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DIARY OF THE SIEGE.

(From Correspondents of London Journals.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, JUNE 1ST.—While our detached force has been pursuing its bloodless career of conquest on the north-eastern shores of the Crimea, despoiling the enemy of their accumulated stores, and threatening the fortresses of their Caucasian frontier, we have not been idle or without sign of hope and progress at the chief seat of operations. Kertch and Yenikale and Genitchi are in our hands without loss to compensate for the acquisition, and ere long the joint ardor of Gen. Brown and Admiral Lyons will be giving us a good account of Anapa. During the fortnight which has now elapsed since the sailing of the expedition a large number of additional troops have arrived, and an enormous reach of ground outside of our former position has been taken into uncontested occupation.—The "eternal Cossack" no longer looks down into the valley of Balaklava from the ridges east of the Highlanders' camp; not only is the debateable land occupied and resigned within one month ours, and beyond chance of reprisal, but our cavalry with their horses peacefully in the Tchernaya; our baggage animals revel in the luxuriant herbage which covers the plain; the Woronzoff road for many an additional mile is traversed by our field waggons, and has been made by recent orders the common property of the soldier and the amateur, the actors and spectators of the war. The Russian, for aught we know, may bivouac in force at Simpheropol or Balchiserai; but we are upon his flanks on both sides, and able to defy his most aggressive or despairing endeavors.—The marines, who so long held the post of honor on the mountain top above Balaklava, have taken ground five miles in advance of their previous stronghold, where they still serve in the van. The Sardinians, who deserve and find unsparing commendation for their soldierlike appearance and apparatus of campaign, crown the summit of Canrobert's hill, and spread over many an undulating rood in advance of it. The French, with their favorite General, Bosquet, at their head, have crossed the river, and now enclose within their extended lines the bridge by which the armies passed after descending from Mackenzie's Farm. As you stand on the heights by the French telegraph, from which the Woronzoff road, well macadamized and engineered, bends its serpentine course towards Kaffa and Tchorgoun, the spectacle is a proud and an animating one. The verdant prairie which stretches beneath you is encircled by the dotted encampments of the four nations, and the field-works which throughout the winter and the spring defended our rear have lost their value, and become a neglected memorial of the past. The view is panoramic in the best sense of the term. You see from sea to sea—from the masts which tower against the beleaguered city to those which come in quick succession to our unimpeded harbors. Before you and below you to the south the Geonese fortress shines against an ocean seldom vacant of a sail. Beneath you, on that nearer mound, as you look eastward, the Turks are posted, and the faint monotony of their droning music comes to you across the valley. Further to the left the more formidable ranges are sprinkled with the white tents of the French, which crop out again and again upon the horizon far away, foretelling no distant conclusion to the protracted struggle. You descend amid waving grasses, giant thistles, and regaled by the scent of a thousand flowers; diverge an instant from the road, and you trample upon vetches and lupins, convolvulus and poppy, geranium and wild parsley, with innumerable other blossoms of the rank and file. It is a vivid and delicious contrast to the hoof-trodden and arid waste desolated by our winter encampment, cut into no spontaneous fairy rings by tents planted and removed, and sown broadcast with fragments of broken bottle and discarded raiment—a contrast not less refreshing to the eye of man than to the appetite of a myriad beasts. The Chasseur rides down beside you with his hand-sithe to reap an easy load of succulent forage. The Turk has discarded his canvass habitation and contrived himself a shady bower thatched with green branches of underwood, beneath which he enjoys a siesta accommodated to his heart's desire. It is no longer a question whether this jutting corner of the peninsula shall be ours—earth and water, dale and hill—whether the brute shall outlive his hard day's labor, and the man strive beyond his failing strength, yet strive in vain. The feet of our horses have been in Tchorgoun; the humble burghesses of Baidar have tendered their submission to the allies. Up to those precipitous ridges which bound the prospect, scored by rains and streaked with white seams of lime-stone, there is no competitor. The fruits of the flank march are ripe and ready to cut. The hunters are beginning to close upon the prey. The strength and purpose of the two great countries of Western Europe have made themselves at last plainly

