

AN EXTREMELY FINE CRIMEA WAR GROUP OF MEDALS, ORDERS AND MILITARIA BELONGING TO A CAPTAIN OF THE 49TH FOOT WHO SAW A GREAT DEAL OF ACTIONS 1854-56, LEAVING AN ACCOUNT OF MUCH OF WHAT HE EXPERIENCED, HIS REGIMENT BEING CONSPICUOUS FOR THE PART THEY PLAYED AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN IN PARTICULAR



CRIMEA 1854-56, 2 CLASPS, INKERMANN, SEBASTOPOL 'CAPTN. G.H. LAMB. 49TH. REGT.', FRANCE, SECOND EMPIRE, LEGION D'HONNEUR CHEVALIER'S BREAST BADGE, SILVER, GOLD, AND ENAMEL, TURKEY, OTTOMAN EMPIRE, ORDER OF THE MEDJIDIEH, FIFTH CLASS BREAST BADGE, SILVER, GOLD AND ENAMEL, TURKISH CRIMEA, SARDINIAN TYPE 'CAPTN. LAMB 49TH. REGT.' all with top silver riband buckles, mounted in a large glazed display frame with the following:

a) An extremely fine framed parchment scroll entitled 'The Military Services of George Henry Lamb' This listing his military service from being Gazetted Ensign in December 1848. Including his entire service during the Crimean war, from embarking for service in March 1854 until he returned home in July 1856. It also lists the large battles and actions he took part in and his Awards.

b) An extremely fine and very scarce 1843-1855 pattern 49th Foot Officers Sword Belt Plate in gilt. This comprising a crowned circular strap 'Princess Charlotte of Wales' enclosing 'Hertfordshire' with '49', with battle honours 'Egmont-op-Zee', 'Copenhagen', 'Queenstown' and 'China', with the Royal Dragon of China below. Plate complete with its rarely seen original protective leather cover to the rear, this with its even rarer 49th Foot paper label with the Royal Dragon of China and Lamb's name and 49th in ink to leather. Plate shows some minor wear and knocks. A quite superb piece actually worn during the Crimea war.

c) A fine pair of 49th Foot Officer's turnback ornaments in cloth and bullion, these removed from the turnback's on the tails of Lamb's tunic.

4) Silk embroidered 'Crimea' Standard Battle-honour, another fine looking piece with minor wear

George Henry Lamb, was born circa 1829. A native of Basingstoke, after attending the Royal Military College, he was Commissioned Ensign, 49th Foot, 15 December 1848. Promoted Lieutenant, 20 January 1851, he embarked with the Regiment for the Crimea on 28 March 1854, landing at Scutari on 19 April. He left with the Regiment for Varna on 19 June, arriving on 21 June but was taken ill with fever on 2 August and invalided to Buyukdere on 12 August but on recovery, sailed for Varna on 12 September 1854. His Regiment had already left for the Crimea and on 6 October he embarked to join them. Landing at Balaclava on 9 October, he missed the battle of Alma, fought on 20 September, where his Regiment was lightly engaged. Still at Balaclava when the great battle was fought, he tells how from the heights, he was witness to the great cavalry charges of the Heavy and Light Brigades and the following day; 26 October 1854, was present in position at Inkerman when the Russian sortie was made against elements of the De Lacy Evans's 2nd Division, of which the 49th Foot formed a part. During this action that lasted some three hours and often called The Battle of Little Inkerman, the Russians attacks were repulsed.

