

gan is dismantled—and these maskings I was informed by our officers would be merely temporary, as the enemy always managed to replace their artillery in twelve or fifteen hours. I myself have seen them do so within three hours.

The whole of the enemy's batteries are now protected by a deep ditch in front, with regular abatis and rows of stockades and chevaux de frise. From this fact alone it is evident that they are guarding against, and therefore, fear an assault. But it is principally of the north side I wish to speak. I was told before I set out upon my survey that I should be astonished at the immensity of the Russian batteries, reaching from the head of the harbor to the east, right round to Star Fort and St. Severina on the north, and all of which had only been unmasked two days previous.

I know something of the nature of Russian works and the energy of Russian perseverance, but still the tremendous extent of new redoubts and batteries which I then saw thrown up all around the city, did, indeed, astonish me. Every space from the circular earth-work and martello tower, (the latter now a mere pile of rubbish,) round to the sea near Cape Constantine, is one long line of redoubts and batteries. Malta, Gibraltar or the lines of Chatham—all in one, would be far more vulnerable than these formidable entrenchments, covered with infantry, pits, and deep ditches in front, and protected by scarped banks, stockades and masses of cannon. I have seen many of what are called first-class fortresses but never any like these.

That which struck me more than all was a certain coxcomby of finish about these works which I have never yet seen attempted elsewhere—no, not even in the elaborate redoubts of Chobham ridges. Every bastion was lined with stone; every embrasure perfect; every angle and scarp smoothed off with beautiful regularity; and as if the whole was rather an architectural embellishment than one of the most formidable kinds of defence known to modern warfare.

It will scarcely be credited, but inside these lines were regular foot-paths and made roads, covered with gravel and loose stones, and laid out with as much neatness as if intended to pass through private gardens. I could hardly believe my eyes when these latter adornments were pointed out to me, but there they were sure enough. It must have taken the enemy nearly as much time to make them as the batteries, and, as a matter of course, beyond the mere effect of the bravado—such as it is—they are utterly and entirely useless. Yet, useless as they are, they have been made as if to show how little the progress of our siege employs or impedes their numerous garrison.

Your readers may, perhaps, ask how it is that all these works have been erected within the last few days. But such is the case only with three or four to the extreme north. Nearly all the rest have been finished since we first opened fire, and though the batteries have been known to exist there throughout, yet, as the embrasures were always masked, no one knew where the guns were, or how to distinguish real batteries from breastworks.

On our extreme left the French push the enemy closely. They have not lately advanced their works, but their third parallel is still within 200 yards of the Russian batteries, and only 400 or 500 from the houses outside the walls. The part of the town opposed to the French is certainly more injured than on our side—of course, because of their being nearer, their guns have longer range. The mud fort, which, at the commencement of the siege, mounted nearly forty guns, is now almost untenable, and rarely fires. The Quarantine Fort, of stone, is nearly ruined, and is certain to be completely destroyed the instant we resume our fire; but the flag-staff earthwork, which did the French so much injury, is still, I regret to say, almost as strong as ever. However, with regard to this latter opponent our allies speak most confidently of being able to dispose of it when they wish. On this point I shall only say that I think their conjectures are well-founded.

It was a trite remark of the great Napoleon "That in war, it was not men that were wanted, it was a man." So thinks the Times at the present moment; who does not think however that Lord Raglan is "the man." The statements of the leading organ of England may be exaggerated, but there is in them much matter for serious reflection.

