David Scott Mitchell.

THE

WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

BEING A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES ENGAGED IN THE

SIEGE OF SEVASTOPOL,

CONTAINING FULL DETAILS OF THE

Battles of Alma, Balaklava,

AND

INKERMANN,

WITH CAREFULLY PREPARED CHART, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE DIFFERENT ARMIES.

N.B.—THE PROFITS OF THIS WORK WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

SYDNEY:

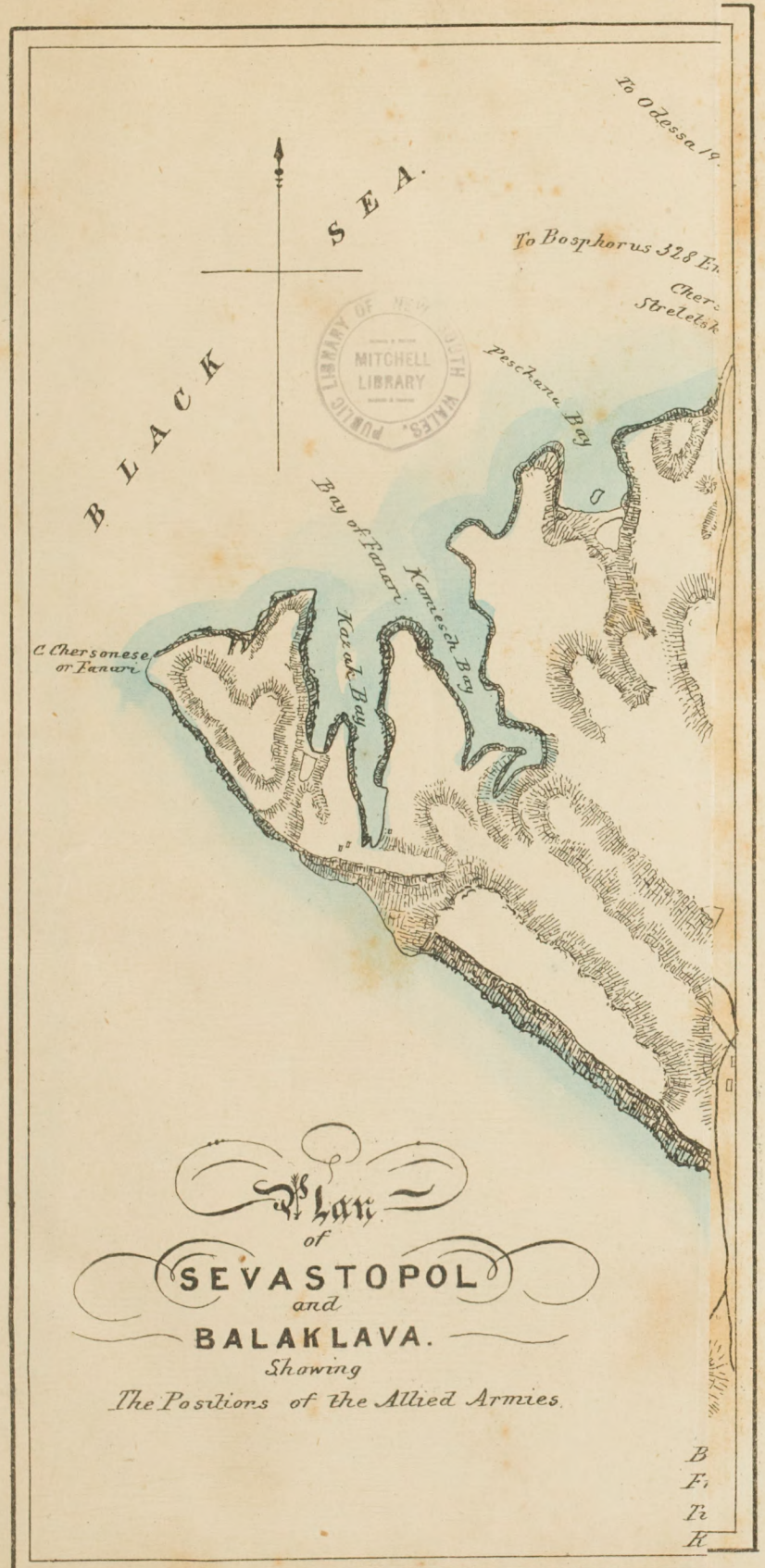
WAUGH AND COX, 111, GEORGE STREET;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND STOREKEEPERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

1855.

PREFACE

The object of the following compilation is to present residents in the interior, and the colonists generally, with a striking and faithful account of the War in the East, as delineated in the published correspondence of officers and soldiers attached to the army before Sebastopol. To this end the English papers have been ransacked, and with especial care to give to the reader much matter hitherto unpublished in the colonial papers. The profits of the publication, if any, will be devoted to the Patriotic Fund, and it is hoped and believed that subscriptions to it will be contributed by many to whom this pamphlet will first make known the sufferings and the sacrifices of our fellow countrymen in the great struggle between Freedom and Despotism. It is also not improbable that some who may have given sparingly will be induced, by the affecting details here presented, to repeat subscriptions not adequate to the occasion. With these views the Publishers earnestly trust that Proprietors of Stations, Householders, and others, will aid the good work, by encouraging the distribution of this compilation among their neighbours and servants. No expense has been spared to produce it in a form that shall excite general interest, which the carefully executed and Coloured Map, showing not only the nature of the ground, but also the position of the troops in their various engagements with the enemy, is confidently submitted to the approbation of the Public.



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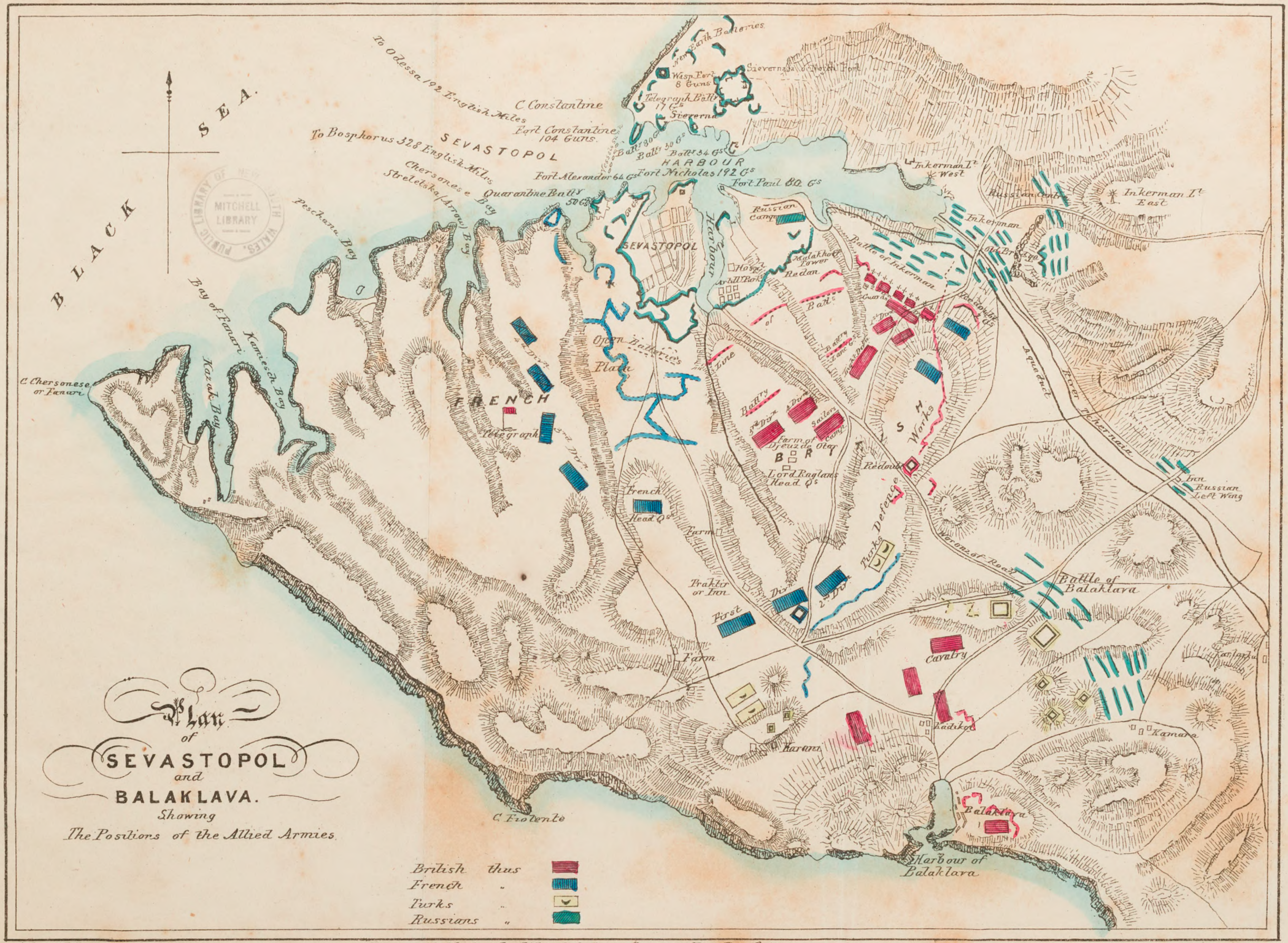

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THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

The scheme of operations concerted between the generals, and chiefly suggested to Lord Raglan, it was said, by Marshal St. Arnaud and General Canrobert, was, that the French and Turks on our right were to force the passage of the river, a rivulet of the Alma, and establish themselves on the heights over the stream on the opposite side, so that they could enfilade the position to our right and opposite to our left and centre. The Alma is a tortuous little stream, which has worked its way down through a red clay soil, deepening its course as it proceeds seawards, and which drains the steppe-like lands on its right bank, making at times pools and eddies too deep to be forded, though it can generally be crossed by waders who do not fear to wet their knees. It need not be said that the high banks formed by the action of the stream in cutting through the soil are sometimes on one side, sometimes at another, according to the sweep of the stream.

At the place where the bulk of the British army crossed, the banks are generally at the right side, and vary from two and three to six or eight feet in depth to the water; where the French attacked, the banks are generally formed by the unvaried curve of the river on the left hand side. Along the right or north bank of the Alma are a number of Tartar houses, at times numerous and close enough to form a cluster of habitations deserving the name of a hamlet, at times scattered wide apart, amid little vineyards, surrounded by walls of mud and stone three feet in height. The bridge over which the post road passes from Bouljanak to Sebastopol runs close to one of these hamlets—a village, in fact, of some 50 houses. This village is approached from the north by a road winding through a plain nearly level till it comes near to the village, where the ground dips, so that at the distance of 300 yards a man on horseback can hardly see the tops of the nearer and more elevated houses, and can only acertain the position of the stream by the willows and verdure along its bank. At the left or south side of the Alma the ground assumes a very different character: smooth where the bank is deep, and gently elevated where the shelve of the bank occurs, it recedes for a few yards at a moderate height above the stream, pierced here and there by the course of the winter's torrents, so as to form small ravines, commanded, however, by the heights above. It was in these upper heights that the strength of the Russians consisted. A remarkable ridge of mountains, varying in height from 500 to 700 feet, runs along the course of the Alma on the left or south side, with the course of the stream, and assuming the form of cliffs when close to the sea. This ridge is marked all along its course by deep gullies, that run towards the river at various angles, and serve, no doubt, to carry off the floods produced by the rains and the melting of the winter snows on the hills and table lands above. If the reader will place himself on the top of Richmond Hill, dwarf the Thames, in imagination, to the size of a Hampshire rivulet, and imagine the lovely hill itself to be deprived of all vegetation, and protracted for about four miles along the stream, he may form some notion of the position occupied by the Russians; while the plains on the north or left bank of the Thames will bear no inapt similitude to the land over which the British and French armies advanced, barring only the verdure and freshness. At the top of the ridges, between the gullies, the Russians had erected earthwork batteries, mounted with 32lb. and 24lb. brass guns, supported by numerous field pieces and howitzers. These guns enfiladed the tops of the ravines parallel to them, or swept them to the base, while the whole of the sides

up which an enemy, unable to stand the direct fire of the batteries, would be forced to ascend, were filled with masses of skirmishers armed with an excellent two-groove rifle, throwing a large, solid, conical ball with force at 700 and 800 yards, as the French learnt to their cost. The principal battery consisted of an earthwork of the form of two sides of a triangle, with the apex pointed towards the bridge, and the sides covering both sides of the stream, corresponding with the bend in the river below it, at the distance of one thousand yards, while, with a fair elevation, the 32-pounders threw, as we saw very often, beyond the houses of the village to the distance of 1400 and 1500 yards. This was constructed on the brow of a hill about 600 feet above the river, but the hill rose behind it for another 50 feet, before it dipped away towards the road. The ascent of this hill was enfiladed by the fire of three batteries of earthwork on the right, and by another on the left, and these batteries were equally capable of covering the village, the stream, and the slopes which led up the hill to their position. In the first battery were 13 32-pounder brass guns, of exquisite workmanship, which told only too well. In the other batteries were some 25 guns in all. It was said the Russians had 100 guns on the hills and 40,000 men (forty battalions of infantry, 1000 strong each, of the 16th, 31st, 32nd, and 52nd Regiments). We were opposed principally to the 16th and 32nd Regiments, judging by the number of dead in front of us. I have not been able to ascertain by whom they were commanded, but there is a general report that Menschikoff commanded the army in chief, that the left was under Gortschakoff, a relative of the diplomatist, and that the right was under Bodahoff, the military Governor of Sebastopol. It seems strange that an Admiral should be appointed to command an army, but strange things do happen in Russia. It is also affirmed that the carriage of Menschikoff was taken, and in it was found a copy of a despatch addressed to the Emperor, in which the Prince stated that 40,000 men might take Sebastopol, but that 80,000 men could be held in check for weeks by the position of the Alma. Large masses of cavalry, principally Lancers and Heavy Dragoons, manœuvred on the hills on the right of the Russians, and at last descended the hills, crossed the stream, and threatened our left and rear. As we came near the river our left wing was thrown back, in order to support our small force of cavalry, and a portion of our artillery was pushed forward in the same direction. Our danger in this respect was detected by the quick eye of Sir George Brown, and I heard him give the order for the movement of the artillery almost as soon as he caught sight of the enemy's cavalry, and just as we were coming to the village. As I have already said, our plan of operation was, that the French should establish themselves under the fire of the guns on the heights on the extreme of the enemy's left. When that attack was sufficiently developed, and had met with success, the British army was to force the right and part of the centre of the Russian position, and the day was gained. When we were about three miles from the village, the French steamers ran in as close as they could to the bluff of the shore at the south side of the Alma, and presently we saw them shelling the heights in splendid style, the shells bursting over the enemy's squares and batteries, and finally driving them from their position on the right, within 3000 yards of the sea.

The French practice commenced about half-past twelve o'clock, and lasted for about an hour and a half. We could see the shells falling over the batteries of the enemy, and bursting right over them; and then the black masses inside the works broke into little specks which flew about in all directions, and when the smoke cleared away these were to be seen strewed over the ground. The Russians answered the ships from the heights, but without effect. A powder tumbril was blown up by a French shell; another shell, by accident, fell into an ambuscade which the Russians had prepared for the advancing French, and at last they drew off from the sea-side, and confined their efforts to the defence of the gullies and heights beyond the fire of the heavy guns of the steamers. At one o'clock we saw the French columns struggling up the hills, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, whose fire seemed most deadly. Once, at sight of a threatening mass of Russian infantry, in a commanding position above them, who fired rapid volleys among them, the French passed, but it was only to collect their skirmishers, for as soon as they had formed they ran up the hill at the *pas de charge*, and at once broke the

Russians, who fled in disorder, with loss, up the hill. We could see men dropping on both sides, and the wounded rolling down the steep. At 1·50 our line of skirmishers got within range of the battery on the hill, and immediately the Russians opened fire at1200 yards with effect, the shot ploughing through the open lines of the riflemen, and falling into the advancing columns behind. Shortly before this time dense columns of smoke rose from the river, and drifted along to the eastward, rather interfering with the view of the enemy on the left of our position. The Russians had set the village on fire. It was a fair exercise of military skill—well executed—took place at the right time, and succeeded in occasioning a good deal of annoyance. Our troops halted when they neared this village, their left extending beyond it by the verge of the stream, our right behind the burning cottages, and within range of the batteries. It is said that the Russians had taken the range of all the principal points in their front, and placed twigs and sticks to mark them. In this they were assisted by the post signboards on the road. The Russians opened a furious fire on the whole of our line, but the French had not yet made progress enough to justify us in advancing The round shot whizzed in every direction, dashing up the dirt and sand into the faces of the staff of Lord Raglan, who were also shelled severely, and attracted much of the enemy's fire. Still Lord Raglan waited patiently for the development of the French attack. At length an aide-de-camp came to him and reported that the French had crossed the Alma, but they had not established themselves sufficiently to justify us in an attack. The infantry were therefore ordered to lie down, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that our artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets, and round shot, which ploughed through the Russians, and caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, and replied to our artillery manfully, their shot falling among our men as they lay, and carrying off legs and arms at every round. Lord Raglan at last became weary of this inactivity—his spirit was up—he looked around, and saw men on whom he knew he might stake the honour and fate of Great Britain by his side, and, anticipating a little in a military point of view the crisis of action, he gave orders for our whole line to advance. Up rose these serried masses, and, passing through a fearful shower of round, case shot, and shell, they dashed into the Alma, and floundered through its waters, which were literally torn into foam with the deadly hail. At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards, and, to our surprise, they were occupied by Russian riflemen. Three of the staff were here shot down, but, led by Lord Raglan in person, the rest advanced, cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity and military skill, probably secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would have been otherwise the case. He dashed over the bridge followed by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of the action. The British line, which he had ordered to advance, was struggling through the river and up the heights in masses, firm, indeed, but mowed down by the murderous fire of the batteries, and by grape, round shot, shell, canister, case shot, and musketry, from some of the guns in the central battery, and from an immense and compact mass of Russian infantry. Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. The 2nd Division led by Sir D. L. Evans, in the most dashing manner crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusileers, led by Colonel Yea, were swept down by fifties. The 55th, 30th, and 95th, led by Brigadier Pennefather, who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, again and again were checked indeed, but never drew back in their onward progress, which was marked with a roll of Minie musketry; and Brigadier Adams, with the 41st, 47th, and 49th, bravely charged up the hill, and aided them in the battle. Sir G. Brown, conspicuous on a grey horse, rode in front of his Light Divsion, urging them with voice and gesture. Gallant fellows! they were worthy of such a gallant chief. The 7th, diminished by one-half, fell back to re-form their columns lost for the time; the 23rd, with eight officers dead and four wounded, were still rushing to the front, aided by the 19th, 33rd, 77th, and 88th. Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up, and shouted, "Twenty-third, I'm all right. Be sure I'll remember this day," and led them on again, but in the shock produced by the fall of

their chief the gallant regiment suffered terribly, while paralysed for a moment. Meantime the Guards on the right of the Light Division, and the Brigade of Highlanders were storming the heights on the left. Their line was almost as regular as though they were in Hyde Park. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind thinned their front ranks by dozens. It was evident that we were just able to contend against the Russians, favoured as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving towards the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. It was beyond all doubt that if our infantry, harrassed and thinned as they were, got into the battery they would have to encounter again a formidable fire, which they were but ill calculated to bear. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear upon these masses. The reply was, "Yes," and an artillery officer—Captain Turner—brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next cut through the ranks so cleanly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the square became broken, traversed to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind it six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. The Duke encouraged his men by voice and example, and proved himself worthy of his proud command and of the royal race from which he comes. "Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell, ere they came to the charge, "Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish; Sir Colin had his horse shot under him, but his men took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out, and left multitudes of dead behind them. The Guards had stormed the right of the battery ere the Highlanders got into the left, and it is said that the Scots Fusilier Guards were the first to enter. The Second and Light Division crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the south-east, leaving 3 generals, 3 guns, 700 prisoners, and 4000 wounded behind them. The battle of the Alma was won. It was won with a loss of nearly 3000 killed and wounded on our side. The list will appear in a few days. The Russians' retreat was covered by their cavalry, but if we had had an adequate force we could have captured many guns and multitudes of prisoners.

HEIGHTS OF ALMA, SEPTEMBER 21.

THE victory gained by our arms yesterday is better understood as the nature of this most formidable position is examined more closely. The brunt of the day fell on the Light Division, more especially on the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd Regiments, and on the left brigade of the 2nd division, so far as heavy loss is concerned; but the Guards and Highlanders crowned the labours of their fellow-soldiers by a grand charge, which appalled the Russian reserves, already shaken by the fire of the guns of Captain Turner's battery, and ploughed up by the shot of the French guns which enfiladed them from the heights. The Guards lost many men; many officers are wounded in the three battalions, and there is scarcely one of them who has not had escapes perfectly miraculous.

