

the Grand Monarque he might have said, "*L'état c'est moi*;" he was indeed embodied Russia. The enormous power wielded by a single man was heightened by the mystery which surrounded it, and in the dissolution of the cloud-capt fabric, this every day world lost something of romance.

CHAPTER XX.—VIEW OF THE WORKS.

The works of the besiegers, though extraordinarily diffuse and extensive, had now assumed the appearance of regular scientific attacks. The batteries, no longer isolated, nor confined to one line, were connected by parallels; and those in advance were approached by regularly constructed boyaux, or zigzag trenches. If the reader will accompany me to a commanding point, I will endeavour to set before him a view of the siege operations.

In front of the light division camp, near the Woronzoff road, is a building marked on the plans as the piquet-house. Down the slope beyond, and a little to the right of it, is a mortar battery, and a hundred yards beyond the battery is a small breastwork of stone, covered with earth from a ditch in front, of sufficient thickness to resist a shot. A few spectators with telescopes were generally stationed here, watching the desultory fire of the opposing batteries; and from here a more compendious view of the siege could be obtained than from any other point.

The town of Sebastopol is naturally the first object that attracts attention, in the view of which it occupies the left centro. First, in a basin of the slopes below you, appear three long white lines of building, nearly two miles and a half distant, dotted with numerous windows regularly placed. The two nearest are a great barrack and dockyard, both on our side of the inner harbour, the third, separated from them by the inner harbour, the entrance of which is just visible, contains arched windows, and terminates in Fort Nicolas, a low, solid-looking round tower. The outer harbour rises blue and clear above the third line of building to where the low north shore juts out, terminating in Fort Constantine, a round tower of much larger circumference than Fort Nicolas. The horizon of the now blue and bright-looking Euxine rises high into the picture above the landscape. To return to the town. Behind the great barrack rises a tall building with a turret surmounted by a lead-roofed dome and spire, and close by it a short column like a piece of the monument, with a balcony round the top. Beyond, near the sea, in a garden, is another low white column. To the left is the town, built on a rounded eminence, half-way up the slope of which is a wall fencing a road which passes above the inner harbour. A large solid building faces the road; to the left of it are large gardens and well-built streets and houses. Conspicuous among the latter is a white building covered with sharp white pinnacles. All the roofs and walls are clearly relieved against the sea. Again, as you turn to the left, separated by a dip in the ground, is another eminence, with houses of a meaner and more suburban description. To the left, again, are earthen batteries surrounding the town, and parallel to these run the French lines, furrowing yellowly a greenish barren-looking plain, which, in the distance, seems more level than it is. In the light-blue water rising beyond are a few line-of-battle ships. In the middle distance, on our left, the first parallel of our left attack runs towards the French lines, from which it is separated by the great ravine. In the continuation of the parallel the right extremity of Chapman's Battery is visible descending the side of a knoll, with its men, guns, and embrasures dotting darkly the earth-coloured space of the interior. Behind the guns—the ground for a short distance renders the enemy's practice against it more uncertain and difficult—and a little in rear, a green mound rises, which partially protects from the Russian fire those entering the battery from the camp. This may close the left of the picture, the foreground of which consists altogether of green descending slopes sprinkled with stones.

Next, in the middle distance towards the right, is our right attack (right and left attack are the names given to our two sets of batteries and trenches divided by the ravine, the one superintended by Major Gordon, the other by Major Chapman), where Gordon's battery is seen traversing the crest of a green knoll, and terminating in a long trench descending out of sight into a ravine in the middle of the picture, where it joins the French lines. The suburban portion of Sebastopol forms the background to our right attack. To the right of it, having the best built portion of the city for a back-ground, is seen a long line of embrasures in an earthen parapet, seemingly forming part of our own advanced works, but in reality separated from them by a hollow five hundred yards across. This is the Redan, one of the formidable Russian outworks. Then on the right comes the green basin through which the harbour and the three long lines of buildings are visible. To the right of those buildings and intersected half-way by the rise of the ground, is the square tower called Fort Paul, terminating the mole which juts out on the side of the inner harbour opposite Fort Nicholas. A low battery follows the ascent of the slope which forms one side of the Malakoff hill—a prominent object, constituting, with the Mammelon on its right, the centre of the view. The ruined tower of the Malakoff, half of which is pulled down, contains two large apertures; around stretches an earthen parapet pierced with embrasures, and surrounded on the slope outside with a dark line of abatis, or obstacles made of felled trees and pointed stakes. Between the spectator and the Malakoff can be traced the winding course of the ravine, which, after separating our lines from those of the French in front of the Mammelon, turns to the left towards the inner harbour. In the dip between the Malakoff and Mammelon the masts of two large ships, lying in the great harbour, are seen. The Mammelon is a low hill flattened at the top, crowned, like the Malakoff, with batteries, but having the embrasures wider apart. Its slopes, sweeping towards the spectator, are dotted with the screens of stone behind which the Russian are posted and are crossed by the advanced French parallel, lined with *trailleurs*. The puffs of smoke between the antagonists are frequent. To the right of the Mammelon the ground falls, disclosing a peep of the upper end of the harbour, then it rises again to two consecutive hills a mile from the spectator, each crowned

