appeared a probability of a great rush of water.'

CHAPTER XIV.

WINTER IN THE CRIMEA.

‘November 23rd.

THE variety of residence is amazing in camp; almost every officer who could procure labour has built himself a small snuggerly. The general rule is to dig a square pit in the ground, and then edge it with a dwarf wall, cutting an opening at one side for a window and at another for a door.

‘After the terrible explosion which occurred on the 15th, it was fully expected that the Russians would have made some decisive movement. We shall probably remain in quiet winter quarters, paddling about in the mud, or wading through snow drifts; we have on the whole been very fortunate as yet with regard to our weather. We have only had one short taste of the Crimean winter, consisting of three or four days’ decidedly disagreeable weather. The army is going on building, and making roads, as if it had several more weeks of sunshine and clear sky to depend on. The main communications are all but finished, and building is going on well everywhere.

‘I generally have my hands full of work, and have recently been requested, in addition to my other duties, to act as Treasurer of the R. E. Mess in camp. We are about to get a hut put up, finish off a stone cook-house, buy sheep, geese, &c., and, in fact, start a regular mess in a rough and practical, but I am in hopes by no means unsatisfactory style. As yet I dine every night with a thick coat and cap on, in a single tent. Our soup (a concoction of beef-broth and onions generally speaking) is served up in an old Russian wooden bowl of irregular proportions, and coloured a dingy red. Our candlesticks till quite recently were bottles, our drinking cups, old jam pots. We live very well on the whole; and a fat goose well stuffed is not an unknown thing with us. I have been endeavouring to make my company of sappers comfortable for the winter. I get up wood from Sebastopol every day in a Maltese cart, which I purchased a few weeks since, and have two sawyers of my own company constantly at work sawing it into thin planks for lining the interior of the men’s huts. I gave my colour-serjeant 10*l.* the other day to buy the men plates, and to get a couple of sheep, and half a dozen geese, &c., for Christmas Day. Turkeys do not thrive in camp, and are besides continually killed and eaten by the rats.

‘*Nov. 25th.*—The winter, which withheld its approach longer than the most sanguine could have anticipated, is at length upon us. It began by several days’ frost; it has now turned wet. To-day is one of the most dreary that could be conceived. A howling wind;

torrents of rain ; a muddy chaos without ; tents quivering and flapping ; huts leaking and soaked—happy the man, however, who like myself is in one. I slept in a tent till the 16th of November (just about three months from my landing). I was driven out of it more by the rats than by the cold. I am now ensconced in a snug corner of a hut, with a good fire in it. It leaks a little, but *n'importe*, such matters are trifles. I only wish a tithe of the army were as comfortable as myself. The huts have not nearly all arrived. They are, it is true, being brought to the front as fast as they are unloaded ; and they require but a short time to put up ; but it will probably be some weeks before the whole army is under roofs. Some regiments, the 88th and 44th especially, have made themselves very snug, by building thick stone walls round their wooden ones. Their vicinity to rocks and stones enabled them to do this. The 4th regiment (close to us) have built several entire huts for themselves, and collected tiles from Sebastopol to roof them with. Want of wood, or rather of sawyers, has prevented them finishing them completely. I have had to drain the camps of the 3rd Division, and to send a report in respecting those of the whole army on the heights before Sebastopol. Of course this report necessitated a preliminary inspection, and I was compelled to visit every camp of the position on the heights. I have likewise had charge of the construction of a portion of road, and of the works near and about two water tanks of the 3rd and 4th Divisions.

‘ My health has been most mercifully preserved, my

promotion very rapid; and I have every reason to be thankful to the Giver of all good. I only wish I was more deserving of the blessings and favours bestowed on me.

‘*December 1st.*—Last night we had a gale of wind which blew down several tents, and recalled, to those who were here last winter, recollections of the great gale of November 14th. The rain beat furiously against my hut, but only penetrated slightly at one or two places.

‘To-day the camp is a sea of mud. I have noticed at several points that this mud only appears to lie superficially, and that underneath it there is a tolerably hard surface of a kind of gravel, infinitely preferable to the mud, though not exactly perfect. I am effecting a variety of improvements; draining and paving; building a stone guard hut; and forming, with a wooden trough and a number of ship’s tanks from Sebastopol, a supplementary tank, where the men may fill the water-bag carried by the mules with greater facility. I am having a step made along the line of iron tanks, to render the operation more easy, and am in hopes the men will derive benefit from it during the winter. The mud destroys the roads almost as fast as they are made. Nothing seems to stand but large rough paving stones; the broken metal is quickly transformed into mud. Huts continue to arrive from Balaclava, but very many are yet required to complete the requisite number.

‘The Russians fire daily at the docks. The demolition makes but slow progress, although the men work day and night at it.

‘I am busy getting live stock and provisions for the Royal Engineers’ mess. We have many difficulties in our way, our sappers being so completely absorbed in administering to the general wants of the army—superintending working parties, giving directions about huts, &c.—that we very seldom can get them to attend to our own wants. With all this we enjoy the reputation of being the best cared for officers in the army.

‘My colour-serjeant (Falkner) obtained to-day his appointment to the Land Transport Corps. He has been upwards of thirteen years in the service without a single crime on his defaulter’s sheet. I feel a sincere pleasure in seeing merit thus rewarded.

‘*Dec. 3rd*,—on which the weather was a bright exception to that we had for some days, was marked by a grand steeple-chase and a dinner. The steeple-chase came off on some grounds not far from the Kamiesch road. It attracted a very large number of both French and English officers, and was even graced with the presence of Marshal Pelissier and General Codrington. The former came in his carriage-and-four, attended by a large staff, and preceded by a Spahi with a turban, and wearing a picturesque red cloak folded round him, on which two decorations shone conspicuously. His duties consist in holding the Marshal’s horse when he dismounts, and in heralding, by his singular and picturesque aspect, the approach of the General-in-Chief to the army. I had not seen Pelissier before, though just after the siege I had imagined

I had at the Malakhoff, and given him credit for performing a feat of agility which, when I beheld the real man, became quite out of the question. I had heard that the Marshal was fat, but I was unprepared for the marvellously broad figure which presented itself to my view. The Marshal stood for the greater portion of the day on the slope of a hill overlooking the races. He, however, not quite satisfied with this distant view, towards the close of the day drove down to the brook, and stood up in his carriage to have a good view of the jump there. I studied his countenance, and was struck by it. It is peculiar, but full of sense and energy. His head is large, and covered with very short and very white bristles, which contrast oddly with a skin bronzed by the sun of Africa.

‘Sir William Codrington, who rode on the ground unostentatiously on a small grey horse, with scarce an attendant, chatted with the Marshal for several minutes.

‘After the first race, the winning jock (Capt. Yelverton, R.A.) was led up to Pelissier by his own request, and complimented very politely by him on his success. The races on the whole went off admirably. There was a great deal of good fencing, and a great deal of determined pluck. A heavy fall, which entailed a severe shaking and an embrowned and bespattered visage, was treated rather as a joke than otherwise, and the unhorsed jock, gaily mounting his steed, went boldly at the next jump. After two steeple-chases, at which none but English officers rode, there was a French flat

race, one of the most ridiculous exhibitions imaginable. Horse-racing is certainly not the forte of the French, and their notions of "*le sport*" are by no means identical with our own. On this occasion, on little ponies, with their peculiarly-fashioned nether vestments, in some cases without coats, and brandishing large whips (which were compromises between riding and waggoners' ones), they galloped slowly along, flourishing, gesticulating, and talking to their horses.

'A General was one of the jocks, and his admiring friends riding by his side incited him to fresh efforts by encouraging cries of "*Allez, mon Général,*" "*Bravo, mon Général,*" &c., all of which produced increased vociferations, and whip brandishing. It was difficult to refrain from laughter, though of course good taste and politeness forbad it. However, I think the French were themselves sensible that they had not shone particularly, as a Colonel remarked in my hearing, that it was not "*une belle journée pour la France.*"

'One Frenchman alone contended in a steeple-chase. His name was Viscount Talon, well known in sporting circles in England. Though very rich, he entered the Chasseurs d'Afrique as a private soldier, and in fact now is only a corporal. He was mounted on an iron grey pony, and rode with great courage, but unhappily with little success. At the first wall his horse fell, and the two next horses all but jumped upon both steed and rider as they lay sprawling on the ground. The Viscount, despite this unpleasant commencement,

mounted, and rode on again like a man, and I believe, after one or two more tumbles, got round the course, or as some say, achieved that result without further misfortune.*

‘The three principal races were won by artillery officers,—Yelverton, Biddulph, and Pat Campbell.

‘In the evening, Nicholson and myself went to dinner at the Restaurant of the 3rd Division. About seventy or eighty officers were present, and one civilian—the *Times*’ correspondent. The dinner passed off very well, though the wines were indifferent. We had some capital singing, and wound up the evening by a genuine and hearty chorus of *God save the Queen*, followed by three British cheers which made the welkin ring again.

‘*Dec. 7th.*—Fine warm day, with rather a high wind. Rode round the works in the morning: ground in a most muddy state. Nicholson came up from Sebastopol in the afternoon. He gives a most favourable account of the progress of the demolition of the docks. The Russians fire less than they did on the working parties. We are slowly getting the ground levelled for our mess, but our men are so much occupied in the other camps that I fear some time must elapse ere we get our mess satisfactorily started.

‘*Dec. 8th.*—A variable day, showery but mild. On a regimental court-martial in the morning; rode after-

* Viscount Talon, on another occasion, rode his own horse against the best English riders for a great hurdle race open to all nations, which he won in good style. — EDITOR.

wards to inspect, at Col. Gordon's request, a dilapidated powder magazine near New Kadikoi; found it, though brimful of powder, in a most ruined state, a large hole in one angle, no locks for the doors, the walls giving way in various directions, and yet close to the main road and to that drunken pandemonium called, variously, New Kadikoi or Donnybrook. Dined early with Schaw, and went in the evening with him to visit the school established recently for the men. Found it was not a school night, so returned to my hut, where I read out some passages of Napier's animated and graphic descriptions of Battles in the Peninsula, and afterwards played a very tough game of chess with Schaw. Nights fine, with "stars so brightly shining, because they've nothing else to do." It is quite a relief to see the blue sky again, though I fear we shall have but a glimpse of it.

