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We lay before our readers such details of the operations in the Crimea as we have been able to glean from the "War Correspondent" of the *London Times*, and other European journals. From the *Journal des Debats* we copy the following description of Sebastopol and its defences:—

"The site of Sebastopol consists of a series of platforms running up a steep acclivity from the sea to the high hills which tower over it at the distance of a league and a half, and from the top of which is unfolded the whole panorama of the town and harbor. Nearer that *ensemble* ceases to be visible, and even the tops of the masts are no longer seen, so deeply does the site sink down to the level of the roadstead and of the port. From this configuration of the ground it comes to pass that the town is built one part over the other, so as to form an amphitheatre, like Algiers, but better built, as its construction is quite modern, dating from 1790. The transverse streets, parallel to the roadstead, communicate with each other only by steep ascents; but at their extremities there are lines of communication of a less abrupt character for vehicles. The town contains several monuments, and, among others, the churches, and principally all the buildings of the navy, the arsenal, the barracks, and the hospitals. The population is about 40,000 in ordinary times, including 20,000 soldiers or sailors. The 20,000 civil inhabitants are *employés* of all kinds—persons from the navy and the army on half-pay, a few shopkeepers, and some workmen and fishermen. The reader must bear in mind this fact, that not one of the great forts situated outside the town on the harbor can protect it against attacks by land; and that the two batteries of the Quarantine, situated at the lower part of the outward ground, cannot aid in its defence. When the Russian Government conceived the plan of a great fortified place to command the Black Sea, it had all these forts constructed at an immense expense, and the double and triple stories of their casemated batteries give them such a formidable aspect that they have been even compared to the fortifications of Malta. The roadstead and port are, in fact, almost unattackable by sea, but the town itself was never fortified—all that was done being to draw round it a weak wall, merely intended to protect it against a *coup de main*. The Russian Cabinet could never have imagined then that the Anglo-French army of 100,000 men would one day land in the Crimea to lay siege to Sebastopol. At present, as that extraordinary fact is being realized in the most serious manner, it has been necessary to think of fortifying the town on the land side, and that is what the Russians have been doing for the last three months.

"The Quarantine Bay on the west (the extreme left of the attack) is defended by the double battery of the same name. Near that spot is Fort Alexander, and by the side of that fort a battery called the Battery of Sebastopol, because it forms part of the town itself. From this battery runs a crenellated wall for musketry, about five-eighths of an English mile in length, which runs up the steep hill to the top, where is a large round fort with 20 guns on the platform, and surrounded below by a battery, the rampart of which is 20 feet high. The wall and the bastion have a ditch in front, but there is neither covered way nor glacis in front of this ditch. The French, being charged with the attack on the left, will probably have to bombard the fort, after which they will command the bay as well as the Quarantine Battery, and even the whole of the western side of the town. But they will have other obstacles to overcome before arriving there. Under the cannon of the round fort is situated a large fortified barrack, which has been lately flanked by several strong works. From that barrack runs a wall entirely surrounding the town, the port, and the arsenal, to beyond the careening basin towards the Tchernaya, at the extremity of the roadstead, which gives a development of from 3½ to 5 English miles, including the sinuosities. This wall is three feet thick, is crenellated, and has in front a ditch, the earth of which has been thrown in front to form a glacis covering of the masonry in many places. This wall is not terraced—that is, does not form a rampart above on which artillery can be placed. But on the points where, in a regular fortification, there would be bastions, the Russians have raised batteries, in the form of cavaliers, firing above the wall. The disarming of their line-of-battle ships has furnished them with the means of providing all their works with artillery of large calibre, and they have without doubt plenty of men to serve them, more or less expert. This imperfect system of fortification cannot have any value, except by the tenacity of the besieged, by their great number, and by the ability of the engineers. The centre of the line is defended by the port of Akhtiar, raised on a high point at the top of the town. At a little distance from this fort commence three ravines, descending to the roadstead. One, on the west, ter-

