

the gold was accepted and taken away.—*Universal History.*

## Incidents of the War.

The Times correspondent writing from the camp on the 25th ult., thus describes the then existing state of affairs:—

### BALACLAVA AS IT IS.

Balacava has ceased to exist. There are only some dozen of the original houses left scattered here and there amid iron storehouses, mountains piles of wood, heaps of coal, of corn, of forage, of shot and shell, and of stores multitudinous. The harbour is trenched upon by new quays and landing places, and two long wooden jetties project far into its waters at the shallow head of the harbour, and render good service in taking the pressure off the quays at the waterside.— And yet, with all this huge accumulation of stores, such a ravenous devouring animal is an army that there are some fears that we shall run short of fuel and of flour during the winter. It is astounding to hear that not a sack of flour fit for our purposes can be found in the east, and Sir George Maclean, the indefatigable commissary-general, has been obliged to send by telegraph to England for 4,000 bags of that necessary. In a few days the issue of bread will probably cease, and the soldiers will be obliged to go back to biscuit till fresh supplies are forthcoming. At the present moment the quantity of corn issued daily for horses, mules, and ponies in the English army is not less than 280,000lb. The fine weather will enable us to clear the quays in Balacava, and to accumulate stores at our divisional depots, but steps must speedily be taken to protect these stores from the effect of rain and storm.

### THE SIGHT FROM CATHCART'S HILL.

In times to come it will be a chosen terminus of Saxon pilgrimage, this Cathcart's Hill. Whether the traveller beholds from its humble parapet the fair aspect of the imperial city, guarded by threefold mightier batteries than now, or sits upon the broken wall to gaze upon the ruins of Sebastopol, he must, if he has any British blood in his veins, regard with emotion that little spot which encloses all that was mortal of some of the noblest soldiers who ever sprang from our warrior race. He will see the site of these tedious trenches where the strong man waxed the weaker day after day and the sanguine became hopeless, and where the British soldier fought through a terrible winter with privation, cold, frost, snow, and rain, more terrible and deadly than the fire of the enemy. With the Redan, the Malakoff, the Quarries, the Mamelon, Gordon's Attack, Chapman's Attack, under his eyes, he will revive with the aspect of the places where they stood, the memories of this great struggle, and renew the incidents of its history. How many more of our gallant officers this cemetery may hold it is impossible to say; it is too full already. It is a parallelogram of about 40 yards long by 30 yards broad, formed by the base of a ruined wall, which might in former days marked the lines of a Tartar fort, or have been the first Russian redoubt to watch over the infancy of Sebastopol. Although many a humble tumulus indicates to the eye of affection the place where some beloved comrade rests till the last reveille, the care and love of friends here and at home have left memorials in solid stone of most of those whose remains are resting here. The first of the graves towards the front and west of the cemetery consists of a simple mound of earth. I know not who lies below. The second it marked by simple slab, with the following description:—"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenants H. Tyron, rifle brigade, killed in action on the 20th of November, 1854." He was a thorough soldier, brave cool, and resolute, and in the terrible crisis of Inkermann he used a rifle with more deadly certainty and success than any of his men. In the struggle for the "Ovens" or "Quarries," on the 20th of November, in which a small body of the rifle brigade dislodged a force of the enemy much greater than their own, he displayed such gallantry ere he fell that General Canrobert paid him the rare honour of a special mention in the next "general order of the day" for the French army. Next to him repose the remains of a lamented officer. The stone records his name, "Sacred to the Brigadier-General Thomas Leigh Goldie, commanding the first brigade of the 4th division of the British army, lieutenant-colonel of the 57th regiment, who fell at Inkermann, November 5, 1854." The 5th grave is distinguished by a stone cross at the feet, and at the head is a slab with an ornamented top beneath which is written, "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-general Fox Strangeways, killed in action November 5, 1854." A few lines in Russian ask the Christian forbearance of our enemies after we have gone for the bones of one whom they would have admired and loved had they known him. No 6 is conspicuous by a large tombstone, with a monumental cross at the top, and some simple efforts of the chisel at the sides and base. Come here and read! Here lieth the mortal remains of Captain Edward Stanley, 57th regiment, killed at the battle of Inkermann, November 5, 1854, to whose memory this stone is erected by the men of his company.—Cast down but not destroyed, 2 Corinthians, iv. 9. Who does not look with respect on these poor soldiers, and who does not feel envy to the lot of one so honoured? There are fourteen graves in the same row, of which only one is identified.

SIR G. CATHCART'S RESTING PLACE.

