

THE VICTORY AT ALMA.

FURTHER DETAILS AND ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

Discoveries in Prince Menscikoff's Carriage.

A letter from an officer serving in the Crimea, at Camp Bala Clavn, September 28th, 1854, reads:—"Poor Menscikoff, who commanded, beamed him his carriage and horses, the former being full of boxes, containing most magnificent Hussar uniforms, and also portmanteaus of valuable articles. These were quickly ransacked. Watches and jewelry, arms and fine things of every kind were found, which soon changed possessors in the persons of our men. Officers came in but for a small portion, and I deemed myself lucky in appropriating my especial keeping a very compact and portmanteau, manufactured from the finest Russian leather. Among the various articles found was a pair of white satin shoes, which made us suspect that the gallant was most agreeably attended in his campaign sojourning. The writer thus describes the debated "flank movement":—"We found ourselves on the 24th within a mile or so of the beleaguered Sebastopol, when we all supposed we should encamp, and go to work in right earnest the day following. No such thing, however, took place, for we were ordered to move on, and at night we encamped in a dense bush, just two miles from the city. During the night came an shower of artillery, as well as a sharp rifle fusillade, which made us as active as squirrels; this, however, soon died away, and 'All well' passed from one end of the camp to the other. The cause of alarm appeared arise from some Cossacks having ventured somewhat near to the French lines, and found a warmer reception than they contemplated. When day dawned we were again on the march, turning aside from Sebastopol, our tactics being changed, as we were making a detour, so as to gain the outer side of the city. To accomplish this engaged a two days' march, in consequence of the harbour taking a direction inland. On the first of these days we parted company with the French, and proceeded by a narrow road which led in a direction away from Sebastopol. This road led through the bush, ending in a long road which enclosed a large open space, where several roads meet. When within a mile of the town we heard several rounds fired from artillery, and presently an aide-de-camp rode thro' the wood and brought us the intelligence that the Russians were occupying the space before us. This was a pretty fix for us to be in, for we (the Artillery) were alone, and no infantry to support us, and what rendered our position the more perplexing, we were in that part of the wood where we could not turn our guns. The firing, much to our relief, soon ceased, and we proceeded on as fast as possible, so as to clear ourselves from so unenviable a position, for had we been attacked by the Russian infantry or sharpshooters nothing could have saved us from either being shot down or made prisoners. We soon gained the open ground, and found that the enemy had retreated on our approaching them."

The 33rd in the Water.

It will be remembered that the 33rd Regiment lost the most men in killed and wounded. The regiment went into action 616 men and 40 sergeants strong, it came out with a loss of 232 men and 30 sergeants. They crossed the river in deep water up to their armpits under a shower of balls, and were first to reach the opposite bank, the 23d close upon them. Col. Blake rode down so steep a pitch to the river that his horse went in headforemost and was completely under water for some seconds. The Colonel never dismounted all day. His horse continued to carry his master with one ball in his jaw, one in his side, and a contusion from grape in his chest; besides these, one ball was lodged in the saddle, another in the holster, where the pistol stopped it, and a sixth ball hit the Colonel in the left wrist, ran up in the sleeve to the elbow, where it came out, having grazed the flesh of the arm, but it was not of any importance. The

Colonel was close to the colours all the time, and saw three of his officers struck down in succession who carried them. The balls in the horse were extracted and the animal was doing well, and likely to recover.

Death of Lieut. Radcliffe.

The following is an extract from a letter from Brigadier General Torrens to Mr. Delme Radcliffe, of Hertford:—"My dear Deime,—I shall wring your heart, indeed, and poor Mrs Radcliffe's by the sad intelligence I have, alas! to communicate. Your poor dear boy fell yesterday, at the head of the company which he commanded (No. 1) while gallantly leading them in the attack of a Russian entrenched battery, heavily armed, and most strongly occupied. Never was a more noble feat of arms done than the capture of this battery; and in that capture the poor dear old Welch were foremost. Their loss has been frightful. Chester, Wynn, Evans, Connelly, my poor sister's boy, Harry Austruther, Butler, Radcliffe, Young, were all killed dead at the same moment, and, within a space of 100 square yards. I am heart sick at the loss of so many dear and valued friends, and at the thought of my poor sister's anguish. God alone can comfort us in these overwhelming calamities, and to his Almighty will let us humbly bow. Your dear boy died instantly, without pain, and lies buried in a deep grave along with his brave comrades, close to the spot where he so nobly died. God bless you Deime. May he comfort and support you both, is the prayer of your old friend and comrade.

ARTHUR W. TORRENS.

P. S.—Harry Torrens and Bulwer buried him. His wound was in the centre of his breast. He lay on his back, and his body had been untouched and respected. God bless and save him. His face was calm, with almost a smile on it.

Adventure of a Cannon Ball.

