

ready her well-appointed cottage was left of half its charms. There were more things in house-keeping than had been dreamed of in her philosophers.

(To be continued.)

Incidents of the War.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

The men, though cordial, were scarcely so communicative as might, under the circumstances, have been expected. When questioned about their personal adventures, they invariably entered into detailed accounts of each engagement; and they "spun yarns" as long as any tar ever did. In mingling with them, however, we took particular interest in eliciting the feelings and opinions of the men respecting their commander-in-chief, Lord Raglan. His character and abilities have been too freely canvassed of late, that the individual opinions of the soldiers will be looked upon with no little curiosity. The result of these inquiries have led us to believe that Lord Raglan, notwithstanding the insinuations of his traducers, is actually idolised in the army. Going up to a private in one of the regiments of the line, we began a conversation, and led him by an easy transition, to pass an opinion upon the General. "Why sir," he said, "I fought on the the Suttie under Lord Gough and Lord Hardinge. They were looked upon as splendid fellows, but there never was a general better liked by his soldiers than Lord Raglan."

Another private who joined us, said that he was very attentive to the men, and that he had frequently seen him riding about before the battle of Inkermann. A corporal of the Grenadier Guards, overhearing the remark, exclaimed, "Why the men thought he was far too much among the bullets."

A number of the select vestry entered into familiar conversation with a wounded man of the 55th regiment, and asked him what he thought of the commander. "A braver man never breathed," was the ready response. "I saw him at Balaklava, riding up and down, and looking after every thing." There was about a dozen of the wounded men, consisting chiefly of the 20th, 27th, and 55th regiments, clustered around a large fire in the middle ward, reading the newspapers which the governor had generously distributed amongst them. It was only necessary to listen a moment to see that the greatest indignation was felt by all of them at the attacks made upon Lord Raglan. "There never was a better general," exclaimed one of them, "and right well every man in the army knows it," a most hearty assent was given to this sentiment.

It is hardly necessary to say that there is the greatest esteem for General Sir DeLacy Evans, General Sir George Brown, and General Cathcart. The French commander, Canrobert, comes in for a share of praise; but the great favourite seems to be the Duke of Cambridge, who is never mentioned but you hear a dozen, exclaim all at once, "Plucky fellow that!"

What do you think of Miss Nightingale? "Oh, a noble lady," replied the poor fellow, who was suffering from wounds and dysentery. "She's worth all the nurses in Scutaria. She's here, there, and everywhere. You never lose sight of her." A private of the 17th Light Dragoons enthusiastically added—"Why she's worth more than seventy doctors put together. The doctors are fearfully rough, but she's very gentle." There was abundance of provisions for men, but not for horses, up to the 5th of November. "Why, Bill," said one of them, "the Crimea was nothing compared to the campaign in Bulgaria." "No," added Bill, "fighting is better than sickness, after all."

If any one were at all sceptical about the cordial alliance of the English and French troops, a walk through these wards would remove the doubt. A private of the Coldstream Guards described that they had been fighting four hours on the day of the battle of Inkermann, and were quite overpowered, when the Zouaves rushed upon the enemy, raised a tremendous cheer, signed to the English to retire a few paces, and, stationing themselves within a few yards of the advanced line of the Russians, poured in one deadly volley after another from their Minie rifles. "The French are rare claps," one of the Grenadier Guards interposed; after the Inkermann row they ran up to us and slapped us on the back, and kissed us, and shouted "Hurrah!" The French cook better than us. They are allowed to plunder. They pulled down lots of old houses at Balaklava to get wood, but we were not allowed. Lots of goats and pigs were running about the streets of Balaklava when we went in. The French seized them. There was a general order against us taking anything, but the French gave us a capital share of their plunder.