Dec. 9th.—Wet in the morning, but fine and mild in the afternoon. Attended service in our rude church, composed of old marquees and tents, stretched over some rough scantling between two stables; and itself, I believe, on week days, used as a stable for camels. In the afternoon, when the weather cleared, I rode "Zouave" to the Redan. The old siege works were very muddy, and partially dilapidated. The light was thrown very beautifully on the formidable Russian works; and I do not recollect ever seeing the Malakhoff looking so noble and imposing. Every embrasure was distinctly marked by its inangular dark patch of shadow. Nicholson was up during the morning from Sebastopol. He

promises an explosion in the dockyard in a week or ten days. Sir William Codrington called at the camp in the evening to see Colonel Gordon. He said, he had received no official intimation of the fall of Kars, and that he was in hopes that it might have held out. Rumours of its fall are, however, I believe, rife.—Time will show. Night, starlight and pleasant.

‘*Dec. 10th.*—A beautiful day. A light frost in the morning—warm in the middle of the day. Little effect, however, apparently produced on the mud and puddles. Sent my cart with servant on bât pony to Balaclava for sheep, &c. Attended General Eyre’s levee at 11 A.M. He requested me to confer with the head of the Land Transport Corps, attached to the 3rd Division, with the view of ascertaining what assistance I could afford him in roofing-in the stables. Colonel Edwards, 18th Regiment, asked me to look at one of his large hospital huts, which had been much shaken by a recent gale of wind. I complied with his request, and also went three times through the mud to the Land Transport Corps, without finding the Captain.

‘I inspected the stables, however, in company of the second in command. Walls had been built, and a small portion of roof fixed, scantily; but nearly all the animals (460 in number) were without cover. Planks and nails were required. Some were supposed *to be on their way* from England, but nothing positive had been heard respecting them. The Land Transport Corps has been recently very much worked, and their horses and mules, partly from this cause, and partly,

I cannot but think, from want of proper care and attention, have suffered a great deal.

‘It became manifest, that if tasked in this manner much longer they would eventually become ineffective, and that the army would again have to contend with the paralyzing influence of deficient transport on the resumption of hostilities in the spring. An order was accordingly issued to spare them as much as possible, and fatigue parties of several regiments are marched down to Balaclava daily to bring up their huts and stores to the front. The march there and back cannot be less than from twelve to fourteen miles. I was much pleased at finding that the men performed it with ease, and plodded over the muddy roads with their long boots, carrying for six or seven miles portions of their huts, and occupying but a few hours in the task. I think that this marching will be a great benefit to the army. The more exercise the men take, consistent with health, the better. I visited Denne at the small-arm ammunition brigade, and lunched with him. I also paid two visits to the magazine of the left siege train, and rode round all my working parties. Things are going on, on the whole, satisfactorily. I took a walk with Cooke in the evening. Schaw and he dined with Scratchley and myself, and afterwards came over to my hut, where I read them a few chapters of the immortal Pickwick. To bed about 11.30 P.M.

‘*Dec. 11th.*—Saw the chief of the Land Transport Corps, and called on General Eyre to report on his question. I had mentioned, at an interview on the

previous day, that it might be desirable to establish a saw-pit in the ditch of the Redan, where the heavy beams and timbers, which fixed and supported the Russian bomb-proof barracks, might be sawn up into portable planks and rafters. He told me, to-day, he had suggested that this should be done. I said I would ride to Sebastopol, and find out where wood could be most easily procured; and left him, after receiving his thanks for my cigar, and maps. I rode straight to the Redan after our interview, and groped into some of the old casemates there. The beams and timbers seem so securely fixed, that some difficulty would be experienced in getting them out. I found, however, that there were a good many rafters in the White Buildings apparently sufficient for the required purpose. After this inspection I rode to the docks, where working parties of both French and English were busily engaged in sinking shafts and driving galleries, in spite of very great difficulties, caused by springs breaking through into the shafts and inundating the galleries. I heard a poor soldier had been drowned on the previous night, by falling into a shaft with six feet of water in it. Men were engaged pumping water out sufficiently low to admit of work being performed. I spent an interesting afternoon altogether in the docks. It seems that our demolition will be more complete than the French. We have given ourselves much more trouble than they have.

‘The system of demolition appears very simple:—charges, proportioned to the lines of least resistance,

placed at intervals of twice its length behind the retaining walls. I lunched with two or three officers of the 18th, in the house formerly occupied by the Anglo-French Commission. From a small balcony outside, I was able with a telescope to scrutinize very minutely the formidable line of Russian batteries which frowned grimly from the north shore. I was told not to expose myself too conspicuously, or the Russians would probably fire on the house, which was in easy range of most of their batteries. They sent, in fact, shot and shell every now and then, within a few feet of it, and one of the latter most disagreeable messengers had alighted only a day or two before in the back yard. I could see Russian sentries most distinctly, and even the gunners loading and pointing their guns. The Russians fire continually on the town and docks, every now and then wounding a few men. No notice whatever, however, is taken of their fire.

• *Dec. 13th.* — A fine frosty morning. There had been a deluge of rain the previous night, which did some damage, carrying away two strongly-built bridges over a stream in one of the ravines. I walked out with Schaw and Cooke to the Bastion du Mât, where we studied the Russian defences.

• Behind the Bastion du Mât are numerous batteries and parapets, and the ridge at the end of which it stands is swept by the fire of an indented line of the most formidable flanking batteries. We found some French regiments huddled in patched-up little houses just behind their works. We returned by the Creek

battery, which had been a great deal injured by the flood, part of the platform, &c., having been swept away; just outside was a perfect little lake.

‘At 6 P.M. I went to hear a lecture delivered by the Chaplain-General to the sappers, on the History of the Crimea. He went back to the earliest period of history, and described the country from those days to the present time, as the theatre of perpetual warfare, and as continually inhabited by barbarous tribes, driving one another out in turn. People from Heraclea in Asia Minor crossed the Black Sea, and occupied the very heights on which we are now encamped, as far back as 800 B.C., and Mithridates built a wall to protect their successors from the invasion of a wild tribe of the northern steppes, who dashed in, in search of booty, as soon as the prosperity and wealth of their more peaceful neighbours became tempting.

‘The Crimea was at one time in the power of the Romans; but they exercised but little control over so distant a province. The Russians under Prince Vladimir attacked the Crimea, and besieged Sebastopol about the third century. They took the place then by cutting off the water of the town, after a siege of many months’ duration. Vladimir was a very able as well as a very earnest man. His mind was much disquieted by religious feeling, and he strove zealously to discover which of the various creeds professed by different nations was the best. Whilst engaged in warlike operations in the Crimea, he despatched ambassadors to Constantinople, to make inquiries respecting the

Christian faith. They were introduced into the magnificent church of St. Sophia, now the great temple of Mahometanism, and were struck with admiration, probably more with the splendour of the worship than by its spirit and meaning. Their report and the efforts of a missionary converted Vladimir, who was baptized after the capture of Sebastopol, it is supposed, on a spot close to the mouth of the harbour. He did not retain possession of his conquest; and nothing more was heard or seen of the Russians in the Crimea till the time of Catherine II. The lecture was, on the whole, very interesting.

Dec. 16th.—Old Winter has us at length in his clutches, and we begin to see that we shall have to rough it a little in our wooden huts. For the last two mornings, I have had to break the ice in my bath before washing; my ink I was compelled to thaw before I could write my name to the Morning State of the Company; and even now, at 11.15 A.M., there is a covering of half an inch or so of ice on some water at the further end of the room, which appears to exhibit no conviction that the temperature in that locality has yet risen above 32°. We have as yet had no cold comparable to that of Canada, and I do not imagine that my experience of severe weather will be much increased by a winter in the Crimea. I have driven out at Quebec with the mercury more than 40° below freezing point. The great difference will of course consist between the dwellings here, and in Canada. A wooden shed, with nothing but a wood fire to warm it, is of course a great contrast to a

solid stone house, with stoves and fire places, double doors and double windows. As a field officer, however, my allowance of fuel is large, and with the assistance of wood brought from Sebastopol in my own cart, I dare say I shall do very well. We have coals, and charcoal, alternately with wood, issued as rations. I met to-day French soldiers carrying old gabions, and rough pieces of plank or timber. They are evidently rather hard pressed to procure firewood. The French soldiers do not receive half the attention ours do.

‘All the Russian accounts I have seen of the operations of the war are much more true and rational than the bombastic descriptions in our newspapers. They treat, I think, with a contempt, in a certain degree well merited, our magnificent achievement of capturing the little fort of Kinburn, with a naval force sufficient with a few discharges to blow it almost to atoms.

‘There are no amusements here just now but reading, and walking. I expect Sir William Eyre (the General of my Division) in a few minutes, to inspect the huts of my Company to-day. I have postponed the dinner hour, that he may see the men at their meals. I have been enabled to make my fellows pretty comfortable. With wood I have brought up in my own cart, I have managed to line their huts, and have given directions for the construction of tables. I have also bought each of them a tin plate for dinner (*before* they had nothing), and stone drinking mugs. These comforts, with sixty or seventy volumes of light reading, and

the prospect of a good Christmas dinner, have, I think, produced in some measure the effect I desired, and made my men more contented, and well behaved. If you treat men like brutes, you cannot wonder at their feeling disgusted with themselves, and behaving so as to justify the treatment they receive. I have one or two "shocking bad characters" among my little party of sixty, but I do not despair altogether of any one of them. My serjeants (one in particular) are very kind to the men, and hold the same opinion that I do, that persuasion is better than force.

'One of my corporals is now engaged in cutting a monument (entirely his own design) in stone, to the memory of all the Sappers and Miners who have been killed, or died during the war. It will be erected in the Sappers' Burial Ground. The officers of the Engineers out here have subscribed very liberally, in conjunction with the Sappers, to erect a joint monument to the memory of all the officers and men of the corps who have perished since the commencement of the war to the fall of Sebastopol. A committee to select the sculptor or architect, and choose the design, has been appointed in London; and I hope when I return home (if it please God I should ever do so) to see a worthy memorial to the gallant fellows who have fallen out here.

