

extremely severe. One part of it, separated from the other, was exposed to a destructive fire in houses, the upper portion of which crumbled into pieces or fell in under fire, and it was only by keeping in the lower story, which was vaulted and well built, that they were enabled to hold their own. The other parts of it, far advanced from our batteries, were almost unprotected, and were under a constant *mitraille* and bombardment from guns which our batteries had failed to touch.

Some of the officers got away in the great storm which arose about 11 o'clock, and blew with great violence for several hours. General Eyre has issued the following order:—

“SECOND BRIGADE ORDERS, THIRD DIVISION.

“The Major-General commanding the brigade requests that the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men will accept his thanks for their conduct yesterday. He cannot sufficiently express his admiration of their coolness, gallantry, and discipline during a most trying day. He must tender his thanks to the medical department for their judicious arrangements to provide for the wounded, which arrangements were most successful. To Assistant-Surgeon Gibbons, 44th Regiment, and Geever, 38th Regiment, especially, much praise is due for their zealous and humane exertions in the field, while exposed to a galling fire from the enemy.”

The detachments from the hard-working and little noticed Naval Brigade consisted of four parties of 60 men each, one for each column, but only two of them went out, the other two being kept in reserve; they were told off to carry scaling-ladders and woolbags, and to place them for our storming parties. It is not to be wondered at if they suffered severely. On that eventful day 14 men were killed and 47 men were wounded. Two men were killed, and several others were wounded, by the bursting of one of our 68-pounders in the left attack. Among the latter was Major Stuart Wortley, who was injured by the explosion. As soon as the two storming columns got out of the parallel the sailors suffered severely. When the men retreated, overwhelmed by the storm from the enemy's battery, several officers and men were left behind wounded, and endured fearful agonies for hours, without a cup of water or a cheering voice to comfort them. Lieutenant Ermiston lay for five hours under the abattis of the Redan, and was reported dead, but he watched his opportunity, and got away with only a contusion of the knee. Mr. Kennedy, senior mate of the London, and of the Naval Brigade, was also left behind close to the abattis, and after several hours of painful concealment he rolled himself over and over like a ball down the declivity, and managed to get into the trench. Lieutenant Kidd came in all safe, and was receiving the congratulations of a brother officer, when he saw a wounded soldier lying out in the open. He at once exclaimed:—“We must go and save him!” and leaped over the parapet in order to do so. He had scarcely gone a yard when he was shot through the breast and died in an hour after. Only three officers came out of action untouched. Lieutenant Dalzell, of the *Leander*, was struck in the left arm by a grapeshot, and underwent amputation. Lieutenant Cave and Mr. Wood, midshipman, were also wounded. Captain Peel, who commanded the detachment, was shot through the arm. Lord Raglan has visited the wounded in hospital, and has made many inquiries about them.

THE ARMISTICE.

June 19.—The natural consequence, in civilized warfare, of such a contest as that which took place yesterday is an armistice to bury the dead. It was our sad duty to demand it, for our dead lay outside our lines, and there were no Russian corpses in front of the Redan or Malakhoff. After the contest of the 22d of May General Osten-Sacken is said to have applied twice to our generals before an armistice was accorded to him; and, indeed, General Pelissier expressly says that the truce was granted to the Russian general on his reiterated request. It is no wonder, then, that the Russians were rather chary of granting us an armistice, when they had no occasion to go outside their lines for their dead or dying and wounded. Somehow or other, the rumor got abroad that there would be an armistice early in the day, and we hoisted a white flag in the forenoon, but there was no such emblem of a temporary peace displayed by the Russians. Our batteries and riflemen ceased firing, and the Russians crowded the tops of the parapets of the Redan and of the Round Tower (Malakhoff) batteries, and did not harass us by any fire, but of course it was dangerous to go out in front of the lines till they hoisted the white flag also. The advanced trenches were filled with officers and soldiers eager to find the bodies of their poor comrades, but they could not stir out of the parallels. They waited patiently and sadly for the moment when friendship's last melancholy office could be performed. It was a very hot day, and of all the places in the world where heat displays its utmost power, a trench before Sebastopol is the most intolerable. Every moment anxious eyes were turned to the huge walls of earth before the Round Tower, and behind the abattis of the Redan, in the hope of seeing the answering flag, but our own was the only one in view, and the French were still firing away on our left at the Russian works. It was evident that something was wrong, and it was whispered that the Russians had refused our application for an armistice. Boats were at last seen to leave the roads of Sebastopol, and to meet boats from the fleet at the entrance, and it became known that the Russians had acceded to an armistice, and that it was to take place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. To pass the weary time away, there was nothing to do but to watch the Russians at work repairing their batteries, labor which they continued during the armistice subsequently and to make out the bodies which lay scattered about

