

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_212801

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 826/M52L Accession No. 7370

Author Neville

Title Letters written from Turkey

This book should be returned on or before the date
last marked below.

and the cinema

23 FEB 1982

LETTERS

WRITTEN FROM

TURKEY AND THE CRIMEA.

18 5 4.

BY

HON. HENRY A. NEVILLE.

CAPTAIN GRENADIER GUARDS,

AND

HON. GREY NEVILLE

5TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

" Glowed their sad eyes when they heard tell
How gallantly their Brothers fell."

[NOT PUBLISHED.-]

LONDON:

ROBERT JOHN BUSH, 32, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

1870.

"BEFORE DECAY'S EFFACING FINGERS "
HAVE OBLITERATED
WHAT THEIRS ONCE TRACED,
THESE LETTERS OF TWO DEAR-BROTHERS ARE PRINTED,
AS A PRECIOUS MEMORIAL
FOR THOSE OF THEIR RACE
WHO HAD NOT THE HAPPINESS
OF KNOWING THEM IN LIFE.

L E T T E R S

WRITTEN FROM

TURKEY AND THE CRIMEA,

MY DEAR FATHER, LONDON, *February 21st*, 1854.

As I am unable to run down to say good-bye to you all, I must take this means of taking leave, and of expressing to you and my dear mother my deep sense of the kindness and affection which I have always experienced from you, which, now that we are going to part (although I trust for no long period), is forcibly recalled to my mind in numberless occasions. The communication with Malta is so quick, and the voyage is so short, that it hardly appears to be taking a long leave of my friends, and I am greatly buoyed up by the hope of seeing you all, well and safe, in the course of a year or eighteen months at the most. They talk, indeed, of our being back by the winter, but I think that is rather too sanguine. We parade at four o'clock to-morrow, and sail the next morning early; so that we shall

be all comfortably settled before we encounter the "stormy winds that blow." Prince Albert inspected us yesterday, the men looked magnificent, but it was rather a tame affair, as he never spoke a single word to men or officers. My ship is the 'Manilla,' a screw steamer; my companions are Reynardson, Hamilton, Tipping, and Quin, a small party, but so much the better, as we shall have more room. I went to a ball at Lady Hogg's last night; it was quite an imitation of the Duchess of Richmond's at Brussels. As I am very busy, I shall not have time to write to any more of the family; give them all my best wishes, and that God may bless and preserve you all is the sincere prayer of

Your most affectionate Son,

H. A. NEVILLE.

I will write constantly.

* MANILLA, ' 7.30, at anchor,

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Febrmr *y* 22nd

We left barracks this morning at four o'clock, and after a most enthusiastic march among thousands of the "unwashed," arrived at the station, and had a prosperous journey to Southampton. We were the first to get under weigh, and having waited for

the 'Bipon,' are at present at anchor off Cowes, where we remain till to-morrow morning, in order to get the men settled in their berths. There is a good deal of wind to-night, and I think there is a fair chance for the fishes to-morrow, when we get outside the Needles. I am so sleepy that I can hardly write, not having been in bed since Monday, and having had a long day; but I take advantage of our pilot returning to-morrow, to send you this short letter.

With love to all,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

* MANILLA, *Tuesday Evening, 28th.*

We left Cowes at 6 A.M. on Thursday morning and awoke in the Bay of Biscay, with quite enough sea to upset delicate stomachs. I, however, was fortunate, and came round in time to eat a good dinner the same day. Our ship is very small, and intended for the coal-trade; this being her first trip, the engine, a boomerang screw propeller, constantly got out of order, and on Sunday morning broke down, leaving us hove-to in the Bay of Biscay;

fortunately, the weather was very calm and the sea propitious. Sunday evening we were patched up, and proceeded, with the help of our sails, seven knots an hour. We are to stop at Gibraltar to get our engine repaired. I have been on deck all the time and enjoyed the voyage uncommonly; we are very jolly on board.*

H. N.

GIBRALTAR, *March 3rd.*

Here we are, moored alongside a coal-barge; we arrived about 3 P.M., having beat and tacked for two days against a head wind; we hope to leave by to-morrow evening.

H.N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

MALATA

March utL

We arrived here this morning about four o'clock, having left Gibraltar on Sunday morning last, making a voyage of eighteen days, to accomplish what the 'Himalaya' did in seven. We have had most lovely weather, and the sea has been as calm as a pond; in spite of this, our wretched screw

*** All extracts without heading are addressed to Hon. Richard Comwallis Neville, the original letters having been either lost or destroyed.**

had great difficulty in struggling on. We found the head-quarters all comfortably established, having arrived on Sunday last; we are all quartered in the Lazaretto, and from what I have seen, it promises to be very comfortable. The rooms are divided into three apartments, one large room, with two small ones inside; my fellow-lodgers are Balgonie * and Eussell,t which arrangement suits us all very well. I went this morning to report our arrival to Colonel Bentinck; he says that nothing is known as yet of our destination, but supposes that we shall stop here for some time, as there is no accommodation for us at Constantinople. There is no news from the seat of war, and I have no doubt you hear more in England than we do here. We are going to-night to dine on board our ship, previous to her departure for Constantinople, where she is to go with stores. The Scotch Fusileers have not yet arrived, but are expected to-night, which, considering that they started a week after we did, does not speak highly of *our* progress. You can have no idea how delightful our voyage from Gibraltar was; we were in sight of land nearly the whole time, first the Spanish, then the African shore, along which there is a high range of mountains extending into

* Viscount Balgonie.

t Sir Charles Russell, Bart.

the interior, and all covered with snow, being quite at variance with our English notions of Africa's burning sands. We saw Algiers about three miles from us; it seems a large place, and like all the other villages that we passed, consists of white houses, very unlike the smoky London ones. The Lazaretto, where we are now, is separated from the town of Valetta by the harbour, the only approach to the town being by water; there are innumerable small boats, which are constantly plying to and fro, at the charge of a halfpenny. I believe, of a night, that it is very unpleasant crossing, particularly when it is rough. I conclude this, as the mail ship is expected. If she does not come I will add more.

Love to all.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR LOUISA,

MALTA *March 14th* 1854.

Many thanks for your letter I am glad to hear such a good account of yourself and husband, and am only sorry that I am not in England to welcome you home; but that must be deferred till the good time coming. We have certainly had a most prosperous voyage, although very slow; but

the weather was so fine that it was like yachting. The climate at Malta is charming, and it seems very odd to hear people grumbling about the heat in the middle of March. The town is pretty, but very hilly, the streets being very steep; but, thanks to the fact of its being under English rule, cleanliness is strictly observed. The whole surface of the ground is rocky, and there does not seem much vegetation. The town is alive with soldiers; and another regiment, the 44th, arrived last night in the 'Orinoco.' The Scotch Fusileer Guards have not yet appeared; they are following our slow example. I have seen Granville, and Charles lioss. I am going to dine to-night with the latter. I am very glad to hear of Grey's appointment to the Irish Staff; it was very kind of Lord St. Germans to think of him, although I am afraid there is a great chance of his regiment coming out here. We have no news of our future movements; but I hope we shall move on soon, as everything is higgledy-piggledy here, and we are much crowded. There is a military club, here, of which we are all members on the payment of 11. There is a *table d'hote* every day, 2s. 6d. per head; cheap enough, and very decent. The living here is certainly not expensive; and I think a great many things are cheaper than in England. I wish you could see the so-called cabs; they are

like small post-chaises, balanced on two wheels, and the men run alongside and drive them. They are not tempting, and are very slow, on account of the steepness of the streets. I have not yet had a ride, as the horses are great screws, and from the increased demand for their services are nearly done up. They are most of them barbs, and exceedingly vicious. Percy arrived here by the Marseilles boat on Monday, having come overland to join us. There is an Italian Opera in the town, which certainly has one advantage over our English one, as the stalls are only 2s. 6d. (*I have not been yet*); my musical ardour, as you know, not being very great. Thank Mirry and Lady B. for their letters of March 6th and 7th. I do not think it is worth sending out newspapers, as at present we see them at the Club, and when we move, I should think their arriving at their destination will be very doubtful. I believe the , 'Orinoco' leaves for Southampton to-morrow; but I dare say you will get my next letter by the Overland Mail on the 24th, before this epistle.

With best love to all,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. NEVILLE.

Tell Dick that I shall drink his health, with best wishes to him and all 6f you, on the 17th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

MALTA,

March 20th

The Scotch Fusileers arrived here on Saturday evening, having had a very long passage, owing to the screw breaking down; it does not seem very serviceable, but I hope it will be found more efficient on board the line-of-battle ships. We made an expedition yesterday to Citta Vecchia; it is about six miles from hence, and was the old capital, of Malta. We were fortunate in getting an English four-wheeler, which is quite a luxury in this metropolis, and yesterday being the feast of St. Giuseppe, everything was in a state of commotion; Catholic processions in the streets, and some very fair music in the church belonging to the convent of that saint; however, I must say that it put me more in mind of the Opera, than of religious music, more especially as the procession (in which a large statue of St. Joseph figured) was headed by a band of music, playing a waltz in slow time. Among the lions of Citta Vecchia, is the cave in which St. Paul was confined when cast on the shore: adjoining it are the Catacombs, which are said to extend to Valetta; but you cannot get very far into them now, as they are closed some little way from the entrance, owing to some students having been lost in them. The next point is the cathedral of St. Paul; it is very

handsome, and his whole life is painted on the ceiling, terminating with the shipwreck. The church was much disfigured by the French, who took away a great many of the silver ornaments; but it is still very splendid, having been redecorated the beginning of this century. The most beautiful thing that I have seen yet, is the church of St. John; the floor is of marble, most beautifully illustrated; it is generally covered, but I had the luck to see it when the matting was up. I dined with C. Ross* the other day; he is very flourishing. I also met Adeane; 0134 † he is in the 62nd, just come out; he came up and introduced himself to me, and inquired after all the family. Nothing seems to be known as yet about our movements; but the general opinion is, that we shall remain here another six weeks, after which they talk of two camps of occupation—one at Gallipoli, the other at Constantinople. I do not think that we shall go so far up the country at first; but, of course, that will depend on the successes or reverses of the Turks. We are to be inspected by the General on Thursday, on the garrison parade-ground, and are to appear in white trowsers for the occasion. We have had a nasty east wind

* Captain 3rd Buffs, son of Mr. and Lady Mary Boss; killed before Sebastopol, 1855,

† Of Babraham, Cambridgeshire.

for the last day or two, and to-day it blows very strong into the harbour, making the crossing very slow and uncomfortable; but the boats seem to go very well in it, the only difficulty being in embarking and disembarking.

With love to all,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

MALTA,

March 26th

I received your letter, dated March 16th, yesterday, and as there is a steamer going to leave for Southampton to-day, I take the opportunity. I imagine that we shall not remain here more than a week or ten days from the present time, as the Rifles are under orders to sail on Thursday, and report says we are to follow them, although I do not exactly see how they will find conveyance for us all, as there are twelve regiments belonging to the expedition, without counting Artillery or Sappers. The 4th Eegiment arrived yesterday, and completed the first division; they are encamped just behind pur barracks. The General inspected

the brigade of Guards on Thursday, and was much pleased; on Friday the Duke of Cambridge's division (consisting of three battalions of Guards—33rd, 93rd, and Rifle Brigade) was inspected by a French General, Canrobert, who arrived here on Thursday, on board a French man-of-war, with troops, *en route* for Gallipoli. He was quite delighted with us all; and when we formed square he came into it with his staff, upon which our sergeant-major observed, "that it was the first time a French General had ever been in an English square." The steamer—on board which the French were—moored just off our barracks; they were much cheered by our men. We sent them a lot of oranges, cigars, &c, on board, as a present, and received the following acknowledgment:—"Pour la troisieme battalion de Chasseurs aux grenadiers de la garde, merci, trois fois merci." Very French, was it not? The officers dined with the Cold-streams, and, in fact, we fraternized immensely. It seemed very odd to see the English and French soldiers walking about the streets together, as if they had known each other all their lives. Our sergeants invited their non-commissioned officers to their mess, and carried on conversation through a private servant, who acted as interpreter, and informed us that when he went down he found them

showing each other the difference in the manual and platoon exercise. The authorities have placed a ship at the disposal of the officers, to carry up the horses and mules, as we are to find our own. I, however, do not mean to buy one here, as I have no doubt one will be able to get some animal suited to the purpose, without the risk of the sea voyage, particularly as the 77th, who have arrived here from England, lost five horses during the passage. I found a card from a Captain Barnard in the 41st. which I have duly returned; but not having yet seen him, cannot make out who he is, unless he is the one who used to play at cricket at A. E. How does Grey like the idea of coming out? He will have beautiful weather for his passage, as they say that April is one of the finest months for crossing the Bay of Biscay, and he cannot be longer than we were. I went to the Opera last night for the first time, and, what will not surprise you, I fell asleep, so that I do not think that I shall repeat the *dose*. I have not been out at all since I have been here, as I do not know any of the "swells." The General seems very hospitable, and has a small dance twice a-week, at which, as you may imagine, gents preponderate. Simon Fraser* is here, *en route* from

* Master of Lovat.

Naples to England. The steam is getting up on board, so I must shut mine off.

Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR FATHER, MALTA, *March 30th*

I have just received two letters, one from Lady B., dated 24th, and one from Dick, dated 17th, which came from Southampton by the Indian mail; I am delighted to hear such good accounts of all the family. Sir G. Brown arrived here yesterday, and countermanded the embarkation of the Rifles, which had already commenced, so that I suppose we shall not proceed as soon as we expected. Sir J. Burgoyne arrived this morning from Constantinople; he brings news of the Russians having crossed the Danube, but it is not authenticated, although he himself considers it to be very probable. His idea is that we ought to occupy Gallipoli with 10,000 men, and Constantinople with 15,000. I hope this may be the case, as I should much like to see the latter place. Two more French steamers with troops left the harbour this morning, and they report that more may be expected; the idea of embarking Eng-

lish troops at Marseilles is certainly very curious, and I envy Grey his journey through France under such interesting circumstances. The climate is beautiful, and seems very healthy, at least judging by the little sickness we have in hospital. There is no twilight here, and it gets dark almost immediately after sunset. We had rain this morning, and have all returned from a march wet to the skin, which makes a capital opportunity for writing while one's clothes are drying. We have plenty of drill, ball practice, &c.; but as there is very little to do, it is a great thing to have some occupation. This place is a great stronghold of Freemasons, I suppose in honour of the great preponderance of rocks: a great many of our officers have been initiated into the mysteries, but I have not sufficient curiosity to invest a 5l. note in the purchase of a trowel. I am delighted to hear of Edward Neville's * appointment: the Nevilles are decidedly destined to distinguish themselves in this war, and one of us at least ought to return a Field-Marshal. It is curious that your two sons, being in such different branches of the service, should meet in foreign parts; but we certainly are very lucky in getting such an opportunity of seeing some real soldiering. I have just heard

* Aide-de-camp to Sir R. England; son of the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor.

that the authorities have decided on sending on the Rifles to Gallipoli. I do not advise Grey to get more things than he can help, as we have to furnish our own means of conveyance: there is quite a parade of horses and mules outside the barracks, for sale, and I only wonder they do not establish a Maltese Tattersall's. The prices of mules run from 20 to 25 (?); they are mostly very vicious. I am going on board the 'Caradoc' to try and get this letter posted at Marseilles: the post is certainly very good, as we have got * 'The Times' of the 24th, in which I see Latimer's name figures among her Majesty's visitors at the levee.

Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

MALTA, *April 5th.*

The 'plot' decidedly thickens: yesterday we received news of the declaration of war, and the 44th received orders to embark immediately; we are to wait till the last. I believe Constantinople is to be our destination, if so we shall be very lucky. I dine with Granville * to-night; he is very flourish-

* Captain Hon. Granville Eliot, Coldstream Guards; killed at Inkermann; son of the Earl of St. Germans.

ing. I have bought a small canteen, which goes into a tin the size and shape of a bucket, which acts the part of a stew pot, the lid making a capital dish ; it is fitted up with tin things, and is very comfortable and portable. I suppose, by the time this reaches you, the family coach will be under orders for London; the old house in Burlington Street will be quite deserted.

H.N.

M Y DEAR LATIMER,

MALTA, *April 16th.*

I was very sorry to hear from Mirabel of the loss of your little baby; pray give Lucy my best love and kindest messages on the occasion. We are expecting to move every day, as our brigade is the only one now remaining at Malta, and the ships are ready to take us, only waiting Lord Raglan's arrival to settle our destination. I am much afraid it will be. Gallipoli, which from all accounts is not desirable, as we shall be under canvas, with a great difficulty in procuring wood, water, or "grub;" not a very agreeable prospect, but I dare say we shall get on very well, as there is a large Commissariat now established there. If we go to Constantinople it will be very jolly, as there **are** capital barracks there, **and it will be great excitement to be quartered in a foreign**

city. Last week, being Passion week, there were all sorts of processions and mummeries, the population being mostly Roman Catholic. Amongst other things was a little girl on foot, dressed very smart, with a towering plume of feathers on her head, meant to represent an angel; altogether the proceedings gave one more a feeling of disgust than of religion. On Friday the flags were hoisted half-mast high, and you heard no bells from the churches; yesterday about ten o'clock they fired salutes and re-hoisted all the flags; and to-day, what with the guns and the bells, the noise is quite stunning. I shall be glad to go on, although, as far as quarters are concerned, the change must be for the worse. The weather has been quite grilling, but has now changed to cold, with strong winds. You may judge of this climate when I tell you that the cricket season is just over; we have been well licked in all our majtches, which is very natural, as we are not accustomed to play on a turnpike-road, and the cricket-ground here resembles that more than anything else—there not being even a pretension to a blade of grass. There is a very fine church, built by the Queen Dowager; a Bishop also resides here, though Gibraltar belongs to his See. When you see Oldham tell him to write me a long letter with all the news. Now that Lent is over, I hear that there

are to be some gaieties, commencing with a concert to-morrow. There is a good English dentist here, and I am going to have my teeth sharpened, as they have got quite blunt, from their endeavours to masticate the tough *hull* which is served out as rations, and I do not think in their present state they would make any impression on salt junk, which from all accounts will form a considerable item in our bill of fare when once we land in Turkey. Everybody is provided with a mule as a beast of burden, so that when provisions get short we shall be able to fall back on "moke" steaks by way of variety. Some fellows in the next room have been making a most awful noise with a cracked cornelrapiston, but after two successful sallies I have succeeded in capturing both the mouth-pieces and the offending instrument, and mean to keep them as trophies.

With love to Lucy,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

M Y DEAR MOTHER,

MALTA, *April 16th*

Thank Mirabel for a letter, dated the 6th. We are daily expecting orders to embark, and the ships that are to take us are all ready in the harbour: we go in the 'Golden Fleece,' a large merchant screw, and with good accommodation; the Coldstreams go in the 'Vulcan/ man-of-war steamer; and the Fusileers in the 'Kangaroo.' We shall not start till Lord Raglan arrives; he is expected Tuesday or Wednesday. At present we do not know our destination, and I dare say you will know it in England before we do here, as we hear nothing except by reports, and they are invariably untrue. What a sad loss to his family poor Mr. Holmes* will be. I see that the 'Prince Regent' has just sailed for the Baltic, so that I hope that he saw his son before his death. The weather for the last two days has completely changed, and is now cold and rainy, with strong winds; one feels it all the more after the intense heat, and we are all shivering and longing for a good English fire. The town seems quite deserted now, after the departure of the expeditionary force; I cannot say that it is quiet, as the Maltese are celebrating Easter Sunday by ringing

* John Holmes, Esq., MSS. Department, British Museum.

bells and firing guns, and making every description of noise. On Thursday they had an immense procession through the streets, with a number of figures of our Saviour, larger than life, representing His sufferings, and ending with the Crucifixion. I wonder such revolting exhibitions still exist, as I hear they are discontinued in Italy; but the Eoman Catholics here are very bigoted. We are going to give a banquet to the authorities of Malta, viz. the Governor, the General, the Admiral, &c, in return for their civilities.'