'*Dec. 21st.*—We have had two or three days of most severe weather. On the 19th the thermometer fell below zero at day-break, and even in the hut where I lodge, the mercury, though assisted by the warmth of a

wood fire, did not rise higher than 13° at 8 A.M. The wind blew with penetrating sharpness from the N.E. The sky was grey and gloomy, and the weather generally resembled that of a day in the midst of a Canadian winter, when a storm is just about to burst in fury over the landscape. In the afternoon, in spite of the cold, I walked with Cooke, Schaw, and Scratchley to Sebastopol. We met a long procession of French and English soldiers, many of them (poor fellows!) looking half frozen, carrying old beams and planks, windows, door frames, and even staves of barrels for fuel. One poor little *Français* had the end of his nose regularly frost-bitten, and I had the satisfaction of restoring animation to it, according to the Canadian fashion, by the judicious application of a snow-ball. The little man bore the operation very quietly, though he confessed that he burnt a little. We found Sebastopol much warmer than the heights on which we were encamped. The water of the harbour was steaming like boiling water, as I have seen that of the St. Lawrence on a very cold day. On our way back, I fell in with a drunken soldier of the 18th Regiment, who, with the assistance of a corporal of the 14th, of the same name as myself, I secured, and finally getting more aid, had taken to the guard-room. Several men, it appears, have recently been frozen to death by lying down, when drunk, to sleep on the snow. The sudden change in the weather has caused much suffering in the army. One poor fellow, on sentry, had both his arms frozen, having, incautiously, mounted guard without his mits. Two men, even in one of our hospital-huts,

warmed by a stove in the centre, and supposed to be very comfortable, were actually frost-bitten; and it is said that, in one way or other, about 1000 men have suffered. Orders have been issued for the institution of a strict search after stragglers and drunken men absent from evening parade, with a view of diminishing the chance of casualties from exposure.

Dec. 23rd.—A thaw, and most lovely day. Attended Church Service in the morning, and walked in the afternoon with Cooke to Sebastopol, to see the ruins of the dock demolished by the French. The town and harbour looked charming in the bright sunshine. The demolition had succeeded very well. I only hope *ours* may be equally successful. No stones flew more than about 100 yards, vertically: and the piers and walls contiguous to the explosion were quite uninjured. The troops were withdrawn early in the morning, to be out of the way, in the event of the enemy's opening a heavy fire. Had another look at the Ruskies with a telescope. There were about twenty of them collected at the water's edge, close to Fort Michael. They have built a look-out post on the summit of one of their most elevated works. Every time I look on the Northern forts they appear stronger. They seem beautiful,—constructed and finished with sharpness and delicacy. The night is most lovely. There is a glorious full-moon shining now, and the sky is studded with stars.

Dec. 26th.—Christmas-day has passed and gone in the Crimea. It was a day without incident worth noting. The weather was very fine and mild for the time

of year. We had service in the morning, and I, in company with nearly all my brother officers in camp, took the sacrament. The men of my company had a good Christmas dinner, of which a sheep I had given them proved one of the chief ingredients. They had arranged, and even decorated a hut very comfortably, and were all seated together round the good fare, spread out on a couple of long tables, when I paid my visit. After wishing them a merry Christmas, and inquiring whether they had a good dinner, I drank their healths in a glass of sherry, offered me on a glass plate by the colour-sergeant. One of the men then called out "Three cheers for Major Ranken," which was heartily responded to, and in the midst of which I withdrew.

'In the afternoon I accompanied Colonel Bent, Ewart, Schaw, Cooke, Scratchley, and Graham to Inkermann. We visited the Engineers' burial-ground at the old right attack camp, and continued our walk to the redoubts on the heights, opposite Inkermann, held by the French. The view of the town and harbour of Sebastopol from the heights we were on was very fine. Our position at Inkermann seems a naturally strong one: but there were, I was surprised to find, very few guns mounted in any of the redoubts we saw.

'Our Christmas dinner, the component parts of which were furnished by various contributions, had well nigh proved a failure. Fate seemed, in fact, to frown on our efforts. A fat turkey, which we had permitted to indulge our imaginations with the hope of devouring, was

stolen on the 24th, and a haunch of goat, destined for the other "*pièce de résistance*," was likewise unceremoniously walked off with by some scoundrel on Christmas-day itself. When I returned from my walk at 3.30 P.M., I found little or no preparations had been made. Cooks and servants were missing, or the worse for liquor, and our prospects anything but cheering. A goose and a shoulder of goat supplied the missing dishes. I worked like a servant, and laid the table, drew the wine-corks, &c., myself, till shortly after six we had the unexpected satisfaction of hearing, spite of all difficulties and disappointments, dinner was ready.

‘Our party was ten in number (Colonel Gordon, Major Ewart, Major Cooke, Major Nicholson, Captain Schaw, Dr. Dowding, Lieutenant Graham, Gordon, Scratchley, and myself). Our dinner consisted of soup, a goose, a shoulder of goat (nearly raw), a ham, a tongue (bad), a preserved chicken (very seedy), and plum pudding, gooseberry tart, and stewed apples. It went off very well on the whole, and was kept up successfully till between eleven and twelve o'clock.

‘*Dec. 29th.*—Cold day; rode in the afternoon with Scratchley to the left of the Russian works, visiting the Quarantine Fort, and the French batteries erected in its vicinity. It was the first time that I had been to see this portion of the Russian lines. I was struck with the crenated wall, evidently the commencement of a permanent chain of works for the defence of the city.

The Quarantine Fort is a large, long, and narrow work, with broad ditches, strongly palisaded, and with revetments of bricks formed of clay and straw, very neatly built up, and combined with masonry walls. Fort Constantine appeared quite close to us. The French batteries are well-built, and mount a number of guns and some very heavy mortars, bearing to all appearance principally on Fort Constantine. The solidity and finish of the Russian works are as conspicuous and admirable here as at all points of their wonderful lines. We passed through the Cemetery, the scene of a great struggle between the French and Russians; the grave-stones were much injured, and the ground strewn with broken stones: there I saw a marble monument to the memory of Mrs. Upton (wife of the English engineer who constructed the Docks) and her two young children. The inscription was in English and Russian.

‘In the evening I went to Ewart’s hut, to consult with him about ordering some wine, and on my return, I read a novel called *The Head of the Family*, which I liked on the whole; it is evidently written by a woman, as the insight into female character is very deep, and the delineations are sometimes both delicate and beautiful. How seldom one meets with the heroines of novels in real life! those pure, loving women whom we picture to ourselves in day dreams, and so ardently wish to encounter.

‘Dec. 31st, 11.50 P.M.—Ten minutes or less and 1855 is over. I will not moralise on the subject, but express

a hearty and fervent wish that 1856 may prove a bright contrast to this last eventful year. The English papers tell us that Europe is balanced between peace and war. A few days will decide the great question, and the destinies of thousands, perhaps millions of human beings. What a state of anxious suspense !'

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEW YEAR.

‘OUR mess is at length, spite of difficulties and struggles, fairly started. I have almost the sole direction of it, and go into “my kitchen” and confer with my cook on the important subject of dinner regularly every morning after breakfast. The difficulties of house-keeping are *something*, when, as is often the case, messengers are sent on vain expeditions for fourteen miles or so, over the muddy roads, and return almost empty-handed,—when a cart is two days and a night bringing up some wine from Kazatch bay,—when *two* journeys to Kamiesch are necessary to procure a dozen scare-crow fowls (at the modest price of 4s. 9d. *each*). I am expecting supplies from Baidar, Sinope, Constantinople, and Malta.

‘Being the fortunate possessor of a cart and mule of my own, I manage to accumulate, by a series of efforts, a certain stock in hand,—a few sheep and goats, some flour, potatoes, &c.; so that I do not suffer under a

daily pressure, and am free to devote my powers to the future. Had we to depend on Government supplies, we should, even now, have salt pork and beef to live on four days out of the seven, and get bread only once or twice a week.

‘The poor French soldiers suffer a great deal, though nothing is said of it. There is a vast contrast between the conditions of the two armies. Our men fat, healthy, and both well and warmly clad and lodged; the French pale, thin, and many of them still under canvas. It is sometimes melancholy to see the poor fellows looking half starved, though still soldier-like and resolute, hovering about an English camp, inquiring anxiously if there is any “*biscuit*” to be sold. They are too proud to accept it as a gift. I do not think this suffering is universal through the whole French army; but I am sure a great deal of real want and sickness exists, perhaps not more than might have been expected under the circumstances, but still painful to contrast with our own prosperity and abundance.

‘Last night, in company with a large group of Engineer officers, I witnessed some explosions in the docks. The charges were fired by galvanic batteries, and the result I understand is very satisfactory. It was so dark that no one was able, at the time, to see its effect. Our walk home through the Redan, and over rough and difficult ground, was rather hard work.

‘*January 6th.*—No incident worth mentioning has occurred within the last two or three days.

‘On January 4th (my twenty-eighth birthday) Barnston dined with me.

‘Yesterday I rode with Scratchley to Kazatch bay, to visit a detachment of my company at work there. The road to Kamiesch was crowded with French waggons laden with hay, bread, &c., and we encountered likewise large parties of soldiers carrying firewood, and strings of mules with chests containing boiled beef, swung over their backs like panniers,—a French soldier here and there, by way of making his animal more contented, sitting complacently on its back, in the centre of the said chests, and seemingly well satisfied with his temporary throne.

‘Kazatch bay I had not seen before. It is a small harbour. A miniature dockyard, and a few huts occupied chiefly by marine guards, or used as stores or offices, are the only buildings visible. There were two floating batteries, looking like pictures of clumsy solidity, in harbour. These had arrived from England subsequent to the bombardment of Kinburn. My Sappers are engaged in making landing piers for the navy, and in erecting huts. The wind rose and became piercingly cold in the afternoon, and we were not sorry to get to camp again.

‘To-day, after church, I walked with four or five others for a couple of hours. The whole country is now covered with snow to the depth of a foot or more. The sleighing would be excellent, were there sleighs to drive. I think of fitting one up.

‘*Jan. 12th.*—Two days ago I rode with Scratchley to Kamara, to pay Montague and Edwards a visit. I found the Sardinian army very snugly huddled; their camps perfect models of neatness, and good. Many French regiments were still under canvas. Montague and Edwards had effected great improvements in their little settlement. Their “drawing room” was decorated with green fir branches and sprigs of mistletoe; the initials V. R., with a scroll partially encircling them, giving a loyal air to the apartment.

‘On Thursday I attended a meet, and rode across country on my little mare Margaret, in a grand paper hunt. The ground was very heavy, and took it out of the horses considerably. My nag carried me excellently well, and took her jumps in a style that excited the admiration of the field.

‘Last night I ploughed my way, with the assistance of a lantern and a very limited allowance of moonlight, through the mud, to see the Amateur Theatricals of the Fourth Division. The audience were smoking vigorously when we arrived, though the premonitory notes of the orchestra told us we were in time. We saw, and laughed heartily at, two capital farces, capitally acted. The ladies’ parts were wonderfully well sustained. The fainting fits and “interesting agitation” were perfect.

