

# THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN

WITH

“THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS,”

1854-55-56

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL NATHANIEL STEEVENS,

LATE 20<sup>TH</sup> REGIMENT AND 88<sup>TH</sup> (CONNAUGHT RANGERS).

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## ILLUSTRATION.

Map of the Field of Inkermann.

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WITH A MAP.



GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,  
WEST CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

1878.

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TO  
GENERAL SIR HORATIO SHIRLEY, K.C.B.

COLONEL OF THE 88<sup>TH</sup> (CONNAUGHT RANGERS),

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HAPPY YEARS

PASSED UNDER HIS COMMAND

IN THE "RANGERS" AND ON THE STAFF,

THIS BOOK

*Is respectfully Dedicated*

BY

THE AUTHOR.

## P R E F A C E.

---

I HAVE drawn up the narrative contained in the following pages from my own letters and journal, written during the war with Russia in 1854-5-6, throughout which time I was present with the army in the Crimea. I have also added a few incidents and other details, which may enhance the value of the work.

It contains a simple record of my impressions and observations during the campaign, and was composed without any idea that it would ever see the light in a printed form ; but, at the request of several friends, who concur in thinking that a personal account of that eventful period, so memorable in the military annals of our country, may prove generally interesting, I have been induced, with some diffidence, to consent to its publication.

The narrative of the Connaught Rangers at the Battle of Inkermann was originally compiled by me—

from my journal, as well as from the statements of officers present with the regiment during the action—for the information of Mr. Kinglake, who introduced the purport of its contents into the Cabinet Edition of “The Invasion of the Crimea.” I am much indebted to him for the courteous permission, which has enabled me to place before my readers the excellent Map, which accompanied his graphic description of that battle.

The device on the cover of the book represents the badge on the breast-plate formerly worn by the officers of the “Connaught Rangers.”

N. S.

LONDON, *May*, 1878.

“ How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest  
By all their Country’s wishes blest !  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.”

W. COLLINS (A.D. 1746).

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### CHAPTER I.

*April 4th to May 27th, 1854.*

BEFORE commencing the narrative contained in these pages, I will review briefly the causes which led to the war between Great Britain and Russia during the years 1854-5-6.

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I.  
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Nearly forty years had elapsed since England had been engaged in a war in Europe ; and, with the exception of occasional campaigns in distant lands, this country had enjoyed the blessings of an uninterrupted peace during that period ; meanwhile our commercial relations with other countries had considerably increased, and the prosperity of England appeared to be rapidly progressing.

// But in 1853 a threatening cloud was arising in the East, which was destined to cast a temporary shade over this country. The Russian Emperor, following the traditional policy of his predecessors, had long regarded the acquisition of Constantinople with a covetous eye, and only awaited a favourable opportunity for the accomplishment of his ambitious design.

On the ground of religion the Czar soon found an

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excuse for provoking the hostility of the Porte. Early in 1853 an obscure dispute between some Greek and Latin monks—about the exclusive possession of the “Holy Places” in Palestine—served to afford a plausible pretext for the Emperor Nicholas to demand the control over all members of the Greek Church, residing in the Turkish dominions; a demand which the Turkish Government very naturally rejected; consequently a Russian force took possession of the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, but suffered a severe defeat by the Turkish troops, under Omar Pasha, at the battle of Oltenitza in November, 1854.

Russia was now fairly involved in a war with the Porte, and the Czar seemed to reckon upon the connivance of England, France, and Prussia for the successful accomplishment of his plans; but, while Prussia and Austria remained aloof, the policy of England was entirely opposed to Russia’s ambitious and unjustifiable designs upon Turkey; and France, equally jealous of the desire for territorial aggrandisement by which Russia’s motives were actuated, cordially united with Great Britain to restrain the ambition of that country. The Porte having claimed the assistance of England and France, the combined fleets of these two countries entered the Black Sea in January, 1854.

These are, briefly, the causes which led to the war in which England was about to engage; and the martial spirit of the British nation being now fairly roused, vigorous preparations were made for the approaching struggle, the duration and result of which no one could foretell.

In the month of February (1854) intimation was



received at the head-quarters of the 88th Connaught Rangers—then stationed at Bury, Lancashire—that the regiment was to form part of an expeditionary force about to be despatched to Turkey, and the commanding officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley) was instructed to recruit the regiment up to 1000 strong.

