

THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA.

The *Craon* Czar asserts the following to be the general position of the Russian Crimean Army:—

"It occupies a line, fortified by art and nature, forming a half-circle round the allied positions, from the north to the south, and including the forts of the harbour near to Likoeman and Mackenzie, to the defiles of the Tchari Dagh. The Russian forces are posted in three bodies behind this line, fronting the south (except those facing Eupatoria and the northern communications).

"The right wing is posted on the north side, and the *Svernaya*, *Catharine*, *Constantine*, and *Telegraph* forts. The left holds the fortified camp, consisting of the *Telegraph*, *Cherkesk*, *Kermann*, and the sources of the *Belbek* and *Yalta* mountains. The reserves are at *Bakchli-Saria* and *Simpferopol*. Detachments are detached to keep up communications between the main body and the forts in the north and in the Crimea. That is, one observing *Kerch*, with its left leaning upon *Arabat* and its right on *Kaiffa*; a second watches *Eupatoria*; and the third, and strongest, amounting to 20,000, holds the coast. The Russians have two more corps, the one by the one by *Percep*, the other by *Telengor*, on the *Putrid Sea*."

USAGE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 28.—The Emperor Alexander has issued the following ukase:—

"Every month of actual presence in the garrisons of Sebastopol, in the north and in the forts shall be considered equivalent to a year's service, and ensure the following privileges:—1st, generals, staff and superior officers, and likewise officials in the civil service, to wear their uniforms on entering into private life; 2d, to wear then the *Order* of St. Vladimir, 4th class, and the *Scarf* for the service of 25 years (any one of them who had served 14 years when the siege commenced receives it once they are discharged); 3d, pensions for themselves and families upon superannuation; officers, military or civil, to receive additional rank (every grade in Russia has to be filled for a normal period of three to four years, to be followed by special distinctions only; non-commissioned officers and privates will accordingly not enjoy this final promotion); 5th, surgeons to receive pensions and increase of pay (with certain modifications); 6th, police officials to have higher salaries; 7th, persons holding inferior employment will not have their punishments and penalties for minor offences recorded against them when discharged; 8th, indefinite furlough (but not till the war is over)."

There are three more regulations for private soldiers, respecting their pay and medals. Every day spent in the north side of Sebastopol beyond a calendar month is to be deemed equivalent to twelve days. The same regulations follow, respecting the *Order* of St. Vladimir.

The Emperor orders, in another ukase, the re-organisation of the head military school, and the formation of three special military academies.

Under order of course cloths, whether grey or of any other colour, by the land frontiers of Poland and Russia in Europe.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S VISIT TO OEDESSA.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes the two following letters from Odessa:—
Odessa, Sept. 21.—The Grand Duke Constantine is expected here to-morrow; he will be met at the station by the Count Stackelberg, Russian military envoy at Vienna, and Count Bendendorff, who fills the same functions at Berlin, passed through here yesterday on their way to Nicolaiév, where the Emperor is expected to-morrow. General Goltzhen, whose wounds are not quite healed yet, is expected here shortly. The first detachments of the Militia of the Empire, of Moscow, have arrived at Odessa. A great deal of anxiety is felt here on account of the embarkation of the considerable number of French troops at Kamiesch and Balaklava. Our garrison is also under arms. The coast bristles with guns and mortars; but the most bitter fears are entertained for Nicolaiév, in which place a large number of cannon have been sent recently.

PHILOSOPHY OF SEBASTOPOL.

Existence is everything to the creature to whom the possession belongs. I have heard that there are wisemen who say the external world is altogether a fancy, and that it is the internal sense which entertains the imagination; that above is a fact. I do not know how far this is true, but I have, but I must say, if this be true, that I have lately seen fancy dealing with fact in a very rough way in Crim-Tartary, where I have been studying metaphysics. When fancy has had her head steered man's fancy, cannot by gunpowder, metaphysical facts fall down in a strange way before them. I am just home invalided. Dysentery has done for me more than the bullet and the sword; and I have returned to my native land with a broken and shattered frame. I have, however, seen strange things, and have earned something for myself beyond half-penny—namely, the right to talk about what everybody is glad to listen to.