This was the play-bill : —

THEATRE ROYAL. — FOURTH DIVISION.

This evening Her Majesty's servants will perform

TO PARIS AND BACK FOR £5.

MR. SAMUEL SNOZZLE . . .	MR. LACY, 63rd Regiment.
MR. CHARLES MARKHAM . . .	CAPT. NICHOLAS, 46th Regt.
SPRIGGINS	DR. HOWARD, 20th Regt.
LIEUT. SPIKE, R.M.	MR. HARRINGTON, Rifle Brigade.
POUNCE, <i>a detective officer</i>	MAJOR SOMERVILLE, 68th Regt.
FANNY, <i>niece to SPRIGGINS</i>	MR. HAMOND, 46th Regt.
JOSEPH	CAPT. BLAKENEY, 48th Regt.
GUARD SUPERINTENDENT	MR. LIGHT, 68th Regt.
CLERK OF THE TELEGRAPH	MAJOR WOMBWELL, 46th Regt.

To be followed by

BOX AND COX MARRIED AND SETTLED.

BOX, <i>a retired printer</i>	CAPT. EARLE, 57th Regt.
COX, <i>a retired hatter</i>	MAJOR GARRETT, 46th Regt.
MRS. BOX	MR. LACY, 63rd Regt.
MRS. COX	MR. SAUNDERSON, 68th Regt.
MRS. BOUNCER	MR. HAMOND, 46th Regt.

Stage-Manager. — MAJOR LORD A. G. RUSSELL, Rifle Brigade.

Prompter. — MAJOR WOMBWELL, 46th Regiment.

Scene-Painter. — MR. SHAW, 21st Fusileers.

Doors open at half-past Six : performance to commence at Seven precisely.

‘ These little breaks in the monotony of Crimean life do one good. There was a rumour, originating from the French head-quarters yesterday, that the Russians intended attacking our position at daybreak this morning. They have not done so however. The firing from the North shore is much slacker than it formerly was.

‘ *Jan. 18th.*—On the 16th we entertained at dinner three Danish and three Spanish officers of engineers and artillery. The party numbered twenty-one altogether, and passed off very well. The senior officers of both parties sat on either side of our Colonel. The Spaniard was a rather formal individual, polite and proud, in fact thoroughly Spanish. He spoke with a reserved formality, intended doubtless for dignity, but which to Englishmen, accustomed to an almost unreserved freedom of intercourse between all ranks of gentlemen, appeared rather an excess of stiffness. He was, however, polite and gentlemanlike in his bearing, and seemed to enjoy the entertainment thoroughly in his own quiet way.

‘ Of the other dons, one was a lively rattling little Cuban, *le Capitaine d' Artillerie* Villason, who smoked cigarettes and conversed in sprightly manner; the other, quiet and affable, always ready with a smile, and an expression of assent or approval. The Danes were contrasts to these. The chief (whom we nicknamed Canute) smoked philosophically and spoke little. The others were full of professions of pleasure, &c., and very anxious to obtain information.

‘ *Jan. 22nd.*—The rumours of peace which reached the camp yesterday have received still further confirma-

tion. Col. Froissart, the commanding engineer of the French army, told Col. Gordon that he himself had seen a despatch addressed to Marshal Pelissier, stating that Russia had accepted the terms offered by the Allies; and he further said that he had given orders to press forward the demolition of the locks and wharves in Sebastopol, as the operations might at any moment be suspended. These are great and glorious news, if they can be relied on. I most sincerely trust that better and brighter times are about to dawn upon us. I think the hard fight has not been fought in vain—that we have taught Russia a lesson that she will not soon forget—thrown her back fifty, perhaps a hundred, years in her career of conquest, which she so conveniently styles her destiny.

‘We are full of doubts and conjectures as to what may be done next. Though England may not quite have fulfilled the anticipation of that restless, *exigeant*, dissatisfied, and not over wise-portion of her citizens, which may be designated the John Bull class of her subjects, she occupies, nevertheless, a most imposing attitude at the present moment. Thoroughly roused, thoroughly in earnest, straining every sinew of her huge frame; with trade and finances most flourishing; with a navy and an army such as, perhaps, she never had before; what, in human probability, would she not be able to accomplish? It will, perhaps, be rather difficult to appease, at once, the excitement, and repress the appetite for war, conquests, and glory; but she will show her greatness and self-denial more by forbearing

than by acting. I trust most fervently that, if Russia is really in earnest, and wishes sincerely for peace, this great blessing may not be lost by foolish clamour, greedy ambition, and restless dissatisfaction. If our pride has been a little humbled, we shall doubtless be benefited by it. Our overweening self-confidence often bordered on almost insolent arrogance. We have had our lesson ; as well as the Czar of all the Russias.

‘*Jan. 24th.*—Last night we had a party at mess, eighteen in number, including General Barnard, commanding Second Division, and formerly chief of the staff, and General Crawford, commanding the Brigade of Guards. The dinner passed off admirably. The Bill of Fare was as follows :

BILL OF FARE.

Royal Engineers' Mess, Camp near Sebastopol, Jan. 23rd, 1856.

GIBLET SOUP		PEA SOUP
	ROAST GOOSE	
BOAR'S HEAD	GREEN PEAS	HAGGIS
	BOILED LEG OF MUTTON	
PORK CUTLETS		CURRY
	ROAST LOIN OF PORK	
STEWED SHEEP'S HEAD		GREEN PEAS
	MINCED BEEF AND HAM	
	BEEF STEAK PIE	

SECOND COURSE

APPLE PIE

JELLY

STEWED APPLES AND RICE

VERMICELLI PUDDING

RASPBERRY TART

ROLY-POLY PUDDING

APPLE PUFFS

MACCARONI AND CHEESE

CHERRY TART

RICE PUDDING

‘General Crawford took possession of a copy to send home to his friends in England as a curiosity, and a specimen of what the hardships of the Crimea were. His aide-de-camp complimented me on the dinner, and said that “our mess” beat that of the Grenadier Guards hollow, though they spared no expense, and gave their cook 12*l.* a month. Our cook gets 7*l.* which one would think quite sufficient for an ordinary mortal. He deserves great credit for the manner in which, notwithstanding drawbacks and deficiencies (such as the total absence of eggs, fresh milk, &c.), he manages to put a dinner on the table.

‘General Barnard confirmed all the reports and statements respecting the acceptance by Russia of the terms offered by the Allies. It is generally believed in the army that peace is all but certain. I trust in God it may prove true. It appears almost like a dream to think that the great contest is really over, and that before a few months have passed, we may find ourselves at home again, or in some peaceful colonial garrison.

Supposing even that the tidings are fully confirmed, it will take some months before this large army, with its thousands of mules and horses, and immense accumulation of stores and materials can be removed. The Quarter-Master-General of the army, I believe, expressed his opinion that six months would be required. What joy and gladness will be wafted to the anxious hearts of friends and relatives all over England by these great news ! I shall be truly rejoiced ; and, though I should feel a great interest in a campaign in the field, and besides stand chance of further promotion and distinction, I cannot for a moment weigh these inducements with the horrors and misery of war. I have been behind the scenes, and seen too much of the stern reality, to be caught by such shadows. How delighted I shall be to feel I am once more at home ! I have had, of course, many doubts and misgivings as to the chances of my ever seeing any one I loved, or my country again. I have seen so much of death in every shape, that I began to look on my own existence as hanging by the merest thread, which any accident, or *apparent* accident, might sever.

‘Death is spoken of with such indifference out here, and treated necessarily as such an ordinary every-day event of war, that one loses in some measure the horror one feels of it in peaceful times. I thought the spectacle of a battle-field would be more dreadful than it really was. I have found the sight of suffering far more distressing than that of death, and, if anything, more melancholy.’

‘It is very natural that people in England should desire a more brilliant series of successes—some of those rapid and decisive strokes which decide the fate of empires, and end a campaign and war at the same moment. As far as we have gone yet, however, I do not think England has any great reason to be discontented with the results of the war. We commenced it disorganised and unprepared. We have assisted materially, in the short space of two years, in crippling our great adversary and bringing him to our feet. In another year, should the war unhappily last, we may look forward with some confidence to his complete abasement and prostration. What more could we wish, or expect? I am fully convinced that the whole of this campaign will be regarded with very different eyes by the next generation.

‘Now the war seems virtually over. Peace is on every one’s lips—and though the military glory and prestige of England might possibly be increased by another campaign, and her sensitive spirit of honour satisfied—the army generally, and I hope the majority of thinking men in England, welcome the prospect of a cessation of hostilities with real satisfaction. The attitude of England, too, at the present moment, could not well be more dignified and imposing than it is. Our great floating batteries have not, as yet, measured their strength against the enemy. We had two of them out the other day, and there was a fine opportunity for an experimental trial against the, as yet, scathless walls of Fort Constantine.

‘The Russians seem always to be on the *qui vive*. They watch all our movements with jealous vigilance, and their guns and mortars continually send forth their warning notes, reverberating through the wild ravines, and even shaking the huts of our encampment. We never reply. The fire does us little damage, and does not impede our operations. The docks are totally destroyed. I am at present superintending operations for the demolition of the great barracks. They are mined, and the charges would be ready to fire in two or three days if the order was given so to do; but General Codrington is averse to these extreme measures; and should negotiations take a favourable turn, the order which would consign several ranges and blocks of valuable and imposing buildings to destruction may never be given. Still we are directed to have everything prepared, and a large party of sappers and infantry are daily at work. I am afraid that it would be next to impossible to achieve any decisive success against the tremendous lines of forts and batteries held by the Russians on the north shore. Every hillock, almost every slope, bristles with cannon. The gunners are constantly on the alert. A broad, deep harbour intervenes, and in a military point of view the Russian position on the harbour is unassailable. Further on along the line of the Mackenzie heights the prospect cannot be said to be better. The heights themselves present an almost insurmountable obstacle. They can neither be assaulted in front nor turned. They can only be taken in reverse; and this cannot be done unless we

embark our army and land again at Eupatoria, or at some point on the western coast of the Crimea.

February 1st.—I am very busily occupied just at present. I have been ordered to prepare a project for the immediate demolition of the huge white Russian Barracks in Sebastopol (which figure so conspicuously in every view of the city), and have actually already commenced the destruction of a portion. General Codrington has given orders for the southern range (the roof and woodwork of which has been destroyed by fire) to be blown up; and I have had permission to make a variety of experiments in mining and blasting while effecting its demolition, and have had 12,000 lbs. of gunpowder and 120 sappers placed at my disposal. The southern range is about 584 feet in length, and exactly corresponds in every respect with the northern. It faces the interior of the Redan, while the other looks towards the harbour. There is a very long row of buildings, occupying the western side of the great square, which is also to be included in my project, and a number of small buildings and offices, already more or less injured in the centre. To-day I blew up about 100 feet of the southern building by blasting and mining, using only 100 lbs. of powder. The demolition was complete, not one stone being left on another.

