

seen with the bayonet. In one of these charges the 505 French Bayonnais 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 7,000 and 8,000 dead upon the field behind.

"About ten o'clock, while the Russians were gaining ground on our right, the garrison, to the number of about 12,000, made a desperate sortie upon the French trenches on the left. A most obstinate and bloody battle ensued, which ended in the enemy being completely repulsed on all points. They, however, succeeded in entering one battery and spiking and demolishing seven guns. I was not present on this part of the field, but I have been informed that the battle lasted about an hour. It was principally a musketry fight. The French lay in their trenches and fired on the enemy as they advanced. The French had only four or five hundred killed and wounded. The Russians left about 2,500 upon the plain.

"Towards evening I walked over the battle-field, but I can never describe to your readers what it was like. Its horrors beggar all description—12,000 dead and wounded, English, French, and Russians, lay upon the heights, and the groans and screams of agony were rising up from all parts. Alma was a more 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."

RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS.

"About 800 prisoners, the majority of them wounded, fell into our hands. They were all inferior-looking troops to those we fought at Alma; their clothes were very ragged and very dirty, and the men were thin and worn, as if they had come off a long and toilsome march. They said Generals Liprandi and Osten-Sacken had come with them from Odessa, and they had been exactly a month upon the march. The Grand Duke Constantine and a younger son of the Emperor, the Grand Duke Alexander, joined them near Perekop. The prisoners all agree in their statement that immense forces are marching night and day to the relief of Sebastopol. One of these armies, composed of forty battalions, under General Dannenberg, was near Nicolaï, and supplied Osten-Sacken with the means of transit, for the sake of hurrying the latter's movements. Dannenberg, it is said, should be here in a week or ten days. Our men say that the Russians were drunk when they attacked on the 5th. There is not the most remote foundation for this statement. I saw the men both fighting and when prisoners, and can at least vouch for their sobriety. The Russian regiments engaged were the 6th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 30th, and 38th. There were, of course, other regiments than these engaged, but these were the corps which suffered most. In particular the 10th, 11th, 17th, and 22nd appear to have been annihilated. General Zilitchev was found among heaps of slain round the battery. Many Russian officers—35 it is said—were also found among the dead.

THE GENERALS.

"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-Genl. 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 in about half an hour after the amputation was performed.

"Cathcart, who was only a few paces in front of Lord Raglan, was shot through the heart, and fell from his horse a dead man. Colonel Seymour, who was with him, instantly dismounted, and was endeavouring to raise the body, when he himself received a ball which fractured his leg. He fell to the ground beside his general, and a Russian officer and five or six men running in bayoneted him, and cut him to pieces as he lay helpless. General Cathcart's corpse was also bayoneted in five or six places. I have mentioned in my letter of this morning the cold-blooded cruelty with which the enemy treated all the wounded who fell into their hands. In not one solitary instance

as far as can yet be ascertained, was a man spared. The Caisse-train Guards, when they retired from the two-gun battery, leaving about one hundred wounded behind, were maddened to perceive that the instant the enemy occupied the place they commenced massacring all the poor defenceless objects.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AND THE GUARDS.

A non-commissioned officer of the Scots Fusiliers:—"We were, of course, all taken by surprise, finding the enemy being so near, and had gained possession of a redoubt; and the Duke of Cambridge, with only the Guards and two companies of the 46th Regiment, said, 'You must drive them out of it.' Well, then, they were only twenty yards from us, and we were firing at each other. The pioneers and drummers, with the stretchers, were told to find the best shelter they could, and so I myself, with our drum-major, were lying down behind a small bush, and we both expected every moment to be shot, the bullets actually passing within a few inches of our heads, and breaking off the branches over us as we lay there. Well, they succeeded in driving the Russians out of the place, and got them down the hill, when they were ordered to retire. They retired, and the Russians came up with redoubled strength, and completely surrounded us; the Russians took possession of the redoubt. The Duke said, 'They must come out of it again.' The Russians cheered, as also did the Guards. Things now looked desperate, as we had no support, except the Ashmole, and he defended the right. At it they went, and for half an hour things seemed to favour the enemy. We were all surrounded—no getting out. The Grenadier Guards nearly lost their colours; they had only about forty men to defend them. We gave another cheer, and out of the redoubt they went again, and the Grenadier Guards managed to keep their colours. We drove them out at the point of the bayonet down the hill. The Guards were ordered to retire again, but would not, and in fact could not; if they had got down this steep hill, they could not have got back again well. The brave French came up to our assistance, and kept them at bay while we retired and got our ammunition completed, and then the brigade of Guards were formed into one regiment of six companies, and at it we went again, and by this time plenty of assistance coming to us, we managed to do them, but at a great loss to us. Officers behaved bravely. We buried 41 to-day in the field, and an awful affair it was."