Sir George Cathcart's resting-place is marked

by a very fine monument, for which his widow has expressed her thanks to those who raised it to the memory of their beloved commander.—There is an inscription upon it commemorating the general's services, and the fact that he served with the Russian armies in one of their most memorable campaigns—the date of his untimely and glorious death, and an inscription in the Russian language, stating who and what he was who reposes beneath. In the second row to the east there are two graves without any inscription on the stones; the third is marked by a very handsome circular pillar of hewn stone, surmounted by a cross, and placed upon two horizontal slabs. On the pillar below the cross in front is this inscription—"To Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Seymour, Scots Fusilier Guards, killed in action, November 5, 1854;" beneath these words are a cross sculptured in the stone, and the letters "I. H. S.," and there is a Russian inscription on the back to save the tomb from desecration. At the foot of the tomb there is an elaborately carved stone lozenge surmounting a slab, and on the lozenge is engraved the crest of the deceased, with some heraldic bird springing from the base of a coronet with the legend "Foi pour devoir, C. F. S. Et. 36." How many an absent friend would have mourned around this tomb! Close at hand is a handsome monument to Sir John Campbell, than whom no soldier was ever more regretted or more beloved by those who served under him, and not far apart in another row is a magnificent sarcophagus in black Devonshire marble to the memory of Sir R. Newman, of the Grenadier Guards, who fell also at Inkermann. With all these memorials of death behind us, the front wall at Cathcart's Hill has ever been a favourite spot for gossips and spectators, and sayers of jokes, and raconteurs of bon mots, or such jeux d'esprit as find favours in circles military. It has now lost the attraction of position, and retains only its graver, more melancholy and more natural interest.

I regret to add that every day adds to the list of those who have died of their wounds. Lieutenant-colonel Gough, of the 33rd, a gallant soldier, who was wounded at the Alma through the chest, and who came out here in bad health, has expired of the severe wounds he received on the 8th; and Lieutenant Kerr, of the 30th, has also succumbed. The funeral processions, the strains of the "Dead March," remind us that war had not ceased, and that it is not long since we were engaged in a terrible struggle with an unfinishing and desperate enemy.

### THE DUEL BY NORTH AND SOUTH.

Seven p. m.—The old sounds of the siege are renewed. There is a gun every minute from the north side or from the south, and fair promise that the duel will last for months to come at the present rate of exchange. Judging from other sounds in the camp, it does not seem as if the discipline of the army is improved by the cessation of trench duties or by the addition of 6d. a day to the soldiers pay. The sentries will, I fear, absorb a good deal of this new "boom" to the army. It is a fine clear, moonlight night and the air would be silent enough were it for the monotonous drumming of the guns and their rolling echoes along the ravines, and the more various and discordant sounds issuing from sundry guard tents, which convey the expression of very passionate sentiments, mingled with snatches of Bacchanalian pathos, melancholy remonstrance, or tender affection, for numerous incarcerated privates, and the provosts and their staff have a busy time of it. Indeed, the drunkenness of Scutaria, Bulgaria, of Varna, or of Gallipoli, will be emulated if the men have so much time and money to dispose of. The evil will cure itself, and the colonels have the power of stopping the 6d. for seven days after the commission of an act of drunkenness, in addition to the usual punishments for such offences.—The canteen should be put under more stringent regulation. There are so such scenes of rioting and confusion at the French canteens as may be seen at our own, and no one will say that the discipline of the French is as strict as that of the English army.

### THE CAMP BY MOONLIGHT.

7 30 p. m.—The heavy beat of the guns has died away, the bugles have sounded, and the whole camp is still. In the bright moonlight the rows of white tents shine clearly and taper away in long perspective, so far that they seem in the distance to form a screen of snowy canvas, which is illuminated by countless lights. The French bands are playing in their remote encampments and is a strange jargon of English and French music, and through it all the sad strains of Handel's Saul are floating, as the soldiers bear some deceased officers to his long home; then sounds of carousing and drinking choruses, the guns wake up once more, and now their heavy roar crushes all other sound; then silence again, so we pass the night until sleep has closed every eye except those of the wakeful sentries on our frontier of defence.

The Russian telegraphic lights are very active on the heights over Inkermann, and have never ceased flitting in and out all over the dark ridge between us and the Belbek for the last three hours.

Tuesday.—There is no change in the position of the army.