‘I feel interested in the work, though it gives me some trouble, and necessitates an early breakfast and a ride to Sebastopol, and back in all weathers. I send in reports almost daily, for the information of the General Commanding-in-Chief, who takes a great deal

of interest in explosions and demolitions, and was very regular in his attendance to witness the destruction of the docks. It appears strange to go on with these hostile operations when the cry of peace has gone forth, but I quite approve of what is being done towards such a treacherous enemy as Russia.

‘The Russians the other night, when it was almost pitch dark, sent five or six boats towards the south shore. These were perceived (it is said by the French), and fired into. The Russians replied by one of the most terrific cannonades I have ever seen from their whole line of batteries on the north shore. Our troops in Sebastopol all turned out under arms, but no attempt was made to land. The cannonade was maintained for upwards of an hour with the greatest fury. Its effect from Cathcart’s Hill was very fine; the flashes lit up the whole horizon, and there were sometimes five or six shells in the air at the same time. I have not seen such a fire, except at the great bombardments of the siege, and even then, though maintained longer, were scarcely of the same vehement character. The shot and shell fell all over the town, but did very little mischief. Everyone is at a loss to account for this vindictive and useless display at a time when the whole world breathes peace.

‘I was nearly all to-day in Sebastopol, and between my duties there, and those as captain of a company and treasurer and caterer of the mess, had not a minute to myself all day long. We are waiting very anxiously for news of peace or war: suspense is most paralyzing.

‘I do not admit, with the very *exigeant* British public, that the English army has not done its share in the campaign. If it is expected that 40,000 men should do as much as 150,000, I admit it has not been done; but if even much more than a fair proportion is demanded, I think that demand is satisfactorily met. We won the battles of Alma, and Inkerman, or bore nearly the whole brunt of both; and last winter, with our miserably reduced force, in spite of most terrific sufferings and wholesale mortality, we held and maintained a very extensive and exposed position. Our only check was the last assault on the Redan—a position which the British public would probably have carried, but which, in the opinion of experienced military men, was almost unassailable. It seems to be entirely forgotten, also, that the French took the Malakhoff entirely by surprise, and that in all their other attacks by open force, even the one on a simple curtain near the Malakhoff, they were completely repulsed.

‘I think it is a pity that such unfounded complaints should be made; though everyone concerned should know how to appreciate the *discriminating* praise or censure of John Bull.

‘The other day the French blew up Fort Nicholas with about 120,000 lbs. of powder; the explosion was magnificent, and the demolition most complete. I witnessed it in company with Cols. Gordon, Rose, &c., from the terrace in front of the “White Buildings.” General Froissart commanding the French “Corps de

Genie," was present also, and I was introduced to him, subsequently, as the officer charged with the demolition of the barracks. He is a very fine looking fellow; he commanded the French Engineers at the siege of Rome.

‘Our weather, though variable, is mild on the whole; and the winter here, if one were snug in a house, is a great deal finer than the general winters of England.

‘I have now two subalterns of Engineers employed under me; and expect that preparations will shortly be completed for the destruction of the whole barracks, should a sudden order arrive directing us to do so.

‘I think the war may be considered over; the desire for peace is too palpable, and too clearly shown by the French, and Austrians, to be mistaken. Whatever we may say, we *must* yield in some measure. I only trust that the great vital points may not be lost sight of; if they are gained I shall be glad of peace, notwithstanding all our preparations for war,—for what is the object of war but to establish and secure peace on a right basis? Our having built ships, cast guns, and called out soldiers, is surely not a sufficient reason for deluging the world with blood! Let those who talk loudest come out and see what they think of the real thing. Still I want no hollow peace; and I almost think another campaign might obtain every result we long for, and perhaps be of great advantage to Europe a hundred years hence. It is generally thought out here that the game is up.

‘The armistice is a bad thing; we should insist most peremptorily on its being of the shortest duration. If

the negotiations fail, there is little doubt but that the re-establishment of our prestige in Asia by the recapture of Kars will be one of our first acts.

‘The country is wild, beautiful and interesting, but the climate I fear not over healthy. The present is a most anxious crisis for all of us. What a number of fates hang on a thread !

‘*Feb. 10th.*—Since my last entry I have been engaged in various duties, the chief being the demolition of portions of the White Buildings or large Russian barracks in Sebastopol, and I have made a variety of experiments in blasting, mining, &c., all of which have as yet succeeded well enough.

‘*Feb. 15th.*—On Monday I again returned to my labours at the White Buildings; had an explosion in the afternoon, at which a large number of French and spectators were present. Tried the experiment of connecting the charges by powder hose under ground; it did not answer, and the whole explosion was a failure, to my great mortification.

‘On Tuesday, however, by an alteration in the arrangement, I blew up and demolished great portion of the wall experimented on.

‘Wednesday I spent up in camp, visiting the Land Transport Corps, and giving directions for the formation of a fresh watering place.

‘*Feb. 22nd.*—On a court-martial, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Have been several times to Sebastopol. The operations for the demolition of the White Buildings progress rapidly. The northern range

has been mined throughout, shafts having been sunk, or chambers formed in the walls, according to circumstances, for the destruction of the whole building, vaults, partition walls, &c.

‘We have had several days of most severe frost, the thermometer at head-quarters near zero in the morning, and a sharp piercing wind from the north. To-day it is quite warm, and half a gale of wind blowing from the south, making doors creak, and tents flap.

‘Our news from England are that the Peace Conference will assemble about the end of the month, and that the armistice, when signed, will probably extend to the 31st of March.

‘The French seem very sanguine respecting peace, and it is even rumoured that the Emperors of Russia and Austria will pay a visit to Paris, when the negotiations have terminated: the former visit I should think improbable.

‘On Wednesday last, we entertained six sergeants of Sappers who had obtained their promotion into the Land Transport Corps. My old Colour-Sergeant Falkner was one of the party. The dinner passed off very well, and the “cornets” seemed to enjoy themselves. We sang a portion of *God save the Queen*, as a wind up — no man recollected the whole.’

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST DEATH IN THE CRIMEA.

ON the 28th of February, less than a week after the last entry in his Journal, the accident which deprived my brother of life took place.

The following is Sir William Codrington's dispatch to Lord Panmure, giving official intelligence of his death:—

‘Sebastopol, Feb. 29th.

‘MY LORD,

‘I regret extremely to have to inform your Lordship of the death of Major Ranken, of the Royal Engineers.

‘He had the superintendence of the operations necessary for the destruction of the large White Barracks, in the Karabelnaia, where part of the mines were fired yesterday afternoon, but several of them did not explode.

‘Major Ranken, in the energetic performance of his duty, seems to have proceeded to light the fuse again in several places where the connexion had failed. It appears the powder hose, as well as the fuse ignited,

the explosion took place, and buried him under the ruins of part of the wall.

‘Energetic efforts were made at once to discover the body, and the removal of the ruins began and continued throughout the night. This morning the body was found. Death must have been immediate; and thus this excellent and gallant officer, who had done good duty in the siege, and at the assault of the Redan, lost his life from eagerness to complete the work entrusted to him.

‘I have, &c.,

‘W. J. CODRINGTON,

‘General Commanding.

‘The Lord Panmure, &c.’

Colonel Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, (now Colonel Gordon, C.B., Deputy Adjutant-General,) wrote on the same day to a near connection of our family, a letter, which, by his kind permission, I insert.

‘Camp, Sevastopol, Feb. 29th, 1856.

‘SIR,

‘I presume that a telegraphic communication has reached you of the death of Major Ranken, Royal Engineers. This very sad event occurred yesterday, the 28th instant, at about 5 P.M.

‘To him was intrusted the demolition of the large Naval Barracks, called the “White Buildings.”

‘At about half-past 4 P.M. on the 28th, the mines were fired.

‘Several of the mines in one building having missed fire, Major Ranken made fresh arrangements for firing them,—he himself taking up a position in the interior of the building, to fire one set of mines.

‘I was on the outside of the building, close to him. With a light in his hand, he called to the men to run away as fast as possible, for there was only a minute for them to escape. He stooped down, and lighted the train. I supposed that he had attached to the focus of the powder hoses a length of Bickford’s fuse of about a yard, which is calculated to burn for about a minute, the time he allowed himself for escape out of the building.

‘But no sooner had he applied his light than (from what cause I know not) I saw the running fire and smoke of the ignited hose.

‘The crash and fall of the walls and roof followed almost immediately. Men crept wherever they could into the ruins to listen for sounds of life, but alas! none were heard. A working party was immediately put on, and search was continued by reliefs of men during the whole night, until about eight o’clock this morning, when his body was found. His death must have been instantaneous.

‘This very melancholy event, coming at a time when we were all so well, and had been so long without a casualty, has cast a gloom over us that I can compare to no other but that which followed the announcement of poor Leving’s death in Bulgaria. As then, so now, there are not the distractions of war to withdraw our

thoughts from brooding over such a sudden and awful lesson of the uncertainty of human life.

‘Ranken had escaped the perils of the siege. On the memorable 8th of September, by his cool courage and intrepid zeal, he won a name for himself in this army, and on that day too, he, by his gallant bearing, contributed to raise the reputation of that corps which now laments over the untimely death of one of the best and the bravest.

‘The sorrow that is felt in this camp has spread far and wide to other camps, for he was greatly esteemed, and especially in his own (the 3rd) Division.

‘General Sir William Eyre, commanding that Division, and many officers of distinction, will attend the funeral to-morrow. We will bury him side by side with those who have gone before him. The burial place is on the left bank of the ravine, at the bottom of which is Careening Bay, and its top the Windmill. The spot is not quite 400 yards below the mill, and a little below the Engineers’ encampment, Right Attack. His brother officers would have erected a stone to his memory, but I know that this will be done by the non-commissioned officers and men of his company; and much as we desire to do him honour, we will give way to the men.

‘A good, a kind, and a just officer he was, and greatly was he beloved by them. Many years his senior, I cannot boast of having been amongst his most intimate friends; but for some time past I have been his immediate Commanding Officer, and I hope, his friend,

and I can truly say from myself and all my brother officers, that he left behind him a name that will long be remembered, and will never be mentioned but with honour.

