

Quarries, except when Russians were approaching. The Russian officers did not spare themselves. The battalion commander of one column was killed, and the leader of another was wounded and taken prisoner, being recaptured, however, in a renewed struggle. During the ten hours of fighting and digging, many of our men became so exhausted that they could not stand up, even when a Russian column was on them. Colonel Campbell, of the 90th Light Infantry, who was in command of the parties employed, did not recover from over-fatigue for some weeks, and at day-break Lieutenant Wolsely, acting as assistant-engineer, collapsing from exhaustion, fell helpless to the ground, soon after the last attack had been repulsed. The bodily strength of the rank and file, less well nurtured, gave out sooner, and the gifted historian, Kinglake, describes graphically how in the last attack delivered just before daylight, when a Russian column, coming from Dockyard Ravine, got to within two hundred yards of the Quarries, Colonel Campbell and Lieutenant Wolsely, with difficulty, aroused their men who were stretched on the ground, so exhausted by ten hours' incessant fighting and digging, as to be nearly incapable of movement; even when lifted on to their feet they could scarcely stand up, and the prize for which the combatants had striven since 7 p.m. lay absolutely open to the Russians, when suddenly panic-stricken from, to our people, an unknown cause, they absolutely declined to advance in spite of the orders, entreaties, and even blows of their officers, and just as day dawned the column fell back, scared by some freak of imagination.

In this twenty-four hours the French took seventy-three guns, suffering a loss of fifty-five hundred casualties. The English had seven hundred casualties, forty-seven being officers. The Russians lost nearly five thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Next morning I went down to battery at 4 a.m. as the fire was to be continued. Soon after 8 a.m. I missed Captain Peel, and hearing he had been seen going towards the Mamelon, into which the Russians were pouring fire from mortars, I hurried after him, but he was coming out as I got up to the ditch. He ordered me back, but I begged hard to be allowed to go inside, so he said I might look round and follow him. The ditch where I saw the men jump overnight was not more than four or five feet wide. Following, apparently, our Royal Engineer's report, Mr. Kinglake states "the ditch was broad and deep." This is an error, as I stepped over it with but a slight effort.

I sat down in an embrasure alongside a Zouave, who talked English well. He declared he was the only survivor out of his squad of twelve men. The effect of the heavy fire on the demeanor of all was noticeable. Every face was grave. Men spoke in whispers even when transmitting orders. During the short time I there I saw upwards of a dozen men was wounded, and carried away, and dead of both nations were lying thick over the slopes. These had all been killed the previous evening, for the Russian mortar-shells fell with remarkable accuracy and thus while no one could stand inside with any certainty of living long, the southern and eastern slopes just outside the ditch were quite safe. Inside the scene was indescribable in its horrors. Dead men were lying heaped in every attitude imaginable; some half-buried in craters formed by shell; other bodies literally cut into two parts; and one I noticed had been blown twenty yards by the explosion of a mortar-shell. Some

corpses were lying crushed under overturned cannon, while others hung limply over injured guns, but which were still on their carriages. There was a truce in the afternoon during which, freed from all sense of danger, I had a better opportunity of examining the construction of the work. The amount of labor expended in obtaining cover from fire was extraordinary. The bomb-proof galleries and magazines consisted of earth on top, then a row of gabions, then baulks of timber two feet three inches in diameter. The thickness overhead was nearly ten feet. Our Engineers argued, and apparently with reason, that all this cover, though good for its purpose, impaired the defence of the place, which was so crowded by the huge earth traverses that the defenders could not use their rifles.

