

ted their progress. At last the smoke of burning villages and farm-houses announced that the enemy in front were aware of our march. It was a sad sight to see the white walls of the houses blackened with smoke—the flames ascending through the roofs of peaceful homesteads—and the ruined outlines of deserted hamlets. Many sick men fell out, and were carried to the rear. It was a painful sight—a sad contrast to the magnificent appearance of the army in front, to behold litter after litter borne past to the carts, with the poor sufferers who had dropped from illness and fatigue.

The First Sight of the Enemy.

Presently, from the top of a hill, a wide plain was visible, beyond which rose a ridge darkened here and there by masses which the practised eye recognized as cavalry. It was our first sight of the enemy. On the left of the plain up in a recess formed by the upward sweep of the two ridges lay a large village in flames, right before us was a neat white house unburnt, though the outhouses and farm-yard were burning. This was the Imperial Post-house of Bouliansk, just 20 miles from Sebastopol. A small stream ran past us, which was an object of delight to our thirsty soldiers, who had now marched more than eight miles from their camp. The house was deserted and gutted. Only a picture of a saint, bunches of herbs in the kitchen, and a few household utensils were left, and a solitary peasant stalked sadly about the threshold, which soon fell a victim to a revolver. After a short halt for men and horses by the stream, the army pushed on again.

A Brush with the Cossacks.

The cavalry (about 500 men of the 8th Hussars, the 11th Hussars, and 13th Light Dragoons) pushed on in front, and on arriving about a mile beyond the post-house we clearly made out the Cossack Lancers on the hills in front. Lord Cardigan threw out skirmishes in line, who covered the front at intervals of 10 or 12 yards from each other. The Cossacks advanced to meet us in like order, man for man, the steel of their long lances glittering in the sun. They were rough-looking fellows, mounted on sturdy little horses, but the regularity of their order and the celerity of their movements showed they were regular, and by no means despicable foes. As our skirmishers advanced the Cossacks halted at the foot of the hill. Their reserves were not well in sight, but from time to time a clump of lancers rose over the summit of the hill, and disappeared. Lord Cardigan was eager to try their strength, and permission was given to him to advance somewhat nearer; but as he did so dark columns of Cavalry came into view in the recesses of the hills and it became evident that if our men charged up such a steep ascent their horses would be blown, and that they would run a risk of being surrounded and cut to pieces by force of three times their number. Suddenly one of the Russian cavalry squares opened—a spire of white smoke rose out of the gap, and a round shot, which pitched close to my horse, tore over the column of our cavalry behind, and rolled away between the ranks of the riflemen in the rear, just as they came in view of the cavalry. In another instant a second gun bowled right through the 11th Hussars, and knocked over a horse, taking off his rider's leg above the ankle. Another and another followed, tearing through our ranks, so that it was quite wonderful so many cavalry escaped. Meantime Captain Maude's artillery galloped over the hillocks, but were halted by Lord Raglan's order at the base, in the rear of the cavalry on the left flank. This was done probably to entice the Russians further down the hill. Meantime our cavalry were drawn up as targets for the enemy's guns, and had they been of iron they could not have been more solid and immovable. The Russian gunners fired admirably; they were rather slow, but their balls came bounding along, quite visible as they passed, in right lines from the centre of the cavalry columns. After some 30 rounds from the enemy our artillery opened fire. Their round shot ploughed up the columns of the cavalry, who speedily dispersed into broken lines, wheeling round and round with great audacity to escape the six and nine pound balls.

Our shells were not so successful, but one, better directed than the rest, burst right in the centre of a column of Light Infantry, whom the Russians had advanced to support their cavalry. Our fire was so hot the service of the guns so quick, that the enemy retired in about 15 minutes after we opened on them. While this affair was going on, the French had crept up on the right, and surprised a body of Russian cavalry with a round from a battery of nine-pounders, which scattered them in all directions. We lost six horses, and four men were wounded. One of the wounded men, a sergeant in the 11th Hussars, rode coolly to the rear with his foot dangling by a piece of skin to the bone, and told the doctor he had just come to have his leg dressed. Another wounded trooper behaved with equal fortitude, and refused the use of a litter to carry him to the rear, though his leg was broken into splinters. Great numbers of stragglers came up during the night, most of them belonging to the 4th division. It was a cold night, and if I could intrude the recital of the sorrows of a tentless, baggageless man wandering about in the dark from regiment to regiment in hope of finding his missing baggage, I might tell a tale amusing enough to read, but the incidents in which were very distressing to the individual concerned. Sir George Brown, Sir D. Evans, the Brigadier Generals and staff officers went about among their divisions and brigades ere the men lay down, giving directions for the following day, and soon after dusk the regiments were on the ground, wrapped up in great coats and blankets to find the best repose they could after the day's exertions.

