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## ART. III.—THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

*The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By A. W. KINGLAKE. Vol. VI. "The Winter Troubles." Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

THIS volume of Mr. Kinglake's History of the Crimean War, which has for so many years been dragging its slow length along, possesses all the faults and charms of its predecessors. We have here the same fascination of style as of old, the same vivid powers of description, the same clear mastery of details, the same incisiveness of sarcasm; and unfortunately we also have the same partiality of judgment, the same hero-worship which permits no censure to be attached to its idol, the same intolerance, unnecessary aggressiveness and digressions, which do not tend materially to illumine the subject. Eliminate the dissertations upon the war administration of France and the war administration of England, the "Retrospective Inquiry," and the violent and ill-judged attacks upon the *Times*, and the book before us could be compressed into half its size without destruction of, or interruption to, its narrative. To the name of history this work is not strictly entitled. It lacks the impartiality, the thorough sifting of all arguments which lead but to one conclusion; the absence of special pleading, and the broad sympathies of him who seeks to write, in the truest spirit of the historian, the events he describes. In their stead we have a brilliant narrative full of stirring passages, of mordant reflections, of graphic scenes, and of sketches of character which cannot well be surpassed.<sup>1</sup> The truth and purity of history

<sup>1</sup> We append Mr. Kinglake's picture of the late Mr. Roebuck:—

"Mr. Roebuck had a high public spirit, and the honour of his country was dear to him. He had served many years in the House of Commons, and there held a peculiar station. Placing unbounded confidence in himself, and troubling his mind very little about any one else, he had a hardiness beyond other mortals, a compact and vigorous diction, that was quite good enough, yet not too good for his purpose, and, above all, a matchless delivery which made up—much more than made up—for want of stature and voice; because it made him seem like one filled with a sense of his ineffable power. But he had established a yet surer claim upon the ear of the House of Commons by assigning himself a peculiar function. Though apparently endowed with no faculty for mastering a difficult subject, and wanting also those gifts of the intellect and the imagination which enkindle satire, irony, sarcasm, he nevertheless appointed himself to the office of public accuser, and, what is more, clung so fondly to his chosen task as to be rarely engaged in any other. Though always accusing, he still was not what the world means when it points out a man as a slanderer; for he usually adduced no material that could well be called fresh in support of the charges he brought, and based them, if he based them at all, on what men already knew. Like the speakers of the French Convention in the days of the Terror, he con-

may indeed suffer from such treatment; still we are sure that it does not detract from the pleasure of perusal. Where the works of severe and accurate historians will be untouched, the pages of Mr. Kinglake will always be read with avidity.

The volume opens with the camping of our troops on the bleak wold of the Chersonese. The turn of events had made it absolutely necessary that our army should winter in the Crimea, and Lord Raglan had, November 8, 1854, directed the Commissary-General to make the necessary preparations. At the very outset grave difficulties had to be surmounted. The abandonment of the northern side of the Crimea after the battle of the Alma had now forced the Allies to content themselves with pitching their tents and huts upon a barren patch of ground, so small and sterile that it not only was incapable of yielding the soldiers food, but even forage and fuel, "things that rarely before had

cerned himself little enough with proof or argument, but advanced transcendently to his damning conclusions—that is, as the phrase goes, 'called names.'

"By restricting any argument he might use—perhaps one of the sort called 'deductive'—to a quite insignificant space, and confining himself for the most part to naked invective, unladen with statement or reasoning, undiluted by any of the sentences with which others qualify speech, he could bring what he had to say within a very small compass; and the House—loving mischief, yet also valuing time—used to welcome the rising of an accomplished denouncer who was sure to be vicious and brief—used to listen with delight ever fresh for the samples of perfect delivery with which he would point an arraignment and savagely lengthen the hiss of some favourite little word, such as 'sham.' He had seemingly neither the power nor even the wish to persuade; and was not only without a chief, and without a party, but even without a comrade, without a disciple, without a follower of any kind; yet he was not morose; and if the play of his countenance could be trusted—more especially after making a speech—he gloried in his state of isolation, sitting happy, and, like Brahma, absorbed in the contemplation of his own excellence. From the beginning to the end of the brief, entertaining interlude in which he thus now and then acted, he had the ear—the rapt ear—of the House, but still was without any weight in it; and, although he did not see this himself, a main part of the amusement he gave was amusement at his own expense; for he could not exert his power without so disclosing his vanity as to make the exhibition he gave seem partly, if not wholly, comic.

