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HOW THE WAR GOES.

On the 13th the Russians opened the fire from their batteries on the heights of Balaklava. It is calculated that one hundred tons of ammunition were fired by them in half an hour on that night. One of the English advanced works was almost destroyed, and had to be repaired.

On the night between the 15th and 16th the French troops carried a line of ambuscades occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters.

At the same time the Russians made a sortie on our extreme right, which was vigorously repulsed.

They had fifty men put hors de combat. They withdrew in disorder.

On the 17th the Russians attacked the whole line of the allies, and were driven back with great loss.

The following despatch from Lord Raglan, bears date the 17th ult.

My Lord—The progress of the parallel which I reported to your lordship in my despatch of the 13th inst., has not been as rapid as was anticipated, the ground being extremely rocky, and the difficulty of procuring cover consequently excessive, and rendering it almost impossible to carry on the operations during the day; both the English and French have now, however, succeeded in establishing communication between them. Her Majesty's troops have not been assailed, but her allies have been kept constantly active, and they have succeeded in driving the enemy from the rifle pits in which they had established themselves in their immediate front, with distinguished gallantry and great perseverance. They, however, have sustained some loss, though not equal to that which they have inflicted upon their opponents. A steady fire has been maintained upon the Mamelon, in the occupation of the enemy, from the guns in our right attack, and the practice of both the navy and artillery has been conspicuously good, and reflects the highest credit on these branches of her Majesty's service. Although no positive attack had been directed against our works, our approaches are carried so close to the enemy's that the casualties are greater than they lately have been, as your lordship will be concerned to remark on examining the returns I have the honor to enclose; and it is my painful duty to announce to your lordship the death of Captain Craigie, of the Royal Engineers, whose zeal and devotion to the service could not be surpassed, and who was killed on the 13th, after he had been relieved from duty in the trenches and was on his way to the engineer park, by a splinter of a shell which burst close to him.

RAGLAN.

A formidable Russian army is said to be now assembled round Eupatoria. It is reported that Omer Pasha demands reinforcements, as he cannot resist a regular siege. The Russian works are in splendid condition, and crowded with troops.

THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA.—According to the statements of the German papers, the disposition of the Russian forces in the Crimea is as follows:—80,000 on the Tchernaya, 9,000 in the Baiden Valley, 45,000 at Simpheropol, 20,000 at Perekop, and 50,000 in Sebastopol and upon the Belbek.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée* says that several foreign journals have exaggerated the amount of the Russian force in the Crimea, stating it at 170,000 or 200,000 men. This journal affirms that the total effective of the army's troops, including the garrison of Sebastopol and those stationed at Tchernaya, Batchi Serai, Simpheropol, &c., and before Eupatoria, does not exceed 115,000, of which 25,000 belong to cavalry and special corps.

DIARY OF THE SIEGE.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, MARCH 10.—The weather has continued to be so mild and fine that it is scarcely generous to notice the few Black Sea fogs which have swept over us now and then like shadows and so departed. The enemy and the allies reap equal advantages from the dryness of the soil, but if the Russians have really any large body of men near Eupatoria, or in the north-east of the Crimea, they can march a portion of them to complete the investment of our army and to harass and menace our position with considerable facility, as not merely the roads, but the fields and plains, are now fit for the transport of artillery and provisions. In that respect perhaps the enemy may derive greater benefit than ourselves from the absence of rain while this unusual state of the atmosphere lasts. Our siege works are a kind of Penelope's web. They are always approaching completion, and never (or at least very slowly) attaining it. The matter is in this wise:—Our engineers now and then see a certain point to be gained by the erection of a work or battery at a particular place. The plans are made and the working parties are sent down, and, after a few casualties the particular work is executed, but, as it generally happens that the enemy are quite alive to our proceedings, without waiting for their copies of