visible to the eye of every beholder, and the roar of the guns which hedge round Sebastopol in nearer and nearer embrace seems to have a sound of triumph mixed with its malign and deep reverberation. Our own army is once more what England's army should be, if it is to represent her—in first-rate condition, full of vigor and enthusiasm; nor is there any doubt in any soldier's mind as to what he can do or will.—The knots of men who group themselves at leisure hours on every favorable spot for a sight of the town and batteries have but one current and universal phrase emphasized a thousand ways by the gunpowder of speech, "Why don't they let us go at it?" The weather is hot, in the low grounds desperately hot, and even on the heights the thermometer within doors ranges above 90 deg. in the daytime; mine stood near 80 deg. at 10 o'clock last night; but almost every day there are some hours of cool breeze that sets in at 9 o'clock, and holds on till 3 or 4. Supply is plenty of all kinds—enough and to spare. The Commissariat officer declares that he puts 21 different articles within the reach of those whom he caters for. Canteens flourish and grow all over the camp, diffusing small luxuries of every imaginable kind, bathing Wenzel-like ice and sodawater, which are, however, rumored to be upon their way. The bazaar down below can only be paralleled by the scene at an English racecourse, or a statute fair. It is a Babel of hilarious tongues and a surfeit of small wares, "Barceloney nuts," included. The officer can eat his turbet for dinner, and thinks claret and champagne but moderate liquors, saving the price. If he will take the trouble to go and search for it, he may gather himself a dish of asparagus, even within the confines of the division. Camp life, if it is not altogether Capuan, is at all events like a monster picnic, with your well stuffed guest and your well wetted servant multiplied and refracted on every side. Even the dinner-bell rings cheerily, one may say—at least, there are regiments which own a melodious gong, and toll out the hours across the plain clearly as a Sunday steeple in Old England. At night the whole country gleams and sparkles round you like the outskirts of London, looked down upon from Highgate or Hampstead. Midnight revelries send their jovial sound hither and thither with the drifting air. So far as we have yet advanced into the merry month of June, it is an easy, happy, invigorating, albeit animal kind of existence that men lead—easy as the life of cities, invigorating as that of patriarch; and if rural sounds, no less than rural sights, as Thomson somewhere declares, exhilarate the senses, there is no lack of cocks to crow, ducks to quack, dogs to bark, sheep to lament, and mules to whinny, while the cannonade, though scarcely rural, comes in as an inconstant bass, now hardly felt or missed any more than a railway train in the manufacturing districts. During the last few days there has been neither event nor casualty of serious import in the siege works. There are intervals in the day when you might suppose that "villanous saltpetre" had no more to do with a modern siege than an ancient one, and that all this demonstration of a state of conflict was merely an amicable suit upon an extensive scale. There are times at night when angry and sudden explosions spring up as if by some unaccountable impulse or conjuration, and continue with an impetuosity which seems as if it intended to finish the whole business in a moment.—There are times when the red fuses turn and tumble through the air like hot coals belched out of a volcano and dancing successive hornpipes upon nothing; then the chatter of small arms breaks upon the ear in distant imitation of the heavy artillery, like a little dog yelping in gratuitous rivalry of a big one. The fighting is done by jerks and starts, and the combatants, like Homer's heroes, stand at ease the best part of the time and take it coolly, meaning deadly mischief all the while. The sharpest onset is generally on the side of our allies, about the Flagstaff or the Quarantine Battery, where they are still sedulously advancing their endless mileage of trench and parallel, and promising themselves a result before long. There has been an unusual languor on the side of the Russians, due, as one will have it to pestilence raging in Sebastopol, as another speculates to the desire of economizing ammunition, as a third proposes, on the authority of a live deserter, to the detachment of a large body of men to strengthen the outlying force on the other bank of the Tchernaya, and keep Bosquet in check. Shall we say that the warmth of the weather has dulled their energies, and a freer "transpiration" reduced the virus of hostility below its average level? We know, at any rate, that there are frequent transshipments of the useless and incapable hands from the southern to the northern side, and, *per contra*, as frequent introductions of newer and better blood. We know, for we can see it, that they are working away to strengthen and provision the fortress on the north side. We know, for their lights glance at night along the lofty background, that they muster in no inconsiderable

number upon the ridges which overlook our encampment, and cover the road by which supplies are conveyed into the town. We attribute to them the impression that their term of struggle on the hither bank is drawing to its close. We anticipate the moment when, by one means or another, a final conclusion shall be put to the protracted opposition.

