

ness, something so truthful in every look, word, and action, that I felt inclined to reverse my opinion of the sex. As for her son, he was full of intelligence and simplicity: his unlooked-for prosperity did not elate him; he seemed only to think of his mother, and how he might please and comfort her. They were both full of gratitude to me, though I had really done nothing to deserve it; but Mrs Gerrard always connected my name with the turn of their affairs, for, in her ignorance of all legal matters, she had concluded that the death of her husband deprived her of any prospect of even a maintenance. I was truly glad to give her and her son those comforts they had been so long and so unjustly debarred from, and I felt assured that the amiable boy would be worthy of his position. At my suggestion, his mother engaged a tutor for him, an elderly man of great erudition and well known probity.

As for myself, I lost no time in writing to Mrs. Davis, to ascertain if her lodgings were vacant. By good-luck they chanced to be so; and before long, I turned my back on Langton Hall, to resume my old habits, and the independence of a moderate income, which was enough for comfort, and too small for the necessity of ostentation.

Young Gerrard and his mother often visited London, and always take lodgings near mine. Indeed, we have always remained on the best terms of friendship. They ask my assistance and advice, which I am ready to afford to the best of my ability; and, I believe, I am one of those persons who keep their sense for their friends, and their folly for themselves.

NEW WORK.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SIEGE OF KARS.

By Dr Sandwith.

At length we have an authentic account of the defence and fall of Kars, from one who played no inconsiderable part in an episode of the war alike disgraceful and disastrous to this country. Dr Sandwith—whose work, although hurriedly, is well written—was chief of the medical staff, and during the siege of Kars exercised full control over the hospitals in that city. He speaks in the highest terms of the Turkish soldiers, represents them as brave, patient, obedient, and enduring; but on the pashas he bestows the most contemptuous epithets. From Dr Sandwith's rather cautiously worded narrative we can gather that upon the shoulder of high English authorities at Constantinople, as well as upon the English Government, some portion of blame is laid for the cruel abandonment of the gallant garrison at Kars. General Williams is mentioned in the most eulogistic terms, and, on the doctor's authority, we should say that the general was the life and soul of the defence. Before leaving Erzeroum for Kars he displayed great activity and devotion.

GENERAL WILLIAMS.

General Williams, with Captain Teesdale, was engaged from early morning until sunset in fortifying all the heights round Erzeroum. He called together the city council, and requested that the bishops and chiefs of the Christians should also attend. When all were assembled, the general addressed them to the effect that now, when the country was menaced by a powerful Russian force, he earnestly trusted that all the Sultan's subjects would vie with each other in the defence of the city. With regard to the Mussulmans, he knew they were men of courage, and ready to fight to the last. "But," he added, turning to the Christians, "we look to you also. The time has come when you may shake off your thralldom, and take your place as free citizens; for the Sultan has granted you privileges, and declared all his subjects equal in the eye of the law. You will fight, then, for us; take your spades and come and dig with us at the batteries; we will welcome you as brothers." On hearing these strange and soul-stirring words, the Archbishop started up and exclaimed, "Oh! English Pasha, we are your sacrifice. We will work, dig, fight, and die for you: since we are no longer dogs, no longer Ghiaours, but, though Christians, fellow citizens and freemen." The next morning the Turks were astonished at the crowd of Christians assembled with spade and mattock, and still more at the good-will with which they worked, and the endurance at which they continued their labours. During this time I often heard their remark that Williams Pasha worked as no pasha ever worked before. They admired him extravagantly, but could not understand him. Was he not a pasha? Was he not therefore rich; and by his rank and wealth entitled to place, decorations, and everything else? Why, then, should he work like a hamal—a common porter? This was incomprehensible.

Dr. Sandwith thus describes the gallant repulse of the Russians on September 29th:—

THE RUSSIAN ASSAULT.