THE BATTLE FIELD.

On the evening of the battle I went over the field. I think I have said over and over again that it was a sight which could never be described. A considerable number, some 800 to 1,000 Russians killed and wounded, were lying among our tents, and here also were many, too many corpses of Zouaves and French infantry of the line. All our wounded have been removed, and the wounded of the enemy were being gathered in. The kindness and attention of our fellows to their helpless enemies were beyond all praise. They brought them water, got knapsacks to put under their heads, and borrowed blankets in which to cover them from the raw night air; here and there small groups of them stood absorbed in pity round some prostrate foe to whom their kindness came too late, and who shot either through the head or lungs, gasped out his existence in painful sobs, or terminated it in a horrible convulsion which made your blood curdle to hear. A little above the line of tents was the brow of the hill overlooking Inkermann Lights. Here was the spot where the allied artillery engaged that of the enemy after the retreat, and here the sight was sickening indeed. There is nothing so awful as the spectacle of the bodies of those who have been struck down by round shot or shell. One poor fellow of the 95th had been struck by two 24-pounders in the head and body. A shell afterwards burst on him and tore him to pieces, and it was only by the fragments of cloth, with the regimental buttons adhering, that you could tell that the rough bloody mass which lay in the road had ever been a human being. But it is useless to dwell on these sickening details; suffice to say that there, among the carcasses of some 200 killed and wounded horses, lay the bodies of our brave English and French artillerymen, all more or less frightfully mutilated. Some had their heads taken off at the neck, as if with an axe; others their legs gone from the hips, others their arms, and others again who were hit in the chest or stomach, were literally as smashed as if they had been crushed in a machine. But it was not alone the allies who laid here, on the contrary there were 300 Russian corpses for one of theirs, but the latter were all killed by musketry before the artillery came up. On this spot the Russians kept dropping shells the whole night, but their

vindictive efforts were in vain. All who lay in reach of the missiles had suffered the last which they were to endure on earth. Passing up the road of 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 gripped 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 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 the 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. The moon was at its full, and showed every object as if by the light of day. Facing me was the Valley of Inkermann, with the Tchernaya like a band of silver flowing gracefully between two hills, which, for varied and picturesque beauty, might vie with any part of the world. Yet I shall never recall the memory of Inkermann Valley with a joy but feelings of loathing and horror; for round the spot from which I surveyed the scene lay upwards of 3,000 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. The ambulances as fast as they came up received their load of sufferers, and even blankets were employed to convey the wounded to the rear.

Outside the batteries the Russians lay two and three deep. Inside the place was literally full with bodies of Russian Guardsmen, 55th and 30th. 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 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 forcibly contorted, and with distended eyes and swollen features, appeared to have died in agony, but defying to the last. This was not the case on one spot, but all over the bloody field. As I picked my way back among the dead and dying, turning aside to let the stretchers pass with their moaning burdens, or stumbling over the muskets, shot and debris of shell which covered the ground, I could not help thinking—oh, you English people who are so clamorous for war and bloodshed, come and survey this scene, and you will exclaim with all who have looked upon it—peace, let there be peace at any price.

THE FUNERAL OF THE GENERALS.

The remains of Sir G. Cathcart, and Generals Goldie and Strangways, lie together. They were interred in coffins, and Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge, with the whole Fourth Division and the Artillery, assisted on the day after the battle, at the sad ceremony. 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 funeral is described in a letter dated November 6th:—"In front of the camp of the Fourth Division there is a square plot of ground enclosed by a low stone wall. It is the highest point on the hill, and from the general appearance of the enclosure, it gives the impression of having at some time been used as a fort. From this to the spectator on one side looks down upon Sebastopol, and its fortifications, its harbours, its ships, and the sea far beyond. On the other side the magnificent