Meanwhile negotiations with Russia—continued during the previous winter—having entirely failed, England and France declared war against that country in March, 1854.

In the middle of March the Connaught Rangers—then detached at Bury, Burnley, and Ashton-under-Lyne—moved to Fulwood Barracks, Preston, with the view to forming the service and depôt companies, preparatory to embarkation. The ranks were rapidly completed to the required strength, receiving a very fine detachment of forty men from the 26th Cameromians, who proved to be a valuable acquisition to the regiment. The depôt, consisting of two companies, with Captains Holme and Stopford, Lieutenant Dunning, and Ensigns Grace, Copley, and Webb, went to Burnley; and Ensign Maule was appointed Adjutant *vice* Dunning.

We now anxiously awaited final instructions respecting our future movements; and in April we received sudden orders to embark for the East, and on the 4th of that month we left Preston for Liverpool at 9.30 A.M. by a special train.

The night before we marched from Preston we had about 150 men absent from tattoo: as a precautionary measure the commanding officer caused a party of a

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sergeant and twelve privates, belonging to the depôt, to be told off in waiting to complete our numbers, if necessary ; but these absentees all turned up the following morning, and *every man was present when the regiment embarked*, the sergeant and his twelve men returning to the depôt, much to their disgust.

Before the regiment marched out of barracks at Preston, the Colonel formed square and addressed us, saying, "that he never felt prouder in his life, *not a man absent from embarkation* ; and that he hoped we should add three or four more *jaw-breaking* names to the engagements placed on our colours, feeling confident that the 'Rangers' of the present day would prove equal to the 'Rangers' of the Peninsular War." The gallant Colonel also thanked the men for their excellent conduct, and seemed highly gratified at this evidence of the strong feeling of *esprit de corps* which animated the regiment.

We reached Liverpool about eleven A.M., where we were most enthusiastically received in our progress through the town ; the dense crowds cheered us vociferously, and the windows and balconies were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs ; as we marched along the streets an old woman, stepping out of the crowd, knelt down before the colours and blessed them.

The day fortunately was very fine ; and we embarked on board the Cunard steamer *Niagara* (Captain Leitch), about noon, 943 souls, besides the crew.\*

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\* Marching-out state, 88th Regiment, April 4th, 1854 :—

| Officers. | Sergeants. | Band. | Drummers, &c. | R. & F. | Total. |
|-----------|------------|-------|---------------|---------|--------|
| 32        | 39         | 20    | 10            | 810     | 911    |

besides women allowed to accompany their husbands.

The following officers embarked with the regiment :—

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|                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley.   | Lieutenant Ernst.          |
| Major Jeffreys.               | „ Baynes.                  |
| Captain and Bt.-Major Mackie. | „ Steevens.                |
| Captain Sawrey.               | „ Wray.                    |
| „ G. V. Maxwell.              | „ Grogan.                  |
| „ Norton.                     | „ Riley.                   |
| „ Brown.                      | Ensign and Adjutant Maule. |
| „ Bayley.                     | Ensign Henning.            |
| „ E. H. Maxwell.              | „ Browne.                  |
| „ Hon. J. J. Bourke.          | „ Beresford.               |
| Lieutenant Burke.             | „ Radcliffe.               |
| „ Crosse.                     | Paymaster Belfield.        |
| „ Corbett.                    | Quartermaster Moore.       |
| „ Maynard.                    | Surgeon Moore.             |
| „ Gore.                       | Assistant-Surgeon Shegog.  |
| „ Mauleverer.                 | „ Williams.                |

We left Liverpool at three A.M. on the 5th, and at noon we passed Holyhead, the lighthouse signalling, “A prosperous voyage and beat the Russians.” The weather was very fine and the sea as calm as a duck-pond.

Our quartermaster (Moore), who had served in many campaigns in India, observed that many of us, who had been cheering to-day, would never see “Old England” again—a prediction which, alas! proved too true.

The band played on the deck in the evening, and we saw the last of “Old England” just before sunset. The following morning we were off the Scilly Isles, though out of sight of land; the wind having changed, we had more swell than on the previous day, which tended to raise grave doubts in the minds of many, regarding their merits as good sailors. During the day we spoke the *Duke of Roxburgh*, homeward bound, and signalled to her, “War declared—troops on board.”