"In the country at large he was much more gravely regarded; for the light quiet smile in which the House used to indulge when observing a vain brother's foible was a subtle, impalpable thing that could hardly be seized and borne off to a world out-of-doors by even the most skilful journalists; and—conveyed without any such gloss in full-printed reports—the orator's point-blank attacks, unencumbered by wearisome proofs, unshrouded by the language of satire, went so straight to the understandings of politicians numbered by myriads, as to make him in their eyes a great tribune of the people who alone dared to use plain speech."

been wanting to the victorious invaders of a country in which hay and wood-stores abounded." No other spot could be selected, for the enemy, owing to their two flank marches of September 25, had compelled the Allies to encamp upon this uninviting locality, or else to abandon the Crimea altogether. Whilst the Russians had their immense flocks of sheep "under the eyes of our outlying sentries, and showed to any observers who chose to put up their field-glasses their stacks of forage piled up in ranks that seemed miles and miles long," the English and French, deprived completely of the resources of the invaded country, were wholly dependent upon supplies brought by sea. The forage for the cattle and the provisions for the men had to be shipped across the stormy waters of the Black Sea from the stores piled up on the shores of the Bosphorus. And now a series of terrible blunders occurred. The goods required to fill the store-houses on the Bosphorus had to be conveyed straight either from England or France, and it was soon discovered that the strain thus suddenly put upon the transport service was greater than it could bear, and that our supply of merchant vessels and steamers was inadequate to convey the mass of articles necessary for a winter campaign. Cargoes were left rotting on the quays because there were no ships to carry them to our ill-clad and half-famished soldiery. Tents and blankets, so useful on the bleak heights of the Chersonese, remained still housed on the Bosphorus on account of the lack of transports to ship them to Balaclava. Wanting food, wanting serviceable clothing, wanting proper medical attendance (for even drugs were not at hand), our men had not only to face the frosts and snows of a Siberian winter, but still to keep to their work in the trenches, and carry on the siege of Sebastopol. Gradually the awful results of this mismanagement began to assert themselves. From time to time reinforcements landed at Balaclava, yet they failed to effect a sustained augmentation of the number of men under arms, for the new-comers, all at once subjected to the rigours of a winter campaign, fell sick with appalling rapidity, "so that even within a few days the fresh troops became rather a superadded assemblage of hospital sufferers than an actual accession to strength." Our author supports his statements by terrible facts. After disembarking at Balaclava, the 9th Regiment at once marched up to the camp awaiting it on the Chersonese table-land; but there the regiment sickened so fast, that of men fit for duty, after only a few days of campaigning, but a small remnant were left. The Guards had received some strong draughts of recruits sent fresh from England, yet when January came to an end the three battalions, which lately had constituted a splendid brigade, could only muster for duty 312 men. The main body of the Scots Fusiliers,

comprising at the time seven companies, was assembled one day with all its effective strength to greet the return of its colonel, and the whole force thus turned out to welcome their commander consisted of under one hundred men. "The 63rd Regiment," remarks Mr. Kinglake, "may almost be said to have disappeared." The sufferings which caused this decimation were indeed of the bitterest character. Our army was not only threatened with reduction, but with virtual extinction. "In proportion to the numbers," writes Mr. Kinglake, "the English army was undergoing at one time a fiercer havoc than that which ravaged London in the days of the great plague; but no awe, like the awe of a city that is silenced by plague, possessed the English camp. The camp, it is true, was quiet, but the silence maintained by our soldiers was the silence of weariness, the silence of men bearing cold and hardships of all kinds with obstinate pride." The courage of our men was indeed, as the Sebastopol Committee declared, "unsurpassed in the annals of war." As long as they could keep themselves out of the sick list they cheerily went their rounds, mounted guard, or worked during those bitter nights in the trenches. A bite at a biscuit, a sip of whisky, and dressed anyhow, provided warmth could be obtained, the men blithely obeyed all orders, and no sounds of murmur or discontent were heard. They imagined that the siege going on portended a not distant result, and, according to the judgment of one who well understood them, their spirit was sustained by a belief that they would soon be breaking into Sebastopol. It was in mercy that the future was veiled before them.