On 5 November, Lamb was present at the great Battle of Inkerman, where the 49th would cover itself with glory but at great cost. Here Adams's Brigade (41st, 47th and 49th Foot) fought with unsurpassed gallantry during the infamous 'Soldier's Battle' At about 7 a.m., Adams weak Brigade held the Sandbag Battery against a force of 10,000 Russian infantry until reinforced by two battalions of Guards. Bitterly contested throughout the day, the Sandbag Battery was nicknamed 'The Abattoir' by French observers. Going into battle with a strength of 453 officers and men, they lost 157 killed and wounded and amongst the highest number of casualties suffered by any British Regiments:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Inkerman

Promoted Captain, 20 December 1854, Lamb served throughout the siege of Sebastopol. Taking part in the Capture of the Rifle Pits, 19 April 1855; the First Assault on the Grand Redan, 18 June 1855; and the Final Assault on the Redan, 8 September 1855. Accounts of these by Lamb, particularly the latter and the fall of Sebastopol follow but regarding the Final Assault on the Redan, he would write in his diary:

“As we all anticipated the Grand Event took place today. The Division paraded at 6:00am and marched off at 6:30am. At 12:00pm the French made one bound into the Malakoff which was theirs in five minutes. We then went at the Redan and partially succeeded, but in consequence of the severe flanking fire on us were driven back with very great loss in Officers and Men. Meantime the musketry of the Malakoff was tremendous, a terrible fight coming on in the town which continued until 6:00pm, at which point we were relieved and returned to camp.”