In the hurry and confusion of my last letter I may not have mentioned exactly the order of the battle. The co-operation which was intended between Prince Napoleon's division and Sir De L. Evans' division did not take place, for it was

found the French would have had to take ground too much to our right to allow a combined action. It so happened that twice or thrice during the action the French were so hardly pressed that they sent urgent messages to us for aid, and our guns were directed with such good effect on a mass of infantry which threatened their left that they were relieved from all embarrasment, and enabled to gain a position from which they rendered us material aid in return, by directing their guns against the Russian reserves above the battery. The battle of the Alma was perfect in all respects except one—the cavalry arm was inoperative. The Russian cavalry covered itself with disgrace. It never gave our horse a chance of a charge, and the nature of the ground forbade our attempting a demonstration against a very superior force manœuvring in a higher position. The Russians, indeed, barely covered the retreat, and our squadrons were too weak to try a dash at them. As an exemplification of the several uses of light infantry skirmishers, heavy infantry, and of horse and field artillery, the battle was complete. There is this very peculiar feature about the action—that we had the very thing to do which we alone could have done, and that the French had to do work for which they were particularly suited. Ours it was to face steadily the fire of tremendous batteries; to advance with a rush, steady and sure, and resistless as the swell of the ocean, against a wall of fire and solid masses of infantry; to struggle on, at one time overwhelmed by crashing volleys of grape and musketry, at another time disorganised by round shot, winning the ground from death at every pace; to form tranquilly and readily when thrown into momentary disorder, and at last to nail victory to our colours by the never-failing British bayonet. It is said that several French officers have declared, since they viewed the ground, that they thought their men would not have been able to carry the position as we did. General Canrobert in a moment of enthusiasm, at the close of the day, exclaimed to one of our Generals, "All I would now ask of fortune is that I might command a corps of English troops for three short weeks. I could then die happy!" On the other hand, the French had to scale the sides of steep ravines covered with dense masses of infantry, supported by clouds of skirmishers; they had to clamber up rocky steeps defended by swarms of sharpshooters? they had to gain a most difficult position with quickness and alacrity. Delay would have been fatal; slowness of movement would have lost us the battle; for, without the French on the heights on our right, we must have been driven across the Alma, as they would have been swept into the valley had we failed in carrying our batteries. Their energetic movements, their rapid flame-like spread from crag to crag, their ceaseless fusilade of the deadly rifle, were all astonishing, and paralysed the enemy completely. We, perhaps, could never have made such a rapid advance, or got over so much ground in the same time.

It will be observed that the loss fell principally on the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd Regiments, forming the brigade of the Light Division; and on the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments, which formed the right brigade of the 2nd Division. In fact, these regiments were directly exposed to the tremendous fire of the principal earthwork battery, and came under range almost the moment the advance was sounded. The Rifles got over the stream in such loose order that they were wonderfully preserved, in spite of the tremendous storm of shot which rattled over them. Colonel Lawrence had his horse killed under him. Major Norcott's charger received no less than five mortal wounds. When the 7th got out of the stream, Colonel Yea found himself and his men at once under range of the battery before they could form, and were obliged to advance pell-mell against the guns. Poor Monck and Hare soon fell! The colours were lost for a time, for thrice did the enemy's shot strike down the officer who carried them! but Captain Pearson, aide-de-camp to Sir G. Brown, passed the last poor fellow who bore them, and he was enabled to restore them to the gallant Colonel. They are torn to pieces with shot. The 33rd, which crossed the stream first, headed by Colonel Blake, were mowed down by round after round of shot and case. The Major (Gough), Captain Fitzgerald, Lieutenants Wallis and Worthington, Ensigns Siree and Greenwood, fell wounded in a few moments. Lieutenant Montagu was killed on the spot. Young Worthington has since died, on board ship. The 23rd, which was between the 7th and

33rd, pushed on in advance, and were received by a fearful fire of rifles and musketry, grape and canister. Encouraged by the example of their Brigadier, Codrington, and headed by their gallant old General, Sir George Brown, the noble brigade rushed up the steep, every moment diminishing their numbers and strewing the ground with dead and dying. It was right in front of the battery that the 23rd received their severest losses. While the 1st brigade of the Light Division was charging up the hill on one side of it, the left or 2nd brigade of the 2nd (Sir De L. Evans's) division was charging the enemy close to them, and was exposed to a similar fire, and met with similar losses. The 30th, 55th and 95th left long lines of dead behind them, and just as they came to the battery a sheet of lead passed through them like a sword. They were utterly broken up. It was necessary to retire them to re-form; and the Russians, seeing their retreat, leaped out of the embrasures and breastworks, and actually charged them down the hill with the bayonet. But few exchanges of the steel were made, probably not more than half-a-dozen bayonet wounds were inflicted, and bitterly did the enemy repent his temerity. The shattered regiment re-formed, and cheered on by their indefatigable Brigadier, Pennefather, whose courage never shone more conspicuously than on this day, they drove the enemy like a herd of sheep up the hill to the shelter of their earthworks, and then sent them flying beyond the hill pursued by remorseless volleys of Minie ball; while Brigadier-General Codrington's noble brigade dealt the same vengeance on their opponents. The advance of the Guards was as grand in its calm and order as any sight ever witnessed on the battle-field. I should have said, perhaps, that looking south—*i. e.*, towards Sebastopol, and towards the enemy on the ridge above us—the order of the divisions from right to left was as follows:—On the extreme right were the brigades of Sir De L. Evans's division; next came Sir George Brown's division; and on the left of all were the Guards. The 3rd division was in support. The 4th division was in reserve. It will thus be seen that little more than 14,000 of our infantry were actually engaged with the enemy! Two divisions never fired a shot. The victory was won by the Guards, Highlanders, Light and 2nd divisions, opposed to at least 20,000 Russians, and the number of French who disposed of the other 20,000 of the Russian army was in like proportion with the bulk of their army. The critical moment was at the advance of the 1st division, and that advance was a sight never to be forgotten. As they marched up the hill the lines of the black bear-skins were barely wavering; they were nearly as straight as if on parade, and the light division complained that the men of the Guards were losing time in dressing up as if on parade ground, when they should have been supporting the regiments exposed to such crushing fire.

While the Guards were running up they fell fast, and at last the Duke, anxious at the loss of one regiment, seemed inclined to retire his men only for a moment to re-form, but was diverted from doing so by the advice of Sir Colin Campbell. They continued their advance, therefore, swallowed up in smoke, and rent through every instant by shot, and, after a momentary check, rushed into the battery. The Grenadiers and Scots Fusiliers contended eagerly for the honour of being first in, and still more eagerly for the honour of capturing the beautiful brass gun; and I confess I am not able to decide the controversy, which will, no doubt, be settled by the Generals. I have already mentioned the fire of the Highlanders and its effect (in my former letter), and their appearance at the other side of the hill, coupled with their deadly volley, caused the instantaneous rout of the enemy. No doubt the official despatches will give a much clearer view than I can of the operations of this great day, of which I was an excited and not always intelligent eye-witness; for, simple as the one straight forward movement of the day was, much of it was obscured by smoke and by the irregularities of the ground, nor could the position of one regiment be ascertained by a person who happened to be in the rear or front of the very one next to it.

It was a terrible and sickening sight to go over the battle-field. Till deprived of my horse by a chance shot, I rode about to ascertain, as far as possible, the loss of our friends, and in doing so I was often brought to a stand-still by the difficulty of getting through the piles of wounded Russians,

mingled too often with our own poor soldiers. The hills of Greenwich Park in fair time are not more densely covered with human beings than were the heights of the Alma with dead and dying. On these bloody mounds fell 2,196 English officers and men, and upwards of 3,000 Russians, while their western extremity was covered with the bodies of 1,400 gallant Frenchman and of more than 3,000 of their foes.

When Lord Raglan and his staff and the Duke of Cambridge rode round to the top of the hill, the troops cheered them with a thrilling effect—a shout of victory, which never can be forgotten. The enemy, who were flying in the distance, might have heard its echoes as it rolled among the hills. Our men had, indeed, done their work well, for the action, which commenced at 1·25 on our part, was over about 4 p.m. In fact, the actual close continuous fighting did not last four hours!

The Russian regiments engaged against us, judging from the numbers on the caps and buttons of the dead and wounded, were the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, and some of the Imperial Guard. The Russian regiment consists of four battalions, and each battalion may be said to be 650 strong. The soldiers were mostly stout, strong men. Several of the regiments—32nd and 16th for example—wore a black leather helmet, handsomely mounted with brass, and having a brass cone on the top, with a hole for the reception of a tuft, feather, or plume; others wore simply a white linen foraging cap. They were all dressed in long drab coats, with brass buttons, bearing the number of the regiment. These coats fitted closely, were gathered in at the back by a small strap and button, descend to the ankles, and seemed stout comfortable garments, though the cloth was coarse in texture; the trousers, of coarse blue stuff, were thrust inside a pair of Wellington boots, open at the top, to admit of their being comfortably tucked down; the boots were stout, well made, and serviceable. Their knapsacks astonished our soldiers. On opening them, each was found to contain the dress uniform coatee of the man, blue or green, with white facings, and slashes like our own, a pair of clean drawers a clean shirt, a pair of clean socks, a pair of stout mits, a case containing a good pair of scissors marked "Sarun," an excellent penknife with one large blade, of Russian manufacture, a ball of twine, a roll of leather, wax, thread, needles and pins, a hair-brush and comb, a small looking-glass, razor, strop and soap, shoe-brushes and blacking. The general remark of our men was, that the Russians were very "clean soldiers;" and certainly the men on the field had white fair skins to justify the expression. Each man had a loaf of dark brown bread, of sour taste, and disagreeable odour, in his knapsack, and a linen roll, containing a quantity of coarse brown stuff broken up into lumps and large grains, which is crushed biscuit or hard granulated bread prepared with oil. This, we were told by the prisoners, was the sole food of the men. They eat the bread with onions and oil; the powder is "reserve" ration; and if they march they may be for days without food, and remain hungry till they can get fresh loaves and more "bread stuff." It is perfectly astounding to think they can keep together on such diet—and yet they are strong muscular men enough. The surgeons remarked that their tenacity of life was very remarkable. Many of them lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men. I saw one of the 32nd regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head and from the front of the skull. I saw with my own eyes the wounded man raise his hand, wipe the horrible mass from his brow, and proceed to struggle down the hill towards the water! Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound. They seemed to have a general idea that they would be murdered: possibly, they had been told no quarter would be given, and several deplorable events took place in consequence. As our men were passing by two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that "the wounded Russians" were firing on our men. There is a story, indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the very act of administering succour as he lay in

agony on the field: be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre taking place, but the men were soon controlled, and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle-field. One villain with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 7th regiment, and before he could say a word he discharged his rifle through the wretched creature's brains. Colonel Yea rode at him to cut him down, but the fellow excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him. This was the single act of inhumanity I saw perpetrated by this army, flushed with victory and animated by angry passions, although the wounded enemy had unquestionably endangered their lives by acts of ferocious folly. Many of the Russians had small crosses and chains hanging round their necks. Several were found with Korans in their knapsacks—most probably recruits from the Kasan Tartars. Many of the officers had portraits of wives or mistresses, of mothers or sisters, inside their coats. The privates wore the little money they possessed in purses fastened below their left knees, and the men, in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destroy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering, were a mournful commentary on the exultation of the victors, and on the joy which reigned along the bivouac fires of our men. As many of our wounded as could possibly be picked up ere darkness set in were conveyed on stretchers to the hospital tents. Many of the others were provided with blankets, and covered as they lay in their blood. The bandsmen of the regiments worked in the most cheerful and indefatigable manner, hour after hour, searching out and carrying off our wounded. Long after night had closed, faint lights might be seen moving over the frightful field, marking the spots where friendship directed the steps of some officer in search of a wounded comrade, or where the pillager yet stalked about on his horrid errand. The attitudes of some of the dead were awful. One man might be seen resting on one knee, with the arms extended in the form of taking aim, the brow compressed, the lips clinched, the very expression of firing at an enemy stamped on the face, and fixed there by death: a ball had struck this man in the neck. Physiologists or anatomists must settle the rest. Another was lying on his back with the same expression, and his arms raised in a similar attitude, the Minie musket still grasped in his hands undischarged. Another lay a perfect arch, his head resting on one part of the ground, and his feet on the other, but the back raised high above it. Many men without legs or arms were trying to crawl down to the waterside. Some of the dead lay with a calm, placid smile on the face, as though they were in some delicious dream.

Of the Russians one thing was remarkable: the prisoners are generally coarse, sullen, and unintelligent-looking men. Death had ennobled those who fell, for the expression of their faces was altogether different. The wounded might have envied those who seemed to have passed away so peacefully.

The soldiers are all shaven cleanly on the chin and cheek; only the moustache is left, and the hair is cropped as close to the head as possible. The latter is a very convenient mode of wearing the hair in these parts of the world. The officers (those of superior rank excepted) are barely distinguishable from the men, so far as uniform is concerned, but the generals wore sashes and gold epaulettes. The subalterns wore merely a lace shoulder-strap, instead of the cloth one of the privates. Most of them spoke French, and the entreaties of the wounded to be taken along with us as the officers moved up the hill were touching in the extreme. The poor fellows had a notion that our men would murder them if the eye of the officer was removed from them. An old General, who sat smiling and bowing on a bank with his leg broken by a round shot, seemed principally concerned for the loss of his gold snuff-box. This, I believe, has since been restored to him. The men say they were badly handled, and had no General to direct them. Menschikoff ost his head in a figurative sense. The officers displayed great gallantry, and the men fought with a dogged courage characteristic of the Russian infantry, but they were utterly deficient in *elan*

and dash. Our loss is 2,196 killed and wounded; of the French, between 1,300 and 1,400. The enemy have lost upwards of 6,000. Had we had but a little brigade of cavalry more, we might have converted the retreat into an utter rout, and taken some 5,000 prisoners, guns, and standards, as trophies of our victory. The troops bivouacked on the field, not far from the scene of their triumphs. The Rifles (2nd battalion) were sent in front as usual. The cavalry videttes scoured the country, and fell back at nightfall on their main bodies in advance of the Rifles. The tents of Lord Raglan's head-quarters were pitched on a flat close to the bridge, and to the left of the hill on which were lying the bulk of the killed and wounded.

The army halted the whole of this day. They were busy collecting the wounded, bringing in prisoners, and burying the dead. The wounded who were able to bear the journey were sent down on arabas to the shore, about three miles distant, and sent on board ships. Nothing could exceed the zeal and kindness of the sailors, officers, and men, in attending to them and taking them on board. The arrangements were under the charge of Captain Mends. Mr. Powell, Commander, R.N., Her Majesty's Steamer Vesuvius, acted as beach-master. All the naval surgeons were in attendance, and did everything that skill and kindness could suggest to relieve the sufferings of the poor fellows after their painful journey.

MORE DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

Fresh details of this terrible conflict are still coming to hand. Several incidents which have not been before noticed, are recorded by the intelligent correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, along with some others, which, though previously noted, are here pleasingly told:—

Two days after the battle, the regiments were formed up in square, and the general order of Lord Raglan, praising them for the undaunted courage they had displayed on the bloody field of the 20th, read to them. At the same time the French army began moving along our front, to take up a position to the left, and the *vivas* and cheers which were exchanged between the armies were beyond description. It was a moment of general enthusiasm, and the two armies looked like great masses of waving caps and shakos. Afterwards the Duke called all the officers of his division together, and speaking in a warm, straightforward manner, thanked them for the support he had received while storming the redoubt at Alma. As the Fusilier Guards had suffered most, and as the colours had been an especial mark, he thanked and mentioned by name the ensigns who carried them—the Honourable Mr. Lindsey and Mr. Thistlethwaite. Mr. Lindsey bore the Queen's colours, which received twenty-one shots through it, and the staff was broken in his hand by a grape-shot. The regimental colour carried by Mr. Thislethwaite had twenty-four rifle and musket balls through it. How the bearers escaped uninjured appears almost miraculous. So deadly and so concentrated was the fire to which the brigade of Guards was exposed, that at one time it seemed impossible that they could deploy under it from open column into line. Yet the officers were perfectly cool, ordered the movement, and the men obeyed as if on parade. The Guards carried the redoubt, and lost seventeen officers killed and wounded. Only three officers in the whole brigade escaped entirely untouched. All the others were either wounded, slightly contused by spent bullets, or shot through their bearskin caps and clothes.

The colours of the 7th regiment were, for a short time, left upon the field under the batteries. This was by no means the fault of the gallant 7th. Literally there was no one to bring them off. Every one who advanced for the purpose

either fell dead or mortally wounded beside them. The 7th having lost half its strength from the fire of the battery on its flank, was compelled to fall back to reform. There for a time the colours remained upon the field until the arrival of the Guards made a diversion, when Captain Pearson, Sir George Brown's aide-de-camp, rode in and took the standard from the hands of a serjeant who was mortally wounded. No enemy's hand had touched them, though they had a very narrow escape.

The Guards and Highlanders suffered most in coming through the vineyard, yet they would never have broken their ranks—but for one temptation—the large clusters of ripe grapes. These, to men parched with thirst, and who had not even seen vegetables for three weeks, were irresistable; so for that, and for that only, the men turned slightly aside to pull them as they passed. It appears ridiculous, but it is literally true, that our men charged up the heights under a most murderous fire, with their Minies in one hand, and a huge bunch of grapes which they were stuffing into their mouths with the other. The officers were similarly employed. As the Duke led on his division for a moment all thought he was killed. He was completely hidden in the smoke of some cannon, and one 24-pounder passed close by his head. Sir Colin Campbell, much to their dissatisfaction, would not let the Highlanders fire a single shot until they had arrived within thirty feet of the enemy. Then their murderous discharges carried all before them. By not firing, the bonnie Scots were enabled to advance with such rapidity that the enemy's cannon had hardly time to get their range before they were out of it again. Consequently their loss was but slight compared with that of the other brigades. Lord Raglan was so pleased at this proof of Sir Colin's experience and generalship in saving his men, that he rode up on the field of battle, and shaking him warmly by the hand, asked him what he could do for him? Sir Colin acknowledged the thanks, and asked his Lordship's permission to wear the Highland feather bonnet for the rest of the campaign, instead of the General's cocked hat. Of course the permission was instantly given, and Sir Colin appeared the next morning in the bonnet of waving plumes, to the intense delight of the Highlanders, who went into ecstacies of cheers whenever he came among them.

Dr. Mackenzie, one of the best operators in Edinburgh, who came out for the purpose of studying gun-shot wounds, was with the Highlanders, foremost in the field. So unremitting was his attention to the Highlanders, to which, though a civillian, by a general order of Lord Raglan acknowledging his services, he had been attached, that after the battle, the brigade, with one voice, asked permission to give him three cheers as he came up the hill. I mention this circumstance for two reasons:—first, because there are few gentlemen who stood so high in their profession as Dr. Mackenzie who would have given up a lucrative practice for the purpose of devoting their services unpaid to the relief of their countrymen during an arduous campaign; and next, because I wish to pay a slight tribute of respect to the memory of one who has fallen a victim to his exertions to relieve the sufferings of others. He died of cholera at Belbek, after a few hours illness, and his loss was more sincerely lamented than that of any man that fell at Alma.

The following is a letter from Serjeant James Murray, 42nd regiment:—

My Dear Friend—I write to tell you that I am alive and in health. Of the important action which took place two days ago, I can only state a few particulars. We commenced to march from Lake Jouzla, Crimea, on the 19th, and about 6 o'clock in the evening met the advanced guard of the Russian army, posted in a very conspicuous place. We crossed a small river, and then marched up a long hill to meet them, but they retired at our advance, and formed their lines in a large plain on the other side. Our lines had no sooner appeared on the brow of the hill than they again retired to the top of the next, but, being late, we deemed it prudent to follow them no farther. Next morning our whole force was under

arms an hour before day-break: we commenced the march at sunrise, and continued till about noon, when we came in sight of the main body of the Russian army, advantageously posted on the top of a high hill, with their great guns placed ready for us. We formed lines, and lay down to rest ourselves, but half an hour had not elapsed till the Russians commenced firing upon us with their long cannon. This did not disconcert us in the least, as their shot generally fell short of us: one man was, however, killed, and another wounded. At length we got up, and marched nearer the enemy, in order to accomplish which we had literally to pass through a burning village, set on fire by the Russians, their guns playing on all the time. The 77th regiment, which marched in front of us at this critical moment, awed by the terrific fire of the enemy's artillery, took momentary shelter behind a bank, whence they were thrice ordered to march forward, but without effect; they would not move. Our General seeing their confusion, cried out: "Highlanders, forward!" That word was all they wanted. On rushed the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd regiments of Highlanders like madmen, gave three tremendous cheers, and ran with surprising alacrity up the hill, charged the masses of Russian infantry, at the first shock clearing the hill-top of their redoubtable foes, and sending the rest like sheep scampering down the hill. Within the space of a quarter of an hour that fearfully strong position of the Russian army, bristling with life and military array, was changed to one of frightful carnage and confusion; heaps of dead and wounded Muscovites and Poles, knapsacks, guns, swords, belts, and all the paraphernalia of war. The battle over, a different occupation engaged the attention of our men; each strove to quench the burning thirst of his wounded foe, whom he had perhaps smitten to the earth with a mortal wound an hour before. After attending to the wants of the wounded and the dying we marched about the distance of a mile from the scene of our engagement, and halted for the night. The following morning Serjeants Scott, Watson, and myself took a walk over the plain to see our work of last night. I hope I never will see the like again. The Russians were lying in every possible shape and position, completely covering the whole plain; dead and dying men and horses lying in heaps of five or six together. I sickened at the scene. The Russian loss is estimated at 5000, and that of the allies at 1700. The force which the Russians actually engaged was reckoned at about 17,000, while we only employed ten or twelve regiments, so that we fought with about three men to every five of the enemy. Our regiment took three or four brass guns, and a number of prisoners, three of whom I had the pleasure of capturing, and marching to Lord Raglan, our commander.

