

## Distinguished Canadians.

In our last issue we published a copy of the Gazette conferring the Victoria Cross on Lieut. Dunn, 11th Hussars, for his bravery in front of the enemy. Many of our countrymen have served and are still serving in the Imperial Service with credit to themselves and honor to Canada. In continuation we give a short record of the services of General Sir W. F. Williams, Bart.

General William Fenwick Williams, K.C.B., D.C.L., 1st Baronet, second son of Thomas Williams, Esq. who was Commissary General of the Barrack-Master at Halifax, Nova-Scotia. Born 1801; was educated at Woolwich; entered the Royal Artillery as 2nd Lieut. 1823, became Captain 1840, was British Commissioner for the settlement of the Tarcoo-Verolan Boundary 1843, became Col. in the Army the same year, received the local rank of Brigadier-General while in this service and his baronetcy, and was made a Major-Gen. in the Army; was General-Commandant at Woolwich 1856-9, appointed to the command of the British Forces in Canada the latter year, Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia 1855; was appointed a Lieut.-Gen. in the Army 1863, a General 1868; and is Col.-Commandant of the Royal Artillery; was M.P. for Calne 1858-9; was created D.C.L. of Oxford 1856; has received the freedom of the city of London, the K.C.B., and the order of the Medjidie.—*Debris*

The following extracts with reference to the Defence of Kara, are taken from "British Battles by Land and Sea."

On the 10th there was a great rising of the inhabitants of the town, who were desirous to aid in its defence, and applied to General Williams for arms. A large amount of muskets and ammunition was accordingly distributed amongst them. A fine old man named, "Inshallah! (please God) we bring scores of Ghiaours' arms and lay them at your feet, Veallama Pasha." The general told him that dead or wounded enemies were to be respected; and if any such savage conduct was practised, he would leave the town in disgust. Still he applauded the patriotic spirit shown by the inhabitants, and told the old man to assemble all the fighting men before the front of the musketry, and that he would see that they were organized and paid. "Wallah!" exclaimed the spirited old man, "we want no pay; give the money to the nizams, we are fighting for our religion and our harems, not for pay; give us ammunition and chiefs, and show us what to do, and Inshallah, you shall not find a coward amongst us. Everything was readiness to receive the anticipated attack, and each English soldier was assigned his post. It is astonishing, observed a spectator, how the Turks confide in the energy of Englishmen in the hour of danger. As to General Williams, he had become an immense favorite with the Turkish soldiers. "They see him everywhere," said Dr. Sandwith; "he is with the sentries at the menaced point the morning has dawned, anon he is tasting the soldier's soup, examining the bread; and if anything is wrong he is his wrath terrible. His eyes are everywhere, and he himself ubiquitous. A soldier feels that he is something more than a neglected part of a rusty machine. He knows he is cared for and encouraged, and a confident of being well led."

A period of dreary inaction followed, broken only by trivial mishaps at the outposts. The Lazistan Irregulars became discontented, and said that they came to fight, not to be starved. The Turks, however, suffered patiently, and no sort of despondency tinged the face of General Williams. "He was thin, certainly, but not well be thinner; but no wonder for he never seemed to sleep. Long ere daylight broke, he was with the sentries of the musketry, the point nearest to the Russian camp, and his glass and every movement; then he was by the side of the musketry, the greater part of the day, anon he was encouraging the al-Bazouks, and settling their differences, or anxiously arranging some plan for feeding the townspeople. And, in our little island of gossip on the state of affairs, he would impress upon the duty of maintaining a bright and hopeful bearing, since all the garrison looked up to us for encouragement."

Detail of the horrors suffered by the wretched soldiers and inhabitants of Kara from this period, until, when exhausted by fatigue, they surrendered to a foe whom they had once so gloriously defeated, is appalling and hideous. The tortures of disease added to the pangs of hunger. During the excitement of the battle, the cholera, from which the troops had been suffering, appeared, but in the time of listless apathy which followed, it returned with greater virulence. The wounded especially fell victims, for their feeble conditions invited disease. The hospitals were crowded with sick and wounded troops, but that which they most wanted—nourishment—could not be given them. Animal food, not even horseflesh, was now served out to the soldiers, the rations of the soldiers consisted of nothing but coarse bread, and a something called soup, but made of water only. Some unhappy soldiers, overcome by these and starvation, and abandoned by hope, crept into dead houses, and died there in hideous solitude. A terrible plague was coming over the men, they were visibly emaciated; tottered in their walk; their faces were gloomy and haggard; their eyes were bloodshot and wolfish. Some poor wretches tempted by the high price of bread in the city to sell their miserable rations; but those who did this sank and died at their doors. Grass was torn up in every open space where it could be found, and the roots greedily devoured. Outside the city swarms of hungry dogs were to be seen preying on the mangled corpses which were borne with the hope that the Russians would be compelled to retire, or that the garrison of Kara might be relieved by Omar Pasha, who had landed at Trebizond with a considerable army. Omar Pasha, whom they supposed to be advancing to their

These hopes were not to be fulfilled. The desperate wretchedness of the soldiers and townspeople was getting still more hideous. Cats were sold for a hundred piastres each, for the sake of food. A daring peasant, who contrived to bring a load of onions into the town, found an instant sale for them at sixty piastres the oke, or twelve shillings for two pounds and a-half. The few horses that were left had their throats cut to prevent them from dying of starvation, and the flesh of these emaciated brutes was regarded as a luxury. On a few occasions small stores of corn, sugar, and coffee were found buried by the jealous owners beneath their houses. The precious luxuries were distributed to the troops and people; but the relief was but trifling. One day twenty men were brought into the hospital in consequence of their having, to satisfy their desperate cravings, eaten some poisonous root, but none of the cases proved fatal. To these horrors others were added, by the occasional execution of deserters or spies. One of the latter, an Armenian, who was hanged in the market-place, was detected with a paper about him, on which was written, "Wait a little longer: the troops are starving, the pashas are fighting among themselves; they will soon capitulate."