In turning over these fascinating pages it is the most piteous reading to see how utterly incapable were the transport and commissariat services to make any headway against the difficulties which surrounded them. Funds they had in abundance, but experience proves that a Government, buying things for an army from traders at home, may have, in spite of all their command of money, to wait a long time before the articles required are ready for delivery. Tents for our troops on the Chersonese were among the most urgent of all their wants, yet it took seven months before the 3,000 tents ordered in November had been landed at Balaclava. "If commerce was thus slow in London, the greatest mart in the world," cogently remarks our author, "much more might it be expected to baffle the Commissary-General, when labouring to effect purchases of those supplies—such as horses, bullocks, vegetables, sheep, hay—which he sought from the Levant." Take another instance, which is, perhaps, the best illustration of the collapse of the transport system that the "winter trouble" affords. The Prince Consort, seeing that our army was likely to winter on the heights before Sebastopol, had

conceived the graceful idea of sending out to his brother officers of the Grenadier Guards a supply of fur coats. This warm clothing was promptly despatched, yet it did not reach the Grenadiers till the spring of the following year, when already a warmth as of summer had caused such hot things as furs to be simply objects of loathing to the eye! And even when goods reached the harbour of Balaclava, there was the difficulty, it appears, of having them carried up to the camp. "For want of means to land or transship goods which had reached their destined ports," says Mr. Kinglake, "they too often remained on board during lengthened periods; and, apparently, it now and then happened that a vessel left the port she had reached without having completely discharged her cargo, yet continued to go on plying so that stores and munitions long moved to and fro on the waters. In one ghastly instance, the body of an Irish officer, despatched for interment at home, was somehow 'mis-laid,' like the Prince Consort's furs, and apparently it must have voyaged, like a troubled spirit, from shore to shore, for the utmost labour of official investigators proved absolutely unable to trace it." As if our troops, shivering in an Arctic cold, torn by hunger and worn by toil, had not enough to test their temper and endurance, a terrible storm, one of the fiercest that had ever visited that district, broke out shortly after winter quarters had been assigned the men. It was an awful tempest of wind, thunder and lightning, heavy rain and blinding snow, which raged both on shore and sea. It wrecked no fewer than twenty-one of the vessels freighted with munitions and stores for our army. On the heights tents were rent to pieces and swept away utterly, with all the things they contained. Horses broke loose and fled wildly in all directions. Wagons were overturned, and of those stores of food and forage which had been brought up with so much labour to the camp, and which were so precious, great quantities were destroyed or spoilt. The hospital marquees had been the first to fall, and beneath them lay the sick and dying, exposed all at once to the pitiless blast and the thickening snows. The trenches were quickly flooded, and the men on duty were unable to cook their food, for no camp-fires could be lit. More than one brave fellow, we learn, laid himself down on that terrible night, starved and benumbed, to find on the frozen snow his shroud and grave. Unfortunately, among the vessels wrecked in the Black Sea was the *Prince*, a ship containing everything that was most wanted—warlike stores of every description, surgical instruments, guernsey frocks, stockings, boots, shoes; in short, all that foresight could devise for the equipment and comfort of the troops. Certainly, during the months of the winter of 1854-5 the endurance of English soldiery was tried more seriously

than it had ever been tested since the days of the Walcheren expedition.