in front of the Redan and Malakhoff. It was agonizing to see the wounded men who were lying there under a broiling sun parched with excruciating thirst, racked with fever, and agonized with pain—to behold them waving their caps faintly or making signals towards our lines, over which they could see the white flag waving, and not to be able to help them. They lay where they fell, or had scrambled into the holes formed by shells; and there they had been for 30 hours—oh! how long and how dreadful in their weariness! An officer told me that one soldier who was close to the abattis when he saw a few men come out of an embrasure raised himself on his elbow, and, fearing he should be unnoticed, and passed by, raised his cap on a stick and waved it till he fell back exhausted. Again he rose, and managed to tear off his shirt, which he agitated in the air till his strength failed him. His face could be seen through a glass, and my friend said he never could forget the expression of resignation and despair with which the poor fellow at last abandoned his useless efforts, and folded his shirt under his head to await the mercy of Heaven. Whether he was alive or not when our men went out I cannot say, but five hours of thirst, fever, and pain under a fierce sun would make awful odds against him. The red coats lay sadly thick over the broken ground in front of the abattis of the Redan, and blue and gray coats were scattered about or lay in piles in the raincoats before the Malakhoff. I could see, too, that the white port streaks of the Russian vessels were blackened by their broadsides on the morning of the 18th. About 3 o'clock I rode down past the old 13-inch mortar battery in advance of our Picket-house into the Middle Picket Ravine, at the end of which begins the French approaches to their recent conquest, the Mamelon. A body of the 12th Lancers and of some light cavalry moved down the Woronzoff-road about the same time or a little later, and began extending their files right and left in a complete line across the whole of our front, with the evident object of preventing any officers and men, except those who were required on duty, getting down to the neutral ground. However, my companions and myself were beforehand, and had got down into the ravine before the cavalry halted just behind the Picket-house. As we advance this ravine is almost paved with shot and shell. They stud its sides or lies in artificial piles out of the path at the bottom. The earth gleams here and there with bullets and fragments of lead. In one place there is a French picket posted in a bend of the ravine, sleeping under their greatcoats raised on twigs to protect them from the sun, or keeping watch over the eternal *pot-au-feu*, making delicious coffee with the rudest apparatus, smoking or talking gravely. Yes, for a wonder, the men are grave, and look almost sullen, but they are merely thoughtful, and thinking of the comrades whose bodies they will soon have to inter, for you will find them courteous and prompt to give you a drink of muddy water, or a light for a cigar, or any information they can afford. By the side of this ravine—your horse must needs tread on them, if you are not careful in guiding him—is many a humble mound, some marking the restingplace of individual soldiers, others piled over one of those deep pits where rank and file lie in their common glory covered with lime, and marked now and then with a simple wooden cross. Our Protestant feelings need not be outraged by the fact that this emblem of the old Christian world is not confined to the graves of Roman Catholics, but that the desire to secure for the remains of their comrades repose in their resting-places hereafter has induced many soldiers to erect the cross above those melancholy mounds, knowing that the Russians will respect it. In other turns in the ravine you will find mules with litters for the wounded; and ambulances, and the horses of the Land Transport Corps waiting for their burden. English and French are mixed together. I saw in one place two of our men, apart from the rest, with melancholy faces. “What are you waiting here for?” said I. “To go out for the Colonel, Sir,” was the reply. “What Colonel?” “Why, Colonel Yea, to be sure, Sir,” said the good fellow, who was evidently surprised at my thinking there could be any other colonel in the world. And indeed the Light Division will feel his loss. Under occasional brusqueness of manner he concealed a most kind heart; and a more thorough soldier, one more devoted to his men; to the service, and to his country, never fell in battle than Lacy Yea. I have reason to know that he felt his great services and his arduous exertions had not been rewarded as he had a right to expect. At the Alma he never went back a step, and there were tears in his eyes on that eventful afternoon as he exclaimed to me, when the men had formed on the slope of the hill after the retreat of the enemy, “There! look there! that's all that remains of my poor Fusiliers! A colour's missing, but, thank God, no Russians have it!” Throughout the winter his attention to his regiment was exemplary. They were the first who had hospital huts. When other regiments were in need of every comfort, and almost of every necessary, the Fusiliers, by the care of their colonel, had everything that could be procured by exertion and foresight. He never missed a turn of duty in the trenches, except for a short time, when his medical attendant had to use every effort to induce him to go on board ship to save his life. At Inkermann his gallantry was conspicuous. What did he get for it all? He and Colonel Egerton are now gone, and there remains in the Light Division but one other officer of the same rank who stands in the same case as they did. Is there nothing to be done for the colonels? No recognition of their services? No decorations? No order of merit? Just as one is thinking of these things, a French officer passes by with two orderlies after him. He is about 35 years of age, and yet his embroidered sleeves and his cap show he is Colonel