Friday.—No news of Lord Eaglan as yet; but we have all embarked, and sail to-morrow morning. I hope the wind may go down before we start, as it is, at present, blowing a gale right in our teeth. Prince Louis Jerome, the French general, arrived yesterday; he is very like the busts of the Emperor. Our destination is fixed for either Scutari or Pera; the latter, I think, is most probable,—it is on the European side, and separated from the town of Constantinople by the Golden Horn. I saw Edward Neville the other day; he came in the 'Emperor,' with Sir E. England and his staff; he is very flourishing, and has the charge of forty-seven horses belonging to Lord Eaglan and the other brigadiers. I am looking forward to our cruise up to Constantinople, as one is in sight of

,reek, which, unfortunately, is not they teach at Eton. I also went to camp; they have only one regiment and I was surprised at the cleanliness of the . The Zouaves are apart from the other troops, and seem to be great savages; they have already shot four of them. On our return to our ship we had a little adventure. The vessel was about two miles off, and there were nine of us in a small boat, with two Greeks rowing, and a strong wind blowing against us; about half-way the sea was so rough that our boatmen could make no way against it, and, after a council of war, we determined to go on board one of the French ships, and ask for the loan of their barge to take us to the 'Golden Fleece.' They received us with all honours, and immediately got the barge ready; so that we returned in safety, and in grand style. We left Gallipoli at six o'clock last night, in company with the 'Kangaroo,' with the Fusileers on board, and arrived here this morning about eight. We were all up very early to have our first look at Constantinople; the view from* the sea is very fine, and there "are an immense quantity of mosques and minarets. We are anchored off the Seraglio, in which is the Sultan's palace, with a **large garden** attached to it full of cypresses. **On the other side of the Boephorus is Scutari; there**

is an immense barrack there, capable of holding 10,000 men; at present only 3000 men are in it, the rest being taken up by the Staff and stores. We have had a great many showers to-day, which is unfortunate, as all the men's things are on deck ready to disembark, and consequently are wet through every half-hour. I believe, after all, we shall not go on shore to-day, as it is nearly two o'clock, and the brigadier has not yet returned from the shore. I write this by the Vienna mail, which, I believe, starts to-day; there is one by Marseilles on the 30th, when I shall be able to send you another letter. The 'Vulcan,' with the Coldstream, has not yet appeared; but she always expected to be a day behind us, as she is very slow. We found Coke, Lord Leicester's brother, waiting to join his regiment; he has been travelling with Colonel Berkeley in Africa, and his brother-officers were beginning to get uneasy about them; they have, however, turned up all safe. We have brought the chaplain to the brigade with us; his name is Egan, and he seems a nice person, but a bad sailor, and suffered most dreadfully. I hear that there are plenty of horses to be had here, and am very glad that I did not purchase one at Malta, as all the horses bought there are to follow us in a transport ship, which will most probably take at least a fort-

night to accomplish the voyage. The letters are now going on shore, so with love to all,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

I have just discovered that I am writing in red ink; but it is so dark in the cabin that I did not find it out before.

April 29th.

We disembarked yesterday, and are at present in camp. I am sitting on one trunk and writing on another. We are encamped on the slope of a hill, and it certainly is one of the prettiest spots I ever saw. On our right is a cypress belt, extending down to Scutari, about a mile and a half; it is a Turkish cemetery. Lord Kaglan arrived this morning. I saw" Edward Neville yesterday.

H. N.

MY DEAR

MIRABEL,

SCUTARI, *May 4th.*

Since I wrote last, the weather has set in most beautiful, and it is now so hot that one is obliged to remain in one's tent all day, with as little

clothing on as possible. We had a march this morning, and it certainly was hotter than any day I ever felt in England; what it will be in the summer months it is quite unpleasant to contemplate. I paid my first visit to Estamboul on Monday, and was much disappointed, as the dirt is beyond conception, and the streets are very narrow and ill-paved, with very steep ascents; it is really quite wonderful how the native horses manage to get on without tumbling down. The Turks seem very friendly to us, and it is very amusing to hear fellows making purchases, and bargaining, as the whole business is transacted by signs. I have not yet seen many of the bazaars, but I am going on a regular sight-seeing expedition. The bazaars are very curious and pretty, but very inconvenient, as you cannot purchase two different articles at the same bazaar, you therefore have to keep travelling about. For instance, you buy a pipe-stick at one place, a bowl at another, and tobacco at a third; and so on with everything you want, so that shopping is not expeditious. I wish I had your talent for sketching, as the views about here are most beautiful, and I think I never saw anything prettier than the town, when seen from a hill about two miles off, with the shipping in the Bosphorus, The mosques and minarets are very picturesque; the

former you cannot see without a firman, which costs about ten pounds, and even then you are obliged to take off your shoes on entering. A large troop of irregular horse passed our camp yesterday, and a greater set of ruffians I never saw. There were about 200 of them, mounted on most miserable horses, and very badly armed; about twenty of them were armed with long lances, and as they passed us they had a sham fight, galloping against each other at full speed, brandishing their lances, and then suddenly stopping and wheeling to the right and left. They would not be of much use against regular troops, and are more adapted for plundering, which, I believe, is their regular trade. Only think of having such wretches as these for our allies; really I am almost beginning to feel half ashamed of fighting for such a lot of savages. The only thing one feels is, that it is a matter of self-defence to check the ambition of Eussia, though I do not in the least wonder at her trying to get possession of such a beautiful country as this is. Lord Eaglan has taken a house on this side of the water: he has issued an order that the captains of companies are to find two mules to carry their new tents, for which there is an allowance made of thirty pounds; we are also to find one horse to carry our own tent and baggage. . The Post-office arrange-

merits seem to be very imperfect, as we have had no letters forwarded to us from Malta, and the last newspaper I have seen was March 8th. I think you would enjoy a trip in a caique; they glide along so beautifully, and you sit on cushions at the bottom of the boat. We shall probably remain here some time, as the Horse Artillery are to be landed here. I hear that Sir Gr. Brown is to come up from Gallipoli, and be relieved by Sir K. England. We have beautiful concerts every evening, of nightingales and dogs; the former—the *bulbuls*—are very plentiful, and sing all night, but the harmony is much disturbed by the howlers, who, not content with serenading, come smelling about the tents: they, however, have had a warm reception from the revolvers, and will, I hope, keep a more respectful distance. Some of our sportsmen have killed some quails and a few hares, but I have not been tempted to face the heat, more especially as the number of gunners puts one forcibly in mind of the Cockneys about Lea Ifridge on a Sunday. We found the Barrack-guard at Scutari yesterday, and it looked very funny to see our two tall men, standing sentry at the gates, by the side of two miserable-looking Turks. I am very comfortable now in my booth, having got a small table and two camp-stools, so that my tent is quite furnished; we are also getting

on pretty well with provisions, as there are some good shops at Pera. The Turks always ask double what they mean to take, and even then they cheat you. The exchange of money is very puzzling: you get 135 piastres (about 2*d.* each) for a sovereign, but the small money is so scarce, that they give you paper notes of ten and twenty piastres each; there are also paras, forty to a piastre: silver coins are very scarce, but they are very glad to get English money. Prince Napoleon passed this place on Monday, but did not land; he commands one of the French divisions. We are to have four divisions, consisting of two brigades of six regiments each, exclusive of cavalry and artillery, so that when we *do* meet the Emperor, I think we shall give a good account of him. With love to all,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

The post goes every fifth day, *via* Marseilles.

MY DEAR FATHER,

SCUTABI, *May 7th.*

I have just received a letter from Lady B., dated April 21; there seem to be a great many mails to this place, as some of us get letters

almost every day. The weather continues beautiful and very hot; but this morning we have had some heavy showers, which are very refreshing. On Friday (the Turkish Sunday) I went up to the "Sweet Waters of Europe." They are in a very pretty valley at the top of the Golden Horn, and about four miles from Stamboul. We went up in a caique, and it certainly was one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen, as the whole population turns out and goes up there on Sundays, like the Cockneys to Richmond. The shores on both sides were covered with people, and the gay colours of the Turkish ladies made the whole scene most brilliant. The Sultan was there with his family, drawn in cars, with four bullocks attached to each, but I did not get a look at him. There were also lots of itinerant musicians, and people on horseback, and it put me much in mind of Hampton Races. On Thursday I went to see the howling dervishes; they meet in a square kind of chapel, with a gallery railed off for spectators, who are admitted on taking off their shoes. They make a most unearthly noise, and stand round in a circle, howling, and swaying their bodies from side to side, **till** they get almost frantic. This is repeated three **or four times**, only stopping **when** exhausted. **At the conclusion, two of the most vehement were**

presented with balls of iron covered with spikes, with which they flagellated themselves till stopped by the priests. I afterwards saw one of these fanatics seated in a *cafS*, smoking his pipe as calmly as if nothing had occurred. Amongst other eccentricities they brought in some children, all I should say under four years old, and these being laid on their faces, the priest first passed his foot over them from head to toe, and then stood upon them, a process to which they audibly expressed their dislike: the idea is that they are thus driving the evil spirit from them. Yesterday I lionized Constantinople. The bazaars are all covered over with arched roofs; a miserably ill-paved street runs through them, in which horses and carriages and foot-passengers are all jumbled together. The stalls are on both sides, and the shopkeepers sit cross-legged on them; they are frightful cheats. We went into a subterranean place, in which there are 1000 stone columns; it is said to have been built by Constantino to stow away any of the grandees who were obnoxious to him. From a very high tower, situated in front of the Turkish Horse Guards, we had a most beautiful view of the town. It was quite a panorama; and I have no doubt you will soon see it in Leicester Square, as there was a man taking a photo-

graphic sketch of it. After our day's work, which was rather severe, as it consisted of climbing up and down ill-paved streets, we went to a Turkish bath, and I made my first trial of one. You go into a large hall, with doors wide open to the street; all around are couches, on which you see half-drowned creatures reclining, covered with towels, left there to get cool. A Turk (who from constant exposure to the heat does not look like a human being) leads you into the first room, where you are shampooed for fifteen minutes; you then go into another much hotter, where, being placed by a stone fountain of boiling water, they make you into a lather of soap, and then deluge you with boiling water. After this operation, which lasts half an hour, they take you back to cool in the outer hall. I enjoyed it very much, as it is very refreshing. You may judge of the heat of the second room, as returning through the first, that felt quite cold. There was an immense fire in the town two nights ago. I hear it destroyed two hundred houses, which is not much to be wondered at, as they are built chiefly of wood. The ruins were still smoking when I passed through them yesterday. Lord Eaglan and Lord de Ros came to our church this morning. The French ambassador **gives a ball on** Tuesday; he has asked all the

officers, but of course the numbers must be limited. I hope I shall be lucky enough to be one of those selected. The ship containing the horses of the brigade arrived on Friday. I have not purchased one yet, as they will be troublesome to keep here; and I do not think we shall move for another fortnight at least, as our destination is not yet decided on. The Ninety-third and Rifle Brigade have just come up from Gallipoli.

Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL, SCUTARI CAMP, *May 14th* 15 a

I received your letter of April 28th, yesterday; also one from Mr. Wright,* for which, pray thank him.' I went to the French ambassador's ball on Tuesday, but, as you may suppose, was not much amused; there were a good many ladies, but none very pretty. I believe they were chiefly the families of merchants, as the Corps Diplomatique is almost entirely composed of bachelors. Prince Napoleon was there, dressed in white tights and

* Surgeon-major, Grenadier Guards.

hessians, and evidently aping his great namesake, whose pictures he much resembles. General Canrobert and Lord Raglan and his staff were also present. They have a curious plan with regard to supper; the ladies only are admitted at first; and this regulation was enforced by a French marine, armed with a musket, at each door. You may judge of the rush when the gents were admitted. The Turkish authorities very civilly placed a steamer at our disposal, to bring back the officers to camp. I cannot think that the weather is any improvement on what you have in England; it being boiling hot all day, and very cold at night. At this moment there is a very heavy storm of thunder and rain approaching. The Duke of Cambridge came on Wednesday morning; he at present lives at Pera, but is going to take up his abode in a wooden house, just below our encampment. There are all sorts of rumours about our moving up to Varna, which, I expect, will soon take place, as the bigwigs have gone up there to reconnoitre. The Light Division will go first (this week probably), as the 'Golden Fleece' has orders to be ready for 2000 men. On Thursday, being the full moon before the feast of Ramazan, all the minarets were illuminated on the outside, and it had a most beautiful effect, presenting quite a blaze of light. The feast of

Ramazan begins with the next new moon. Yesterday we went—a large party, about thirty—to see the mosques, having obtained a firman. We first went to the old Seraglio, which is never now inhabited; it is built of wood, and the most rubbishy looking place I ever saw—the rooms having no furniture; the only recommendation being that they are very cool, and you get a pretty view of the Bosphorus from the windows. I wish you could have seen the picture-gallery; it consists of a long narrow passage, with the walls covered with bad French and English prints—such as Napoleon at Jena, lots of sea-fights, and trash of like description, not nearly so good as the pictures which the Eton boys used to have in their rooms. We went to the library, and saw a map of the pedigree of the Sultans, with a portrait of each of them, sitting cross-legged. Next came the armoury, in which were some curious old arms, and an immense quantity of percussion muskets fit for use. The great lion of the day was the mosque of St. Sophia; it is very, magnificent, and beautifully inlaid with marble; there is a gallery all round, supported on arches, from which the view is very fine. After going up stairs, we descended into the body of **the church, and** were admitted **on** taking off our shoes, **although keeping our caps on; the floor is all**

covered with matting, there is no altar, merely one raised step. During the feast of Ramazan, the mosque is illuminated; but no Christians are allowed, on any account, to go in then. I have purchased a Turkish fez cap; they are very comfortable to wear inside one's tent, but do not afford much protection from the sun. Yesterday, as we crossed to Pera, the steamer ran down a caique, with four natives in it; they were all saved, thanks to some boats from the English ships lying at anchor close by. None of the Turks in caiques would go to their assistance, as these are easily upset; they, therefore, prefer seeing their friends drown, rather than run any risk themselves. It is very absurd, to read the lies with which the newspapers are filled, relative to the movements of the army. The whole history about the landing at Gallipoli and scarcity of supplies was grossly exaggerated; and here, I do not think that we have any cause of complaint against the commissary. I saw Arthur Wynn* the other day, and told him how flourishing you all thought Sir Henry. We have lost several of our artillery horses since they landed—about four in one hundred—not a very great number, considering the length of the voyage. I went over some artillery barracks

*** 23rd Fusileers; killed at Alma; son of Right Hon. Sir H. Williams Wynn.**

of the Turks, in which there were 1000 horses; they seemed active, but small, and ought to be sent up to the seat of war. I hope Grey will soon come out with his regiment; at present the cavalry force consists of Lord Lucan and his staff. Love to all.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

My DEAR MOTHER,

SCUTARI CAMP, *May 19th.*

The last post, which arrived here on the 15th, was the most fruitful I have yet received, bringing me three letters from the family, of May 3rd, among them one from the Baron, for which pray thank him. After two very wet stormy days, the weather seems to have taken another turn, and it is now beautiful, and quite hot enough; animals are beginning to appear in the tents, and several centipedes have been captured. I have had no visitors as yet, and have a close inspection every morning in order to escape them. On Tuesday I crossed over to the Seven Towers, and walked round the walls of Stamboul; they extend from the mouth of the Golden" Horn, to the Seven Towers, on the sea-side; they then go inland, to nearly the top of the

Golden Horn; so that the town is quite walled in. They are in very bad repair now, but must have been enormously strong, as the city has been attacked twenty-four times, and only taken six times. I should like to have sent Dick homo some of the square Roman bricks, which are in capital repair, and have outlasted the stone walla in which they are placed in alternate layers. On Wednesday the Duke of Cambridge inspected our brigade and the 93rd Highlanders—the only regiment of *thai* brigade which has yet arrived. Yesterday I went up the Bosphorus, in a caique, as far as Therapia; it is only about twelve miles up, but the stream is so strong that we were a long time going, having only two men to row. The shore on both sides is very pretty; there are a great many horse-chestnuts in flower, and the Judas tree, which has a beautiful lilac blossom. We saw Beikos Bay, where the fleet was at anchor so long; it is just opposite Therapia, and seems a pretty snug anchorage; Buyukedere is a little above Therapia; but we had no time to land there. I have not seen the Sultan yet; report says he is very insignificant looking. He asked Prince Edward* to dinner, but unfortunately the invitation did not come till the day after the feast. I wish he

* Of Saxe Weimar, Captain Grenadier Guards.

would visit our camp, that the men might see what kind of an animal they are going to fight for. Lord de Ros has been to Shumla to see Omer Pasha. They seem to know nothing of the Russian movements; it is clear, therefore, that the latter have not advanced since the passage of the Danube. Omer professes to be able to keep them in check without our assistance. Nearly everybody walks about in the middle of the day with umbrellas—the only method of getting about, as the sun is very powerful; the streets, however, are cooler; from being very narrow and the houses high, one is protected from the rays of the sun. We hear now that the Brevet is certain. I do not know whether it will affect the captains of '46, if so, I shall become a brevet-major, which will sound quite respectable*, not to mention the addition of Is. 8*d.* a day. We have been trying to establish a Guards' Club tent; but our stay here is so uncertain that it is difficult to make the arrangements.

May 20th.—This is certainly the most changeable climate I ever experienced. Last night, after a most lovely day, we had one of the most tremendous thunderstorms I ever recollect; it began about 9.30, just after I went to beds. The lightning was incessant, and lit up the tents; I only wonder how the canvas resisted the deluge of rain; as it was, one felt the spray over one's face. I am sorry to say that an officer of the

93rd was drowned. He and a friend had to cross a small watercourse at the foot of the barracks; the torrent was so strong that they were both swept off their legs, and only one escaped; the body of the other has not yet been found. Some of our fellows were returning in a caique from an expedition to Mount Olympus, and were nearly lost, as between the flashes of lightning it was so dark that they could not make out where they were. They managed, however, to land on an island, and arrived here safely this morning. With love to all,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

The 'HIMALAYA,' Saturday evening,
May 21th, 1854.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

The time is at last come when I must write and bid you and all my family an adieu; I assure you it is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that I have to do so, I only trust we may all meet once more. Parting is always a melancholy thing, but **I will dwell no longer** on the painful theme, so again adieu. We are nearly all embarked in this vessel,

three in a cabin; the ship is magnificent, she is said to roll greatly, but we shall get over the voyage quickly. I hope to see Henry soon, we do not know where we are to go, but the prevalent opinion seems to be that Varna will be our destination. All our horses have got on board well. Good-bye; good-bye. I will write whenever it is possible. With the best love to all, adieu my dearest Father and Mother.