And yet what made men's hearts fierce with indignation was the fact that in the French camp matters had been differently organized. There the soldier had his rations served out to him with regularity, he was well clothed and stoutly housed, his sanitary condition was well looked after, and he lacked for nothing which a soldier required when in face of the enemy. "Why," it was angrily asked in London, "should there be such grave mismanagement in the English camp when France was setting us such a totally different example?" Mr. Kinglake answers the query by attributing the blame to the various war departments which then existed, and which were each independent of the other. To use a homely proverb, it was a case of "too many cooks spoiling the broth." Before her feud with Russia, England possessed the Horse Guards, and in addition a couple of departments which connected themselves with the grave affairs of war by "three quaintly distinctive prepositions." There was the Colonial Minister, who was also the Minister of War, or, in other words, the Secretary of State for War; whilst the head of the War Office was the Secretary at War. Each of these Ministers had his own independent duties to perform, and as it appeared to be the rule of the department for no colleague to consult his fellow, a great amount of ignorance prevailed, and confusion necessarily arose. When the English nation became informed of the state of her soldiers in the Crimea, and of the unnecessary privations they had been made to endure, a violent outcry against the Government was raised. A pamphlet was circulated with the title "Whom shall we Hang?" and indeed, in the temper the country was in, vindictive measures would have been almost popular. The Aberdeen Cabinet was arraigned at the bar of the House of Commons, and resigned. Lord Palmerston came into power, and to the amiable but incompetent Duke of Newcastle Lord Pammure succeeded as Secretary at War. The new Minister was the exact opposite to his predecessor in office. His early life, owing to the vindictiveness of a tyrannical father, had been passed under conditions which had caused him to grow up a churl. He was rough-tongued, rough-mannered, and being utterly devoid of all sensitiveness, was never so happy as when attacking. He had scarcely accepted the Seals when he plainly showed the course he was to pursue. There had been the grossest mismanagement in the control of military details; revelations had been disclosed which should not have been made; mistakes had occurred proving the most culpable negligence; the supervision of the army was greatly at fault: to the mind of the new Secretary the one to whom blame really attached was the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Raglan was at the head of

military affairs ; it was his duty to inquire into all matters connected with the *personnel* and *matériel* of the army ; he lacked foresight in not having sooner come to the conclusion that it would be necessary for the troops to winter in the Crimea ; clearly, in the opinion of the Secretary at War, the Commander-in-Chief was responsible for the blunders that had been committed. Lord Panmure wrote a severe letter to Lord Raglan. It is here that Mr. Kinglake displays his special pleading. Lord Raglan is his hero, and he will not permit a single accusation to be levied against him ; he hotly vindicates his idol from all the charges brought against him, and attributes all the blame connected with the "winter troubles" to the authorities at home ; and especially is he indignant that at such a season of grave crisis a Commander-in-Chief should have been harassed by such an unpleasant official correspondence. "Those who at all know," says Mr. Kinglake, "the value of a commander's buoyancy of spirit, and of his time and brain-power in the midst of an anxious campaign, will scarcely help thinking angrily of a Secretary of State who, whilst keeping Lord Raglan in the command of our army and involved in close strife with the enemy, could also lay upon him a task so hateful, so barren, so depressing as that of having to avert his glance from the enemy, and face round for an encounter of words with the Government of his own Sovereign." Lord Raglan in his reply clearly refuted all the accusations brought against him ; yet we cannot place him, as Mr. Kinglake places him, among generals of the first rank. He was doubtless the victim of circumstances ; yet it would appear most certainly that under his control of the troops upon the Chersonese heights there were a want of system, a want of personal supervision and of the quick seizing of practical advantages, which do not compare favourably with the tactics of General Canrobert. Still we must ever bear in mind that the one was well supported at home whilst the other was the very reverse.

Into the wide question of how far correspondents attached to newspapers should be allowed to accompany an army, we cannot here enter. Mr. Kinglake is very bitter against the *Times* for publishing the letters of Mr. Russell, its war correspondent. He asserts that the revelations those letters disclosed of the sad condition of the army were of benefit to the foe and greatly calculated to assist him in his operations against the Allies.<sup>1</sup> We can only reply that the Russians failed to avail themselves of the opportunity, if it ever existed, and that if it had not been for the *exposés* in the *Times* the Aberdeen Ministry would have

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<sup>1</sup> For the refutation of these strictures, see Mr. Russell's articles in the *Army and Navy Gazette* for November.



in all probability been still allowed to continue its course of blundering and incapacity.

