

ourselves, and the men certainly got on better with our allies than with the few privates of our own regiments who were down towards the front. But while all this civility was going on we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape—scattered gabions and sandbags, were visible on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing departed comrades to their long home. I counted 77 litters borne past me in 15 minutes—each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy. The Russians appeared to treat their dead with great respect. The soldiers I saw were white-faced and seemed ill-fed, though many had powerful frames, square shoulders, and broad chests. All their dead who fell within and near our lines were stripped of boots and stockings. The cleanliness of their feet and, in most cases, of their coarse linen shirts was remarkable. Several sailors of the "equipages" of the fleet of Sebastopol were killed in the attack. They were generally muscular, fine, stout fellows, with rough, soldierly faces. The Russians carried off all the dead which lay outside our lines to the town, passing down between the Mamelon and the Round Tower. In the midst of all this stern evidence of war a certain amount of lively conversation began to spring up, in which the Russian officers indulged in a little badinage.—Some of them asked our officers "when we were coming in to take the place," others "when we thought of going away?" Some congratulated us upon the excellent opportunity we had of getting a good look at Sebastopol, as the chance of a nearer view, except on similar occasions, was not in their opinion very probable. One officer asked a private confidently in English how many men we sent into the trenches? "Begorra, only 7000 a-night, and a wake covering party of 10,000," was the ready reply. The officer laughed and turned away. At one time a Russian with a litter stopped by a dead body, and put it into the litter. He looked round for a comrade to help him. A Zouave at once advanced with much grace and lifted it, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders; but the joke was not long-lived, as a Russian brusquely came up and helped to carry off his dead comrade. In the town we could see large bodies of soldiery in the streets, assembled at the corners and in the public places. Probably they were ordered out to make a show of their strength. The Russians denied that Prince Menschikoff was dead, but they admitted that Admiral Isturmin was killed. He was one of the principal officers engaged in the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, and the Czar had rewarded him by giving him an order of St. George of higher distinction than that worn by Prince Menschikoff, and of a class which is generally accorded to successful generals who have conducted an army and closed a triumphant campaign. A distinguished-looking man, who complained that he was likely to be deprived of his cruise in his yacht this year by the war, was pointed out to us as Prince Barintinski.—

Owing to some misunderstanding or other a little fusillade began among the riflemen on the left during the armistice, and disturbed our attention for a moment, but it was soon terminated. Gen. Bosquet and several officers of rank of the allied army visited the trenches during the armistice, and staff officers were present to see that the men did not go out of bounds. The armistice was over about three o'clock. Scarcely had the flag disappeared behind the parapet of the Mamelon before a round shot from the sailors' battery went slap through one of the embrasures of the Russian work, and dashed up a great pillar of earth inside.—The Russians at once replied, and the noise of cannon soon re-echoed through the ravines. It was curious to observe the masses of shot and shell in the ravines which had been fired by the enemy at our men on their way to and from the trenches. It was impossible for them to see us, but they poured their shot and shell right into the path from the Round Tower, the Mamelon, and the ships. Five dead Russians and two dead Zouaves were lying far in the rear of our lines, in the middle picket ravine. Every look at the rifle pits satisfied me that the Russians mean them as rudiments of advanced works again us, and that they are likely to prove very troublesome. The Mamelon is a most serious ingredient in calculating the chances of an assault. The work on the east of it is also very dangerous. The Russians have already begun to arm them with heavy guns and the fire will prove, I fear extremely harassing. If the points could have been occupied our engineers, no doubt would have seen the impotence of their possession to us; but the fact is, I believe, that the engineers complain they cannot get enough of hands for the essential work of the attacks we actually possess. In addition the trench which the Russians have made to connect their rifle pits with each other, they have

thrown up the trenches at right angles, which would enable them to enfilade any party attacking the Mamelon, but the trenches are of course enfiladed by the French approaches at right angles to it. They will very speedily be able to disturb our works from the redoubt over Careening Bay. It is thought that the silence of their guns may be as counted for with great probability, without supposition they are short of ammunition. Is it very likely they are engaged in making a line of defence in rear of the present works. Our new batteries are completed. The armament will be in them in a short time from the date of this letter.

