

**THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY  
OF THE WAR AGAINST  
RUSSIA, IN TWO  
VOLUMES, VOL. I, PP. 1-200**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649117314

The illustrated history of the war against Russia, in two volumes, Vol. I, pp. 1-200 by E. H. Nolan

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**E. H. NOLAN**

**THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY  
OF THE WAR AGAINST  
RUSSIA, IN TWO  
VOLUMES, VOL. I, PP. 1-200**



HRus  
N7873L

THE  
ILLUSTRATED HISTORY  
OF  
THE WAR AGAINST RUSSIA.

BY  
E. H. NOLAN, Ph.D., LL.D.

---

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And sliken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armurers; and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

O, England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What mightest thou do, that honour would thee do?"  
SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.*

---

473811  
15.4.48

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
JAMES S. VIRTUE, CITY ROAD, AND IVY LANE.



TO THE GENERAL, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
PRINCE GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERIC CHARLES,  
DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE;

EARL OF TIPPERARY, BARON CULLMOREN, KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK,  
KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH, GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF  
ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE, KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE  
ROYAL HANOVERIAN GUELPHIC ORDER, ETC., ETC.,  
AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HER  
MAJESTY'S LAND FORCES.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in dedicating to your Royal Highness a History of the late War against Russia. No individual beneath the throne is so popular in the Army, especially among the poor and gallant soldiers, as your Royal Highness.

You are at the head of that Army, not only by the appointment of Her Gracious Majesty, but by the desire of the Nation.

Your heroic conduct at Alma, and, if possible, still more especially in the greater perils of Inkerman, have made Queen and Country proud of your name.

The ambition, therefore, to dedicate this Work to your Royal Highness was as natural as your permission is condescending and gracious.

That your Royal Highness may be long spared to govern the Army with the capacity, zeal, and consideration for the soldier so characteristic of your command, is the fervent desire of

Your Royal Highness's

Most obliged, and obedient Servant,

EDWARD H. NOLAN.

LONDON, JULY, 1857.

## PREFACE.

---

THE celebrated aphorism of D'Israeli, that "War is the natural condition of man," however it may shock our moral sensibility, has a certain truth in it which forces itself upon our convictions. We know that man was originally endowed with a nature in harmony with all the conditions of his existence; his abode was Paradise, and peace reigned within and around him: as the unruffled waters reflect unbroken the heaven which smiles upon them, so man, in his primeval state, reflected the sublime tranquillity of God. But that which estranged him from his Maker confused his social relations: selfishness became his master-passion, and brought into play envy, hatred, and revenge. In the first family blood was shed; and never, during the long line of centuries in which the race has trodden its way through time, has its footsteps been free from the stain. A history of war would be a history of the species. There is not a coral rock on the Pacific, above which man has formed a dwelling, where the club has not been brandished; there is not a prairie in the Western world, or a dark forest within its recesses, where the war-cry has not been raised, and where the wild strife of men has not left its impress. On the trackless deserts, where the Arab only is a wanderer, he is also a combatant; the Boshman lifts his puny arm in conflict; and the lowest tribes of mankind, the aborigines of Australia--inventive in nothing besides--can cast, with murderous skill, the adroit *boomerang*. Civilization does not destroy this tendency of the race, but trains it, and invests it with more perfect aptitudes. Rome, in the greatness of her government, was greatest in arms; as Greece, before her in renown, united to the matchless delicacy of her taste and subtlety of her intellect a genius for battle, and an ambition for military fame. The most civilized countries of modern Europe have, unhappily, illustrated this truth:—France, the *exemplar* of modern refinement, worships military glory; and even our England, amidst the progress of her material greatness, social melioration, and religious zeal, sings triumphantly of

"The flag that's beaved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze!"

Yet are we bold to say, that the tendency of civilization is to make war both undesirable and impossible. There may exist an advanced civilization of circumstance, in the enjoyment of which commerce flourishes and wealth abounds, and there may exist also a civilization of mind conducing to much refinement of manners and cultivation of the arts,—and yet the nations so distinguished may be ambitious of military ascendancy, and wish to mingle the laurel with every wreath of beauty which they cull.