We owe, however, a debt of thanks, whilst on this subject, to our author. It is always interesting to be taken behind the scenes, and to watch the inner lives, veiled from the public gaze, of those who have attained to celebrity. Mr. Kinglake admits us not only into Printing House Square, but leads us upstairs into the very sanctum of the editor's room. During the crisis of the Crimean War, the *Times* was at the height of its power and popularity: its censure could then shake the stability of a government; its praise or abuse could make or crush the person selected; its intelligence became one of the necessities of the day. The proud position it then occupied was due in a great measure to the tact and foresight of Mr. Delane, the accomplished editor of the *Times*. From the contents of one waste-paper basket, which Mr. Kinglake gives us, we can judge how worried and badgered from all quarters was this important individual—the Jupiter Tonans of the press. “I demand the name,” writes an angry concert singer, “of the musical critic who says I have lost a note.” “Have come straight from our Chief,” jots a private secretary down upon his card; am authorized to tell you all.” “Only one moment—last importance.” A divine, haled before the Judicial Committee, sends up his card desiring an interview: “I have brought a few books,” says this worthy, “to show that the Privy Council is guilty of heresy.” A distinguished officer, invalidated from the Crimea, pens a few hasty lines, preferring this modest request, “Travelling straight round by Ireland, I have come home on sick leave to ask for the command of the ‘flying column.’ Please just say it would be profligate to appoint any man except me.” An anxious wife, mindful of the privations that her beloved has to endure on the Chersonese heights, pencils on the card she sends upstairs by the messenger, “Seeing how careful you are about parcels and things for our army, I have come with supplies of fresh linen and eight hampers for my husband in the horrid Crimea. Having lost all confidence in the Government, I send these things out by the *Times*.” Then, woman-like, she despatches a second card with the invariable feminine P.S. “An editor of your well-known sagacity will see at a glance which end of each hamper must always, please, be kept uppermost.” An author who attributes to treachery what in all probability is only due to his own incapacity, writes on his pasteboard, “I propose to lay bare the conspiracy which prevents the sale of my poem.” Some hurried politicians drive up to Printing House Square and send in their cards. “Give me only two minutes! the fate of the Government is at stake.” “One minute!” says another; “the fate of the party.” “A moment!” writes a third; “the fate of the country.” The

divine, irritated at waiting, sends up a second card with, "I am still outside with my books, and what's more I won't go away until you solemnly promise to let the Privy Council be smashed." A wife, evidently a case of the grey mare being the better horse, drives into the square and hands in these eager words—"I come straight from the Commons and left my husband still speaking; thought him weak; I trust only in you to make his speech seem nice and forcible; both our 'Whips' in a flurry; my little French maid here—yes, yes, sir, I come with my maid—would certainly manage men better; division not expected till nearly 4 o'clock; please come down and speak to me at the door of my carriage." Second card from the same: "You say *impossible?* Fiddlestick! how dare you keep me waiting out here at 2 o'clock in the morning, in this absurd Printing House Square? come down, I tell you, at once!" Who can estimate the number of eager words written in pencil upon cards and leaves of pocket-books which in stirring seasons the porters of the *Times* had to take up to the Editor's room—or to say they had taken up?