‘He had great attainments, great zeal, and he was an officer of approved courage; kind and cheerful, he endeared himself to all. Respected and admired for his benevolence, and for his truly Christian conduct; his brother officers have a firm hope that he has been found worthy of the heavenly inheritance.

‘This will lighten our grief, and may God, in his mercy, cause it to bring consolation to you, and to all who mourn so great a loss.

‘Yours very truly,

‘J. W. GORDON,

‘Capt. Royal Engineers, and Colonel.

‘Lieut.-Col. Askwith, R.A.’

My brother was buried on Sunday, March the 2nd. A correspondent of the *Daily News* describes his funeral, and the generous sympathy exhibited by his brother officers.

‘Sebastopol, March 4th.

‘The funeral of the late Major Ranken, R.E., was, on account of the weather, postponed from Saturday to Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. He was buried at the Right Attack burial-ground of the Engineers, near the famous mill. Round this piece of ground a stone wall has been built, and within the enclosure eleven officers

of Engineers are buried, viz., Colonel Alexander ; Captains Craigie, King, Crofton, Jesse, Dawson ; Lieutenants Murray, Bainbrigge, Lowry, Carter, and Graves ; besides three Artillery officers, viz., Captain Gordon and Lieutenants Mitchell and Luce. A tombstone has been erected to the memory of Captain Inglis, R.E., who was drowned in the *Prince* on the 14th of November, 1854. In addition to these officers, all the Sappers who were killed in the Right Attack, or died in the Right Attack camp up to the commencement of last August, have been likewise buried here, and a very handsome stone monument has been placed by their comrades to their memory. At the funeral, which was one of the largest in the Crimea, most of the officers following rode ; this was necessary on account of the distance and the mud. The body was carried on a gun-carriage, preceded by a firing party of the Sappers, and four bands of the 3rd Division, being followed by Colonel Gordon and his brother officers, Colonel Lloyd and staff, a large number of Artillery and Infantry officers, and lastly, by his General, Sir William Eyre and staff. Major Ranken was attached as engineer to the 3rd Division, although he was temporarily employed in destroying the White Buildings, where he met his death in so melancholy a manner.'

Many were the high eulogiums that subsequently appeared in various Newspapers, from amongst which I select the following from the *Morning Post* and the *Times*.

The Morning Post.

‘The late MAJOR GEORGE RANKEN, R.E.

‘Two days ago our obituary contained this notice—
“On the 28th ult., killed at Sebastopol, by an accidental explosion, Major George Ranken, Royal Engineers, aged 27, deeply lamented.” Major Ranken, a few months ago, volunteered for service in the Crimea, and had the good fortune to escape without injury from the attack upon the Redan, in which he led the party entrusted with the carrying of the scaling-ladders. When he arrived in the Crimea, he held merely the rank of Lieutenant, but having succeeded to a company by a death vacancy, his gallant conduct, in leading the storming party in the memorable attack which we have mentioned, led to his promotion to the rank of Major “for distinguished services in the field.” The honour which he thus nobly won, it has not been permitted him, by the decrees of an all-wise Providence, long to enjoy. His death will be lamented by the distinguished corps of which he was an ornament—by his friends, who can only be sustained under their unexpected and melancholy bereavement by the knowledge, that every grace which elevates and dignifies the Christian character were united in this gallant and accomplished gentleman. Major Ranken served for several years in Canada, and when, in the autumn of 1854, the cholera broke out in that province, at his own expense he

printed and circulated the instructions that had been issued by the Board of Health in this country, in the hope of staying the ravages of that fearful pestilence. In no place more than in Canada will his loss be deplored, where his virtues and his amiability will long be held in remembrance. On his return to this country he was detached to inspect the fortifications in Scotland, but not desiring to enjoy that ease to which his colonial service entitled him, he volunteered for the Crimea, where he arrived in time to participate in the glories of that army which he loved so well, and to find a premature grave. He took a lively interest in all matters connected with his profession, and these columns have been the means of conveying to the public many valuable suggestions from his pen calculated to promote the efficiency of the army. He has met a soldier's death—not by the hands of the enemy, but by an unforeseen and melancholy accident; but his name will long be affectionately remembered by his friends, by his companions in arms, and, we would fain hope, by a grateful country.*

The Times, Friday, March 21st, 1856.

‘It is with the sincerest regret that I record the death of a most amiable young man and gallant officer—Major George Ranken, of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in the zealous discharge of his duty at the explosion of the White Buildings on Thursday evening last. The accident occurred at the south-western corner of the edifice,

and has been related to me as follows:—A mine having failed to explode, and some minutes having elapsed, Major Ranken sent his men to a distance, and himself entered the place to renew the train, scattering loose powder over it. From the position in which his corpse was found, it is supposed that he had completed his perilous task, and was about getting through a window, when the explosion took place, and the building fell in. His arm was broken, and there were injuries to the skull and spine, which must have occasioned instant death. Army Works Corps men dug for his body until midnight on Thursday; they were then relieved by Sappers. The body was not extricated until past eight o'clock on Friday morning. The unfortunate officer was buried yesterday, with military honours, at the Engineers' Cemetery, Left Attack. He was followed to the grave by General Eyre, commanding the Third Division; by Colonel Lloyd, commanding the Royal Engineers; and by a large number of officers of his own corps and of other arms. Major Ranken, as you will doubtless remember, commanded the ladder party in the attack on the Redan. He was a most promising officer, a great favourite with his comrades, and his loss is deplored by all who knew him. It was hard to have escaped the murderous fire of the 8th of September only to die, less than six months later, crushed beneath a shattered wall. If peace be now definitely made, Major Ranken will, perhaps, have the melancholy distinction of being the last Englishman killed in the Crimea. The last Frenchman killed here, up to this date, fell in a duel.

Two French officers, who have gone through the whole war unwounded, quarrelled the other day and fought with sabres ; one was killed, and the other was so badly hurt that he is not expected to live.'

These extracts will suffice to show the depth and universality of the regret and grief felt by those acquainted with his noble character and actions, and such, with very numerous private letters, bear precious testimony to his worth and good deeds.

The commencement of the Journals (from which I have extracted most of what is contained in this volume) date from February, 1853. Written by my brother exclusively for his own inspection, they contain many touching reflections on the existence of imperfections in his disposition (known frequently only to himself); many earnest wishes for growth in grace; many unselfish projects of future usefulness, and many self-reproaches on account of neglected opportunities. They exhibit the workings of a mind singularly devoid of self-interested motives, full of humility, generosity, sincerity, and truth. I shrink from dilating in any degree on matters of a private personal character, such as are many which with a most sad pleasure I have read, and which in my opinion should never be made known but to most dear and intimate friends, to those who in life were especially beloved and confided in.

Without any departure from such a rule, there are, I find, some observations written in the months of February and April, 1855, which I shall insert here, as giving probably a better idea of my brother's character

and feelings than any feeble description of my own would succeed in doing. They are these—

‘How great are the horrors of war, and what an anomaly and paradox it is!—affording an outlet for the worst and most degrading passions which curse human nature, and at the same time for the display of the greatest and noblest qualities which dignify and adorn the position of man on earth.

‘Still, taking it all in all, what a mighty curse it is! David preferred Pestilence to War, saying that he would rather fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man.

‘Those who fall on the field of battle are perhaps the happiest of war’s victims—happier, one would almost think, than the poor wretches who, struck down, or blighted in the prime of youth, drag out a wretched existence with mutilated bodies, and shattered constitutions—happier far than those loved ones who mourn, and will not be comforted, for whom the future is a dismal blank, through which they may, by the grace of God, be permitted to see the cheering star of religion, but which they hail only as the presage of immortality, and the escape from the burden of life.

‘What is my own position now, and how is it affected by the war? I am an officer in the army, liable to be called upon at any time to expose my life, and devote all the energy and ability I possess to the service of my country; God grant that I may do so readily and cheerfully. Still, admitting this stern necessity, how are my prospects of happiness affected by its very existence?

I can scarcely for a moment feel composed or tranquil in mind, for my thoughts are *always* with the army.

‘I feel it would be almost unworthy to enjoy life in the midst of *its* sufferings; my mind would be rather quieted by sharing them, great and appalling though they be. Then what are the chances of war? What are my prospects if I do go out? Death, mutilation, disease: and the reward for all or any of these a fleeting glory, and the sense that I have been struck down, or sacrificed in the path of duty or honour.

‘These are times in which every man has to bear his burden. God grant that Englishmen may so bear theirs as to shed a lustre over their country, and to increase the respect of nations for right and justice.

‘The question which, in my opinion, we should all ask ourselves is, “What good can I do in this world before I go hence, and am numbered with the things that were?” What I wish is to be filled with a fine enthusiasm, an onward pressing feeling which will bear me up and carry me through difficulties, danger, and opposition—an enthusiasm for whatever is right, noble, lovely, and of good report. I should wish to be filled to overflowing with an intense sympathy for all that is suffering, oppressed, bowed down, isolated, stricken, and comfortless; a yearning and a longing to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted—to pour comfort into the breast of the comfortless—to remove the heavy burthen from the shoulders of those who strive honestly and nobly—to whisper encouragement into the heart that desponds. And I should wish no less to drink in

and enjoy to the uttermost the beauty of all things in nature and in art—to read their meanings, and to comprehend the eloquence of their silent language—to possess a soul unfettered and uncramped, free to think, feel, and love; to feel that I had a spirit within me fresh as it were from the hand of the Great Creator. I should wish, too, for the greatness of mind which would recognise merit wherever I met with it, and do all honour to it even when it might be despised by all else. I should wish also, if it were possible, to pass through life without sneering at, or ridiculing anything, or to ridicule only in the sense of wholesome sarcasm or pleasant banter.

* * * * *

‘ There appears to me to be a dreadful, stiff, stereotyped monotony among men; somehow or other they never unburthen themselves to one another freely and fully. There is always an inner consciousness which but too frequently belies the outward word and action; there is a want of sympathy between soul and soul. For instance, people talk of what they neither think, feel, nor care about, except perhaps transiently, and each knows that the other mind is occupied with thoughts at variance with the common-places, the frivolities, or the measured formalities which he or she may be uttering. This of course is not always so, but it occurs too often, and tends to kill, strangle, and suppress much that is good, noble, and true in us. Bulwer says, and I fear too justly, that the souls of few are known even to their most intimate friends—that if a

man tried to express what was in him, and to awaken sympathy for his thoughts and feelings, even in the breast of those who loved him most, he would be misunderstood and considered tedious; he would fail to obtain what he sought, and shrink back into himself again.