Yours truly.

JAMES MURRAY.

A SOLDIER'S RECEIPT FOR PROCURING SLEEP.—"The following," says the *Bath Journal*, is an extract from the letter of a youth, son of an ancient Wilts family, to his parents: "As soon as our division (the 1st) was formed on landing, and the light division had marched off, we started and marched five miles over a large flat plain, with a ridge of high rugged-looking hills facing us, and encamped at half-past 4 P.M. in a large ploughed field, with a quantity of bushy weeds on it, which luckily made very good bedding when pulled up and heaped together, so a general rush took place as soon as we had piled arms, and not a weed was left in half an hour! So we had our chip of cold pork, and buiscuit, and go-down of whisky, put our cloaks over us, and with our bearskin caps for a pillow, lay down on our 'bed of rushes,' and slept like a top, though it rained a good part of the night pretty sharpish. Now I will give you a receipt for sleeping under any circumstances. Have all the excitement of landing on an enemy's shore, mixed with as many havresacks, cloaks, cold pork, pistols, telescopes, hatchets, &c., as you can carry, and a bearskin cap and epaulettes on top of all. Lie down with your conscience at ease from a sense of doing your duty, and put the cape of your coat bang all over your head, so that you can't feel the rain or dew fall, or be dazzled by the moon or stars, and then commend yourself to God. If you don't sleep then there must be something wrong in the inside."

Preparations for the Spring Campaign.—The armament now building to operate against the Russians in the Baltic at the opening of the spring campaign, includes thirty-five vessels; namely, five floating batteries, the decks covered with iron plates, eight inches thick, and their exterior with 100 plates, four inches thick, rendering them perfectly ball and bomb proof (these vessels will be armed with six of the long range guns on the Lancaster principle); ten bomb vessels, to be armed with from two to three mortars of the most powerful description; and twenty gun boats, drawing about four feet of water, the latter being specially intended for service in the River Neva.

The French Loss at Alma.—The *Moniteur* of Monday contains the general list of officers of all arms killed or wounded in the battle of Alma, and also a statement of the gross French loss on that occasion. One hundred and thirty-six French were killed, of whom four were officers. The wounded numbered one thousand two hundred, including sixty-one officers.

Orphans of Scotch Soldiers, &c., Killed in the War.—A meeting of the members of the Caledonian Society was held in London on Monday, for the purpose of taking measures to admit to the benefits of the charity the orphan children of Scotch soldiers, sailors, and marines, killed or disabled in the war. The chair was filled by Sir John H. Maxwell. The Rev. Dr. Cumming moved a resolution, to the effect, that at the next election twenty-five children, the orphans of Scotch soldiers, sailors, or marines, who may have fallen in the war, should be elected to the benefits of the asylum. The resolution was unanimously adopted. The Earl of Kinnaird then proposed that the meeting should authorise the monthly Court of Directors to admit to the benefits of the institution the children of Scotch soldiers, sailors, and marines, at £75 per head, in lieu of £105, the usual charge. After a short discussion, the sum of £50 was substituted for £75 in the resolution, and in that amended shape it was adopted. The Chairman desired that his name should be put down for £100.

The Russian Wounded on the Plains of the Alma.—What is that gray mass on the plains, which seems settled down upon it almost without life or motion? now and then, indeed, an arm may be seen waved aloft; or a man raises himself for a moment, looks around and then lies down again. Alas! that plain is covered with the wounded Russians still. Nearly 60 long hours have they passed in agony on the ground; and now, with but little hope of help or succour more, we must leave them as they lie. All this nameless, inconceivable misery—this cureless pain—to be caused by the caprice of one man. Seven hundred and fifty wounded men are still upon the ground, and we can do nothing with them. Their wounds have been bound and dressed—we have done all we can for them; and now, unable as we are to take them along with us, or to send them away, we must depart. Ere our troops marched, however, General Estcourt, by order of Lord Raglan, sent into the Tartar village up the valley, into which the inhabitants were just returning, and having procured the attendance of the head men, he proceeded to explain to them that the wounded Russians would be confided to their charge, and that they were to feed and maintain them, and when they were well they were to let them go their ways. In order to look after their wounds an English surgeon was left behind with these 750 men. This most painful and desolate duty devolved on Dr. Thomson, of the 44th regiment. He was told his mission would be his protection in case the Cossacks came, and that he was to hoist a flag of truce should the enemy appear in sight, and then, provided with some rum, biscuit, and salt meat, he was left alone with his charge. Ere the army went, however, one of the Russian officers addressed the wounded, and explained the position in which they were placed, and they promised to obey Dr. Thomson's orders, to protect him as far as they could, and to acquaint any Russian force which might arrive with the peculiar circumstances under which he was among them.—*Special Correspondent of the Times.*

The Sailors on Shore.—A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Balaklava on the 2nd instant, says—"There has been for several days a talk of a naval division being formed to act on shore, but, in consequence of the

dislike to violent measures imputed to Admiral Dundas, no one gave credit to the report. This morning, however, the Firebrand steamed into Balaklava with 1000 sailors. They are draughts from the different sailing vessels, and are put under the orders of Captain Lushington of the Albion. They were immediately disembarked, and began dragging up the guns of the Diamond, with which they are going to act during the siege. I never saw men doing hard work more merrily. It reminded one of schoolboys during play time. They seemed to be delighted at having escaped the paralysing influence afloat, which had condemned them hitherto to inactivity, and appeared elated by the idea that they would have something to do with the taking of Sebastopol—an idea which most of the crews of the sailing vessels had nearly given up. The commanding officer of the fleet appears to be the only person who is not eager to win laurels."

Prince Menschikoff's Carriage.—We have heard a great deal (says the *Constitutionnel*) about Prince Menschikoff's carriage after the battle of the Alma. A Russian general who was in it, seeing the Zouaves approach, though the battle was over, fired a pistol at fifty paces, and shot one of them dead. The fire was immediately returned by his comrades, when the general was wounded severely, though not mortally, by a ball which passed through both cheeks. The carriage has been exhibited publicly as a trophy at Constantinople, and, by a singular coincidence, it was in the same that Prince Menschikoff drove through the streets of that city when he went there on his insolent embassy last year.

Cavalry Sabre Strokes.—A correspondent of the *Edinburgh Courant*, writing from Balaklava, says in an account of the charge of the heavy brigade: "Some fearful sabre cuts were delivered. I saw one man with his head cloven to the chin, through helmet and all, so that the head appeared in two flaps; another with his arm lopped off, as if it had been done by a butcher's cleaver; and a third having a deep gash in the brain from behind—severing the head nearly in two; and yet this unfortunate man was alive, and several times sat up in great agony, actually holding his head together with both hands."

Lord George Paget on the Battle-Field.—A Staffordshire man in a letter dated October 30, referring to the slaughter among the cavalry on the 25th, says:—"Lord George's regiment is cut up terribly; but he has escaped. He proved himself worthy of being called the Marquis of Anglesea's son. He fought at the head of his regiment like a hero. I was told by an old soldier who got wounded by his side, that Lord George waved his sword, saying, 'Now, my lads, for old England! Fight, conquer, or die!' and led his men on gallantly. The major and one lieutenant were killed."

Divine Service amid Shot and Shell.—At 3 p.m. on the 8th, the troops of the light division were formed in squares for prayer, in front of the camp of the 2nd brigade. There had been a cessation of firing for upwards of two hours previously. Just, however, before the commencement of the Service, the discharge of a heavy gun booms in our ears, the usual whiz follows in its wake, and down drops a 68 by the side of the quarter-guard tent, immediately on our right. The warning hint is taken, and the division is moved to the rear, close upon the tents of the first division. Scarcely had the Service commenced, when a shell burst almost over the place just quitted: it is scarcely possible but some must have been struck by the fragments had the troops remained there. The discharge of shot and shell continues, but Divine Service is not again interrupted.

An Awkward Mistake.—Sir George Brown narrowly escaped being shot on the night of the 7th October. About 11 p.m. he was giving some instructions to an officer of the 88th regiment in charge of one of the picquets covering a working party. Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, commanding the 77th regiment, was at the time with him, together with Lieutenant the Honourable H. Clifford, aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Buller. General Brown and Mr. Clifford were on foot, Colonel Egerton on horseback. The group was suddenly perceived by some men belonging to a picquet of the 19th regiment, from whom they were distant in advance about 400 yards. Imagining that the General and his party were Russians who had come out to reconnoitre, they at once fired; and eighteen

or twenty shots were discharged before the mistake was discovered. Fortunately no one was hurt, but one of the balls passed through the sleeve of Mr. Clifford's coat, who was standing by the side of the General. The firing would very probably have attracted the notice of the Russian sentries had it not happened, at the time this occurred, that rather a sharp skirmish was going on to the left, where the French were throwing up some works, and where the Russians were trying to impede them.

British Gallantry and Russian Gunnery.—The *Herald's* correspondent says, "We got an excellent illustration on the 11th instant of the formidable effects of the Russian gunnery. An Austrian barque, laden with hay for the use of the commissariat, in coming down from Eupatoria to Balaklava, when close off Sebastopol, the wind fell light, and the current setting in, took her so close that, to avoid going on shore, she had to sail past all the forts, at about 1500 yards. Of course, as she came along, every gun pointed to seaward from Sebastopol was brought to bear upon her. Barely moving through the water at one-and-a-half knots an hour, this unfortunate vessel began her course with a probability of being sunk in about five minutes; yet, to the utter astonishment of every one—and there were hundreds, both English and French, watching the occurence from the heights—not a shot struck her—they were either too high or too low, too far forward or to far aft. I presume the Austrian pilot got nervous when he had conducted his vessel to a point where the fire of the Russian batteries could be concentrated on her—so he ran her aground. Here she lay for an hour and a half, when the crew abandoned her, and the vessel was apparently left to its fate, for it seemed impossible but that the Russians should sink her; yet your readers will scarcely credit it, out of some 400 or 500 cannon balls fired by the enemy only four struck her. Seeing the state of affairs, the Beagle (late carrying two Lancaster guns) went coolly in, protected by the Firebrand, and made preparations for towing the Austrian barque out. The instant the attempt was seen the Russians redoubled their fire, but the Beagle went alongside the barque and managed to get her in tow. While doing so two Russian frigates came out of Sebastopol; yet, though under fire of their guns, and though the little Beagle and Austrian barque were not 200 yards from the walls, they did not dare even to advance that far, for the Firebrand was sticking close to the Beagle, the Firebrand only carrying six guns; the Beagle, having landed hers for the siege train, had not one on board. But the enemy's vessels declined even this contest, and contented themselves with firing at a distance. The Firebrand was hit in four places—the Beagle not touched at all. This exploit of the Beagle has been the talk of the navy since it occurred. By those competent to judge such matters, it is thought one of the most daring and well conducted *coups* which has been done in the Black Sea. For a small screw-steamer, without guns, to cut a vessel out from under the very walls of Sebastopol, is certainly an exploit of no light character. The name of the officer commanding the Beagle is, I believe, Mr. Boter, second master. The commander had landed, with many of his crew, to work the Lancaster guns in the trenches."

The Sailors on Shore.—Jack has been of essential service in this hard work. The only thing against him is that he is too strong. He pulls strong carts to pieces as if they were toys. He piles up shot-cases in the ammunition wagons till the horses fall under the weight, for he cannot understand "the ship starting till the hold is full." He takes long pulls and streng pulls at tow ropes till they give like sewing silk, and he is indefatigable in "rousing" crazy old vehicles up hill, and running full speed with them down hill till they fall to pieces. Many a heap of shot or shell by the roadside marks the scenes of such disasters; but Jack's good humour during this "spree on shore" is inexhaustible, and he comes back for the massive cargo from the camp with the greatest willingness when he is told it must be got up ere nightfall. It is most cheering to meet a set of these jolly fellows "working up a gun to the camp." From a distance you hear some rough hearty English chorus borne on the breeze over the hill side. As you approach the strains of an unmistakeable Gosport fiddle, mingled with the squeaks of a marine fife, rise up through the unaccustomed vales of the

Crimea. A cloud of dust on the ascent marks their coming and tugging up the monster gun in its cradle with "a stamp and go," strange cries, and oaths sworn by some thirty tars, all flushed with honest exercise, while the officer in charge tries to moderate their excessive energies, and to induce the two or three hairy Hercules', who are sitting astride on the gun, or on the few horses in front, with vine leaves in their hats or flowers in their hair, to dismount and leave off the music. The astonishment of the stupid fur-capped Crim Tartars, as they stare at this wondrous apparition on its way, is ludicrous to a degree; but Turk, Crim, Russian, or Greek, are all the same to Jack, and he is certain to salute every foreigner who goes by, while in this state, with the universal shibboleth of "Bono! Bowno! Johnny!"

Carrying off a Shell.—"A shell suddenly fell right amongst us the other night," says a writer from the camp; "in an instant every body was flat on his belly; in some parts three or four human beings were piled upon one another, and all were shouting out, 'Shove it out, shove it out!' A young rifleman had the pluck to take the shell in his hands, and rolled it over the parapet. Something had gone wrong with the fusee, for the shell did not burst; but of this, the man who courageously took it up in his arms was not aware, and his conduct merits reward."

FIRST DAY OF THE SIEGE.

(From the Correspondent of the Morning Herald.

Comparative Strength of the Allies and Enemy's Works.—The first volley (on the 17th) showed us what no soul in either army had hitherto been certain about, viz., the precise nature, both of our works and the enemy's, and I am sorry to say it also showed us that, even in earth-work batteries, thrown up since we came here, the Russians immensely out-numbered the allied lines. Not only were there extensive entrenchments, mounting 25 and 30 heavy cannon, but on every height and ridge guns of heavy calibre were placed in battery. I have been informed that the extensive nature of their works completely astonished our generals, and we are by no means sure that we have seen them all yet, for during yesterday fresh ones were frequently unmasked in places totally unexpected. On the extreme right of our position, on a hill commanding the back of the inlet, and near Inkermann Light, was our first battery (called the Six Gun) of six 68-pounders. Next to this came two of the Terrible's long 84-pounders, and one gun battery mounting a Lancaster. More to our centre, and on the other side of the house which I have spoken of as commanding a fine view, is another long range Lancaster gun, in a valley beneath which, and considerably advanced, is the Crown Batttery, one of our largest. It is three-sided, mounting eight guns on each face, with a bank for two 13-inch mortars. The guns are either 32, 68, or 84-pounders, and between the breastwork are placed co-horns for throwing small 4½ inch shell among troops. This battery is manned with the sailors from the fleet. On its left, toward the French, is a four-gun battery of heavy ordnance, and on our left of all is the Green Mound Battery, of the same size and description as the Crown. Beyond these, towards Kertch, and enclosing the whole of the south of the fortress, are the French entrenchments. Unfortunately our allies have no heavier guns in their siege train than 24-pounders, so that their lines of necessity are of a lighter description than ours, and less calculated to resist the enemy's concentrated and heavy fire. The French discovered these facts to their cost in the course of the day. To meet these guns the enemy had opposed to our Six-gun Battery on the right, a tremendous entrenchment thrown up on the top of the hills to the north of Sebastopol. It was, however, nearly 4000 yards distant, so its shot and shell all fell short, in such a manner that firing from it was soon discontinued. As we

approach, this battery will prove a tough customer. Beneath this, and 1200 yards distant from our works, is the martello tower and entrenchment I have already mentioned. The circular earthwork at its base has not only been completed, but two flanking parallels, each mounting 15 large guns, thrown out at either side. In the creek to the right of this tower, but so placed and covered as to command our Crown Battery on the centre, was the famous three-decker, the Twelve Apostles. More towards the town, and facing the Green Mound Battery, the redan wall, which shelters the south side of Sebastopol. It bristles with guns, and, to shelter it still further, the Russians have thrown up in its centre a regular three-sided redoubt, carrying about 40 cannon. Passing over several intermediate 6, 8, and 10-gun batteries, the main strength of the Russians on the right is in some entrenchments called the Flag-staff Batteries. It is a high hill, commanding the French lines perfectly, and entrenched for two tiers of guns, each about 25 in number. On the summit of the hill above the guns are banks for several large mortars. The existence of the upper tier of cannon appears to have been unknown until the moment it opened a deadly fire on the French works. On the enemy's extreme right of all was a 10-gun battery, most commandingly placed so as to enfilade the whole French line, and beyond this come the regular stone forts of the harbour, such as the Quarantine Battery and Fort Paul.

The Lancaster Guns.—Conspicuous among the din could be plainly heard the Lancaster guns. Their sharp crack, different from the other heavy guns, was like that of a rifle among muskets. But the most singular effect was produced by its ball, which rushed through the air with a noise and regular beat precisely like the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards distance. This peculiarity excited shouts of laughter among our men, who instantly nicknamed it the express train; and only by that name is the gun known. The effect of the shot seemed most terrible. From its deafening noise, the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of twenty or thirty such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we can only afford to mount two, and even those are only fired once in eight minutes.

Their effect upon the Round Tower.—At eight o'clock the firing was deafening, and about that time a breeze sprang up from the south, which cleared away the smoke, and allowed us a full view of what was going on. Our friend the Round Tower was then barely recognizable, the delicate attentions of the Lancaster gun having effected a most unfavourable change in its appearance as a place of strength. Not a soldier remained on its roof, the four guns on which were overthrown, and lay about like dead horses. Huge holes were also visible in its side, were masses of the solid masonry were dislodged. The earthworks round the tower were torn up and pitted with shot from the other batteries, but beyond this remained much the same. Between these works and the redan wall and the Twelve Apostles on the one side, and our Crown and Green Mound batteries on the other, an awful fire of shells was being interchanged, but most of the enemy's as usual, burst in the air. On the left the French were gallantly maintaining a splendid fire against the Flag-staff Batteries; but, from the commanding position of the latter, and the 10-gun battery which completely flanked our allies, it was evident they were fighting at a disadvantage.

Explosion of a French Magazine.—As the view cleared, the Lancaster gun on our right redoubled its fire on the tower. I never saw such firing. Every shot told full upon the building; and the officers of all ranks who were watching the attack from the house were speculating how long the tower could stand, when suddenly there came an explosion, which for a time attracted all attention. To our sorrow, we saw a dense mass of smoke hanging over one of the French batteries, the cause of which we guessed but too truly; the flank fire of the 10-gun battery had succeeded in blowing up one of the magazines, killing several men, and doing serious injury to the works.

Attack by the Fleets—Explosion of another French Magazine.—About this time, nine o'clock, we could see the fleet in the offing, making preparations for an attack. All the steamers were being lashed alongside the line-of-

battle ships, though more than this it was impossible to see, as the wind fell, and the smoke again collected in dense masses over the whole scene. Through the smoke over the harbour we could plainly perceive the masts and funnel of a large screw line-of-battle ship, which, without firing a shot, stood in until her broadside was within 200 yards of one of the principal fortresses at the north of the harbour. Then her guns began to roar loud above the hellish din which seemed to rend the very sky. The vessel which performed this gallant exploit was French, and, I believe, the Montebello, 120, the crew of which suffered so dreadfully from cholera while at Varna. From the moment she arrived alongside the fort, her sides seemed literally on fire; so rapid, so incessant, were her tiers of guns discharged. At the same moment all our batteries, to effect a diversion in her favour, redoubled their fire; while the Russian Flag-Staff Battery began again upon the abandoned French lines. This time, unfortunately, the enemy assailed the latter with dreadful effect. One Russian shell, by ill luck, dropped and exploded full upon the reserve magazine of the principal French battery. The effect was instantaneous and awful. About twenty tons of powder, with shell and rockets in proportion, instantly ignited, and the earth seemed to heave as the greater part of the battery, with sixteen guns, and nearly all the men, were hurled into the air. Hardly had the stunning report which the last catastrophe produced ceased to vibrate upon the ear, when, following the Montebello, four more French screw liners, each having another in tow, dashed up to the forts. Wherever the fire was most awful and incessant, wherever it appeared to deal the greatest amount of death and destruction among the enemy, there was sure to be seen the French tri-colour flying conspicuous above all. At no time during the day, in consequence of intercepting objects, did we ever catch a glimpse of an English flag. As each French liner came in, she added her incessant broadsides to the continuous roar of cannon which prevailed on all sides. The scene was perfectly hellish. The atmosphere was only a thick lurid smoke, which seemed to suffocate, and through its heavy folds the scream of shot and shell was enough to make one's hair stand on end. No words of mine could do justice to such a pandemonium. Let your readers imagine at least 4000 pieces of the heaviest ordinance in the world firing shell and rockets without a second's intermission. The air seemed one perpetual explosion; but in the midst of which, singularly enough, the peculiar jerking scream of the Lancaster shell could be plainly heard.