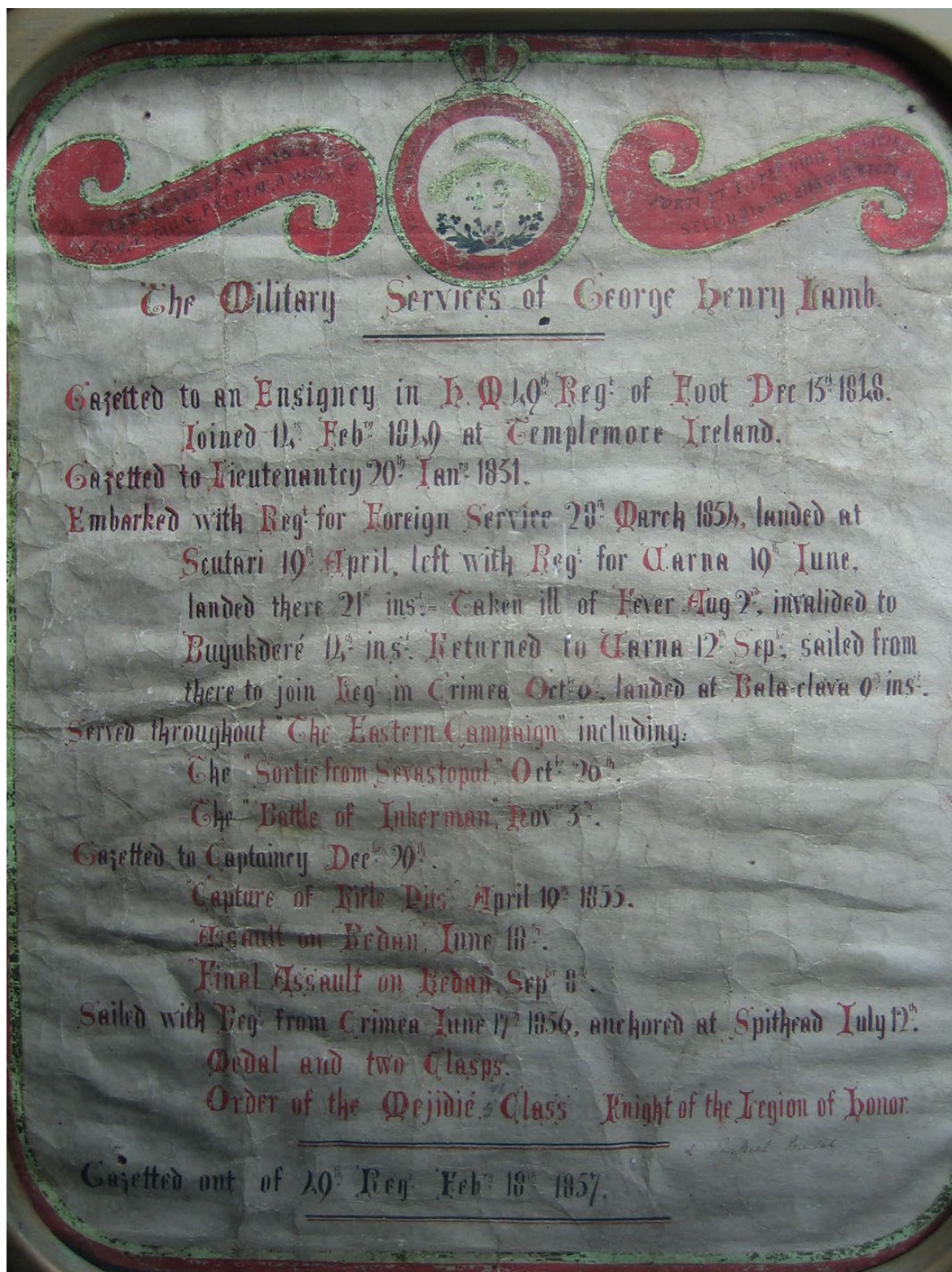


On Sebastopol falling, he would write; *“The Fall of Sebastopol took place. Hip, Hip, Hurray! Throughout the night frightful explosions took place in different parts of the Redan and Malakoff. At daybreak we were turned out and marched to the 5th Parallel, and on our way down were told that the Russians had vacated the south side entirely! The bridge broken up and the Men-of-Wars sunk- Cheers, boys, Cheers! Roamed all over the Redan which is a most extraordinary town as it were, and then walked into Sebastopol. The whole place torn down by our shells. The plunder, trophies, and guns taken is enormous. I remained out all night, and the men lit large fires.”*

Captain Lamb would remain in the Crimea until embarking for Britain on 17 June 1856, he arrived at Spithead on 12 July 1856. In addition to the British and Turkish Crimea medals, Captain Lamb was further honoured with the awards of the French Legion d'Honneur Chevalier's and the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, Fifth Class. One of a handful of 49th Foot Officers to receive both awards. Captain Lamb resigned his Commission on 18 February 1857 and married Caroline Locke at Christchurch on 15 April the same year. He died at Kingsclere, Newbury on 2 November 1903, aged 74. A local newspaper recorded that he was *“Interred in Heady Churchyard on Thursday November 5th (Inkerman Day).”*

A portrait photograph of Captain Lamb can be seen here:

<https://www.thewardrobe.org.uk/collection/detail?id=6503&keywords=captain%20lamb>



The Military Services of George Henry Lamb.

Gazetted to an Ensigncy in H. Q. 10th Reg^t of Foot Dec 15th 1818.

Joined 11th Feb^r 1819 at Templemore Ireland.

Gazetted to Lieutenantcy 20th Jan^r 1831.

Embarked with Reg^t for Foreign Service 28th March 1854, landed at

Scutari 10th April, left with Reg^t for Arna 10th June,

landed there 21st ins^t. Taken ill of Fever Aug^r 2nd, invalided to

Buyukdere 11th ins^t. Returned to Arna 12th Sep^r, sailed from

there to join Reg^t in Crimea Oct^r 6th, landed at Balaklava 9th ins^t.

Served throughout "The Eastern Campaign" including:

The "Sortie from Sevastopol" Oct^r 20th.

The "Battle of Inkerman" Nov^r 5th.

Gazetted to Captaincy Dec^r 20th.

Capture of Rifle Pits April 19th 1855.

Assault on Redan June 18th.

Final Assault on Redan Sep^r 8th.

Sailed with Reg^t from Crimea June 17th 1856, anchored at Spithead July 12th.

Medal and two Clasps.

Order of the Mejidie's Class Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Gazetted out of 10th Reg^t Feb^r 18th 1857.