‘How strange this is! It seems as though the soul could hold intimate communion with none but God alone. God has that insight into us which man cannot have, and God loves us all with an infinite love, and sympathizes with us with an infinite sympathy. If we cannot—and we certainly cannot—meet with what we seek for from men, we draw nearer to God, and give Him our whole heart with all its imperfections, and its unanalyzed chaos of thought and feeling.’

In the beginning of the year 1855, I find the following, on the position of many unmarried women in England:—

‘Though women *seem* to live at ease, theirs is too often a life of very painful dependance. We do not sufficiently appreciate the merit of many of them in keeping “the straight path,” when they yearn for sympathy, and meet with nothing but indifference and contempt from the hard, cold, selfish world. Religion can be their only consolation under all these evils, and happily a woman’s mind is so constituted that she turns to religion more naturally and readily than a man. She accepts its doctrines with simplicity, and unquestioning confidence. It never occurs to her to *argue* the matter. She finds that which fills her wounded spirit

to overflowing—perfect love, perfect sympathy, perfect goodness. She asks no more. What a blessing religion proves when thus received!

‘A man’s pride and self-sufficiency; the impurity of his mind, produced by the rough jostling with impurity and crime he is exposed to in his progress through life, his natural desire for reasons and proofs of what he hears; his distrust of other men, from his painful experience of the internal governing principle of intense selfishness which actuates them in their every-day dealings with one another, all combine to form barriers in *his* mind against the holy light and blessed influence of religion.’

In the same year he wrote thus to a friend in Canada, suggesting the enrolment of a British American legion to assist their countrymen in the East. Some of his remarks are singularly appropriate just now:

‘I hope that Canada will raise three or four Provincial regiments, and put herself in a position to bid defiance to Yankee filibustering. She would feel her own self-respect increased by being self-dependant and self-reliant, and her people would be prouder of her and be more pleased to be called her citizens. Canada has given so many proofs of her loyalty, and attachment to the British Crown, that it is unfair to her to suppose that she would be unwilling to make some sacrifice at the present crisis, and that she would not rejoice to aid the gallant old mother country in the hour of need. But any movement on her part towards sending us the slightest assistance in the shape of men would be hailed

with the utmost enthusiasm in England; would demonstrate even more proudly than her princely generosity, as shewn in the grant of 20,000*l.* to the Patriotic Fund, the loyalty of the Province, and would serve to knit still more closely the bonds which unite true English hands and hearts throughout the whole world.

‘Canada, in my opinion, promises to be one of the greatest nations on the earth. The heterogeneous materials which compose the Government of the United States are liable at every moment to dislocation; the Union is divided by contending factions, which, Hydra like, start into existence and power on the ruins of their precursors. What a powerful body the “Know Nothings” have become! and what a baneful influence they exercise over the acts both of the government and the country! They have already driven many excellent citizens to re-emigrate and to return to their native land. In Canada none of these evils exist. The government is paternal, and fosters and cherishes all classes alike; such, at least, is its spirit and such are its principles, though it may, and does sometimes deviate from them in action; but never to an extent which might cause anarchy, or be productive of evil to the country at large. The only fault of Canada is that she scarcely appreciates as she should her great advantages, and her noble future.’

APPENDIX

THE following Letters, which are amongst my brother's many communications to the Press, both in Canada and England, (generally under the signature of Delta,) treat of subjects of so much public interest that I need no excuse for inserting them.

' To the Editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle.

EMIGRANTS.

' SIR,

' It strikes me as a somewhat peculiar circumstance, that there should be no society in Quebec for the specific purpose of affording relief to distressed emigrants on their arrival in this country. The amount of misery and destitution which passes annually through this city is enormous. It surely has a claim on our sympathies, and on our assistance, and we cannot relieve ourselves entirely of the responsibility of affording such "help in time of need," because those who require it do not come to settle here. It is sufficient for us that they are ignorant and want counsel, that they are destitute, and in suffering, and want sympathy and assistance. I have authority for stating that there is great misery and most severe distress prevailing among many of the poor emigrants who pass

through this city. What drove them from their own dear native land but misery or famine staring them gauntly in the face? They come out many of them in almost utter ignorance of the country (I will not say this is invariably the case, but it is often so). They imagine it a land of hope and promise, and they build golden dreams of future success and prosperity, and though they are not wholly mistaken, they little know the difficulties that are before them, or the labours and trials they must undergo before their hopes are realised. Those who emigrate, too, are often burthened with large families; there are few in this city who have not seen them collected in groups on the wharves previous to their embarkation on the steamer which is to take them the first stage of the journey, or huddled together near her bows more like pigs or sheep than human beings. The spectacle is surely both an interesting and affecting one. It is a living reproach to us, to a large community of Christians—many speaking the same language and coming from the same land—that this distress should pass by comparatively unnoticed and unheeded: We should always recollect that a little assistance, at the outset of a man's career, is often infinitely more valuable than great assistance at a subsequent period.

‘The unrelieved misery which exists under their very eyes is a great and terrible reproach to those who live at ease and indifferent to the lot of others, and it will rise hereafter as a terrible witness against many a man and woman.

‘Nearly all the crime and misery which exists among the poorer classes of mankind exists from want of sympathy, from the indifference of those who, receiving their being from the same God, appropriate with heartless selfishness the blessings which accompany it to themselves, and close their hearts against the wants and suffering which keep from companionship with the existence of their miserable brethren. How much might all of us do! How little do any of us perform! and yet our duty to our neighbour is to love him as ourselves. We may remember, not inappropriately, that the charitable offices of the good Samaritan were performed to a *traveller*.

‘I think the question has only to be fairly stated to be agreed to, and acted on. There are few I believe in this city who would not contribute towards so good a work. The whole winter is before them, the season of charity, love, and good-will towards men. Let them avail themselves, when spring returns, to welcome, cheer, and assist some of the poor outcasts and exiles whom necessity has driven to a strange land.

‘I remain, &c.’

‘To the Editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle.’

‘SIR,

‘Would you permit me through the medium of your columns to offer the following suggestion to the consideration of your readers with respect to provision for the reception and relief of sick or destitute emigrants. The presence of this class in the crowded, hot, and dirty streets of the lower town, at this season of the year, is justly regarded as most objectionable in every way, and yet the question naturally occurs, what is to become of the poor creatures? They must go somewhere. They are possibly too unwell, or too weak to continue their journey immediately; they want food, rest, or money; but they find no door open to them but those of low beer shops, or dirty stifling dwellings, where it is marvellous that human beings contrive to live at all. I would venture to suggest that a great relief would be afforded to the city, and the ends of humanity effectively promoted, by the establishment of one, or more, large emigrant hulks for the reception of all emigrants who it might be clearly ascertained were incapable of continuing their journey. These reception ships might be under the control of government, or of a private society supported by voluntary contribution. However, it would be clearly the duty of government, with the large surplus fund at their disposal, to assist and support to the uttermost any private enterprise undertaken for so laudable an object. I merely throw out this suggestion for consideration, as its practicability and

advantages appear obvious; and though schemes, in every respect preferable, may present themselves to others, yet I believe that it is desirable that suggestions which appear practicable should be made the object of discussion and comparison, and it is with this conviction that I have addressed myself to the public through the medium of your columns.

‘ I am, Sir,

‘ Your obedient Servant,

‘ DELTA.

‘ Quebec, July 12, 1854.’

‘ *To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

‘ THE WAR AND THE ARMY.

‘ SIR,

‘ At a crisis like the present it behoves every one to assist his country to the utmost of his power, and to embrace any opportunity that may present itself of rendering it a service. Though filling a subordinate position in the service, I would venture, with all deference to superior judgment, to offer a few suggestions as to the course which I consider might be advantageously pursued by Government and by the military authorities in the present emergency.

‘ It is our object, at the opening of the campaign on a grand scale in the ensuing spring, to have a large, well-equipped, well-organized army in the field, which shall support our claim, not only to super-eminent bravery, but to super-eminent intelligence. We have no desire to blush again, and to mourn again, over such a series of fatal errors as have marked our progress hitherto before the walls of Sebastopol. We wish to retrieve our character, to rectify and remedy what is amiss, and to guard against the repetition of similar calamities. We desire to bring into the field an army which in every respect may worthily represent the nation. Let us see how this is to be done.

‘Where do we in the first instance turn to? Naturally to the youth of our own country. The military spirit of the people has been appealed to, and this appeal has met with a hearty, though perhaps not unanimous, response. We should first consider how this spirit, which is at the present crisis the mainstay of the country, may be best promoted and encouraged. Latterly the condition of the soldier, and the terms of enlistment into the army, have been much ameliorated. A prospect has been opened to every man in the ranks of promotion and distinction, of the immediate recognition of distinguished gallantry or merit, of honourable rewards for wounds received in the service of the country, and the consolation afforded to those who have formed domestic ties, that their wives and little ones, in the event of their death, become the especial objects of the solicitude of their country. So far, so good. Now, Sir, I would venture to suggest a still further encouragement, and one which is, in my opinion, both just and judicious—*I would double the pay of all soldiers engaged on active service in the field.* Even with this arrangement, at the present high rate of wages and demand for labour, the remuneration would be very small compared with the hardships undergone and the dangers braved; but a very great encouragement would be afforded to men to volunteer from the militia.

‘Next, having considered the method of obtaining men, I shall proceed to my second point—*their training.* We may accumulate a large mass of raw material of all kinds in this country, from the untrained general of division to the raw recruit, who does not know his right hand from his left, and all we may thus collect, without subjecting it to the *manufacturing* process, will be comparatively worthless. The army sensibly felt the value of the military training at Chobham. Many of our generals and colonels had never seen so large a number of men manœuvred together, and confessed that before “Chobham” they knew little of war or military movements on a large scale. How, in fact, could they? Such

knowledge does not come intuitively. Let us, now we are actually engaged in a war with one of the greatest powers in the world, form at once several great camps for the training of our officers and men. I would establish three camps—one in the south of England, one in the north (where the Scotch recruits might be trained), and one in Ireland.