At noon on the 7th we were 157 miles off Cape

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Finisterre, and several swallows came on board during the day—a sign of land being near.

One of our sergeants (Jones) died suddenly in the evening; the following day the poor fellow was consigned to his watery grave: a funeral at sea is even a more solemn and impressive scene than it is on land.

During the voyage I shared a cabin with my captain, and was very comfortable.

About three A.M. on the 8th we were off Cape Finisterre, but a thick haze prevented the land from being seen. A few whales and sharks came near the vessel, and many sail were in sight as the fog cleared.

Throughout our voyage our days were passed very similarly. Being generally up at seven, many took a stroll on deck to sharpen the appetite for breakfast at nine; after which the deck was again resorted to as the promenade. After lunching at noon, the time was passed, by some, in whist, chess, or backgammon; and, by others, in a book, or in endeavouring to make out a sail in the hazy distance. Besides this, we had the usual routine of military duties on board ship.

The band played on deck every evening, after which the men amused themselves with dancing, singing, or listening to the witty anecdotes of some long-winded Pat-landers.

The so-called “Ladies’ Cabin” was frequently the evening resort of a few of us, who wished to be quiet, either to write or (reclining on a velvet couch) read a book.

We passed Cape St. Vincent at one P.M. on the 9th: a

fine, bold, rocky coast. On this lofty point stood a lighthouse and convent. Later in the day we met a French man-of-war steam brig. We passed her very close, giving three cheers, which the French sailors returned, their captain standing on the paddle-box, waving his cap. It occurred to us as singular that, nearly forty-nine years previously, the British and French fleets had been engaged in a bloody battle near this same spot.\* The clearness of the day enabled us to have a good view of the coast.

To-day being Sunday, we had Divine Service on deck at ten A.M., when our Colonel officiated, with a drum as his desk.

During the night we signalled with blue lights to a steamer, supposed to be one of the P. and O. boats, *Melita*.

We passed Gibraltar about ten on the morning of the 10th. The weather was very misty, with a stiff easterly wind. On entering the Straits we spoke the *Manilla* screw steamer.

The coast on each side is mountainous, and very rocky. We saw Tangiers, Tarifa (with its little fort and lighthouse), Algeiras, San Roque, and Ceuta—the latter a Spanish fort on the African side. As we passed Gibraltar we signalled, "*Niagara*—Troops—88." The Rock rises majestically from the sea, with its strongly-fortified town at its foot. On the African coast, opposite Gibraltar, Ape Hill rose out of the sea to the height of several thousand feet. We passed

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\* The memorable Battle of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805.

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a great many Spanish and Genoese vessels, some with the lateen sails peculiar to the Mediterranean. The weather now became very hot, and a disagreeable hot wind, called Sirocco, blew to-day. We went within thirty miles of the African coast, which rose up from the sea with lofty and cloud-capped mountains, presenting a very fine and bold appearance; and on the evening of the 11th we passed about four miles from Algiers, and saw the light.

On the 13th we were off Cape Bon, 180 miles from Malta. Here we passed close to a French vessel called the *Etienne*, No. 113 Transport, and gave them three cheers.

In the afternoon we were off the mountainous island of Pantellaria, with its prettily situated town and cultivated hills, producing olives and grapes. It is said to be volcanic in formation, containing a fathomless lake in the centre. We were sufficiently close to distinguish the houses. The island is about twenty miles long, and at this time contained 5000 inhabitants, and belonged to Sardinia; distant from Malta 140 miles. As we progressed we were much struck with the beautiful blue colour of the sea.

At two A.M. on the 14th we entered Malta harbour. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we anchored in Commercial Creek, having completed our voyage, so far, in nine days and twenty-two hours. We found that many regiments had left for Gallipoli, leaving in garrison the 9th, 62nd, 68th, the "Bufs," and the "Guards." I landed in the afternoon with our Adjutant and some others, and explored the "city of palaces," as

Valetta is called; but, as it was Good Friday, the shops were unfortunately all closed. Having completed the dirty operation of coaling, we left Malta at midnight for Gallipoli. It blew very fresh during the night, and the sea was rather rough, which considerably thinned our numbers at breakfast next morning.