### DEFENCES ON THE NORTH SIDE.

On the north side there are few houses, but there are very large magazines. First, on the western extremity of the northern shore stands fort Constantine. The roof is covered into a great depth with sandbags, and there are large guns mounted on it en barbette, but many of the embrasures are empty, and do not show guns. A very heavy parapet with traverse—in fact, a line of batteries—strikes out from the north side of the fort, and crests the seaward face of the cliff, communicating with

the Wasp fort, Star fort, and the works of the sea defences towards the mouth of the Belbek. Next to fort Constantine, on the harbour, there is very large earthworks, a large stone storehouse, and the casemated walls of fort Catherine, with two tiers of guns; then more earthworks, till the line of defence merges into the work at Inkermann. In fact, fort Constantine, fort Stevernaia, fort Michael, and fort Catherine, with their connecting works, and the Citadelle forts in our rear, form one great battery, too far to injure us seriously behind Sebastopol, but quite able to withstand any infantry attack from the south side. The difficulty of the north side was foreseen all along—foreseen, but not provided for. In fact, there was no step taken to insure the possession of the fruits of our labour. We did not prepare for success, and we now have to face a new campaign, and the Russians have seven or eight months to strengthen themselves, to recruit their exhausted army, to gather new materiel, and to dispute our progress with fresh slaughter, which leaves us victory but half enjoyed.

### DISAPPEARANCE OF THE TRENCHES.

The trenches—Those monuments of patient suffering, of endurance of courage—will soon be no more. The guns are withdrawn; indeed, they are now nearly all gone. The gabions are going fast, for the men have received permission to use them for fuel—the earthworks will speedily sink, and next spring few traces will be left of the existence of these memorable works. It is melancholy, amid all these sounds of rejoicing and victory, to think that an army has been all but lost and swallowed up in these narrow dykes and that was "done by mistake." Our engineers drew their lines, and to them they adhered, although the Russians taught them better every day. After all, when our attack was made, the men had to run over the open for upwards of 200 yards. Let any one try to run such a distance over broken ground with a rifle and fifty rounds of ball cartridge, and then say whether he is in good condition for hard fighting at the end of it. The French had just ten metres to run across. They had more men to work, and easier ground between the Mamelon and Malakoff, but the question is, ought our men to have been called on for such a death run at all?

The firing into the town is occasionally very heavy and it is returned with spirit by the French mortars, and by a few guns in position. The roads advance slowly, but are solidly and well made as far as they go, and the railway is assuming an appearance of solidity and permanence which gives satisfactory assurance of its efficiency for winter.

### URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

The number of sick officers going home is on the increase. Many of those whose names appear in general orders, were, however, sufferers in the attack of the 8th of September. The proportion of men invalidated from ill-health is about equal to the number of officers. Poor fellows, they, however, have no "private urgent affairs" to attend to, and that is the cause assigned for many leaves of absence. It is curious and interesting to observe how rank and social position bring with them special cares of business and the labours of affairs from which the lowlier classes are exempted. Thus, the officers of the Guards are harassed to death by "urgent private affairs," which can nohow be settled anywhere but in England, and which will require their presence in that land of business, till just the week after Christmas from this time before there is the smallest chance of their satisfactory adjustment. How the gallant fellows can manage to stay in the army and attend to their regimental duties with such delicate negotiations to conduct, such stupendous arithmetical investigations to make, such a coil of accounts to examine, such interviews to go through, such a constant pressure of affairs to sustain, is inconceivable! Sometimes no less than three of them succumb on the same day, and appear in orders as victims to these cruel urgencies. There are some people in camp who maintain that the killing of grouse, partridges, pheasants, and salmon is a necessary condition of existence, and that when it is combined with the *menus plaisirs* of society, with a light course of opera, and the claims of the family, it constitutes an urgent private affair quite strong enough to draw any man from the Crimea.

### A FRIGHT FOR THE RUSSIANS.

In addition to this rumour from Kertch, there is a vague story going about that the French cavalry at Eupatoria, being out on duty lost their way in a fog, and wandered about till they came abruptly upon the Russian troops established in their neighbourhood, as a corps of observation, and gave them such a fright that they bolted off at once, leaving their stores and quantities of provisions behind them, which were destroyed by the French, who thereupon returned on their way rejoicing.