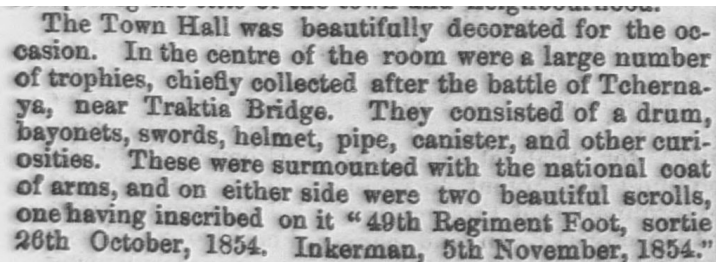
CAPTAIN LAMB'S PUBLISHED SERVICE

A number of local newspapers published lengthy articles of a congratulatory dinner in honour of Captain Lamb when he returned home to Basingstoke in August 1856. Lamb brought with him two fellow Officers of the 49th, C E Gibson and H D Scoones, the dinner at the Town Hall, attended by the Mayor and 120 of the 'elite' of the neighbourhood

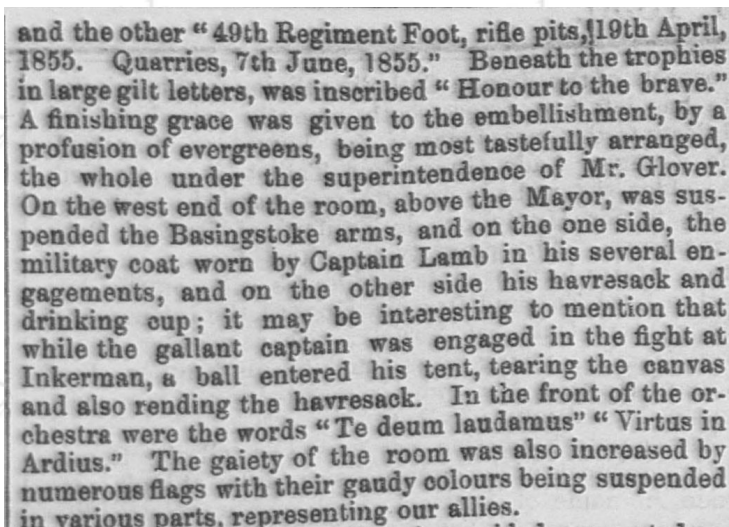
Of these, the one published in the *Berkshire Chronicle*, 23 August 1856 is particularly interesting as it contains various extracts from letters written by Lamb from, the Crimea, as well as anecdotes by himself. Extracts from the article:

".. and feelings of the gallant officer's father must have been most enviable as the rode in the carriage to the Twon Hall with his son and several of his brother officers and heard the loud and hearty English cheers which greeted their arrival. We here may mention that Captain Lamb, in addition to the several medals awarded by his sovereign, was one of the few officers who had the order of Medjidie conferred upon him by the Sultan of Turkey"

The article goes on to tell how:



The Town Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. In the centre of the room were a large number of trophies, chiefly collected after the battle of Teherna-ya, near Traktia Bridge. They consisted of a drum, bayonets, swords, helmet, pipe, canister, and other curiosities. These were surmounted with the national coat of arms, and on either side were two beautiful scrolls, one having inscribed on it "49th Regiment Foot, sortie 26th October, 1854. Inkerman, 5th November, 1854."



and the other "49th Regiment Foot, rifle pits, 19th April, 1855. Quarries, 7th June, 1855." Beneath the trophies in large gilt letters, was inscribed "Honour to the brave." A finishing grace was given to the embellishment, by a profusion of evergreens, being most tastefully arranged, the whole under the superintendence of Mr. Glover. On the west end of the room, above the Mayor, was suspended the Basingstoke arms, and on the one side, the military coat worn by Captain Lamb in his several engagements, and on the other side his havresack and drinking cup; it may be interesting to mention that while the gallant captain was engaged in the fight at Inkerman, a ball entered his tent, tearing the canvas and also rending the havresack. In the front of the orchestra were the words "Te deum laudamus" "Virtus in Ardus." The gaiety of the room was also increased by numerous flags with their gaudy colours being suspended in various parts, representing our allies.