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At noon on Sunday, the 16th, we sighted the Morea, and passed Cape Matapan in the evening. The scenery here was very beautiful, with gigantic snow-capped mountains rising majestically from the sea, and villages picturesquely scattered among them. About nine P.M. we passed Cerigo and Cape St. Angelo, where, it was said, a hermit resided who, in former times, used to keep watch for the pirates of these seas against the approach of men-of-war.

This morning we were delayed for half an hour, the engine having become overheated in consequence of coal-dust getting into the machinery, and water was pumped upon it for some time.

On the morning of the 17th we were off Negropont. It was a most beautiful day, the sea quite calm, and we had a fine view of this mountainous island; and as, during the day, we progressed through the Archipelago, we were much struck with the beauty and grandeur of the magnificent scenery, which was much enhanced by the mountains on the different islands being covered with snow. We could observe, however, but few habitations and little cultivation, though numerous windmills covered the tops of some of the hills.

This was the calmest day of our voyage, but it became colder as we now steered northward. We

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sighted the Island of Mitylene just as the setting sun was lighting up, with a rich glow of crimson, the numerous islands, which seemed as if rising out of a sea of fire. As we could not enter the Dardanelles after dark, we anchored between the Island of Tenedos and the mainland.

Soon after dawn on the 18th we passed the snugly situated town of Tenedos and Besika Bay, and entered the fortified mouth of the Dardanelles. The shore on each side was flat and uninteresting, except where a village gave signs of cultivation, or a fort, bristling with guns, frowned upon us. We saw Turkish troops in the various batteries, and met numerous small vessels, the crews loudly cheering us : even the Turks shouted out “ Hurrah ! ”

The morning was very calm and cloudless, and the clear day enabled us to see the distant mountains of Asia, all covered with snow.

After a delightful steam of three hours we reached Gallipoli, a miserable-looking place, near which several British regiments—under the command of General Sir George Brown—were encamped, and also about 22,000 of the French Army. We were told that when the latter disembarked here, they had boats in abundance, as well as mules and waggons ready for them ; whereas some of our regiments could not disembark for want of boats, neither could they obtain mules nor waggons for the transport of baggage, &c. The vessel was soon surrounded by boats from shore, but none of us were allowed to land, of course ; fancy one of our men—in the generosity of his heart—offering *a piece of*



*pork* to a *Turk* who came on board! We received the order to proceed to Scutari with three hearty cheers, and left Gallipoli at two P.M. Just as we were getting under way, a Turk alongside managed to get his boat under one of the paddle-wheels; we thought he must have been drowned, when, much to our surprise, he appeared out of the top of the paddle-box, wet and frightened, having scrambled up the wheel.

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Lieutenant James Burke, R.E.\* (brother of one of our officers, Lieutenant J. Burke), came on board here, and accompanied us to Scutari. Off Gallipoli were twelve French men-of-war, among them the *Napoleon*. The narrowest part of the Dardanelles is about a mile wide, with a fort on each side, *à fleur d'eau*.

Early on the morning of the 19th we arrived at Constantinople, after a delightful passage of fourteen days from Liverpool. We were very fortunate in having such an excellent commander as Captain Leitch, who did everything he could to make the voyage comfortable, both to officers and men; we afterwards presented him with a piece of plate, as a mark of esteem.†

About two P.M. we landed at Scutari, and were quartered—with the 33rd, 41st, 47th, 49th, and 77th—in the Turkish barracks, which were situated on a hill

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\* Killed at Rustchuk, July 9th, 1854.

† One considerate act on the part of Captain Leitch deserves to be recorded. He caused a barrel of biscuit to be always open and accessible to all ranks, under charge of a sentry to prevent waste. The men used to help themselves, instead of having the regular ration of biscuit, and this arrangement gave general satisfaction.