A splendid shot was made to-day by the Naval Brigade from their 68 pounder. The Russians have mounted a piece of 70lb in the Mamelon, and on Sunday they directed shot and shell from it—now again Gordon's battery and now on the French. We generally shut them up, however, in a short time. On Monday morning they began again, and the officer in charge of the battery sent up to know what he was to do with the gun. The answer was "Fight it."—Our 68 was laid; the very first shot went right through the embrasure, and smashed the Russian gun to pieces, to our intense satisfaction.—This balances our account for the damage done to one of 32-pounders and to a heavier piece by the Russian fire within the last few days.

On Sunday a reconnaissance was made by a body of Russian officers from Canrobert's Hill. They examined the defence of Balaklava minutely. In the course of the night General Bosquet was informed that carts and wagons had been heard moving along by the Tchernaya.—Sir Colin Campbell was informed of the circumstance, and at four o'clock in the morning he turned out all the regiments behind the lines of the place. Major Brandling and Captain Morris (Artillery) were in readiness to move at a moment's notice, though the artillery horses here have been so severely worked in taking up shot and shell that they are fit for very little service, and much cannot be expected from them.

The guards were marched up to the lines of the 71st regiment, and I am glad to say the brigade turned out 700 strong. The Highland Brigade, the 14th, the Rifles, and Marines were all under and prepared for the enemy, but he did not make his appearance, and the men were marched back to their tents. To-day the enemy made another reconnaissance from the same place. No one knows their exact force towards Baïdar.

The story of a revolt in the Russian army at Perekop and of the murder of a general and of some officers who were marching the men southwards is repeated by a deserter. The same man says the enemy have abundance of ammunition, but that they have little food except the ration of 3lb. of black bread daily. The Simoom and Vulcan have gone to Genoa for Sardinian troops. The Medina has sailed to blockade the mouths of the Danube. A serjeant and private of the 79th regiment have deserted.—The serjeant belonged to the light company, and it is supposed his head was affected by excessive drinking. This regiment continues to suffer severely from sickness. They have lost 100 men in the month. The men are dying at the rate of two a-day. Dr. Gavin has arrived, he complains that he cannot see any of the authorities with whom he wants to communicate. Dr. Sutherland caught the fever at Scutari, and has gone down to Smyrna to recover. The Himalaya has arrived at Komiesch, and is discharging horses for the artillery. The Railway is not adequate to the fulfilment of the task imposed on it. 24 french waggons were loaded with material before half-past eleven o'clock, but the engines had not worked them up to the top of the incline at four o'clock yesterday. The Commissariat officers have handed over their oxen, horses, and mules to Colonel M'Murdo's Land Transport Corps, which is working remarkably well under the energetic direction of its commandant. All the commissary have now to do is to make a requisition on the Land Transport Corps attached to the division for the carriage of certain stores, and then to distribute them on arrival. Apropos of eating and drinking, I must mention a story that is going concerning the occurrences of the night of the 24th. The Russians carried off all the men's rum in one attack. In another, two of them got drunk in a traverse, and were found in friendly intercourse with one of our soldiers all three flapping their arms and fondering in rum like stranded turtles. Our food is now abundant. Scurvy has diminished. There are not more than 8 or 10 cases in each regiment. We want, however, variety in our rations, and I have an idea that the ration of rum is too liberal for young soldiers. A gill and a half of rum per day is rather too much for a lad of 18 even in the trenches. There are great complaints of the way in which the coffee is roasted. It is either burnt or half roasted, and the coffee made from the berry is very indifferent. Sir John M'Neil's inquiry is progressing. He has examined a great number of regimental officers, quarter-masters especially, and will now begin to examine the commissariat officers. His attention has also been directed to the serious question of our water supply.