Anecdotes etc are spread throughout the article, which is far too big to copy in full but including:

"The first letter illustrated his feelings in the first engagement in which he was occupied. He says 'It was then that I felt in such a state of excitement, now rushing up the hill and down a ravine after these fellows, that although shells and musket balls were flying about me and all of us like bees, yet I thought no more of them, than had they been so many cricket balls'. Here you see the feelings of the young officer after his first engagement and then the letter proceeds to show that though ager and hot when the enemy were in sight, yet other feelings prevailed when he saw brother officers and men falling about him. In his second letter, which I only regret time would not allow me to read, in a most graphic manner does he describe the fight at Inkerman, in which he was immediately engaged. The death of Major Walton, his superior officer, who received a fatal shot in the abdomen while on

horseback, he alluded to most touchingly. The Major looked at the Captain after he was wounded and in mournful accents said 'What will become of my poor Regiment' and his last words were 'Lamb, keep the men together as well as you can'. 'I could have cried' said the writer at the time, 'but it was useless waiting a moment, although in my tent in the evening I shed bitter tears of grief'

Captain Lamb himself would tell how:

It was on the 25th of October, 1854, just sixteen days after I landed in the Crimea, that I was a witness from the heights above of the dashing charge of the Heavy and Light Cavalry Brigades in the Balaklava plain. "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre,*" was General Bosquet's observation. Still the Russians had a sufficient taste of our cavalry sabres as caused them to fight shy of Balaklava for ever afterwards. The following day I found myself in pretty close quarters with the enemy, and I shall never forget the excitement of my first burst with them. It was on the occasion of a sortie made by a force of 800 Russians on the position then occupied by the 2nd Division on the Inkerman, and to the brilliant repulse of that sortie under our then gallant and beloved General, Sir De Lacy Evans (loud cheering). I attribute in a great measure the solid firmness with which the 2nd division withstood the first attacks of the Russian columns on the morning of the 5th of November. My regiment that day went into action 453 strong, out of which we suffered a loss of 157 killed and wounded, a proportion of one to three. Where each man that day so nobly did his duty, it would be invidious to particularise, but I cannot help bearing testimony to the gallant stand made by the guards at the sand-bag battery, at which place alone one-third of our Grenadier Company fell. I must relate an anecdote exemplifying the self-possession and firmness of the British soldier under circumstances of no ordinary nature. It occurred to a man in my own company, who was hit in the early part of the action by a musket ball in the knee. As he lay writhing on the ground, he looked up in my face and said, "Oh! Mr. Lamb, if I am to lie here, for God's sake give me a light for my pipe" (laughter). I said, "You had better get into a bush and hide yourself, or you will be destroyed." In searching for him in the evening, I found as indeed I had expected, the poor fellow had been bayoneted from head to foot (cries of "shame."). It was indeed a fearful struggle—a series of hand to hand encounters — bayonet—each man seemed to know that on the result of that day's battle depended the future conquest of Sebastopol; and fought with a determination to conquer or die (applause.) Thanks to the blunders of the Russian generals and their ignorance of the ground, and to the timely assistance of our gallant allies; but at a dear price. The three or four following days were principally employed in collecting the dead, wounded, and dying, the latter of whom were collected in one large space—a scene not easily to be forgotten—amputations taking place in all directions on the bare ground, limbs lying about everywhere—horrors over which a veil must be drawn. I may as well here allude to that ministering angel who with her devoted band of nurses; at a later hour appeared among us, soothing the dying hours of many a gallant fellow, and enabling others, who might probably never have done so otherwise, to return home to their families and friends and sound her praises (loud cheering). As