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overhanging the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, and commanding a fine panoramic view of the picturesque city of Constantinople, and the distant mountainous scenery of Asia Minor. I slept on the floor the first night, and very cold I found it; but my slumbers were sound. The barracks were built of stone—white-washed—and square in form, enclosing a large parade-ground; the building was two stories in height, with a continuous wide and lofty corridor round each story, on the side overlooking the quadrangle.\*

Close to the barracks was the Mosque of Suleiman, belonging to a sect of Mahomedans called the “Howling Dervishes;” at certain hours the priest (called Mufti) used to appear in the gallery of one of the minarets, or towers, inviting “the faithful” to prayer; presenting a singular effect when several mosques were together.

The town of Scutari, like every other Turkish town which I saw, looked like a place in decay; the inhabitants lazy, indolent, and apathetic, and all attempt at improvement apparently disregarded. I was quartered with my captain (M.) and his other subaltern (G. R. B.) in the barracks; there was a raised platform (called a divan, on which the Turks sit, or recline, and smoke their chibouques) at one end of the room, covered with cushions of a very dirty description, and of which we were exceedingly glad to get rid. From our windows we had a very extensive view of the open ground

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\* These barracks were subsequently used as a hospital, well known as the scene of the devoted labours of Miss Florence Nightingale.

where we afterwards encamped, passing along which were now to be seen bearded Turks, starved-looking mules, and various specimens of humanity in every kind of costume. On this spot we had frequent brigade-drills under our Brigadier-General, Colonel Adams, 49th Regiment. Beyond this was the Turkish military hospital—a large red-brick building standing above the Sea of Marmora—with the lofty, snow-covered mountains of Asia Minor skirting the horizon.

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On the 22nd I paid my first visit to the other side of the water, in company with a brother officer. What we are accustomed to call Constantinople is divided into three parts; one, called Stamboul, is the purely Turkish portion—containing the mosques of St. Sophia and of Sultan Achmet, the Bazaar, and the old Seraglio—and is separated from Galata (the Jewish portion) and from Pera (the Frank portion) by an arm of the Bosphorus, called “The Golden Horn.” We crossed from Scutari to Stamboul in a caïque, or boat peculiar to the country, in the stern of which we reclined on a cushion, and were rapidly pulled across by two Greeks, fine handsome-looking fellows, in fez-caps, loose white trousers and shirts, who, after the manner of Mussulmen, took off their shoes on entering the boat.

Landing at Stamboul we wended our way to the Bazaar (or place where the shops are), gathering, as we went, a motley train of importunate Greeks calling out, “Terjuman (*i.e.* interpreter) Johnny,” and offering to act as guides; though always ready to cheat, they are a very necessary evil to those unacquainted with the place.

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The picturesque appearance which Stamboul presented, when viewed from a distance, was entirely dispelled when we landed and elbowed our way through its narrow, dirty streets, paved with cobble-stones, full of holes, and crowded with horses, mules, Turks, priests, Armenians, &c. &c.

We frequently met a rickety conveyance gaudily painted and bedizened, containing a bundle of bright-coloured clothes, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a Turkish lady, with her face covered with a yashmâk, or veil, which left nothing visible but the eyes; but in some—where the veil was thin—a handsome but pale face might be seen. Turkish porters, called hamal, carrying enormous bundles on their backs, ran against us at every corner, an occurrence rendered the more frequent through our ignorance of the Turkish mode of saying “By yer leave.”

After wending our way through a labyrinth of lanes (for they deserve no other name), we reached the Bazaar, consisting of several covered streets at right-angles to each other, all being similarly narrow, dirty, and crowded. Each street is devoted to the sale of one description of article; for instance, in one would be seen nothing but slippers and shoes; in another, shawls or pipes; and so on.

On a platform, in front of each shop, was seated the bearded proprietor, offering to sell his goods, and quite ready to cheat, too; a result which our ignorance of the language rendered inevitable.

After wandering about the place—half-stifled with heat and nearly choked with dust—we crossed over

the Golden Horn by the bridge of boats which connected Stamboul with Galata and Pera. To stand on this bridge and to watch the motley crowd which passed along, somewhat reminded me of a theatrical scene : Turks, Greeks, Arabs, men, women, and children thronged along, in their various costumes, some of which made our scarlet coats appear sombre ; here a very handsomely dressed Turk on horseback—his horse led by a groom, and followed by his chibouque-ji, or pipe-bearer—there a dervish, or a Bashi-Bazouk armed to the teeth ; and so on in rapid succession.

