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DIARY OF THE WAR.

(From the London Times' Correspondent.)

October 9.—On the Sebastopol side of our line everything remains *in statu quo*. The Russians are still busy in throwing up entrenchments on every available spot of the north side of the harbor. The ground is, as all over this neighborhood, particularly fit for a display of engineering. From Fort Constantine there is a succession of promontories extending towards the head of the harbor, which have been all taken advantage of to construct works upon, notwithstanding our fire; but this firing seems only intended to impede the construction of those works, and not to prevent it altogether, as the large batteries commenced some time ago have again been counter-ordered, and you can see the Russians working in spite of the occasional shot or shell pitching among them and scattering them for a moment.—They are likewise modest enough in replying—an occasional shot from Fort Constantine, from a little earthwork, *à fleur d'eau*, with eight embrasures, between the second casemated fort and some buildings, evidently stores, and some rather more frequent ones from a little redan in front of the Telegraph Battery and an earthwork on the eastern promontory of the Soukhaya creek. Lately, however, they have begun to fire more frequently from the Inkermann batteries towards the French redoubts there. Most of their shots from the harbor are directed against the town, rather than against the French mortars behind Fort Nicholas, and against the head of the Dockyard Creek. The regularity of the town rather invites to this manoeuvre, the streets running parallel down towards the harbor, and thus showing plainly all those who pass through them. The siege guns have nearly all been removed from both our and the French lines, as well as the platforms, gabions, and fascines. The French have even begun to throw down their old trenches, in order to facilitate the communications. What with these works and road-making, the soldiers are kept busy enough, but, I am sorry to say, the old idea that labor is the best preservative from temptation seems not to be confirmed by experience in this instance, for wherever you pass you see individuals pacing about in heavy marching order over a limited space of ground, and during a limited space of time, or going about in a circle lifting up stones and putting them down again at a certain distance, as a punishment for drunkenness. But, in spite of this, the road-making is progressing favorably. On the Tchernaya line drilling is the order of the day and target shooting. Yesterday two French divisions were going through some manoeuvres on a larger scale in the Balaklava Valley and in the Cavalry Valley, so named from the light cavalry charge last year. In the presence of four different armies, it is rather interesting to observe the difference in the style of movement between them. You have all the gradations between the minutely regular movements of English troops, and the less stiff but still very regular manoeuvres of the Piedmontese, the loose order in which the French troops perform their evolutions, and the rather more loose movements of the Turks. Not less striking is the difference between the dead silence of an English line, where not a sound is heard except the word of command and the regular step of the soldier, the comparative silence in a Piedmontese body of men, the amusing observations and commentaries in a French column, and the noise in a Turkish battalion. The practice with the new Minies ought to be rather more general than it is. With the exception of the Highlanders I saw no English troops doing it, and yet there are many new soldiers, and the use of the new rifle requires from its precision rather more practice in firing than old Brown Bess. The general introduction of the beautiful Minie musket, the most perfect and most formidable weapon with which ever army was armed, will naturally lead to an alteration. It will no more be the confused mass of the fire of a line, but the precision in the aim of the soldier, which will tell most fearfully. It is this precision of which the new weapons admit, which constitutes their best quality, rather than their long range, which is not so applicable on a battle field as it may be thought at target shooting. It seems the Highlanders will winter on the spot where they are. The material for their huts has arrived, and they have set to work. The Turkish artillery, which hitherto has occupied the spot where these huts are to be erected, have been removed a little further, and the digging has now begun. The two battalions of the 1st Royals, who are destined to form part of the 2nd brigade of the Highland division, have come up likewise, and are encamped a little below Kamara. The Sardinians are likewise still busy with hutting, and every day you see tents disappear and huts arise; they are all underground, with only the gable roof showing. Similar ones are now in construction for the cavalry and artillery horses. They will afford excellent shel-

ter, only the labor is rather great. Besides these underground huts, the ruins of the houses of Kamara are repaired, and made again fit to receive stores.