Nobody doubts the pluck of the British soldier, but it is a theme that never loses its charm, and a few jottings in illustration of it will be interesting. It is remarkable that the only time any of them recollected feeling nervous was at the very commencement of the serious work of the campaign, during the charge up the heights of the Alma. We felt queer at the Alma, said

a Grenadier Guard who had left his right arm there, when we got the order to rise from the ground and advance. I'm sure my comrades felt as I did. I could hardly charge my musket, or bite off the end of the cartridge. A few minutes passed, and we were rushing up to the mouths of the guns and firing away without any fear. I don't think that any English soldier has felt fear since then. A private in the Coldstream Guards described that while advancing to the dense columns of the Russians stationed on the heights of the Alma, and when within 100 yards of the enemy's guns he had his right arm taken off by a ball. Just at that moment he was going to join in a loud hurrah set up from the ranks, and determined not to be disappointed he assisted in the shout, and then stepped back. You may not believe this, he added, but it's a fact, and what's more I was never insensible. He was a brawny powerful looking man, and no one could doubt his story. While talking with this man, another wounded soldier, tottering along on crutches, came up. He heard the word Alma, and he became at once excited. The poor fellow had a stuttering impediment, and as he warmed on the subject he turned as indignant at his tardy speech as he could possibly have been at the Russians. They couldn't stand our bayonets, sir. Whenever we dashed at them they drew back in this style, at the same time bending his body, throwing back his head, and putting on a sacred and pitiful look. This strange caricature was highly relished by his comrades, who raised a boisterous laugh, and clapped the merry fellow on the back. It was hard bayonet work at Inkermann, was remarked to a corporal of the Grenadier Guards, who had received a bayonet thrust in the chest. No, we didn't use the bayonet so much as you think. We knocked the Russians down with the butt end of the musket. The little fellows wouldn't stand the bayonet charge at all, and we were forced to humour them and keep them from running away by knocking them about with our muskets. A private of the 17th Light Dragoons, whose arm has been amputated, was one of the gallant survivors of the cavalry charge at Balaklava. How did you feel when you got the order to advance? inquired a gentleman sitting on the bed beside him. Why, sir, I felt as if I could jump from the saddle with ecstasy. We dashed on at a beautiful pace down the hill, and left not a moment for a countermand of orders. It was one splendid flourish of sabres. We were at the guns when a bullet hit my sword arm, and I could do nothing. It was as bad to turn back as to go forward, so I followed right on. When we were retreating my horse stood still on the hill top. I called to a comrade to help me off. Jump off, he said. I can't. Well, then, throw yourself off. I did so, and made my way somehow or other to the ambulance camp.

What sort of fighters are the Russians? a sergeant of the 44th was asked. They're very brave, he answered, behind their walls and entrenchments, but bring them on the plain and they're not good stuff. If 14,000 of the allies could lick 60,000, and kill, wound, or take prisoners 15,000 of them, they're not such fine chaps. The fact that the Russians do not elevate their muskets when they fire is not generally known. The Russians never take aim, observed a private of the 22d Regiment, they load their gun resting it on the left hip, and present it from the right hip when they fire. They make bad shots and mostly wound us in the legs. The shoulder after all.

FROM LIEUT. GRANVILLE HARKNESS.

Camp at Inkermann, Dec. 25.

The weather is horribly cold; snow, rain, or sleet every day. We dig holes in the rocky ground, and roof them with bushes, and make a fireplace and chimney of stones and mud, to form a little hut for cookery, or we would never keep a fire alight in the rain. All our wood consists of green oak twigs and roots, quite wet. As you may suppose, it is very cold in a tent, where we can have no fire without being stifled, but we manage to keep pretty jolly. The tent seems quite a little home after a long pouring wet night on picket. I have two Ordnance blankets, beside my own, for my bed, and sleep in most of my clothes. I have also my little hair mattress and a feather pillow now, so I sleep quite comfortably. One great difficulty is to dry one's wet things. A fine warm day is our only change, which comes so seldom that they are almost always wet. It will be a queer state of things when the heavy snow comes: the trenches will be filled with drifts, and the guns buried.

Four of us mess together in my tent, and we have been trying to get a few extras to do honour to the day. The commissariat have managed to issue fresh meat to-day for the first time this month; but ours is such a little bony piece that we cannot bake it, so we are making a stew. We could not get even a duck or fowl from the ship; an officer has only the same rations as a private soldier; the total being salt meat, green coffee, biscuit, sugar and rum; so we are obliged to buy things, at enormous prices from a few sharks who have sent up stores at Balaklava. Cheese, 2s. 6d. a pound; potatoes 4d. a pound. We also get a few things from the ships in the harbour, and pay dearly for them. Extra great coats and under-clothing are being given to the men, and it is said officers are to have them also, including a fur coat.