Utter Demolition of a Grand Redoubt by a Shell from a Lancaster Gun.—Our batteries were in full play, and appeared to engage more than a due amount of the enemy's attention: for the Twelve Apostles, which was completely sheltered by the land from the attack of the French ships, and quite as completely sheltered from everything but one of the Lancaster guns, began to drop red-hot hollow shot into the Crown Battery. The effect of this was soon apparent. Before a dozen had been fired, one of them bounded and struck a spare ammunition wagon full of powder, which it instantly exploded. The shock was not so severe as it might have been, for the powder was comparatively unconfined. It of course killed a few of our men, but the works of the battery were uninjured. The Russians set up tremendous cheers when they saw the explosion, as they did when the batteries of our allies blew up, imagining they had done us the same mischief. Their mirth, however, was but short-lived. While in the act of cheering, a shell from the Lancaster lodged (I presume so) in the magazine of the redoubt in front of the redan wall. The explosion which followed was appalling. It made the stoutest man's blood run cold. At first it seemed as if the whole of Sebastopol was enveloped in the ruin; five minutes after, when the loose earth and smoke cleared away, and allowed us to see the extent of the mischief, we saw that only a black hole remained where the grand redoubt had stood, and that the greater part of the redan wall was blown away: so stunning appeared the effects of the terrible blow to the enemy, that it was some minutes before they fired a single gun. When they did, they concentrated their whole fire upon the battery where the fatal Lancaster gun was placed, but in vain, it was quite out of range, and their shot stopped rolling nearly 200 yards in advance of the battery. Seeing this, the Russians wisely gave up the attempt to reach it, and turned their attention to the French fleet, which indeed required it. During all this time thei fire, instead of

slackening, had rather increased; and it was evident, from the perpetual thunders they sent forth, that one or the other party must soon give in, for it was impossible for both to go on at that rate any longer. Which was actually the victor we could guess, though we could not see, for the smoke was now more dense than ever. It was near four o'clock, the fleet were still volleying forth their thunders, but the fire of the Russians had slackened considerably. Just at this moment the smoke cleared away, and both forts and fleets could distinctly see each other. The French vessels lay off the forts to the south of the harbour. Another detachment of line-of-battle ships were attacking those to the north. The smoke was still too thick to allow us to make out the flags of these latter, but we had no doubt they were English. The batteries at the mouth of the harbour mount three tiers of guns, the uppermost one on the roof being open like ordinary batteries; the two lower tiers are casemated, one being almost level with the water's edge. The enemy had completely abandoned the guns on the roof, many of which were dismounted, and the works much cut up; but the casemated guns seemed little injured, and as the smoke cleared away they attacked the fleets with redoubled vigour. We could also see that some earth works had been thrown up to flank the forts, which were pouring a destructive fire upon the fleet. The smoke soon hid all again, and the battle raged with as much fury as before until dusk. The cannonade then seemed to slacken, and before night had almost entirely ceased. The English entrenchments never ceased their fire, though, as a matter of course, it slackened much as the darkness increased.

(*From the Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*)

The most obstinate fire on the part of the enemy, on the 17th, proceeded from a redan fort, mounting twenty-seven guns, which formed the centre of his position. By the cessation of fire from the French guns, our two principal batteries were enfiladed by the heavy works opposed to the French. The fire of one of our batteries, that on "Frenchman's Hill," mounting twenty-one guns, nobly worked by blue jackets, now slackened from want of ammunition. The supply, however, was soon replenished, and to work they went. A five-gun battery on "Green Hill" was magnificently worked by foot artillerymen. The one-gun battery, a Lancaster, commanded a three decker, supposed to be the Twelve Apostles, but did no execution. The Lancaster gun may nearly be pronounced a failure. At ten minutes past three a fearful explosion took place. It was the central magazine of the redan fort, which suffered immensely. A shout of triumph issued from the English lines, and animated our gunners, if possible, with increased vigour. Only three or four of the fort's guns were uninjured, and these re-commenced their fire some short time after. A volunteer party—ten men from each regiment—skirmished during the cannonade, and 500 Zouaves and other light French infantry, attempted, though with no great success, to pick off the Russian gunners. At a quarter to four, an English ammunition wagon, the horses of which had been killed, exploded without injuring anybody. The cart had been left exposed, through some neglect, and fortunately was far from any of our batteries. Two minutes later, a small explosion occurred in the Russian earthworks surrounding the round white tower, and dismounting a gun. About seven, the cannonade ceased on all sides. The result of the day's labour may be thus summed up:—The white round tower has been silenced, and severely battered. In the earthworks around it three guns have been dismounted, and the parapets considerably injured. In the redan fort the works have been completely destroyed, and above 20 guns silenced. The Russians throughout the day displayed the greatest pluck and skill.

Second Day.—Sebastopol, October 18.—The firing ceased on both sides last night, and re-commenced with great vigour this morning at daybreak. The French batteries will be unable to re-open before to-morrow. The Russians had well employed their night, for the redan fort is again in play. We had expected a sortie in the night, but were agreeably disappointed. The redoubts and town will,

it is feared, have to be carried by assault, and the loss of life will be very great. Had the opinion of Sir G. Cathcart prevailed, an assault would have been attempted the day after the arrival of the army before the town. The formidable works were not then constructed, and the enemy would have been more easily beaten back. A siege Lancaster gun burst yesterday, whilst doing good work, but the one-gun battery, which commands the dockyard, and is mounted by a ship Lancaster gun, gave much disappointment by its bad execution. This morning the Russian army to our rear made a move forward, and a body of Cossacks came within range of the batteries we have erected beyond Balaklava. The firing continues at this moment. The Russians can scarcely meditate an attack in that direction, which would be easily repulsed. The positions occupied by the allies have been rendered almost impregnable by the various redoubts now established on the heights. The report brought by the Caradoc respecting the taking of Eupatoria has been denied. Our casualties yesterday were 17 killed and 73 wounded. The loss of the French has not yet been ascertained. We are looking forward with anxiety to the assault which must take place, and will decide the fate of Sebastopol. 4 P.M.—The firing continues heavy. The Russians to our rear retired without engaging. The loss in the trenches has been rather heavy this morning.

The following is an extract of a letter from an officer in the 20th regiment, dated heights of Sebastopol, Tuesday morning, Oct. 17 :—

"I am most anxious to write to you, as the mail goes out to-morrow; but it is very doubtful if I shall be able to get through a dozen lines. This morning—as bright a one as ever shone—at half-past 6, the French gave the pre-concerted signal—three consecutive shots—and away went our batteries at this much talked of stronghold Sebastopol.

"Since I wrote last we literally slaved in the trenches, and, had it not been for the hope of almost every day commencing operations, many, I am sure, must have given in. For myself, I have been in the trenches or on outlying picket five nights out of the last eight; but I thank God I never was better in my life. I assure you that our work for the last ten days has been anything but a trifle. Of course, all the time we were at work in the trenches, either day or night, the enemy amused themselves throwing shot and shell to keep us lively.

"I think our fellows have become indifferent to them, but grape shot I defy any one to receive with satisfaction. Our regiment has been most fortunate—only one officer as yet wounded. Other regiments have caught it more. Poor Rowley, of the Grenadier Guards, was yesterday killed while lying, I believe, asleep. A round shot hit him in the back, and of course it was all over. There is one valley we had to go up and down to the works which is entirely covered with heavy shots and splints of shell. Yesterday the Russians kept up a tremendous cannonade for half an hour, in the hope, I think, of finding out our line of fire; but, as we were not ready, not a shot was returned. This morning we have let them know it to their cost. We have at work about 60 siege guns (four of them Lancasters), and I think the French have about the same number. As the Russian batteries are very powerful, you may imagine the row that is going on.

"I was out with my company hard at work the whole of last night, and only got into camp in time to have a cup of chocolate and go on to the hill to see the opening of the ball, which was grand in the extreme. In about an hour and a quarter the smoke lifted, and we found we had silenced a white tower on their extreme left; but there is a great deal more to be done yet, and I shall not be at all surprised if we are obliged to carry it by assault after all.

"I cannot tell you how tired I am, and it is only the excitement that keeps me going. We have just got orders to be ready to turn out in a moment, as they may perhaps attempt a sortie. I only wish they would.

"3 P.M.

"Since I left off we have paraded, and every precaution has of course been taken. Loud cheers from our men; I must be off. I found the cheering was caused by our having set fire to a magazine near a redan, which has been pushing us hard; consequently their guns in that direction are silenced for a time.

"In spite of the heavy work, I believe our loss this morning has not been so very great, but we have not as yet been able to get the wounded up. We hope for the best. I am for the trenches again to-night, but since I got your letter and K——'s I feel all right. Tell K—— I will write a long letter as soon as I possibly can. I am really now thankful when I get safe into camp and have a sleep.

"Send me some papers: they require 2d. on each. 'British Army, Turkey,' is sufficient, and, wherever the head quarters of the army may be, Mr. Smith, the postmaster, is present, and the bags come direct to him, so we get our letters quite regularly. I went down to Balaklava on Sunday, and stopped to see the Grays.

"This certainly is a most curious life, and men little know what they can go through till they have tried. We are now living in comparative luxury, for we have part of our tents—a great change, I can tell you, after being for 18 nights sleeping in the open air. We have to thank Providence for almost unheard-of favourable weather, although the dew at night is very heavy; still we have had no rain since we have been here. We have also in our little mess of six a capital cook, and, managing to make interest with the stewards of some of the ships, we get on in the kitchen department pretty well.

"The people in harbour are the most unconscionable set of beings in existence, and charge exactly what they like, but that is of little consequence. You would be rather amused if you could sometimes see one or two of us on a foraging expedition. The other day I was down with another fellow, and got scent of some onions (famous in soup with rations). Searching for them, I missed him and the pony with the panniers, so you might have seen me going through the place in uniform, carrying ropes of onions over my shoulders. But that is nothing, as every-one has to look out for himself, and when a forager arrives at home there is the greatest anxiety to discover what he has got. What a haul we should make if if we could get half-an-hour in an English pantry! I fear it will be long before we get accustomed to a table cloth, or sit properly on a chair. The grass is now our table cloth and chair. We chat and laugh away our meals, thankful that we are all safe, and hopeful for the future.

"It will be three weeks to-morrow since we took up our position. To day we opened fire—a long and wearying time to be spent in preparation; but, if we attempted to storm it at once, the loss might have been great. As it is, with the time the Russians have had for defending themselves, we shall suffer frightfully; and I, for one, am convinced that it will be some time before we plant our flag on their walls.

"One of our Lancaster guns exploded this afternoon, most unfortunately.

"We have no idea where we shall winter. The Russians, I hear, are most confident of victory; and yesterday, when they commenced their heavy fire at us, we could plainly distinguish with our glasses a great many ladies looking on.

"Last night I was on an advanced picket, and went to reconnoitre with a sergeant and 12 men, within 200 or 300 yards of the town. We could plainly distinguish every sound—music, dogs barking, and everything."

The Late Honourable Colonel Hood.—The following is an extract of a letter from an officer of the Grenadier Guards, in the Crimea, October 18:—"I hope ere long to be able to give you some good news to counterbalance the great loss we have experienced. Colonel Hood, who went on duty this morning, commanding the Guards in the trenches, was killed by a round shot while moving from a battery along the trench, which in that part was not above two feet high. I cannot tell you how much he is regretted by us all. He had led us to victory at the Alma, and I am quite certain there was not a man, officer or soldier, who had not the most perfect confidence in him; for on that occasion he had shown the greatest coolness imaginable under fire, which he communicated to every man under his command, and which contributed so much to the gallant conduct of the regiment in that action. His loss cast a gloom over us all."

(From another officer.)

"Camp above Sebastopol, October 22.

"I hope you got my last letter, which I wrote, if I remember right, on the first day of the bombardment. It has been going on now for six days, and we are not much more advanced than we were—at least, to all appearances. * * * * * * The French magazines were all blown up by the Russian fire at starting; the consequence was, that for two days we had to keep up the whole of the fire. We find it impossible to batter down the forts, so we have tried to burn the town; but this we find impossible to do also, as the town is built of stone. Several houses have been set on fire, but the fire would not spread. Deserters come in to the camp daily, and they say there have been a great many people killed in the town; that they are very badly off for provisions; that a great many people would desert to us if they could; and that the inhabitants are forced to work at the trenches, carry shot, and so forth. The Governor of Sebastopol was killed yesterday. 'Serve him right;' he was the butcher of Sinope. Lord Dunkellin was taken prisoner last night by the Russians. He was out with an escort with ammunition, and lost his way; they found themselves near a body of men, and the escort warned him that they were the enemy; however, he did not think so, and he said he would go and inquire the way from them; as you may imagine, he did not return, and the escort very wisely bolted. They say the Russians have lost a great many men in Sebastopol, but it is wonderful how few we have lost. The tremendous fire commences a little before sunrise, and continues incessantly until after sunset, when the thing is diversified by a *feu d'artifice* of rockets and mortars. I am sorry to say we lost one of our assistant-surgeons the other day, and Morant was wounded in the arm yesterday, but he is going on all right. * * * * *

"I am beginning to think now that it will take some time before we can enter this place, and that we shall have to winter in the Crimea; nobody knows, but this is the prevailing idea in the army. I must say we have had a first-rate specimen of the climate; it still continues perfect. Our steamer, the Cambria, came into Balaklava the other day, and I got out my two small portmanteaus, with my war kit in them, so that I am now very comfortable; before that I was living on the contents of two small saddle-bags. We can also now get potted meat, soap, salt, and little luxuries of that kind, which we were totally without before, and I assure you we are not to be pitied in the eating line, although we have to pay most exorbitant prices for things brought from the ships. We never see bread, but the biscuit they serve out is excellent. I wish the London tailors who turn out such gaudy uniforms could have a glimpse of them here. You may imagine what mine is, when I tell you that I have not slept with it off since we landed; in fact, I have got so accustomed to it, that I think the next time I go on leave I shall take my red coat with me to sleep in, it is so comfortable, especially about the collar! * * * Write often, and continue to direct in the same way; you have no idea what a treat it is getting letters here."

BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least 20 pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them,

and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en echelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin deep by the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the light brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the heavy brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93rd Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93rd had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across to redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava, but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the Lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley, like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen: their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form themselves into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half a mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge—Lancers, and Dragoons, and Hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to

the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scotch Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The light cavalry brigade is on the left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on toward that thin red streak topped with steel. The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards and run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders, well done," shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten—men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'elite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated Dragoons moved up quickly, to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning-blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the amount of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way;" nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and the Greys and red coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing onwards with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of the Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and

had fled off at one flank, and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as if it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our Dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps, and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say, "Well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about 35 killed and wounded in both affairs.

After the charge, Captain the Honourable Arthur Hardinge came galloping up to Lord Raglan, with the news of what the cavalry had done. He had been sent with orders to Lord Lucan, and at the moment of the charge he had joined the Greys and dashed with them into the Russian column.

At ten o'clock the Guards and Highlanders of the first division were seen moving towards the plains from their camp. The Duke of Cambridge came up to Lord Raglan for orders, and his Lordship, ready to give the honour of the day to Sir Colin Campbell, who commands at Balaklava, told his Royal Highness to place himself under the direction of the Brigadier. At 10·40 the fourth division also took up their position in advance of Balaklava. The cavalry were then on the left front of our position, facing the enemy; the light cavalry brigade was on the left flank forward; the heavy cavalry brigade *en echelon*, in reserve, with guns on the right; the 4th Dragoons and 5th Dragoons and Greys on the left of the brigade, the Enniskillens and 3rd Dragoons on the right. The fourth division took up ground in the centre; the Guards and Highlanders filed off towards the extreme right, and faced the redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked.

In carrying an order early in the day, Mr. Blunt, Lord Lucan's interpreter, and son of our Consul in Thessaly, had a narrow escape. His horse was killed: he seized a Russian charger as it galloped past riderless, but the horse carried him almost into the Russian cavalry, and he only saved himself by leaping into a redoubt among a number of frightened Turks who were praying to Allah on their bellies. I should mention here that the Turks who had been collected on the flanks of the 93rd, fled at the approach of the Russians without firing a shot.

(*From the Correspondent of the Morning Herald.*)

When the bugle sounded the advance for our men, they moved forward at a canter, and as they apporached the enemy, and began to ascend the hill, the canter merged into a charge, and the pace was terrific. The 17th Lancers and Scots Greys led; the 1st Royal Dragoons and 6th Enniskillens thundered after in support For a moment it was a glorious sight. The glittering helmets and weapons, and varied uniforms of our fellows as they pressed forward to the charge, with sabres raised and lances levelled, made the mere spectacle beautiful; but accompanied with all its terrors, it was one of the most awful grandeur. The solid earth shook and reverberated with a sound like thunder, as a thousand horses, spurred to

their utmost speed, went tearing up the hill, scattering the turf and grass like a cloud of sand behind them. The enemy were nothing loath to accept the challenge, and, indeed, they had little reason, for their numbers were as nearly three to one. In a line of two-thirds of a mile, they swept down from the hill upon our men, meeting them about half way up, the dull heavy noise with which they closed could, be heard at a mile, and made the listener's blood run cold.

It is almost impossible to give any but a very general idea of the struggle which followed, though I saw it well and closely, for, much to my annoyance, the tide of battle had flowed to within a few yards of where, two minutes before, I had thought myself perfectly safe. With the first shock about 100 men and horses on both sides instantly fell, and both sides seemed to recoil and clutch their weapons closer for a deadly hand to hand combat. In another moment there was nothing to be seen but a confused crowd of Hussars, Cossacks, Scots Greys, and Lancers, who were shooting, cutting, and stabbing at one another in all directions. It was impossible to say which did best, for the dust, smoke, and confusion were too great to permit anything like accuracy of observation, but it was quite evident both fought well, for neither gave way, though the bodies of men and horses cumbered the ground. After a few minutes' contest, part of the Grays drew off for a few yards, and turning at a gallop made a desperate attempt to break the Russian line; they were almost successful at the first onset, and the 17th, imitating the example, levelled their lances, and charging for a few yards made an awful gap in the enemy's ranks. To crush these attempts before they had time to be successful, the Russian line, which, from their immense superiority of numbers, outflanked ours on both sides, tried by wheeling round to enclose our gallant Greys and Lancers; but before the manœuvre could be effected, the supporting regiments of the heavy brigade, the 1st Dragoon Guards, and 6th Enniskillens came down like a thunder bolt upon the Russian flanks. The charge was well timed, and well executed, and attended with complete success. The light wheeling Cossacks disappeared like snow before the charge of our Dragoons; the Hussars broke up in disorder, and in another instant the Dragoon Guards, Greys, and Lancers, were among them sabreing and pistolling right and left. Unlike our regiments, the Russians, while disordered, made no attempt to rally. The instant their line was broken they scattered and fled like hares, to the top of the hill and across the high road, closely harrassed in the rear by our men. Unfortunately they were unable to continne the pursuit, from the proximity of the Russian batteries, and the instant our cavalry halted, the Russians halted also, and commenced re-forming their line (still twice as numerous as ours), in order to renew the contest; our men in the meantime were compelled to withdraw under cover of the hill, as, while exposed on the heights and high road, the cannonade told severely among them. After an interval of ten minutes, during which the Russians poured a perfect shower of shot and shell into our lines, and during which also the long wished for reinforcements from our entrenched camp were discerned coming up to our assistance, the enemy's cavalry again advance to the attack. This time they came in with a battery of horse artillery, and, after a severe canonnade of a few minutes upon our men, again descended the valley, and advanced to the charge. The whole of our heavy cavalry in one strong line met them on this occasion. There was the same desperate charge, the same shock, but not the same fighting. After a minute's resistance, the enemy's whole line gave way, and retired in confusion towards the heights. On this the Russian cavalry general, who, to do him but bare justice, conducted himself with undoubted skill and bravery, throughout the day, halted the flying squadrons, and persuaded them to stand again and face our men, who were within ten yards in hot pursuit. The contest was, therefore for a moment renewed upon the heights. But the struggle lasted only for a few minutes—the remnants of the light cavalry came up in proper time, and the ferocity with which they dashed into the enemy's flanks carried all before them. The Russians again broke and fled, but this time our men were among them, strewing the plain with carcasses. To save themselves from a slaughterous attack, the Russians sought shelter under the batteries in that fatal valley where our light cavalry have suffered so severely. Two or three troops of our horse imprudently followed in pursuit close up, and were terribly mauled by the batteries as they retired.

After these signal triumphs, our men again returned to the shelter of their hill, watching the movements of a body of the enemy's horse on our right, which was moving near the front of our lines, as if seeking for a point on which to charge our infantry. I need hardly say our fellows were prepared. The 93rd Highlanders, as the enemy passed them at 700 yards distance, fired a volley of musketry which even at that long range brought some thirty or forty to the ground. After this their cavalry retired, and, sheltering themselves under the redoubts, took no further part in the events of the day.

The fire of artillery was now renewed on both sides, the enemy having rather the advantage, from their superior position. Under cover of their fire, a powerful body of Russian infantry moved round to the heights from which their cavalry had twice unsuccessfully attacked. The aspect of affairs was now getting most critical for the English; while our small force was compelled, by the actual efforts of the enemy in the redoubts on our right, to concentrate their forces in that quarter, the new movement threatened them with a simultaneous attack in front and rear.