We now turn to that episode in the war which stands out as one of the brightest chapters in the history of humanity. No sooner did it become known to the population of our towns that there were Englishmen in a distant land, fighting for the honour of their country amid all the rigours of the severest hardship, and deprived of the necessities of life, than a great cry arose that something must be instantly done for the brave and unfortunate soldiery. If the Government had blundered, and the Commander-in-Chief had been lacking in prescience, that was no reason why the country should follow their example. Committees were held, funds were raised, provisions and clothing were collected, and soon steamers and transports were pressing through the Dardanelles to unlade their rich cargoes at Balaclava.<sup>1</sup> But assist-

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<sup>1</sup> Here is a sketch of one of the agents administering the relief-fund in the Crimea: "The division of labour adopted by the two honorary agents threw, mainly, it seems, upon one of them that part of the duty which aimed at wringing work from the Croats [the name given in the camp to some Asiatic hired labourers]. Tower was not only a man of indomitable activity, and addicted more than other frail mortals to painful, resolute 'forethought,' but moreover was so grandly constituted as to be capable of enthusiastic devotion to a 'cause;' and the 'cause' of our glorious soldiery having fiercely laid hold of him—laid hold of him heart and soul—the torrent of his energies was a force too strong to be withstood, too strong to be even confronted by Asiatic men. Reducing his 'Croats' to sheer slavery, yet studying with thoughtful kindness their wants, their wishes, their habits, ascertaining and procuring for them the exact kind of food—mainly bread and dried fruit—that best would nourish their strength, and the most beloved sort of tobacco with which to reward a day's toil, he respected all their best feelings—except their love of repose—and proved able to make them get through the whole quantity of labour required. Soon, beside Kadiköi, on the road between camp and port, there

ance of another and of a more sacred character was also to be despatched. To assuage the pain of suffering, to keep gentle but vigilant ward over the sick, to soften and check the impetuosities of the invalid, have always been the especial province of women. Therefore, when every household in our midst had learnt how our troops had fought, and how pitiless was their condition as they lay dying and wounded in want of proper medical aid and attention, the hearts of many noble women "were stirred with a heavenly thought, impelling them to offer and say that if only the State were consenting, they would go out to tend our poor soldiers laid low on their hospital pallets by sickness or wounds." The Government, so far as all hospital purposes were concerned; was represented by Mr. Sidney Herbert. This gifted Minister had formed a strong belief in the advantages our military hospitals would gain by accepting womanly aid, and he had sent out to the East some chosen bands of ladies and salaried female attendants accustomed to hospital duties, requesting that they should be employed where their presence would be the most felt and appreciated. To such a man this offer of nursing, and from the tender-hearted ladies of England, was most welcome, and gladly accepted. Thus it was that now, at this sad time, there went out from us angel-women, resolved to confront that whole world of horror and misery that can be gathered into a military hospital from camp or battlefield; and their plea, when they asked to be trusted with this

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sprang up wooden storehouses, and stacks of bales and chests, and there, too, men observed as they passed that under some motive force newly reaching Crim-Tartary, there had been generated a seething activity; mules, horses, carts coming in laden, and finding men to unload them; splendid sailors—the men of the yacht—bringing strength and resource from on board; men entrenching the ground to find shelter for hampers and bales; interpreters lightly bridging the gulf between the mind of the East and the mind of the West; strong barbarians carrying loads; and —propeller of all—his great eyes flaming with zeal, his mighty beard, laden or spangled like the bough of a cedar on Lebanon with whatever the skies might send down, whether snow, or sleet, or rain—an eagle-faced vehement Englishman, commanding, warning, exhorting; swooping down in vast seven-leagued boots through the waters and quagmires upon any one of his Mussulmans who, under cover of piety (when wanting a few moments of rest), stopped kneeling too long at his prayers. If any wayfarer, passing between camp and port, sought to learn what all the stir meant, he might be told, perhaps, Orientally, by some of the bearers of burthens, that 'the will of Allah—his name be it blest!—had made them the hard-driven slaves of the sacredly bearded commander, the all-compelling, the sleepless, the inexorable Father of boxes—the Father of boxes more numerous than even the seed of Sheik Ibrahim after ninety and nine generations;' whilst the answer to any such question, if drawn from an English officer, was likely to be altogether neglectful of the spiritual element, and simply explain in five words that the cause of all the commotion was 'Tom Tower working his Croats.'"

