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(From the Cor. of the London Times.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, July 15.—High winds have prevailed during the past 24 hours, and dusky clouds fly along the sky, while the air has become damp and chilly even at noon-day. This is the feast of St. Swithin, and the day has been duly marked by violent rain and loud peals of thunder, while the Russian position over the valley of the Tchernaya has been hidden by a dark blue robe of rain-cloud, and the smoke of the guns of Sebastopol seems scarcely to emerge from the watery mist which overhangs the town. Tents in the sodden camp flap their canvass dismally; the huts are dank and dripping, and before the doors little pools of water collect on the earth, which is trodden into a deep slimy mud. The temperature this evening out of doors is that of an English November, and as the wind whistles among the tents one may fancy the trees are being stripped of the last of their withered leaves and the frosts of winter already upon us. But this will last but a few days, and then the heats of August will parch the ground once more, wells and tanks will again yield but a scanty supply, and summer will last until far into the month of September. To-day there has been heavy firing between the Malakoff and the advanced French batteries. Last night the Russians made a sortie from the Malakoff on the 16th of the line, who were at work. The affair took place about ten o'clock, and lasted nearly an hour, ending as usual in the Russians being repulsed and retreating to their works, after more or less delaying those of the French. During the rain the flashes of the guns flickered mistily in the distance, while the wind brought the reports with more than usual distinctness to the ear. The loss of the French is stated by them to be only two officers and 30 men *hors de combat*, but from the duration and magnitude of the struggle it would appear to be much greater. The French have pushed their works almost to the abatis of the Malakoff, and are so near that a man may throw a stone into the Russian position. The abatis is described to be a truly formidable obstacle. It is formed of trunks of oak and beech from the woods of the Crimea, and is more than six feet in height. Attempts will no doubt be made to destroy it with shot and shell before making any fresh assault. The Russians may still be observed continually at work on this position, which is now the recognised key of Sebastopol. They have also been engaged lately in repairing the works of the Redan, which had suffered much from the continual fire of the English batteries. Last night a little sortie took place, also, on the French left, but although the fire was heavy while it lasted, the affair was soon over. It is felt that nothing will be done on this part of the position, and that the real point of attack will be the Malakoff works, the capture of which will render the Redan untenable, and make the surrender of the south side of the place merely a question of a few weeks.

July 16.—Heavy firing last night and this morning. Never since the beginning of the siege were both parties so thoroughly in earnest as at present. The exchange of shot and shell is almost incessant.—The French, of course, can be supplied with these munitions of war to any extent; but to the means of their adversaries there must be, one would think, some limit. That there are foundries in Sebastopol there can be little doubt; some of the shot thrown at us is perfectly smooth and new, and seems just turned out; besides which, it is impossible to believe that a great naval arsenal can be without the means of manufacturing its own munitions. Powder mills probably also exist, but in both these cases the question occurs as to where the material for the manufacture is to come from. A small supply of iron may be obtained by re-casting our shot and the pieces of shell, but probably a great part of the former goes into the harbor, and the supply is too small and precarious for it to be believed that a Government like the Russian would depend on it. It seems more probable that an organised system of transport feeds Sebastopol with munitions as well as corn, and that during the summer every endeavor has been, and will be made, to supply the garrison with sufficient resources to stand during the winter, when the roads to the Crimea will be less capable of bearing the transport of heavy articles. As long ago as August, 1853, two or three houses of Odessa divided a contract to supply the Government with 14,000 military carts; although these were, no doubt, destined for the campaign in the principalities, yet they were probably transferred, with thousands more, to the defence of Sebastopol; and the fact of such contracts having been made is sufficient to show the scale on which the late Emperor was ready to carry out his views, and the facilities which the Crimean fortress still has for continuing a defence which seems wonderful to those who do not consider how long it had