Fortunately, at this anxious moment, when, if the Russians had attacked, we must either have abandoned Balaklava, with all its stores and shipping, or been driven into the sea, the reinforcements commanded by Lord Raglan, Sir George Cathcart, and the Duke of Cambridge, came into play. As they poured fast along the road from Sebastopol, they in turn menaced the Russian right flank, which rested on it, and which, if advanced further to attack us, would risk being entirely cut off from the main body. The enemy were therefore compelled to fall back, and even to close in upon their centre, in order to prevent their position on the right from being turned. Lord Raglan, who had come up with the 1st and 4th divisions of infantry, one French division under General Forey, and all the French cavalry, prepared to extend his advantages by sending out skirmishers to reconnoitre for an attack; but the attempt was found useless. The Russians held the whole of the right of our position, which we had strongly entrenched for the Turks, and this was far too strong to permit our storming it, especially as the Russian army still outnumbered ours by about 16,000 men. After a short pause the enemy advanced a little, and seemed as if they were offering battle to us. Our troops replied with a heavy fire of artillery. They then in turn brought their artillery into play, and a smart cannonade ensued, which lasted for about half an hour. In this the Russians decidedly got the worst. Our shot and shell pitched full in the centre of their artillerymen, knocking them about to such an extent that the whole of their batteries were at last withdrawn under cover of a hill. As it was then drawing towards evening, the action ceased, beyond an occasional shot or so, and both armies rested on their arms for the night within 1200 yards of each other.

Towards night the 1st division returned to the trenches at Sebastopol, where they were much needed, as a sortie upon our lines was hourly expected from the garrison of that town.

Thus ended the battle of Balaklava, having lasted about eight hours. I by no means wish your readers to infer that for these eight hours we were fighting. God forbid. It was a battle of manœuvres, during which frequently for an hour, or half an hour not a shot would be fired on either side. Its advantages, such as they are, most decidedly remain with the enemy, as they have succeeded in turning the right of our position—capturing three Turkish redoubts and 12 pieces of cannon. All this we owe to the cowardice and treachery of our Mohammedan allies, most probably both. Every one is confident that we shall drive the Russians from their positions to-morrow, but I utterly disbelieve the conjecture—first, because their position is too strong; and, secondly, because we cannot spare enough men for the purpose from our trenches. I own I think rather uneasily of the position which the enemy have secured, for I am certain that while they are there we can only maintain Balaklava at an enormous sacrifice of life. Its retention, also, I imagine, extends our line of operations too much, and therefore, as a matter of course, weakens them to an attacking enemy.

Though the advantages of the day remained with the enemy, I should think that their loss exceeded ours, as many might have expected who had seen the fight. From our artillery they suffered heavily. On the whole, judging from the dead that remained on the field, I should estimate their loss at between 500 and 600.

I have always imagined that split skulls and cloven heads were figures of speech until to-day, when I have, indeed, been terribly convinced of the reality of such horrors. Some of the dead to-day had their heads as completely cloven as if the operation was performed by a surgeon with a saw. Nearly all the Russians were so killed. Our fellows had been principally slain with lance thrusts; I saw one body with 13 such wounds through the chest and stomach. Another man had six, which all were mere flesh wounds, and not dangerous. The same man (in the 17th Lancers), extraordinary and incredible as it may appear, had two horses killed under him, one or two sabre and bullet wounds in his cap, his sword bent double in its sheath by a Minnie bullet, five bullets in his saddle, one in his lance staff, and sword cuts innumerable.

Strength of the Garrison of Sebastopol.—A Russian officer, who was slightly wounded, informed me that he was certain we should never take Sebastopol either by sea or land. The Russians had thrown up so many additional works, that the place was even stronger than when we first set down before it. Our fire on the town, however, had done a good deal of mischief, especially in setting fire to a Russian hospital, in which were 1000 sick and wounded, the majority of whom perished in the flames. He laid the blame of this awful accident on the Russian commanders, who declined to hoist any distinguishing flag by which the allies might know and respect the building.

A Pitiable Sight.—An unfortunate young Russian officer, who had a desperate cut across the abdomen, through which his intestines were protruding, and seemed in dreadful agony, was imploring one man to kill him, saying it was a mercy, as he could not live.

The Craven-Hearted Turks.—After the fight was quite done, I saw our men beating out with the butts of their muskets the wretched Turks who were hiding away under the trees and bushes in all directions. One of our marines was literally kicking back into the field nearly 100 of these cravens. Until I saw the conduct of these fellows, I could never have believed that even the most effeminate race would have behaved so with arms in their hands. The few men they had wounded were all hit by their own artillery as they ran from the batteries.

Reported Treachery of a Turkish Pacha. October 26.—I have been informed on very good authority that the pacha in command of the Turkish redoubts was shot by order of the allied generals this afternoon. Actual treachery is said to have been clearly proved against him. I do not vouch for the truth of this fact, though it was given me by one who ought to be a very good authority.

Second Battle.—During to-day (26th) they made a desperate sortie against our lines, in which they met with a most signal defeat by the division of General De Lacy Evans. Fortunately, the enemy were observed by the outlying picquet and covering party, mustering in large numbers in rear of their works; and notice of this important fact was immediately sent back to the camp, in order that our troops might be prepared to support the batteries. Hardly had the message been sent, when a powerful force of Russian light infantry, about 12,000 strong, sallied from behind the circular earthwork and redan battery. As they filed out into the plain, all our lines of batteries opened into the columns with a discharge of shot and shell, which positively seemed to make the dense mass of men stagger; but in the course of a minute they re-formed and advanced rapidly up the hill in the direction of the green mound and Lancaster gun batteries. At the first alarm all our outlying picquets and covering parties had collected together, and, lying under cover of the loose stones, they commenced an irregular file fire, which seemed to tell with great effect among the enemy. Literally, for five minutes these skirmishers, who were not 200 strong, kept off the advance of a body of 12,000, light infantry. All this time our batteries seemed to be roaring, so incessant was their fire, full into the Russian ranks. Suddenly the enemy made a rush at the spot where our skirmishers lay, who then, of course, could do nothing but retire. With one parting volley they began their retreat, and then fell back before their assailant, fighting and disputing every step of the way. As our skirmishers retired, the enemy quickened their pace, and began to charge up to our trenches Our men, however, stood firm to their guns, firing them with deadly precision into the advancing masses. In this manner the advance and defence continued, until

the enemy was within 100 yards of our lines, and their killed and wounded covered the plain. Then, for the first time, they began to waver and fall back, and, at the same moment, our second division came up to the support of the threatened post. The Russian officers did their best to re-animate the spirits of their soldiers, but in vain; and, after moving irresolutely for a second or so, the whole force retired in confusion on Sebastopol. As they fell back, two or three regiments of the second division poured in a heavy volley of musketry into the retreating foe, who immediately lost all command, and rushed back like a mere mob to the cover of their trenches. As far as I could learn, we have not lost a single additional man during the sally. The enemy left upwards of 600 dead upon the field, and between 1000 and 1200 wounded, and 100 prisoners. Never was a sally more completely repulsed, or with more slaughter. The enemy never reached our batteries, and never attempted to rally when once they fell into confusion.

NECESSITY OF ABANDONING BALAKLAVA.

If we give up Balakava, our entrenched camp on the heights round Sebastopol will be literally impregnable: 500,000 Russians would never take it from us. Your readers will feel convinced of this when I say that our entrenchments are nearly as strong as those on the Alma, and its batteries and redoubts are defended by English and French infantry. Balaklava is our weak point, as it compels us to extend our line of defence over a difficult country five miles further than we otherwise should do. At the same time, as a harbour for our large ships on this dangerous coast, and a depot for our stores, it is valuable to us.

Nearly 20,000 English and French troops are collected in and around Balaklava; but the enemy have not only maintained their posts, but have even thrown up two or three redoubts in advance. They have likewise shifted ground, and taken possession of part of the heights which command the marine batteries and harbour of Balaklava. We have also a battery on these heights of five guns. The enemy have thrown up one of thirteen. All the English have been compelled to abandon the plains of Balaklava, as the positions gained by the enemy command it in every part. We have, therefore, retired upon the heights, and are busily engaged in entrenching ourselves. I cannot help thinking that we must either abandon Balaklava or secure its possession at an immense cost, by storming its heights. We cannot remain as we now are with the two armies entrenching themselves within 1200 yards of each other. The captain of a merchantman anchored outside Balaklava, about two miles in the rear of the Russian position, says the troops are being night and day engaged in carrying earth and fresh wood for some purpose or other—of course, to erect strong redoubts. A prisoner taken this evening says a night attack is intended upon the garrison and shipping, ut when he did not know.

(*From the Correspondent of Morning Post.*)

The general commanders of the allied forces have determined on relinquishing Balaklava, and shifting the point of communication with the fleets to a bay nearer Sebastopol, and immediately opposite the left wing of the French camp.

"Jemmy Macdonald" has nine lives. At Alma he had a horse shot under him; at Balaklava he had another shot; and his cocked hat was knocked off by the enemy without doing him serious injury.

LORD CARDIGAN'S LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE.

(*From the Correspondent of Morning Chronicle.*)

A WRITTEN order was sent by Lord Raglan to Lord Lucan, to charge the enemy with the light cavalry brigade, if practicable. The unfortunate officer (he was killed), the bearer of this order, delivered it verbally as a positive command to charge immediately. I am assured that Lord Cardigan remonstrated against the impracticability of executing such an order, and charging in the face of the three batteries which had been abandoned in the morning by the Turks, and were now in the hands of the Russians. No time was, however, to be lost, and he led on his men in gallant style, dashing down the valley, exposed to a cross-fire from the three batteries, into one of which he literally rode, capturing nine of the guns. This unfortunate charge, however, fearfully decimated the light brigade of British cavalry. They were mowed down by the grape and canister from our own brass Woolwich guns, which had been left unspiked in the entrenchments by the cowardly Turks who fled in the morning. The 17th Lancers and 8th Hussars were almost completely cut up. The 11th Hussars and the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons have also suffered dreadfully. The Scots Greys again charged, but it was to late to remedy the fatal error, and they lost many men in the attempt. They lost forty-two men killed and wounded, amongst whom are the colonel and a lieutenant (Prendergast) wounded. Altogether the British cavalry have, I regret to say, 620 men *hors de combat*—a most lamentable proportion out of the small cavalry force in the Crimea. Lord Raglan sent to compliment the Scots Greys on their splendid charge. This victory has cost us dear. The Russians have not shown their faces in that direction since. It is a sad affair, however. Our small cavalry force, which ought only be used on extreme occasions, has thus been mauled by artillery for little or no purpose. The ground was strewed with dead and dying, whilst the loose horses galloped about at random in every direction. Numerous instances of personal courage and bravery were remarked during the engagement. A serjeant of the Scots Greys killed six Russians with his own hand. Our soldiers say the Russians do not know how to use their swords. All our losses were occasioned by the terrible cross-fire from the batteries. Major Clarke, of the Scots Greys, much distinguished himself; and Lieutenant Hanley, who was knocked off his horse, on being attacked, shot two Russians with his revolver; the third, astonished at the rapidity of the fire, and not knowing when it would stop, turned and fled.

FRENCH RIFLE PRACTICE.

LETTERS from the French camp before Sebastopol frequently speak of a small body of skilled riflemen called *francs-tireurs*. A recent letter contains the following details respecting them:—

"I must tell you what the *francs-tireurs* are. There are two companies of them, each composed of 150 men, chosen from amongst the best marksmen of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. In the night they creep in front of the entrenchments, dig holes, and place themselves in them as well as they can. Then they fire at the Russian artillerymen. They have already killed so many, that the Russians now close their embrasures with a sort of double door, which is ball proof. But they are obliged to open it to point their gun and fire, and no sooner is this done than 20 balls whistle through it. The Russians have sustained such losses that they were at times seized with despair—raising their guns from behind, they fired volleys of grape at their disagreeable visitors. Nevertheless, the latter have succeeded in extinguishing all the first line of their batteries. I say first line, because there are several others in the rear, the part of the town which faces us

being an inclined plain, on which batteries have been raised in lines one above the other. That our *francs-tireurs* have done good execution is evident from the fact that, in the evening of the 26th, General de Martimpre, chief of the general staff, received a note informing him that the Russian fire had become uncertain, and that atillerymen were so scarce that the guns had to be served by the infantry. Express no surprise at the word uncertain; for, from the 6th to the 17th, the Russian gentlemen did not cease to point their guns at us as at a target, whilst we did not deign to answer them even by a musket shot. They consequently attained such precision that the day on which we unmasked our batteries, their balls entered our embrasures as if cast by the hand. One ball went into the very mouth of a cannon, but was too large to penetrate more than a third. It, however, stuck fast. This was considered so curious that the gun was carried to the General's tent to be shown to him."

ONE OF THE HEROES OF BALAKLAVA.

The following letter, by a dragoon of the heavy brigade, gives a graphic picture of the memorable charge made by that body upon the Russian cavalry. It possesses a peculiar interest, as being written by one who was himself engaged in the heat of the conflict:—

"Camp, Balaklava, near Sebastopol, Oct. 27.—You say you hear nothing of our regiment; well, I will tell you something about it. In the first place, in coming from Varna, across the Black Sea, we were overtaken by a most awful storm and gale of wind. Our vessel, the Wilson Kennedy, went on her beam ends, and the stabling gave way, all the horses were thrown over to one side of the ship, and, in one horrid night, 100 of them kicked and worried each other to death; and there we were for two nights and two days fastened down with 100 dead and dying horses; we only saved 11 out of our ship, and on the third day we threw 101 overboard. We were eight days all but a wreck, beating about the Black Sea, and had to go back to Constantinople after all, at which place they put us on board a steamer, and landed us in the Crimea; and now, indeed, our work has begun. We are protecting the rear, while the besiegers are attacking the town. The whole of the cavalry are encamped on an open plain surrounded by hills and mountains, and we have indeed plenty cut out for us. Over these hills there are thousands of Cossacks and a large Russian army, who are trying to get up to Sebastopol, and it is our duty to keep them back; they are constantly coming down upon us, and we have had some severe struggles, but they have not the 'pluck' of Englishmen, for, though we are far inferior in numbers, we always beat them back. We are in the saddle night and day. I can't tell how long it is since I was undressed; I only know that it has been so long, that I have forgotten it. The worst affair we had was the day before yesterday. At daybreak the enemy appeared, and advanced, and in such numbers that they took from the Turks two of their batteries, and turned the guns upon us. We were obliged to retreat out of range of the guns; and this so elated the enemy that they actually had courage enough to come into the open field with us. Three regiments of their cavalry tried to gain possession of the Highlanders' (93rd) position, and charged them, but they had not time to repent, for they went down like cut corn; what were left of them turned and fled, and we pursued them over their own hills: here they were reinforced by three more regiments of cavalry, including Nicholas's crack Imperial Guards. There were the Greys and First Royals up at this time, and we charged them—they had nothing else for it, so they charged at the same time. Oh God! I cannot describe it; they were so superior in number, that they 'outflanked' us, and we were in the middle of them. I never certainly felt less fear in my life than I did at that time, and I hope God will forgive me, for I felt more like a devil than a man. We fought our way out of them as only Englishmen can

fight; and the 4th, 5th, and 6th, were there up with us. I escaped without a scratch, thank God, though I was covered with blood: my horse was not even wounded; but, oh! the work of slaughter that then began was truly awful, but I suppose it was necessary; we cut them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist. The plain is covered with dead Russians, and of course we left some of our poor comrades on the field. We only lost two, and about seven wounded. Well, when we had finished this lot, we thought of going home to breakfast; but, no; they (the enemy) had some guns over the hills that Lord Raglan sent word were to be charged and captured at any cost. So off we went again. They received us very quietly into their ground—Lord Lucan leading the heavies, and Lord Cardigan the light brigade. The light charged first this time, took the guns, cut down the gunners, and then, when we thought all was right, they were met by thousands of Cossacks, who had been in ambush. The Royals, the Greys, the 4th, 4th, and 6th now charged again. The butchering was repeated; when, suddenly, a cross front and rear fire opened upon us from the hills—cannon, rifles, and file firing. I cannot attempt to describe to you the scene that ensued—balls, shells, and rockets whizzing about our ears. The men on the right and left of me were both killed on the spot. We hacked our way out of it as well as we could, but were obliged to leave the guns. Colonel Yorke had his leg broken, and all the officers in the front rank were wounded. The heavy brigade have not lost many men, but, sad to tell, out of about 800 of the light brigade that went into the field only 400 came out; but this is nothing to what the enemy suffered."

Progress of the Siege.—A private gentleman on board the Cambria, visiting the seat of war, writes on the 27th as follows:—"Little, indeed, if any impression had been made either upon the fortifications or the buildings of Sebastopol during the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, yet it seemed utterly impossible that so regular and continuous a fire from the monster Lancaster guns, down to guns of the smallest calibre, of shells, rockets, &c., could be kept up for eight or nine days successively, without producing some visible effect; and so it turned out, on the 25th, the battery or mud fort at the base of the round tower was silenced, with the exception of one gun. The tower itself, which had been put *hors de combat* some days previously, now appeared with a large chasm on one side, the embrasures having been knocked into one capacious hole. The handsome white stone buildings within the town, which up to this time bore no marks of damage, but appeared as neat, smooth, and perfect as any crescent at Bath, or palace in Belgrave square, now plainly showed sundry shot-holes and fissures, whilst large fires were frequently seen breaking out in different parts of the town—and, above all, as our bombardment seemed gradually to increase, so the return fire of the Russians appeared to diminish. Of course, it is impossible for us to say what amount of loss the Russians have incurred; but this we know—that our own losses in the trenches and before the city since the siege began have been comparatively trifling, perhaps not two hundred men, whilst deserters, prisoners, and one or two Englishmen who have escaped from the town, assures us that thousands are now lying there dead from the destructive effects of our fire. But still a heavy cannonade has been kept up from some of their batteries, particularly from one called the Garden Battery, on the left of our line, and opposite the French entrenchments. Their fleet has hitherto evaded our shot, and a large ship, piously called the Twelve Apostles, has managed to keep up a continuous, if not a very destructive fire, always shifting its position whenever we have brought a battery to bear upon it. And, lastly, it is stated that all their houses are not only constructed to resist a heavy weight of shell and shot, but are pierced with loop-holes for musketry and crowned with small guns, ready to sweep the streets in case of an assault by our troops. This may be called the actual state of things as far as can be told up to the 25th."

Sir Colin Campbell and the Highland Brigade.—The journal of a Highland soldier, which is being published in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*, gives the following interesting notice of Sir Colin Campbell's address to the Highland Brigade after the battle of the Alma, and of his request to be allowed to wear the Highlander's plumed bonnet instead of the cocked hat:—"After the army formed to-day (23rd September) to march to Sebastopol, the general orders

were again read in the centre of each regiment. But before each division or brigade left its ground, they were addressed by their generals; and, as I know you would like to hear of your countrymen, and their brave leader, Sir Colin Campbell, I shall tell you, as well as I remember, what he said. He addressed the brigade in eloquent and highly complimentary terms, and dwelt upon the advantage of discipline. He said that the conduct of the Highland Brigade on the 20th had not only been admired by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Raglan, but that it was applauded by the whole army, and that several friends of his in the navy had come from the shipping to compliment and congratulate him on his success. He told them all, however, that the praise was not due to him, but to the gallant soldiers whom he was so proud of having the honour of leading into action. (At this point his voice began to falter, and his eyes to moisten, and it could be perceived how the gallant veteran's bosom moved within: however, he excused himself by saying that he was now turning old, and that with old age came softer feelings). He then went on to say that this was the first time on which a Highland brigade had been formed, and that the attention of all Scotsmen, in whatever part of the world, was turned upon them, and watched with a careful eye how they should uphold the honour of Scotland in the present day. All Scotsmen were proud of their country, and when they heard that their soldiers had added fresh laurels to their chaplet of national honour, and given fresh lustre to their proverbially gallant name, they would feel still prouder of old Scotland. The deeds of the 20th would resound through the whole earth. He then spoke of the favour he had received from Lord Raglan in being allowed to wear a Highlander's feather bonnet. Perhaps you have not heard of that incident. After taking the hill from the enemy, Sir Colin rode over to his lordship, and sought the above favour: it was granted, and back he came laughing, and telling it to every officer of the brigade he met. Next day he set a man to work, got a bonnet made, and now he wears it instead of the cocked hat. The hackle is one half red, and the other half white. Just at the conclusion of Sir Colin's speech, the Duke entered their square, evidently with the intention of addressing the brigade; but, observing Sir Colin's flushed face, and the state of his feelings, he stood still until Sir Colin was done, and having passed the salutes of the morning, walked out of the square again, and ordered its advance towards Sebastopol."