minates by the Quarantine Bay; another, in the centre, cuts the town into two unequal parts; and the third, on the east, descends right to the north to form the port, which is the prolongation of that same ravine into the sea. It is principally at the lower opening of this ravine, and on the western side of the port, that are accumulated the defences, for (even should the ships of the line be burnt by the Russians) it is still important for them to prevent all access to the port, particularly that of the faubourg of Kerbelnaia, on the eastern side. If the besiegers on the right, the English, seize on this faubourg, while the French have made themselves masters of the round fort, the town would find itself between two fires, and so overwhelmed with bombs, balls, and shells, that no garrison could remain there. But it is to be noted that this garrison cannot be forced to capitulate, not being blockaded, and that the Russians, when at the end of their efforts in the town, will always be at liberty to cross the roadstead, and take refuge in the forts on the northern side.

"Among the works destined to defend the ravine of the port, two great batteries in the form of towers are mentioned—a recent construction, said to be built of stone and brick. From want of time to raise a third tower at the bottom of the fort, the Russians have placed a line-of-battle ship to perform the duty of a battery against the mouth of the ravine. Besides, the works are still going on, night and day, without interruption. One-half of the garrison is occupied with them, and all the able-bodied inhabitants are obliged to take part in them. Sebastopol is commanded almost on every side by hills rising one over the other to a great height, as already stated. But the nearest hills have been a long time back levelled by works which lasted 12 years; and the earth taken from them was removed to the side of the Quarantine or to certain hollows which might facilitate the approaches. There is not, consequently, any height now commanding the town within 500 or 600 yards of the place. But beyond that radius the Russians occupied with strong redoubts several elevated positions, which have forced the besiegers to open the trenches at an unusual distance, 1,500 to 1,800 metres from the place, it is said. Although these positions were only fortified by earthworks, where a sudden assault might be attempted, the allied generals have preferred operating by rule to sacrificing good soldiers, whose devotedness and bravery will be required at a later period for decisive blows. The redoubts of which we are speaking were to have been battered in breach and taken, we cannot say at what date. The besieging army will then be pushed forward on that ground to make its trenches against the place itself. However, outside the wall round the town it will be necessary to batter down and destroy some works protecting it on the weakest points. In fine, all these works and constructions, raised in haste, cannot have the stability and resistance of a real permanent fortification. Although the Russians are provided with large cannon, such pieces are not sufficient without good ramparts. It is, besides, proved by the experience of all sieges that the fire of the besieging party has always an advantage over that of the very strongest place, because the fire of the attack is always convergent, whereas that of the defence is, on the contrary, divergent."

The *Times*' correspondent accounts for the time that has elapsed before the commencement of the attack:—

Sixteen days have elapsed since our troops occupied these heights, and in conjunction with the French proceeded to invest the town as closely as its extent would allow them to perform that operation. The public must not be indignant when they are told that up to this moment not a British or French gun has replied to the fire of the enemy, and that the Russians have employed the interval in throwing up earthworks, trenches, and batteries, to cover the south side of the town, which have made it almost, if not altogether, as formidable as the opposite side of the creek on which the town is situated, which have gone far to neutralize the advantages we had gained by our masterly flank movement from the Belbek to Balaklava, and which promise to increase very considerably the difficulties and dangers of the siege. The delay has been, I honestly believe, quite unavoidable. Any officer who has been present at great operations of this nature will understand what it is for an army to land in narrow and widely-separated creeks all its munitions of war—its shells, its cannon shot, its heavy guns, mortars, its powder, its gun carriages, its platforms, its fascines, gabions, sand-gags, its trenching tools, and all the various *matériel* requisite for the siege of extensive and formidable lines of fortifications and batteries. But few ships can come in at a time to Balaklava or Arrow Bay; in the former there is only one small ordnance wharf, and yet it is there that every British cannon must be