‘During the winter months the men might live in wooden houses *similar* to those which have been sent to the Crimea, or *more* commodious. Each camp should be commanded by a general officer, who should live with his staff on the ground, and take every opportunity of exercising it in its various and important duties. Military sketches and reports of the surrounding districts, &c., should be continually demanded, and everything conducted as if the army were in the presence of the enemy. Each camp should have its waggon-train and commissariat staff, and supplies should be regularly brought in by the waggons belonging to the army. The men should be continually exercised, and should be brought into high physical condition. (We seem to forget in our treatment of our soldiers that the Roman word for an army signifies “exercise,” and that, in time of peace, the fatigues they went through, and the weapons they were instructed to use, called for much greater exertions than were usually necessary in ordinary campaigns. We shut our men up in barracks, and give them a short march once a-week!) The men, after going through their ordinary drill, after being thoroughly instructed and initiated into camp duties, should be manoeuvred in masses and taught to act in large bodies; they should be instructed how to defend themselves, how to throw up intrenchments, to make gabions, fascines, &c., and in every description of duty they are likely to be called on to perform in active service. (I may mention as a subordinate part of this plan, that the men should be taught how to avail themselves of the resources of a country, how to cook, make soups, &c., all things in which they are lamentably deficient to the French, and all highly important as far as they go.)

‘To form an adequate army of reserve in this country, the force distributed in the three camps should not, in my humble opinion, be less than 150,000. We may, however, more safely assume half this number as the more probable. If we take this important step at once we shall, before the campaign has well commenced, *i.e.*, before April, it is to be hoped have an efficient reserve corps to draw on for the supply of our army in the field. This is one of the modes which have suggested themselves to me of re-establishing our military ascendancy. There is another which I shall proceed to mention — it is, in my opinion, of great importance, and it is also one which demands prompt and vigorous action. We appear to have forgotten that we have immense military resources in India, and that these resources are available to a great extent without weakening our ascendancy in that great country. I am assured by officers of experience from India, that there are facilities for recruiting to any extent in many districts. If, therefore, the East India Company assisted the Crown by transferring, let us say, 30,000 or 40,000 men best suited for the war we are engaged in, and thoroughly trained to service in the field, it could in a few months obtain recruits in India to supply their places. Why do we not, then, form an Indian Division in our Eastern army, officered by experienced men, inured to a hot climate, and accustomed to the hardships and difficulties of war? If we availed ourselves freely and fully of the magnificent means of transport which exists between this country and India, we might before May accumulate a respectable force at Gallipoli or Constantinople, and by the end of June have at least 10,000 or 15,000 men from India, available for active operations. We have only to turn to our colonies, to find a spirit of patriotism as glowing and devoted as that which fills the mother country. In Canada especially, the most ardent wish has been expressed to form a division for the assistance of England, and her citizens burn for the honour of fighting, side by side, with the soldiers of Alma and Inkermann. We should not let enthusiasm like this die a natural

death. In Canada there are several officers of great experience who have come forward to assist their country with heart and head. England should not neglect such sources of strength. By establishing a generous emulation, by a judicious distribution of rewards, by a ready recognition of services performed, she may fan the military and patriotic spirit which now glows in the breasts of her sons into a fire, which will be inextinguishable as long as there is material for it to consume.

‘ It is with the hope that these remarks may attract some notice, and may be productive of some beneficial result, that I have ventured to offer them to the public through the medium of your columns. They are not put forward presumptuously, but earnestly and with sincerity, by one who wishes only the good and glory of his country.

‘ I am, Sir,

‘ Your obedient Servant,

‘ DELTA.

‘ *To the Editor of the Morning Herald.*

‘ REFRESHMENT FOR THE TROOPS IN THE
TRENCHES AND FOR THE WOUNDED.

‘ SIR,

‘ I beg to offer the following suggestion to the notice of the commissariat, the medical department, and the commanding officers of regiments in the Crimea.

‘ The idea has occurred to me that the troops should have something to stimulate and refresh them *while on duty* in the trenches, and there does not, as far as I can judge, seem to be any reason why this idea should not be carried out.

‘ It has suggested itself to me that tin vessels (something similar to those used in railway refreshment rooms), filled with hot tea, mixed with brandy or rum, might be swung, like panniers, over the backs of mules, and thus conveyed along the trenches to the men on duty.

‘The tea might be kept hot by means of a pan of charcoal, or a spirit lamp. A tin cup should be suspended by a chain to each vessel for the men to drink out of, and every man should be provided with a cup when going on duty into the trenches, which might be attached to his belt.

‘I see nothing impracticable in this idea, and I trust it may be acted upon.

‘I may add, that mules carrying hot tea, or even cold spirits and water, in the way I have described, might accompany the ambulances in search of the wounded, so that refreshment might be at once administered to them when *first* discovered on the field, and when they most require it.

‘I would suggest to the managers of the Crimean Army Fund to send some tin vessels, such as I have described, with the apparatus for fixing them securely on the backs of mules, and protecting the animal from heat (which may be easily done with a little ingenuity), *at once*. The month of March is a raw and chilly one, and *at all times* refreshments administered as I have suggested would be most beneficial to the sick and wounded.

‘I have the honour to be, Sir,

‘Your most obedient Servant,

‘AN ENGINEER OFFICER.

‘Edinburgh, Feb. 27.

‘I enclose my card.’

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‘*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

‘THE NEEDLEWOMEN OF ENGLAND.

‘SIR,

‘It has been truly remarked, that vice springs almost entirely from the absence of affection or from its aberration. It may be said, perhaps, still more truly, that vice proceeds very much from the want of sympathy, and from the indifference with which suffering, wrong, and misery are regarded by the

world. Every Christian man or woman should put to themselves the question, "What good can I do in this world before I go hence and am numbered among the things that were?" There are surely objects sufficient on which to expend our energies. We are surrounded and environed on all sides by claims alike upon our reason and our feelings. We should consider those that we are the most called upon to meet, and meet them at once manfully and earnestly as good soldiers of Christ. No claim that I know of could well be stronger than that of the poor, struggling, oppressed needlewomen of England. There is no class, either in the great metropolis or elsewhere, which more deservedly claims both our sympathy and our aid. There is no class more peculiarly exposed, more cruelly and harshly treated, more hopelessly condemned by society, if they yield to the mighty temptations to sin which surround them. Take the case of a young female, almost alone in the great harsh world, struggling for an honest support, finding the beauty God may have given her a great and terrible snare, or the absence of it a source of contempt and indifference—looking around with the indescribable yearning of youth and isolation for sympathy—condemned early and late to unceasing and monotonous toil, to a horrible drudgery—doomed to confinement while the bright sun is shining, and all nature seems rejoicing for all but her, finding her health failing, her spirits sinking, her young blossom of hope nipped in the bud, with a dreary vista before her of monotonous days of toil and imprisonment, unrelieved by a gleam of brighter and better things, with no one to turn to to whom she might pour out her heart, with its deep longings and its pent-up suffering. Think, ye stern moralists and censors, of what *this* must be to the young, inexperienced, and ignorant heart, that wishes, may be, to do well—that sees and dreads the misery and contamination of guilt, but feels itself sinking beneath the weight it has to bear, and seeks in vain for encouragement and assistance. Yet society looks coldly on; the victim falls; it points the finger of scorn and contumely at her; she

struggles on honestly and sincerely, it maintains its indifference. These victims fall and struggle on around us, and, as it were, under our very eyes. There are thousands of needlewomen in London and elsewhere, leading lives of utter wretchedness, drudgery, and penury. It may be said their case is well known, and that it has been graphically painted and feelingly told. I answer, if it is so, why is not more done for them? On those who employ the class I allude to, any appeal, however urgent, would be utterly thrown away. They wrap themselves in an impenetrable mantle of self-interest, and listen with complacent indifference to all that may be said against them. We must turn from these to all who have feeling hearts, and are capable of sympathy, in the great world around us, for it is time that such things as this should cease in a Christian country—it is time that a crusade should be directed against all those who abuse, for their vile self-interest, the fairest and gentlest portion of God's great creation—it is time that a strong voice which shall make itself heard should be raised in the land against a sin and oppression which cries to God like this. Shall we, as a nation, content ourselves with the hypocrite's fast? Shall we mortify and prostrate ourselves before the throne of grace, and suffer the heavy burden to remain, and the oppressed still to struggle under the yoke? Private exertion is not all that is needed. It should, by its pressure from without, make itself felt by the Legislature, but Government should step in in this matter with the only great arguments that are of any avail—stringent and effective laws to control employers and protect the employed. Something should be done, and done *at once*, to better the condition of the poor, struggling needlewomen of England. Their working hours should be limited; a scale of wages for particular services, or services of a particular class, which will fairly remunerate those employed, should be established. All employers should be compelled to give their workwomen a half holiday once a week or oftener. Government might do thus much—it would remain for private

philanthropy still more to ameliorate and improve. The great social deficiency of the present day is, in my opinion, the want of healthful, innocent, and improving recreations for the poor. We should endeavour to increase their self-respect. If necessity compels them to be mere machines when at their daily toil, they should be restored to the recollection of their humanity and capabilities when it is over. There is, after all, less effort required to effect this than is supposed. Dickens touched and won the hearts of thousands, whose sensibilities had perhaps long been frozen over, by merely reading a book out to them. We look to the bodily wants of the poor, their food and clothing, the bare necessities of existence, in fact; and we forget what is of infinitely more importance—their thoughts, hopes, and feelings. We thus too often give them no chance. The pleasures of sin stand opposed by *nothing*. It is not with them, as with us, the deliberate rejection of virtuous for vicious pleasure. It is the pleasures of evil opposed by a positive blank—a dreary nothingness. And yet we take credit to ourselves for sympathising with our poor fellow-creatures, and express a virtuous horror and indignation at their error, crime, and insensibility. God grant that a better time may come, and that this deep reproach may be removed from us! Let those of a higher and better class manifest sympathy and interest with their poor brethren—sympathy of the kind Mr. Dickens manifested when he read his Christmas tale out to them—and we should soon find how much there was that was admirable and excellent—how much that might be diverted from evil and turned to good in the heart and mind of the poor man or woman. Circumstances and opportunity only are required for developing character. Who would have supposed the despised private soldier to be what he has shown himself to be—full of the noblest traits that can dignify humanity—till the fiery trial brought his character out in bright and full relief. My voice is feeble to urge on this matter, but I raise it earnestly and hopefully. The cause advocated would ennoble any appeal.

I trust that, even in this utilitarian age, some worthy champion may be found to do battle in its behalf; that some deep, earnest, and thoughtful mind may concentrate its energies for the remedy of this and similar evils, and that the country may be delivered from the reproach which now clings to it on account of them.

‘I am, Sir,

‘Your obedient Servant,

‘G. R.

‘Edinburgh, April 11, 1855.’

THE END.

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