

I was allowed to retain my arm, for a naval officer was then dangerously ill from a wound received a few days before, in which amputation had been delayed too long. The senior doctor present eventually decided on my being allowed the chance, when I disproved the statement of his colleagues that the joint was shattered, by doubling the arm. The moment I recovered consciousness after the anæsthetic Captain Peel came to see me, and saying that he had got but half-way, asked me to tell him exactly how far the remainder of the party had advanced.

I inquired anxiously for my friend Michael Hardy, of whom I could learn nothing then, but at the flag of truce next day his body was found under an embrasure of the Redan, the only man, so far as I know, who crossed the abatis and ditch that day.

There were fifty-three sailors killed and wounded, and, according to my journal, written at the time, forty-eight of these casualties occurred in the right column, as the left party did not go more than fifty yards beyond our advanced trench.

I slept till three o'clock in the afternoon, when I was awakened by Colonel Steele bringing in a letter from Lord Raglan, condoling with me on my wound, and placing his carriage at my disposition to take me down to Kasatch whenever I could be moved. This journey, which was made two days later, was very painful, for although my friend Mr. Hunter, of H.M.S. Queen, supported my wounded arm as long as he could, yet being himself very ill with fever, he was not able to hold it for the whole of the journey, and the jolting of the carriage caused excruciating pain in the wounded limb which rested on my ribs.

When the last of our effective men had withdrawn, the siege batteries opened fire, and within an hour the fire of the Redan was crushed. This shows the grievous error we made in attacking before we had silenced our opponent's guns. Lord Raglan, having ridden to the Lancaster battery, conferred with Pelissier, with whom he arranged to renew the assault, but later on, hearing from General d'Au-temarre, who was in the front, that the troops were not in a condition to undertake further efforts, the idea was abandoned, and the columns were withdrawn to camp soon after 7 a.m.

Our casualties were one hundred officers and 1,444 of other ranks. The French statistics and Russian are given together for the 17th and 18th. Including prisoners, the French lost 3,551, and the Russians fifty-four hundred.

In summing up the causes which led to our failure on the 18th June, the first and all important one was doubtless the sending forward of any storming parties until the guns in the Redan had been silenced. Lord Raglan has himself recorded that, owing to the smoke of musketry and heavy guns, he was unable to ascertain the progress of the French columns. Nevertheless, it was apparent to him that they were not succeeding, and he therefore determined to launch his troops at the Redan.

It is clear now that it would have assisted the French to a greater extent had we opened fire on the Redan, instead of sending forward infantry; but it is not at all certain that the French would have seen the matter in that light. Whatever view critics may adopt, I suppose no one who went forward on that disastrous morning will ever question the order on which he acted. Whether, however, the assault was to be delivered at daybreak, or after the fire had been subdued, most soldiers will agree with Todleben's opinion. While he praises the courage of the English troops, he states the numbers

employed for the assault were entirely inadequate for the task. It may be said generally that we did not know how to undertake so serious an operation as the advance across an open *glacis* of five hundred yards. Personally, I do not think that even the men who conquered at Alma and Inkerman could have accomplished the task, and those to whom it was allotted were not all of the same calibre.

When Sir John Campbell went forward with the left column he brought up the reserve. Colonel Yea attempted to carry the left face of the Redan with five hundred men. Of these about three hundred were killed and wounded.

It is obvious that the general in command of each column should not have gone forward with the storming party, which only numbered one-third of his command; but then he should not have been in the advanced trench, for, once there, he was as likely to be killed when standing up as he was when moving forward, and he could not command while lying down. He should have been back with the eight hundred men in reserve, and these he should have brought forward immediately the stormers started. Admitting, however, this primary error of the brigadier-generals being in the wrong place, their action appears to have been the best under very difficult circumstances.

Some of my readers who have followed my narrative may ask, "What is the present state of Sevastopol?" My host, who took us to the Crimea, August, 1894, and all his guests on board the ship, were treated with the greatest courtesy by the governor, Admiral Lavroff, and although I rode about for several days with a large ordnance survey map under my arm, no one offered to inquire even my purpose. A feeling of honor, therefore, made us all refrain from any attempt to examine the existing defences. These, and the strength of the fleet, are probably known to the war ministries of all European nations, but it was not for us, who were received with confidence, to look into such questions.

