

Crimea furnished nothing. Confined within the narrow lines which the army had thrown up for its protection, invested so closely by the Russians that to advance beyond the allied entrenchments was death, the only resource which the soldiers could derive from their patch of territory were the few roots of the cleared brushwood which they laboriously dug from the ungrateful soil. Horses and carts had to be gathered together in distant countries and brought over by sea. The operation, relatively to the extent of their wants, was slow at best; and the conveyances when collected did not perform the work which was expected of them, because the track became impassable for vehicles, and beasts cannot carry as much as they can draw. In spite of his reasonable expectation that the French fire would rival our own, and Sebastopol be captured before the winter set in, Lord Raglan would have been responsible to anticipate to what a miserable swamp it would turn, or, anticipating it, it had been possible to guard against the evil. He was unable to do either. Though he asserted that, had he received the reinforcements of which he stood in such imperious need, he should, with the military caution which leaves nothing to fortune that can be secured by prudence, have probably perfected the communication with the harbour, there was not one single person in the camp who surmised the full extent of the coming evil. Nor had he a man, as we have already shown, to devote to the purpose. The commissioners sent out to the Crimea by the Government to inquire into the cause of the disasters pronounced a complete acquittal on the point. Even hired labour, as they admitted, could not be obtained; and when Mr. Filder imported workmen from the Euxine and Bosphorus to carry provisions to the camp, one half of them died, and the other half became, from indolence and sickness, more of a burden than a help.

The obstruction to all carriage traffic would, under any circumstances, have created considerable inconvenience, but the want of burthen had remained. They died, however, by scores, partly from the inclemency of the weather, and still more for lack of sufficient food, till Lord Raglan found it necessary to suspend the purchase of fresh horses, and the bringing over the numbers collected at Varna, for fear they should starve when they arrived. This was the source of the worst calamities connected with the deficient transport, and the English Treasury was the cause. On the 13th of September, while the fleet was on its way to the Crimea, the Commissary-General wrote for 2000 tons of hay. By nearly every mail, after the army reached Sebastopol, he set forth his necessities and renewed his request. The authorities at home assumed that he could manage with a little more than a tenth of what he had demanded, or could get it elsewhere. In vain did Lord Raglan send for fodder on the 24th of October to every place in the Black Sea. Scarcely could any be procured, and hence, a little later, when the supplies from home should have been arriving, not only horses but men were doomed to die from the desperate resolution of the Treasury to cast the burthen from itself in the apparent belief that necessity would prove the mother of invention, and Turkey supply what England withheld.

The sick in the British camp at Varna amounted in August to 11,236. The men landed in the Crimea enfeebled by ill health,

and with the cholera still prevailing among them. Wherever they went the pestilence went also. It dealt with men when they encamped, clung to them in their march, added to the mortality on the battle field itself, and descended with them into the trenches. To this was joined the losses from the perpetual conflicts, and close at hand came the aggravations of disease from over exertion and an ungenial climate. Every soldier who dropped at his post made fresh work for those who were left; and to crown all, the failure of the transport imposed upon the army the further task of fetching a considerable portion of its food from the other end of the toilsome track. Affairs at length arrived at that point that, according to the calculation of Sir Richard Airey, '12,000 infantry were doing the work of 30,000 men.' Then the clamour broke forth in England, and the torrent of invective was directed against the Government, who had not caused a single one of the calamities, though night and day he was laboring to alleviate them.