Your affectionate Son,

GREY NEVILLE.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

SCUTARI, *May 29th.*

The Light Division sailed this morning for Varna, and I conclude that we shall follow as soon as the ships return; I believe our destination will be Devna, about 15 miles from Varna. We are all to assemble there, and then proceed to Silistria, which is now invested by the Russians; we hear, however, that the Turks have made several successful sorties, and have plenty of provisions, so that I do not expect that the Russians will wait for us on this side of the river, but will re-cross the Danube and rejoin Duke Conatantine, who is said to have 10,000 men with him there. The fleet have

taken several forts on the Asiatic side, and found some stores of coal. Brownrigg,* who has been up to Varna, came down this morning, with some Russian prisoners, on board a man-of-war. Last night, the seven regiments, belonging to the division which sailed to-day, illuminated all their tents, and, as they were on a hill just opposite to us, the effect was most beautiful, and it certainly showed that the men were not in bad spirits at the prospect of moving up. I shall really be quite sorry to leave this place, it is so very pretty; and now that one is accustomed to living in tents, I find it very comfortable; not to mention charming weather, as we have had no rain for ten days., I am afraid there is no hope of the recovery of Captain Gifford, who was wounded when the 'Tiger' was taken; the Russians, however, have behaved very well to him, and he has been nursed by the Governor's wife. The regiments stationed at Gallipoli are ordered to come up, so that Edward Neville will escape from that most wretched place. Two or three 'Morning Posts' have found their way here, and it seemed so very absurd to be reading at Constantinople Jenkins's account of the dresses of all the smart ladies and gentlemen at the French ambassador's ball.

* Grenadier Guards.

I hear that the *Himalaya' is expected this week; Grey is very lucky to come out in such a fine ship, though it certainly does seem a pity to destroy all the beautiful fittings, which were nearly new, and to convert all the decks into stables. Strawberries and cherries are beginning to ripen, and are to be bought pretty cheap in the streets; I do not, however, think that other fruits and vegetables are forwarder here than in England. There are plenty of fig-trees, and the walnuts give promise of a large crop. The hay harvest has begun, but I am afraid that Kichard Horton would be horrified at the idea of hay-making here; it is very curious that strangers come into this country for that purpose, as the Irish do in England. I believe that the mowers come from Moldavia; they are a totally different-looking people from the Turks, and gain greatly by the comparison. We are to leave our heavy baggage here in store; mine will consist of two portmanteaus nearly empty, as my pack-saddles will hold all my kit. On Saturday the authorities decided that all our men were to have Minie rifles, so we have taken the old ones into store, and are now supplied with the new. The Eussians have some regiments armed with them I hear.

May 30.—In honour of the "Derby," which takes place to-morrow, we have got up some races among

the baggage horses, which have been bought out here; the scene will be rather different from Epsom. The other night some wolves paid a visit to the Turkish Artillery camp, about three miles from hence, and destroyed some of their horses: it does not speak much for the vigilance of their sentries. Report says that there are several small bodies of Cossacks hovering about the neighbourhood of Varna; they very nearly *stalked* some officers of the fleet, who, however, took to their heels, and reached their boats in safety. I forgot to mention that I have received a letter from you, and also one from Dick, of May 13. I am delighted to think that my letters give the family such pleasure; and can assure you that now one is at a distance from one's friends there is nearly as much pleasure in writing as in receiving letters. I hope that good arrangements will be made for forwarding the mails, as it is only about fourteen hours' sail from Constantinople to Varna. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

DEAREST MOTHER, ' HIMALAYA,' *June 1st.*

We came on board on Saturday, the 27th, and left the harbour at Queenstown on Sunday, all well. Sunday night was a little rough, but we are now having a good voyage, and have just passed the coast of Lisbon, and we expect to see the rock of Gibraltar to-night. Our vessel is magnificent, and as far as all comforts are concerned everything is almost luxurious, the charge daily being exactly our pay. We have just passed a cavalry transport which left about eight days before us: we do about 256 miles per diem. Many thanks for the nice map of Turkey which you so kindly sent me; I received it on board. The heat is most intense, and the sun hotter than I ever felt; we may, however, expect it to be more so in two or three days. I only suffered one day, and am now enjoying the passage immensely.

June 1no—We passed Gibraltar last night, unfortunately too late to distinguish it, and are now in sight of the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, covered with snow—a contrast to the broiling sun of the Mediterranean.

June 3rd.—The weather the most lovely you can imagine; we are now off the coast of Africa, and are passing Algiers. We lost a trooper to-day, an old one; it was thrpwn overboard directly, a *bonne bouche* for the sharks—I hope we shall lose no more. We are all

well, and men and officers in excellent spirits. I saw some flying fish, which amused me very much.

June 4:th.—This date puts me in mind of Eton; we have about eight Etonians on board. We expect to be at Malta about three o'clock to-morrow, from which place I will post this letter, and where I hope to hear of you all. We have no idea as to our destination, Constantinople I hope, but think it will be Varna.

June 5th.—In sight of Gozo Island; nothing new to-day. Should I hear anything at Malta I will write, if possible. We expect to be there at 5 P.M.

With best love to all,

I am, your affectionate Son,

G.N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

SCUTARI, *June ±th.*

I have received a letter from you, of the 13th, and one from Louisa and Lucy, of the 22nd. I was very sorry to hear of poor Aunt Glynne's* death, though a life of such suffering as her's was, must almost have precluded a wish for its prolongation. I hope that Lord B. has not been very much upset by it. I cannot say how shocked I was by Louisa's account of the poor Dean'sf acci-

* Hon. Lady Glynne.

† Of Windsor; Hon. George Neville Grenville.

dent, but I trust that my next letter (which I shall look forward to most anxiously) may bring more cheerful tidings of him. One certainly feels intensely the distance from home when one is in suspense for news of one's nearest and dearest relations; though we have no reason to complain of the, postal arrangements, as we sometimes get letters from England in ten days; and I, individually, have cause to be grateful to my good correspondents. As you will perceive by the date of this, we have not yet left our comfortable quarters; and I, for one, am in no hurry. The Light Division, 17th Lancers, 8th Hussars, and some Artillery, are gone up this week; but I expect we shall remain till the whole force has arrived from England. On Wednesday we celebrated the "Derby Day," by a grand review for the Sultan, who kept us waiting three hours in the sun, much to our disgust, and the annoyance of the men, who kept saying: "Our little Queen would never have been so unpunctual." I never saw such an insignificant, pale-faced creature in my life. He was dressed in plain clothes, with a common *fez* on his head; and when he rode up to our line, he stared about him with a vacant smile on his countenance. He was a little excited when he came to the Highlanders, and was much, struck with the appearance of the Lancers. Alto-

gether, however, he was most unprepossessing, and the impression he produced on the men was well rendered by one of the servants, who described him as looking "like a broken-down Frenchman." I have made my first attempt in horse-dealing, and have purchased a pony for 10/., which I think will answer very well, as he is pleasant to ride, and carries baggage quietly. Yesterday we had all our horses paraded in marching order. Considering that it was a first attempt, it was a very successful one; and there were only two or three misadventures. To-morrow the whole division is to march out, baggage and all, by way of practice. We have not yet, however, procured the animals to carry the men's tents; but several officers have been sent up the country to buy them. In consequence of the review on Wednesday, our races were put off till Thursday, when they came off with great *Sclat*, in a very pretty valley, very much to the astonishment of the Turks. Granville Eliot won the Turkish "Derby" with a grey horse which he bought here. Henry Eliot* arrived yesterday, but I have not yet seen him. How you would enjoy this weather! though I myself think it is almost too hot: the views are beautiful, and you would sketch all day. The sun is very powerful;

* Hon. Henry Eliot, son of the Earl of St. Germans.

and this morning, when we paraded for church, at seven o'clock, the clergyman had an umbrella held over his head by one of the men. The evenings are lovely from six till ten; then it gets damp, which does not much signify, as we are all in our perches by that time, and certainly give a good proof of the healthiness of early hours, as we have very few men in hospital. We heard yesterday that we are to be augmented by two additional companies. If so, it will bring promotion; and I shall be a general, at least, before I return to England. Lots of prizes and prisoners keep coming down here from the Black Sea; but there has been no great fight, and they are chiefly taken from the forts on the Asiatic side. It is very absurd, to see accounts in the London papers, dated Constantinople, of the bombardment of Sebastopol, and other little incidents which can only have occurred in the lively imagination of "Our Own Correspondent." You cannot think how useful I have found your nice present of the gold pen; and although it has not improved the legibility, it certainly has increased the quantity of my epistles. I was in dreadful alarm, having lost it on board the 'Golden Fleece;' it was, however, fortunately picked up by one of *our* officers. I hear that our drafts are to be sent out in July; will you ask Wright to get

me an air-cushion, brought by one of the officers, as it is most useful in camp, either as a pillow or a cushion on the cold bare ground. We shall soon have all the London cries here, as the Turks have picked up several English words, and go about hawking cherries, strawberries, lemonade, ices, &c, always prefacing their cries with "Johnny," by which name they call all the soldiers, viz. "Cherries, Johnny, bono." They certainly, in the way of cheating, are the greatest scoundrels, and will always hold back change for any money, though they have it in their hands ; they have, however, a most wholesome dread of a stick. There will be no difficulty in forwarding our letters, as there will be, of course, a small depot left here, to look after all matters of that kind. Love to all, and

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

SCUTARI, *June 10th.*

Here we are still, in spite of all sorts of reports about moving. Monday is now talked of; but nothing is settled. The Light Division are encamped about fifteen miles from Varna. The

weather has set in fine, and hot, the thermometer being 94 in the tent. John Pratt made his first appearance on the baggage guard the other day. The Duke of Cambridge has had the division out twice; we started at a quarter to five. I am sure Lord B. will wonder how I manage to get up, but I find it agree with me wonderfully, and certainly never was better in my life. I am anxiously looking for the 'Himalaya' which I am told is daily expected. Grey must have had a beautiful voyage. I saw Henry Eliot yesterday. We all like the Duke of Cambridge, as he knows his business, and does not fuss about uniform. I have had some charming rides into the country. Tell Lucy Savile I have received her letter. The 'Himalaya' has just arrived, and I am going on board.

. H . N .

DEAR FATHER,

'HIMALAYA,' *June 12th.*

I had intended to have written to you from Constantinople, at which place we arrived all safe and well on Saturday, the 10th, but I missed the mail* We are now sailing, *en route* to Varna, where we shall arrive this night. The

Brigade of Guards and Highlanders follow us tomorrow. I saw Henry, who looked very well, and in good spirits. We have no certain intelligence of war, etc. In fact, however odd it may seem, news of the fighting comes from England to Constantinople. It is a most beautiful town outside; but the streets and inhabitants are dirty. We have only lost two horses. They say that Lord Loughborough, and a man who was with him taking sketches, are made prisoners, but it may not be true. The soldiers in camp all looked very healthy and well. I shall send this letter by an officer of this ship, which returns to England after having disembarked us at Varna. This is a beautiful country, indeed it is quite a treat to have seen it. I trust that the Dean still continues to improve in health, according to the latest accounts from home. I have no baggage as yet arrived; but hope to get some at Varna. The horses of the country are small, and I *rayther* think "Nicholas" will not laugh much at our cavalry, although our force is so decidedly the reverse of large, and at present only half arrived. We have had a delightful passage, and the scenery of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus is quite charming. No one seems to form any idea as to whether we shall have a fight, and soon over, or whether the Czar will protract

matters till winter, when the climate would give him great advantages. With the best love to all. I will write whenever I can.

Your very affectionate Son,
G. N.

MY DEAR FATHER,

SCUTARI, *June 12th.*

We embark to-morrow for Varna in the 'Golden Fleece;' the whole of our division goes with us. The 'Himalaya*' had a most prosperous voyage. Grey was not much ill. I dined with him on board on Saturday, and he returned my visit yesterday, after I had lionized him over Constantinople. The Fifth Dragoon Guards left for Varna this morning at four o'clock. G. is very flourishing, and I much like what I saw of his brother-officers. Our horses are all embarked to-day, and will, I hope, arrive as soon as we do. We expect to encamp about fifteen miles from Varna. For my own part, I do not think there will be much work yet, as I cannot believe that the Emperor will wait for us this side of the Danube. We are all in a great state of confusion and packing; our baggage having been again weeded, and sent into store here. The French post has just arrived, so I shall keep this open till evening, when I hope our letters will be

delivered. You must excuse this very short note; but, as I do not know when I may have another opportunity, I shall leave this here, for the first post. You had better direct your letters to the "Army in the East."

10 P.M.—I have just received a letter from Lady B., of the 29th. I am delighted at the good accounts of the Dean, and trust, ere this, he may have quite recovered from his accident. We are to have our tents struck to-morrow, at four o'clock; so I must now go to roost. With best love to all,

. Believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

VARNA, *June 16th.*

We left Scutari on Tuesday morning in the 'Golden Fleece,' and arrived at this place about eight o'clock the next day, having had a prosperous voyage, the Black Sea being as smooth as a pond. The passage up the Bosphorus is very pretty, but after that the European shore is flat and ugly. We disembarked at three o'clock the same day, and marched about a mile and a half from the town, and encamped. I do not like our present position nearly so well as our last, as there is a lake close

to us, which looks very damp; besides, the scenery is much less pretty. The Light Division is encamped about eight miles off, at a place called Devna, and I believe we go there to-morrow or next day. Varna is a very small town, with a good harbour; it is completely filled with soldiers, French and English, and a sprinkling of Turks. The main body of the French are on a high hill in our front, about four miles off; but several of their regiments are close to us—among others, the Zouaves. Grey's regiment disembarked on Tuesday, and marched to a place a mile farther up than we are. I have not seen him yet. Yesterday the rain descended in torrents to welcome us, and streamed through our tents; the soil is, however, very sandy, and this morning we are pretty dry. The Highland Brigade, which was not able to disembark on Wednesday, were well ducked, as also the Artillery. It is rather curious that we should sail in the 'Golden Fleece, **and** our baggage horses in the 'Jason.' The latter are to disembark to-day, which I shall be very glad of, **as** this seems a beautiful country for riding, being a kind of down, with stunted brushwood. **The ground** we occupy is, I believe, the same **the Eusians held when they invested Varna.** There are an immense-number of little tumuli about, in which, I have no doubt, an antiquary would turn up plenty

of bones, old arms, &c. It seems very odd that the nearer we get to the seat of war, the more difficult it is to arrive at the truth. Yesterday we were assured that the Russians had left Silistria and retired across the Danube. Immediately afterwards, a messenger brought word that the town was so hard pressed that it could not hold out without instant relief. We shall, at all events, I expect, move up in that direction next week. The French fraternize immensely with our men. At this moment a most animated discussion is going on between them outside my tent, but I cannot make out the grenadier's French, although I conclude the little Gaul is more successful, as they seem to get on very well. When we disembarked, a Frenchman asked one of the captains of the men-of-war, "If they had any more giants to land?" From what I saw yesterday, this place seems pretty well off for provisions, as there are plenty of chickens and eggs, and the ration bread and mutton were both as good as at Constantinople. We received yesterday the news of the winner of the "Derby;" it caused great excitement, as we had a lottery, in which I was not successful. I saw Henry Eliot yesterday; he came up in the 'Andes' with the Coldstream. His old ship, the 'Bellerophon' is in harbour here. One of our men has caught a very large snake, about five feet nine

inches long. I do not think it is of a venomous kind. They also caught a young marmoset. The first night after we landed, when we were all in bed, about 10 P.M., we were startled by two big guns being fired, and then another, loaded—as we could hear the shot whistle. We found out that they came from a Turkish battery, which, it being a dark night, thus saluted a French man-of-war entering the harbour without showing the proper signals. The Duke of Cambridge came up the same day we did; we had a capital race with his steamer, and just beat him. Lord Raglan has not come; but in the event of our moving, will join us immediately, as the voyage does not take much more than sixteen hours.

With love to all,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

VARNA, *Sunday, June 18th.*

We left the 'Himalaya' at an early hour on Tuesday, the 13th, and slept on shore that night; the **next day** we marched away, to within a mile **or two of Varna**. I must tell you that we were **at Constantinople Saturday and Sunday, and early on Monday steamed off to Varna, off which place we lay till**

Tuesday morning. This town is a horrid place; full of troops of all sorts,—the Guards, Highlanders, French, Zouaves; and English, Egyptian, French, and Armenian cavalry and infantry. I believe the Guards are off, up the country, to-morrow, to a place called Devna, as they say the lurks are in need of assistance at Silistria, where it is supposed the Russians are determined to make a stand. Indeed, we are also likely to go there in the course of next week, but it is quite impossible to tell whether there will be fighting or not. At present we are badly off for food, our commissariat not being yet well arranged; the French certainly seem to understand these things better than we do. I saw Henry yesterday—quite well. The heat of the sun is intense; all our *beautiful* complexions are getting quite brown. Both my horses fell off the launch into the sea, in disembarking, but fortunately, being good swimmers, they arrived on shore without accident. Two of us live in each tent. The ants bite furiously; we are in the midst of heaps of lizards, and there are also lots of *your* very particular friends, the snakes, about, but I have not yet found any of the latter in my bed. I received your letter of the 3rd the day before yesterday, and wrote one home by the old 'Himalaya,' which will reach safely, I hope. We **had** great difficulty in picketing our horses with any

safety, as two-thirds of them were loose the first night, which caused, as you may imagine, a little confusion in and amongst our tents. They are, however, now more quiet; eight were missin'g for one whole day, but were brought back by natives,—in fact, the horses of this country are so wretchedly small that there is no mistaking a British steed. If the Russian cavalry are only like them, we shall ride them down like so many sheep. We are encamped in a very pretty spot, with other camps all round, and the Duke of Cambridge on the opposite hill. The inhabitants of this country are great robbers, and certainly don't appear worth endangering many lives in their behalf. Our men are all very well, but we expect that *coups de soleil* will take place, as, notwithstanding the overpowering heat of the sun in the middle of the day, we cannot persuade them to wear head-coverings. We hear that water is scarce up the country. „The Turks are fighting admirably, and disputing the ground inch by inch; still, they say that Silistria cannot hold out much longer. The post is just going, so adieu for the present. With the best love to all, I will write again as soon as possible.

I am,

Your very affectionate Brother,

G, N.

VARNA, *June 21st.*

Still here. The 5th Dragoons were to move up this morning, some eight or nine miles up the country, as they are in want of a little practice in camp life, being quite new to it. Grey is in good spirits, and has purchased a horse, and a small tent which Percy* had from England, but did not want. We had a grand division field-day yesterday; General Canrobert, who was present, said afterwards, at dinner at the Duke of Cambridge's, that we were like a *muraille*, and too good to be shot at; and that the Zouaves are the men for the rough, as they were *barbares*, and could be spared.

22nd.—I have just had a most delicious bathe; the water was quite warm, although it was only 6.30. Cadogan† has erected a beautiful Club, with tables and benches made of hazel wood, fastened with bark by way of string.

H. A. N.

DEAREST MOTHER,

CAMP AT DEVNA, *June 25th.*

I have this day received a letter from you, dated the 8th; it is indeed a pleasure, when thousands of miles away from home, to have a letter thence.

* Lieut.-Colonel Hon. H. Percy, Grenadier Guards.

† Lieut.-Colonel Hon. G. Cadogan, Grenadier Guards.

I wrote from Malta and Constantinople. We stayed five days at Varna, where I saw a good deal of Henry; we were then marched on through a very pretty country to this place, about eighteen miles from Varna, and sixty from Silistria. We have only with us here a small force of light cavalry, under the command of Lord Cardigan; the remainder of the English troops not having advanced farther than Varna, and a place called Aladyn, seven miles off, on the Varna side. Last night the Cossacks were only eight miles distant, and were met and repulsed by 17,000 French. It is now said, with truth I believe, that the Russians are out of Silistria, and retiring towards the sea coast; that they do not mean to fight, but fortify themselves in Moldavia. A squadron of the " Lights " is gone to look out, and I conclude we shall soon follow. We are now getting used to camp life, and are exceedingly jolly. It will amuse Dick, I know, when you tell him that the chief fun here is riding after the wild dogs (with which the country abounds) on the native ponies. You would laugh to see the hunts we have, all dressed in the various costumes of the country; and many of our friends would hardly recognize our bronzed, so lately white-faced, fellows. I am sorry indeed, to hear that there is no chance of the poor Dean's recovery, but confess on hearing of the accident, I always feared the shock

would be too much, in his state of health; still, I trust he may yet rally. Pray congratulate Louisa on her little girl, and say how delighted I was to hear of it. I saw Henry Eliot yesterday, *en route* from Shumla to Varna; he thought Silistria would not hold out, but this morning a Turkish orderly brought word that they had retreated towards Kustendji, and in fact evacuated Silistria. It seems absurd, that although only about]thirty miles from the enemy, our most certain information respecting it comes from England. Good-bye; with best love to all. I cannot write many letters, so I hope the family will consider one addressed equally to all.