About four o'clock this morning one of the advanced sentries on Tahmasp heard a suspicious sound in the distance, something like the rumbling of wheels and the measured tramp of infantry. The report passed from mouth to mouth along the whole line, and the officer on

duty reported the fact to General Kmety, whose tent, with that of Teesdale, was in the centre of this position. The latter officer was going his rounds in another part of the camp. Kmety was at once on the spot where first the sounds had been heard, and he listened attentively; but all was silent, and the night was moonless and dark. On inquiry it was found that more than one soldier had heard the sound in question, and these were positive and confident in their statement; all the troops were forthwith called to arms, and stood patiently listening, and gazing into the gloomy valley before them. Thus for an hour or more did they stand, while a few active riflemen were sent forward to reconnoitre. We had now no outposts; our cavalry had disappeared by famine, or had cut their way out on the night of the 3rd. An hour had thus passed when the sounds which first attracted attention are again heard; they are unmistakable. Kmety applies his ear to the ground and recognises the rumble of artillery wheels; while still the measured tread of infantry is heard advancing nearer and nearer up the valley. Again all is silent; but the listlessness of the tired and sleepy soldier has given place to thousand Zebeks, armed with the carbine-a-tige look well to their percussion caps, unbutton their cartridge pouches, and finger their triggers. The word is passed in a whisper to the artillerymen—*peshref* (grape)—and each gun is charged with that deadly missile.

The advanced posts of riflemen creep into the lines with the ominous words, "*Ghiaour guerrier* (the infidels are coming). Meantime each eye is strained to peer into the darkness, and messengers fly to other parts of the camp with the warning. A sharp-eyed soldier now points to a dark mass in the valley, faintly visible in the gloom—it is moving—it is a column of men; a gun is pointed in the direction, the match is applied, and a hissing shower of grape flies into the mass; an unearthly scream of agony from mangled human frames follows the thunder of the gun, when both are drowned by a loud hurrah, which arises on all sides; and soon the whole line of breastworks is assailed in front and flank. At that moment a horseman gallops furiously from the rear, and flings himself into the most exposed battery; it is the Yaver Bey—it is Teesdale, who has just returned from his rounds. And now the fight commences. All surprise is at an end; the Russians advance in close column on the breastworks and redoubts, while some Russian batteries, well placed on a commanding eminence opposite, pour shot, shell, and grape into the redoubts. Steadily each column advances, while grape, round shot, and musketry are pelted into them. They still rush on; their officers, with wondrous self-devotion, charge in front, and single-handed leap into the redoubts only to fall pierced with bayonets. Their columns, rent and torn, retire to re-form. Meantime a fierce attack is made on our left flank and rear of the position; the breastworks are carried; a number of tents are occupied by Russian troops, while their officers, ignorant that the redoubts are closed, flatter themselves that the position is carried. Kmety now, however, hastily gathers together a formidable body of his best troops. Teesdale turns some guns towards the rear, and works them vigorously. Kmety's riflemen pour into these partially victorious Russians a continued and well-directed fire, which hold them in check, and woefully thin their ranks. Meantime the sun has risen and shows each position of the enemy. A sulphurous cloud envelopes the scenes of fiercest conflict, while reserves in formidable numbers crown the distant slopes. Fresh columns of the enemy charge again and again the front line of breastworks and batteries, from which they were at first driven back: they are received with a deadly and withering fire; and thus the fight continues. But this is not the only struggle going on. The line of breastworks and forts protecting the heights on the north of the town are attacked simultaneously by overpowering numbers, and being defended only by a very weak force, mainly of Laz irregulars, are carried and occupied by Russian troops, who pile arms and wait for further events; while the Russian artillerymen employ their time in busily shelling the town, which they now command. Meantime General Williams, from the centre of the camp, is watching events; he despatches some companies of troops from Chim tabia (a battery safe from any immediate attack), and these join with another body from Lake Fort, sent by Colonel Lake. The two combined, with Kherim Pasha at their head, appear suddenly on the flank of a large body of Russians, who were gaining ground in the rear of the Turks on Tahmasp. A loud yell arises of triumph and vengeance. Baba Kherim waves his sword—his troops pour a volley into the enemy; Kmety and his men, hitherto overpowered, raise a responsive cheer: they rush on, crying, *Sungu!* (the bayonet, the bayonet!) Teesdale pours fresh grape into the staggering masses; the Russians waver! Hussein Pasha, a gallant Circassian, rushes sword in hand on the enemy; they give way; "again, again," the havoc did not slack," as the Turkish artillery hurled round shot into these columns of brave and devoted men.