landed. The nature of our descent on the Crimea rendered it quite impossible for us to carry our siege train along with us, as is the wont of armies invading a neighboring country only separated from their own by some imaginary line. We had to send all our *matériel* round by sea, and then land it as best we could. But when once it was landed the difficulties of getting it up to where it was required seemed really to commence. All these enormous masses of metal were to be dragged by men, aided by such inadequate horse power as is at our disposal, over a steep and hilly country, on wretched broken roads, to a distance of eight miles, and one must have witnessed the toil and labor of hauling up a Lancaster or 10-inch gun under such circumstances to form a notion of the length of time requisite to bring it to its station. It will, however, serve to give some idea of the severity of this work to state one fact—that on the 10th no less than 33 ammunition horses were found dead, or in such a condition as to render it necessary to kill them, after the duty of the day before. It follows from all these considerations that a great siege operation cannot be commenced in a few days when an army is compelled to bring up its guns as we have done. Again, the nature of the ground around Sebastopol offers great impediments to the performance of the necessary work of trenching, throwing up parapets, and forming earthworks. The surface of the soil is stony and hard, and after it has been removed the laborer comes to strata of rock and petrous masses of volcanic formation, which defy the best tools to make any impression on them. The result is that the earth for gabions and for sand-bags has to be carried from a distance in baskets, and in some instances enough of it cannot be scraped together for the most trifling parapets. This impediment is experienced to a greater extent by the British than by the French. The latter have had better ground to work upon, and they have found fine beds of clay beneath the first coating of stones and earth, which have been of essential service to them in forming their works. Having gone thus far in the way of apology, or rather having pointed out to persons who may not be thoroughly acquainted with such undertakings the causes of the delay—which has taken place since our partial investment of Sebastopol in opening fire upon its defences, it is gratifying to be able to state that on Sunday, or at furthest on Monday morning next, upwards of 130 pieces of heavy artillery will be in position, and that our guns will be able to reply to the fire of the Russians. When they do begin their work will be well and speedily done. From calculations which have been made it seems probable that the French and English batteries will be capable of hurling no less than 23,600 shot and shell against the enemy's works per diem, and that calculation allows 10 minutes' interval for each gun between round and round. We have opened about 1,500 yards of trench, much of which is in a fit state for the reception of heavy guns. The French have completed somewhat more, say 1,600 metres, and are rather more forward than we are, but they have not yet landed all their heavy guns. An immense amount of gunpowder, shot, and shell has been carried up from Balaklava to the lines, and is placed in park and reserve ready for use; but there are many guns landed for which we have no present use, and large numbers of heavy pieces and quantities of ammunition and ball remain in the town magazines or in the field magazines along the road. Jack has been of essential service in this hard work. The only thing against him is that he is too strong. He pulls strong carts to pieces as if they were toys. He piles up shot-cases in the ammunition waggons till the horses fall under the weight, for he cannot understand "the ship starting till the hold is full." He takes long pulls and strong pulls at tow ropes till they give like sewing silk, and he is indefatigable in "rousing" crazy old vehicles up hill, and running full speed with them down hill till they fall to pieces. Many a heap of shot or shell by the roadside marks the scenes of such disasters; but Jack's good humor during this "spree on shore" is inexhaustible, and he comes back for the massive cargo from the camp with the greatest willingness when he is told it must be got up ere nightfall. It is most cheering to meet a set of these jolly fellows "working up a gun to the camp." From a distance you hear some rough hearty English chorus borne on the breeze over the hill side. As you approach the strains of an unmistakable Gosport fiddle, mingled with the squeaks of a marine fife, rise up through the unaccustomed vales of the Crimea. A cloud of dust on the ascent marks their coming and tugging up the monster gun in its cradle with "a stamp and go," strange cries, and oaths sworn by some 30 tars, all flushed with honest exercise, while the officer in charge tries to moderate their excessive energies, and to induce the two or three hairy Hercules who are sitting astride on the gun or on the few horses in front, with vine-leaves in their hats or

flowers in their hair, to dismount and leave off the music. The astonishment of the stupid fur-capped Crim Tartars, as they stare at this wondrous apparition on its way, is ludicrous to a degree; but Turk, Crim, Russian, or Greek are all the same to Jack, and he is certain to salute every foreigner who goes by, while in this state, with the universal shibboleth of "Bono! Bowno! Johnny!"

