

THE BURIAL-PLACES OF THE CRIMEA

[From the Illustrated News.]

The burial-places of the Crimea are as much in ruins as Sebastopol itself. A siege of eleven months and a bombardment could not have made them worse. When one hears of the money spent in their preservation one wonders how it has been applied. The Russian cemetery on the French left attack, which endured some of the fiercest work of the siege, did not suffer so much as the British graves seem to have done in the course of a few years of careful and costly supervision. Of course, there is one great difficulty at the bottom of the whole case, and that is the number of these burial-grounds and the space they are spread over. No fewer than eighty-nine English burial-places were reported to me, extending over a space of about eighty square miles. Such a multiplicity and such extent of dispersion will defy almost any amount of guardianship. The burial-grounds are of various sizes and shapes; some are only a few yards square, and enclose only one or two graves, while others must include as many hundreds; and some are in much better preservation than others. The burial-ground which surmounts Cathcart Hill is by far the one in the best condition; but even this one has suffered. General Cathcart's own monument, and those of Strangways, Seymour, and others of the staff killed at Inkerman are all in very good order. Colonel Hunter Blair's monument is also in good order. General Goldie's and Sir John Campbell's monuments are here; these, and in fact all, with one or two marked exceptions, are in fair preservation. Sir Robert Newman's monument is a very handsome one, and has, no doubt, tempted some robber with the idea that valuable booty might be got from the grave below. In the burial-ground of the 2d Brigade of the Light Division, near the Picket House, which ground is very large one, for the Light Division suffered more than the others, there are monuments in all states of decay. Still, this is a place the monuments in which have stood, perhaps, better than many of those elsewhere. Here is the grave of Hadley Vicars, of the 97th Regiment; and it will interest some readers to know that the very small stone which first marked his resting place is still erect, and its inscription is yet legible. The 97th was the leading regiment in the last attack on the Redan. I looked for the graves of some whom I knew, and who fell on that day. Just behind that of Hadley Vicars is the grave of Colonel Handcock, with those of Major Welsford and Adjutant M'Gregor, of the 67th, all in tolerably good order. The stone put up by the regiment has been broken, and is mended with a piece of iron, and in this state it remains. There is a monument in the centre of this burial-ground "to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 2d Brigade, Light Division." This was composed of the 19th, 77th, 88th, 90th, and 97th Regiments; the monument is still in good repair. A stone to the memory of Egerton, of the 77th, who fell taking a rifle-pit known by his name during the siege, is also in good order. The burial-ground of the 1st Brigade of the Light Division is situated in a ravine nearer to the windmill. The principal monument here is one erected by General von Straubenetz to those of his brigade who fell, and "in testimony of heroic fortitude and valour." It consists of a pyramid formed of steps, and surmounted by an Iona cross; the whole is in good order. There is a monument to the officers and men of the 34th Regiment; and there is also a very fine monument in marble to Captain Hammond,

which is likewise in good order. There is another monument, on which one can read the names of Colonel Blake, Captain Burke, Lieutenants Thistlewayte, Gough, Montague, Worthington, Thorold, Bennett, Heyland, Donovan, and Marsh, and Paymaster M'Grath. These were the officers of the 33d, or Duke of Wellington's Regiment. In thus taking notes of the monuments, one's eye was attracted, of course, to those which were still in good order, and readable; a multitude of fragments are passed over in which a cross, with "Sacred to the memory," was all that one could make out; or it might be that only the lower half of the stone was still in its position, and then all that was visible would be "fell at Inkerman, on the 6th Nov., 1854," or "at the assault on the Redan," or "who fell while on duty at the trenches." The question arises, "who fell?" But that is a question which the destruction of these stones renders it impossible to answer. In wandering over the hills, I visited a great many of the burial-grounds; at times to seek for flowers, at other times to look for the graves of friends, or to see if I knew any one among the names on the stones.

FIELD ARTILLERY EXPERIMENTS.