One of the most surprising pieces of experience I have witnessed is what I have living amidst scenes of conflict and violence, is the extraordinary indifference with which men soon come to regard personal risk when danger is continually around them. The gratification of what I have termed some spice of barbarism in this indifference. I do not think it is so readily entertained by those who have a high sense of the privilege and value of life, as it is by those who have few objects in view beyond the gratification of their passions. For a man, courage becomes a matter of calculation. Men, when they prize their lives highly on account of the capacities they feel to be within them, are capable of acts of great heroism; and when a high ambition is before them; but they will not encounter the chance of destruction for a straw; those, on the other hand, who have not learned to cast up accounts with themselves, will as soon face the cannon's mouth for the most trifling advantage as for the most important achievement. This, no doubt, is coldness; my own observation has induced me to hesitate as to whether I would accord to it the more dignified appellation of courage. In the majority of cases in which it occurs the man is not a coward, but he is unconvinced the coolness is born of indifference rather than of bravery; and, in support of this opinion, I adduce some incidents I have witnessed myself.

Soon after the Allied armies had taken up their positions to the south of Sebastopol, green coffee began to be served out to the British troops. After a few days of hesitation and consideration, some adventurous fellows ventured to interfere with their assuaging upon the earthenness of the fort, and of their labours at the trenches, planned an attack upon the scarcely less formidable green berries. They contrived to roseth them in the tops of their canteens, and then set up extemporaneous coffee-mills, by polling round shot over the dried berries laid upon pieces of stone. In this way they managed so far to crush the coffee as to make it defenceless to hot-water; but so soon as the rumour of this culinary success was spread, the berries were all at once rose in value; and when a Russian shot was seen hurling through the air, I have known a dozen stalwart fellows start for it, their eyes fixed upon it during its descent, and their hearts beating, rather than a messenger of destruction and death; and lucky did he think himself who was nearest to it when it buried itself in the ground, perhaps just beneath his feet. At first, in their haste and inexperience, these amateur inventors were not a little liable to the mistake of running for a shell, in place of a round shot; and I have heard, in the excitement of the moment, a burst of laughter and shout of merriment echo through the air from their comrades, when a round shot has been pointed out by half-a-dozen of the adventurers being knocked over on their backs, maimed and bleeding from the bursting of the deadly missile.

After a few weeks' practice, the men became very expert in distinguishing shells by the flight of their tails, and in catching pretty good care not to run after them, when they did not present themselves unsought. But they still made very little of them when they did, just casting themselves down flat on the ground, and the explosion was over and the fragments were scattered. There

was one large shell, however, they never could get used to, which was fired from one particular mortar; this shell measured six inches across, and contained eighty-two pounds of gunpowder in its mischievous cavity. It was emitted from a raft that lay about 200 yards from the shore, and in forty seconds in its flight; first, a very perceptible whiff of white smoke burst out from the raft; then, on came the ponderous missile, turning over and over in its flight, and emitting a whistling noise; and just as it fell, a whistling noise; and just as it fell, it fell on the ground, with the force of fifty tons concentrated in its impact, bursting with a tremendous explosion at the instant. The fragments of this shell were scattered, and some more than 200 yards in all directions; it therefore never could be looked upon in the light of an agreeable neighbour—a quarter of a mile was by no means respectable as a distance from it. In consequence of this striking note, this mortar *horrendum mirabile* was christened *Whistling Dick*; and when men were sent to look for the white whiff of smoke from the floating-raft, whenever parties were engaged upon the works within its range, the whistling noise was not only alarming, raised, and the men rushed to the shelter of the nearest lock or embankment within their reach.

A hole or pit dug hastily into the ground is the first rudiment of a protective work. Several such expedients are made during the hours of darkness, in advance of the foremost trench; and from four to six rifle-men are sent to occupy each. One of these men is kept constantly on the look-out, above the edge of the pit, ready to give the alarm, should any danger be presented to his eye; the rest of the party while away the long hours, in the absence of any stirring excitement got up in their behalf by the enemy, the best way they can. They are completely sheltered from the effects of round shot, and even shells fall and burst within a yard of their lurking-place without working them any harm. If, however, one of these explosive spheres lights, by an unlucky chance, quite within the hole, or so close to it as to be a whole. Yet the watching the descent of the shells that fly in their direction, seems to afford rather a pleasurable excitement than otherwise. I have often heard remarks to the effect, that a mortar shell is the most perfect nonchalance, which had for their point the probable safe arrival of one of these deadly missiles, that seemed to be coming straight for the speculator down from the clouds. It is no unusual thing for small shells to be sent flying over so far off some shell will fall. Wagers as to the course overlaid of round shot were amongst the common resources to which the little garrisons of these rifle-pits turned for amusement. The passage of a ball to the right or the left of the vertical edifice determined the pipe in which a last charge of the precious weed should be smoked. The scenes in these holes are, however, sometimes of the most painful kind. I remember one of these unfortunate fellows, who was in a pit as large as a round table, and six feet deep, and which was entirely isolated from all friendly aid during the continuance of daylight. Of this party, two were suffering from severe dysentery, a third was mortally ill, and the fourth, who had had his eye knocked out by a splinter produced by a cannon-ball.