painful, this heartrending mission, was simply the natural aptitude of their sex for ministering to those who lie prostrate from sickness and wounds. It was seen that the humble soldiers were likely to be those most in want of care, and the ladies were instructed to abstain from attending upon any of the officers. At the head of this merciful staff was one whose name will ever be fondly remembered so long as human suffering endures. Miss Nightingale had become well versed in the business of hospital management; her tact was consummate; her industry and devotion to the cause she had taken in hand were unbounded; and, above all, she was thoroughly practical in all her actions. She completely understood the dire exigencies of war, and she knew that for affording due care to a prostrate soldier an administrative mechanism both inspired and controlled by authority was a condition of absolute need; thus she was not only a nurse, but a disciplinarian. Her portrait is thus sketched by Mr. Kinglake:—"If the generous women thus sacrificing themselves were all alike in devotion to their sacred cause, there was one of them—the Lady-in-Chief—who not only came armed with the special experience needed, but also was clearly transcendent in that subtle quality which gives to one human being a power of command over others. Of slender delicate form, engaging, highly-bred, and in council a rapt careful listener so long as others were speaking, and strongly though gently persuasive whenever speaking herself, the Lady-in-Chief—the Lady Florence, Miss Nightingale—gave her heart to this enterprise in a spirit of absolute devotion." Of the incalculable benefits that were the result of this system of engaging true Christian ladies to nurse the sick and wounded it is impossible to speak. What number of lives were saved by long and earnest vigils when science almost despaired, no statistics of course can show; still less can we measure or record the alleviation of misery effected by the care and gracious presence of women like Mary Stanley and Florence Nightingale, and the rest of their band of ministering angels. Beneath the influence of these tender delicately nurtured dames the rude rough soldiers were instantly humanized, and their thoughts seemed instinctively to wing back their flight to the earlier and more innocent days of their life, before the dissipation of garrison towns had deadened their minds to higher and purer motives. Coarse expressions and oaths, derived from camp and barracks, died out in the wards as though exorcised by the sacred spell of the presence of kind and gentle women, and gave way to murmurs of gratitude. Often the rude soldier, who had known nothing of religion save to take the Holy Name in vain, to give expression to infamous language, when talking to his lady-nurse, used to speak as though the worship he owed her and the worship he owed to heaven were blending into one senti-

ment. "Oh," said one to the lady he saw bending over his pallet, "you are taking me on the way to heaven; don't forsake me now!" When a man was under delirium the magic force of a pure woman's presence almost always transported him to the home of his childhood, and in the fever of his wandering he ever kept on crying "Mother! mother!" as he looked at his nurse or held her hand. A patient might be refractory, might refuse to take his medicine, might be rude to the doctor or the officer going his rounds; but a word from his lady-nurse was sufficient to restore him to his better self, and render him obedient. "Never," writes Miss Nightingale, "never came from any of them one word, nor one look, which a gentleman would not have used; and while paying this humble tribute to humble courtesy the tears come into my eyes as I think how, amidst scenes of loathsome disease and death, there rose above it all the innate dignity, gentleness and chivalry of the men—for never, surely, was chivalry so strikingly exemplified—shining in the midst of what must be considered as the lowest sinks of human misery, and preventing instinctively the use of one expression which could distress a gentlewoman." Who, after reading these labours in the vast barrack hospital at Scutari, can say that the arena of woman's work is limited, and that there is little scope for the exercise of her special gifts, and of the practical energy with which she is endowed? The suffering and the brutal will, alas! be always with us.

This volume of Mr. Kinglake's teaches us one great lesson—that though it is easy to declare war, it yet taxes all the resources of a nation like ours to be at once, on the call to arms, equal to the business of war.



#### ART. IV.—THE CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

1. *Report of the Committee.* Read at the First Annual Meeting on the 9th of May, 1836.
2. *Report of the Committee.* Read at the Forty-fifth Annual Meeting on the 6th of May, 1880.

#### PART I.

**T**HE subject of Home Missions is from its very nature not calculated to excite the same romantic interest as that of missions to the heathen. Not only is the field of labour more circumscribed, but the work itself is not attended with the same attractive features of novelty, with the same accompaniments of travel and adventure. The gloom of our mining and manufac-