of a regiment, and his breast is covered with riband, and star and cross. Our colonels had entered the service ere this young man, who has won nearly all his honors in campaigns against Ben Somelling or other in Africa, was born. Let us get on, for the subject is unpleasant. You are now close to the Mamelon, and the frequent reports of rifles and the ping of the balls close to you prove that the flag of truce has not yet been hoisted by the enemy. Here come two Voltigeurs, with a young English naval officer between them. They are taking him off as a spy, and he cannot explain his position to his captors. He tells us he is an officer of the Viper, that he walked up to see some friends in the Naval Brigade, got into the Mamelon, and was taken prisoner. The matter is explained to the allies; they point out that the Naval Brigade is not employed on the Mamelon, that spies are abundant and clever, and at last satisfied, and let their capture go with the best grace in the world. We are now in the zigzag, a ditch about 6 feet broad and 6 feet deep, with the earth knocked about by shot at the sides, and we meet Frenchmen laden with water canteens or carrying large tin cans full of coffee, and tins of meat and soup, ready cooked, up to the Mamelon. They are cooked in the ravine close at hand, and taken up in messes to the men on duty. The Mamelon rises before us, a great quadrangular work on the top of a mound or hill opposite Malakhoff, which is about 500 yards nearer to Sebastopol. The sides are formed of enormous parapets with a steep slope, and they bear many traces of our tremendous fire on them before the Mamelon was taken.