the *Times*, we find that the Russians have, by the time the work is finished, thrown up another work to enfilade or to meet our guns with a direct or angular fire. Then it becomes necessary to do something to destroy the advantageous position of the enemy, and fresh plans are drawn up, and more trenches are dug and parapets erected. The same thing takes place as before, and the process may be almost indefinite but for the space of soil. The front of Sebastopol, between English, French, and Russians, looks like a huge graveyard, covered with freshly made mounds of dark earth in all directions. Every week one hears some such gossip as this—"The Russians have thrown up another battery over Inkermann;" "Yes, the French are busy making another new battery in front of the redoubt;" and so on, day after day, till all confidence in the power of artillery and batteries is destroyed, and the strenuous assurances that "Our fire will most positively open about the end of next week" are received with an incredulous smile. We are overdoing our "positively last nights." The Russians mount about three guns for our two, and, if they have but artillerymen to man them, the only effect that we can reasonably expect to gain by our fire, when it does open, is the silencing of a certain number of the pieces which bear on our advance with the most injurious effect. It can be no harm to mention that we (the English) have erected a new battery for — guns in front of our third trench, before the left attack. The reason why this information cannot be injurious is simple; the Russians are quite aware of it already, and they have been trying for some days past to shell the work from the Redan. The sentries of the enemy are not 200 yards away from the trench of this battery, and occasionally our men shy stones at them; but orders have been issued not to fire on the enemy from this trench; and sentries are always left unmolested; but if a man inside the works put up his head, he is almost certain to be hit by the Russian riflemen, some of whom are first-rate shots. The French have constructed two new batteries on the right of the position, and are pushing forward the works on their own left and centre. To a person looking at such plans as I have seen any attempt at a detailed description of the works would be unintelligible, because the ground is not correctly laid down. The prevailing error is making the harbor of Sebastopol too straight from east to west. The fact is, that the upper end of the creek turns down towards the southward considerably, and curves round from Careening Bay to Inkermann valley. As to its being at all mischievous to describe the works, the idea is preposterous; the only fact the knowledge of which could avail the enemy materially would be, the number and weight of the guns in the batteries before the embrasures were pierced, for they can see everything else if they only use their eyes, and the Russians have proved themselves very sharp-sighted. Some of the French correspondents and letter-writers have given very exact descriptions of their works, and no one has pretended to believe that the smallest evil has resulted from it. The first "mining" operation occurred the other day, although months have passed since it was alleged that one of the English correspondents had done some mischief by giving to "airy nothing a local habitation," and talking about a mine which never existed. Yesterday was the day generally assigned for the complete armament of our batteries being concluded, but the artillery were busily engaged in getting up some large sea service mortars to the front all day, and that labor is to be renewed to-day, so that I do not see much likelihood of our batteries being opened for a short time, even if the French were quite ready. In fact, all speculation with respect to future operations is hazardous, and will be most likely falsified by events. A few days' rain may upset the most elaborate and minute calculations, and in that respect the Generals are nearly as apt to err as the subalterns. Every material for carrying on a siege—guns, carriages, platforms, powder, shot, shell, gabions, fascines, scaling ladders—is here in abundance. The artillery force is highly efficient, notwithstanding the large proportion of young gunners. Our engineers, if not quite so numerous as they ought to be, are active and energetic, and our army must now consist of nearly 20,000 bayonets, owing to the great number of men discharged from the hospitals here, and returned fit for duty, and to the draughts which have been received. There seems to have been a great dispute in England with regard to the actual strength of our army, which must have arisen simply from a confusion of terms—a fruitful cause of controversy. No one at all acquainted with the facts, can pretend to deny that at one time, and that not very far back, the British army mustered little more than 10,000 bayonets. By the term "bayonets" the infantry soldiers who are fit to bear arms and do duty in the field is meant, and not the cavalry, artillery, sappers and miners, sailors, and sick men. It would be useless to count the latter, who must be regarded, un-

