

trenching tools and fifteen prisoners, among whom were Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, 34th, and Captain Montague, R. E. The latter was captured on our left attack, where also the enemy was repelled at once. Major Gordon, R. E., who had been charged throughout the siege with the conduct of the right attack, and who was always conspicuously careless in exposing himself to fire, received, while standing on the outside of the trench, two bullets, one in his hand, the other in his arm.

Meantime the attack on the French had been, after an obstinate resistance from a party of Zouaves, partially successful, and the guards of the trenches were driven out of the advanced parallels into one of the boyaux communicating with it, while the enemy occupied, and began to destroy, an advanced boyaux which the French were pushing towards the most troublesome rifle-pits, as well as a part of the parapet of the parallel. The struggle, in which several thousand men were engaged on each side, was very close and desperate. Eventually the Russians retired, leaving a great number of dead, and having inflicted severe loss on their opponents, whose killed and wounded were reported to amount to four hundred and fifty.

A truce was agreed on for the purpose of burying the dead, to commence at half an hour after noon on the 24th. At that time a number of officers had collected at different points commanding a view of the Russian works, awaiting the concerted signal of the pause in hostilities. At noon the firing had almost ceased, and, at the appointed hour, a white flag was elevated over the Mammelon, while one appeared simultaneously in each of the French and English works, when those who had been watching for it at once streamed down the hill to the scene of contest. The spectacle that followed was one of the strangest that had occurred during the campaign.

While we went down the slope to the ravine, the French burial-parties advanced from their trenches, and hundreds of Russians came out from behind the Mammelon, and approached our works, some of them bearing stretchers. Passing through the interval in our rearmost intrenchment where it crosses the ravine, we first saw a small heap of bodies, six Russians and two Frenchmen, lying on the side of the hill, having probably fallen within the French lines, and been collected there during the preceding night. At the point where the advanced trench meets ours, the ravine is, as I have before said, very rugged and broken, and those who had ridden down left their horses there. The first object I saw there was the body of the Albanian leader, who had fallen in our trenches, borne by four of our men on a stretcher to the outside of the parapet, where it was received by Russian soldiers. It had been partially stripped, and covered again with his white kilt and other drapery, leaving his feet bare, as also his breast, on which, as on Count Lara's, appeared the scars of several old wounds. In a deep gully, below the verge of our slope of the hill, lay a Russian on his back. He had been wounded in the neck, and had lain there since the night before last, suffering and alone, on a bed of loose stones, with his head, which he had pillowed on his forage-cap, lower than his body. Judging from his aspect, his case was by no means desperate. His comrades, at the call of our men, who discovered him; flocked round and carried him off. I crossed the broken ground, which was sprinkled with dead, to the opposite side of the ravine, in front of the French parallel, where a crowd of Russian and French officers and soldiers were intomixed, with a good many English officers as spectators. The French had drawn all the Russian bodies outside their lines, where they were collected in one heap, in a spot between the French trenches and the Russian rifle-pits. Some of these latter were semicircular trenches, five or six yards in extent, with the earth thrown up in front, surmounted by a row of sandbags, and capable of holding nine or ten men;—some of them small screens of stone, or of a couple of gabions filled with earth, behind which a single rifleman was hid. The nearest French and Russian sharpshooters were about seventy yards asunder. The French seemed to think it necessary to guard against surprise or breach of faith on the part of the Russians, and kept their trenches strongly manned, while armed parties were drawn up outside.

The Russian officers not employed in the burial duty, mixed with the French chatting, and exchanging cigars. The soldiers of the enemy looked dirty and shabby, but healthy and well fed. Most of them were of larger frame than the French, while the English surpassed both in size and stature; the countenances of the Russians, short and broad with thick projecting lips, pug-noses, and small eyes, betokened a low order of intellect, cunning and obstinate. Many, both officers and men, wore orders and medals. Between these groups passed and repassed the burial-parties, lifting each grim gory figure from its face or back, placing it on a stretcher, and bearing it, with the dead legs swinging and dragging, and the arms vibrating stiffly to the steps of the bearers, to be added to the dreadful assembly. Not one of those looking on could feel secure that in the next twenty-four hours he would not be as one of these. About half-way between the Mammelon and the French lines was a large rifle-pit like a small field work, and near this lay another heap of bodies, probably collected by the Russians during the night. Behind, at 450 yards distant from us, rose the Mammelon, its battery surmounted by the white flag, and the parapet lined with spectators. Next, on the left, as we looked, separated by a level space of 500 yards across, stood the Malakoff hill, with its ruined tower, surrounded by earthen batteries; and to our left of that, between it and the Redan, appeared the best built portion of the city, jutting out into the harbour. These were seen so close that the main features of the streets and buildings were distinguishable,—large barracks and other public buildings, with their long regular rows of windows, arched or square; the green cupola of a large church; and, on a high point, amidst well built houses, a handsome edifice surrounded by a colonnade like a Greek temple. In front of the large barracks was a dark line, seen through a glass to be a body of troops, and the telescope also revealed people walking about the streets, the arrangement of the gardens, and the effect of our fire upon the town, the roofs of the houses being broken through, and the walls thickly dotted with marks of shot. The masts of the inner line of ships

sunk across the large harbour were plainly visible—one or two small boats were sailing about inside the obstacle.