The slanderous reports which deceived the public at home sprung up in the Crimea. The common soldiers bore their privations with British fortitude. In them, as a body, were fulfilled to the letter the words of Holy Writ—'They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage.' But it was not thus with a large number of the officers, who, wanting the true martial spirit, and not having counted the cost of their profession when they entered it, murmured at their lot. Those who are acquainted with the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches, and with Mr. Larpent's records of the Peninsular War, will remember the numerous examples which occurred of a saying of the illustrious Chief—'Believe me, every man who wears a red coat is not a hero.' Undoubtedly those who endure the test must be rated far above the average of common mortals, and merit unusual homage, but we do not the less demand that he who assumes the badge of courage and wears a soldier's garb—an Oliver Proudfoot in the suit of Henry Gow. To the grievous prejudice of truth the degenerate part of the army are, in general, the sole witnesses in periods of privation. The real soldier does his duty in patience and silence, and the appeals to the public come from those who have feeble hearts in a luxurious body.—This gives a false appearance of the authority to testimonies which are only uniform because they are confined to the pusillanimous. A portion of these unworthy spirits, in their ignorance or their malice, taxed Lord Raglan with negligence, but the cry against him was far more due to the blindness with which mankind, in the first frenzy of a panic, assail the object who stands nearest to the evil. The reasoning of hundreds who joined in the abuse was simply this:—'The army is suffering, and Lord Raglan is the Commander of the army.'

The Government next adopted the outcry, and preferred charges instead of asking for information. He was accused of being ignorant of the condition of the army. He replied that one aide-de-camp alone, who kept a journal, and who generally but not always attended him, had accompanied him in forty rides through the camp during the preceding two months. In a letter of which the testimony is above all suspicion, because it was penned before the accusations against him had appeared, an officer relates that Lord Raglan constantly made a

nocturnal expedition through the whole of their protracted lines, starting at half-past nine, and returning to head quarters at one or later. 'Some people,' he added, 'think we might be as well in bed, but the personal encouragement is a great point.' Another correspondent, whose letter was dated after the attacks had commenced in England, but before they were known in the Crimea, mentions that these inspections were of five or six hours' duration, and that, though the cold was intolerable, he talked to everybody from officers down to privates. The worse the weather was the more frequent his visits became. He rarely missed a day, and never except compelled by the pressure of imperative duties.—One of his aides-de-camp, whose youthful constitution was not proof against the hardships which spent their force in vain upon the non frame of his chief, was compelled to give up riding with him during the bitterest season, because he pulled up to speak to nearly every soldier he met. Nor did he stop with endeavoring to animate the men who were in face of the enemy.—Those who could render him no further help were just as much the objects of his care. 'When any casualty occurs in the trenches,' an officer wrote again, 'he visits the wounded in the different hospitals, inquires into every man's case, and gives a word of advice and comfort to each.' There were persons in the army who observing the labour imposed upon him by these rounds, thought that he might at least have devolved upon his subalterns the duty of cheering the disabled men, for his exertions were greater than those of any officer in the camp, and though he kept his health, it seemed a miracle to the persons about him, and quite impossible to last. He rose at 6, wrote by candle-light till breakfast, was never a moment idle till his dinner hour at 8. So occupied was every instant, that he stated, when defending himself, that he had not once found leisure to continue his ride to the Monastery—the only spot which was worth visiting for pleasure. His dinner on horseback, resumed his writing till past midnight. Rarely indeed did he lie down before one o'clock in the morning, and it was often much later. In bed he pondered on the distresses of his troops, and would continue calling out through an open door to a member of the staff who lay near him, the palliatives which occurred to his mind, till nature, which never seemed exhausted in him, was spent in his companion, and he dropped asleep from fatigue. For those who did not know what a prodigy of endurance, industry, and benevolence Lord Raglan was, and who may therefore be tempted to imagine the description overcoloured, we transcribe a passage from a letter written in social confidence three days after the battle of Inkermann, when no one suspected there would ever arise a whisper of censure, or the need for a syllable of defence:—'It is wonderful to see how calm, how cool Lord Raglan is in the most tremendous danger and anxiety—thinking of everything and of everybody. It is a marvel to us all. Yet there is one person he never thinks of, and that is himself. But it has always been so with him.'

To the accusation of ignorance of the state of the army, the Ministry added the charge of want of foresight in victualling it. He answered that no general in command could have devoted more attention to the subsistence of his troops—that it had been the object of his peculiar care—that their welfare in every particular had occupied his thoughts not only constantly but pain-