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

VABNA, *June 28th.*

Many thanks for your letter of the 13th, which arrived on the 25th; also letters from Dick **and** Mirabel. I was much grieved to hear of the death of the poor Dean of Windsor, although I was much afraid that, in his infirm state of health, there **was** but small hope of his recovering so severe a

shock. I hope that Lord B. bears his great loss, and has not suffered in health. I saw Edward yesterday; he had just come up from Gallipoli, and showed me a very nice letter from Seymour,* by which, I was glad to see that the poor Dean did not suffer much in his last moments. On Sunday, after church was over, we were all called to the front, and officially told of the retreat of the Russians from Silistria, and that their destination was not known. I cannot tell

what effect this may have on our movements, but I do not expect that we shall advance far at present, as we are to change our camp to-morrow, this one being dusty and unhealthy; so we are going nearer the hills, which will be a great improvement. I saw Grey on Sunday; he rode down from his camp to execute some commissions in the town; he slept here, and returned the next day; he seemed to expect that the 5th D. G. would not move till the arrival of the remainder of the Heavy Brigade. We have just been told that by putting threepenny stamps on a letter, it will be conveyed overland to England; the only drawback to the arrangement being the impossibility of procuring the aforesaid stamps; if you could manage to send me some, it would be worth while, as I think it will make nearly a shilling difference per letter. There are a new lot of French troops

* Rev. Seymour Neville.

just arrived, called Spahis; they are all Arabs on horseback, and officered by Frenchmen; they wear long red dressing-gowns of linen, with immense turbans, and look very like old women. They are said to have done very well in Africa, and I dare say will be useful here, if we come to fighting, which does not seem very probable at present, unless we go to the Crimea; in which case we shall want all the force we can muster, as the Russians have concentrated all their resources there. I was glad to hear of Louisa and her little girl being both so flourishing. We are all anxiously looking out for the Brevet and augmentation; if I get five steps, it will be a great lift, although I am afraid I shall not attain the venerable rank of major. We have had very fine weather, with occasional thunderstorms; the great annoyance being the clouds of dust, which cover everything, and fill one's tent with small sand. This place is not so healthy as Scutari, and we have a great deal of diarrhoea; but, I am thankful to say, not much fever. We have lost one man since we have been at Varna; there is no regular burial-ground, and coffins are unknown. We are following the example of the French, and erecting bowers of green branches, with paper lanterns hanging in them; after dark, it puts one in mind of Yauxhall. The other day, I had a charming ride to Baltshik, opposite which the fleet is

at anchor; it is about fifteen miles from hence, the way being almost entirely through forest; on the tops of the hills it is very pretty, recalling Richmond Park. We heard that formerly, riding through it was considered unsafe; but we only met a few herdsmen, looking after their animals. We have a very large force encamped now—seventeen regiments, besides the artillery and cavalry, and exclusive of the Light Division, which is at Aladyn, commanded by Sir G. Brown. The Turkish authorities have put a guard over our obelisk, to protect it from being destroyed by the natives. I have had some very jolly bathes in the sea; there are beautiful sands; one is obliged to go very early, on account of the great heat. Edward Neville has just looked in, and desires his love; he is very comfortable with Sir E. England. Thank Louisa Whatman for her letter. With best love to all,

Your affectionate Son,

H.A.N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

ALADYN, *July 2nd.*

We left Varna yesterday, striking our tents at 3 A.M., and marching from five to ten—when we arrived here—so that you may see we had a pretty long time of it. The distance is about twelve miles;

the last two hours were awfully hot and oppressive, and completely knocked up the men; indeed, I think that nearly 120 fell out, quite beat; however, they all managed to get in again, and, I dare say, when they get a little in condition, they will manage to keep up better, although, I suspect, the weight they carry will have to be reduced. I walked the whole time myself, and found I had quite enough; the road for the last two miles being deep sand, did not render it easier for walking. We do not expect to remain here more than two days; we have nearly a mile to go for water, but it is very good; and a little farther off there is a beautiful lake, in which there is capital bathing; it goes all the way to Varna, and they intend to establish water-carriage upon it, for stores, &c. The country is very pretty, with a light soil, much wooded, and, in some parts, resembles an English park. The only villages near are deserted; provisions, such as fowls, &c, are, consequently, scarce; we had laid in a store, but our cart having disappointed us, we were obliged to leave them behind; perhaps, however, they may come on somehow to-day. Devna is, I believe, the next halting place, as the Light Division went thither from hence; it is about ten miles from us. Grey is still there, and I shall *go and pay him a visit to-morrow, if it is not very hot. Nobody seems to know our

destination, and I begin to think our army will be like that of the King of France, which first marched up the hilj, and then down again. The Russians are on the other side of the Danube, and, apparently, intend to remain there, as they are said to be entrenching themselves very strongly. In consequence of the heat, we are to have church this afternoon at five o'clock, which is a good plan, as the sun has great power, even as early as eight in the morning.

July 4th.—I went to Devna yesterday to see Grey, and found it about eight miles. Omer Pasha was there, reviewing the Light Division; he was on his way to Varna, to meet the other authorities on the subject of an armistice, which, they say, is to be concluded for the term of sixty-one days; if so, it really looks as though there would be no fighting after all. We had a most terrific thunderstorm yesterday, and on my return home I found all our tents nearly washed away. I was very lucky in escaping dry, as there was hardly any rain the other side of the hill. We are all much shocked at the reported loss of the *Europa,' with the Enniskillen Dragoons on board, in the Bay of Biscay. I trust it may not be so bad as it is represented. My tent is close to the bushes, and acts as a fly-hive, which is a great nuisance, as they perch on one's nose and face as soon as it is light of a morning. The Second Division left Yarna yester-

day, and are encamped about half way between that place and us, so that all the divisions are now separated, doubtless on account of the difficulty of provisioning a large number of men in the same place. The Light Division having ill-treated some of the peasants, the villages are all deserted by their inhabitants; Lord Raglan has therefore issued a proclamation, promising his protection if they will bring provisions into the camp to sell. Yesterday we established a sort of bazaar, which was pretty numerously attended; but the demand for ducks, geese, &c, was so great; that the sellers were soon cleaned out. We are obliged to send out an outlying picquet about two miles off; it mounts at three in the morning, and does not return till 5 A.M. the next day. As you are not allowed to take tents, it is not very agreeable on a wet day. My turn has not come yet, and I hope, when it does, I may be fortunate in the weather. The Turks have suffered a great defeat in Asia, and have lost a great many men. It would be very curious if, after all the expense that has been incurred, we should have no fighting; but in the event of a sixty-one days' armistice being made, it will take us into the autumn, when this climate gets particularly unhealthy; and I should think that will suit the Emperor of Russia better than meeting us in the field. It is odd, too, that they should begin

to talk of a cessation of hostilities just as the allied armies are ready for battle, and would seem to show that the Emperor wishes for more time. Last night we had most brilliant bonfires all over the camp; the men lit them to dry themselves, before turning in to bed; they had a very pretty effect, with the groups of men clustering round them. Remember me to * Dor," and tell her that whisky is very acceptable here. Love to all.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

DEVNA CAMP, *July 3rd.*

Many thanks for your letter of the 13th June, which arrived here quite safely four or five days ago. We are well and pretty comfortable here, about twenty miles from Varna, and about forty from Silistria, to which place or Shumla I conclude we shall go before long. Nothing more is known except that the Russians have evacuated Silistria, and are encamped in very large numbers on the banks of the Danube. A Major Butler, to whom, I believe, the long defence of Silistria is chiefly to be attributed, was shot by a Minie rifle ball. We heard yesterday that the 'Europa,' a vessel containing the headquarters and troop of the Enniskillen Dragoons,

was burnt in the Bay of Biscay, and all hands lost; I sincerely hope it is untrue. I saw Henry yesterday, he is about eight miles from here; Aladyn is the name of the place between this and Varna. We have all the Light Infantry Division here, and some horse and foot artillery, besides the 17th Lancers, part of the 8th, 11th, and 13th Dragoons, but as yet the Heavies have only got to ourselves, and one troop of the Royals. Will you show this to the family, and thank them for all their letters; one of Dick's I only received a few days ago, but it was a month old, so no doubt had gone astray. Will you tell him I will soon write to him. We have not a great deal to do here at present; but only for the scarcity of water farther up the country I conclude we should have been gone from hence some time. I was rather surprised at " King Tom's " not winning the Derby; I had hoped much, he would. Will you remember me to Oldham, and congratulate him on his degree. I was exceedingly sorry to hear of the Dean's death, but such a shock to one so feeble could hardly be expected to terminate otherwise; I always feared he was a great sufferer. I wish you good sport; keep old Purdy employed, or else he will forget how to kill.

Your very affectionate Brother,

G.N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

ALADYN, *July 8th.*

I have received letters from Mirabel, June 17th, Dick, and you, the 23rd, also one from Latimer. We are all on the *qui vive* for the news of the Brevet; Colonel Wood, in consequence of it, left this morning, and goes from Varna by to-morrow's mail; it does not make much difference in this battalion, as Hood* is on the spot, and Hamilton, who gets mounted, is also here ; so the only change is the new Lieutenant-Colonel from England. Only think, Lord Raglan's bag with letters, which ought to have arrived on the 6th, has miscarried; it is very important just now, as, besides containing the *Gazette*, there is every reason to suppose that at this moment there are treaties going on, and great talk of an armistice and the Emperor's abdication. Meantime nothing is decided as to our destination; they will hardly take us up any farther, as there is nobody to fight thiazide the Danube; it must therefore either be peace or the siege of Sebastopol. The Admiral's bag has also gone wrong. I like this place pretty well, in spite of the intense heat; we have all our little arbours, which are very snug, and a great improvement on the tents, which are most awfully hot. The fogs here are very heavy, and completely

* Hon. Grosvenor Hood, Colonel Grenadier Guards; killed in the trenches.

wet everything in one's tent; they rise from the lake and valleys, and are the thickest I ever saw. We have had a great deal of diarrhoea amongst the men, and some bad cases of cholera; Fergusson * has had a very sharp attack, but is now out of danger and doing well. On Thursday Omer Pasha reviewed us, on his return from Varna to Shumla; he was quite astonished by the appearance of the Allies, particularly when we fixed bayonets ar/d charged with an English cheer. He laughs at the idea of the Russians making any stand against us, and said that there would be no war, although he was very indignant at the idea of an armistice without a battle first. He is a very fine-looking old man, and not the least like a Turk, as his face is animated and intelligent. The men cheered him tremendously. The moustache movement is beginning to be very perceptible, and I have a very respectable one, for a commencement. I hope they will allow the men to grow theirs, as it prevents the mouth from being blistered by the sun. Many thanks for the announcement of the air-cushions; I will take care that Grey gets his; he has not yet left Devna, and there is a report that we are to join him there on Monday. Lord Baglan has issued some very severe orders about plundering, and declares he will have the first man he catches shot. We were

* Sir James Fergusson, Grenadier Guards.

delighted with Lord Lyndhurst's speech on the Eastern Question, it was so straightforward and manly. He is quite right about a guarantee ; but in spite of everything, I do not believe we shall have a row after all, and I have every intention of eating my Christmas dinner with Lord B. and you all at Audley End. Colonel Wood made the battalion a farewell speech, and was quite overcome; the men cheered him, as he was much liked; there has been an auction of the effects which he left behind. You will all recollect Proud, who was our butler at Brighton, he volunteered to come out with De Horsay,* and was *maître d'hôtel*, and quite invaluable. I am sorry to say that the heat quite knocked him up, and we were obliged to leave him in hospital at Varna, and I hear that he is to be invalided, and sent home. He is a great loss to us. In the interim J. Pratt † reigns in his stead, and acquits himself very creditably, which perhaps his *Missis* may be glad to hear. Tell Mirabel that I received Charles's letter, and thought I had answered it. I send all my despatches to the family head-quarters, from whence I conclude that the unworthy contents are promulgated. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

* Grenadier Guards.

†

His servant.

M Y DEAB MIBABEL,

DEVNA CAMP, *July 11th.*

Many thanks for your long letter of the 3rd; indeed, the same to all the family for their continued correspondence. We are still encamped at this place, and there does not at present seem any probability of a move amongst the cavalry. To-day we have heard that the Austrians bring a force of 200,000; this, if true, will be a great annoyance to the Russians. The general impression is, that the occupation of the Crimea, and destruction of Sebastopol and Odessa, will be our object. You can have no idea of the intense heat of this country: to give you some notion, the thermometer in our tent the other day, and this not the hottest, was 114. We are pretty healthy, on the whole, but the variations of temperature, from extreme heat, to thunderstorms, which produce fogs and damp in the mornings in this very low ground, will cause illness, I fear. We are encamped, I mttst

»
tell you, in what is evidently in winter a sort of swamp, a troop of Horse Artillery on our right, the Royal Dragoons on the left, and on the hills round us, the Light Division of Infantry. 'The Times' reporter lives with the latter, so I have no doubt you have better information than I can give you.

My 12th.—I quite forgot to mention how unlucky I had been with my new watch, inasmuch as the main-

spring broke on board ship, and of course, in this enlightened country, there was not much chance of a new one. It is difficult to understand this dreadful lingo, all the conversation between soldiers and Turks, is "Bono Johnny;" one hears nothing else, in camp, all day. There are a good many cases of English cholera, and several *coups de soleil*, of which some have proved fatal. The news of the death of three English engineers, employed in crossing the Danube, above Silistria, and who were attacked and perished with 800 Turks, is to-day confirmed. With the best love to all the family, and many thanks to Lady B. for the promise of the air-pillow,

I am,

Your very affectionate Brother,

DEAR MOTHER,

DEVNA CAMP, *July 17th.*

I this day received two most welcome letters from Mirabel and Lord B., and take the earliest opportunity of answering them. More regiments coming out certainly looks warlike—here we know nothing. I have been rather unwell lately, but am much better. Our Brigadier arrived here the other day; if the Brevet includes him, we shall get a step in the regiment; not that we any of us wish to lose him. I sup-

pose that the cavalry would be encamped at Pera in the winter, which begins here at the end of September. Mirabel mentions the 20th as the probable date of migration to A. E., so I shall direct this letter there. Henry was here the other day, looking quite well and happy; he has very comfortable quarters in camp at Aladyn. I have also seen Granville, and lots of other Guardsmen whom I knew in England. Fancy the 'Himalaya' running aground off Southampton; I am glad, for "auld acquaintance" sake, that she did not sustain any damage. We have plenty of soldiers here, but no move in contemplation, as far as we know, at present—probably it will be by transport to the Crimea when it does take place. I see by a paper of July 1st, that our fleet have been making themselves very disagreeable to the Russians along the Gulf of Bothnia, not however without loss, as they seem to have killed a good many of our sailors. The same paper mentions the authenticated death of General Schilders: he must be a great loss to the Russians, being, I believe, a very good soldier. I hope Dick's Archaeological Meeting has gone off well. We do not suffer so much from mosquitoes as we expected; there are millions of common flies; the snakes do not show much, I am glad to say. I think Mirabel's riddle very good, and does the author much credit. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham seems, from all accounts,

likely to turn out a failure. With the best love to all. Please pass this letter on to any of the family who may like it.

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

ALADTN, *July 18th.*

Thanks for a letter of yours, 27th, and Lady B.'s, July 3rd. We were all surprised at the sending out six more regiments; but suppose that the Emperor is bent on fighting it out, and, -if so, we shall have to punish him on the coast of the Black Sea. Perhaps Odessa, or Anapa, may be our first visiting point, as we are all stationary near Varna, ready for embarkation. The weather has been very hot, and the last two days we have had much rain, commencing with a sharp thunderstorm ; at present it rains steadily, notwithstanding that the sun shines fiercely, which makes the flies excessively odious, buzzing about in every direction. Mosquitoes have also put in an appearance, but I have not suffered as yet. The Scotch Fusileers have moved their camp about a mile from us, and there is some talk of our shifting also our quarters. No news of our "draft," but I suppose even the 'Vulcan,' slow as she is, will

do the passage in three weeks. Camp life is rather monotonous, more especially as the heat prevents either riding out, or remaining in one's tent, and books are very scarce, owing to the difficulty of transporting them. You may judge, therefore, how we spell the papers, and get quite *au fait* as to the Debates. Evening is the only enjoyable time; but that does not last long, early roosting being the order of the day, as we are generally up at six. The other day the 2nd Division turned out to beat the forest, with 100 beaters and 60 guns; they killed *one* hare, which does not say much for the game preservers in these parts. A most stringent order has just been issued about uniform, desiring that we shall go out "with our coats buttoned from top to bottom, in whatever climate, or on whatever service we may be engaged." In some matters we have not apparently advanced much since the last European war, and indeed "We did not do so in the Peninsula" is always the answer to any proposed innovation. Love to all, and remembrances to friends at A. E., where doubtless the family is by this time located.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

Tell D. Horton that the crops here are quite ripe, and harvest is begun.

M Y DEAR FATHER,

ALADYN, *July 23rd.*

Our " drafts " arrived in camp yesterday, all safely. Will you thank Lady B. for the air-cushions and newspapers ; I have given Grey one, and he has just taken it with him, having slept here last night. He is very flourishing. He expects to move up in the course of the week, hut has no idea in what direction, as Lord Raglan very wisely keeps his plans dark. From the preparations that ore being made on board the fleet, however, I have no doubt that the Crimea is our destination, as there is no object in remaining idle here; besides which, the men are very sickly, and suffer a great deal from diarrhoea, occasioned by intense heat in the day and cold damp nights. And these changes one feels, of course, more under canvas; but I am thankful to say that I have been, on the whole, very well. I had a letter from Wright by the " drafts," and was delighted with the good account he gave of you, and I trust I may long continue to receive such satisfactory reports. Sir G. Brown and General Canrobert have gone on a cruise in the ' Agamemnon,' to inspect the Crimean coast. The naval officers say that they can get their big ships so close into the shore, as to be able to cover our landing with the fire from their, large guns. Even now, there are some

people who declare that peace will be made ; but my own conviction is that before another fortnight we shall see the enemy, as we must else soon make preparations for winter quarters, living under canvas in the rainy months being quite out of the question; and they say there is very good accommodation at Odessa. Several of the officers have eight days' leave to go to Silistria; they will have a hard and long ride, as it is quite three days' journey from hence. The flies are getting so troublesome that it is almost impossible to write. I have been driven out of my tent by them, and have retreated into our grand arbour, where I had hoped to write in peace ; but they are almost worse here, and settle on pen, ink, paper, and everything, the only respite being when the sun goes down; but they commence again at the earliest dawn. I suppose that they are so unaccustomed to a smooth English face that they delight in crawling all over it. We have just received orders to be ready to move to-morrow to Devna, eight miles, to replace the Light Division, who move farther on." The post starts this afternoon, and, as I have to pack, I must close this letter, with love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

DEAR FATHER,

DEVNA, *July 28th.*

We march, I believe, to-morrow, about eight miles up the country, to a place called Jeni-basar. The Light Cavalry Brigade have moved on to-day—the 8th, 11th, 13th, and 17th,—and Sir De Lacy Evans' Division is just a few miles in our rear. I received the air-cushion, for which will you thank my mother. I saw Henry the other day, and dined at his tent at Aladyn; he was quite well, and in good spirits. This is a pretty country; but the sun is so hot that the men get quite done up, at the stable work, in it. Reports still vary as to an expedition to the Crimea, or nothing being done this summer. Will you excuse this short scrawl?