an Englishwoman we must and do all admire her for the very many virtues she possesses, and in the army the name of Miss Nightingale will ever be mentioned as an honour to her sex (loud applause). After I arrived followed those sufferings and privations, owing principally to our deficiency of land transport, but alleviated in a great measure by the knowledge that the parents, wives, and families of those who fell were so liberally provided for by that noble patriotic fund, so handsomely subscribed to by all classes in the kingdom, as well as by the substantial watching night after night in the dreary trenches, in creature comforts so liberally supplied by the Crimean Army Fund. Even now I have vivid recollections of Fortnum and Mason's Peujoral and Strasburg pies (loud laughter), and the Duke of Portland's Welbeck ale—not bad diet at any-time, but particularly so when contrasted with daily rations of salt pork and beef, with ship biscuit. It was a period during which the sterling qualities of the British soldier were put to the severest test—snow and rain, in momentary expectation of a sortie, preceded by a cry of “stand to your arms”—his pipe his only comfort until the long-looked for sun-rise relieved him in a measure from his vigilance, and enabled him to enjoy a slight temporary slumber (applause). Whenever I look back upon that time, I always think of the kindness of the sailors in the naval brigade (applause). Jack was always a capital fellow (applause). Whenever you wanted it, he would bring you a cup of chocolate or coffee, infusing a new life into one when half frozen; and I will answer for it, at the very first opportunity, Jack would rig himself out in Russian clothing (laughter). I remember reading an inscription over a tombstone, in the sailor's grave yard, expressing a great deal in a sailor-like manner, and which I will repeat to you. After stating “Sacred to the memory, &c.,” it said, “I am under here below, with many of the fleet; I hope I soon shall set sail again, my Admiral Christ to meet” (laughter). However, after the three Russian generals were killed,—January, February, and March—matters began to look up, and day by day, by means of pickaxe and shovel, we got nearer to the town. It was during this gradual progress, that obstacles which impeded our progress, had to be removed, viz.—rifle pits on the 19th of April. Then came the assault of quarries, on the 7th June, on which day, my regiment and the 88th, formed the stormers, or storming party. It was gallantly and admirably taken at the point of the bayonet, and was afterwards one of our most destructive batteries. The bombardment and assault of the 18th June having failed, and to which I am sure Lord Raglan's death may be attributed—who after all was the best general for

strategy we ever had—it was decided to approach still nearer the place. The only event that occurred of any importance between this and the fall was the battle of the Tchernaya, in which the Sardinian troops gave such undeniable proof of their valour (loud applause). This was the only battle in which the Russians say they were fairly beaten. At length on the 5th September the French being within fifteen or twenty yards of the abattis of the Malakhoff, and ours about 280 from the Redan, a bombardment from upwards of 800 cannon (or *feu d' enfer* as Prince Gortschakoff called it) was opened, and on the 8th, at twelve noon, the oft repeated question at home and abroad of "I wonder when it will be taken," was solved (loud applause), though with not such flying colours as we could have wished. Nevertheless I maintain that the storming parties of light and 2nd divisions under Col. Uniatt, and then Col. Windham did all that could possibly be expected, considering the distance they had to travel under grape shot, &c., and that our assault, ineffectual as it was, went far towards enabling our gallant allies to maintain and strengthen themselves in the Malakhoff. After it was surprised and taken (loud applause) I say surprised and had the authority of Russians themselves, when Marshal Pelissier saw the first of his brave Zouaves scale the ditch and enter the works, he exclaimed "*Le bon Dieu le veut*" and turning round to an English staff officer attached to him, compared the capture to a game of *ecarte*, exclaiming "*Nous étions quatre à quatre mais j'ai tourné le Roi.*" It was not until the following morning that I knew it was taken, when I saw the Union Jack on the Redan, and the Tricolour on the Malakhoff, proclaiming Sebastopol was ours (loud applause). It fell not before it was time, though the longer it lasted, more glory and honour accrued to the allies, and the more weakly the Russians became in resources and men. Of one thing I am quite certain, it was impossible to have taken it by a *coup de main* in 1854. Now that the treaty of Paris has secured us what we hope may be a lasting peace, I only hope that reductions in our army will not take place too speedily, but the present military establishments be kept up, and the efficient land transport corps, so that such calamities and mortifications that befel us in 1854, will for ever be avoided (applause) Before sitting down, allow me again to thank you for the honour done me. I shall always remember this evening with much pleasure, as amply repaying me for any services I may have rendered. One thing I am sure of, that whether we have peace or war—and I must confess it is to be regretted the music of our gunboat Flotilla was not heard at Cronstadt this summer—(applause)—whatever turns up, Hampshire men will ever be to the fore in upholding their country's cause (loud and continued cheering).