CAMP OF THE ALLIED ARMIES ON THE TCHERNAYA.

Oct. 13.—After I last wrote to you a considerable change took place all along our line. It is one of those changes which, without materially altering the relative position of the two armies, serves to determine more distinctly their respective situations, and thus puts an end to the vagueness and uncertainty which must have struck every looker-on as the characteristic feature of the epoch which has elapsed since the fall of Sebastopol. First of all, on the line of Sebastopol itself we seem evidently to have changed sides with the Russians, and to have become, from an attacking, the attacked party. For the last few days the time of the siege seems to be again revived, and the sound of siege guns, which, since the 8th of September, only interrupted the silence at long intervals, is beginning again to tire the ear with its monotony. The Russians have constructed and armed a series of new batteries, and have opened a brisk fire from them against the few French batteries which had been thrown up to annoy them while they were working. It is a repetition of what happened last year, when the formidable line of defence which we had to besiege for 11 months was thrown up in the face of the allied armies, with the only difference that at that time we had but a few siege guns landed, whereas now the whole Chersonese is a large artillery park in our possession. On the Tchernaya and on the Baidar line, on the contrary, our position has changed by an advance of the Sardinians and the French. The Sardinians, who had hitherto only a small detachment on the other side of the Tchernaya, have since Wednesday last, the 10th instant, taken up a position on the plateau running along the left bank of the Tchouliou river as high up as Upu.—The next day a battalion of infantry and a squadron of cavalry went up to Ozembash and made the round over the plateau leading down towards Aitodor.—There is very little to be seen of the Russians in that neighborhood. They have entirely left the left bank of the Tchouliou, and their most advanced Cossack videttes are down on the road where it approaches the gorge formed by the Mackenzie plateau, or Akyar, and the rocky eminence of Mangup Kaleh. This latter has a most extraordinary appearance, being, as it were, torn away from the two ridges between which it stands. It presents a close resemblance to one of those steep rocky eminences, rising abruptly from the plain below, and on which the former rulers of India loved to erect their so-called impregnable mountain fortresses. Of the old castle, supposed to be erected by the Genoese, only a ruined tower is seen from this side, built quite close to the edge of the rock, and intended probably more as a watchtower than as a defence, as, from its elevated position, overlooking the whole country around, it is peculiarly fit for that purpose. A similar kind of watchtower, but smaller, is seen about the middle of the Mackenzie plateau, overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya, the plain of Balaklava, and the plateau of the Chersonese, down to the sea. It seems the ancients understood the importance of these ridges as well as we do, and that they were quite aware that their possession gave the mastery of the interior of the Crimea. Besides the road which runs thro' the defile formed by the Mackenzie ridge and the rock of Mangup Kaleh there are two roads which lead up from the Tchouliou valley to the Mackenzie plateau. The one to the right branches off from the Aitodor road, and runs up on the last projecting spur of the ridge; the other leads up through a break in the steep cliff, and seems the better of the two; both are occupied and fortified by the Russians, but only on the first do there seem to be guns. From the high ground above Ozembash you can see behind the plateau occupied by the Russians. It appears to the eye like a gentle slope bounded by another plateau exactly similar to the first, but, if possible, even steeper. The inhabitants of the villages seem to be well enough satisfied with the change from Cossacks to French and Sardinian soldiers, only, as may be naturally supposed, they are in a great fright lest the Russians should again return; their questions, therefore, about an advance of the allied troops, which so closely touches their very existence, are numerous, and their complaints about the ill-treatment which they had to suffer from the Cossacks great. They try as best they can to make a precarious livelihood by bringing up to the French and Sardinian camps whatever they have left—fruits, eggs, fowls, and sheep. Unfortunately there is not much remaining. The loss which they most feel is that of their cattle, which makes it impossible for them to plough their fields. Although the ground all round is considerably broken up, whatever can be cultivated seems very good, and is, as they say, more than sufficient