Crossing the ravine to the front of our right attack, I found the Russian dead, to the number (as one of the men employed in conveying them told me) of about forty, already removed. Altogether, judging from those who had fallen in our lines, and the bodies I had seen in front of the French, the Russians must have had four hundred killed in this attack. As soon as the bodies were all conveyed within the Russian line of rifle-pits, cordons of sentries were drawn across the space between; nevertheless several Russian soldiers remained for some time amongst our men, who seemed to regard them with a sort of good-humoured patronage, calling them "Rooskies," and presenting them with pipes and tobacco. One of them, who, besides tobacco, got a brass tobacco-box, absolutely gazed with delight. From this point of view (the ground in front of the advanced batteries of our right attack) the whole plain undulated in every direction into bluffs and knolls; everywhere it was bare and covered with short grass, plentifully dotted with grey stones. In front was the Redan, and nearer to us a line of screens, of grey stone, like rude sentry-boxes, each holding a rifleman.

According to arrangement, the white flag was to be kept flying in our batteries till that in the Mammelon was lowered. At a quarter past three, the bodies being all removed, and the Russians having withdrawn within their defences, it disappeared, and presently the puffs from the Russian rifle-pits and French lines showed that the ground lately crowded with soldiers of both armies working in unison was again the scene of strife. A gun and mortar from Gordon's battery threw shells into the works on the Mammelon; the nearest French battery at Inkermann did the same; the guns on the Mammelon, opposed to the latter, replied; the Malakoff guns fired on the French lines and on our right battery; and two nine-pounders in our right advanced work sent their shot bounding among the Russian rifle-pits.

In the night Russians connected the pits by a trench, which they extended to the verge of the ravine. Thus an intrenched line was formed and occupied within eighty yards of the French, supported by, while it covered, the Mammelon.

During March, the railway advanced steadily towards the heights. Since Admiral Boxer had taken charge of the port of Balaklava, convenient wharves had been built on both sides of the harbour. On the side opposite the town, at the Diamond Wharf, great quantities of stores were landed; a branch of the railway ran to the wharf on each side where an artillery officer superintended the transmission of the guns and ammunition towards the camp. About the middle of the month the railway had advanced three-quarters of a mile up the hill beyond Kadukoi, where an engine was set up, and trains began to run; and a week later all the powder landed at Balaklava was conveyed to a depot still nearer the camp. At the end of the month the rails reached the top of the plateau, and conveyed seventy tons of stores per day. An electric telegraph was also established at headquarters, communicating with Balaklava, with different parts of the camp, and with the right and left attacks.

We had now been half-a-year before Sebastopol. Coming in the middle of autumn, we had seen the season fade while we expected to enter the city. At that time there had been no thought of wintering on the heights; our speculations were directed to the chances of occupying the place, or returning to Constantinople, and to our own possessions in the Mediterranean, to await the next campaign. Rumour had already named the divisions which were respectively to occupy Scutary, Corfu, and Malta. Then, unawares, came the dreary winter, and the daily struggle to maintain ourselves, amid snow, choked roads, filth, and death. The warm days of March had begun to dissipate the impressions of that time of misery, and it was now looked back on as a dismal dream filled with gloom, carcasses, and a nameless horror. Our present prospects, though much brighter, were no less dubious. Negotiations for peace were pending, while we were preparing for another attack with increased means, but with confidence diminished by former disappointment. A few days would see commenced, either the armistice as the preliminary of peace, or a bloody struggle with doubt beyond. Before our eyes was the great Sebastopol—that once taken, we could venture to look forward either to a glorious return, or to a brilliant campaign.

Though the English public, and many in the army, were inclined to take a gloomy view of affairs, yet to the Russians they must have worn a far less promising aspect than to us. The great provoker and conductor of the war was gone—he who alone knew the intricacies of Russian policy, and could set in motion the cumbrous machinery of his monarchy. There was no great name now for the Russian soldiers to invoke, no great reputation to look to for shelter. The garrison of Sebastopol had resisted thus far successfully, it is true, though their constancy had never been proved by an assault, and the north side was still open. But the force at Eupatoria was now increased to 45,000, with 5000 cavalry, and might soon threaten their communications with Simferopol. Day and night our guns broke the silence, and our shot whistled among them; in the Malakoff and Mammelon alone they were said to loose a hundred men a day. Each day saw our works advancing, and they knew that we were accumulating the means for a second attack, which, successful or not, must cause them terrible loss. A great part of their large fleet had been sunk; a war steamer, French or English, watched the harbour incessantly; and our vessels passed to and fro, at all hours, in full view of the place, bringing supplies, troops, and regular intelligence, from England and France.

The remarkable event of the month was the death of the Czar. Happening, as it did, beyond all calculation, it seemed at first to cut the Gordian knot which complicated the affairs of Europe. Everywhere it was felt that a great constraining power had ceased; but the relief thus brought left something for the imagination to regret. In a death of great men he had risen tall and massive above the northern horizon, while in the cabinets of Europe his subtlety and force were felt and acknowledged; in his own vast dominions he commanded not merely unquestioning obedience, but universal veneration. With far more truth than