About mid-day the Russian columns gave way, and fled precipitately down the hill. But this glorious victory was of no avail to the gal-

lant defenders of Kars. Famine was more terrible than the arms of Russia. After his defeat, Mouravieff, the Russian general, besieged the town yet more closely, and the sufferings of the besieged became insupportable. Dr. Sandwith's diary of October 21st has the following:—

FAMINE.

Swarms of vultures hover round our lines preying on the corpses that the hungry dogs which have forsaken the city, have scratched out of their graves. These wild dogs gorge themselves with their foul banquet, while within the city every man, woman, and child is searching for food. The grass is torn up in all the open spaces, and the roots eaten by the soldiers and people. Crowds of women besiege the public offices for bread, which is dealt out to them with a very sparing hand.

The doctor's diary of November 17-18 gives the following account of.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE GARRISON.

A report comes in this morning at daybreak that guns have been heard in the direction of Ardahan, and that the Russians are leaving their camp. A thick fog lies between our camp and theirs, increasing the suspense. The people of Kars are called under arms, and scouts are sent to see what occurs. Meantime a thrill of joy and excitement runs through the population at the idea of near approach of a succouring army. These hopes are, however, doomed to disappointment: the report is a false one. A small quantity of snow falls; the rapid mountain stream which runs through the town, the Kars Chai, is already almost entirely frozen over. The streets present a soul-harrowing appearance. Old women are moaning and crying out they are dying of starvation; the children have a gaunt and famished look. Numerous donkeys are lying dead in the streets, others wandering about eating dung, old rags &c.—The wonder is that these animals are not eaten, but the Karalis, more perhaps than any other people, have a horror of any kind of flesh to which they are unaccustomed.

On November 25th all hopes were abandoned, the mortality had become horrible, and the streets of Kars were strewn with corpses of famished men, women, and children.

THE SURRENDER.

General Williams and his aide-de-camp Teesdale rode over under a flag of truce to the Russian camp. They were well received by Mouravieff. The general tells his chivalrous enemy that he has no wish to rob him of his laurels; the fortress contains a large train of artillery, with numerous standards, and a variety of arms, but the army has not yet surrendered, nor will it without certain articles of capitulation. If you grant not these, exclaimed the general, "every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you may then work your will on a famished crowd." "I have no wish to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long suffering army, which has covered itself with glory; and only yields to famine."—Look here, he exclaimed, pointing to lump of bread and a handful of roots, "what splendid troops must these be who can stand to their arms in this severe climate on food such as this! General Williams you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity stands amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army.—Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity." I leave my readers to imagine anything more touching than the interview between these gallant leaders, whose eyes were suffused with tears, while their hearts were big with sentiments of high honour and graceful benevolence. The terms of capitulation, arranged to-day, to be laid before the Turkish officers, were briefly as follows:—"The officers and soldiers of the regular army were to pile arms in camp, and march out with their music and colours, and surrender themselves prisoners of war to the Russian army." ("And," here exclaimed General Mouravieff to the secretary, "write that in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords, as a mark of honour and respect.") All private property, the castle, mosques and other public buildings, are to be respected, and the inhabitants protected from pillage or insult.—"The militia, the Bashi-Bazouks, are allowed to depart unarmed to their homes.—"The medical corps, and other non-combatants, are to be released, and be free to serve again in any other army." A certain number of officers are to be allowed to depart, on condition of not serving again during the continuance of the war.—After a somewhat long interview with General Mouravieff, General Williams returns to the camp. The prospects of capitulation is as yet kept a secret, but the sudden disappearance of General Kmety and Feizi Pasha (General Kollman) gives rise to much whispering in the camp. These officers escaped last night, and are on their way to Erzeroum. They have our best wishes and prayers. November 27th.—General Williams and his whole staff, with two Turkish officers, ride over to the Russian camp and dine with General Mouravieff and his staff. The latter general is a stout and rather short man, whose age is about seventy; but seldom have I seen a more vigorous-looking person at

his time of life. He has a decidedly Russian cast of countenance, and belongs to a very old Muscovite family. His staff treat him with the utmost respect, never, unless when bidden, presuming to sit in his presence. He speaks with almost equal fluency Russian, French, English, German and Turkish; possibly he may know other languages besides.