June 3.—General Morris, who is commanding the whole allied army on the Tchernaya, went out with a regiment of French Hussars, a regiment of Dragoons, some battalions of French and Sardinian infantry, and a squadron of Sardinian cavalry, for a reconnaissance into the valley of Baidar. They started at 2 o'clock in the morning, and took the Woronzoff road. No trace of the enemy was found on the whole road. Before the village of Baidar the troops made a halt, and an officer of Dragoons, with two of his men and an interpreter, went into the village. The inhabitants were quite taken by surprise. There was an order to arrest a Greek, of the name of Tanko Fanaiotti, and to bring him back. Accordingly, the first Tartar was asked for the house of the Greek, and the latter was called out and arrested. He was asked whether he had a horse, but he answered "No," although the Tartars said the contrary. When told that if he had no horse he must walk to the camp, he pretended to be lame, but when tied with two cords between two Dragoons, and these quietly began to walk off at a rather brisk pace, his lameness suddenly disappeared, and he made very fair use of his limbs. This man, who has been a good deal at Balaklava, is, I hear, suspected to be a Russian spy, and this is said to be the cause of his arrest. There can be no doubt that a continual intercourse had hitherto been maintained, as bread, and other articles, unmistakably of Balaklava origin, were found in Tchorgoun at the time the line on the Tchernaya was taken up. There are now the strictest orders given, as well in regard to the trenches as in regard to the advanced posts, that no unauthorized person should pass them. From Baidar the cavalry advanced towards the bridge which leads over the Tchernaya. In the way there the first sign of the enemy was discovered—some hundreds of Cossacks slowly retiring before the advancing force. A skirmish began, which lasted only a very short time, for the regiment of Dragoons was despatched to the right, and the Cossacks, afraid of being turned, made a quick retreat, losing four men. The French had a *Maréchal de Logis*, of the Hussars, wounded by a spent shot in the cheek, and two horses wounded. Their trophies were one Cossack horse, a lance, and some of their long muskets. The cavalry remained for the night at the bridge, and will back to-morrow.

The Russians can boast to-day that they have gained a prize from us, though scarcely an equivalent for that which they are yet ignorant they have lost. A man of the 97th went over to them, and appears to have indicated pretty accurately where they might with advantage direct their fire upon his comrades; at least, a shower of shot and shell came whizzing over the heads of the relief as it went down at night to the trenches; however, they were pitched a few yards too far, and the enemy took nothing by the move.

June 4.—We, on the other hand, did ourselves some mischief last night. A lot of carcasses, destined for the Russian store buildings, turned out too antiquated to be trusted, and persisted in knocking our own men over in preference; they fell short, and exploded in our advanced trenches. Rumor asserts that they are of fabulous and incredible date, going back to the beginning of the century; and, the cases being actually rotten from age, it may be presumed that they had no business to be here at all. Some men were killed and injured by their default, and Colonel Munday, of the 33d, was one of the sufferers, but his wounds are said not to be dangerous. Another officer (Lieutenant Morgan, of the 28th) met with a severer fate, as he was going out to post his sentries early in the evening. The tale goes that he observed in the uncertain gloaming a dark object, and, taking up a stone, experimented upon the nature of it. The dark object thus appealed to accepted the invitation, and, firing a volley, put two bullets through the challenger's leg. Since nightfall there has been some heavy firing, both on the right and left, and a great deal of musketry on both sides. This morning, while I was sitting in the tent of the Turkish Pasha, two Tartars from the valley of Baidar came in. They had taken advantage of the reconnaissance of yesterday to escape from their village, and to bring over petitions from the inhabitants. According to their accounts, the existence of the Tartars is growing daily more insupportable. Their valley is entirely at the mercy of the Cossacks, who, under the pretext that it is they who have brought the French and English here, plunder their houses, drive away their cattle and horses, destroy their fields and pastures, and ill-treat them in every way. In