The parapets are high inside the work, and are of a prodigious thickness. It is evident the Mamelon was overdone by the Russians. It was filled with huge traverses, and covers, and excavations inside, so that it was impossible to put a large body of men into it, or to get them into order in case of an assault. The interior is like a quarry, so torn is it and blown up with shells. The stench is fearful. It arises from the dead Russians, who were buried as they fell, and bones, and arms, and legs stick out from the piles of rubbish on which you are treading. Many guns also were buried here when they were disabled by our fire, but they do not decompose so rapidly as poor mortality. I was shown here one of those extraordinary fougasses, or small mines, which are exploded on the touch of the foot, and which the Russians planted thickly about their advanced works. A strong case containing powder is sunk in the ground, and to it is attached a thin tube of tin or lead, several feet in length; in the upper end of the tube there is enclosed a thin glass tube containing sulphuric or nitric acid. This portion of the tube is just laid above the earth, where it can be readily hid by a few blades of grass or a stone. If a person steps on it he bends the tin tube, and breaks the glass tube inside. The acid immediately escapes and runs down the tin tube till it arrives close to its insertion into the case, and there meets a few grains of chlorate of potass. Combustion instantly takes place, the mine explodes, and not only destroys everything near it, but throws out a quantity of bitumen, with which it is coated, in a state of ignition, so as to burn whatever it rests upon. Later in the day I very nearly had a practical experience of the working of these mines, for an English sentry, who kindly warned me off, did not indicate the exact direction till he was in danger of my firing it, when he became very communicative on the subject. One of them blew up during the armistice, but I don't know what damage it did. We have lost several men by them. While the ground is occupied by the Russians they mark them by small flags, which are removed when the enemy advance. It makes it disagreeable walking in the space between the works. The white flag was hoisted from the Redan just as I turned into the second English parallel on my left, where it joins the left of the French right. What a network of zigzags, and parallels, and traverses one has to pass by and through before he can reach the front! You can see how easy it is for men to be confused at night—how easy to mistake, when the ground is not familiar. Thus it was that the Fourth Division, who were accustomed to man one attack, did not know where they were passing through the works of another, and thus, no doubt, did the error arise owing to which Sir John Campbell attacked near the apex of the Redan instead of at the flank. The Russians threw out a long line of sentries along their works in front of the abattis which guards them, and at the same time we advanced another line of sentries opposite the Redan, and the French a similar cordon before the Mamelon. The officers on duty hastened to the intermediate space, and the burying and searching parties came out on their sad duty. The Quartermaster-General and his staff were on the spot, and every precaution was taken to keep officers and men from crowding about. The men in the trenches were enjoined not to get up on the parapets or into the embrasures, or to look over. All officers and men not on duty were stopped by the cavalry a mile behind or at the boyaux in the trenches. The Russians seemed to be under restraint also, but they crowded on the top of the Redan and of the Malakhoff parapets, and watched the proceedings with great interest. I walked out of the trench unmolested on the right and rear of the Quarries, under the Redan, in which we have now established a heavy battery at the distance of 400 yards from the enemy's embrasures. The ground slopes down from our attack for some few hundred yards and then rises again to the Redan. It is covered with long rank grass and weeds, with large stones, with tumuli, and of recent formation, and with holes ranging in depth from 3 feet to 4 feet to a foot, and in diameter from 5 feet to 7 or 8 feet, where shells have fallen and exploded. It is impossible to give a notion of the manner in which the earth is scarred by these explosions, and by the passage of shot. The grass, too, is seamed in all directions by grapeshot, and furrowed by larger missiles, as if ploughs, large and small, had been constantly drawn over it. Sometimes it is difficult to get over the inequalities in the ground, which is naturally of a broken and uneven surface. There is a red jacket in the grass—a private of the 34th is lying on his face as if he were fast asleep; his rifle, with the barrel curved quite round, and bent nearly in two by the grapeshot which afterwards passed through the soldier's body, is under him, and the right hand, which protrudes from under his chest, still clutches the stock. It was the first body I saw, and the nearest to our lines, but as we advanced and passed the sentries

they lay thick enough around and before him. The litter-bearers were already busy. Most of our dead seemed to lie close to the abattis of the Redan, and many, no doubt, had been dragged up to it at night for plunder's sake. Colonel Yea's body was found near the abattis on the right of the Redan; his boots and epaulettes were gone, but otherwise his clothing was untouched. His head was greatly swollen, and his features, and a fine manly face it had been, were nearly undistinguishable. Colonel Shadforth's remains were discovered in a similar state. The shattered frame of Sir John Campbell lay close up to the abattis. His sword and boots were taken, but the former is said to be in the Light Division Camp. It is likely he was carried away from the spot where he fell up to the ditch of the abattis for the facility of searching the body, as he could not have got so far in advance as the place where he lay. Already his remains were decomposing fast, and his face was much disfigured. Captain Hume, his attached aide-de-camp, had the body removed, and this evening it was interred on Cathcart's hill—his favorite resort, where every one was sure of a kind word and a cheerful saying from the gallant Brigadier. It was but the very evening before his death that I saw him standing within a few feet of his own grave. He had come to the ground in order to attend the funeral of Captain Vaughan, an officer of his own regiment (the 38th), who died of wounds received two days previously in the trenches, and he laughingly invited one who was talking to him to come and lunch with him next day at the Clubhouse of Sebastopol. I must close here for the present.

