

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 might be held in check for weeks by the position of the Alma. Large masses of cavalry, principally Lancers, and heavy dragons, manoeuvred 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 operations 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 3,000 yards of the sea.

The French practice commenced about half-past 12 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 into 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 there were some to be seen strewn over the ground. The Russians answered the shells from the heights, but without effect. A powder tumbril was blown up by a French shell; another shell fell by accident 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 paused, 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 at 1,200 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 volumes 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—was 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 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 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 honor 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 by 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 moved down by the murderous fire of the batteries, and by grape,

round shot, shell, canister, case shot, and musketry, from some of the guns of 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. Evans in the most dashing manner, crossed the stream on the right. The 7th Fusiliers, 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 by a fierce 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 George Brown, conspicuous on a gray horse, rode in front of his Light Division, urging them with voice and gesture. Gallant fellow! 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 "23rd, 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 paralyzed 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, favored as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down 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, harassed 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 on these masses. The reply was "Yes," and an artillery officer, whose name I do not now know, 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, wavered 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 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 three generals, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4,000 wounded behind them.—The battle of the Alma was won, with a loss of nearly 3,000 killed and wounded on our side.

THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

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 standstill 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 times 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 Frenchmen, and of more than 3,000 of their foes.

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, 32d, 33d, 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, 32d 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 loosely, 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 a 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 ser-

viceable. Their knapsacks astonished our soldiers. On opening them each was found to contain the dress uniform coat 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 mitts, 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 a sour taste and disagreeable odour in his knapsack, and a linen roll, containing a quantity of brown coarse 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 "breadstuff." 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 32d 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 we could say a word he discharged his rifle right 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 fastened 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 those poor wretches lay in their agony—nothing could be done to help them. The groans, 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 be possibly 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 attitude 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 in 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 enobled 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.

Immediately after the battle the wounded were removed on board the steamers *Andes* and *Vulcan*; their arrival at Scutari, opposite Constantinople—is thus described:—

"It was a moving sight yesterday to see the long trains of wounded borne from the *Andes* and *Vulcan* to the hospital. From dawn to evening the labor

was incessant, and the officers and medical men seemed perfectly worn out with fatigue. The men carried down mattresses to the beach; the wounded were lifted on them and were slowly borne along. A few of the wounded were well enough to walk, and crept along supported by a comrade, one with his arm in a sling, another with his trousers cut open from the hip to the knee, and the thigh swathed in bandages, another with his hair clotted, with blood and a ghastly wound on the face or head. On many the marks of approaching death were set every now and then there was one too far gone to be carried to the hospital, or who asked to be laid down for a few moments' rest on the wayside. A Catholic Priest was active among the dying, and might be seen bending over the ghastly forms and whispering to the ears, which were fast closing to earthly sounds. He was an Irish Monk of Galata, who had presented himself on the first arrival of the wounded, and had been eagerly received by his dying fellow-countrymen.

"It is easy to discover by a walk through the barracks how much the unfortunate 23rd and 33rd regiments have suffered. It seems that almost the half of those who are lying on every side in mortal agony belong to one of these ill-fated corps. The 23rd, it is said, has lost more than 400 men. It is with pride that an Englishman observes the appearance of these sick and wounded soldiers. The men have a soldierly look and an appearance of energy and determination which are hardly to be found among the invalids of any other service. Yesterday, as the wounded were brought from the vessels, each man was asked his name and regiment before the litter entered the gates. Some were too far gone to reply; in some delirium had taken away all consciousness of external things. But wherever the poor fellow had strength to answer he spoke with a military promptness as if on parole, and tried to make a salute and raise his head in respect to the questioner.

"The *Vulcan* brought two Russian prisoners; one is a young man of good family and education, who was serving in the ranks as a common soldier, in order to win his position of officer by service, according to the Russian usage. He said he had been three months on the march from the neighborhood of Moscow, and that previous to the defence of Silistria the Czar had entertained no fears for Sebastopol, where there were then scarcely any troops. Large forces had been sent off from the interior at that time, and more were on their way, although they are likely to arrive too late. The other prisoner is a brigadier-general, who will not disclose his name. He has received four wounds in the leg, and is not out of danger. He mentioned a curious circumstance. In conversation on the subject of the battle it was observed by some one to be singular that, though the loss of English officers had been very great, yet no general officer had received a hurt, although they are conspicuous by a white plume, and the Russians confessedly singled out the officers while the British were advancing across the river and the valley in a clear day and free from smoke. The Russian replied that the generals were not aimed at, because they were thought to belong to the commissariat. In the continental armies the higher officers are surrounded on all occasions by a brilliant staff, but our own generals ride attended only by one or two aides-de-camp. They were therefore in this case indebted for their safety to the unobtrusiveness of their habits.

"The wounded were laid out for amputation in a farm-yard near the field of battle. Here they were supplied with water by a Catholic Priest attached to one of the Irish regiments. The devotion of this Clergy seems to be very great, both in the Crimea and here.

"The exact numbers brought by the steamers from Sebastopol are as follows:—The *Vulcan*, which left at half-past five in the morning of the 22nd, brought 320 wounded, of which only one officer and two privates died on the passage. Among the wounded were eleven officers. She also had on board 170 cholera patients, of whom eighteen died, among whom was one woman. The *Andes* left three hours after the *Vulcan*, and arrived ten hours before her. She brought 315 wounded, among whom were twenty-one officers. Of these four officers and thirteen privates died on the passage. The number of officers now at Scutari is twenty-seven. There are few dangerous cases among them, and the life of no one is despaired of. The *Simoom*, which is expected hourly, will bring the slightly wounded. Colonel Chester, of the 23rd Fusiliers, is killed, and eight other officers are killed or wounded. Colonel Blake, of the 33rd, is said to have lost his hand. Major Gough is at Scutari wounded, with Captain Fitzgerald, and Lieutenants Greenwood and Worthington."

From Lord Raglan's despatch of the 25th of September from Balaklava, and a private communication of the same date from an intelligent officer of the Guards, the *Times* draws up the following narrative of the late operations:—

"On the 23rd the allied armies left the Alma and proceeded to cross the Katscha river; on the 24th they crossed the Belbek, where it had been intended to effect the landing of the siege materiel with a view to an attack on the north side of Sebastopol. It was found, however, that the enemy had placed a fortified work so as to prevent the vessels and transports from approaching this river, and, with extraordinary fertility of resource, strategical judgment, and military daring, the plan of operations was suddenly changed by Lord Raglan, with the concurrence of Marshal St. Arnaud. It was determined to advance at once by a flank march round the east of Sebastopol, to cross the valley of the Tchernaya, and seize Balaklava, as the future basis of operations against the south side of the harbor of Sebastopol. Nothing could be finer than the spirit and conception of this movement, unless it be the courage and endurance with which it was executed by the troops. To effect this object it was necessary, after crossing the Belbek near the