Gazetted to an Ensigncy in
Joined 11th Feb^r 18
Gazetted to Lieutenantcy 20th
Embarked with Reg^t for Kore
Scutari 10th April,
landed there 21st ins
Buyukdere 11th ins
there to join Reg^t in
Served throughout "The Easter
The "Sortie from Sev
The "Battle of Inka



A letter from Captain Lamb, sent from was then Sebastopol on 10 September 1855, two days after the final assault on the Redan, was then read in full:

FOLLOWS :

Camp, 2nd Division, 10th September, 1855.

Oh, with what feelings of gratitude do I sit down to give you a short account of the stirring decisive events of the last two days. God, in His infinite mercy, has brought me unscathed through the most terrible assault that I imagine has ever taken place. It soon became known on the Friday evening that the 2nd and light divisions were to lead the assault on the Redan, and proud we were of the honour, having no occasion to trouble either the first, third, or fourth division this time. They were not engaged at all on Saturday, being kept entirely to the left attack. At 6 a.m. on Saturday we paraded and marched down to the fifth parallel, the trench nearest to the Redan, though 150 yards from it. Some time was occupied in making the arrangements, after which the men and ourselves eat but slightly, of the contents of our havresacks. During this time a terrific bombardment was being kept up from our batteries, on the Redan and Malakhoff, 12 or 13 shells being discharged simultaneously into each of the works, and rendering them all but untenable. At 12 a.m., up went the signal, and at two bounds (so close had the French sapped up to the ditch) the leading storming columns of the French were into the ditch, and in the Malakhoff. Bridges were thrown quickly across; and ere the Russians had barely time to fire a shot, their supports and reserves were pouring in by thousands. The tricolour and eagle being planted on the parapet of the Malakhoff was the signal for our storming party to advance, which consisted of the 41st and 62nd Regiments, both in our brigade. Out they dashed, and the storming party of the light division also, amid a terrific fire of grape, canister, and musketry, which caused frightful havoc, literally mowing them down. The 47th and 49th were in support, ready to move on the moment a landing was effected in the Redan. For half an hour or more a terrible conflict ensued, and we were mounting the parapet to reinforce the storming party, when we suddenly saw the whole retiring, having been completely overpowered by the flanking fire kept up on them from above, and the fresh body of Russians flocking in from the Malakhoff to the Redan. In retiring we suffered fearfully, many a brave fellow falling to rise no more. As you will have seen Rochfort was killed, a shell carrying off the top of his head; and Thorn and Michell both wounded by a round shot. It is doubtful