### THE PASSES OF BAIDAR.

General Rose, our excellent Commissioner to the French army, has been out at Baidar and towards Aitodor with the French reconnaissances, and the opinion formed after a careful examination of the passes is, that it would be imprudent to attempt to force them at present. Killcrankie is a bowling-green compared to those high bluffs and tremendous ravines. The outposts are on tolerably good terms with each other, but now and then resume offensive operations and fire at each other with acrimony.—The Russians still occupy Aitodor and forbid the right of fishing in the Tchouliou, which is a most tempting little trout stream. The Tartars now and then manage to bring in grapes and fine fruit from the interior. Perhaps these gentry serve as spies for both parties. These

villas on the seacoast below Baidar have now been tolerably well plundered and emptied of their contents. We have had a trifling share of the lost, but our Hussar outposts got some little momentos of their agreeable sojourn in those pleasant valleys, and one officer at least, who was especially detached to superintend the men, and to prevent plundering, is in possession of a very fine China set since he was seen in the direction of Baidar, which did not form part of his original marching outfit. However, our allies in this respect, as in many others, have the better of us. They even find it worth while to come over to the slaughter-grounds of our divisions in order to gather the heads, hearts, livers, lights, and tails which our men often throw away or bury as offal; and although they will not allow the English soldiers to go into their part of the town without passes, they do not scruple to avail themselves of the free permission which is given to all to enter the English portion of the town, and they may be seen very busily engaged, ransacking the piles of old clothing, &c., in the magazines, in the hope of extracting something as a 'curio' wherewith to tempt the British amateur. The other day some of our Land Transport men were sent with mules to get some wood beyond Miskomia. Ten or twelve Greek volunteers, or militia-men, made an ambushade in a wood close by, and fired a volley at the muleteers, which emptied two saddles and killed two mules. One of the drivers was hit on the head, but he was a native of Tipperary, and the ball hopped off his skull. He is now quite well. The other was only slightly wounded. The French have now secured all passes thoroughly, and Baidar valley is as safe as Regent street—indeed, safer to a simple minded and unwary visitor.

### THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

As the naval brigade are now going home, a short resume of their services, which does but little justice, may not be out of place. The naval brigade landed on the 25th of October, and were at once set to the onerous duty of dragging up the heavy siege guns to the batteries or to the parks of artillery in front. They brought up their own ammunition, provisioned themselves all through the winter, were their own commissariat, mounted their own guns, repaired their damaged embrasures, and were only twenty-four hours on and twenty-four hours off duty when the batteries were in play. The latest Naval and Military Gazettes have shown the immense amount of promotions and of rewards conferred on the army for services in the field, and yet not one sailor has received a gratuity in the naval brigade, though many of them have been recommended to the admiralty over and over again. The last promotion and gratuity in the brigade was given on November 10 1854. During the siege the naval brigade served for thirty-three days of heavy bombardment and cannonade. From December 1854, out of 1,400 men, 31 died from sickness, 61 were killed, 24 wounded mortally, 331 were more or less severely wounded—total killed, wounded, and dead, 447. What the forthcoming Gazettes may do I cannot say, but I can answer for it now that, knowing many officers of the late brigade as I do, there is scarcely one of the lieutenants who is not bitterly disappointed. On June 18th, Lieutenant Kidd and Mr Kenney went out of the trench to bring in a wounded soldier; Kidd met his death in the generous attempt, and it was thought as Kenney, as senior mate of the naval brigade and companion of poor Kidd, in such a noble act would be sure to succeed to the vacancy created by the death of his friend. It is laid down in the service regulations that an officer, when promoted, must be eligible in point of time. Kenney had two year's service. There was on board the fleet a mate named Graham, who was three days short of the time in which he might be eligible to receive promotion as lieutenant. The admiral should, it is asserted, have filled up the vacancy at once. He kept it open for three days. Mr Graham was warned to pass his examination. When he did not so the admiral signalled to him to come to breakfast on board the flag-ship, and as soon as he made his appearance he was handed his commission as lieutenant. He subsequently served a short time in the trenches, but after a few days was moved from that duty, and appointed to the Fury.

Thursday—Just as the cavalry are going to Constantinople draughts arrive here for them. The Great Britain now exhibits her huge hulk in Balacava.

The Europa is in with shot, shell, and huts. All spare shot and shell is sent on board ships for home or conveyance to Constantinople.

There are great complaints of the new carts and waggons for the land transport corps. As some of our men where at work to-day near the Strand Battery a spark fell down from the pipe on a quantity of gunpowder, which caught a small magazine, blew up the house, killed three or four men, and wounded fourteen.

Friday.—The weather continues very fine.—The firing is heavy at intervals. Sir H Jones is on board ship Unweel. There are rumours that Sir E. Lyons will soon relinquish his command, as his health is giving way.

### MOVEMENTS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

We extract the following from a letter published by the Presse D'Orient, Sept. 27. It is dated Kamiesch, Sept. 22:—

The embarkations for Eupatoria have been rapidly effected. The Cavalry division of the 2nd corps, commanded by General D'Allonville has been conveyed to this point; it consists of a Hussar brigade, 1st and 4th Regiments, and of a dragoon brigade, 6th and 7th regiments. A division of the 2nd corps will be added, I be-