When I next stood on the Mamelon, in August, 1894, the circumstances were very different in some respects, though singularly alike in other aspects. The hill remains to-day a chaos of holes, excavated by shells, and by men searching for iron and projectiles; but it is easy for one who knew it in June, 1854, to trace the original work. A visitor new to the place might be puzzled by the French additions, and by a deep, well-cut trench which the Russians have recently excavated. Thus the outer ditch of proposed new fortifications encircles all the English left attack, and crossing the Woronzow Road close to our covered way, made by and named after "The Sailors," runs to the southward of the 21-gun battery, and thence by the Middle Ravine outside the Mamelon down to the harbor. In June, 1854, when I stood there, we had a temporary truce for two hours. In August, 1894, the Russian fleet carrying out its annual manœuvres, was bombarding the forts north of the harbor, and was first answered by what we knew forty years ago as the Wasp Fort, and then by a long line of batteries erected since 1879. The scene reminded me greatly of October, 1854, when our ships were doing in earnest what the Russians were now doing in peace manœuvres for practice.

When Captain Peel and I had examined the Mamelon, we strolled up to the Russian sentries, who were about two hundred yards outside the Malakoff. I recognized a Circassian to whom I had spoken at the truce in March, and we exchanged mutual compliments on our being alive. Captain Peel's starched shirt collars excited the admiration of the Russian officers, to one of whom he replied, in answer to a question, that "we had our laundry-women with us." The Russian soldiers and sailors, for their duties in garrisons are interchangeable, showed up grandly in stature amongst our immature recruits, for most of those soldiers who landed in Kalamita Bay were no longer with the Light and 2nd Divisions.

I have already shown that nearly all our losses during the winter were directly due to preventable causes, but we were now suffering from the effects of the enemy's fire. Besides the losses incurred in capturing the Mamelon and the Quarries the allies lost from the cannonade between the 6th and the 10th of June, seven hundred and fifty men, while the Russian casualties amounted to thirty-five hundred men. When we read these figures of such terrible import, it is easy to understand the bitter feelings expressed in the reply a Russian officer made to one of our own people who, during the flag of truce, observed our losses had been heavy. "You talk of your losses! Why, you don't know what loss is in comparison with what we are suffering!"

On the 10th June, Captain Peel, Lieut.

Dalyell of H.M.S. Leander, and I were discussing the chances of an assault for which the whole army was anxious, when Peel asked us if we had to lose a limb, which we could best spare? I replied, without hesitation, "left arm," and Dalyell agreed with me, but our chief argued that arms are more necessary than are legs to sailors. Eventually on my suggesting a one-leg man would probably become very fat, he came round to our view. Within a week all three were engaged together in the assault on the Redan, and it is remarkable that we were all wounded in the left arm. How this happened I propose to tell in the next and concluding part of these reminiscences.

There were reports some time ago in the Australian papers, and well-grounded reports too, that the Government of Victoria intended to discontinue the appointment of Imperial officers as commandants and staff officers of the local forces. The assumption, however, by Sir Frederick Sargood of the duties of Minister for Defence at once settles this matter, for Sir Frederick's views on the question are well known. He holds strongly that the time has not yet arrived when the Australian colonies can afford to dispense with the advice of experienced officers of the Imperial Army, and there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of Sir Frederick Sargood's decision. Separated as the Australian colonies are from the mother country, it would be in the highest degree dangerous for them to adopt any system of isolation in military matters. They have everything to gain by maintaining a proper bond of union between their own local defensive services and the Queen's army, and we can imagine no policy more injurious than that which advanced colonial politicians would adopt. It would have the effect of greatly retarding progress, and at the same time prove in the long run far more expensive than the system now in vogue, which secures for Australian officers of recognised position and experience in the Imperial Service, who are able to keep a watchful eye over expenditure and to take out with them every five years new ideas which prevent that stagnation that would be bound to follow if the colonists were mad enough to close their eyes to all the advantages they derive from the presence among them of men of the stamp of Major-Generals Tulloch and Hutton, not to mention many others. The officers named have done much to create organization out of chaos. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Australia is only now beginning to profit by the practical knowledge brought to bear on its defensive services by the officers who have been sent from the Imperial Army. We write in the interests of the colonies when we say that Sir Frederick Sargood's policy is an eminently sound and wise one, and that it would be an immense mistake if a noisy faction of political agitators were allowed to interfere with an arrangement which has produced such valuable results.—Army and Navy Gazette.

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