We found that Galata closely resembled Stamboul in its narrow and ill-paved streets, with the same heat and disagreeable smells, and equally crowded with various obstructions. We were very glad to hurry through this noisome locality and proceed to Pera, inhabited by English, French, and Greeks ; containing very good shops of various kinds, several hotels, and also the residences of the different ambassadors.

Almost every Turk that passed us carried a long pipe (called chibouque), which, when not in use, was placed inside the back of his coat, with the bowl uppermost.

We ended our day at a Turkish restaurant, where we smoked chibouques and narghilis (another kind of pipe), drank delicious coffee, and had the infliction of listening to a monotonous song by a Turk, accompanied by a jingling guitar, called bulgarrha.

I was told an anecdote to-day, showing the Turk's opinion of the British soldier. A Turk, while looking on during the disembarkation of one of our regiments,

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was heard to say : " They are the finest men I ever saw, and hold up their heads well ; *but they will all run away, they cannot fight like the Turks.*"

In the Bosphorus, between Scutari and Pera, stands a tower, called Leander's Tower, which (says tradition) was built by some Sultan as a refuge for his beautiful daughter, who, it was foretold, would die from the bite of an animal. She, however, was not safe here, but died from the sting of an asp, conveyed to her, in a bouquet, by her lover. It was a favourite joke of one of our officers to endeavour to force this old story upon us (as a new anecdote) upon each occasion of crossing, quietly saying : " Did you ever hear that interesting story about that tower ?" until the question became quite a saying with us.

On the 23rd I crossed over to Pera with two others, and went to a Greek fair outside the town ; it abounded in dancers, jugglers, &c., with numerous spectators in every variety of costume ; in the midst of all this bustle a Greek funeral was going on, but all around seemed quite indifferent to it. We dined at the Hotel d'Angleterre (Missèri's), and went to the Opera, where we heard "*Rigoletto* ;" afterwards (with the aid of a Turkish lantern) we blundered over the rough stones and through the dark streets, where we were attacked on all sides by innumerable dogs, which we could only keep off by brandishing our swords.\* At last we reached Tophana—where the Turkish

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\* The dogs were a perfect plague, infesting in hundreds both Stamboul, Pera, Galata, and Scutari ; being the scavengers of these places, and also being held sacred, the Turks never molested them ;

Arsenal is—and crossed thence to Scutari in a caique ; reclining on its soft cushion we skimmed along the dark waters of the Bosphorus with our feeble light ; all darkness around, save the circle of lamps round the gallery of each minaret.

The 7th Fusiliers disembarked on the 22nd, and on the 23rd Sir De Lacy Evans arrived in the *City of London*, and assumed command of the garrison.

The following day the 95th Regiment disembarked, and encamped with the 33rd and 77th Regiments.

In the evening a ball was given at the Austrian Embassy, Pera, to which three officers per regiment, who could speak French and dance, were invited ; although I could do a little of both I did not go, having no *dancing-pumps* and little inclination.

On the 25th, the 23rd (Fusiliers) landed, and were encamped with the other regiments. In the afternoon, my friend G. and I repaired to a Turkish bath opposite the barracks, where, for the first time, we underwent the long, parboiling, and somewhat fatiguing process, interspersed with pipes and coffee, the usual accompaniment to every undertaking in Turkey ; after this I assisted in marking out the ground for our future encampment.

There now being nine infantry regiments in Scutari, the following brigades were formed, viz. :—

The 7th, 23rd, 33rd, under Brigadier-General Sir Colin Campbell.

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but when they became too numerous a large number of them was packed off to one of the small islands in the Sea of Marmora with three days' provisions.

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The 41st, 47th, 49th, under Brigadier-General Adams (49th Regiment).

The 77th, 88th, 95th, under Brigadier-General Pennefather.

General Adams' brigade was nicknamed the *Flea-bitten* Brigade, having suffered much in the *thickly populated* Turkish barracks; that of General Pennefather was called the "Yellow Brigade," the three regiments having yellow facings.

At this time we all thought it would be a very good thing when the troops were moved from this place, as the drunkenness was becoming something beyond conception; but all seemed delayed through the commissariat department not yet being properly arranged, and confusion and mismanagement appeared to be the general order of things.