Advance of the Allied Army toward the Alma.

HIGHTS ABOVE ALMA, SEPT. 21.—The order in which our army advanced was in columns of brigades in deploying distance, our left protected by a line of skirmishers, of cavalry, and of horse artillery. The advantage of the formation was that our army, in case of a strong attack from cavalry and infantry on the left or rear, could assume the form of a hollow square, with the baggage in the centre. Our great object was to gain the right of the position, so that our attacking parties could be sheltered by the vertical fire of the fleets. We had, in fact, altered our base of operations. As we marched forward to Barliansk, we allowed the enemy to deprive us of our old basis of operations, in order that we might get a new one. For this purpose the baggage was brought up and covered by the 4th Division, and the Cossacks were allowed to sweep the country in our rear far behind us. Our new principle, in fact, was to open communication with our fleets, and, as far as possible, obtain their aid. In advancing towards the sea obliquely, on the morning of the 19th, we were met by 17 squadrons of cavalry, deployed to meet our handful of horse, and it was necessary to make a demonstration of artillery and infantry to extricate our men from the difficulty into which they had been plunged by advancing too far in front of their supports. However, the enemy was driven back by our guns, which made beautiful practice, and the cavalry maintained their ground having retired in splendid order before a force which refused to meet them when they might have done so, by a charge down from the elevated position they occupied, with a fair chance of an encounter ere our artillery could come up. Our line of march on the 20th, as I have said, was towards the right of our former base, and brought us in contact with the French left, under Prince Napoleon, it being understood that Sir De Lacy Evans's division on the extreme right should act in concert with that of the Prince, which was of course furthest from the sea. As soon as we had ascertained the position of our allies accurately, the whole line, extending itself across the champaign country for some five or six miles, advanced. At the distance of two miles we halted to obtain a little time to gather up our rear, and then the troops steadily advanced in grand lines like the waves of the ocean, with our left fritted away as it were into a foam of skirmishers under Colonel Lawrence and Major Norcott of the Rifle Brigade, 2d battalion, covered by squadrons of the 11th and 8th Hussars, and portions of the 4th, 13th Light Dragoons, and 17th Lancers. This was a sight of

inexpressible grandeur, and for the first time on was struck with the splendid appearance of our Infantry in line in the distance. Red is the colour after all, and the white sinplings of the breast of the coat and the cross belts, though rendering a man conspicuous enough, give him an appearance of size which other uniforms do not produce. The dark French columns on our right looked very small compared to our battalions, though we know they were quite as strong; but the marching of our allies, led as they were with all their packs, &c., was wonderful—the pace at which they went was really "killing."

The Strength of the Russian Position.

A remarkable ridge of mountain, varying in height from 600 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, which 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 1,000 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 1,400 and 1,500 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 only told too well. In the other batteries were some 25 guns in all.

Another locomotive, called the *Bytown*, was last week placed on the track of the Bytown & Prescott Railway, making four locomotives now on the road. Quite a smart business is already doing, notwithstanding the fact of the line being incomplete. The rails are laid down to within ten miles of Bytown, and we hope the balance of the iron will soon arrive at this port, so that the company will be enabled to finish the line throughout previous to setting in of winter. A good deal of work has lately been done at the depot at this place, in the way of filling up, &c. The frame work of a large freight house is now being put up, and the various requisites for the business of the road are under way.

A certain Duke de Beissac was often overheard uttering the following soliloquy while adjusting his rascal to the proper angle:—"Thimbleon de Cossé, God hath made thee a gentleman, and the king hath made thee a duke; it is right and fit, however, that thou shouldst have something to do, therefore thou shalt give thyself."