Commercial and cultivated nations have been aggressively warlike. But the civilization which is based upon high moral principle must curb national ambitions by its restraints, assuage national animosities by its charity, and dissipate the prejudices of caste, and race, and nation, by its intelligence. We are conscious of no invidious nationality, when we say that Great Britain has attained to this civilization more than has any other country,—not even excepting the United States; and therefore the reluctance to engage in the war which is now raging. That reluctance has been the theme of conversation in all intelligent circles on the continent of Europe and in America; and eloquent sarcasms upon our country, in the newspaper-press of Berlin, Brussels, and New York, have received their poignancy from the fact that England openly deprecated war. It is not only because our vast commerce makes peace our interest that we have been unwilling to mingle in the conflict, but because there is principle enough in England to cause war to be regarded as in itself an evil of incalculable magnitude. The military virtues of the British people, which they have retained through a long lineage of heroes, were never more potent. If the passion for war slumber in the nation's heart, the honour of the warrior is wakeful and sensitive there. The very errors of diplomacy and administration have evoked such a protest from the public voice, as shows the intelligence, generosity, practical talent, and vigour of the people at large. It is no new thing for war to call up the greatest qualities of individuals or nations. Although in itself so great an evil, Providence overrules it for good in this and in many other ways. The old Hebrew philosophy is still true, although bearing upon it the age of so many centuries: "Our God will turn the curse into a blessing." The career of conquest has often been the career of civilization; and the sword which scattered nations also quelled barbarous feuds, and cut in sunder the bonds of many servitudes. The breath of the trumpets which shook down the walls of Jericho precluded many a similar catastrophe, when tyranny found no security within its ramparts from the challenge of the brave and free. We have the changes rung every day upon the hackneyed words, "Peace hath its victories," so that men begin to forget, amidst the clangour of their peals, that war also has its *moral* victories; and that the march, the bivouac, the camp, the citadel, the battle, and the hospital, call for qualities rich in the noblest traits of human character. The heroism of Hampden in the field, is not less resplendent than the policy of Hampden in the senate—both sprung from the same patriotism; and that was animated in all its deeds by the same principles of truth and duty. It is not always true that war, by throwing around the victor the halo of a false glory, creates fictitious honour, and cheats us of our admiration; for often the warrior seems noblest in defeat, and he is a sublime spectacle in the very hour of his ruin.

"The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
For ever dimm'd, for ever crest;  
Oh! who should say what heroes feel,  
When all but life and honour's lost!"

War has its literature: it is rich in the descriptive, rich in anecdote, and in biography. Never was war so prolific of literature as this. Our soldiers are authors; their

touching stories of personal endurance,—their exciting narratives of daring,—their varied relations of adventure, not only prove the loyalty and patriotism of the people from whom they went forth, but show, in a manner Lord Brougham never contemplated when he uttered the memorable expression, that “the schoolmaster is abroad.” We shall place before our readers original letters creditable alike to the head and heart of the humble heroes by whom they were written. The military history of the private soldier, as well as of his chief, is frequently full of eventful life; we shall cherish the laurels of our humblest brave, whether overshadowing their graves, or blooming for the acknowledgment of their victories.

England is still proud of her navy. In this war she has to witness the gallantry of her Jack-tars on shore, or in hazarding ship and life against stone-built batteries, behind which the coward navy of the foe has sheltered. But our sailors never showed more constancy, skill, and devotion, than they have in this war, especially in treading the intricate and sinuous channels of the Sea of Azoff, and of the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland. We shall detail the heroism of every arm of the service, and endeavour to show our readers what our enemies already feel—that whatever our mismanagement or mistakes, it is as Lord Hardinge testified before the Sebastopol Committee, that England never was better prepared for war, by sea or land, than she is now.