Important Consequences of the Bravery of the 93rd Highlanders.—The same writer, in referring to the affair of the 25th ult., at Balaklava, says, "The Russians were within half a mile of the village and port of Balaklava, in which all our transports were at anchor with their munitions, their stores, and two ships laden with powder. It was here that a large troop of their cavalry attempted to charge past one of our regiments into the village. The 93rd Highlanders rose from the ground and poured in such a volley as made them reel again in their saddles, they again laid down, reloaded, fired another volley, and the whole troop, turning to the right about, galloped off. I am assured that Balaklava would have been in possession of the Russians had it not been for the cool bravery of these men: had they given an inch all would have been up for the day. One amongst them seized a Turkish soldier in his flight, threw him on the ground, and put his foot on the gentleman's neck whilst he reloaded his piece."

Doings of the Rifle Corps.—One of the most wonderful things, I think, is to to see the way in which our riflemen go about in small detached parties, crawling along on the ground up the side of a hill, till they appear to be within 300 yards of the enemy, and thus they lie on their bellies till a chance offers, when crack goes a Minie, and down falls a Russian. I was informed most credibly that one of these brave fellows a few days since thought he would go and do a little business on his own account, got away from his company, and crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a hill, lay on his back and loaded, and turned over and fired, when, after killing 11 men, a party rushed out, and he took to his heels, but, sad to say, a volley, fired after him by this party, levelled him with the earth, and he was subsequently picked up with 32 balls in his body.

The Turkish Cowards.—Whenever during the day you saw any of the Turkish soldiers, you saw the people hooting them and calling them cowards and runaways. I witnessed two Irish women actually driving four of these chivalrous

gentry before them, making them carry some things for them, probably to their own wounded husbands, and saying, "Eh! ye cowardly divils, this is all you're fit for, to be our servants; sure, you are afraid to fight;" and, on our return, I saw a young middy drawn up before some 50 of them, abusing them most heartily for having run away. One of them made a sign, as if he was going to draw his sword, when master middy sang out, "Oh," said he, "I'm not afraid of you, such a set of cowards as you are," set his arms akimbo, and then stood, the picture of a young lion, and, I should say, about as brave. Had our Turkish friends only spiked the guns before deserting them, it would have been less disastrous; but that our own guns should be made use of, with our own ammunition against us, and that through the cowardly conduct of these men, for whom we are sacrificing England's best blood and treasure, is too provoking and discreditable to write about; and, I am sorry to say that, not content with deserting their post, they plundered everything they could lay their hands on, even to the very breakfasts which some men of the Greys were preparing for their officers, who were then out in face of the enemy. The universal feeling is, that a very severe example should be made of this flagrant act of cowardice, the probable results of which will be another hard-fought battle, with a possibility of evacuating Balaklava! Another writer says,—"Our sailors could be seen beating the Turkish soldiers with sticks on the 25th, and be-calling them lustily for running away. The word now is, 'No Bono Turk,' with Jack. The lazy rascals might be seen in troops smoking by the roadside, while English lives were being sacrificed. So premeditated did it appear to be with some of them, that they brought away all their cooking utensils; they are now, in great numbers, occupied in removing commissariat stores."

Hair-Breadth Escapes at Balaklava.—Mr. Wombwell of the 17th Lancers, had a most extraordinary escape, showing a monstrous deal of pluck, His horse was—it is said two were—shot under him, and he was taken prisoner, but, while being marched off, he saw an opportunity, mounted a Russian's horse and galloped back, rejoining some of his brigade who had re-formed, and charging again without sword or pistol. Mr. Cook, of the 11th, also had a regular run for his life, of a mile and a half, pursued by the Russian cavalry, to avoid whom he ran under range of the guns of one of their batteries, and finally escaped. Major Clarke, of the Greys, in addition to a bad cut in the neck, had his horse's tail almost cut off by a sabre cut; and I hear the gallant Adjutant Miller, an unusually powerful man, did extraordinary execution when he got to close quarters with them.

An Effective Shot.—Lieutenant-Commander Joliffe has been for some time in his gun-boat, the Arrow, at Eupatoria, which place is kept constantly on the alert by the Cossacks who hover round; a large party of them were pointed out to the Arrow, and though they considered themselves well out of range, Lieutenant Joliffe managed to plump a shot at 3400 yards right in among them, killing, as they were informed next day by a Turk, some 16, and so astonishing the rest as to cause them to bolt from the proximity of such terribly long shots.

Four Traitors.—I suppose you heard that a bluejacket of the ———, two artillerymen, and one marine-artilleryman deserted and joined the Russians. The captain, on hearing this, had the magazines shifted immediately; and it was lucky that he did, for on the next day the shot and shell came pitching on the place where the magazine had been, like so many hailstones. I am happy to say that the fellow was a Yankee. By this time he has got his deserts, I think, for two days ago he ventured out at the head of a party of Russians as leader, and when these were driven back he was taken by us. When captured he was in Russian uniform, cross-belted and all.

The Dead and Wounded in Sebastopol.—Several deserters have come over from the enemy, and have given themselves up. They told most bitter tales of the state of the place. One says that at least 7000 were lying dead in one spot, and the wounded are all over the town, with no one to look after them, or do anything for them, so they lie down and die of their wounds.

Russian Tyranny in Sebastopol.—A French officer who had escaped from Sebastopol, after having been taken prisoner states that he saw several

persons hanging—he thought Poles, who had been suspected of treason. If we get into Sebastopol, observed this officer, we shall find many friends. Women and children were employed, and forced to work. All who showed the least indifference were immediately hung.

Casualties of the Battle.—The following is the account of casualties to officers in the fatal light cavalry charge, given by the correspondent of the *Times*:—"Captain Nolan was killed by the first shot fired, as he rode in advance of the Hussars, cheering them on. Lord Lucan was slightly wounded. Lord Cardigan received a lance thrust through his clothes. Major Halkett, of the 4th Light Dragoons, was killed. Lord Fitzgibbon, of the 8th Hussars, was desperately wounded, and has since, I fear, died. Cornet Hughton, of the 11th Hussars, is killed. Captains Good and Oldham, and Cornet Montgomery, of the 13th Light Dragoons, are killed. Captain Whyte and Lieutenant Thomson, of the 17th Lancers, are killed. Captain Charteris, 92nd foot, aide-de-camp to Lord Lucan, is killed. Captain Morris, who was in command of the 17th Lancers, and whose reputation as a gallant officer and good swordsman is known to the army, has received several dreadful wounds, and has been carried on board ship. The other wounded officers are—Captain Maxse, aide-de-camp, slightly; Captain Hutton, 4th Light Dragoons; Lieutenant Spark, 4th Light Dragoons; Captain Cook, 11th Hussars; Lieutenant Trevelyan, 11th Hussars. Captain Lockwood, of the cavalry staff, is missing. Mr. Wombell, of the 17th, had a narrow escape. He was dragged off his horse by the cap, and taken prisoner by some Cossacks. A Russian officer addressed him, and told him not to be afraid, for that he would be well taken care of, though *ces gens lá* were rather rough in their manners. However, they were saved the trouble of guarding him, for in the last charge he made his escape and got back to his lines.

Cavalry Sabre Strokes.—A correspondent of the *Edinburgh Courant*, writing from Balaklava, says, in an account of the charge of the heavy brigade:—"Some fearful sabre cuts were delivered. I saw one man with his head cloven to the chin, through helmet and all, so that the head appeared in two flaps; another with his arm lopped off, as if it had been done by a butcher's cleaver; and a third having a deep gash into the brain from behind, severing the head nearly in two; and yet this unfortunate man was alive, and several times sat up in great agony, actually holding his head together with both hands."

Lord George Paget on the Field of Battle.—A Staffordshire man, in a letter dated Oct. 30, referring to the disastrous charge of the light cavalry on the 25th, says:—"There was Lord George's regiment (Lord George Paget), the 11th Hussars, 13th, 17th, and 8th Hussars, all cut to pieces. Lord George's regiment is cut up terribly; but he has escaped as yet. He has proved himself worthy of being called the Marquis of Anglesea's son. He fought at the head of his regiment like a hero. I was told by an old soldier that got wounded by his side, that Lord George waved his sword, saying, 'Now, my lads, for old England! Fight—conquer or die!' and led his men on gallantly. The Major is killed; and one lieutenant is killed. Mr Jolliffe is supposed to be shot; they can't find him."

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

The following remarkable letter, which we find in the *Dorset Chronicle*, is from a captain in the Enniskillen Dragoons, a regiment whose olden fame has been brilliantly maintained in the recent cavalry action in the Crimea.

Camp near Balaklava, Nov. 2, 1854.

Dear Jack— * * * I am, you see, alive at this date, but God knows for how long after. You have, I presume, devoured all the accounts

which have been sent home as to our glorious charge. Oh, such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in Phœnix-park when you desire to form a notion of a genuine blood-hot, all mad charge, such as that I have come out of—with a few lance prods, minus some gold lace, a helmet chain, and Brown Bill's (the charger's) right ear. From the moment we dashed at the enemy, whose position, and so forth, you doubtless know as much about as I can tell you, I knew nothing but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows talk of it being "demoniac." I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference as to life, as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your Celtic heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P—— W—— calls "the gully scrimmage." Forward—dash—bang—clank, and there we were, in the midst of such smoke, cheer and clatter, as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious! Down, one by one, aye, two by two, fell the thick-skulled and over numerous Cossacks and other lads of the tribe of Old Nick. Down, too, alas, fell many a hero with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, phrenzy, strike, and down, down, down, they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter, the blood of foe streaming down over the hilt, and running up my very sleeve. Our old Waterloo comrades, the Greys, and ourselves, were the only fellows who flung headlong first into the very heart of the Muscoves. Now we were lost in their ranks—now in little bands battling—now in good order together—now in and now out, until the whole "Levies" on the spot plunged into a forming body of the enemy, and helped us to end the fight by compelling the foe to fly. Never did men run so vehemently—but all this you have read in the papers. * * * *

I cannot depict my feelings when we returned. I sat down completely exhausted and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face were bespattered with blood. It was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings—they were full of that exultation which it is impossible to describe. At least twelve Russians were sent wholly out of the "way of the war" by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful exit by the same excellent weapon. So, also, can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier philosopher, and most probably will one of these days, if the bullets which are flying about so abundantly give me time to brush up.

My dear fellow, our countrymen have not tarnished their fame in the Crimea. Gallantry and glory will never abandon the march of the Celtic bands—never! Oh, that I could have patience to write you of such deeds of individual heroism as have come within my notice! Fictionists are shabby judges of true bravery. No novel ever had a sham hero who comes up to the realities I have witnessed. One of my troop, for instance, had his horse shot under him in the *melée*. "Bloody wars," he roared, "this won't do," and right at a Russian he ran, pulled him from his horse by the sword hand in the most extraordinary manner; then deliberately cutting off his head as he came down, vaulted into the saddle, and turning the Russian charger against its late friends, fought his way. This took less time to do, than I to tell it. I saw another of our fellows, unhorsed and wounded, creep under a Russian charger and run the sword up his belly. * * * We must take this doomed place, even, as O'Grady says, if we be doomed who take it. Any one of our fellows is a match for three Russians. * * * The light cavalry charge was a desperate but a grand affair. Lord Raglan is blamed. The general belief is, that Nolan gave his orders *literally*. Lucan is a regular fire-ball, but not mad enough to have done that without strict commands. * * * We want reinforcements very badly; without them we cannot continue to contend against fearful odds.

The following letter from a Maidstone man, Sergeant Leaney, of the 13th

Light Dragoons, brother of Policeman Leaney, has been handed to us for publication. It is particularly interesting, as, although it throws no new light on the gallant but unfortunate charge of the heroic body of Light Dragoons, it records one of the narrowest escapes that ever befel a man in the midst of the countless "moving accidents" incidental to a battle-field. The letter is directed to the sergeant's wife, and some parts relating to the writer's family, &c., are omitted:—

"BALAKLAVA, OCT. 28, 1854.

"We had, on the 26th, another general engagement, and our poor regiment is almost cut up to a man. Ours, and the 11th and 8th Hussars, had to charge about 60 pieces of cannon. We did, and took about 20 pieces, but had to leave them again in the hands of the enemy, because we had no support. Our support thought it was madness to follow us, as they expected we were all cut up. I galloped up to the cannon's mouth with my regiment, when at that moment a cannon ball shot my horse in the head. He came over with me, and, with three other horses, also shot, fell upon me, and there I lay for a time insensible, until some of the horses rolled off, when I got up, and had to run about a mile and a half amid shot and shell. I ran about half a mile, with three men of the 17th Lancers on my right, and two of the 8th Hussars on my left. Just at that moment two shells burst over our heads, when the five men with me fell dead and the earth was thrown up in my face in great quantities. I had to pull the dirt out of my eyes, to enable me to see where I was going. I ran along, and got free off, with only a few bruises; but Captain Oldham, Captain Good, Mr. Montgomery, poor Weston, Lincoln, and Smith, were shot, and about half our regiment besides; in fact, we are only about a handful altogether of us now. Be careful how you tell Mrs. Weston about poor Jack. It is a fact that they saw him shot, when he fell off his horse, and it was seen galloping about without him. None of them are to be seen or heard of. He might be badly wounded, and taken prisoner; if so, we may see him again. We cannot go near enough to search, neither to bury our dead, as the enemy surround the spot. Northcote and Mr. Irwin died of cholera. In fact, we shall not muster the number of our regiment soon, if we are not speedily removed. The colonel is sick, and we have only Captains Jennings and Tremayne, Mr. Smith, Jarvis, and Chamberlain. The only sergeant-majors left are Gardner and Hooper, and Gardner is sick. * * * * We may leave this place for England, for there is no light brigade now, and the remaining few of us are no good. * * * * * * They must send us home, for we are of no use here, our numbers are so few. I thank God for saving me for yours and the children's sake. I think what few there are left of us are safe, as I think there can be no more for us to do. Please to direct my letters to Sebastopol. * * * * * I have got charge of the D troop at present; but if Gardner is made adjutant, I shall have his place.

"EDWIN LEANEY,

"13th Light Dragoons."

There are a few significant words in a postscript—

"Another battle. All right thank God!"

"Poor Weston is the son of Mrs. Weston, of the Coach and Horses, High-street. He was a remarkably fine man, and well known in Maidstone. Chamberlain is the nephew of Captain Chamberlain, of Rocky Hill."

A later letter received from Leaney gives no further information, but reiterates a complaint that no letters have been received for five weeks.

HORSE MARINES AT EUPATORIA.

The following curious and amusing incident of the war in the Crimea is related in the *Dublin Evening Post* :—

It is not often that a popular myth is converted by any process into a reality, and the innocent joke of the "Horse Marines" is one of the last that we could expect to see worked out into a practical one; yet such an event is amongst the occurrences of the present war in the Crimea, whence we have recently heard of a strong body of Russian cavalry being put to flight, panic-stricken and in great disorder, by an inconsiderable force of mounted marines. The route was effected in the following manner:—

Our readers are aware that Captain Brock, when the allies landed in the Crimea, was appointed governor of the town of Eupatoria; the possession of that place being of much importance, as affording facilities for deriving supplies of provisions from the town and neighbouring villages. The Russians could not be expected to suffer our enjoyment, unmolested, of the advantages of the place; and, accordingly, several attempts were made by the Cossacks to render our quarters there uncomfortable, if not to drive us out of them altogether. Some short time since, the enemy were observed to make an unusual demonstration on the adjoining plains. Cossack horsemen swarmed all over the neighbourhood, though at a civil distance from the English guns. They ventured not, it is true, upon an attack, but their military manœuvres and rapid evolutions presented an unpleasant prospect to the eyes of the British garrison, and how to get rid of their inconvenient and disagreeable presence greatly puzzled the governor and his subalterns. Captain Brock felt confident that if he had had with him a few troops of bold British Dragoons, the Cossacks would very soon disappear. A counter demonstration of cavalry would disperse them without delay; but he had none, unfortunately, and so the Cossacks continued to play their frantic tricks without interruption before the eyes of the British force. Necessity, being the mother of invention, suggested an effectual expedient in this extremity. Captain Brock had Marines in plenty, but no horses. Possessed, however, of the most material branch of cavalry service, he was determined that the less important should not be long wanting. He accordingly paid the Tartar population a liberal sum for every horse they should bring into the camp, and having in this way obtained a sufficient number for his purpose, he mounted them at once with his brave and trusty marines. But the captain's difficulties had not yet terminated. The marines felt by no means at their ease on horseback. They could traverse the quarter-deck without inconvenience in a gale, even in the "devil of sea" that rolls in the Bay of Biscay; but to sit in the saddle was not amongst their accomplishments, nor the management of an untrained Tartar steed a feat which they could at all perform with ease or satisfaction. Here again the genius of the governor came to his relief. At the head of each horse he placed a Crim-Tartar, holding by the bridle, and in this formidable manner the "Marine Cavalry" were organized for the charge, and they set out with a bold front towards the Russian encampment. On they came, with a resolution and grace highly creditable to their national character. They looked very models of discipline, as they approached the enemy's lines, who were rather puzzled to make out the meaning of the double character of the force. To resolve this knotty point they sent a shell or two whizzing into the midst of the advancing squadron. The bold British marines did not mind a shell much, but not so with the Tartars, who no sooner witnessed this significant sample of the reception they were to meet than they quickly turned and fled towards the city. The horses, now finding themselves free from restraint, or at best but governed by an unskilful hand, followed the example of their truant owners, and strewed the wayside with their riders, who came tumbling to the ground in most picturesque confusion, not a little to the mortification, though very much to the amusement, of the spectators near the town. Captain Brock, who awaited with much interest the result of the cavalry demonstration, was not a little surprised to see the Cossacks, on the retreat of

the British, turn and fly in their turn with the celerity of fear—a fact for which he felt wholly unable to account by the application of any known rule of military tactics. They fled, however, leaving not a trace behind; and the governor continued to cudgel his brains, without effect, for an explanation of the fact. The true explanation, however, which could never be surmised, came naturally enough in a day or two subsequently. Some Cossack stragglers, captured by the English troops, when questioned on the subject, stated that the Cossack commander knew very well what he was about in ordering the retreat. He was fully aware that the British cavalry never turned tail upon a foe except for a purpose. The purpose, in the present instance, was plain—the retreat of the British was a feint to draw the Cossacks, by pursuit, into an ambuscade for their destruction. The chief was not to be caught in so evident a trap; he was an old warrior, and instead of advancing to face a danger—not the less palpable that it was hidden—he prudently fled from the lurking foe. And so the marines, after all, effected the object of their captain. This incident deprives the standing joke of "enlisting in the Horse Marines" of all point for the future.

MONSTROUS INHUMANITY OF THE RUSSIANS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, says:—

Two British officers have arrived in Paris from Constantinople, on their return to England. After the battle of the Alma they were sent to hospital at Scutari, which they left to embark in the Emu. They speak in the highest terms of Miss Nightingale and the nurses who have so nobly devoted themselves to the cause of humanity. The day before they left Constantinople, about 600 of the British troops, who had been wounded at Inkermann, arrived, at the hospital. Their wounds and bodies were washed by these ladies, clean linen supplied to them, and everything which the most tender care could suggest was at hand in abundance. One stalwart guardsman, who had received three severe wounds, appeared deeply affected when he found himself the object of so much solicitude. "Ah!" said he, "now I see there are people in England who care for us poor soldiers." Many comforts and luxuries have also been supplied by means of the sick fund transmitted by the agency of the *Times*. Surgeons are more abundant, and altogether our wounded heroes are better cared for than they were at the commencement of hostilities. The soldiers, generally, are fearfully excited against the Russians, and it is probable that very few prisoners will be taken in future. As Colonel Haygarth lay wounded on the field of the Alma, a wounded Russian, who was within a few yards of him, discharged his musket at his head, blowing off a great portion of his bear-skin cap, and inflicting a severe flesh wound.

When the brigade of Guards were drawn back from their redoubts at Inkermann, Sir R. Newman, of the Grenadier Guards, and Mr. Greville, of the Coldstream's, were wounded and unable to retire with their regiments. Within a few minutes the Guards re-took the position, and the bodies of both officers were found pierced with innumerable bayonet wounds, both dead, and Sir R. Newman stripped. Another officer had his leg shot off; the surgeon had time to apply a tourniquet, and left him on the field. After the engagement the officer's body was found with the tourniquet torn off; he had bled to death. More instances of the sort could be enumerated, but these suffice to show the brutal manner in which the Russian troops are carrying on the war. These officers, as all others whom I have seen, speak in terms of the highest admiration of the French troops. Nothing, they declare, could surpass the gallant manner in which General Bosquet brought his division into the field, and kept them there at Inkermann, and Englishmen will not soon forget how freely

French blood was poured forth by the side of their countrymen on that terrible but glorious day. General Bentinck has arrived. It appears that his wound, in the lower part of the arm, is not likely to prove serious. General Torrens is at Malta, and doing well, though his wound is very severe.

It would be difficult to give a just idea of the admiration excited on all hands, and among all classes of the people of Paris, by the heroic conduct of the English at the battle of the 5th; and, when lauding them, they in some measure seem to forget the gallantry of their own soldiers, in their enthusiastic praise of their allies. I say "among all classes," because one paltry and selfish faction, which would, if it dared, express its affliction at the triumphs of the allied armies, is forced by shame to unwilling silence. It is but just to say that none are louder in their praise than the Republicans, and none more eager to do justice to the fine qualities of the British troops than those who were, until this noble fellowship of danger and of victory, believed to be animated only by animosity against us. The *Charivari* itself contributes to swell the general enthusiasm, and the British soldier, quite as often as the French, figures in the foreground as the leading personage in its daily sketches.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE, FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES."