The following letters from different officers engaged in the expedition will prove interesting. The first is from a surgeon; another is from an officer of the artillery:—

"Dear—, You know what is called 'field-day' at the hospitals in town—perhaps an amputation or two, with half-a-dozen surgeons to assist, if necessary, and a hundred surgical eyes looking on. Can you imagine our field-day on the banks of the little river Alma? If God spares me again to see old England, I shall probably never more witness as much practice in my whole lifetime as I saw there in two hours. The pluck of a soldier no one as yet truly described. They laugh at pain, and will scarcely submit to die. It is perfectly marvellous, this triumph of mind over body. If a lamb were torn off or crushed at home, you would have them brought in fainting, and in a state of dreadful collapse. Here they come with a dangling arm or riddled elbow, and it's 'Now, doctor, be quick, if you please; I'm not done for so bad but I can get away back and see!' And many of these brave fellows, with a lump of tow wrung out of cold water wrapped round their stumps, crawled to the rear of the fight, and, with shells bursting round them and balls tearing up the sods at their feet, watched the progress of the battle. I tell you as a solemn truth that I took off the foot of an officer, Captain —, who insisted upon being helped on his horse again, and declared that he could fight, now that his 'foot was dressed.' Surgeon—told him that if he mounted he would burst the ligatures and die on the spot, but for all that he would have returned to the hill if he could have prevailed on anybody to help him to mount."

"Heights above Sebastopol, Oct.
"We have been constantly under fire of shot, shell, rocket, and grape this last fortnight; but you need not be alarmed; my trust is in God, and no shells or anything else can touch me without His will, which makes me not to fear them in the slightest degree. I have only just returned from a four-and-twenty hour sojourn in the trenches, which enables me to pronounce the Russians remarkably bad artillerymen, for by the hundreds of grape, rockets, shell, shot, and musketry with which we were yesterday and all last night favored only two men were killed—one of our regiment the 20th, close by me, by a bit of shell on the head—and three men wounded, exclusive of Rotherham, of ours, who was struck yesterday by the bursting of a shell, on his way home from the trenches, on the front part of the calf of his left leg, which, luckily, is not broken, and he is likely to be right again in less than a month. You must not be needlessly alarmed at this description. I have nothing else to write. When I sleep in my tent I always lie in full dress, boots and spurs, and even in my dress shako, which you will laugh at when I tell you it is no bad substitute for a night-cap these cold nights; but in the trenches no one sleeps. Most of us are at hard work preparing the embrasures for the guns, 200 in number, which we expect to get into position in about three days more, when the whole are to open at once, and will doubtless lay Sebastopol a heap of stones, with scarcely the appearance of its ever having been a city and one of Russia's strongholds. Their defences against our preparations are 'footy' and foolish, nothing can save them. We can distinctly see into all parts of the town, which appears to contain soldiers, sailors, and their wives. I believe all others have left it—very wisely so. About 3 a.m. last night, or rather this morning, a most lively fire of all sorts of arms took place. They threatened to attack, or pretended to do so, for the purpose of interfering with and stopping our working party, which, of course, succeeded for a time, but they knew better than to attack us in open field by day or by night after the specimen they had of the 'red devils' of Alma. In fact, Sebastopol is doomed, and the delay in settling its fate is caused by the difficulty in landing and getting up the heavy siege guns. We had about 300 sailors assisting to work in the trenches last night. This to 'Jack' is fine fun; they work like slaves, and look as fierce as if they had been fed upon nothing but Russians for the last month; and such is their spirit, that they actually wanted to use their ship guns, which have been landed for the embrasures, without any trenches or parapets to protect them. You may imagine how fine will be the effect of our attack, which will open at daylight, by a salvo of the heaviest shotted guns and mortars, about 200 in number, and these 200 guns will be repeated every three minutes for eight