



THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAST PRAYER.

In the evening of the 5th of November, 1854, after the glorious victory of Inkerman, there was found in the enclosure formed by the tents of our brave Allies a large number of killed and wounded; the Russians were the most numerous. The English had already collected theirs, and were helping the French to raise their soldiers who had fallen on that bloody field. The earth was strewn with corpses. Some of the faces seemed to smile, some seemed to sleep, others looked fierce, some had received the mortal blow whilst in the act of tearing the cartridge, and still remained kneeling, convulsively grasping their weapon; the arms of some were raised, as if they sought even in dying to deal a blow, or as if they were uttering a prayer with their last breath. The wind blew strongly, and the moon, darkened every now and then by thick clouds, burst forth at intervals, and illumined this sad spectacle, seeming to reanimate the long rows of dead bodies.

The silence of the night was disturbed by the cries of the poor creatures who writhed in the last agonies of death, and by