Although the army has been disappointed by the result of the attack on the Redan and Malakhoff, it has not despaired—it does not despair of the result of this weary siege. I venture to say that the expectation of nearly every officer and soldier in the camp on the day of the 18th of June was, that the assault would be renewed that evening or on the following morning, but we are now, it is said, going to attack the Redan and Malakhoff by sap; we are about to undergo the tedious process of mines and counter-mines, globes of compression, etonnoirs, fougasses, and all the apparatus of scientific engineering, in which the Russians are at least our equals. It is not too much to say that General Jones, our chief engineer, expects nothing of importance to be achieved for several weeks to come—that Sir George Brown is wiser and more discreet, and Lord Raglan less sanguine and more perturbed than they have been for some time past. Cries of “murder” from the lips of expiring officers have been echoed through the camp, but they have now died away in silence or in the noise of active argument and discussion. Oppressed by the news of death's doings among many dear friends, and by the intelligence of the loss of one who was valued by all who knew how to appreciate rare scholarship, a quaint humor, a pure heart, and a lively fancy, I can scarcely be supposed competent to view our position in its natural aspect, or to escape the influence of the gloomy atmosphere with which I am just now surrounded. Lord Raglan's amiable disposition is acutely touched by the loss of so many gallant men. For myself, I admit that, knowing nothing of war, and merely chronicling, as far as possible, the results of its operations, I do not see any possibility of our being able to abandon our present position on the south side of Sebastopol, or to make a general attack on the Russian armies which are encamped before us. Every ravine has been made another Sebastopol by their engineers. Our Land Transport Corps is so hardly pressed by the service of the Siege Artillery that, as I am informed, the ration of fuel has been, on several occasions recently not forthcoming for the troops to the full amount. It is to be presumed that the allied generals are acquainted with some facts respecting the strength and position of the Russian army, which induce them to think it would be unadvisable to break up our camp and try to force the passes of the Belbek. They may distrust their own strength or the efficiency of their means of transport, or they may be deterred by the force and the attitude of the enemy. They may be influenced by considerations, and may act on information of which we are ignorant, but the belief of many officers of inferior rank and of intelligence is, that the proper way to attack Sebastopol is to put finger and thumb on its windpipe, no matter how far the place may be removed from the great organ itself, and let it starve. We are not strong enough, it is said, to invest the place immediately outside, for we are only 210,000 men, and it would require an army of 250,000 or 260,000 men to occupy the lines, which would enable them to resist at all points the attempts of the enemy, whether from within or from without the cordon of investment. The allied generals, perhaps, feel that their only chance of cohesion exists in their being together, and that it would be unsafe to divide and split up this army of English, French, Sardinians, and Turks, not only on strategical grounds, but on others affecting the morale of the force. It must be remembered this great army is no flying corps. It is encumbered with huge apparatus of war, with an immense amount of *matériel*, with siege-trains and heavy ordnance, and warlike stores which could not be left in the hands of the enemy, and which, having taxed the energies of two great nations in their transport and accumulation, cannot now be carried away in a few weeks. We have converted the plateau into a great fortress commanding Kamiesch and Balaklava. If we abandoned it to-morrow the Russians would be in it the same evening; if we left a small force to occupy it, the enemy would soon discover our weakness, and either carry the plateau by a grand movement or weary out the troops and defeat them in detail by constant sorties. In the extraordinary country in which we are waging war there is this condition—that the southern coast where water abounds is so mountainous that it is impossible for artillery or cavalry to traverse it by any but the military road, which passes through tremendous defiles and ravines into which a general might well hesitate to lead an army. On the north of this range, on the contrary, where the whole country is open and the gun-carriage can find a road wherever it turns in this season, water is so scanty and so far apart that it would be hazardous indeed to march a large army through it, when a ruthless and active enemy, driven to desperation, might soon render it untenable by tampering with a few wells. In our march to Kalamita Bay each day's work was clearly indicated by the rivers. With a determined enemy we should have had to fight for our water every day, first at Buljanak, then at the Alma, next at the Katschay, and afterwards at the Belbek; but northwards of Buljanak we should have found no water to fight for. Perékop is inaccessible and poisonous, and the shores of the Siwash are certain death—more certain and