March 27.—Last night, Capt. Hill 89th regiment, in proceeding to post his pickets, made a mistake in the dark and got near the Russian pickets. He was not acquainted with the coun-

try and the uncertain light deceived him. The Russians challenged, "Qui va la?" "Nous, François?" was the reply. The two pickets instantly fired, and Captain Hill dropped. There were only two or three men with him, and they retired taking with them the Captain's great-coat. They only went a few yards to the rear to get assistance, and returned at once to the place where Captain Hill fell, but his body had been already removed, and the Russian pickets had withdrawn. His fate is uncertain, but it is hoped that he is not severely wounded, and is safe in the hands of the Russians.

The following is an extract of a letter written by an officer in the Royal Artillery:—

Camp before Sebastopol, March 23.

The action of last night—I might almost dignify it by the name of 'battle'—has been a glorious and decisive victory. It was Inkermann on a small scale—an attack in very great force, and on all points; and everywhere they were driven back with vigour and heavy loss. I saw at least 300 Russian bodies lying on the field. We calculated their loss must have exceeded 1200 men. The French lost 500, and the English four officers and about 50 men. Captain Vicars, of the 97th, was in the advanced parallel of our right attack, with a picket of his regiment. The enemy attacked the French lines close alongside where he lay: a ravine only separated them. They at first drove back the French, and part of them then turned to their right, crossed the ravine, and took our trench in flank. We were unprepared and at first thought the advancing body was one of the French. But Vicars found out that they were the Russians, and ordered his men to lie down, and wait till they came within 20 paces; and they did so. When the enemy was close enough, Vicars shouted, "Now, 97th, on your pins and charge!" They poured in a volley, charged, and drove the Russians quite out of the trench. Vicars himself struck down two Russians, and was in the act of cutting down a third with his sword, when another man, who was quite close (for the coat was singed), fired and the ball entered his uplifted right arm close to where it joins the shoulder and he fell. The arteries were divided, and he must have bled to death in a few minutes.

Thus his end was as peaceful and painless as a soldier's death could be, and nothing could have been more noble, devoted, than his conduct in this, his first and last engagement.

He was universally beloved, and none can doubt who knew him that he is now in the presence of that great and holy God whom on earth he deeply loved, and earnestly and successfully sought to serve.

Poor fellow; he chose the Psalms and lessons for the preceding day (the day of Humiliation), and read the service, when several of us met together to worship God; all present must have noticed the fervour of his manner; little did we think that he was soon to be numbered with the dead.

A letter dated from off Sebastopol dated, March 23, says:—

On the 22nd the enemy made a sortie on both ours and the French trenches; they were repulsed with great loss, but we also suffered—nine officers and 100 men killed or missing is uncertain. On the same night the town was set fire to by some of our mortars, which are doing great execution, and kept burning all night.—The deserters still confirm the report of Menschikoff's death, saying he died five days after receiving the wound in his knee.

Admiral Istomine was also killed by a shell in the Malakoff battery—the same person who was well known to Sir Edmund Lyons, and who exchanged presents—a cheese for a deer—some time back.

Summer is fast making its appearance. Thermometer often at 60 deg. and the weather exceedingly mild.

The Russian Captain Kowseloff, who was on board the Agamemnon some time, and was ultimately exchanged for Lord Dukellin, was shot 48 hours after he had landed for having been captured drunk.

THE NIGHT SORTIES.

The following is an extract of a letter from a surgeon, dated Camp before Sebastopol, March 23.

I was up till half-past three o'clock this morning with wounded Frenchmen. The Zouaves will soon be exterminated at the rate they are losing men. These night attacks are horrid affairs; there are always mistakes; last night the French on the left of their advanced works mistook the Russians for English, and the English on the extreme right mistook the Russians for French. Some fellows of the 97th, who brought in poor Captain Vicars (since dead), would insist that the French had fired into our troops; The Russian dead in our trench is of course the strongest reply. A number of Greeks and Armenians fought with the Russians last night. The French killed a Greek officer whom they declare to be 7 feet high—a giant. There is now lying dead in our trench an officer supposed at first to be a Russian, but his papers show him to be a Greek. He had 35 gold pieces on his person. The dead on the Mamelon hill are nearly as thick for about the fourth of an acre as they were at Inkermann.—We have sorties and skirmishes every night,

and I am kept constantly on the qui vive, being so near the Mamelon attack.

THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

Eupatoria March 21.