whether Michell recovers. Poor boy, he is not more than 19, and was a great favourite of mine. About the same time we had about 20 put *hors de combat*. Beyond being bruised and knocked about by stones, and from shells bursting about me, I was miraculously uninjured, and where we were was, if possible, worse than being in the open, for the trench was almost level with the ground for the enemy's fire, and the stones did quite as much injury, when propelled so forcibly, as grape shot. It was not yet 4 p.m., but it was decided that a second attack should not be made, as the fall of the Redan was looked on as certain by the Russians abandoning it, since the French with their fifty thousand men (a force exceeding the English infantry in the Crimea), had fought their way down to the water's edge, clearing all before them. Their loss is said to be 11,000 or 12,000, including casualties on the left; but considering the French army out here is 150,000, and it is not more than might be expected, I shall admire them excessively in future from the determined manner and impetuosity they exhibited on Saturday last, without a doubt fighting most bravely, the action not being over till 7 p.m., from which time until day-break the Russians were busied in evacuating the south and retreating to the north side. Frequent explosions which made the earth tremble far and near took place throughout the night, their men-of-war were scuttled and sunk, the town fired in numerous quarters, and finally the bridge across was blown up early on Sunday morning the 9th, and not a Russian now remains in the south side. The spectacle of last night and the night before was one I shall never forget; the doomed city burning in the thick darkness of the night, and occasionally those awful explosions of the forts, more than even lighting up the heavens. Thus on the 328th day of the siege, counting from the 17th Oct., 1854, has Sebastopol fallen! How often and how ardently has the day been longed for! Now it is come, and we are well rewarded for all our hardships and toil in this ever-memorable siege. It fell to my lot to be out last night also with 200 men, to guard the Redan, and if you could have seen our joyous countenances, and heard our thrilling choruses, it would have done you good, as we sat bivouacking round a tremendous fire which we lit up the abattis around in front of the Redan. One and all of us declared it was the happiest night we had ever passed since we had been in the Crimea. I may ask—Was it not? The only drawback was 200 or more of our brave fellows lying stretched in death in the ditch before us. Nobly did they die a glorious death. Should it be at all thought we were repulsed from the Redan, the answer is simply that we had to charge

150 yards in face of battery upon battery with each imbrasure a forest of muskets; whereas, as I had explained, the French were underneath the very ditch and had not ten yards to run. The fact of our having 153 officers killed and wounded speaks for itself. Again, the ground from the Mamelon to the Malakhoff was admirably adapted for working, being upon an ascent, so that guns could not be depressed sufficiently to bear on the working party. On our part it was rocky and level, and every night we suffered enormously when working. I dare not hazard a guess at this moment of guns captured and other trophies of every description. The sight of the Union Jack floating over the Redan was not to be resisted, and I roamed all through it. Our shells had turned it inside out: it is literally knocked to pieces, though running back an enormous way, and a perfect labyrinth in its twists and bends. The Russians had burrowed underground, like rabbits, to get out of the way of our shells; the whole place was a complete warren, and there I have no doubt some 2000 Russians were nightly housed. They must have been nevertheless cut up very frightfully. Here and there were patches of 20 or 30 who had stood up to their guns, in plain language, torn asunder. I never witnessed such truly awful wounds in any other actions. While there I extended my walk into Sebastopol, and upon my word it was a difficult matter to persuade myself that I was walking down the battered streets and bulgings, and amid the smouldering ruins of Sebastopol. I ruminated with a cigar in my mouth on the sudden change of affairs, until a cat who had lost her bearings, poor creature, disturbed my meditations by coming full tilt at me. I contrived to elude her talons, and on she went, being probably at this time at Simpheropol, according to her rate of travelling. The town was full of drunken French soldiery (very few of our men to be seen), plundering in all directions. Not a yard could you go without witnessing the terrible effect of our huge mortars—destruction stared you in the face everywhere. The Russians have made a noble defence, but were ferreted out at last. * * * Our camp is filled with every imaginable description of plunder—furniture for choice. "Cheer boys cheer!" is the order of the day, followed up by "There's a good time coming." It's like taking a fresh lease of one's life, getting over this last affair. Some music which I laid hands on I gave to the band. A book with some writing and government seal attached I appropriated to myself. Poor Rochfort was buried to-day on Cathcart's Hill. All the regiment followed him to the grave. * * * I am enabled to give the exact amount of the casualties of the English. Officers, 26 killed, 127 wounded, 1 missing; soldiers, 325 killed, 1735 wounded, 210 missing.





Condition generally GVF, a little contact wear to Crimea pair, which are contemporarily engraved in large serif capitals. Legion d'Honneur with the oft seen enamel damage to tips.

A really quite superb group of medals and artifacts belonging to a Crimean War veteran