happily, as encumbrances in war times; and cavalry, artillery, sappers and miners, would not be employed in an assault, nor would the sailors be able to leave their batteries in case of attack. The Light Division some time ago mustered about 2,000 men; it can now show 5,000 men fit for duty; but, instead of six regiments, it contains 10 regiments. With the exception of the Guards, nearly every brigade in the army can muster many more men now than they could have done a month ago. Lieutenant-General Pennefather's division (the second) turned out in beautiful order the other day, and the brigade which was formerly led by poor Major-General Adams—the 41st, 47th, and 49th Regiments, or "the Fours," as it is familiarly called, looked almost as well and as strong as it did on the breaking up of the camp near Aladyn. The 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments have scarcely recovered their heavy losses at Alma, Inkermann, and the trenches. The Third Division, commanded by Sir Richard England, is in very good order and is tolerably strong, though some of the nine regiments of which it is composed have suffered severely. The old 50th are very much reduced; indeed, not more than 100 men, if so many, could be turned out for duty, if the batmen, servants, and campkeepers were left behind. The 44th is a shadow, or rather a ghost of its former self; the 28th and the 4th have also lost considerably, but the Royals present a tolerably good muster-roll. The 18th, 38th, 39th, and 89th Regiments are in fair strength, but they have all joined recently, in comparison with the regiments named above. The 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, attached to the Light Division, is in excellent order, and, notwithstanding Alma and the trenches, it turns out very strong. The 1st Battalion of the same admirable corps, attached to the Fourth Division, is equally efficient. With regard to the Fourth Division itself, ever since the siege began the trials and dangers of war have affected every regiment in it more or less severely, and two of these regiments have almost ceased to exist, so far as the privates and non-commissioned officers are concerned. The losses they sustained at Inkermann, the hard work to which they were subsequently exposed by their position and their distance from supplies, disease and sickness, the result of privation and overwork, have thinned the ranks of this gallant division, who have had, moreover, but scant justice done to their labors. They are, nevertheless, recovering health and spirits and strength rapidly, and will soon be ready for any work that can be cut out for them. It is strange we get up so few convalescents from Scutari. The hospitals there seem to swallow up the sick for ever. Of all the Guardsmen who were sent down there to recover from the disease or wounds, not more than 60 or 70, we are told, are in such a state of convalescence at the present moment as to permit them to join their regiments and do duty once more. The men in Balaklava do better, and the weather has effected a marked improvement in the health of the men in the field hospitals. Perhaps the huts which have been provided for medical purposes have had something to do with that most desirable result. The artillerymen, who have been better fed and clothed than any body of men out here, except most of the sailors, are in excellent condition. As to Jack, he is as happy as he will allow himself to be, and as healthy, barring a little touch of scurvy now and then, as he can wish; but it must be remembered that he has had no advanced trenches, no harassing incessant labor to enfeeble him, and that he has been most successful in his adaptation of stray horseflesh to camp purposes, in addition to which he has had a peculiar Commissariat, and has had the supplies of the fleet to rely upon. It is a little out of place, perhaps, to tell a story here about the extraordinary notions Jack has imbibed concerning the ownership of chattels and the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, but I may not have a better chance hereafter. A mild young officer went up the other day to the sailors' camp, which he heard was a very good place to purchase a horse, and on his arrival picked out a likely man, who was gravely chewing the cud of meditation and tobacco beside the suspension bridge, formed of the staves of casks, which leads across a ravine to their quarters. "Can you tell me where I can get a good horse to buy, my man?" "Well, Sir, you see as how our chaps an't come in yet, and we don't know what we may have this evening, if your honor could wait." "Then you haven't got anything to sell now?" "Ah! how I does wish your honor had a coined up yesterday.—We had five regular good uns—*harabs* some on 'em was, but they was all bought up by a spekulator from Ballyklava." "So they're all gone?" "All your honor." "But (with his face brightening up suddenly) if you should happen to want a sporting out-and-out dromeydairy I've got one as I can let you have cheap;" and, as he spoke, Jack pointed in great triumph to the melancholy-looking quadruped, which he had "moored stem and stern," as he expressed it, to

the ground, and was much disappointed when he found there was no chance of a sale in that line.