The *Observer*, in an article on the field artillery experiments now carrying on, says,—We may take it to be settled that it is absolutely necessary that some means of rapidity and accurately discerning distance must be at the command of field artillery batteries to enable them to maintain the superiority which has now been re-established over musketry fire. We may accept also as a settled fact that field artillery drill and manoeuvres will have to undergo as great modifications as those of the infantry. The experiments have shown conclusively that such slight cover as a battalion of infantry properly drilled could throw up in the course of a period measured by minutes would greatly weaken the effect of field artillery fire, while such a bank as most hedge-rows supply would neutralise it altogether. Another point satisfactorily determined is that we have not a really reliable fusee—either for time or percussion—in the service. The great range and marvellous accuracy of rifled field guns are accompanied by the drawback of its being necessary to judge the distance of an enemy with almost absolute accuracy, or distant practice becomes so much waste of ammunition. It seems not improbable that we shall have to return to the use of the old-fashioned form of field-gun—the howitzer—to meet one of the requirements of modern warfare. The difficulty of igniting time fuses, except under conditions which would make the employment of this species of gun for their special service impossible, points to the probability that we shall have to discard breech-loading as applied to field artillery, and go back to some such system of muzzle-loading as that which has been adopted for the Indian service. In deed, our whole system of field artillery is clearly on the eve of a transition.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.—The *St. John Telegraph* says.—The report in the Halifax papers that the 78th Highlanders now in that city were to be removed at once to St. John was founded on an order from Head Quarters to that effect. The men of that Garrison were hurriedly got into readiness for embarkation and would doubtless have been on their way here now, but for an order countermanding the movement yesterday morning.

A STORY FROM NED BRACE.—Mr. Bacon, of Edgefield, S. C., the hero of the Georgia scenes, under the name of "Ned Brace," was once courting a lady in Georgia or Carolina. She had refused him frequently, and he as often had renewed his suit. At one interview she became extremely annoyed at his importunity and told him that she could not marry him; that their tastes, opinions, likes and dislikes were totally different.—"In fact," said she, "Mr. Bacon, I don't think there is one subject on earth upon which we agree."

"I assure you madam, that you are mistaken," said Mr. Bacon, "and I can prove it."

"If you will mention one thing about which we agree, said she "I will marry you."

"Well," said Mr. Bacon, "I will do it. Suppose, now, you and I were travelling together: we arrive at night at a hotel, and there are only two beds vacant; in case there is a man, and in the other a woman— which would you sleep in?"

"She rose indignantly, and replied, "With the woman of course, sir?"

"So would I," earnestly responded Mr. Bacon.

The parchment discharge certificates of six men of the R. C. Rifles, have been received from home, and they will be discharged to pension from 15th instant. Lieut. Smith has been permitted to resign his appointment as Musketry Instructor. Lieut. W. Kavanagh, from half pay, is gazetted to a captaincy without purchase, dated 25th of July. The Military prison at Quebec will be closed on the 30th September. The prison in Montreal, however, will be retained with a diminished staff, consisting of one chief warden, 3 warders, 4 assistant warders, and 1 messenger. A company of the Rifle Brigade will leave Ottawa for Montreal on the 16th inst. The men of the corps of the Royal C. Rifles at Ottawa, will at once be moved to Isle-aux-Noix and Kingston. A case of scarlet fever having appeared in one family, they will be detached and placed under canvas to prevent contagion.—*Whig*.

At the opening of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, General Doyle made an excellent speech. He said: "I repeat what I said at Digby, that everybody who does not desire to live under the British flag should move out of this Province. (Loud and repeated cheers.) I thank you gentlemen for those cheers. I knew that I was in the midst of loyal spirits. I have been told that I am too loyal. Well, gentlemen, I imbued loyalty with my mother's milk. It is in my bones and marrow, and any one who desires to cure me of that complaint will have to proceed to extremities. A good deal of blood letting will have to be done, and I will only be cured of my loyalty when I part with the last drop of blood. I do not wish to see those who differ from me in politics leave the Province, but I do wish to see every disloyal man out of it." (Cheers.)

The Queen of England is awakening fresh interest in herself. Notwithstanding an occasional fling at her in the papers, she is perfectly idolized by the people, mingling among them familiarly patting the heads of the children, entering the cottages, sitting down at their dinner table, and partaking a bit of food, but never losing sight of that graceful dignity which is one of her characteristics. Unlike her cousin of France she is very domestic, a good housekeeper, very frugal, and never surrounded by a bevy of trifling butterflies, who live only for display and dissipation.