On the morning of the 26th we left the barracks, and encamped about a mile and a half off, in a position quite by ourselves, situated on the side of a hill, whence there was a beautiful view of the entrance to the Bosphorus, together with Stamboul and its many minarets. This was the commencement of our camping life in the East, and our daily occupations presented but little variety. Division- or brigade-drills took place almost every morning, after which the day was passed generally in a visit to Pera, &c., or in exploring the vicinity of the camp.

On the 27th the whole Division was formed up to receive the Seraskier-Pasha, or Turkish commander-in-chief. Three battalions of Guards having arrived, our line consisted of twelve regiments.



The Seraskier kept us waiting nearly an hour; meanwhile, with opened ranks, we were standing in the pouring rain, which was driven into our faces, and proved as detrimental to our tempers as it was to our coats; to lessen our discomfort the line was "faced about;" whilst standing at ease in this position a Pat in the front rank remarked to a comrade in the rear rank—

"Shure this is no way to receive a giniral officer, with our backs to him."

At last the stout Turk arrived, and with such an escort too!—a few slovenly-looking soldiers on small, half-starved steeds, accompanied by a few others on foot carrying firelocks. After marching past we returned to camp.

On the morning of the 28th we were, much to our disgust, removed from our beautifully situated camping-ground (to be replaced by the brigade of Guards), and were placed next the 7th (Fusiliers). In front of us was a Turkish cemetery, said to extend nearly three miles, with a thick plantation of cypress-trees, and covered with tombstones having quaint-looking turbans carved on the top of each; the wind blowing through the cypress-trees gave forth a very mournful sound. To our right the Guards were encamped on our former position, and, in the far distance, were to be seen the lofty mountains of Asia Minor, of which Mount Olympus (nearly eighty miles distant) was the most conspicuous, covered with snow.

Being up very early, we generally breakfasted at eight; our dinner-hour was seven P.M., and bedtime

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about nine ; rather different hours to those of a life at home. On the 22nd the bombardment of Odessa took place, and we heard the news to-day.

Lord Raglan arrived on the 29th, and we were all anxiety to learn our future movements. Every day was busily passed in the purchase of bât-ponies, &c., and in making sundry preparations for a campaign. I had not yet invested in pony-flesh, but was on the look-out.

After a drill one morning, our Brigadier (Pennefather) made us a speech, saying, "how proud he should feel did an opportunity offer of leading three such fine regiments into the field ; that the best-behaved brigade would be the first to start, and it was his cordial wish that we might lead the way." On another occasion he said he should be happy if he only saw a Russian name on our colours.

We had plenty of rain about this time, which tested our tents, and mine proved as leaky as the rest. The officers were formed into messes by companies ; mine consisted of my captain and his two subalterns. Our daily rations now were one pound of beef and a pound and a half of brown bread.

The women, who accompanied their husbands, were in a pitiable condition now that we were under canvas ; it was all very well when they were in barracks, but in camp no provision had been made for them, and numbers of them were living in miserable hovels made of mats, which the rain penetrated as easily as if they were sieves, and the weather was very cold.

Our chaplain having arrived, Divine Service for

the brigade took place at eleven A.M. every Sunday.

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On the 30th I saw about 500 Bashi-Bazouks—a kind of native cavalry—called Zeibeks, pass the camp, headed by a primitive band of three drums, which the musicians (?) played while holding the reins in their mouths; they consisted of men belonging to tribes in the interior and near Smyrna, who came to offer their services to the Sultan. Their strength was 2000, and among them some of the greatest villains in the world, who pillaged and burned villages, besides committing every other kind of enormity. They were fine-looking men, armed to the teeth with pistols, carbines, &c., and carrying also a long spear, called djereed, which they wielded with great facility; they rode on small, well-trained horses, and showed them off by galloping full-speed, brandishing the spear over their heads, and suddenly pulling up. Their various and brilliant costumes gave them a very picturesque appearance.

In the beginning of May the Light Division was formed under the command of General Sir George Brown, consisting of two brigades, viz.—

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*1st Brigade*—7th, 23rd, 33rd Regiments, and the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade under Brigadier-General Airey.

*2nd Brigade*—19th, 77th, 88th Regiments, under Brigadier-General Buller.