Your affectionate Son,

G. N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

July 28th.

Letters received since my last despatch,—one from you, Lady B., Dick, and Aunt T., July 13th. I cannot date this letter, as I do not know the name of the place where we are. We received orders at nine on Wednesday evening to move the next morning,, owing to the alarming extent of illness among

the men, of whom we have left 100 in hospital, some of them with real cholera, which, I am sorry to say, has terminated fatally in five cases. Our present camp will be healthier, I trust, as it is five miles from our last, on a large open plain, at the top of a high hill, with good water. My enemies, the flies, have followed us, and are quite as unremitting in their persecutions. I was really quite ashamed of my letter to Lord B., but I was so persecuted by my tormentors that I could hardly hold a pen. The report of our move that day was not countermanded till late in the evening. I defy the Emperor of Kussia to discover our movements, as we never know them ourselves till about an hour before. I have quite given up all speculation about our next moves, and, as Grey would say, I have made up my mind to "sit back." I suppose, however, it will be Sebastopol, or thereabouts. Doubtless the Baltic fleet will have a shy at Cronstadt about the same time. Thank Lady B. for her long list of marriages. Dick's Antiques seem to have been very successful. I am very sorry to hear of Lou.'s little girl being so unwell, but I trust by this time she is well again, and has not been ill-bred enough to give the whooping cough to her mother. I do not wonder at your not getting the letters vefy regularly, as the mail is made up at Constantinople, consequently the letters

have to find their way first to Varna, across country, and then to Constantinople, before they get a fair start. I am amused at your being surprised that you hear the news from the East before it arrives in our letters, as, of course, it goes direct, and you know it nearly as soon as we do, who are only some sixty miles distant from the fountain head. I am delighted to hear that Glastonbury* is coming out. With four representatives of the Neville family here, it will be hard if the name is not distinguished for doing something or another. A lot of ammunition has just arrived, which looks as if we were to go forward; I hope not that, as I should much prefer the Crimea to long marches and fever in this country. I have not seen Grey lately, but had a message from him to say he was quite well. The Light Division have moved from where he was, but only on to the hills. I met 'The Times' reporter in Varna the other day; he is a good hand at drawing (not with a pencil). Some enterprising man has written up, outside his shop, 'Officer's Club.' Accordingly I went in, and was delighted to find a real sofa, and chairs, not to mention a good luncheon, and some English porter. I think he will make his fortune, as it is worth paying a shilling to sit on a sofa. I am afraid I owe some of the family, living at out-

* R.E.; son of the Dean of Windsor; killed at Baroda.

quarters, letters, but I trust you will make these into circulars. We are just going to have a thunder-storm, which I hope will cool the air.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

DEAREST MOTHER, KOTLUME CAMP, *August 1st.*

I received two welcome letters, of the 23rd, from Dick and Mirabel, for which many thanks. I sincerely hope that Louisa's child will get better, and that she herself may not catch the complaint. You will have seen by this time, accounts, a great deal magnified, I dare say, of the cholera. It cannot be denied that a good many cases occurred while we were at Devna. We have lost a few, but this being a drier spot, we hope, please God, that it will not spread now, as there were good reasons for it, such as a damp lake, bad water, &c. We are about <five miles from Devna, not far on the map from Jeni-basar, and about thirty from Shumla, in which direction the Light Brigade are gone. We have no news of war or anything else. Sir G. Brown went in the 'Agamemnon' to have a look at Sebastopol, and was shot at several times. The 'Furious' returned the compliment, and sent a shell

into the middle of it, as a sort of "How d'ye do?" Some of our fellows are gone to Shumla on a few days' leave; I do not fancy that it is very well worth seeing. The heat is tremendous in the day; the nights quite cold. Lately, the weather has, however, been a little cooler. The stamps will be very acceptable, as they are not to be found everywhere in this country. The inhabitants have certainly proved good soldiers, but are miserable creatures in themselves. The Guards have changed their camping ground, and I do not exactly know the name of their present whereabouts. Plenty of geese are to be had here, there is not otherwise much variety in diet. Our Brigadier is with us, but the rest of his brigade are scattered in different parts, which shows that no movement is at present contemplated. The Russians are said to have retired from Butschuk, and the Turks have crossed, and encamped very strongly on the other side of the Danube, probably with a view to attack Bucharest, should the Russian force come to a stand at that place. With the best love to all,

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

GUEREKLEO, *August 3rd.*

Pray thank Lord B. for his letter, which arrived yesterday, and delighted me very much by the firmness and clearness of the writing. I also received letters from you and Dick; and I really think that the post is quite wonderful, when you consider that on the 2nd of August I received an answer to my letter of the 4th of July.. We have had beautiful weather since we have been here, and I hope that our sickness has taken a favourable turn, but I am sorry to say we have lost ten by cholera; cases of that have diminished the last day or two, but diarrhoea is still very prevalent. I have been fortunate in escaping with only a slight attack of the latter disorder. Many thanks for the portable soup and other things mentioned in your letter: they will be very acceptable, and make a charming variety to the lean beef rations; we have, however, now established a kitchen, by which we can roast geese and make a sort of apology for a joint of roast beef. I was very sorry to hear of poor Lou.'s sad loss; pray tell her how much I feel for her. I have not seen Grey lately—indeed, I do not know his exact whereabouts; the whole division, however, is within a circle of twenty miles, ready for our much-talked-

of expedition, which I hear, on good authority, will take place the 13th or 14th, although whither we are bound is still a secret. Sebastopol is the favourite: I think Anapa more likely, and shall rejoice in the change, any way, as this life of inaction, besides being dull, produces a desponding effect on both officers and men, and doubtless tends towards the increase of sickness. You would laugh if you could see me seated writing in my tent, with a pink gauze veil on, to keep off the flies. On the whole, we have been very lucky in getting three out of the four steps in the regiment; six steps in one month is certainly a great lift, and at this rate I fully expect to be a Lieut-Colonel before Christmas. Last*Saturday I rode into Varna to get some provisions, and coming back was caught in a most terrific thunderstorm, and wet through; it lasted the whole journey, which occupied five hours instead of three, as it was so dark the last hour that we had to lead our horses, having lost our way about a mile from the camp. We were more fortunate, however, than some others, reaching our quarters at nine, while they did not do so till twelve; and one officer of the Highlanders was obliged to bivouac all night in the woods, being totally bewildered as to the *locale*. After church, last Sunday, the Sacrament was administered to a great

many officers; it was very solemn, and most reverently performed; a small harbour being built, with the end of it railed off for the clergyman; the communicants came into the harbour in files, and passed on. I saw Granville Eliot yesterday; he is very flourishing, and doing adjutant's duty, *pro tern.*, as the latter is laid up. The *new* division is to land, it is said, at Scutari—a good plan, whereby they will escape this unhealthy climate, and be quite as handy as we are for any operations in the Black Sea. We have quite a poultry-yard in camp—ducks, geese, chickens, turkeys, one lamb, and a pig. You may judge what a playful noise emanates from this medley of animals just about sunrise of a morning, not to mention the screaming of horses and mules. This is certainly a most fertile country, and would grow any quantity of corn, if properly cultivated; even as it is, the crops are very good and abundant. I wish we might help ourselves to some oats for the horses, as they are very hard up for fodder. Eeport says that all the animals are to be left behind when we embark, and we are to be paid 5*l.* for each, in which case I shall not be much of a loser, having had a good deal of work out of my steed. Percy has been up to Silistria and Rutschuk; he crossed the **Danube** at the latter place, with Omer Pasha, and

saw the advanced posts of the Russians; they have, however, since retreated. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

For the information of Mrs. Pratt, her husband asserts that he never was better.

GUEREKLEC, *August 8th.*

We have just heard a report that we are certainly to embark on Saturday or Monday, for Sebastopol. I hardly believe it, all the troops having suffered so much from cholera. We lost twenty-five from that and fever. I am glad to say, however, it seems to be abating. We have actually been under canvas more than four months. I have not seen Grey lately, but heard that he was quite well; they are quartered about ten miles from us. I am meditating an expedition to the fleet; it is only two hours' steam from Varna; if we can get leave, we start to-morrow.

H. A. 1ST

Augmt 12th.

I just write a few lines to say that up to this, thank God, I am quite well. We have had a fearful visitation, it is of no use to disguise it, of cholera.

G. N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

GUEREKLEC, *August 14th.*

Since I wrote last I have made a most charming trip to the fleet, which is lying off Baltshik, about twelve miles from Varna. We started on Thursday morning, and rode into Varna, where we found a steamer waiting to convey Lord Raglan to the fleet, to hold a conference with the Admiral; we got a passage on board her, and arrived at the 'Albion,' 92, about five. She is commanded by Captain Lushington, a friend of Hamilton's,* who had been, therefore, invited to bring two companions to pass a day or two in the ship. I made my first attempt at sleeping in a hammock; the cabins, with the exception of that of the Captain, being all knocked away, as the ship is kept cleared for action. On Friday the French fleet went to sea, having a great deal of cholera on board, which they hoped might be lessened by change of air. It was a very pretty sight, though sad to think of the cause, as they have lost a great many men. Our fleet has not suffered so much, although there is still a good deal of illness; indeed, three men died while we were in the 'Albion.' Admiral Dundas also determined to put to sea last Saturday, so that we had a beautiful cruise on board one of the finest two-deckers in the service: we went out about twenty miles, with a nice light wind, met

* Grenadier Guards.

the French fleet, and were joined by three more of **our** own; in all, about seventeen line-of-battle ships, **and a** most magnificent sight. The Admiral had promised to send us on shore on Saturday, in a steamer, but no opportunity occurred. At 3 A.M., Sunday morning, he sent to say that a boat was then starting for Varna, so we tumbled out of bed and got to Varna at eight, having had a delightful expedition. We found our camp in a more prosperous state, no fresh cases of cholera having occurred; the Coldstream, however, have not been so fortunate, and still suffer a good deal. It seems to go much in regiments, as at first we were much the worst. I trust it will abate now altogether, as the weather is cooler. The Highlanders have lost three officers, and I hear the 5th Dragoon Guards have been severely visited, but I have good accounts of Grey, though I have not seen him., I write you all these details, in order that you may not be alarmed by the newspaper accounts, which are sure to be greatly exaggerated. We leave this place to-morrow, *en rovie* for Varna, whence I suppose we shall embark about the end, of the week, as every preparation is being made for us in the fleet, and the French have already begun embarking their artillery. It is supposed that we were to have started on Saturday, but the French were not ready, having lost 7000 men by disease and

that ill-fated expedition to Kustendji, where they died by hundreds; indeed, some soldiers told us that out of two large companies, only one corporal remained. On Thursday night a fire broke out in Varna, suspected to be the work of some incendiary Greeks; it destroyed nearly the whole town, including an immense quantity of French and English stores, consisting of bread, barley, and spirits; and it was a miracle that the powder magazines' escaped. The street next to the one Lord Raglan inhabits was burnt, and the houses being mostly built of wood, added to the danger; we saw the conflagration very plainly from the fleet. The letters which left

«

England the 21st have not yet arrived; I believe they are delayed at Constantinople till the arrival of the quick mail, due two days later, so that we shall have both together. There seems little doubt that Sebastopol is to be the point of attack, and there is now no occasion to conceal it, as the Russians cannot throw fresh troops into the Crimea under five months; besides that, Austria having declared herself, they will be obliged to keep a strong army in her front. Lord Raglan is looking much better than he did at Scutari, and seemed in great spirits when we saw him on board the steamer. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

H

NEAR VARNA, *August 19th.*

We arrived here yesterday, having left Guerekleo on Wednesday. The men were so weak from illness that their knapsacks were carried on horses. I was greatly surprised on Thursday evening by seeing the 5th Dragoons arrive; they encamped near us, and have followed us up here, and are now about a quarter of a mile off. Grey is very flourishing, and dined with me last night. His regiment seems to have suffered very severely from cholera, but is now, I am glad to say, better. They have lost their Doctor. I hope the cholera is going away; it certainly has been a most awful visitation, but for it we should have been ere this in the Crimea,—as it is, our embarkation seems uncertain, as the Admirals have so much illness on board they are unable to take us. The French are to have 23,000, and we 24,000. I am very glad of our move to this place, as it seems to be nearer civilization to see the sea, and steamers and ships passing. The fogs of a night are very heavy, and immense masses of vapour roll from the lake as the sun rises. We made our first trial yesterday of the new ambulance carts; they take six mules to draw them, and are very rough; they stuck fast coming up hill, and the convalescents were obliged to get out and walk.

H. A. N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

GALATA, *August 23rd, 24th.*

Here we are still, our departure having been delayed owing to the great amount of sickness in the fleet. It is, however, subsiding, and we are, I am glad to say, much better, and quite fit for anything; indeed, I trust that the cholera has quite taken its departure. It has, however, so weakened the fleet that they will be obliged to fill up the crews of the big ships with drafts from the smaller ones, which will consequently be left behind. I am sorry to say **that** the Coldstream have lost two officers. Grey is encamped close to us, and I see a great deal of him; he is going to write by this post. For the last two days we have had immense swarms of locusts passing over the camp, falling all about, and crawling into one's tent. A strong wind has, however, set in to-day off shore, which has blown them all away, and consigned them, I hope, to a watery grave, as sometimes they are very unhealthy when they prevail in this fashion. Enormous flocks of storks have passed over to the south ward for their winter quarters; they say **that** they always collect about this time, as the swallows do in England. **If** we do not make haste **we shall have to follow their example, and look out for winter quarters, as snow generally sets in about the middle of September.** I have a most beautiful

view of the sea from my tent A great many transports have arrived from Constantinople during the week, and the harbour is quite crowded with them. I have just made out a steamer through my spy-glass, and hope it is the * Banshee' with the overdue mails. I saw Henry Eliot yesterday; he is living on board his old ship, the * Bellerophon,' and intends to go with them when the expedition starts; he is in great luck to have seen all this campaign, such as it is, first with the army and then with the fleet. There have been several sales of the goods of officers going home sick; it is very absurd, to see the high prices that saddlery and little English comforts fetch, as money is plentiful, and the former are not to be procured from any other source out here. Horses, on the other hand, are quite a drug, forage being scarce, added to the uncertainty as to what will become of them if we are suddenly ordered to embark. Such a quantity of troops are here that it is difficult to imagine one is in a foreign country, as one sees and hears nothing but English. The inhabitants are beginning to return to the few villages scattered about, and we get tolerable supplies of chickens, &c.; milk is, however, quite out of the question, which is a great loss, with tea none of the best. There is a large marsh at the bottom of the hill, between us and Varna, which is well

supplied with snipe and wild ducks. I do not think the temptation sufficient, to risk fever and ague, and therefore intend to leave well alone, and trust for supplies to the keener and less prudent sportsmen. They have, however, no chance with the middies, who, being close to the spot, beat all the ground, before the soldier officers can get down there of a morning. I shall finish this letter to-morrow, in case our's are delivered this evening.

24th,—Colonel Bradford * is to join the battalion when we move, and will supersede me in command of the company; I have, however, been very fortunate in having it so long. We are hoping to hear of some promotions at home. No post as yet. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

DEAR FATHER,

CAMP, ADBIANOPLE ROAD,

August 23rd.

I missed writing the last post, as I had just seen Henry, who is encamped a few hundred yards from us, and he said he would write. We have, as you will see, left Kotlubie, and came here, four days ago. Thank God the regiment since then has been **far** more healthy, and we are now in a pleasant spot,

* Son of Sir Thomas Bradford.

overlooking the sea, within five miles of Varna; but we have suffered fearfully for so small a number of men, and have lost, I grieve to say, our Senior Surgeon; and our Senior Captain out h\$re and the Veterinary Surgeon are both at this moment in a very precarious state. By this time it will hardly be any news my telling you of the partial destruction by fire of Varna, and a great deal of the stores there. A great number of transports are in Varna Harbour, and we hear all sorts of reports about the expedition to Sebastopol, but still nothing certain on the subject. All the Brigade of Heavy Cavalry are together hereabouts; some of the Highlanders, and all the Guards; so that, after our comparative isolation at Kotlubie, one finds oneself in the middle of friends again. I received, with pleasure, Lady B.'s letter of the 2nd, and hope to get another from home to-day or to-morrow. The 'Himalaya' is said to be up here, but I Have not myself seen her. A most wonderful cloud of locusts flew over the camp yesterday; whether, or no, this portends a change of weather I know not, but of late we have had much less hot sun, and a cooler temperature altogether. The French are, I believe, quite ready to go to fight, and have been practising embarking and disembarking lately. Our horses are wretchedly thin, having had, during the last ten days, very short rations of indifferent

barley. They say Fort Constantino is to be the first capture previous to Sebastopol; but I have no doubt, at home you have much better information than we can get here. Henry Eliot was here the other day; he is living on board the * Bellerophon,' and intends going up with them if there is any fighting. I also saw Edward Neville—looking exceedingly well. It seems a great pity that an army so fine when it started should not have taken the field at once against the enemy, instead of so many dying of sickness in the unhealthy plains of Bulgaria. At the place which we have just left, English quails, partridges, and hares were plentiful; I saw a hare shot, and it quite did one good to see a real old English four-wheeler hare shot again. I will write again next post. With the best love to all the family,

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

GALATA, *August 24th.*

As it strikes me that I have not written to you for a long time, here goes I I suppose that you have heard that we have concluded our wanderings up the country, and have returned to the sea, being at present encamped on a high hill, about three

miles from it and four from Varna, on the opposite side of the bay. It is a pretty place, and there is a beautiful view from my tent, with a telescopic inspection of the numerous steamers running between Varna and Constantinople. There has been a great arrival of transports in the last few days, which looks like our speedy departure, more especially as they have embarked some artillery. Sebastopol is the favourite, and I have backed it. Indeed, there seems to be no doubt that we should have embarked ere this, had it not been for the frightful mortality in the fleet,—the 'Britannia,' the flag-ship, having lost 130 men, and the French many more. I am glad to say that our men are now almost entirely free from cholera, and have much improved in general health, which is also the case throughout the army. We have lost, in all, from cholera, 31, which, out of 1050, is not very much; but at one time it **was* very alarming. Lieut.-Colonel Trevelyan, of the Coldstream, has died, and was buried here yesterday. Among other visitors, we have had an immense flock of storks, which passed over in a southerly direction, according to their annual custom, showing their good sense in leaving this country. Immense flights of locusts have also passed over; they are very like large grasshoppers. All this is said to betoken a change of weather, and it

certainly has become much cooler, which is much more agreeable, in spite of the waterspouts in the shape of thunderstorms, with which it has been accompanied. I hope' we shall soon follow the storks, and migrate to Sebastopol, or Corfu, for our winter quarters. We have now been nearly four months under canvas, are quite brown, and so hairy about the face that one's best friend would hardly know one. The young " Heavy " is quartered close to us, and is very flourishing. We had a most charming trip to the fleet the other day, and as I had never been on board a sailing line-of-battle ship before, I was much interested in seeing her worked. Our ship was the ' Albion,' Captain Lushington, 93 guns, all her lower-deck guns being 32-pounders. She was all cleared for action, and I slept in a cot swung between two guns, my apartment being walled in by a large union-jack. Quite naval, was it not? The Captain said that if we fell in with the Russians he would give us each the command of a gun. That was not, however, very probable, as with the French ships that joined us, we had seventeen sail of the line; rather too big a mouthful for Nicholas. It will be very funny if we begin our attack on the 1st September; I don't know whether I shall be as good at the Russian partridges as I used to be at the French. Tell Lyle

that I shall think of him, and look in vain for the corpulent boy coming down the hill with the basket and big bottle. I hope the game will be plentiful; and I really do not despair of having a shy at the pheasants in the winter, as, whatever happens, I think Corfu will be our winter quarters, and they will, of course, give leave to the takers of Sebastopol. We have just heard a report that the Turks have been well licked in Circassia; I think it not unlikely, as their army is not very efficient, I am glad you enjoyed your trip to Scotland, and trust that it may have a good effect on your health. Oldham has never written to me yet. Remember me kindly to Florence, and tell her that the camp rivals her poultry-yard, full of ducks, fowls, geese, and turkeys; but, alas! they have no time to fatten them, and their lives are consequently short. Give Lucy Savile a read of this valuable despatch. Love to Latimer, 'if at Heydon.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