with a yellow line of earth forming a battery; that on the right is the hill where the struggle took place between the French and Russians on the 22d February. Again, to the right, is the top of a French battery in front of Inkermann. It is somewhat indistinct, as a descending green slope intervenes, but the smoke of a gun reveals it, and the shell bursts over the Mammelon, while the rush of its course is still reaching the ear. The Mammelon replies; a gun and mortar in our right attack drop their shells into the work; the Malakoff supports its companion by a couple of shells, which graze the crest of our parapet, and knocking up little clouds of dust as they go, burst far up the hill-side. A mortar near the Malakoff pitches a shell into the parapet of our advanced parallel; it rolls over and explodes; a commotion is visible through the glass, and presently two wounded men are borne past to the camp—one struck in the cheek, the other having his leg shattered. Presently a tremendous explosion close behind makes an unprepared spectator start; another follows—the two 13-inch mortars have been fired. With a rush like a whirlwind the two great shells are hurled up into the sky, growing small as cricket-balls, and audible when no longer seen. As the sound ceases, two clouds of dust rise in the Malakoff—the shells have stopt there; another moment, and two columns of smoke rise and are slowly dispersed—both shells have burst in the work.

Turning to the right, so as to complete the half circle, you see on the next hill the Victoria Redoubt, made and held by the French, with an intended line of trench in front of it.

Up to the right centre of the view the sea forms the horizon, but between the Mammelon and the new Russian battery on the hill, the country north of the Belbec and Katcha rivers, jutting out into capes, takes up the line of the horizon, and continues it nearly on the sea-level.

The land north of the harbour, forming the distance of two-thirds of the picture, is intersected in every direction by roads. To reveal the details the aid of a telescope is required. Beginning at Fort Constantine, the line of the land is broken for some distance by earthen forts, which are marked on the plans, Sievernia being the most extensive. In the dip between the Malakoff and Mammelon appears a low hill over the harbour, surmounted by a field-work encompassed by roads. Not far from this is a vast burying-ground, containing apparently thousands of graves. To the right of the Mammelon, on the cliff above the harbour, are rows of buildings like barracks, with a camp for six battalions behind. Inland, the plains and hills grow bare and wild, and are traversed by the Simferopol road, along which may be seen advancing to the town a large convoy of waggons escorted by troops. All along the edge of the cliff which borders the harbour, and the marsh at the head of it, parties of Russians may be seen working at batteries and entrenchments.

Having thus taken a general view, let us enter the works themselves. The ravine on the right of the mortar-battery is close, though unseen, and a few minutes' walk conducts to it. Here, on both sides, are rows of graves, on one of which two or three men are now employed with pickaxe and shovel. Passing these, the ravine (the same in which Captain Craigie was killed) winds, deepening as it goes, between its green banks sprinkled with fragments of gray rock. Presently you meet a party of Frenchmen bearing a covered form on a stretcher. You stop one to ask if it is a wounded man? "*Monsieur, il est mort*"—he has been killed by a splinter in the parallel. The next turn shows the right bank of the ravine ahead, covered with the recumbent forms of French soldiers, forming a strong picket, ready, if necessary, to reinforce those in the trenches. Near these the end of our first parallel meets the ravine, and you enter it, casting first a glance to the right, where, high above, a glimpse of the Malakoff, with its guns, a mile off, is disclosed.

All the trenches are nearly of the same description—two or three yards wide and two or three feet deep, with the earth thrown up to form a parapet towards the enemy. Sometimes the soil is clayey, but oftener bedded with stone, through which the workmen have painfully scooped a cover. After walking some hundred yards, you find two guns stationed on their platforms in the trench which, widened here, and its parapet heightened and strengthened with gabions and sandbags, becomes a battery. Piles of shot are close to the guns, and a thick mass of earth crossing the trench contains the magazine. Through the embrasures or openings in the parapet, which the guns fire from, the Mammelon is visible, and these are the guns which you just now saw firing on it. Next, you come to a mortar-battery, where the parapet is very solid, and so high that the enemy's work is not visible to those working the pieces, which are directed by two iron rods, called pickets, stuck upright in the parapet, in front of the mortar. These being placed one before the other so that they form but one object when the eye is directed from behind them on the work, they are so left; a white line is made down the exact middle of the mortar, by a chalked cord stretched and rapped along it; and an artillery-man standing behind the mortar, holding before his eye a string with a plummet attached, causes the mortar to be shifted till the string coincides with both pickets, and with the white line on the mortar, which is then correctly aimed without the necessity of seeing the object.

Then come more guns, separated by traverses or masses of earth faced with gabions or sandbags: the presence of these generally shows that the battery or trench containing them is in the path of the enemy's shot, to the course of which they form obstacles. The embrasures here look on the Malakoff. As you regard it, a cloud of smoke is puffed from one of its embrasures—the report is followed by a rushing noise, and a shell, dashing over the parapet near you, buries itself in the ground a few yards behind the battery. All in its neighbourhood stoop to avoid the splinters; after a moment it bursts in a cloud of earth and smoke, and the splinters whirr and jar around. Plenty of pieces of shells—some new, some rusted—are lying about, and the ground is channelled with the graze of shot. Here and there you see one of our own guns half buried in the soil—it has either burst, or been struck by the enemy's shot, and rendered unserviceable.

A trench, branching from the first parallel, leads towards the second. This approach, or rather series of approaches, is of zigzag form, the branches in one