Upon one occasion, I chanced to be in a pit advanced to within 80 or 100 yards of one of the Russian works. At this time the British soldiers were not a little annoyed that the top of a feather could not be shown for a moment above the embankment without a dozen rifle-balls whizzing past. There was an officer with the party, but he was suffering so severely from dysentery that he had a long and a fainting fit, and in the state, with his head on the knees of one of the men. While in this sad predicament, the fancy seized him that if he could have some hot coffee it would at once revive him. He expressed this wish; and he was found to have a tin of coffee, but no wood or hand for the fire. Observing this difficulty, one of the privates remarked that he would soon furnish the wood. He seized a pickaxe, which had been used in the construction of the pit, and commenced chopping for the hole. Without the slightest hurry he

his department, he took his way to a tree that was situated on the ground about thirty yards to the rear of the position, and, with his back to the Russians, began leisurely to pick off chips with his axe. The enemy appeared to be staggered at first by the coolness of his bearing, but very soon a sudden storm of missiles poured in from all directions. With perfect unconcern, however, he continued, his operations and, wonderful to say, was untouched by the missiles. The Russians became more angry and eager, and most probably fired with less than their usual care and precision. At length they had a large gun upon the adventurous woodpecker, and three times a round shot rushed within a few inches of his head, and, conceivably, that he had made chips enough for his purpose; so he stopped down and gathered them together in the skirts of his long tattered coat, sauntered back through the leaden hail storm, and dropped into the pit with his usual coolness and perfect composure and infinite relief of his comrades, not seeming to have the slightest idea that he had done anything out of the usual way; and, indeed, I do not think the notion had ever occurred to any person in his mind what the risk was that he had volunteered to meet.

All the world knows that the naval service is quite as much marked by gallantry as the army. They also share with it the matter-of-fact character of the soldier. I am just now more particularly alluding to. On board ship, matters of ordinary routine often go on under fire, just as if the vessel were hundreds of miles away from the enemy. This was the case with the engagement of the forts of Sebastopol, in which the fleet bore a part, an officer of the *Rifles*, who was invalided, had been sent on board one of the small steamers to recruit. One of the first incidents of his repose, however, was his going with the vessel into the engagement. She was placed in circumstances of peculiar risk, for she had on board a large quantity of shells, which she had recently brought for the general service of the fleet, and the risk of her being struck was very great, as she was striking her sides. She bore her share in the action, and was at last ordered out of fire by the admiral. The invalided officer was standing by the bridge when the captain of the ship came down from his attack, and, touching the admiral, was directing the manœuvres. The steward came up to him at the instant, and touched his hat, with the announcement: 'dinner is on the table, sir.' The announcement was received with a due composure and indifference; afterwards the officers were at table discussing the merits of a fine boiled turkey, with the appropriate accompaniments, all of which had been prepared amidst the balls of the redoubtable fortress of Sebastopol.

A SKILLFUL MAREKMAN.—At agricultural dinner in Berkshire a day or two since, Colonel Vansittart, in returning thanks for the "Army and Navy," alluded to the exploits of Captain Goodlake, of the Coldstream Guards, the son of a Berkshire gentleman, who, during the siege of Sebastopol, distinguished himself by his marksmanship during a great part of the siege of Sebastopol, and said, "It was a service attended with great danger, but notwithstanding Captain Goodlake shot 75 Russians himself." In particular day he was engaged in the defence of the fort, when he had his 36 sharpshooters, when unexpectedly a large body of Russians came upon them. He turned round to his soldiers, and said, "We have got into a scrape; we must run and take care of ourselves; we must not be taken for the word." Just as he was about to do so, the captain of the Russians stepped out six paces in advance of his corps. Captain Goodlake did not know what it meant, but did the same. They advanced two paces that he was a common man, and fired a pistol, fired, but only touched Captain Goodlake's apparel, who forthwith fired and killed the Russian officer. He then called upon his men to fire a volley, which they did, and the Russians were driven back. The Russians in full retreat. Captain Goodlake had got a ring which he took from the Russian officer's finger, and which he (Colonel Vansittart) had worn himself. This anecdote, he thought, was an instance of excellence, and he thought it was a very good time, who used to meet in single combat."