been foreseen and prepared for. The French are very sanguine of their ability to reach the shipping from the new battery they are erecting at the White Works. That the Russians also have some doubts on the subject is evident from the assiduity with which they fire into the newly-constructed work.—The long 68-pounders which are being mounted seem sufficient to do the work even at that distance, but as yet the ships give no sign of moving, and remain motionless in their double line across the harbor; while the boats sit along on all sides of them in ceaseless activity. Our battery near the Quarries is almost ready, and in less than a week the matter will be decided. Our casualties of late have not been many. No officer has fallen since the death of Lieutenant Mansell, of the 39th. There is little sickness when it is considered that a force of 150,000 men is concentrated in front of Sebastopol. Complaints are again being made of the want of mattresses for the wounded in camp. While at Scutari the care or the terror of Government has provided these articles in abundance, there is almost a total absence of them in the hospital *marquées*, where the men are lying in great discomfort. The sick and wounded fund has been applied to in order to remedy this want; but while stores are lying useless in the half-empty hospitals of the Bosphorus, it seems a waste of money to buy fresh articles which could be supplied by a little arrangement between the medical officers of the two places. The following letter fell into my hands a day or two since on a visit to a deserted village, about twelve miles from Balaklava. It is by a female hand, and is dated the very day of the capture of the Mamelon Vert, from a village to the north of Sebastopol. Omitting the domestic details, I cannot forbear giving the political and military contents, which may be considered public property:—

"May 26 (June 7).—You are not, my dear sister, in a very safe position; according to my judgment, the enemy is only a few steps from you at Forross. The Baidar road is broken up. We have already sent pioneers to the coast to break up the roads in case of the arrival of the enemy; they have taken a sufficient quantity of powder. In your letter of the 12th May (24th) you said all was quiet about you, but it cannot be so now. Kertch is taken; at Arabat there was a battle, in which we were victorious. They even say that a Russian army is marching on Paris. Up to to-day all was quiet in Sebastopol. To-day the enemy bombarded heavily, but did nothing but bombard, and will do nothing; they can do nothing at all against us. Mother, who has just come from here, says it is impossible to recognise the town, it is so much changed by the fortifications continually added to it. At the Severnaya, you enter as through a gate, with enormous batteries on each side. Mother was there a day when it was quite quiet; she even slept in the town that night. At ten o'clock a shell fell into the gallery near the window; happily it did not fall into the room, or she might have been hurt. They say that the seat of war will soon be transferred to the Danube. It is time that those gentlemen should leave us, and let us have a little rest. As soon as they go, the town of Sebastopol will be built where the Chersonese was, and what is now Sebastopol will be entirely a fortress. How curious it will be till one gets accustomed to it," &c.

The writer goes on to speak of her yellow dress being ready, and that she was going in it to Sebastopol to have her portrait taken. It would appear that the Russians are taking the thing very coolly, or rather were doing so six weeks ago. But within a few hours after the foregoing letter was written the Mamelon was attacked, and the most brilliant operation of the siege carried out. The bombardment, which the fair writer and her military friends treated with such contempt, was no doubt expected by them to resemble the operations of October and April, and to be followed up by no attack. It would seem that for once we found the Russians unprepared, and by using that opportunity gained the most signal success which has attended the siege operations, a success which, if it had been followed up, would no doubt have led to still more glorious results. The Severnaya alluded to in the letter is what we call the Star Fort, or is more probably applied as a name for the whole northern faubourg.—The Russians are busily at work, strengthening this part of the place, as well as their positions on the Katelia and Belbek, in anticipation of operations at some future period for the entire possession of Sebastopol and the Crimea. It is a singular thing that, while the French and British troops consider their most harassing work to be the duty in trenches, the Turks, who are equally interested in the event of the war, and will be the most benefited by its success, do not take any share in actual siege operations, and are now amusing themselves with the playful work of foraging, or actually sitting in idleness for hours together, following the shadows of their

ents as they move from west to east, smoking stolidly, or grinning at the antics of some mountebank comrade. Omar Pasha moves here and there without object, merely that his army may seem to be employed; but his actual services are of little importance. It is said that an agreement was made between the allied generals and the Porte that the Turks were to take no part in the siege. But why not? and can such an arrangement be binding when the public good demands a different course? If the Ottoman troops be so excellent behind fortifications, there can be no objection to their relieving their hard-worked allies in some of the less important positions; or they might at least be employed in some more active manner than merely moving to and fro occasionally, as if for the purpose of impressing the mind of Europe with a false idea of activity.