to feed the population; but they have had no harvest this year, having been prevented from sowing by the services which they had to perform, and then by the final loss of their cattle; so they are obliged to bring grain and flour from the villages on the banks of the Upper Belbek, which have not suffered so much, as they supply not only these villages, but likewise those in the valley of Baidar, where you continually meet natives bringing back provisions.—Those of the valleys of Baidar and Varnoutka have hit on another means of subsistence. They carry wood to Balaklava in their arabas, and bring back what they want from there. The business is not unprofitable, as they get for an araba load from 7s to 9s. Thus you see, instead of the Crimea supplying us with provisions, we have to supply the inhabitants. The only exceptions are the villages on the Belbek, which the French entered the same day as the Sardinians advanced. The French can draw, at least for a time, their whole supply of fresh provisions from them; besides, they have found there a large quantity of hay, which the Russians left behind them when they retired. By this recent move the French have come close to the Russian positions at Albat and Aigul—there, if at all, the Russians must make their stand. According to the accounts one hears, the Russians have 13 infantry divisions opposite to our lines—one which guards the fortifications on the north plateau, and two at the first Inkermann lighthouse, whose camp can be plainly seen with the naked eye; two others distributed on the Mackenzie ridge; and eight which guard the series of plateaux from Bakshiserai down to Aitodor, and the river courses of the Belbek, Katcha, and Alma. As long as we had not advanced to the Upper Belbek, there was a kind of neutral ground between us and the Russians, but now we close them. Pot Sala, which is now in the possession of the French, is only about nine miles from Bakshiserai.

The French position, which opens so much new ground and allows a better look into the interior than any other held before by the allies since they marched down from the Alma, has become, notwithstanding the distance, a point of attraction to roving English officers, to the great disgust of French commandants, who cannot understand that there are fools enough to ride 40 or 50 miles to get a view of the country; they are consequently anxious to discourage this curiosity, and awkward are at times the consequences. The other day, when the Sardinians made their reconnaissance towards Aitodor, an English officer attached to the Turkish army, and another gentleman, a civilian, riding up by Upu and Ozembash, fell in with this Sardinian party, and had a look at the cliffs of Mangup Kaleh, and at the Cossacks down at the river. Not wishing to go back the same road they turned up towards the French position, which leans now on that of the Piedmontese. When arrived there a French officer came up and asked them who they were, and whence they came; they told their story, but the officer civilly replied that they were coming from the Russian side, and that therefore he was obliged to make a report about them to the commandant. It was in vain that they pleaded ignorance about ever having been outside of the lines, as the Sardinian outposts were beyond them, and they had seen many French soldiers walking about Ozembash, whence they came. The officer looked for the commandant, who, coming out of the bushes, frowned, and bawled out "*Deux grenadiers en avant, et deux en arrière*," and the gentlemen were conducted in true Brown, Jones, and Robinson style, to the Général de Brigade. They found him seated in awful majesty under a tree; scarcely returning their salute, and without inquiring into the case, he ordered the corporal of the guard to show them how to blind their eyes with a handkerchief, and then march them off to the Général de Division. The two patients, who were rather amused than otherwise at this proceeding, took out their handkerchiefs, but when they saw them of rather doubtful cleanliness they burst out laughing, which seemed to disconcert the General, and he ordered them to be conducted without being blinded. Amusing were the observations of the soldiers on the route of "*Ce n'est pas des Russes ça, c'est des Anglais*," except a drunken fellow, who, after staring at them, exclaimed "*C'est des espions*." Thus, amid a continuation of often droll but indescribable observations, they arrived at the General of Division's tent. They did not see him, but his aid-de-camp, who made out a despatch about them, and giving them a Chasseur-à-Cheval, instead of the guard on foot, had them conducted to the commandant of the plain below. The thing which had been hitherto rather a good joke became now too much of a good thing; the evening was fast approaching, and they had a long way to ride back, so they were rather impatient when they arrived at the tent of M. le Commandant de la Plaine; this latter, moreover, began to bully, and

