

n letters from headquarters by a staff officer, and in a work recently published, on the leading of Major-General Sir John Campbell. No adequate reasons are given for these statements, and all the evidence we have of his death goes to prove that he behaved very much like all the best generals of the epoch. He had commanded the 4th Division since the battle of Inkerman, and, like his predecessor in that command, was killed at the head of half a battalion. His body was found but a few yards from the point he was ordered to attack, and it is clear that while he showed the most dauntless courage, he fully realized the serious task assigned to him. Immediately before he left our trenches he sent in different directions his aides-de-camp, whose lives he wished might be spared. Nevertheless the last words he said to a subaltern, who for his conduct that morning was awarded the Victoria Cross, indicates clearly his indomitable courage under circumstances which appalled some of his followers. He observed cheerfully, in the language of London society, to the subaltern: "I shall, at all events, be found amongst the *earliest arrivals* at the Redan."

When we recall the conduct of the two generals in immediate command of troops at Inkerman, we find that one who survived and the other who was killed, were always in front with the fighting line. The two cavalry brigadiers, when they closed on the enemy on the 25th October at Balaklava, were from thirty to fifty yards in front of the leading squadrons. The commander-in-chief himself, by the testimony of his warm admirer, Mr. Kinglake, rode across the Alma River not only in front of our skirmishers, but also through those of the enemy, on to a knoll within the Russian position. This, as Sir Edward Hamley wrote, "was indeed a singular position for a commander to take up," and without even the knowledge of his army.

This personal leading had come down as a legacy from the battles of the earlier part of the century. The commander of seven cavalry brigades. The general commanding the 5th Division was killed by a bullet when in his firing line early in that battle, and our Crimea generals only followed precedents which, when successful, are generally applauded. It, therefore, appears to be somewhat unreasonable to blame the determined courage of a man who had only acted up to our traditions.

This habit of generals leading into the thickest of a fight was common not only in the allied armies but also in that of our foe. The two generals of division leading the right and left French columns were struck down in front of their leading brigades, and we learn an interesting episode of the fight in the Karabelnaya, from "Todleben's Defence of Sevastopol." When a part of the leading battalion of D'Autemarre's division (6th Chasseurs) got into the suburb, it took possession of the ruined houses behind the Gervais battery. While the struggle for these hovels was going on, General Khroulew came up with the 5th company Sewsk regiment, one hundred and thirty-five of all ranks, which was returning to barracks after being employed as a working party. The general, having formed up the company, himself led it to the attack, the men going on after him with fixed bayonets and without firing a shot. Two other battalions joined in, and though the French fought desperately, each hovel standing a separate assault, the Russians, by pulling off the roofs, succeeded eventually in repulsing the French. The general survived, but the captain of the company and one hundred and five men, out of a total of one hun-

dred and thirty-five, fell before the 6th Chasseurs were driven out of the suburbs.

When the French went out, we (seven officers, sixty petty officers and men of the Naval Brigade ladder party of the right column) were all crouching huddled close together, keeping as much under cover as we could. I was lying next to Mr. Parsons, a mate, when suddenly he knocked against me violently, and, as I thought, in rough play. I was asking him angrily to leave off skylarking, when I noticed that he had been thrown against me by the earth driven in by a round shot, and was insensible. This shot killed another man, and covered me with earth.

The French were under a very heavy fire, which lessened the light of the coming dawn, but we realized from the noise that they were not going to seize the Malakoff as readily as they had got into the Mamelon on the 7th June. While we were waiting for our signal a mortar shell fell amongst the storming party close to us, and blew a soldier with his rifle and accoutrements several feet into the air. I had scarcely taken my eyes off him when I saw the signal-flag being run up, and before it broke on reaching the top, I called out, "Flag's up," and Captain Peel, jumping on to the parapet, was followed by the naval officers, and in doing so drew a shower of grape and musketry, which knocked down several men behind us. The Russian infantry mounted their parapets and thence directed on us a succession of steadily aimed volleys. When Captain Wolseley, assistant engineer, who was in the mortar battery with Lord Raglan, saw the masses of Russians awaiting our little strings of men, he said, "Ah! there is no chance for them."