BALAKLAVA, Nov. 5.

It had rained almost incessantly the night before, and the early morning gave no promise of any cessation of the heavy showers which had fallen for the previous four-and-twenty hours. Towards dawn a heavy fog settled down on the heights and on the valley of the Inkermann. The picquets and men on outlying posts were thoroughly saturated, and their arms were wet, despite their precautions; and it is scarcely to be wondered at if there were some of them who were not quite as alert as sentries shoud be in the face of an enemy; for it must be remembered that our small army is almost worn out by its incessant labours, and that men on picquet are frequently men who have had but a short respite from work in the trenches or from regimental duties. The fog and vapours of drifting rain were so thick as morning broke, that one could scarcely see two yards before him. At four o'clock the bells of the churches in Sebastopol were heard ringing drearily through the cold night air, but the occurrence has been so usual that it excited no particular attention. During the night, however, a sharp-eared serjeant, on an outlying picquet of the light division, heard the sound of wheels in the valley below, as though they were approaching the position up the hill. He reported the circumstance to Major Bunbury, but it was supposed that the sound arose from ammunition carts or arabas going into Sebastopol by the Inkermann road. No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the valley of Inkermann on the undefended flank of the second division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtile and indefatigable enemy were bringing into position an overwhelming artillery, ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight. It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. It was the only ground where we were exposed to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hill towards the the valley lead up to the crest and summit,

against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting, without guns, entrenchments, abattis, or outlying defence of any kind. Every one admitted the truth of the representations addressed to the authorities on this subject; but indolence, or a sense of false security, and an overweening confidence, led to indifference and procrastination. A battery was thrown up with sandbags, gabions, and fascines, on the slope of the hill over Inkermann on the east, but no guns were mounted there, for Sir De Lacy Evans thought that two guns in such a position, without any works to support them, would only invite attack and capture. In the action of the 26th of October, the enemy tried their strength almost on the very spot selected by them this morning, but it may now be considered that they merely made a reconnaisance in force on that occasion, and that they were waiting for reinforcements to assault the position where it was most vulnerable, and where they might speculate with some certainty on the effects of a surprise of a sleeping camp on a winter's morning. Although the arrangements of Sir De Lacy Evans, on repulsing the sortie, were, as Lord Raglan declared, "so perfect that they could not fail to ensure success," it was evident that a larger force than the Russians employed would have forced him to retire from his ground, or to fight a battle in defence of it with the aid of the other divisions of the army; and yet nothing was done. No effort was made to entrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth, to cut down the brushwood, or form an abattis. It was thought "not to be necessary." A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which, taken in time, might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy, had they been bold enough to have assaulted us behind entrenchmants. We have nothing to rejoice over in the battle of Inkermann. We have defeated the enemy, indeed, but have not advanced a step nearer towards the citadel of Sebastopol. We have abashed, humiliated, and utterly routed an enemy strong in number, in fanaticism, and in dogged resolute courage, and animated by the presence of a son of him whom they believe to be God's vicegerent on earth; but we have suffered a fearful loss, and we are not in a position to part with one man. England must give us men. She must be prodigal of her sons, as she is of her money and of her ships, and as they have been of their lives in her service.

It was a little after five o'clock this morning, when Brigadier-General Codrington, in accordance with his usual habit, visited the outlying picquets of his own brigade of the light division. It was reported to him that "all was well," and the general entered into some conversation with Captain Prettyman, of the 33rd regiment, who was on duty on the ground, in the course of which it was remarked that it would not be at all surprising if the Russians availed themselves of the gloom of the morning to make an attack on our position, calculating on the effects of the rain in disarming our vigilance and spoiling our weapons. The brigadier, who has proved a most excellent, cool, and brave officer, turned his pony round at last, and retraced his steps through the brushwood towards his lines. He had only proceeded a few paces, when a sharp rattle of musketry was heard down the hill and on the left of the picquets of the light division. It was here that the picquets of the second division were stationed. General Codrington at once turned his horse's head in the direction of the firing, and in a few moments galloped back to turn out his division. The Russians were advancing in force upon us. Their grey greatcoats rendered them almost invisible even when close at hand. The picquets of the second division had scarcely made out the advancing lines of infantry who were clambering up the steep sides of the hill through a drizzling shower of rain, ere they were forced to retreat by a close sharp volley of musketry, and were driven up towards the brow of the hill, contesting every step of it, and firing, as long as they had any ammunition, on the Russian advance. The picquets of the light division were assailed soon afterwards, and were also obliged to retreat and fall back on their main body, and it was evident that a very strong sortie had been made upon the right of the position of the allied armies, with the object of forcing them to raise the siege, and, if possible, of driving them into the sea.

About the same time that the advance of the Russians on our right flank took place, a demonstration was made by the cavalry, artillery, and a few infantry, in the valley against Balaklava, to divert the attention of the French on the heights above, and to occupy the Highland Brigade and marines, but only an interchange of a few harmless rounds of cannon and musketry took place, and the enemy contented themselves with drawing up their cavalry in order of battle, supported by field artillery, at the neck of the valley, in readiness to sweep over the heights, and cut our retreating troops to pieces, should the assault on our right be successful. A Semaphore post had been erected on the heights over Inkermann, in communication with another on the hill over their position, from which the intelligence of our defeat was to be conveyed to the cavalry general, and the news would have been made known in Sebastopol by similar means, in order to encourage the garrison to a general sortie along their front. A steamer, with very heavy shell guns and mortars, was sent up by night to the head of the creek at Inkermann, and caused much injury throughout the day by the enormous shells she pitched right over the hill upon our men. Everything that could be done to bind victory to their eagles—if they have any—was done by the Russian generals. The presence of their Grand Duke Michael Nicholavitch, who told them that the Czar had issued orders that every Frenchman and Englishman was to be driven into the sea ere the year closed, cheered the common soldiers, who regarded the son of the Emperor as an incarnation of the Divine presence. They had abundance of a coarser and more material stimulant, which was found in their canteens and flasks; and, above all, the priests of the Greek Catholic Church "blessed" them ere they went forth upon their mission, and assured them of the aid and protection of the Most High. A mass was said for the army, and the joys of Heaven were freely offered to those who might fall in the holy fight, and the favours of the Emperor were largely promised to those who might survive the bullets of a heretical enemy.

The men in our camps had just begun a struggle with the rain, in endeavouring to light their fires for breakfast, when the alarm was given that the Russians were advancing in force. Brigadier-General Pennefather, to whom the illness of Sir De Lacy Evans had given for the time the command of the 2nd division, at once got the troops under arms. One brigade under Brigadier-General Adams, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th regiments, was pushed on to the brow of the hill, to check the advance of the enemy by the road through the brushwood from the valley. The other brigade (Pennefather's own), consisting of the 30th, 55th, and 95th regiments, were led to operate on their flank. They were at once met with a tremendous fire of shell and round shot, from the guns which the enemy had posted on the high grounds, in advance of our right, and it was soon found that the Russians had brought up at least forty pieces of heavy artillery to bear upon us. Meantime the alarm had spread through the camps. Sir George Cathcart, with the greatest promptitude, turned out as many of his division as were not employed in the trenches, and led the portions of the 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th regiments, which were available, against the enemy, directing them to the left of the ground occupied by the columns of the 2nd division. It was intended that one brigade, under Brigadier-General Torrens, should move in support of the brigade under Brigadier-General Goldie; but it was soon found that the enemy were in such strength, that the whole force of the division, which consisted of only 2000 men, must be vigorously used to repel them. Sir George Brown had rushed up to the front with his brave fellows of the light division—the remnants of the 7th Fusiliers, of the 19th regiment, of the 23rd regiment, of the 33rd regiment, and the 77th and 88th regiments, under Brigadiers Codrington and Buller. As they began to move across the ground of the 2nd division, they were at once brought under fire by an unseen enemy. The gloomy character of the morning was unchanged. Showers of rain fell through the fogs, and turned the ground into a clammy soil, like a freshly-ploughed field; and the Russians, who had, no doubt, taken the bearings of the ground ere they placed their guns, fired at random indeed, but with too much effect, on our advancing

columns. While all the army were thus in motion, the Duke of Cambridge was not behind hand in bringing up the Guards under Brigadier Bentinck—all of his division now left with him, as the Highlanders are under Sir Colin Campbell, at Balaklava. These splendid troops, with the greatest rapidity and ardour, rushed to the front on the right of the 2nd division, and gained the summit of the hills, towards which two columns of the Russians were struggling in the closest order of which the nature of the ground would admit. The 3rd division, under Sir R. England, was also got under arms as a reserve, and one portion of it, comprising the 50th, part of the 28th, and of the 4th regiments, were engaged with the enemy ere the fight was over.

And now commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet; but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in the conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly charaeter. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him; but at the battle of Inkermann not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist, bayonet to bayonet, the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination. The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells—hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France. No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day; for the vapours, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place, to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkermann, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one under the most favourable circumstances seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below. It was six o'clock when all the head-quarter camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of field guns. Lord Raglan was informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after seven o'clock he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier-General Strangways, R.A., and several aides-de-camp. As they approached the volume of sound, the steady unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket, told that the engagement was at its height. The shell of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops, that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side. One of the first things the Russians did, when a break in the fog enabled them to see the camp of the second division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and large shell, and tent after tent was blown down, torn to pieces, or sent into the air, while the men engaged in camp duties, and the unhappy horses tethered up in the lines were killed or mutilated. Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (18-pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire which our light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty, and was exerting himself with Captain Daguilar to urge them forward, Colonel Gambier was severely but not dangerously wounded, and was obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson; and the conduct of that officer, in directing the fire of those two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such as to elicit the admiration of the army, and as to deserve the thanks of every man engaged in that bloody fray. But long ere these guns had been brought up there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy loss of our own men. Our generals could not see where to go. They

could not tell where the enemy were, from what side they were coming, and where going to. In darkness, gloom, and rain, they had to lead our lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks and irritated the men, while every pace was maked by a corpse or man wounded from an enemy whose position was only indicated by the rattle of musketry and the rush of ball and shell.

Sir George Cathcart, seeing his men disordered by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry, which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with an overwhelming force, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged, to rally them. He perceived, at the same time, that the Russians had actually gained possession of a portion of the hill in the rear of one flank of his division, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head encouraging them; and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said coolly, "Have you not got your bayonets?" As he led on his men, it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly volley was poured into our scattered regiments. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill with diminished ranks, and the loss of nearly 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered with a bullet wound in the head, and three bayonet wounds in the body. In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity, and bayoneted the wounded as they fell, Colonel Swiny, of the 63rd, a most gallant officer, Lieutenant Dowling, 20th, Major Wynne, 68th, and other officers, whose names will be found in the *Gazette*, met their death, and Brigadier Goldie (of the 57th regiment) received the wounds of which he has since died. The conflict on the right was equally uncertain, and equally bloody. In the light division, the 88th got so far into the front, that they were surrounded, and put into utter confusion, when four companies of the 77th, under Major Straton, charged the Russians, broke them, and relieved their comrades. The fight had not long commeneed, ere it was evident that the Russians had received orders to fire at all mounted officers. Sir George Browne was struck by a shot, which went through his arm, and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, as his body was borne past me on a litter early in the day, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day. Further to the right, a contest, the like of which, perhaps, never took place before, was going on between the Guards and dense columns of Russian infantry of five times their number. The Guards had charged them and driven them back, when they perceived that the Russians had outflanked them. They were out of ammunition, too. They were uncertain whether there were friends or foes in the rear. They had no support, no reserve, and they were fighting with the bayonet against an enemy who stoutly contested every inch of ground, when the corps of another Russian column appeared on their right far in the rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and vollies of rifle and musketry. The Guards were broken; they had lost twelve officers, who fell in the field; they had left one-half of their number on the ground, and they retired along the lower road of the valley. They were soon reinforced, however, and speedily avenged their loss. The French advanced about ten o'clock, and turned the flank of the enemy.

The second division, in the centre of the line, were hardly pressed. The 41st regiment in particular were exposed to a terrible fire, and the 95th were in the middle of such disorganising volleys that they only mustered sixty-four men when paraded at two o'clock. In fact the whole of the division numbered only 360 men, when assembled by Major Eman in the rear of their camp after the fight was over. The regiments did not take their colours into the battle, but the officers, nevertheless, were picked off wherever they went, and it did not require the colour staff to indicate their presence. I have heard, by the bye, that

one regiment did take its colours into the field. There was a good deal of disorder among our men, unquestionably. There was a great desire evinced by some few of the men to "tail off" to the rear under pretence of carrying the wounded, although such pretence is strictly provided for by the articles of war. One officer was killed by a shot while running after some of his men to restrain them from getting away. I saw myself six and eight men at a time carrying off a litter with one man in it. Our ambulances were soon filled, and ere nine o'clock they were busily engaged in carrying loads of men, all covered with blood, and groaning, to the rear of the line.

About half-past 9 o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff were assembled on a knoll, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the battle which was raging below them. Here General Strangways was mortally wounded, and I am told that he met his death in the following way:—A shell came right in among the staff—it exploded on Captain Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a portion of the shell tore off the leather overalls of Captain Somerset's trousers; it then struck down Captain Gordon's horse and killed him at once, and then blew away General Strangways' leg, so that it hung by a shred of flesh and a bit of cloth from the skin. The poor old general never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely in a gentle voice, "Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?" He was taken down, and laid on the ground, while his life blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and ere two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man of the army.

The fight about the battery, to which I have alluded in a former part of my letter, was most sanguinary. It was found that there was no banquette to stand upon, and that the men inside could not fire upon the enemy. The Russians advanced mass after mass of infantry. As fast as one column was broken and repulsed another took its place. For three long hours about 8500 British infantry contended against at least four times their number. No wonder that at times they were compelled to retire. But they came to the charge again. The admirable devotion of the officers, who knew they were special objects of attack, can never be too highly praised. Nor can the courage and steadiness of the few men who were left to follow them on this sanguinary assault on the enemy be sufficiently admired. At one time the Russians succeeded in getting up close to the guns of Captain Wodehouse's and of Captain Turner's batteries, in the gloom of the morning. Uncertain whether they were friends or foes, our artillerymen hesitated to fire. The Russians charged them suddenly, bore all resistance down before them, drove away or bayoneted the gunners, and succeeded in spiking some of the guns. Their columns gained the hill, and for a few instants the fate of the day trembled in the balance; but Adam's brigade, Pennefather's brigade, and the light division, made another desperate charge, while Dickson's guns swept their columns, and the Guards, with undiminished valour and steadiness, though with a sadly decreased front, pushed on again to meet their bitter enemies. The rolling of musketry, the crash of steel, the pounding of the guns, were deafening, and the Russians, as they charged up the heights, yelled like demons. They advanced, halted, advanced again, received and returned a close and deadly fire; but the Minie is the king of weapons—Inkermann proved it. The regiments of the 4th division, and the marines, armed with the old and much-belauded Brown Bess, could do nothing with their thin line of fire against the massive multitudes of the Muscovite infantry, but the volleys of the Minie cleft them like the hand of the Destroying Angel, and they fell like leaves in autumn before them. About ten o'clock a body of French infantry appeared on our right—a joyful sight to our struggling regiments. The Zouaves came on at the *pas de charge*. The French artillery had already begun to play with deadly effect on the right wing of the Russians. Three battalions of the Chasseurs d'Orleans (I believe they have No. 6 on their buttons) rushed by, the light of battle on their faces. They were accompanied by a battalion of Chasseurs Indigènes—the Arab Sepoys of Algiers. Their trumpets sounded above the din of battle, and when we watched

their eager advance right on the flank of the enemy, we knew the day was won. Assailed in front by our men, broken in several places by the impetuosity of our charge, renewed again and again, attacked by the French infantry on the right, and by artillery all along the line, the Russians began to retire, and at twelve o'clock they were driven pell mell down the hill towards the valley, where pursuit would have been madness, as the roads were all covered by their artillery. They left mounds of dead behind them. Long ere they fled, the Chasseurs d'Afrique charged them most brilliantly over the ground, difficult and broken as it was, and inflicted great loss on them, while the effect of this rapid attack, aided by the advance of our troops, secured our guns, which were only spiked with wood, and were soon rendered fit for service. Our own cavalry, the remnant of the light brigade, were moved into a position where it was hoped they might be of service; but they were too few to attempt anything, and whilst they were drawn up they lost several horses and some men. One officer, Cornet Cleveland, was struck by a piece of shell in the side, and has since expired. There are now only two officers left with the fragments of the 17th Lancers—Captain Godfrey Morgan and Cornet George Wombwell. At 12 o'clock the battle of Inkermann seemed to have been won; but the day, which had cleared up for an hour previously, so as to enable us to see the enemy and meet him, again became obscured. Rain and fog set in, and, as we could not pursue the Russians, who were retiring under the shelter of their artillery, we had formed in front of our lines, and were holding the battle-field so stoutly contested, when the enemy, taking advantage of our quietude, again advanced, while their guns pushed forward, and opened a tremendous fire upon us.

General Canrobert, who never quitted Lord Raglan for much of the early part of the day, at once directed the French to advance and outflank the enemy. In his efforts he was most ably seconded by General Bosquet, whose devotion was noble. Nearly all his mounted escort were down beside and behind him. General Canrobert was slightly wounded. His immediate attendants suffered severely. The renewed assault was so admirably managed, that the Russians sullenly retired, still protected by their crushing artillery.

The Russians, about 10, made a sortie on the French lines, and traversed two parellels before they could be resisted. They were driven back at last with great loss, and as they retired they blew up some mines inside the Flagstaff Fort, evidently afraid that the French would enter pell-mell after them.

At one o'clock the Russians were again retiring. At 1.40 Dickson's two guns smashed up their artillery, and they limbered up and retired, leaving five tumbrils and one gun-carriage on the field.

November 6.—Two hundred Russian prisoners were brought in last night to head-quarters' camp. They were badly wounded many of them, and several died during the night.

A council was held to-day at Lord Raglan's, where General Canrobert, General Bosquet, and Sir E. Lyons assisted, for several hours.

At four o'clock Lord Raglan attended the funerals of General Sir G. Cathcart, of Brigadier Golding, and of General Strangways; they were buried with eleven other officers on Cathcart's Hill. At the same time fourteen officers of the Guards were buried together, near the Windmill. The work of burying the dead and carrying the wounded to Balaklava occupied the day. The Russians are quiet. We hear they have lost 10,000 men and three generals.

November 7.—A council of war was held to-day, at the close of which the Duke of Cambridge left for Balaklava and went on board the Caradoc. His Royal Highness is, it is said, going to Constantinople. It is said we wait here all the winter.

The 46th Regiment have arrived here, also 1700 Turks from Volo, and 2800 French. The Russians fired on our burying parties. There was an alarm last night. The 4th division were under arms all night, and a portion of the 2nd division.

I have no time to add more. We must have men at once—and abundance of them.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

THE LATE GENERAL STRANGWAYS.—General Strangways, whose kindly face and venerable white hair were familiar to the whole army, is lamented and bewailed by everybody. In his lifetime people called him affectionately the "dear old general," and now that he is gone they recall with sorrow those virtues which had rendered him so universally beloved. I saw the tears trickle down the manly cheeks of many artillery officers, when they heard of the death of their darling old general. General Strangways was struck in the leg by a round shot, and not (as reported) by a piece of shell. The leg was completely crushed, and the poor old general expired under the shock. His last words were, "I die at least a soldier's death."

THE LATE SIR GEORGE CATHCART.—In Sir George Cathcart England has sustained a heavy loss. Combining great personal courage with much good judgment, he was a favourite with the army. Without the slightest pretension, Sir George was every inch a soldier. Simple in his habits, he occupied a soldier's tent, which was open to every officer of his division, by whom he was equally beloved and respected.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS GOLDIE AND TORRENS.—Brigadier-General Goldie, one of our most promising generals (a brigadier of Sir George's), died from the wound he received in the action. Brigadier-General Torrens, also of the fourth division, was very severely wounded, but he is now pronounced out of danger. He has since left for England.

STRIPPING THE DEAD.—Right glad were many of our poor tattered fellows to obtain some of the more substantial clothing of the conquered, who had now no further use of it. Some bodies (a sight unknown at the Alma) were completely stripped. Their stout boots seemed to find especial favour in our soldiers' eyes. "Shure," observed an Irishman, whose shoes were in a very bad state, apostrophizing the body of a poor fellow who had died with the medallion worn by so many of them, pressed convulsively in his hands, "Shure, I belave you were a better Christian than those bastes we're fighting for, but your boots can't do you no more good now, and they'll do me a dale."

SEBASTOPOL GREATLY STRENGTHENED SINCE THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.—Near one mud fort, on our extreme right, the Russians are lying not merely strewn on the ground, but actually heaped upon the top of one another, for a space of about an acre of ground, some actually in the embrasures. The sight is most sickening. What a pity we did not take advantage of our victory at Alma! A young Russian cadet, taken prisoner yesterday, told us that had we gone into Sebastopol after the battle of the Alma, we should have found opposed to us only two thousand men in the town, and eighteen guns in position; now they have large numbers—they go so far as to say three *corps d'armée* in the Crimea, and 500 guns in position in the town. Not only are their batteries well filled, but every street is barricaded, and behind each barricade there are two or three guns.