I leave the reader to imagine how we enjoyed a good and even luxurious dinner. We were allowed to walk about the Russian camp, and see what we chose. The men were huddled in a warm and comfortable way, their dwellings being almost wholly underground, with fire-places to ensure ventilation. All the officers' huts were furnished with glass windows. Anything more admirable than the order, regularity, and well-being of this camp could not be conceived. Each soldier warmly clad in becoming, well-preserved clothes, and seemed fit for an inspection on parade at St. Petersburg. It was observed that the Russians had built a much finer city than Kars itself, and it was proposed to call it *Yeni Kars*, or *New Kars*.—all the horses of the regular cavalry were housed in spacious stables, half underground; but the Cossack horses, with hair like that of a Newfoundland dog, were exposed night and day to the inclement weather. Vast stacks of hay were seen in the neighbourhood of each cavalry camp. One great fault, however, was visible. All round the precincts of each cantonment the filth is not to be described; the wonder was how these glaring defects could exist in a camp otherwise so well ordered. There could scarcely have been less than thirty thousand men here assembled. While gazing at and admiring the military spectacle, the completeness of which was strange to my eyes, I could not help exclaiming (*sotto voce*, of course). "And is this the army we hurled back from our breastworks? Are these the battalions that our ragged and hungry handful of men held in check for seven hours, and drove back to their camp? And now we deliver ourselves up to the vanquished! we lay down our arms to our conquered enemy, starved by the dishonest jobbery of rascally pashas, and the wicked apathy and unworthy intrigues of modern Byzantine officials! O tempora O mores!" The Russian officers treat us with the most delicate attentions, and show the most chivalrous bearing to their prisoners of war. They compliment each of us in turn on our gallantry, the endurance, and the humanity which they are good enough to say has characterized our part of the struggle; while we in all sincerity, attest the unflinching courage which led them up to our breastworks under a cross fire of artillery and volleys of musketry. One of these recognises Teesdale, as having, under a deadly fire of grape and rifle balls, leaped over our breastworks, and rescued from some marauding soldiers a wounded Russian officer. This little episode was not hitherto known to us, and I almost fear to shock the modesty of that gallant officer in thus recording it.

Thus terminated a siege which although it reflects the highest honours on the defenders of Kars, will ever be mentioned as an event that casts shame and dishonour upon the English nation.

THE LIZARD AND THE SNAKE.

Glancing bright in the sunshine, a most beautiful butterfly fluttered in the air, in the very middle of the open window. When we first saw it, it was flitting gaily and happily amongst the plants and flowers that were blooming in the balcony, but it gradually became more and more slow on the wing, and at last poised itself so unusually steadily for an insect of its class, that even had Maria not spoken, it would have attracted my attention. Below it, on the window-sill, near the wall, with head erect, and its little basilisk eyes upturned towards the lovely fly, crouched a chameleon lizard; its beautiful body when I first looked at it, was a bright sea-green. It moved into the sunshine, a little away from the shade of the laurel bush, which grew on the side it first appeared on, and suddenly the back became transparent amber, the legs and belly continuing green. From its breast under the chin, it every now and then shot out a semicircular film of a bright scarlet colour, like a leaf of a tulip stretched vertically, or the pictorial fin of a fish. This was evidently a decoy; and the poor fly was by degrees drawn down towards it, either under the impression of its being in reality a flower, or impelled by some impulse which it could not resist. It gradually fluttered nearer and more near, the reptile remaining all the while steady as a stone, until it made a sudden spring, and in the next moment the small mealy wings were quivering on each side of the chameleon's tiny jaws. While in the act of gorging its prey, a little fork, like a wire, was projected from the opposite corner of the window. Presently, a small round black snout, with a pair of little fiery, blazing eyes, and a thin black neck glanced in the sun. The lizard saw it. I could fancy it trembled. Its body became a dark blue, then ashy pale. The imitation of the flower, the gaudy fin, was withdrawn. It appeared to shrink back as far as it could, but it was nailed or fascinated to the window-sill for its feet did not move.

The head of the snake approached, with its long, forked tongue sputting out and shortening, and with a low hissing noise. By this time