An officer of the 95th says:—"We could plainly see the shots 9, 12, and 24-pounders bounding along the ground towards us and over our heads, one of the latter, I judge from its size, I saw almost when it left the gun, it came, apparently very slow, right for me, so slow that one would imagine it could be stopped by the hand, and about a few feet horizontally from the ground. I made sure that my last moment was at hand, when, by instinct, I bent myself double and that moment—whizz—I heard the shot pass, and felt the wind of it on my head. On rising, I turned round, and I saw the shot strike against a small elevation of the ground 300 or 400 yards in the rear, throwing up a cloud of dust—it then bounded in the air, and fell, spent, half a mile further on, had I remained in the erect position, my head must have been struck off. A short prayer of thanks to Him who had thus so miraculously protected me burst from my lips."

Disguise of Russian Officers, and Hiding Russian Colours.

It is stated on good authority from St. Petersburg, not only that all Russian officers are ordered to disguise themselves as privates when going into action, but that regimental colours are ordered not to be taken into the field, lest they should fall into the hands of the allied troops.

Interesting Letter from a Wounded Officer.

The following letter has been addressed to his mother, the Countess Annesley, by the Hon. Hugh Annesley, of the Fusilier Guards:—"My dear Mother—* * * We forced the passage of the Alma yesterday, and defeated the Russians most gloriously, though with great loss to ourselves, owing to their extraordinary strong position. My company (1th) was next to the colours, and in the very centre of the line. We got 'up to within fifty yards of the ditch, when the regiment before us (which has had the three senior officers killed) turned right about, and came down in our face, thus breaking our line. We were about thirty paces then from the ditch, and the fire was so hot that you could hardly conceive it possible for anything the size of a rabbit not to be killed. I kept on shouting, 'Forward Guards!' to the few men that were not swept away by the—

when a ball came and stopped my mouth most unceremoniously. It entered the left cheek, and went out at the mouth, taking away the front teeth. I instantly turned to the rear, feeling it was about 100 to 1 against my ever getting there, as the bullets were whizzing round me like hail. I tripped, and thought it was all over with me. However, I got up again with the loss of my sword and bearskin, and at last got into the river, and out of fire. I had then another struggle on the other side, where grape and round shot were plowing up the ground, and shells bursting; however, I stumbled on, and at last got out of fire, and sat down among wounded and dying soldiers and horses. There were six or seven of our fellows there; one with five balls in him, another three, and a third with his leg broken. Poor —, came to see me in the hotel we were lying in, and burst into tears when he recognised me, I was so altered. Of course, one cannot have an ounce of lead through one without swelling, and my face is like a good sized turnip, my mouth much larger than I have any desire to see it in future. I do not suppose the ball could have hit me in any other part of the head where it would not have been attended with more danger. A most summary dentist the ball was, to take out all my teeth at one smash, except four grinders (there was a decayed one, which I hope has gone along with its brethren, but I can't make out yet if it has or not). There is a good bit of tongue gone also, but the doctors say that will not signify, and that I shall speak as plain as ever, or, at most, only with a becoming lisp; so, altogether, I think even you must allow that I have every reason to be thankful, and I hope you will not allow yourself to fret the least about me. Just as we were charging the great redoubt, I prayed, 'O God! spare me!' and I really no more expected to return alive than if I had been tied to the cannon's mouth. Only fancy grape and canister being fired at us within thirty yards, besides a whole battalion letting drive as hard as they could into us. Both the other officers in my company were wounded. I was close to Lind-say when the Queen's colour was smashed in his hand, there were twenty bullet holes in it, yet he was not touched! The Russian soldiers are savages. Fancy their firing at our poor men when they were lying wounded on the ground—they even tried to stab some of them with their bayonets. One of our doctors was actually binding up a Russian's wounds when the man turned round and fired at him."

The Duke of Cambridge after the Battle.

A corporal in the 42d says:—"As I was looking at the awful carnage I came across a poor Pole—he was shot in the belly, and was in great agony. I went down on my knees, and the tear stood in my eye, and I cried like a child. I clasped him, and gave him a drink of water, which was all I could do for him. At that time the Duke himself came up, the same as if he was one of our chums, and at the same time up comes a colonel on horseback—'I have to thank your Royal Highness for saving us to-day.'—'Oh,' says the Duke, 'you must not thank me, for these are the gentlemen that won the day, and saved you.' The colonel replied, 'And Sir Colin, too.'—'Ah,' says the Duke, 'Sir Colin is a brick.'—'Ay,' says a sergeant of ours, 'and you are a brick yourself,' and so we gave them three times three. Sir Colin told us that he had been granted the favour from the commander-in-chief to wear a 42d bonnet in future.

The Allies in the Delicious Gardens.

"We came to the vineyards which are so celebrated in this portion of the Crimea. Nothing can exceed the luxuriance of the vegetation in this locality. There are most extensive gardens, where is grown everything we find in England. The eye never rested on such a profusion of fruit and vegetables as these fertile valleys contain. Acres on acres of vineyards, bearing huge clusters of grapes; groves of peach trees, laden with fruit; and nectarine trees, similarly burdened; melons growing everywhere; and also are seen extended avenues of apple and pear trees, teeming with their tempting produce. I felt at the moment perfectly out of conceit with our English gardens; for certainly those in the Crimea surpass them in fertility. Fancy all these being given up to lawful plunder! The vineyards,