THE STORMING NOW PERILOUS.—Now comes the all-important question—how does all this bear on the fall of Sebastopol? Mud battery still roars reply to mud battery; but this brings us little nearer to the desired point. All seem agreed that, if attempted, its storming will be a far more perilous task now than it would have been five weeks ago. Two Russian officers—prisoners, I believe, on board the Tribune—state that the guns of the army beaten at the Alma were left for more than two days at the Isatchka, and were only removed a few hours before the arrival of our army. Still they pretend to think that now Sebastopol is impregnable. Our position, doubtless, is a somewhat critical one, rendered so by the immense line of country we are obliged to occupy, in order to keep open our communication with Balaklava, and prevent ourselves from

being hemmed in by the Russians legions. What is needed is an army sufficiently numerous to perform the threefold duty of besieging Sebastopol, keeping open the line of communication, and checking the army of observation. We hear of 25,000 men on their way, and gladly accept a detachment of the Guards and the 46th regiment, as an instalment. Every man that can be possibly spared has been landed from the fleet. The steamers only, as has been wisely determined, are kept in a state of efficiency. The generals are said to be opposed to another general attack by the fleet, except a diversion on the day of the assault by the screw liners and steamers; for the safety of the army, certain in the case of any reverse while we command the sea as at present, might be materially endangered by the crippling the fleet. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of naval men that the fire of the batteries was sufficiently silenced in the late attack to have allowed ships to enter, had not the passage been blocked; still, even when there, they would have met the untouched Russian liners. Still the general voice of the army is one most sanguine of success; they do not believe that the men who came on Sunday with that drunken howl, between a moan and a shout, can for a moment stand before us. The French, too (as I said in my last), have been advancing according to all the rules of siege operations, and the assault waits for them. General Canrobert is most sanguine; he declares he can enter Sebastopol when he chooses, and both French and English place great reliance on him.

THE REGIMENTS THAT HAVE SUFFERED MOST SEVERELY.—Strange to say, much of the loss seems to have fallen on regiments which suffered so severely at the Alma (77th, 33rd, 55th, and 95th). This latter regiment has now but about 200 men fit for duty. The other regiments which suffered severely were the 30th and 77th, and the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards; and there is too much reason to believe that many of our wounded officers and soldiers were murdered by the enemy, as more than one of the officers of the Guards, who had been but slightly wounded when the tide of war bore their comrades back, were found dead, pierced by many wounds, on their return. Among the Russian regiments, the 2nd and 10th, and also the Imperial Guard, appear to have suffered very severely. Such a battle, often a hand-to-hand encounter, was fruitful in instances of individual daring. At present I will only mention the deed of "daring do" of an officer of the Guards, who was being carried away as prisoner by a corporal and two soldiers. While being led away, he seized an opportunity of drawing his revolver, with which he shot dead two of his captors, and succeeded in bringing in the third a prisoner.

DAMP FIRE-ARMS.—Great complaint is made by the picquets, as well as by several of the regiments first engaged, of their being unable, probably owing to the damp, to discharge their pieces. I observe that the Russians have a very simple precaution in use, which effectually obviates this, in a hammer-guard of leather, which fits closely over the nipple.

PECULIAR RIFLE BULLET.—I observed a peculiar rifle bullet much used by the enemy. A hole is grooved out in the flat side of the bullet. This is filled with concussion powder, causing it to burst like a shell on striking the object.

RUSSIAN ESPIONAGE.—We believe that the enemy are acquainted with the details of our camp and its general routine; for, from information given by two deserters, an artilleryman and a soldier, they were enabled, from knowing the time of their being relieved, to inflict some injury on our picquets; and a spy, in the disguise of a Zouave officer, went through the French, and most of our batteries; and when, at length, his true character was suspected, he, to avoid being captured, sprang through an embrasure, and, in spite of the balls which were sent after him, escaped into Sebastopol.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF THE "MORNING HERALD'S" CORRESPONDENT.

While at one time the Russians were loosing ten men to our one, they showed no signs of giving way, but advanced towards the wall of the old post road, firing volleys with as much coolness and regularity as if on parade. They appeared utterly insensible to the fear of anything but a charge; but when threatened with that, they dispersed in all directions.

In their conflict with the Coldstream Guards, in front of the two-gun battery, all the wounded were instantly bayoneted by the Russians. Some of the officers' bodies were found with as many as twenty bayonet wounds, and their skulls completely smashed with the butt-ends of muskets.

On an eminence in the centre of the old post road a battery of six field-pieces was placed; but unfortunately it was so placed with thick brush-wood at each side, that the enemy's skirmishers were enabled to approach unseen, and pick off both men and horses. Two of the guns, with their ammunition and wagons, fell into the hands of the enemy. Some of the artillerymen clung round the guns, and fought the Russians for them hand to hand. One serjeant in particular was seen defending himself with his sword alone, amid a hundred enemies, for full five minutes. When the battle was over, his body was found with seventeen bayonet and bullet wounds on it; and two Russians, killed with his sword, lay on the ground beside him.

THE RETREAT OF THE ENEMY.—Until I saw it, I never in my life could have believed that any troops in the world could have retired under such a murderous fire, in such perfect order. The French and English, with a whole mass of artillery, followed close upon the retreating battalions, pouring in volley after volley of grape-shot, shell, and musketry. In fact, it was a perfect carnage. Yet, in spite of this, the enemy kept their order, retreating almost at slow time, and every five or ten minutes halting and charging desperately up the hill at our men and the French. In these charges the Russians lost fearfully. We received them with volleys of musketry, and then dashed at them with the bayonet. In one of these charges the 50th French Regiment of the line recaptured the two guns which in the commencement of the day we had lost. By half-past two o'clock the great mass of the enemy had completely fallen back, leaving between 7000 and 8000 dead upon the field behind.

ALLEGED INTOXICATION OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—The correspondent of the *Daily News* says—"It is said that the Russian soldiers had been liberally supplied with raki previous to the commencement of the attack. Their continued and loud shouting, and the impetuosity of their attack, render it probable that they were under the influence of some artificial stimulus of the sort. In the canteens, also, of many of the killed on the field was found a mixture of raki and water." The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says there is not the most remote foundation for the statement that the Russian soldiers were drunk. He saw them both fighting and when prisoners, and can vouch for their sobriety.

NARROW ESCAPE OF LORD RAGLAN.—DEATH OF GENERAL STRANGWAYS.—Lord Raglan and staff were in the front of the troops, and in the very thickest of the fire. So hot was the cannonade and musketry round his lordship, that no one can understand how he escaped uninjured. An 8-inch shell came roaring and hissing along the ground, passed right between the legs of Lord Raglan's horse, and exploded behind him and the staff. They were covered for the moment with dust and smoke, but fortunately escaped unhurt. Major-General Strangways was killed close behind Lord Raglan. When raised from the ground he was perfectly calm and collected, and appeared not to suffer in the least. His thigh was fractured near the hip joint, and the brave old soldier looked at the mangled limb with perfect composure, saying he knew the wound was mortal. He died about half an hour after the amputation was performed.

HORRORS OF THE BATTLE FIELD.—Towards evening I walked over the battle field; but I can never describe what it was like. Its horrors beggar all description; 12,000 dead and wounded—English, French, and Russian—lay upon the heights, and the groans and screams of agony were rising up from all parts. Alma was a mere skirmish to it. What made the scene worse was, that the Russians from the ships in the harbour and the fortifications to the north were throwing a perfect storm of shell all over the field, killing their own and our wounded. Passing up the road to Sebastopol, between heaps of Russian dead, you came to the spot where the Guards had been compelled to retire from the defence of the wall above Inkermann valley. Here our dead were nearly as numerous as the enemy's. Across the path, side by side, lay five guardsmen, who were all killed by one round shot as they advanced to charge the enemy. They lay on their faces in the same attitude, with their muskets tightly grasped in both hands, and all had the same grim painful frown upon their features, like men who were struck down in the act of closing with their foes. Beyond this the Russian guardsmen and line regiments lay thick as leaves, intermixed with dead and wounded horses. The latter, with fractured limbs, were now and then rising, and, after staggering a few steps, rolling over among the corpses, snorting and plunging fearfully. Up to the right of the wall was the way to the Two-gun Battery. The path lay through thick brushwood, but the path was slippery with blood, and the brushwood was broken down and encumbered with dead. The scene from the battery was awful—awful beyond description. I stood upon its parapet at about nine at night, and felt my heart sink as I gazed upon the scene of carnage around. I shall never recall the memory of Inkermann Valley with any but feelings of loathing and horror; for round the spot from which I surveyed the scene lay upwards of 5000 bodies. Many badly wounded also lay there; and their low dull moans of mortal agony struck with terrible distinctness upon the ear, or, worse still, the hoarse gurgling cry and vehement struggles of those who were convulsed before they passed away. Round the hill small groups of men with hospital stretchers were searching out for those who still survived; and others again, with lanterns, busily turning over the dead, looking for the bodies of officers who were known to be killed, but who had not been found. Here also were English women whose husbands had not returned, hurrying about with loud lamentations, turning the faces of our dead to the moonlight, and eagerly seeking for what they feared to find. These latter were far more to be pitied than the inanimate forms of those who lay slaughtered around. Outside the battery the Russians lay two and three deep. Inside the place was literally full with bodies of Russian guardsmen, 55th and 20th. The fine tall forms of our poor fellows could be distinguished at a glance, though the grey great-coats stained with blood rendered them alike externally. They lay as they fell, in heaps; sometimes one of our men over three or four Russians, and sometimes a Russian over three or four of ours. Some had passed away with a smile on their faces, and seemed as if asleep; others were horribly contorted, and, with distended eyes and swollen features, appeared to have died in agony, but defying to the last. Some lay as if prepared for burial, and as though hands of relatives had arranged their mangled limbs; while others, again, were in almost startling positions, half standing or kneeling, clutching their weapons, or drawing a cartridge. Many lay with both their hands extended towards the sky, as if to avert a blow or utter a prayer; while others had a malignant scowl of mingled fear and hatred, as if, indeed, they died despairing. The moonlight imparted an aspect of unnatural paleness to their forms; and, as the cold damp wind swept round the hills, and waved the boughs above their upturned faces, the shadows gave a horrible appearance of vitality; and it seemed as if the dead were laughing, and about to rise. This was not the case on one spot, but all over the bloody field.

STILL FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

FROM THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

In my last despatch, I could have devoted many hours more to the description of the fight of the memorable 5th of November. The battle was at its height about eight o'clock, and by that time the Russians had partially established themselves on the heights on our right. Dr. Smith, of the head-quarters staff, and two gentlemen who had ridden out with him towards the front, ignorant of the exact position of the enemy, got under fire in the fog, and the proximity of fragments of shell, the whirring of shot, and the "fiz-z-zing" of fusees, warned them that it was just as well for non-combatants to retire as rapidly as possible towards the valley of Balaklava, where all seemed to be quiet. As they cantered off they saw poor Sir George Brown borne back on a litter, and taken down and put on board the Sanspareil, after Dr. Alexander had examined his wound. Men covered with blood, and spitting it out, came limping along, and sat down by the bushes, examining their hurts, and imploring water or a little brandy. Ambulances hovered on the plain in the rear around the scene of the fight; horses on three legs, or cut by balls, hopped along, looking piteously for help; the fog folded the hills in its clammy embrace, but the roar of cannon and musketry told of the struggle which was going on along those bloody heights.

On visiting the spot, it was curious to observe how men of all arms—English, French, and Russians—lay together, showing that the same ground must have been occupied several times by different bodies of troops. The attacking force could not have been less than 20,000; and I make a very low estimate indeed of the strength of the Russians when I place it at from 45,000 to 50,000 men of all arms. Some say there were from 55,000 to 60,000 men engaged on the side of the enemy; but I think that number excessive, and there certainly was not ground enough for them to show front upon. Captain Burnett states that he saw fresh bodies of the Russians marching up to the attack on three successive occasions, and that their artillery was relieved no less than four times. The Minie rifle did our work. Our volleys told on the advancing bodies of Russians fearfully, and, in order to be out of scope of such terrible weapons, they pushed on us with the bayonet, and, after long and desperate encounters, met their masters, and were forced to retire.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

Scutari, November 15.

The state of the hospitals here continues steadily to improve, and, notwithstanding the very large number of wounded brought down since the battle of Inkermann, a degree of order is maintained, which, under all the circumstances, must be considered creditable to the authorities. The stormy weather of Sunday and yesterday, it is true, by delaying the landing, has given additional time for preparation and arrangement. Decided benefit has also accrued from the diminished numbers sent by each transport; but when it is considered that there were upwards of 2,500 men in hospital before these last arrivals, it is really wonderful that there has been so little confusion. All the effectives that could possibly be spared having been despatched to the Crimea, the carrying of the wounded from the boats to the hospitals has been performed partly by convalescents and partly by Turkish soldiers. It has been managed more slowly and clumsily, perhaps, than could have been wished, and every feeling heart in England will sympathize with the expression of regret, that when the men did at length reach their beds they found them laid upon the floor—made as comfortable, indeed, as the state of matters admitted, but still without the advantages of a bedstead. A very large proportion of the accommodation provided is of this description, and it should be changed at once, before winter, with its heavy rains and cold weather, sets in upon the Bosphorus. No doubt this want will be supplied shortly, either from home or

from Varna, the last portion of the stores there being at length on their way to Scutari; the first portion I am told only arrived a few days ago. The things sent on under shot and shell by the Prince (not the Thetis, as stated in my last letter) have probably been detained at Balaklava to supply the pressing necessities of the army. If these necessities are to be judged of by the state of the wounded as they arrive here, the articles of clothing included in the medical stores will be indeed a Godsend. Many of the poor fellows have no shirts, others are without stockings, and the apparel of all is dirty and ragged to a degree which, added to their other sufferings, is calculated to excite unbounded sympathy and compassion. When they reach Scutari they are restored to comparative comfort. They get a change of linen, are carefully attended to by the medical officers, and some attention, rough though it be, is paid to the essential requirements of food, shelter, and cleanliness. The great additional hospital space needed here since the battle of Inkermann has made the medical authorities very anxious to send off to Malta a draught of from 600 to 700 convalescents ready for removal. About 160 were despatched by the Emu three days ago, but much difficulty is encountered in obtaining the requisite transport accommodation from Admiral Boxer, who, perhaps, has more urgent claims upon the resources in this respect placed at his disposal. It may shock the humane heart to think that war postpones the consideration of the sick and wounded to its own more imperious exigencies, but such is the fact, and one may walk between rows of sufferers several miles long, noting down a hundred things that would contribute much to their relief, without there being any chance of obtaining them, or having the vast majority of them applied. It was probably a deep sense of the difficulties thus presented which led the authorities here and at home to look with some disfavour at the outset upon that burst of benevolence and sympathy which led to the formation of Miss Nightingale's staff of nurses, and of the fund which the *Times* has undertaken to administer. Actual experience, however, of the aid which could be afforded in this way, and by the exertions of individuals, has in little more than a week entirely dispelled official fears and prejudices. The services thus rendered are freely acknowledged, and, indeed, speak for themselves. Large and effective as the medical staff of the hospitals is, and indefatigable as have been the efforts of Dr. Cumming, Dr. Menzies, Dr. M'Gregor, and the other heads of departments, with more than 3,000 patients to attend to, a large proportion presenting very serious cases, there is an ample field of usefulness that cannot possibly be covered by them. Miss Nightingale and her devoted band have not been in the way except to do good, nor has there been any difficulty in finding suitable objects on which to expend the money subscribed by the public. If difficulties exist, they lie all in the opposite direction, and already the propriety of further aid begins to be seriously considered. It would serve no good purpose to lift too high the veil which hangs over the mass of suffering at Scutari, or to attempt any description of the varied and frightful picture there presented of what injuries war inflicts on the soldier; when, however, he arrives, exhausted with pain and fatigue, it is some comfort to know that, besides the best surgical treatment, there are some of the gentler sex at hand to tend him if expedient; that if the medical stores are deficient in anything that can be obtained quickly elsewhere, there are funds wherewith to purchase it; that gentlemen speaking his own language and true-hearted fellow-countrymen write for him to his friends; and that the overtasked hospital chaplains are assisted by zealous volunteers in the pious duties of their office. This system of benevolent co-operation with the authorities commenced last week, has been continued with excellent effect up to the present time, and by its aid the hope now begins to be entertained that the working of the medical department may soon be placed on a footing free from all reasonable objection.

We are so far here from home, and the communication is so slow and irregular, that things urgently wanted are best and most quickly supplied from Constantinople, Smyrna, or Marseilles. It would, therefore, be inexpedient in a communication like this to attempt any enumeration of articles desirable to be furnished from England; but, as some proof of the good which has been effected by the fund with the administration of which I am charged, I may be permitted to state what has been done up to the present moment. Shirts, sheets, flannels, stockings, and loose

warm robes for the wounded, have hitherto been among the chief wants of the patients at Scutari, the convalescents on their way to Malta, and the men coming down here from the Crimea. The patients in the hospitals I have supplied with these articles through Miss Nightingale; the convalescents by the Emu through the kindness of Major Heyland, of the 95th, acting with the medical officer and the commander of the ship. Dr. M'Shane, of the Caradoc, has undertaken the care of the things going to Balaklava, where they are to be intrusted to a small working committee, which will report upon the distribution of them. There have been supplied to the sick and wounded by this machinery; among other items, about 2,000 shirts, 250 pairs of sheets, 400 flannel vests, 10 pieces of flannel, 365 warm quilted coats, 72 worsted jackets, 1,200 pairs of stockings, and 400 towels. The contributions also include arrowroot, sago, sugar, tea, soap, three-quarter-casks of Marsala wine, and, on ship-board, tobacco. Of course, the larger proportions of these articles have gone to the hospitals, and I have endeavoured, as far as possible, to adjust the amount of the supply to the extent of the exigency, so that there should be no wasteful expenditure of the fund in meeting wants already sufficiently provided for.

In conclusion, we take the following from a London weekly paper:—

With regard to the Patriotic Fund, inasmuch as the Lord President of the Council has told us that the Government does not make provision for the widows and orphans of soldiers, that it has been, and, as far as Ministerial propositions are concerned, it will remain, the custom of this country to furnish the means by voluntary subscription, the payment of that becomes a matter of mere right. If ever pensions are fairly earned, it is by those who are disabled in an honourable calling in which they cannot by any possibility lay by enough for the usual insurance against accident; and if ever they should be bestowed on the relatives of the meritorious dead, it is when, but for the dangers braved and efforts made by the fallen, the givers might have no part of their wealth left for themselves. This war is a necessary war, or it is authorised, organised murder. For my own part, I believe the national existence to be bound up in its complete success, that England must cease to be, in all that we prize as England, if such pirate nests as Sebastopol is and Bomarsund would have been, be not utterly destroyed. At the price of health, limb, and life, this is being accomplished for us; and whoever values freedom and civilisation, or even has a notion of the mere value of property, must, if he be an honest man, pay his money to the increase of such a fund as in discharge of a most sacred debt. The men who have fought at Alma and at Inkermann have done this for us. They have shown that wherever a few thousand Britons, trained and disciplined, but unused to the actual struggle of battle, stand armed under their country's banners, whoever would conquer them must lay his reckoning with slaying them almost to the last man, and must pay the penalty in his own forces of suffering twice, or thrice, or six times as much before he can do that. At Inkermann isolated dozens or scores found themselves surrounded by from five to six times their number, and thought of nothing but of cutting through them. There was the presence of death, but there was no idea of surrender or defeat. Very few indeed are the missing where the British combatants were hemmed in by all but hopeless odds, and where, to become prisoners, would almost have seemed the natural result of their situation. Is it nothing to have this told to the world in deeds, sealed with the lives of those who so fought? Will any nation dare this little island, seeing that its almost untried men, such as we shall be able to supply again and again, if the war-need calls upon us, can be encountered at no less price of loss by their country's enemies? This is the stuff of the seven and twenty millions: what is our debt to those at whose expense this invincible quality has been proved? The whole empire has been ringing with the cry, "Reinforcements! reinforcements! reinforcements!" More of the same priceless element must go, and more and more of it must be wasted and wasted, till it is shown to be impossible that the mass can ever be used up. We are wittingly offering hecatombs of our noblest on the altar of destiny, that we may be spared. *If they go to the sacrifice undaunted and unflinching, how light a duty is it for us to provide for their crippled life, or for the families beggared by their death.*

To these considerations we feel that nothing need be added. Let us beg of our readers to ponder them well. Let it also be remembered that in England the very poorest have contributed their mite to the Patriotic Fund. It is actually a fact that the inmates of the Westminster Penitentiary voluntarily deprived themselves of food for twenty-four hours, in order that they might present the price of their prison ration to the widow and the fatherless. What argument can be added to so touching an example? Who is there that will not give, and give again, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, when the prisoner and the pauper have, of their own penury, cast into the treasury all the living that they had.

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