The fire which was poured on us is described by Lord Raglan, who had himself seen that which met the storming parties of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos (so vividly described in Napier's "History of the Peninsular War"). His Lordship wrote, in his despatch of the 19th June: "I never before witnessed such a continued and heavy fire of grape and musketry;" and in a private letter, "I never had a conception before of such a shower of grape." It is difficult to picture its intensity. Various kinds of projectiles cut up the ground all round us, but yet not continuously in their fullest force. While there was no cessation of the shower of missiles, which pattered on the stony ground like tropical rain, yet every thirty seconds or so, gusts of increased violence came sweeping down the hillside, something after the fashion of a storm as simulated behind the scenes of a theatre.

Peel, standing on the parapet, and waving his sword in the dim light, cheered on our men, shouting, "Come on, sailors, don't let the soldiers beat you." On this appeal the whole of the ladder party ran forward at a steady double, simultaneously with the skirmishers and wool-bag men. The skirmishers started about fifty yards in front of us; in open order, and some, as I saw, went on up to the abatis, where I was speaking to the subaltern of the party, Lieutenant Boileau, 1st Rifle Brigade, when he was mortally wounded. Although I had previously determined to remain with my chief, from the moment we started I lost sight of him. When I was riding down to the battery, so weak and ill as to feel incapable of doing any hand to hand fighting—for a week's diet on tinned milk and rice had left little strength in my body—I realized the value of Hardy as a fighting man. Thinking I would secure, at all events, one physically strong man at my side, I observed to Hardy, who was holding me on the saddle, "When we go out I shall stick to

Captain Peel; mind you stick to me." Hardy replied somewhat evasively, "Yes, I'll stick to him if he goes well to the front," and this indomitable blue-jacket fully carried out his somewhat insubordinately expressed intention.

As the sailors went forward, the storming party detailed from the 34th Regiment was coming out from the trenches, and forming quarter-column by the movement then termed reverse flank—left form, I noticed the men did not flinch, but those coming up on the outer flank were swept down in succession, while the left or pivot men remained untouched. Before we had advanced one hundred yards several sailors had been killed, and I was struck by a bullet inside the thumb, and my sword was knocked five yards away from me. I thought my arm, which was paralysed by the jar, was off, and I instinctively dropped on one knee, but, looking down, I saw that it was merely a flesh wound, and jumped up hurriedly, fearing that any one seeing me might say I was skulking. On going to pick up my sword, I found it was bent up something in the shape of a corkscrew; so I left it on the ground, throwing away also the scabbard. Having no pistol, I was now without any weapon, but this did not occur to my mind at the moment.

In the meantime my comrades had suffered considerably. The senior lieutenant had been slightly wounded, and my friend Dalyell had lost his left arm, shattered by a grape-shot. Captain Peel was also struck, when about half-way up the glacis, by a bullet which passed through his left arm, and became so faint, that he reluctantly came back, attended by Mr. Daniells, who was the only unwounded naval officer out with our column. He escaped injury, although his pistol-case was shot through in two places, and his clothes were cut several times. Thus, before our party got half-way, I was the sole officer remaining effective. In my anxiety to overtake my comrades, I outstripped the leading ladder men, and retraced my steps somewhat unwillingly, for I had an intense desire to reach the Redan, if it was only to escape from the shower of case-shot and bullets which fell all around us.

When I rejoined the ladder party, there were only four ladders being carried to the front by sailors, and I could see none of those entrusted to the soldiers. We had started with six men to a ladder, and a petty officer to every pair. All the petty officers were carrying, having replaced men who had been knocked down. As we went forward we instinctively inclined to our right hand to avoid a blast of missiles which was poured on us from two guns on the (proper) left face of the Redan, but after going another fifty or sixty yards, we came under fire of guns on the curtain connecting the left of the Redan with the Dockyard Ravine, and this caused the column to swerve back again to our left. When I approached the abatis, which I did about fifty yards on the Malakoff side of the salient, there were only two ladders left carried by four and three men respectively. As I joined the leading ladder its carriers were reduced to three, and then the right-hand-rear man falling, I took his place. The second ladder now fell to the ground, all the men being killed or wounded, and when we were about thirty yards from the abatis my fellow carriers were reduced to two.

There was a young man (ordinary seaman) in front and one man alongside me. The latter presently fell dead, and the young man in front, no doubt realizing a greater drag on his shoulder, for I found the load too heavy for my strength, turned his face round towards me, whom he imagined to be his comrade, shouting, "Come along Bill; let's get ours up