"What remains, asks the Times, of more than 50,000 men, the best blood of the country, which now represent, 3,000 miles from home, the glory, the influence, the courage, and the ability of our race?—The England of European history is now in the Crimea. We have defied the largest army in the world, and, if we have not backed our challenge with quite sufficient strength or promptitude, we have at least made an effort beyond all former example. At this moment it would be rash even to conjecture the fate of those hardy survivors of the 54,000 men. Do they still maintain the unequal fight—chilled, drenched, famished, utterly neglected? Has a slight aggravation of their many ills—a drop of the thermometer some degrees below zero, or a few more inches of rain, extinguished them altogether, or left scarce enough for a safe retreat? Or may we dare to hope that desperation itself has urged the brighter alternative, of a dash at the city, with a somewhat less cost of life than would attend another month of inaction? After the dreary, and even still drearier, history of this siege, we cannot hope as much. Yet, if that has not been done, what is the other alternative? It is, that the army is now in a worse condition than ever it was. We say this deliberately. The reinforcements and supplies that have been sent out, would, up to this, December 23, only keep the army numerically at the inadequate force at which it landed, setting the certain drain by death and sickness against the reinforcements, and the consumption of food and material against the supplies. But, if that army is numerically no larger, it is physically and morally much worse. It is true we have been making immense efforts lately, but no one can say how much everything has been retarded even at home, by the pressure and by the elements. With the westerly gales of the last few days, nothing but the most powerful steamers can get down the Channel, or out of the port of Liverpool, and many sailing vessels and screw steamers of moderate capacity are weather-bound.—Not a rail, not a "navy," and but a few "huts," have left these shores. Immense quantities of warm clothing, of bottled meats, and Christmas dinners, and we know not what besides, are still in our harbors.—With such weather as we have had, one cannot but have great fears for the many heavily-laden vessels that are out at sea. At all events, if the army should want supplies at this moment, we are unable to send

them. All this is bad enough; but, dark as the picture may be at this end of the passage, it is worse at the other, because more hopeless.

"The burden is forced upon us, and we must speak out. Good nature is a pleasant thing in its way, but, if England is ever to be ruined, it will be by unseasonable good nature, by unlimited condonation, connivance, indulgence, and all the softer forms of virtue. England has not become what it is by good nature, nor is good nature the one sole element of our social and commercial system. The period for good nature is over in the Crimea, and sterner qualities must now be invoked into action, unless we would throw away the last chance that remains for redeeming the character of this country, now in fearful jeopardy. Send out some man with competent administrative powers to the necessary basis of our operations—Constantinople. Give him the command of the hospitals that present so scandalous a contrast to the French hospitals; the command of the post-office, and of transports waiting for orders; and give him also the ordering for such supplies for the army as can be procured in that neighborhood, and which the French have not obtained before us. Nobody has yet had command of this important station who was fit for anything else than to be the figurehead of his own ship. There is Sir Charles Thevelyn, for example, who possesses the administrative power of 50 old admirals. Why not send him as High Commissioner to the Bosphorus? Send somebody to Balaklava with a head on his shoulders and a competent staff, so competent, both in numbers and ability, that the whole work will not immediately change hands on the death or removal of one man; and let everything sent for the army, the officers and privates, be addressed to this officer, who shall be answerable for its delivery. Must we stop here? Shall we be true to the statements we venture to make above, if we imply that Constantinople and Balaklava are the only places wanting reform? No, we shall not; so we will proceed. If Lord Raglan is the man he is thought to be—and nobody doubts his high courage, his perfect coolness, and his great ability in his former employments—he wants better instruments. He wants better coadjutors and staff—men who will supply that ubiquity of which the chief is incapable—to tell him everything, convey the wants of the army, take orders, and see that they are executed. Send out men, who will save the army not from the Russians, though they are formidable enough, but from despair, which is weighing down the spirits of every one, and an utter distrust in the arrangement of the expedition.—It will be of little use to send out reinforcements by thousands unless we take steps for their better management. As it is they march to their graves, and begin to perish by scores from the hour they land. Misrule receives them on the beach, and wears them, worries them, drenches them, shivers them, and so destroys them, till a few spectral figures are all that remain. The soldiers of the Peninsula, when they saw the Duke of Wellington after an absence, used to exclaim that his face did them more good than the arrival of ten regiments. Such a head, or coadjutors equivalent to it, is what we want for the Crimea."

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