GALATA CAMP, *August 28th, 29th.*

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

Letters received,—one from Lady B., and you. I really believe that the newspaper prophecies about Sebastopol are at last going to be realized, as we are

to embark on Thursday. We go in the * Simoon,' troop-ship, with one wing of the Coldstream; the remainder of them sail in the 'Tonning,' and the Fusiliers in the * Kangaroo.' Many still doubt that the Crimea is our object, but we are certainly going somewhere; and none of us leave this country with regret, particularly with the reminiscences of what our soldiers have suffered from disease. We **are** now much healthier, but lost five men here; the cholera cases are now, I am glad to say, few; and, as the weather is also cooler, I trust we have got through the worst. Grey is flourishing, but cannot get away from his camp much, as they have a great deal of duty, being very short of officers. It is said that Marshal St. Arnaud has issued a proclamation to his soldiers, announcing that before the 20th of September the *drapeaux* of France and England will wave over Sebastopol. I hope this may prove true, but it is rather bombastic at present, and just like the French. What an awfully sudden death Lord Jocelyn's was! His brother is here with his regiment, the S. F. Guards. I wonder who will succeed to the command of the Essex Rifles. We have heard nothing yet of the '**Harbinger**/' with Sir G. Cathcart; **Charley Seymour*** **will have** had a busy life of it, coining home from

* Son of Sir Horace Seymour; killed at Inkermann.

the Cape, and then straight to the East. The Greeks still keep making attempts to set fire to Varna; we are therefore to move our stores and baggage and everything from thence. Besides the cruise of the 'Vladimir,' a constant communication is reported to be kept up between Odessa and the Crimea. If this be true, it is not much to the credit of our large steam fleet. * However, we must not throw stones, as our turn is yet to come, and ships at anchor at Baltshik cannot blockade a coast 120 miles off. We are in a great dilemma about our baggage, as report says no baggage animals are to be allowed; and therefore, our kits will literally be reduced to a shirt and a pair of boots. As for canteens, I suppose we shall have to take pot-luck with the soldiers, off salt junk, until we have established ourselves in some comfortable Russian hotel.

Aug, 29th.—On board 'Simoon.' Last night, about ten o'clock, we received orders to embark this morning at six, and here we are. I have no idea what made them in such a hurry. I do not think we shall leave harbour to-night, and then we shall have to wait at Baltshik Bay for the remainder of the transports, and not therefore fairly start before Saturday. The baggage horses are to be left behind, and it is very problematical if we shall ever see them again. An officer from each battalion,—

Cox,* Grenadiers; Coke, Fusileer Guards; and Mackinnon,f Coldstream Guards; are left in charge. Not a good exchange for real service with one's battalion, to take care of horses. We have brought all our goods and chattels, and shall leave them on board when we disembark. The Captain of the 'Simoon' was only appointed from another ship two days ago. There are no supplies of anything on board, with the exception of junk; however, we have sent the steward on shore to forage. I shall write again before we disembark. Love to all.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

DEAR MOTHER,

CAMP NEAR VARNA, *August 29th.*

I write one line to say that I am well, and have received with pleasure letters from home of the 11th. The Guards are embarking on board the 'Simoon' this morning, and have just marched through our camp, *en route*. Henry quite well I am on duty, and can add no more, as the post goes at ten o'clock. I am sorry to say, since I last wrote we have lost two officers—one, Senior Captain Duckworth—and our Veterinary Surgeon, besides our

* Died after Alma.

†

Killed at Inkermann.

Senior Surgeon. Thank God, the regiment is now pretty healthy; but we have suffered fearfully. We expect to join this expedition in about ten days at latest, *en route* to Sebastopol. With best love to all,

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

'SIMOON,' VARNA, *September 3rd.*

We have laid in harbour ever since my last. The infantry finished embarking to-day. I hear the "Heavies" are not to go yet. We sail to-morrow to Baltshik. The 'Harbinger' came in yesterday with Sir George Cathcart. Lady B.'s portable soup has just arrived in the nick of time, as we are to land, with three days' provisions in our haversacks, and the men's knapsacks to be left on the beach. The Light Division land first, supported by us. I suppose a general engagement will soon follow. The general opinion is that the landing will be unopposed, owing to the immense protection afforded by the ships. The Archaeological doings at A. E. seem to have gone off admirably, and must have been a great pleasure to you; the passage down to the study must have been completely blocked up. I

have a very good cabin, with Kinloch and Russell; it is large and airy, with a table in it. I had a very narrow escape of being left behind here, to take charge of the battalion horses. I, however, after a long search, discovered a flaw in the roaster, and so got off. I do not know anything which could have been so horrid as to be left in this country in charge of sick men and horses, while one's old battalion was going to see service. It is hard to account for it; but, in spite of the horrors and risks, one has so accustomed oneself to the idea of fighting, that we are all looking forward to the day of our departure, trusting that it may be God's will to preserve one from all dangers.

4th.—I think we shall sail early to-morrow; we **have** just heard of the taking of Bomarsund; **I am afraid** we shall find our job a little more difficult.

H. A. N.

DEAR MOTHER, CAMP NEAR VARNA, SEPTEMBER 4TH'

Here we are still, though I see by the papers that all the troops are gone to Sebastopol; they are all embarked in the Varna Harbour, except the four regiments of heavy cavalry. The 'Himalaya*' has on board some regiments of light cavalry. The

whole plan of the landing was given out in orders last night, and we expect to go on shipboard in a few days. I am happy to be able to say that the cholera has much abated; there are, however, still some cases. We have a fine sea-breeze here. This is likely to prove a most tremendous struggle; but I trust all will go well, as far as can, in such a war. Fort Constantino is said to be the key of Sebastopol, and a very strong place, garrisoned by 20,000 men, with the extra natural strength of a river; but this once taken, you can command the town. The weather is much cooler now, and it will soon be cold. We are to have no tents in the field, so I hope we shall soon find ourselves in warm quarters in Sebastopol. 10,000 Turks have gone on this expedition, about 25,000 French, and the same number of English. This, with the allied fleets, will be a magnificent army. The Scotch Greys are still at Scutari, and I have *not* heard whether they are meant for the expedition or not; but I fancy, infantry will be the most wanted on such a stormy occasion. If all goes well with me, I may hope for a lieutenancy very soon, in consequence of poor Captain Duckworth's death; therefore, perhaps you will mention to Lord B. about making some arrangement for me with regard to lodging the purchase-money at Cox's. The town of Varna is now getting to look quite desolate.

a few French being the chief people you see about the streets. I am very much obliged to Mirabel for a letter of the 17th. Henry, and all the Grenadiers, are embarked on board the ' Simoon,' and proceed, I believe, to-day or to-morrow to Baltahik Bay, there to rendezvous till joined by the rest of the army. The Light Division are to be the first to land, with some of the Bifle Brigade to form the advance. The cavalry will not land till ground has been taken up by the infantry. There will be warm work, I think; and, as a Frenchman remarked, " Je crois que nous serons bien joliment recus;" this was at Fort Constantino. I will now conclude, hoping that the same Providence which has up to the present time preserved me, will still watch over me, if in the perils of war; and with the best and kindest love to all the family,

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

MY, DBAB FATHEB,

On board H.M.S. « SIMOON,'
September 8th.

I received letters yesterday from Lady B., Dick, and Oldham, for which pray thank them. We left Varna Harbour on Tuesday morning, and pro-

ceeded to Baltshik, where the whole of the English expedition rendezvoused, the Turkish and French squadrons having gone to sea the same morning. We were to have started on Wednesday, but, owing to a strong wind prevailing, the authorities determined to postpone our departure till Thursday; by which arrangement we fortunately had the mail of the 23rd from England. Yesterday morning we got under weigh, and it was one of the most splendid sights I ever saw. After some little time in shaking into our places, we made a capital start, with a fair wind. All the divisions of the army have been told off into different ships, each division having its own pennant; the infantry are in the steamers which tow their respective artillery and stores; each division being in line, with the ships thus belonging to it following astern of one another. The Light Division, which is to land first, is the nearest in shore; we come "next, and the rest in succession, almost as far as the horizon, the hindmost ships being only just visible. Of course, this description only refers to the troop-ships, as all the men-of-war are in advance as escort, none of them having many troops on board. We do not expect to be off the Crimea before Sunday morning, as the pace is necessarily slow, in order to conform to the different rates of sailing of so many ships of every size and description.

Eupatoria, or Kostoff, you will see by the map, is about thirty miles from Sebastopol, and is our rendezvous; from thence we shall, I suppose, coast down about fifteen miles, and effect our landing. Very little seems to be known about the defences of the coast, or the number of men, in the Crimea; but doubtless Lord Raglan employs spies. One thing, everybody has great confidence in him, and the men are in good spirits, although I wish they could have had more time to recruit, after their great sufferings from sickness. Grey will, I am afraid, find his quarters at Varna very dull; but if they are not brought on to the seat of war, they will be obliged to return to Scutari, as the English establishment in Varna is to be given up, and Scutari to be made the depot.

Sept. 11th.—On the 9th we anchored, to allow the ships to get together, and to find out the whereabouts of the French and Turkish fleets. We remained all yesterday at anchor, about sixty miles from the Crimean coast, while Lord Raglan, Sir J. Burgoyne, and Sir G. Brown, went to reconnoitre our landing-place. They returned last night, and the whole division have started to-day at twelve, steering straight for the Crimea, so that I suppose we shall commence disembarking at daylight **to-morrow**. I cannot tell you, my dear father, now

that we are to all appearance on the brink of a severe engagement, how often home recurs to one's thoughts, with the thousand happy remembrances of the time that I have almost entirely spent there, and the kindness and affection that I have always found there, both from my mother and yourself, and all my belongings. God bless you all, and grant that we may be spared to meet again under the old roof. Never for a moment have I regretted the* choice that I made of my profession; I have always liked it, and now that the time of danger is at hand, I trust that, by Divine Providence, I may pass through it in safety, and be early restored to you all in England. Do not be uneasy if you do not hear from me regularly, as the means of writing without baggage will be difficult. I shall, however, take a pen with me, and will send some kind of scrawl every opportunity that occurs. With kindest remembrances to all,

Believe me,

Ever your most affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

Sept. 12th.—We are now at anchor within four miles of the Crimea, and land to-morrow.

H.M.S. 'SIMOON,' *September 12th.*
Off CRIMEA, 15 miles.
(Heights beyond Sebastopol in sight.)

My DEAR LUCY,

Here I am, as you will see by the date, very near our destination; we all expected to land this morning, but it is put off. To-morrow must be the eventful day of putting our feet on an enemy's shore; the reception we shall meet with remains to be seen, but be it what it may, we shall certainly give " Old Nick " a good licking. Our movements are certainly not very rapid; we have been on board ship a fortnight to-day, having embarked in Varna Harbour on the 29th of August, all in a hurry, receiving the orders, after we were in bed one night, to be on board the next morning. After kicking our heels there for a week, we left for Baltshik, where we waited another day, and started on Wednesday, the 6th, with the whole expedition, the most magnificent sight I have ever seen; from the immense number of ships, we literally swept the sea. On Saturday we anchored to allow stragglers to come up, and on Monday made another start. The French fleet will, I believe, effect their landing in a different part of the coast, so as to give the *Roosnatu* plenty of occupation. The bay we are now in is Eupatoria Bay, and I think we shall most probably anchor there to-night, and make an

early start of it to-morrow. The "Heavies" are left at Varna, and it seems doubtful if they will come on; they have suffered very much from climate and disease. Our baggage is left on board for the first few days, and we are to carry our grub for three days in our haversacks, consisting of biscuit, about 1½ lb. of boiled pork, and a little tea; rather short commons for a hungry warrior; in addition, our great-coats are rolled up like horse-collars, and worn round our shoulders. I do not look forward to it, as this morning, at breakfast, we had a tremendous hailstorm, which lay on the decks till it was swept away; this certainly is not promising for one's first night's bivouac *al fresco*. Lady B.'s potted soup, which arrived by Maitland,* while we were in Varna Harbour, came very *a propos*, as it will make a great addition to the scanty supply of junk; we are all provided with some prepared chocolate in tins, which requires no mil}: or sugar, and is very portable. How we shall look forward to the end of our honour and glory, as, after six months' broiling in a choleric climate, it is no joke to look forward to Minie balls, and trenches full of snow-water; however, never say die, and I dare say we shall struggle through somehow or another. We have been peculiarly lucky in our

* Son of Sir Peregrine Maitland; severely wounded at Inkermann.

weather since we have sailed, never having had sea enough to disturb the mildest digestion; indeed, tho mighty Black Sea has been more like a duck-pond, than that roaring monster which he is generally supposed to be. We are going to begin our junk-life to-day at dinner, our fresh provisions being all exhausted, as we had no idea that we should be so long on board, and we had to lay in everything for ourselves on our arrival, having found an empty larder and clean decks. I am glad to hear that your house gives so much satisfaction to everybody; it must be a very clever house; and if ever I am reduced to matrimony and housebuilding, I shall ask you for the receipt. I was very sorry to see in the papers the account of the death of young Judd;* it must have been a great blow to his father,† who was so devoted to his children. Tell Arthur that I condole with him on the disgraceful defeat that Eton has sustained, both from Harrow and Winchester, two years running; they will hardly be able to show their faces up at Lord's Cricket Ground any more, unless they greatly improve. I have been fortunate in getting a nice Aairy cabin, with two, other fellows in it, and also a table, which is a great luxury; it is quite **at** the stern, **with a** view out of the stern porthole, and although close

* R.N.; died at from a fall at Antiparos.

† J. Judd, Esq., of Sickling, Essex.

to the screw, we do not feel any inconvenience from it, as that monster is not at all uproarious. The ship, although made of iron, is full of Louisa's London friends^ they have only disturbed me once, but some fellows have had great sport, the greatest bag in one night being 12½ brace. I should think this would shock Mrs. Jones's ideas of housekeeping. I suppose they consider us soldiers as fresh meat, the sailors being junk. I saw Glastonbury Neville the day before we embarked; I do not know what division he is attached to, but if we lay regular siege to the big place, there will be plenty of work for the officers in that department. My stud has been left behind at Varna, and I should think it very improbable that we shall ever see any of our horses again; I do not care a straw about mine, as they are neither of them valuable, and will be easily replaced. Give my best love to Arthur and my niece Betsey.

God bless you; and trusting, by God's blessing, that we may all meet safe again,

Believe me,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. NEVILLE.

M Y DEAR MOTHER,

KAMISHU, *September 16tt.*

We landed in Calamita Bay on the 14th, having laid at anchor all the day before, off Eupatoria; we were close in shore, and it was rather fun to see the people leaving the town. Lord Raglan landed, and made a proclamation that we were not going to hurt any of the inhabitants. We commenced disembarking about nine o'clock, and landed without any opposition, with the exception of seeing some Cossacks, who seemed greatly interested in the proceeding, but galloped away on our approach. The French landed about a mile to our right, and we all marched about four miles into the country, where we bivouacked for the night, in the open, with rain above and wet weather below. We remained here yesterday, as the sea was too rough for the landing of the artillery and cavalry: last night was fine, but damp and cold, and this morning they have sent for our tents from the ships, which will be a great blessing. We have none of us taken off our clothes since we landed, and I do not think we have much chance of getting our baggage yet. Beport **says that** there is **a** Kussian force of 10,000 men, who **are** to oppose the crossing of two rivers, which **are between us and** Sebastopol; **but I** do not **believe there is a large army here at all, as I do not think**

the Emperor expected us. We made trial of the preserved soup yesterday, and it answered capitally, and was very welcome, as we have nothing but three days' rations of salt pork. I trust, however, to-day they will give us fresh meat, the only objection being that, as there is not a tree in the country, we have great difficulty in procuring fires. There are two villages about two miles off; the inhabitants seem very friendly, and can hardly be genuine Russians. The Rifles made a grand capture, the first day, of a large train of Arabas, laden with flour and meal destined for Sebastopol. Of course they were confiscated; we have also taken some dromedaries, which will assist in carrying our tents. There seems to be a good deal of grain in the country, but a great scarcity of water; we have to go nearly three miles for it. On the day we landed, two English and three French steamers were sent to throw shells into a Russian camp, which was pitched within range of the sea; after several rounds, they moved their camp, and retired. I got a letter from you yesterday, dated August 28th, and hope we shall have the post pretty regularly, as it is a great thing to look forward to in this country. You must excuse this horrible scrawl, but I have nothing to write on, having brought two or three sheets of paper in my bearskin cap. I suppose that, as soon as the cavalry and artillery

are landed, we shall make a push for Sebastopol, which is about thirty miles off. We were very lucky in our landing, as we got on shore quite dry, the arrangements being very good, but there was an insufficiency of boats, owing to some of the transports not having come up. I do not think Lord Raglan has yet slept on shore, although he landed with us. The Cossacks have bagged some Zouaves, who were pillaging in a village, some little distance from their camp; it serves them right, as the French are great robbers, and thus prevent the inhabitants from coming forward with provisions. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H.A.N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

VARNA, *September 16th.*

The reason that I missed writing home last post was, that I was attacked with fever, and unable to write. I am now in a house at Varna, getting convalescent, and only feel extremely weak; but the doctors tell me I shall be all right in a very short time. I have received no letters lately, as they were taken on, with the first part of the expedition, which left for Sebastopol, or elsewhere, last Thursday week. Where they have landed, we have, as yet, no news.

I sent my watch to-day to a Frenchman, who says he will mend it, as I told you it broke while I was winding it up on board the 'Himalaya.' There has been a great deal of fever about; the worst part of it is the extreme weakness it causes. It now seems doubtful whether the occupation of the Crimea is not more probable than the attacking Sebastopol; a short time now, however, will decide the question. The posts do not now exist, but I hope this will go by a French steamer, now lying, they tell me, in the harbour. A great many of the French cavalry and artillery are left here to go on with us; they are very fine troops indeed. I received the burning-glass and postage stamps, for which, many thanks. With best love to all. Excuse this scrawl, as I am still weak.

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G.N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

ALMA, *September 21st*

Thank God, I am quite safe, and have escaped unhurt. Yesterday we advanced to the river Alma, about four miles from our position, and found the Russians posted in great force on some heights the other side, with lots of cannon commanding the passage of the river, which is not wide or deep. The

French attacked their left, which rested on the sea, and we advanced against the centre. The firing commenced with the artillery, and was very severe; but they had 32-pounders, which were, of course, heavier than our field-pieces. As we advanced, it got very exciting, getting out of the way of the round shot, which came hopping along and doing but little damage. After the artillery had pounded away, the Light Division advanced in line to the stream, which they crossed, but were dreadfully cut up by the fire from the forts; we followed them, and it was certainly the most awful moment of my life—shot, shell, and musket-balls, falling in every direction ; and when one considers the shower of bullets, it seems a miracle how anyone escaped. We advanced to the stream, which we forded, and formed the other side, under a steep bank. On arriving at the top of the bank, the fire was awful, and we were horrified to see the remnants of the Light Division rushing down the hill, followed by the Russians; they passed through us, and then, "Up Guards," &c, we stopped the Muscovites, and sent them back up the hill. For a moment, I thought it was all over, as the Scotch Fusileers, who were on our left, were quite staggered by the tremendous fire; but, luckily, our men behaved admirably; and everybody allows that we retrieved the check which had been received.