The cavalry and artillery horses are beginning to look a little better—the mange and sore backs are decreasing. Many of the horses have been so reduced and so much overworked that they will never be fit for anything; but, though they scarcely drag their legs after them, not one of them can be shot till sentence of death and execution has been passed on each by the proper authorities. So far, then, the condition of the army is vastly improved, and, what is more, it is beginning to look like an army, instead of resembling an armed mob with sheepskin coats and breadbag and sandbag leggings and butchers' fur caps, the men of which scarcely saluted an officer, no matter how high his rank, unless he belonged to their own regiments. The weather is too warm for sheepskins, and the red coat is seen once more, and the influence of "uniform" returns. The young soldiers, the raw levies just come out, were most apt to avail themselves of a license which might not have affected real discipline, but which certainly had the appearance of doing so. Some of them used filthy language, threw off their shakos, and trod them under foot when they landed, and revelled in the liberty of Balaklava; but all that is now at an end; for the old campaigners have speedily made their young comrades feel the force and value of discipline and order. Again, as regards food and shelter, our men are better off every day than they were the day before, but it is unfortunately just in proportion as they do not want them that comforts and even luxuries are showered upon them. In this weather a tent is as good as—some say better than—a hut. Where were the huts when the snow was on the ground, and where was the warm clothing when cold rain and bitter winds racked the joints? Just where our fresh meat and vegetables were when scurvy and scorbutic dysentery were raging in the canvas cantonment before Sebastopol. From hunger, unwholesome food, and comparative nakedness, the camp is plunged into a sea of abundance, filled with sheep and sheepskins, wooden huts, furs, comforters, mufflers, flannel, shirts, tracts, soups, preserved meats, potted game, and spirits. Nay, it is even true that a store of Dalby's Carminative, of respirators, and of jujubes, has been sent out to the troops. The two former articles have been issued under the sanction of Dr. Hall, and he has given instructions that the doctors shall report on the effects of the first-named of them. Where the jujubes came from I know not, but if things go on at this rate we may soon hear complaints that our Grenadiers have been left for several days without their Godfrey's Cordial and Soothing Syrup, and that the Dragoons have been shamefully ill-supplied with Daffy's Elixir. "Hit high—hit low—there is no pleasing him;" but really the fact is that the army is overdone with Berlin wool and flannel, and is ill-provided with leather. The men still want good boots and waterproofs, for there is a rainy season coming, and the trenches will soon be full of mud and slush, more fatal by far than mere cold. Medicine is not deficient at present, and there is an unfortunately large demand for the remedies against the ravages of low fever. Mutton and beef are so abundant that the men get fresh meat about three times a-week. Some of the mutton, &c., brought to the Crimea ready killed, is excellent. Potatoes, cabbages, and carrots are served out pretty frequently, as the cargoes arrive, and the patients in hospital are seldom or never left short of vegetables. Now, let those who prate about the necessary and inevitable horrors of war—the very men, by the bye, who would not give a farthing or take a step out of their way to assuage the sufferings which, in their ignorance and conceit, they declare to be "natural and unavoidable"—let these cruel wiseacres show, if they can, why all these necessities and comforts and luxuries, which have now been provided for the army, were not furnished to it when they were most needed. If they say this campaign was not expected to last so long, they confess their own want of foresight, and plead guilty to the most culpable of all faults in war,—the neglect of the lives and health of the soldiery who are to wage it.

The improvements in Balaklava will evidently cease only with the utter destruction of the remnants of that ill-fated village. Every day wooden huts and sheds spring up, mushroom-like, over the ruins of the houses. The navy, his barrow and pick-axe, are in possession, and he is "master of the situation." The noise of "blasts" in the rock, the ring of hammers, the roll of the train, the varying din of labor sound all around the harbor. The railway has crept up the hill about three miles outside the town; and two engines have been dragged up to the top of the greatest elevation which the engineers will have to surmount, and will speedily be at work moving the drum to drag up the heavy trains laden with shot and shell and provisions. These have been already sent up to the terminus in considerable quantities.