July 20.—We have constructed another battery of two Lancaster guns to the left and in advance of the 21-gun battery. Somewhat more to the left a battery of six guns had been raised to fire on the shipping; but it having been found that the position was too low for the purpose, mortars have been substituted, and the battery will, no doubt, open in a few days. The Lancasters have not yet been mounted, but will probably be in position to-morrow. The health of the men is still excellent, and their spirits do not in the least suffer by the length and wearisomeness of the siege. The summer is cool, and as the Russians of late make very few sorties, the nights are passed without much hardship in the trenches. When formed in marching order to descend the oft-trodden ravines which lead to the batteries, there is neither despondency nor unwillingness; the laugh and the joke accompany their steps, their air is brisk and alert; how different from their appearance in the gloomy season of last December. Omar Pasha has not yet returned from Constantinople. He is heartily tired of his position in the Crimea, and wishes for a field where he can gain some distinction, or at least keep up the reputation he gained on the banks of the Danube.

July 21.—Amid the returning heat which has followed the stormy weather of last week, the operations of the siege are being pressed forward by the French on our right with indefatigable industry.—There is nothing in what goes forward which can strike a stranger; stagnation seems to reign in camp and trenches; even the heavy firing of a few days since has for the most part died away, yet every day an advance is made, and every day sees the allies nearer the crest of the Malakoff, which it will now require all the courage and tenacity of the Russians to hold. The Malakoff and Mamelon stand on an elevated plateau, while the ridge that joins them is itself higher than the land around. It is along this ridge that the French sap extends in a zigzag to within 170 yards of the hill which the Russians hold. As the incline is somewhat steep, the French working parties are already out of the reach of the Russian guns, which cannot be sufficiently depressed to be used against them. They, therefore, can work on without danger, except from the riflemen, who hold every spot of advantage, and use their best endeavors to pick off every enemy who shows a part of his cap within their range; but, as these can be replied to by French marksmen, while the guns of the Mamelon are hourly thundering against the Russian stronghold, the advantage is clearly on the side of the French. The latter have also thrown up a small battery of field-pieces at the extremity of their sap, which have hitherto prevented the egress and formation of Russian troops for a sortie against them.—These guns entirely command the points on which the Russians are in the habit of leaving their works, and they consequently have been reduced to reply to the advances of their enemy merely by fires of musketry from the embrasures. The day before yesterday, however, a few Russians straggled out here and there, making their way by dodging behind clumps of earth and bushes, until they had reached about 80 yards from the parapet, when they threw themselves on their faces, and began digging up earth for cover. The French seemingly did not observe the movement, and our people—not catching sight of the venturesome Muscovites until they were actually fixed in the position they wished to attain—fancied them to be French. By this means the Russians have established rifle pits in front of the French sap, where they will do the usual amount of damage unless they be speedily driven out. On the 19th, the French, observing signs of activity among the Russians on their left, opened a furious fire from all their batteries towards that part of the town.—The fire, which was as heavy as in any of the bombardments, continued for about half an hour, and having apparently effected its object, ceased. On the side of the Malakoff the French have discovered the way by which the Russian reserves are moved into the works. It appears that two deep trenches lead to the Malakoff, one on the side of the Redan,

the other on the side of the Little Redan, towards Careening Bay. To interrupt, at least, the latter means of communication, the French have established a small battery, which is as yet unmasked. It will play on the covered way on the side of the Little Redan, and to a great extent stop the Russian reserves coming up while the French are assaulting the works themselves.