After that, it was all right, and the niggers cut up the hill, with us at their heels, and the evening saw us masters of the position, after about four hours severe fighting. Our loss has been very severe—107 casualties; Burgoyne,* broken leg; Percy, wounded in the arm, and several others struck and grazed. I am glad to say that we have not many men killed; but I do not know the exact number. The Fusiliers have 168 killed and wounded; Lord Chewton,† very badly wounded; Capt. Haygarth, very badly; Annesley,‡ very badly; and, I believe, five others, not very severely—Buckley,§ Ennismore,|| Dalrymple, Astley and Gipps. The Coldstream had only seventeen casualties—Capt. Baring wounded very badly, and poor Horace Custis¶ killed; he was on Bentinck's staff, and was struck in the thigh. Poor Arthur Wynn is killed; his regiment—23rd—suffered severely. We, as you see, have been very lucky, and I cannot say how grateful I feel that my life has been preserved. We have gained a great victory, but at a great loss; the amount of our killed and wounded being, as I hear, about 2000. The French

* Now Sir John Burgoyne.

† Viscount Chewton; died of his wounds.

‡ Hon. Hugh Annesley. .

§ Afterwards killed in the trenches.

| Viscount Ennismore.

1 Son of Hon. Colonel and Lady Isabella Cost.

did their part well, and if we had had any cavalry we should have captured their guns, which, I am sorry to say, they managed to take away with them, for our future benefit at the next river—which, I suppose, will be to-morrow; however, they got such a licking yesterday, that I do not think they will stand. I had no idea that the excitement could be so great; as long as one was quiet, the buzzing of shot and shell made one feel nervous; but when we commenced advancing and firing, one lost all feelings of the kind. I have given you a most imperfect account, as I have no place to write on. I must now retrace my steps, and return to my last letter, which left us bivouacking near the sea. They sent for our tents, and the first night, when we had all turned in, an alarm was given that the Cossacks were upon us, and we all turned out in the dark, and found that it was entirely false. Six of us were sleeping in one tent, and, as we all rushed for the door at the same time, you may judge of the scene; however, we were all on parade in ten minutes. The night after that, they took away our tents again; and on the 19th we marched about nine miles, across a very uninteresting country. On arriving at a small stream, where we had intended to bivouac, we were visited by some Bussian cavalry, which obliged us to pepper them with our Horse Artillery, and drive them over a hill,

about two miles farther, so that we did not get to our bivouac till seven—having been fourteen hours under arms. It was a most severe day, there being great scarcity of water, which caused numbers of men to fall out. From this position we started yesterday morning to the scene of action. It was a most splendid sight, to see the two allied armies advancing—the French on our right, along the coast. The whole country is entirely without wood, and no hedges, so that you can see miles, and cavalry, artillery, and infantry, all marched alongside each other. Imagine four divisions, each 5000 strong, all moving in sight of each other. You will see a much more accurate account in the papers; but as I may not have another opportunity, I would not lose this. I think we shall be engaged again to-morrow, and I trust God may preserve me again, of His infinite goodness; but I assure you, from what I saw yesterday, I never wish to see another battle. Love to all.

Your affectionate Brother,

H. A. N.

VABNA, *September 21st*

I am now nearly quite well, and hope to be able to embark to-day with my regiment for the Crimea. I am still rather weak, but hope the sea air will soon

set me up. The first part of the expedition are all landed, and very close, I believe, to Sebastopol, and the ships are now come back here for the rest of the Heavy Brigade, and a lot of French cavalry and artillery who accompany us. Hoping to pull through all right,

Your affectionate

G.N.

M Y DEAR FATHER

BALAKLAVA, *September 27th.*

We remained two days at Alma, having a great deal to do in burying the dead, and looking after the wounded, which I am sorry to say amounted to 2000 men. The next day we moved on to Baalbec, a very strong position, but fortunately the Russians had been so completely routed, that they passed through it in great disorder, and never offered the least opposition, so that we encamped that night on the farther side of the river. The next morning we moved on across another river, through a village which was also deserted, and encamped about seven miles from Sebastopol, the authorities having decided to make a flank movement, instead of attacking Fort Constantine. We marched in a southeasterly direction, through a thick forest, and had a most tiring march of more than fifteen r

was enlivened by a scrimmage with some troops under Prince Menchikoff, who were leaving Sebastopol. We were not engaged, as the Russians bolted as soon as our artillery had fired upon them. They left an immense convoy of bullock-waggon, laden with meal and ammunition, which we were obliged to destroy, as we could not take them with us. It was the hardest day's work I ever had, as we were under arms from 5 A.M. till eight in the evening, when we encamped at a small river. The men were awfully knocked up, but marched very pluckily. The next day we inarched to Balaklava, a fort which was expected to offer opposition; but after firing a few shots they surrendered, no damage being done on either side. It is a very nice village, at the head of a small bay, which is deep enough for big ships to come up close to the shore, so that we have got a constant communication with our big ships, which are now landing the siege guns. We have had several cases of cholera, and you will be all very sorry to hear that poor Colonel Cox died this morning. He was completely knocked up by the march, and the load he had to carry; was taken ill with cholera yesterday; went on board ship last night, and died this morning. I cannot tell you how shocked I was, as I " him last night, and wished him good-bye.

I am quite well, and better and stronger

than when I landed in the Crimea. The idea here is, that Sebastopol will surrender, as the army is completely demoralized; at any rate, we shall not have much difficulty in taking it, and I hope to date my next letter from that place. We march to it to-morrow, as it is only seven miles off. I could not drink your health in champagne, but I assure you I thought of you on your birthday, and take this opportunity of wishing you many happy returns of it; and hope that next year I may be among the family circle to join with them in their good wishes. Percy's wound is going on very well, and he has come on with us. I hope that, after we have taken Sebastopol, we shall go into winter quarters, as it is getting late for bivouacking, and the men are far from healthy, having made a great deal too free with the grapes, which grow in great profusion in all the valleys, and are, of course, the property of the conquerors. You must excuse this scrawl, as my writing accommodation is very limited; but I know you would like a line, however illegible. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

Pratt is all right

Ship ' JASON,' off the CRIMEA.
September 10th.

The Heavy Cavalry Brigade, *i.e.* ourselves, the 4th, 6th, and Royal Dragoons, actually left Varna the 26th of September, and to-day we anchored off the coast of the Crimea. We passed by Sebastopol at twelve o'clock to-day; our fleet were all there, watching it as a cat does a mouse, and as we passed they exchanged some playful shots. There has been already a big engagement (Alma), in which the 23rd and 55th suffered most fearfully: these, with some others, and the Guards and Highlanders, actually drove away and defeated the "Roossians" at the bayonet's point. Henry is all right, as I have seen some one who has seen the returns. I am now, thank God, strong again; we disembark to-morrow. They say there are few, if any, Russians outside Sebastopol; it certainly from the sea does look a very strong place, but I hear they expect soon to take it—Heaven send they may. It is not very probable that we shall have much fighting ourselves, but a great deal of outpost duty, as Cossacks abound all over this country. The men are now pretty healthy.

G. N.

GAMP, 3 miles from SEBASTOPOL,
October 8rd.

Yesterday we moved up to the heights above Sebastopol, where all our force is now concentrated; we, the 1st Division, are on the right, to protect our flank, in case the Russians should attack us, as they have a large force in our rear; the rest of our army are on our left, and the French on the extreme left resting on the sea near the Chersonese, where they are landing their siege guns. There is a house from which one has a beautiful view of Sebastopol; I went up there yesterday, and certainly it looks a very ugly place. While we were there they pitched some shells at us. Grey's regiment has disembarked, but I have not seen him. I have not had a clean shirt since I landed, and am now sitting in one of the men's, and without socks, while mine are being washed.

October 8th.—Troops are constantly going in by the north side of the town, which is open to them. There are a great many Cossacks in our rear who pay nightly visits to our posts, but retire when fired upon: they are, however, no doubt, the advance guard of a large force.

H. A. N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

October 3rd.

We are encamped now, within a few miles of Sebastopol; the Heavy Brigade and Light are here altogether. You will all be delighted to hear that one of our fellows spoke to Henry the day before yesterday. He was quite well. I have not seen him yet. I think they are advanced all round Sebastopol, and will attack it directly, I expect. I met Glastonbury yesterday quite well. Thank God, I am much better now, though not quite myself yet. I will add no more, as it is difficult to write without any accommodation. With the kindest love to all,

I am,

Your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

October 7th.

One line to say that I am all right at present, thank God, encamped in the Crimea, about five miles from Sebastopol. We have had most constant alarms with Cossacks, and had a bit of a brush with them this morning; but, on a troop of Horse Artillery coming up, they retired. We are, however, in rather a dangerous position here, having to protect the rear of the army.

G. N.

SEDASTOPOL HEIGHTS, *October 12th.*

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Here we are still, not having yet fired a shot, as our preparations are not quite complete, and Lord Raglan has determined not to begin till he has his guns in position. I trust, however, that we shall commence on Saturday or Sunday, as some of the batteries are completed, and the rest in progress: it is rather disheartening, as the Russians throw shot and shell at us all day and all night, keeping us on the *qui vive*. But, as the range is very distant, they have, hitherto, had very little effect, the only casualties being three men killed; which certainly does not say much for their precision as marksmen. I made my first appearance in the trenches in charge of a covering party the other night, and a most disagreeable duty it was, as the moon was very bright. We paraded at 6 P.M., and proceeded to the place appointed for the battery; there we found the working party, who at once proceeded to commence operations, while we were extended on the crest of a hill to the left to protect them from a sortie. We were obliged to lie down, as we were not more than 2000 yards from the town, and indeed where our advanced sentries were placed, we had a most beautiful panorama of Sebastopol by moonlight, and I have no doubt that it will soon appear at the Colosseum.

About twelve o'clock, when we were all very drowsy, we were awoken by a shell which burst close to us, succeeded by seven or eight others, all equally harmless. The working party took the hint, and immediately absconded (N.B.—they were not Guardsmen), and left us to take care of their half-finished work. Whether the Russians were alarmed at the noise of their own cannon, I know not; but they fired no more, and the only disagreeable part was the lying on the damp ground, shivering with cold, not daring to run about to warm oneself for fear of being seen. I cannot tell you how pleased we were when dawn appeared, and we were relieved. This was my first night in the trenches, and truly grateful am I to have escaped, and trust that, under Providence, I may be equally fortunate next time. I am glad to say that our battery has since been finished, and has now six guns in it, ready to return the salute of our friends the other night. The perpetual firing keeps one awake of a night, as the shells appear to be much nearer when everything else is quiet, not to mention that we are constantly turned out to repel imaginary attacks, caused by scrimmages between the Cossacks and our outposts. Last night we were aroused about two o'clock by the firing of musketry and field artillery, and a general cry of a sortie; this time I really thought they had made up their minds to attack us,

bat on inquiry this morning, it was discovered that a sergeant of Sappers mistook some Russian sentries for our own, and went up to them. They immediately fired and retreated towards the town, thinking that we were attacking them; the alarm in Sebastopol was intense, their drums beat to arms, and we could hear them shouting and screaming. The Sapper and his party also took to their heels, their flight being accelerated by some field-pieces that the Russians brought up; thus ended our dire alarm. Our camp is almost out of range, but there is a steamer which amuses herself by throwing shot to alarm us; the other day a 42-pounder pitched about 400 yards to our front, and was immediately brought in triumph by the men, who make use of it to grind coffee, saying, that they want seven more to give one to each company. Yesterday I took a charming walk to look at the valley of the Inkermann, which runs down to the north of the town; it is very pretty, and there are caves in the rocks, in which the Cossacks live; there is also a chapel, in which an officer told me he heard the bell ringing for church last Sunday. It is a great pity that such a nice country as this seems to be, should be at the mercy of such a despot. The town is also far too pretty and well-built to be battered down, but that such will be its fate within ten days is, in my opinion, a certainty.

It was very fortunate that the authorities gave us tents, as, for three days, we have had intense cold, with a strong wind. Yesterday, however, the weather changed, and has become fine again, though cold at night: we are all (officers included) to have an extra blanket issued out to us. I saw a most beautiful aurora borealis the other morning, quite pink. Tell Dick that there are plenty of wild geese flying about, and evidently making up their minds to seek some warmer regions: in spite of the warfare that would be carried on against me, I wish I was one of them, as I should immediately set sail for the river Cam. The sailors, to the number of 1000, are encamped in the middle of our lines, and work away in the trenches and batteries; they are to take charge of the big Lancaster guns, which they have much more experience of than our artillerymen. They are a great addition to our force, which is fearfully weakened by disease; the men are, however, all in high spirits, and the cholera has nearly disappeared. I am thankful to say that I am very flourishing, and ready for another night in the trenches when it comes to my turn. I have not seen Grey yet, but hear he is all right. The cavalry had a skirmish with the Cossacks the other morning, but his regiment was not engaged. The French are to take possession of Varna as a de'pot; I wish them joy of it, and think we are very

lucky in Scutari falling to the share of the English, as Bulgaria is certainly a most uncivilized country, while there is some hope of improving the Turks in Constantinople. When they heard of our victory at Alma, every man in the town loaded his gun or pistol, and kept firing it off continually, that being their demonstration of intense delight. All the mosques were illuminated in the evening. I enclose some crocuses picked from the plains of Sebastopol, under the range of the guns of the fortress; they grow wild in great quantities all over the place. If any of the household correspond with Mrs. Pratt, she will be glad to hear that he is much better, and at present, out of harm's way, with the depot of convalescents at Balaklava. I have a most excellent substitute, and you may imagine that the amount of valeting required does not render it necessary to have a first-rate performer in that department. All the family belongings are flourishing, and Granville Eliot has rejoined his battalion, having got quite well on board ship. My remaining ink has just been upset, so I must conclude. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

MY DEAR FATHER,

BALAKLAVA, *October nth.*

One line to say that, thank God, up to the present time I am alive and well. The siege of Sebastopol has begun this day, and the firing, as heard by us, four miles in the rear of it, is tremendous. The enemy have been, in fact, firing night and day, for the last four days, on our trenches and works, but I hear, happily, without serious loss to our force. We have plenty of duty, as we are protecting the rear of the army; they say there is a strong force about us, ready to come down at some time or other, but as yet, our post duty at night, and several brushes with Cossacks, have been our hardest work. We have a strong frontier here, and the Russians are supposed to be cowardly, but we think they must attack us soon. I received a letter from Mirabel yesterday, of the 27th; mine of the last mail ought to have reached you. You will all be comforted to hear that one of my brother-officers saw Henry yesterday, all well. Poor Captain Rowley* was killed the other day. I do not know how I have before forgotten, or got so far in this letter, without having wished you joy of the return of another 26th September. I wish I could have been

* Son of Sir Charles Rowley.

present God grant that at some future time I may be enabled to do so. I have just received your letter of the 2nd October; many thanks. The siege is still going on very sharply, but I can give no particulars. Best love to all.

Your very affectionate Son,

G .N.

MY DEAR MIRABEL,

BALAKLAVA, *October 22nd.*

The post is going out, and I have only time to say I am all right. Henry, too, is quite well; I saw him two days ago. The siege goes on badly and slowly. God send it will all end well. With best love to all,

1 am,

Your very affectionate Brother,

G.N.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

CAMP NEAR SEBASTOPOL,
October 22nd.

We are still here, having been pounding away since Tuesday: I am afraid that we have a **great deal** more to do before we get into Sebastopol; **but the** firing is certainly much slacker, and most of their **guns are** dismounted. Nevertheless, I expect

that they will retire to the other side of the harbour, and pepper us from the heights, in the event of our taking the town, which, I trust, may be soon. We have been greatly retarded by the French, as their batteries were silenced the first day, and did not re-open till the third day, so that the whole of the second we had to bear the brunt of the entire fire, which caused us a good many casualties. They have, however, since done good work, but certainly have not been of much use to us, as, in addition to the insufficiency of their land batteries, at the last moment, when both fleets had arranged to attack the forts, they refused to go nearer than 1800 yards, leaving three English ships to make the attack, which was of course unsuccessful, and resulted in a heavy loss to the fleet, more especially to those who were at a great distance out. I am sorry to say that we have had a great many casualties in our battalion while at work in the trenches—four killed, and twenty-six wounded: poor Colonel Hood was shot in the trenches, by a round shot; he is a great loss to us in every respect. Rowley is also killed, and Cameron wounded in the arm; Davies in the leg very severely.* The Prince had a very narrow escape, the shell which wounded Davies having burst

* Died of it

between his legs; he, however, had only a few bruises, and is about again. I cannot say how truly thankful I feel that I have been hitherto preserved, as the lying down in the trenches is fearful work, and we have so few officers doing duty now, that one's turn comes round very often; the men are on nearly every night. The casualties in the army are very few, and all the family out here are flourishing, including Grey, who paid me a visit the other day, and took his first look at Sevastopol, as his regiment is encamped below the hills, near Balaklava. Lord Dunkellin, who is in the Coldstream, is missing; he was out last night with a working party, and is supposed to have lost his way, and been taken prisoner by a Russian picquet, having advanced to reconnoitre a party, whom he supposed to be English. I suppose he is by this time on his way to St. Petersburgli, where he ought to find plenty of friends, as his father was ambassador there. Alison, and several officers of the Coldstream and Fusileers arrived the other day. I have not yet received my soup, as it was left with C. Fitzroy's* baggage at Scutari, he having been advised to leave it behind. Pray thank Lord John† for it, and say how much I

* Lord Charles Fitzroy, Coldstream Guards,

† Lord John Fitzroy.

appreciate his kindness in thilking of me. I cannot write myself, as it is quite an undertaking, owing to the want of proper materials; and one sleeps nearly all day to make up for the constant night-work, which, as you may imagine, knocks one up a good deal. The 'Simoon' has come into harbour, and I have a few articles of luxury from her, such as a clean shirt, hair brushes, &c, and I really am comparatively comfortable, although my lodging is still on the bare ground, which, being very sandy, covers everything with dust The firing from the * Lancaster' guns has been more successful for the last two days, the gunners having got into the way of using them. Several of our batteries are manned by seamen. Captain Peel * is in command of one of them; he is a most gallant officer, and the other day, when a live shell fell into the trench, he threw it over with his own hands before it had time to burst. All sorts of reports reach us, with deserters from the town; one is, that the streets are filled with dead, and that they have no time to bury them. This may be true, as we keep constantly firing red-hot shot and shell into it. They have also set several houses on fire, but unfortunately these were soon extinguished. I own, I do not see what is to be the end of it, as we

* Afterwards Sir William Peel, R.N.

certainly make but little progress, at least, that we can judge. I suppose it will have to be taken by storm, which, though frightful to contemplate, will be better than going on at this work. Pratt is now doing duty with the invalid battalion, which is left to guard Balaklava; there is also a strong force of Turks there, who the other night startled us by firing off some heavy guns at some imaginary Russians. No doubt, however, there is a large force in our rear, as they showed the other morning, but moved back when we turned out to meet them. Of course, we shall not go into the valley, as all we want is to defend the hills till we have taken this place. Whenever Lancaster's gun is fired it makes a noise just like the railroad, and the soldiers have christened it "the express from Lancaster to Sebastopol;" I wish it was from hence to England, and that I was in it, even although I had a return ticket in my pocket. I still, however, do not despair of spending Christmas in England, as our brigade is so weak that they will be obliged to send us to Corfu or Malta, from whence one will be able to get a month or two leave. Only think, by poor Hood's death, I am third for purchase.