told them that they had to remain for the night; so they tried to put an end to the fun in earnest, and expostulated about their treatment, until the commandant came down from his absurd pretensions and let them go in peace and quiet, to the great amusement of a number of soldiers present.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* in his letter observes:—"The reports respecting the departure of the Russian army are very contradictory. Certainly the encampments on the Inkermann heights have diminished in extent during the last few days. There is neither the same number of tents, nor, as far as telescopic observations afford information, are there the same evidences of movement and activity. But these troops may have only moved to occupy other positions. On the north side of the roadstead the camps have also diminished in size and number. Four sheds only remain out of all the numerous rows and streets which formerly composed the canvas town, or Russian Kadikoi. These sheds are apparently the only sutlers' stores which exist in this situation, and in spite of the risk from the French shells which occasionally explode in their neighborhood, they are generally seen with groups of the long coated soldiery standing before them. The fire from the batteries continues very active. The enemy must be aware that comparatively little damage can result to the ruined town and suburbs against which their shell and shot are projected, while it is scarcely possible that ammunition and ordnance stores can be in such abundance on the north side as to admit of wasteful expenditure. This, therefore, it is argued, is another proof that the north side will be abandoned before the winter sets in. The shot and shell, which cannot be carried away, are being expended, and the guns worn out; and, at any rate, the enemy has the satisfaction of keeping us out of what remains of the town for the present. Some few troops are seen working at the new batteries placed to defend the sea face of the north heights, but they are so few in number that they seem almost to be intended to attract our attention, and to act as a blind to other operations. Presuming that the design of evacuating the Crimea exists, some time must elapse before the great bulk of the military stores collected at Simpheropol and Bakchi-Serai can be taken away, and until these impediments are removed, the forts on the north side of the roadstead, and the fortified positions along the Mackenzie heights, cannot be abandoned. General d'Allouville, commanding the cavalry division at Eupatoria, is said to have reported that bodies of troops have been moving towards Perekop by the roads of the interior. It will require great dexterity and caution on the part of the Russian commanders to evacuate the Crimea in the midst of the difficulties by which they are surrounded, without serious losses, if our generals are on the alert.

PLANS OF THE ALLIES.

Among the latest rumors is the following from the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"It is confidently confirmed that Perekop will be besieged. A corps of 30,000 men, it is stated, is to be disembarked to the north of Perekop, while another corps is to be placed before the fortress to invest it on the other side."

The following details are believed in Paris to be authentic:—"The object of the allied generals is to enclose Prince Gortschakoff in a circle, which becoming narrower every day, will compel him to accept a battle under the most disadvantageous circumstances. He will be exposed to several armies attacking him on all sides at the same time. The other alternative left to the Prince is to capitulate or to escape this danger by evacuating the Crimea without delay before the circle the allies are forming around him shall be closed so completely as to render retreat impossible. The expeditionary force established at Kinburn will then have for its real object but to establish a large entrenchment near Kinburn, to serve as a basis of operations for a *corps d'armée* to be conveyed to that point, from which it will advance to Perekop, whilst the other corps of the allied armies move from the Tchernaya, Eupatoria, and Kertch, towards the centre of the Crimea, for the purpose of closing round the Russians."

A CLOUD ON THE HORIZON.

The English Government is omitting no opportunity of reinforcing the West India squadron, and thus interposing a powerful fleet between this country and the North American Continent. This proceeding will, we doubt not, call forth from a large portion of the American press that species of mild and temperate comment in which they delight whenever the conduct of England is in question, and a little political capital is to be manufactured by making her the object of invective and depreciation. We shall be told, no doubt, of the fiendish hatred of England to Republican America, and of the insolent menace be-
hind which she veils her insidious and treacherous