order to prevent them from leaving the valley they take their women as hostages. Naturally, under these circumstances, the poor Tartars long for an advance of the allied armies, by which they hope to be delivered from these vexations. May their hope be realized! but in war the presence of the enemy is only one degree worse than the presence of a friendly army for the inhabitants—witness Eupatoria. At the same time with the two Tartars a third came in, a spy, who had been sent some time before. He says that the Russian force in the Crimea has been greatly exaggerated, and that it does not amount to more than 110,000 men in all, the greater part of whom are concentrated about Sebastopol. In Balchiserai there are said to be only 6,000 infantry and many thousands of sick and wounded. In the country at large there is nothing but cavalry. The most curious information which I am told he gave was that the Russians not only do not bring up any more reinforcements, but that they sent a considerable number of troops away to Bessarabia in the spring, under the plea that they were not required for the defence of Sebastopol against the united forces of England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey. The more probable reason is that they had expected to be shortly attacked on that side by a descent of the allies at Odessa, or an advance of the Turks on the Danube. The other day a curious thing happened during the severe engagement which took place for some rifle pits in front of the Bastion du Centre. In the *Légion Etrangère*, which was engaged on the French side, there is a Polish lieutenant of the name of Lubainsky, who has two of his brothers in the Russian service. After the engagement was over he began to talk with a sergeant who had been taken prisoner, and, asking him the usual questions about his name and regiment, found that he belonged to the regiment of his brother, so he asked further about Captain Lubainsky. The answer was, "He is no more captain, but commandant, and he commanded in this very sortie." As he was neither among the dead nor the prisoners, he seems to have escaped, although some private letters were found on the field which must have fallen from his pocket, and which will be given back to him on the first occasion. During the day, just about noon, all at once a very brisk musketry fire arose on the French advanced line, where the division of General Canrobert is encamped. The Russians had approached two battalions of Zouaves, who formed the grand guard on that side, and began skirmishing. As it was supposed that it would be a serious attack, notice was brought of it to the French headquarters; but in half an hour, or even less, the firing ceased, and the Russians retired. Neither side employed guns. The whole day the cannonade was livelier than usual, and towards evening it became even much more so. As it was intermixed with a good deal of musketry, it must have been something more than the usual evening cannonade.

June 5.—There were some slight losses in the trenches, it seems,—no great wonder, considering the proximity of the combatants. Some of the Russian muskets were loaded with slugs. A lieutenant of the 48th, Mr. Trent, was slightly wounded in the arm. Last night, too, as if to crown the tragedy of Captain Christie's sudden end, and close the lips of too hasty censors, Admiral Boxer expired in the harbor of cholera, after a short illness. He had been very much depressed by the death of a nephew bearing his name and attached to his person, which took place from the same cause three days previously on board ship, and had given only too painful tokens of those feelings which have been so often denied existence. Harsh judgment and unkind reflections may well be dissociated from the memory of a veteran who has perished at his post, and whose activity at least has so often been the theme of wonder upon the spot, as natural deficiencies of age have been the subject of vituperation at home. There is here but one common sentiment of regret, not merely for an old man's unexpected decease, but springing from sympathy with one who had human trials and imperfections, and whose hard effort amid hurrying circumstances was swept out of sight in the undistinguishing flood of national disappointment.

The following "General After Order," which came out last night, gives a summary of the operations effected by our expeditionary force, and, while it addresses itself to the army in the field as a stimulus to nearer achievements, and will be read everywhere this morning as a presage of further success, is perhaps already posted in London and flying all over the country with the morning trains:—

"Head-quarters before Sebastopol, June 4.

"In continuation of former general orders, the Field-Marshal now announces to the army the further gallant exploits of the allies, which this time have chiefly been accomplished by the ships of the French and English navies. Berdiansk has been destroyed, with four war steamers. Arabat, a fortress mounting 30 guns, after resisting an hour, and