Soldiers were sent to the hospitals in large numbers, in a state of exhaustion from starvation. Their voices were very feeble, and a claimy cold pervaded their bodies, and many of them expired without a struggle. Some of the stronger among them were recovered by the administration of horse-flesh broth. Many poor wretches, livid and emaciated, died within an hour or so after their admission. Frequently a hundred men perished in the hospitals during the day and night, while others went mad or became idiotic from the sufferings they had undergone. Yet the endurance of those unhappy men was wonderful, and almost sublime in its appalling heroism. Dr. Sandwith observed—"With hollow cheeks, tottering gait, and that peculiar feebleness of voice so characteristic of famine, yet they clung to their duties. I have again and again seen them watching the batteries at midnight, some standing and leaning on their arms, but most coiled up under the breastwork during cold as intense as an Arctic winter, scarcely able to respond to or challenge the visiting officer; and in answer to a word of encouragement or consolation, the loyal words were over their lips, 'Padishah sagh ossoon' (long live the Sultan). It would seem that the extremity of human feeling called forth latent sparks of a loyalty and devotion not observed in seasons of prosperity."

Still the garrison held out, and the work of starvation went on with increasing grimness and horror. Children dropt and died in the streets, and every morning skeleton-like corpses were found in various parts of the camp. One day a peasant managed to elude the vigilance of the Russians, and to drive a lame buffalo, laden with a bag of flour, into the city. He made his fortune by the extravagant sum he obtained for it. The relief was but momentary. The soldiers deserted in large numbers, and discipline was almost at an end. At one time the poor fellows had almost worshipped General Williams; and when he appeared they gathered round him, only too happy, if, after the Eastern fashion, they could but touch the hem of his garment, in token of their submission and respect. Now these very men refused to salute him, and turned their eyes away when they saw him approach. Some of the townspeople crowded round him as he rode out from his quarters, and entreated him, with all the eloquence of despair, to seek some means of putting an end to their misery. Wretched women forced themselves into his very room, and laying their pallid, famine-smitten children at his feet, implored him rather to kill them than to let them perish from want.

On the 16th of June—two days after the meeting to which we have just alluded—General Williams returned from captivity (if the treatment he received makes it correct to use that term, in Russia, and set his feet again on English land at Dover. He was expected, and received with enthusiasm, both by the authorities and the inhabitants of the town. The former having escorted him to the "Royal Ship" hotel, an address of congratulation was then presented to him. The general returned thanks in an earnest and effective speech, a passage or so of which we will quote as worthy of remembrance. Having paid a tribute to the memory of his brave companion-in-arms, Captain Thompson (who, exhausted and worn out in consequence of the trying duties he had performed, had just expired at Paris), he exclaimed—"Woe to that nation that forgets the military art! Woe to that nation which heaped up riches but does not take the caution to defend them! I have passed through armed Europe, and I take this earliest opportunity of offering a warning to those who forget the military art!" With reference to himself, he said—"I must tell you that in passing through Russia, from one end of the empire to the other, I have experienced in no small degree the friendship and charm of Russian society. When I arrived at St. Petersburg, the emperor received me in so kind a manner that nothing could have exceeded it. That kindness was repeated at Berlin, where no man could have been received with greater honour. The King of Prussia and the young prince, who is at present in England, and is soon to be allied to England by ties more close and binding than at present, met me at the head of the troops, and treated me with the greatest possible consideration. I return them my most sincere thanks, from this British ground. The kindness and consideration which were vouchsafed to me in Russia and Germany were repeated in France, when I arrived among our glorious and brave allies. God grant that that alliance may hold good for many years to come! The day before yesterday I was presented to the Emperor, from whom, some time since, I had the distinguished honor of receiving the cross of commander of the Legion of Honour. I was sorry that, having sent it to England, I was unable to wear it on the occasion. I expressed that regret to the Emperor, and explained the reason. His majesty immediately rose from his seat and said, 'I will get you another.' In a moment he brought me out the star of grand commander of the order. I felt that the act was towards the English nation, not towards me." After partaking of a *dejeuner* with the authorities of Dover, General Williams took train to London, where other honours awaited him. Amongst these was his appointment to the command at Woolwich. As an artillery officer, General Williams had been able to aspire to but few high commands. Woolwich, however, educates the scientific part of the army; and, whether the artillery are competent to command troops or not, it cannot be doubted that they may be well selected to preside over the central and chief school of the British army.

Upon General Williams, honours fell almost in showers. He was elected by the electors of Calne to represent them in Parliament. On the 29th of June he was invited to a banquet, given for the purpose of doing him honour at the Army and Navy Club. In responding to the enthusiasm with which his name was received, the general thus generously included his companions-in-arms in the ovation:—"My career—