We were much amused at the following occurrence, which, it was said, took place while the regiments were in barracks; it appeared that a gallant colonel was quartered in rooms called “the Sultan’s,” and conse-

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quently held sacred. One day some pasha came to pay his respects ; having made his salaam at the door, and taken off his shoes according to the Mahomedan custom, he entered the apartment, when—what did he see!—the colonel frying pork, the Mussulman's abhorrence.

On the evening of the 4th May a fire broke out in Stamboul, destroying 500 houses. The sea was brilliantly illuminated with the bright light, and the city resounded with the voices of the muftis (priests) calling "the faithful" to prayer, bugles blowing, and other signals, together with the howling of innumerable dogs. One noise puzzled us ; it proved to be a mode of alarm which the Turkish policemen—called Zaptis—adopt, by striking their staves on the ground. This tapping sound, in every direction, had a singular effect.

We observed that the number of dogs had perceptibly diminished since the arrival of the British troops, especially in Scutari, where, if a dog saw a red coat, he was off like a shot ; our barrack square used to be full of them at first, but numbers were killed by the soldiers. In Stamboul the lazy brutes lay sleeping in the streets, not stirring for man or beast ; in fact, whenever we rode there, our Turkish ponies used to step over them. The weather at this time was very changeable ; in the morning it was exceedingly hot, and sometimes in the afternoon it became cold, with violent showers of rain.

The 93rd (Highlanders) and 2nd Battalion R. B. arrived on the 6th from Gallipoli, together with General Sir George Brown and Brigadier-Generals Airey and Buller ; we were all very sorry to lose our first Briga-

dier (Pennefather)—a thorough soldier. Troops and stores continued to arrive every day. The commissariat arrangements seemed far from being complete, by all accounts; it was calculated that 20,000 mules were required for the conveyance of the extra infantry ammunition alone, and as yet the department had purchased *fifteen* only. At this time our brigade was frequently marched into the country, and exercised in outlying pickets and patrols. Sometimes we did not return to camp until late in the afternoon, after a hot day's work.

We greatly felt the want of books to read; the few that could be purchased were trashy novels, and very dear.

On the 7th about 200 natives, on foot, with fez and turbans on, passed the camp, preceded by a band of one pipe and two drums, which made a hideous noise; they were volunteers for the Turkish army, and, though very ragged, they were fine-looking men.

One day I crossed over to Stamboul with a brother sub. (J. W.), and saw a Turkish infantry regiment embarking for the seat of war. A band of harsh brass instruments played during the embarkation, but as each musician appeared to play no particular tune—in whatever time he pleased—and to enjoy the same freedom in the selection of key, the discord was painfully excruciating.

We were much astonished at seeing one of the Turkish officers enforce his orders by *belabouring* his subordinates *with a stick*—a novel method according to our English ideas of discipline.

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We then strolled about the Sultan's old seraglio, at this time unoccupied, inspecting every corner, until ordered back by the sentries. We afterwards walked through the labyrinth of streets, and saw the large mosque of St. Sophia, once a Christian church where St. Chrysostom preached. From one spot we had a very good general view of Constantinople.

Having procured a *caïque* we proceeded along the smooth waters of the Golden Horn; it was beautifully cool on the water, and we enjoyed the change from the hot and dusty streets. The Golden Horn was covered with *caïques* of every description, filled with gaily-dressed Turkish holiday-makers, wending their way to the "Valley of the Sweet Waters" (Turkish, *Tâtli Sû*), a spot where two rivers flow into the Golden Horn, and a great lounge for the Turkish nobs and snobs every Friday—the Mahomedan Sabbath. As we approached the valley the stream narrowed and became very serpentine; the banks on either side were covered with groups of people, mostly women, clad in their brilliant-coloured cloaks (*ferijeh*), their pale faces covered with a *yashmâk* (veil) up to the eyes, and their nails stained purple with henna; some of them carried bright-coloured parasols—amber, pink, scarlet, &c. Occasionally we saw groups of women and children singing wild kind of songs, accompanied by a tom-tom (drum) and a twanging guitar (*bulgarrha*). Each turn of the river presented a new scene, which, with the varied colours of the different costumes and the fineness of the day, appeared like a picture in some fairy tale. At length we reached the fashionable promenade, a secluded grassy