October 22rd, 7 A.M.—I have kept this open in case there should be any fresh news. The town was on

fire during the night in several places, but it was got under without doing any visible damage. The firing has recommenced, as brisk as ever on our side, with but little return from the besieged, and I really trust that another week may see us through it. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

CAMP NEAR SEBASTOPOL,

MY DEAR FATHER,

October 27th,

I am sorry to say that poor Grey is severely wounded. On Tuesday the Russian cavalry attacked a redoubt held by the Turks in front of Balaklava; the latter fled and lost their guns, whereupon the "Heavies" made a most brilliant charge and retook them, and some Russian guns also. But, being unsupported, they advanced too far, and were dreadfully cut up by artillery and infantry, who fired from all sides. The "Light Brigade" lost two-thirds killed and wounded, the "Heavy" was not so much cut up. Grey has received four wounds in the back, besides scratches: the wounds in the back are from lances, and one is very severe, being very deep, but

as he has spat no blood I trust none of the internals are injured. I went down to see him on board ship, where he was immediately taken; the ship is the 'Echunga,' and unfortunately when I got on board she was actually under weigh for Scutari; so that I had only a few minutes with him. I was glad to see him looking pretty well and cheerful, and able to talk and breathe without pain. He had been bled the night before, and the staff-surgeon on board confirmed his own statement that he had certainly improved after his night's rest. At the same time he said the wound was serious, and would require time to heal it. McCulloch, the surgeon of the 5th, said that he did not think any internal injury had been done, and therefore, I trust, you may soon hear from the wounded hero himself. He will write as soon as he gets to Scutari; and the doctor on board has promised to send me a line. Grey's account of himself is that he was charging with his regiment, and rather enjoying the excitement, when he found himself in the thick of the enemy's cavalry—he was somehow knocked off his horse and stabbed while on the ground. His escape is miraculous, and God grant that he may soon be restored to convalescence. I have asked our doctor to write to Wright an account, as yesterday morning I was sent to the

trenches for twenty-four hours, and was afraid I should not be back in time for the post, which goes early this morning. I have, however, returned safe and sound, and I must heartily confess that I never spent such a miserable birthday—crouched under an earthwork with shot and shell flying about from day-break till dark. We are, I fear, making little, if ^{an}y, progress in our siege. I shall have a near shave for the post, so good-bye. With love to all,

Your affectionate Son,

H. A. N.

I hope the family will not allow themselves to be uneasy about the young "Heavy," as I sincerely trust there is nothing serious.

CAMP NEAR SEBASTOPOL,
November 1st.

I have heard no news of Grey since he left this place, but I dare say you will hear in England before I do, as the postal communication between this place and Constantinople is very inefficient. For the last three days we have had most bitter cold north-east winds. It is not nice weather to live in tents, and I

really, for my part, do not see the end of it: we have been at work cannonading a fortnight yesterday, and certainly have made no visible impression. They say that the French have got within 300 yards of the town on their side, and are going to make an assault, as on our side the place is quite impregnable. In the meantime there is a very large force of Russians in our rear in the valley, who have been so elated by the mishap of our cavalry the other day that they keep us constantly on the alert, and there is a report that Osten Sacken is approaching with a large reinforcement, in which case we shall have the appearance of the besieged by way of change. We are encamped on a very sandy and rocky soil, and the high winds cover everything in the camp with dust. The day after the cavalry skirmish a body of about 5000 Russians took it into their heads to make a sortie from the town in broad daylight; they drove in our pickets and advanced up the heights on the right of our position; there they were received with such a warm fire of shot and shell that they soon returned, losing more than 600 men; among others, a Russian general was wounded. I do not think that they-will ever stand up to us in fair fight; but even after we have driven them out of the town on this side the harbour, they will merely cross and

establish themselves on the heights the other side, which are strongly fortified, and appear to command the town. They have at last made the Turks work at the trenches and repairing the fortifications of a night, which is a great relief to our men, and it does not much signify if they do run away, as it will only leave more room for the covering parties to act. I believe the French still keep sending reinforcements, so that the strength of the army does not suffer any diminution. I saw Edward Neville yesterday; he is very flourishing. Glastonbury has been ill, and has gone on board ship.

November 3rd.—No news since I began this letter, except that the weather is getting colder. Our brigade is not to go into the trenches any more, as we are told off to protect the rear. We have eight companies on picket of a night, and have thrown up such strong works that even if they attack us in the rear it will be a tougher job than they imagine. Love to all.

H. A. N.

*Extract from a Letter from CAPT. EDWARD NEVILLE,
November 1th.*

" Alas! I dread to tell you the sad news, that poor dear Henry is no more. He fell, mortally wounded, in the action with the enemy on the 5th inst., having received a bullet wound in the back which had injured the spine, as likewise a bayonet wound through the body. I saw him, poor fellow, in the hospital tent, where, with two of his brother-officers, Tipping and Sturt,* he was receiving every attention; and although he was perfectly conscious, and spoke to me, he seemed to be in such pain that I did not encourage him to talk much: he said, ' I am so glad to see any of the fiimily.' I was not able to be with him in his last moments, for duty called me to our division, two or three miles distant; but on returning, soon after daylight on the 6th, I heard that he had passed away at half-past eleven the night before, so quietly, that Sturt, who was close by him at the time, was not aware of his approaching end. His features in death were perfectly calm, and I trust he is now enjoying that peace in the kingdom of heaven which the Lord granteth his servants. I was present at the funeral yesterday;

* Son of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Sturt.

poor Henry and Pakenham* were buried at the same time, and I was much struck with the solemnity of a soldier's burial on the field of battle. All the officers of the regiment attended, and the bodies of the gallant departed lay on and were covered with boughs (emblematic of the laurels they had won) previous to the earth closing on their mortal remains. Nothing can exceed the kindness and sympathy shown by all poor Henry's brother-officers on this sad occasion. If it please God to spare me, I long to hear that my dear uncle and aunt have not suffered in health from the severe affliction, which it is now my painful duty to make known to you."

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

SOUTABI HOSPITAL,

November 10th.

I am able to write and tell you, by the doctor's authority, that I am doing very well indeed. I have been wounded very severely in the side a good many times. I had the bad luck to get knocked off my horse, and then those ruffian Russians stuck their lances into me: the wounds, however, are doing beautifully. I have a bad cough, which the doctors say, will go away soon. Do not

* Boa of H O B. Lieat-General Sir Hercules Pakenham.

fret about me, as I feel already better in myself; and I trust that before long a Medical Board will send me back once more to rejoin those whom I love so well. There has been more lighting round Sebastopol, but nothing as yet clear. Lady Stratford de Redcliffe and forty other ladies are doing wonders here in the hospitals. With best love to all,

I am, your very affectionate Son,

G. N.

MY LORD.

SCUTARI GENERAL HOSPITAL,
November 14th.

It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow and most poignant regret, I have to communicate my ever late lamented master's death—your Lordship's son, the Hon. G. Neville. I am just after returning from his funeral; he was buried here, a few moments since, with the honours of war. He died on Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, from wounds he received at the fatal engagement we had at Balaklava on the twenty-fifth of last month. He was ten days on board attended by a head doctor, who waited on him as a parent; and since he arrived in hospital, no person could be better attended; but the Almighty was pleased to take him to himself, **and** I

hope he is now happy in heaven. My Lord, so gently did he—so calmly did he—breathe his last, that a casual observer would consider him sleeping. He always hoped to go to home; the night before he died, he was talking of the happiness of meeting his family, and of his application for me to return with him to England. He never allowed death near him at -all, but God willed it otherwise. Doubtless your Lordship will receive letters from the officers of the regiment, relative to the sad affair; to them, and with them, he was as a brother; to the men of his troop, he was indulgent, kind, and courteous—popular with all, he was too good to live on earth, and now he is, I hope, an angel in heaven. I enclose a lock of his hair—sad memorial of the once happy, cheerful, noble-minded youth; it is all I could send. Your Lordship will excuse my writing; but, exclusive of its being my duty, I feel as a parent, having a wife and children now at present in Newbridge, Ireland, whose every prayer is for my safe return. That is my excuse for writing, and I feel sure your Lordship will pardon me the liberty I take.

Tour Lordship's

Humble, obedient servant,

JAMES ORB,

5th Dragoon Guards.

*Extract from a Letter from the COLONEL of the
GRENADIER GUARDS.*

ORDERLY ROOM, HORSE GUARDS,
22nd November, 1854.

" I hope some one will be able to prepare you for the very sad news it is my duty to communicate. We all feel that we have lost a friend in your son Henry, and the regiment and the service ah excellent officer. The glories even of a soldier's death are a poor compensation for such a valuable life."

From the COLONEL of the 5TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

CAVALRY CAMP, CRIMEA,
November, 1854.

" It is with deep and sincere sorrow that I announce to you the death of your son Grey Neville. He received a severe wound in the side in the action before Balaklava, on the twenty-fifth October, whilst bravely charging with his regiment—the 5th Dragoon Guards—a superior body of Russians, who were overthrown. We entertained great hopes of his recovery, and he was sent to Scutari, where he had, I understand, every attention paid to him, but he died

on the 11th inst. I can offer no other consolation to your Lordship, than the assurance that your son has died nobly in the service of his country, and sincerely regretted by his brother-officers and myself."

Written on the morning of Tuesday, November 28th, 1854, but not sent, since the afternoon brought tidings of the death of him to whom it was addressed :—

MY DEAREST GREY, A- E' NOVEMBER 28TH

Overwhelmed as we all are with affliction for the irreparable loss of poor dear Henry, we have been very much cheered by receiving so good an account of your progress to recovery, under your own hand, and we sincerely hope that the fatal news, which must have reached you soon after you wrote, may not have had the effect of injuring your health. The shock must, indeed, have been most severe, considering how recently you had seen your brother in good health and spirits, doing all in his power to alleviate your sufferings, and to be enabled to report as favourably as possible of your wounds to the family, who, he felt certain, would be deeply in-

terested to learn every particular. Alas ! this was the last letter he was permitted to write ;* but it was invaluable, and strongly marked those kind and warm-hearted feelings which he possessed; and, I doubt not, that the circumstances of that last interview will never be effaced from your recollection. You will like to hear that your poor mother has been wonderfully supported in the heavy trial,, and sets the best example of firmness to the children, who, in their turn, show the greatest attention to their parents. Aunt Elizabeth is also here, and, as usual, most kind and affectionate. Though gradually losing strength, I am in good health, God be praised for it, and I was not wholly unprepared for the fatal result; perhaps from some foreboding that, in a series of sanguinary conflicts, few, if any, persons engaged could long escape; or some melancholy presentiment might be mercifully encouraged from on high, so inscrutable are the ways of Providence, to school the mind and shadow out evil to come. And, indeed, the long and painful suspense that intervened before the ' Gazette' came forth, depressed every one's spirits, and led to the anticipation of bad tidings. In such a case, all human consolation is **vain; and we** can only hope for support from **that**

* He wrote once more.

Almighty Being who inflicted the blow for reasons which we are not pennitted to question; though, doubtless, what He ordains is for the benefit of sinful and miserable man; and we are bound to remember that " Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." Let what has happened on this sad occasion, and all the dreadful scenes you have gone through, make a due impression on your mind; and, above all, never omit to return thanks to God for his mercies, in sparing your life, when prostrate on the battle-field. Without His divine aid, I might have lost two sons in less than a fortnight.* Poor dear Henry! it is soothing to have to record how deeply he is regretted. We receive daily the most touching tributes to his memory, not only from relations and friends, but from many public bodies, and our misfortunes have excited general sympathy and compassion. We have also most kind testimonies from brother-officers, in which our poor sufferer is spoken of in the highest terms. All these papers will be preserved against your return.

Your most affectionate

B(RAYBROOIIIIE).

* Both *had* died in less than a week.

Extract from a Letter of an OFFICER of the
GRENADIER GUARDS.

" On the evening of the 5th, your brother Henry (my dear and kind friend) wished to see me. I went down to the hospital tent, and found him with Captain Tipping and Sturt. I had just met Mr. Halpin, the chaplain, who said, 'I have been with Neville, and he is in a most comfortable frame of mind/ I then saw your brother. Ho began by saying ' He felt he was dying,' but, as the doctors had assured me there was no immediate danger, I hoped and believed not, and told him so. He then asked particularly about the officers, and expressed the greatest pleasure that so-and-so had escaped, or been but slightly wounded. And now I must tell you what I know will please you,—in his whole conversation there was not one word of repining; and when I was arranging his pillow for him, he tried to laugh in his old happy manner, and kept saying ' How much trouble he gave.' Even when speaking of the Russians he did not use a single expression of anger or revenge; and, indeed, his mind was in a pure and settled state. He told me, ' Some drummers were carrying me on a stretcher to the rear, and the enemy so pressed them that they

set me down. The first Russian who came up stabbed me in the body, a second in the arm, and a third aimed a thrust at my head, but my bearskin being on, it only grazed it.' Adding, 'I cannot blame the drummers, they were so hard pressed.' As I left him, he said 'He thought he should sleep, which would do him good.' It is not for me to compare my loss to your heavy sorrow, but I cannot let the memory of my dear friend pass without a tribute. He was the kindest, cheeriest, and most uncomplaining of us all; and living in the same tent with him since I was in the Crimea, you will know how I must have understood and appreciated his character. His memory lives, and ever will, amongst the Third Battalion; and as a slight mark of esteem and affection, they have placed a little monument over his grave.* It is very simple, and surmounted by a cross,—an emblem which, we hear, even the Russians will respect."

* The precious remains were afterwards removed to Cathcart's Hill.

*Extract from a Letter from a STAFF-SURGEON.*SOUTABI HOSPITAL, *December 23rd, 1854.*

"I would ere this have written to Lord Braybrooke (but could not bring myself to break in so soon upon his double sorrow), feeling bound to write to him, not only on account of my attendance upon his poor son, Grey, but on account of some conversation that passed between us, regarding himself and the occurrences which took place at, and subsequent to, the battle of Balaklava. That the poor fellow ever reached the British camp was wonderful, and was, under Providence, altogether owing to the humanity and courage of a private soldier of the regiment, whose name is Abbott, and who, Grey Neville told me, that should he survive, he would never forget, or be grateful enough to; or if he did not survive, that he was sure his father and family would express their gratefulness for such truly heroic kindness. He told me that he was leading his troop to the charge; that he charged with the troop through the first line, and was riding still forward to the second line of Russian cavalry; that after a second or two he ceased to hear the tramp of his troop behind him, and that on looking round he found they had gone about, and had charged back

through the first line. He thus found himself cut off, and several of the Russian cavalry rode towards him. He thought it was better to attempt to ride through them; and doing so, he rode with all his might and horse's power against the centre of the party. The concussion knocked him off his horse, and knocked his antagonist, horse and all, down, and, he thought, killed him. He was then on the ground, and was wounded while there. He lay still, with his face to the ground. They thought he was dead, I suppose, as he heard them moving away; and, thinking they were gone, he raised his head to look, when a Russian dragoon dismounted, perceived him do so, and immediately cut him with his sword over the head. His helmet fortunately saved his scalp, but his right ear was cut into. Some cavalry coming up at the moment—he thought our light cavalry—rode over him, and caused his ruthless assassin to sheer off. He felt dreadfully hurt by the horses' hoofs. Soon after the Heavy Brigade came near, and passed him. He shouted out to his own troop to pick him up, but they did not hear him. One man, however, saw and heard him, dismounted from his horse, and lifted him from the ground, made him stand for a moment, and he tried to walk, but was so weak he could not, and wanted to lie down again.

The soldier would not leave him, urged him to try and move, by every persuasion; and ended by finally dragging him by bodily strength to a place of assistance and safety. This is Grey Neville's own account to me. Having been in charge of General Scarlett's brigade of cavalry from the commencement of the campaign until the battle of Balaklava, I was consequently ever in camp with the Fifth Dragoon Guards, and became intimately acquainted with Mr. Neville, particularly so after his two illnesses in Bulgaria—one at Kotlubie, that fatal place, where he suffered severely with diarrhoea, and again at Varna, where he had a severe attack of fever. Both these he recovered from; and though weakly when we landed in the Crimea, he became quite strong and well, and looked quite himself up to the day of the battle, a few days previously to which I was placed in charge of a ship, with wounded from the trenches, to take them down to Scutari. The day before we started the cavalry battle took place, and amongst others my poor friend, Grey Neville, was brought to me on board, pale and faint, and told me the doctors had examined his wounds, and that he had a wonderful escape, as his chest was not penetrated. He was immediately placed in bed, propped up, as he could not lie down from his wounds, and

some difficulty of breathing; and having got some stimulants, and been put under treatment, he experienced great relief; and when Captain Neville, of the Guards, came to see him, the poor fellow was wonderfully relieved, and so continued, all the symptoms improving, not gaining much strength, however, but still losing no ground. One morning he awoke, and turned suddenly in the bed, became quite pale and insensible, and when the medical attendant arrived the poor fellow was no more. He had one large wound, and, if I recollect right, three others in his back, and a sabre cut on the ear. The examination afterwards ascertained the third rib to be broken at its junction with the spine, and a large piece sticking into the chest. The poor fellow knew from the first that it was a bad injury, for I told him so; and though I hoped he would do well, he must know the danger he was in, and he said he hoped he was prepared to meet the result, whatever it might be. He had, from the commencement of the war, a presentiment of its termination, as regarded himself, and he never could think of it in the light and trifling sense that some soldiers do. He fretted much about the effect the news of his injury would have upon his father and mother, both of whom he told me were most affectionately fond of

himself and his brother in the Guards. I think, in my experience, I have never known a father's and mother's love more sincerely acknowledged, or more affectionately returned; and with such feelings, I need hardly say that his duty to God was not forgotten. He several times daily read the Prayer Book, as he borrowed mine for the purpose; and having the next cabin to him, and seeing him repeatedly, I have no doubt that the poor fellow received that consolation that such exercises alone can give.

* Lord and Lady Braybrooke have lost two affectionate sons. I trust they will find their consolation from the Hand that ordains such trials/'

SUTABI, *January 4th*, 1855.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

The melancholy duty of attending on your poor brother, the Honourable H. A. Neville, of the Grenadier .Guards, did devolve upon me. As you have been informed, he did suffer very much for some hours. It was not in my power to remain with him all the time, having so many suffering and dying at the same time, but I made it a duty to return to him within every hour. The noble fellow endured

his sufferings with manly fortitude; nay, more, with complete resignation. He continued perfectly conscious all through. He most gladly received the consolations of the Gospel—the best and only comfort we could offer him at such a time. He was quite aware of his approaching end, and looked to Jesus, as the only hope of sinners, and, I do trust, was enabled, through the merits of His atoning work, to look forward to the joys of heaven. He seemed fervently to join in prayer, as far as he was able, but his poor body was so continually restless, that the mind was frequently interrupted in its meditation upon spiritual things. His sufferings were more from restlessness and inability to find an easy position than from violent pain, so that often the train of his expressions was interrupted more than the train of thought.

Praying that the Holy Ghost the Comforter may come to you in this your time of trial, and abide with you always,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

ROBERT HALPIN,

Chaplain to the Forces.

" Thus saith the Lord: Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. There is hope in thine end that thy children shall come again.

" He will give back what neither time nor might,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore
(Dear as to long blind eyes recovered sight);
He will give back those who are gone before."