In depicting the scenes and recording the incidents in which our forces have been engaged, we shall not omit the part taken by our Allies. The bravery of the Turks and the wisdom of Omar Pasha are eminently worthy of a place in history. The defence of the Danube and of Silistria, which, by the skilful tactics of the Turkish commander-in-chief and the intrepidity of his troops, inflicted such disaster upon the Russian armies, and offered so effectual an obstruction to Russian designs, will long occupy an honourable prominence in military annals. We shall lay before our readers the successive plans of the Russian strategists, from the opening of the campaign until the raising of the siege of Silistria; and we shall describe the comprehensive arrangements by which all these plans were baulked, and the prestige of the Russian army damaged, if not destroyed. The heroic courage of the French on the Alma and before Sebastopol furnishes numerous deeds of exciting interest to all who can admire gallantry; while the cordiality of the co-operation between the two armies, as well as of the alliance between the two nations, gave rise to incidents sometimes deeply pathetic, and at other times amusing and grotesque. Anecdotes and letters illustrating the spirit and character of the French, Turkish, and Egyptian armies, will give zest to our narrative.

Our sketches of Russian and Turkish history are drawn from the very best sources; and if we make them short, it is because of our desire to bring our readers—as soon as is compatible with the dignity and efficiency of a history—to the moment when the Turkish flag was flaunted in the face of the enemy, and the first shock of war was heard through Europe. We shall, however, not fail to weave into our story, as we proceed, such accounts of the wild Circassian and Georgian, Greek and Albanian, as will place these nations to the life before our readers; and we shall especially introduce to them the intrepid Schamyl, the prophet-warrior of the Caucasus, whose

struggles, so full of romance and vicissitude, are but little known to the English public.

Our great aim will be to avoid such dry detail as can give no instruction or entertainment to the great body of the people, and yet to afford such an insight to the intrigues of Russia, the cabals of the Divan, the policy of the Western Cabinets, the counsels of the military chiefs, and the operations of armies, as will increase the solid information of those who peruse our book, and at the same time furnish them with reading more pleasurable than can be supplied by the unreal stories of the novel or romance. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is also more interesting, in proportion as the minds are earnest and intelligent before whom it is placed. Truth is, however, only partly told when in any narrative of facts it is divested of the lights and colours which were originally blended with them, and only presented to the reader with bare and unsoftened outline: it will be our task to portray the events of this war as they were, in all their many-coloured habiliments, and strange and peculiar associations. We shall be better enabled to accomplish our purpose in this respect by pictorial aid. This age has been termed "the age of the pen," and the expression has received an almost universal acceptance: we might with almost equal appropriateness call it "the age of the pencil;" for whatever may be the influence of great painters in this, as compared with any past period, never before was the taste and talent of the artist brought into requisition so extensively for the instruction and pleasure of the general public, and never did the mass of readers patronize illustration as they do now. We shall do homage to this excellent fashion of the times, and depict the scenes which were formed by the events which we relate:—the tented field, the bivouac-fire, the vigilant and lonely sentinel,—the skirmish, as the wild Tartar and Cossack, the Rifle and Zouave, advance or recede in the flow and ebb of combat,—the review, the march, the charge, when—

"With fetlock deep in blood  
The fierce dragon, through battle's flood,  
Dread'd the hot war-horse on,—"

the contested trench,—the height crowned with battery and redoubt, dealing murderous cannonade upon the ascending and assailing line—all these will be *illustrated*.

The sea will afford many scenes:—the sun-lit Bosphorus, the tideless Euxine, the ice-bound Baltic,—the calm, the tempest, the wreck, the chase, the capture, the bombarding fleet. Representations of such will enable us to impress upon our readers the beautiful or terrible realities our pen will describe.

Engravings of the men who have been the chief actors in the great drama will constitute not the least valuable contributions of art to our history. A laudable curiosity exists in most minds to behold the men by whom great actions have been performed, and where that cannot be gratified their likenesses afford especial interest. We have original and peculiar means of satisfying this feeling. Ours shall really be an *Illustrated History of the War*.