BALAKLAVA, July 28.—The situation has not changed. The works against the Redan and Malakoff are still actively carried on. Of these two works we are within so short a distance that we interchange with the enemy with great facility crates of grenades with good effect. The bombardment is so weak that we hear it only when the wind carries the sound to us. Omar Pasha has left for Constantinople, and his sudden departure has given occasion to a great many conjectures, but he has always been on the best terms with General Simpson. The Turks have quitted the Tchernaya and have come closer to Balaklava. I have told you already that the valley of that river would become inhabitable as soon as the great heat set in. Great preparations are made for the reception of the Duke of Newcastle, who will arrive shortly. A guard of honor awaits him at Balaklava, but it is not known whether his grace will accept military honors, and whether he does not rather wish to be treated as a private person. During the last two or three months we have had a great number of visitors, but these tourists are sometimes disappointed, as each person must have a written permission to land, which is often forgotten by many, who must then return as they came.—We have still excessive heat, but the sanitary condition of the army is satisfactory. The cholera is declining. A medical man told me the other day that he observed when the wind came from the north, and passed over the Russian camp, the cases of cholera augmented, and the contrary effects were produced when the wind blew from another quarter.

The last Russian reports of the naval hostilities in the Sea of Azoff are rather more than the accounts which have been published officially in this country. Despatches had, indeed, reached the Admiralty from Sir E. Lyons and Lieutenant Hewett, commanding Her Majesty's ship *Beagle*, from which it appears that on the 3rd of July the large flats and hawsers of the flying bridge connecting the Arabat Spit with the mainland across the Strait of Genitch, were destroyed. This operation was performed with great spirit, for the Russians had lined the beach with riflemen, and our boats were riddled with balls at a distance of from 60 to 80 yards. The principal part in the achievement was performed by Stephen Trevaras, an able-bodied seaman, of the *Agamemnon*, and, by his name, a stout Cornishman, who cut the hawsers, and set the floating bridge adrift. The road across the ferry from Genitchi to Arabat, is therefore, interrupted, and we are not without hopes that the launches of ships may still be able to force the Strait and enter into the Putrid Sea. The Russians themselves appear to contemplate that contingency; for Prince Labonoff, who commands on the part of the coast, reports that the Tchongar-bridge has been protected by new fortifications—a precaution the enemy would hardly have taken if they had not been aware that the bridge can be approached by water. This Tchongar-bridge and the military road passing over it, to which we first called public attention some months ago, are accurately laid down in the map annexed to Mr. Danby Seymour's book on the Crimea and the Sea of Azoff and the point at which the road is carried for 400 yards on piles across the lagune does not appear to be more than 20 miles west of the Strait of Genitch. From their first invasion of the Crimea the Russians have used these lines of communications. In 1737 General Lasci halted his army at Genitchi, threw a bridge over the strait and marched along the Tongue or Spit of Arabat. In this critical position he learned that the Tartars were prepared to dispute his passage at the Southern extremity, where a small body of men might successfully oppose an army. With great presence of mind he cut through the tongue of land, on the one hand to cover himself from attack, and on the other he caused a sort of raft or floating bridge to be constructed between this Tongue of Arabat and the mainland, across which the troops passed while the horses of the army swam or forded the lagune. The Khan of Crim Tartary continued to await the approach of the Russian army at the lines of Or-Kapr or Perekop; but Lasci again deceived his antagonist, for, having entered the peninsula in a singular manner from the Spit of Arabat, he evacuated the country again by the promontory of Tchorgun, showing that even 120 years ago military operations in the Crimea could be conducted by two lines of march independent of the Isthmus of Perekop. The history of these early campaigns is by no means uninteresting, for it is certain that with means of transport far inferior to those now possessed by the