The fortifications about Eupatoria are assuming daily more colossal proportions. Now that the line of the town is finished a new line of out-works outside has been commenced. In order to mask the construction of these advanced works, a great demonstration took place yesterday. At daybreak five regiments with cavalry, with two batteries of horse artillery and a large force of infantry left the town. The infantry, which had to furnish the working parties, and at the same time to serve as support to the cavalry, in case the Russians should be in superior force, took up its position close to the town, while the cavalry, proceeding towards the first mound in the centre, on which the Turkish videttes had hitherto been placed, formed under the lee of the ridge. Two regiments, throwing out their skirmishers, occupied the first line, with a battery of horse artillery in the centre between them. The second line, out-flanking a little the first, was formed by two other regiments in columns of squadrons, with three guns in front of each. The remaining regiment formed the reserve, while the Tartars were thrown out on both flanks as skirmishers. In this order of battle the cavalry passed the first mounds. The weather which during the last two days had been fine, had changed, and was threatening with wind and rain. The Russian videttes, seeing the Turkish cavalry began slowly to retire; horsemen were sent off in every direction, and the reserves came galloping up. The plain about Eupatoria, which at first sight runs nearly even, is intersected by successive ridges, each of which is crowned by several little mounds. Between each ridge the ground slopes down towards the creek of the salt lake of Sasaki to the right, until it reaches a gully forming the continuation of the creek. From this it rises again in the same way.

COMBATANTS IN AND AFTER A BATTLE.

So Ben wants to know more of the way we actually fight. I suppose he has half a mind to experience it, if not too dangerous. Well, this for him. Our first experience of the enemy was anything but pleasant, being round shot and shell, which quickly took the life of many a brave fellow, and consequently heated the blood of the living, who after asking permission, flung away their great coats and rushed on to the fight, ours being the only regiment who fought that day with the red coat fully exposed to view—an advantage, I think, for our gray great-coats are too much like the Russians to be easily detected from them in foggy mornings. Now Ben, came the work. When the hill which we ascended was surmounted, a long line of skirmishers (Russians) were seen. One volley and cheer, and then the bayonet, which, for Ben's information, [the Russian seldom waits for; if he does, our firelock is brought to a position ready for use, called the 'charge,' and first parrying if required, our enemy's thrust, is driven to the sockets through any part of the body we can reach, the upper part the better.—Does not that seem dreadful to you at home? and no doubt so it is, cursed be he that causes it! but in battle our feelings are different.—The passion to kill and destroy is raised within us; our blood boils for revenge for the comrade that a minute before you have seen ripped open by a shell, or perchance whose brains are bespattered over your person. It is then the demon of war is within you, and the work of death is but as sport; for fear goes from you, and but one idea fixes itself in your brain, and that is, there are enemies in front, and your mission is to destroy; and how the British 'Missionaries, (no sneer intended) did their work at Inkermann tell me not I boast if I confide it to history to tell.

On returning to camp you first asked yourself 'Am I safe?' and then you wandered how you escaped. You next look round your tent, and, as was the case in mine, saw three poor fellows with bandages on different parts of their persons, with merely, 'I see, Jack, you are winged;' and 'How did it happen?' and no more is thought of the matter. Another glance round shows that our number was deficient of two. A little inquiry determined their fate. One was ripped open by a shell, and the other was stretched at full length, and with the exclamation 'Poor fellows! they were good soldiers,' the matter is dropped. Everyone sets to work to work to boil a cup of coffee, drinks, rolls his blanket round his head, and sleeps without dreaming that but a mile or so from him lay 10,000 beings that he has assisted in destroying. Such is all a soldier thinks of a bloody fight. In quiet hours after they sit and talk of the event; but not as if it were the extraordinary thing that is ushered throughout the world.—Huddersfield Examiner.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

On the 22nd ultimo, Godwin's battery was employed in firing at the enemy's riflemen in the pits near Malakoff Tower. As each shell burst over or near the pits, their occupants suddenly sprang out and made for the shelter of their batteries. However, two fellows in advance of all, continued their fire for some time, until a shell was thrown and burst right over