The beautiful, dazzling white city we attacked in 1854, was originally called Aktiar, from the white rocks on which it was built, first of all on the north side of the harbor. In 1855 we left all on the south side a mass of ruins, destroying the docks and such batteries as the Russians had left intact when they retreated across the harbor, and we used all the timber work of the houses for fuel.

Now, in 1894, the city is resuming its former striking appearance. The Wasp battery (so called by us) on the northern side, has been supplemented by an number of similarly built earthen defences, a line of which has been carried southwards also, to the Quarantine Bay. This is patent to every one who sails into the harbor. The Russians began in 1858 to reconstruct their naval yards, a private company undertaking the work, which is to be taken over by the government when it so desires. In 1868, when a friend of mine was there, these spasmodic attempts being made to rebuild the city; but the task was not taken up seriously until 1879, since which time the city has been gradually replaced, and with a finer class of houses than those destroyed forty years ago. The forts which now defend the sea-front were begun about the same time, that is, after the Russo-Turkish war, and the first dry dock was re-made 1883-6, the second being commenced in 1891.

There is, however, one remarkable omission in the reconstruction of Sevastopol which must strike every soldier as extraordinary, and that is, there is no statue in honor of Todleben, the life and

soul of the ever memorable defence of the city which, after the Alma, lay at our mercy. Yet it was the genius and courage of them, nobly supported by all the garrison, which successfully defied France and Great Britain for twelve months. There are memorials to Admirals Nakhimoff and Korniloff, but brave men as they were, their services will never be reckoned by posterity as comparing in any degree with those of Todleben.

I mentioned that the Russians have excavated a deep and wide ditch which embraces the hills on which we built the batteries of our right and left attacks. If, however, they wish to secure the dockyard and the ships in harbor from hostile force in these days of long-range guns, it will, from the nature of the ground, be necessary, I believe, to go farther up, and fortify Cathcart's Hill, the Picket House, Victoria and Inkerman Ridges.

There is so little soil on the hills which we chose for our batteries that no cultivation has been attempted thereon; thus in August this year, we had no difficulty in fixing the spot where I reached the abatis on the 18th June, 1854, and the exact spot where Captain G. Wolseley was dangerously wounded in August, 1854.

After the 18th June our operations in the trenches languished. That day we were in our advanced parallel, about four hundred and seventy yards from the Redan. A month later we were still two hundred and twenty yards from that work, and had mounted in our right attack, the only dominant approach, but two additional guns and six mortars. Towards the end of August, however, we showed greater signs of activity, but now our difficulties increased in proportion as the enemy saw we were in earnest. It was nearly impossible to push forward our trenches by daylight, as the leading men were shot down, and at night the moon shone so brilliantly as to turn night into day. The soldiers, moreover, were no longer men in the prime of life, but weedy boys, and on the 26th August, when a Russian shell bursting in the fifth parallel killed a line soldier, his comrades not only retired, but refused to return to retrieve the body. Corporal M'Murphy, Privates Moulker and Fitzgerald, Royal Engineers, however, our rank and file, advanced and brought back the corpse. We did not understand in those days private soldiers were actuated by the same feelings which impel officers to do great deeds, and the official record ends, "the corporal to receive £3, the (privates) sappers, £2 each."

On the 31st August, about 12:30 a.m., a small party of Russians made an attack on our extreme right advanced works. There was no covering party at hand, "and the working party fell back in confusion before one-third of their numbers, in spite of repeated attempts of Captain Wolseley to rally them." The Russians destroyed about fifty yards of the sap, and then fell back two hundred yards into the Dockyard Ravine, whence they kept up an incessant fire. The Gervais battery, from the other side of the ravine, played on the head of the sap, and in a short time we had twelve casualties out of sixty-five men. When the Russians retired Captain Wolseley got some sappers to work to repair the damages, but this was difficult, as he had to labor under a shower of bullets, round shot, and shells, and the work progressed only by Captain Wolseley and a sergeant, Royal Engineers, working at the head of the sap.

Wolseley was on his knees holding the front gabion, into which a sergeant, working also in a kneeling position, threw earth over his captain's shoulder. The gabion was half filled, when it was struck in the centre by a round shot from the