

INSIDE SEBASTOPOL,

AND

EXPERIENCES IN CAMP.

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY

TO

THE RUINS OF SEBASTOPOL,

BY WAY OF GIBRALTAR, MALTA, AND CONSTANTINOPLE,

AND BACK BY WAY OF TURKEY, ITALY, AND FRANCE;

ACCOMPLISHED IN THE AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1855.



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—
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PREFACE.

IN the following pages I have ventured to tell the true story of the Repulse at the Redan on the 8th of September.

It is known to every one, except the ordinary English public. It is especially well known to the French, and the Sardinians, and the Germans, and even to the Turks. There can be no use in dressing up the event in the trappings of fiction. I have told the story as I heard it upon the spot.

It is better to recognise a disagreeable reality than to exhibit ourselves as living in a fool's paradise, obstinately ignorant of what every passer-by knows to be true.

If that shrewd and fortunate man, Napoleon the Third, should succeed in making peace without another act of warfare—if the eighth of September is to be the date of the last conflict of this war—then the Emperor of the French has added another to his many surprising achievements—*he has revenged Waterloo.*