I wish they were here, for we want them badly enough.

26th December.—Our dinner last night was capital. We were five together. We had excellent soup, and a stew of fresh beef, potatoes, and onions, and an immense plum pudding made in first rate style, and flaming with brandy almost equal, if I may dare say so, to one of J.—s. I was surprised that our servants could turn out so perfect a one, as we had previously indulged in various duffs approximating in solidity to old Nicholas's 68-pounders. We had also English Cheese, white bread and butter, jam, potted meats, figs, and sweet-meats, with sherry, mulled claret, brandy, whiskey, and lastly, ration rum—a great dinner under present circumstances.

FROM JAMES RUDD, COLLESTREAN GUARDS.

Scutari Hospital, Dec. 18.

Thank God, I am quite recovered from the wound I got on the 5th of November, and am ready to go up to the seat of war again; I live in hopes to have another brush with those Russians; I hope I shall be at the taking of Sebastopol. If ever I do get into action again against the enemy, I shall adopt the same plan as they: I will not spare one of them if he has got breath in him. There were plenty of our brave comrades who would have died if they had not murdered them as they lay wounded on the field of slaughter. I had to stain my bayonet for the first time, for we had not time to load, as the enemy was so close upon us in overwhelming forces; we drove them back at the charge of bayonet. It was hard fighting for my regiment: we fired all our shot away; then we commenced throwing big stones at them, as fast as they got upon the trench; we either knocked them down, or gave them the bayonet. It was glorious fighting, there was plenty of game. You could not miss your mark. Many a barbarous brute I laid low. It's no use being down-hearted here; you must have a determined spirit or else you cannot get through all things. The weather is very cold; a great many of our poor fellows have got frost bitten. I think that Nicholas would be glad to come to terms this winter, but if he don't he will catch it next summer. England, France, Turkey, and Austria will surround him, will drive him up in a corner, then we shall have some glorious sport. I hope that my dear father and mother will not be down-hearted, because we are out here fighting for our country, I must now bid you farewell. Answer all my letters and send me all the news you can; keep your spirits up; "Johnny Bono" is all the cry with these old Turks.

FROM THOMAS DUDLEY, OF THE 17th LANCERS.

Who had his collar-bone shattered by a ball in the cavalry charge at Balaklava.

Scutari General Hospital, Dec. 18, 1854.

I thought it (the shot) a very lucky hit for me in two respects; first, if it had been an inch further to my neck it would have been all up with me certain; next, it sent me here, to be laid up in lavender, at least compared with what the poor fellows are undergoing at the camp; but I dare say it is not all true that is said about that any more than it is about this place. By the bye I stuck the paper you sent in the fire. The lies in it were shameful. Never was a place worse libelled. I don't believe there is a man here but would feel as I do about it. Why, here we have all the comforts we can desire, at least, well expect. A poor fellow can't utter a groan or hardly a sigh, but some kind soul at his pillow. If Miss Nightingale had been dropped from Heaven she could scarcely have done more good. Talk of the men not being grateful! Many a noble fellow here would marry his nurse out of sheer gratitude, if he could do her honour thereby—to say nothing about the thoughts of mothers and sisters. Yes, this will set a man thinking about his own fireside comforts and those that are far away. Of course, after a large and fresh arrival of sick and wounded there is some confusion—how should it be otherwise? but the next day all is set in order. The medical staff is, as far as I can judge, excellent, and I can say something about it having been here nearly two months. I have written some scores of letters home for other poor fellows, and they all express themselves as I do. I know I am in no hurry to go back; but suppose I shall soon.—I believe I might get sent home if I wished; but they would say that looks like cowardice, so that won't do; but however, I will make the most of it while I stop here.

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 11.

Our mortar batteries commenced firing on the 1st instant. They have caused the Russians serious injury. At the moment I am writing, the deafening sound which comes from Sebastopol, from which we are not more than 1,060 yards distant, gives me hopes that the great blow will be struck before long. The number of bombs thrown daily is incalculable, and the fire is more animated than ever during the last 48 hours. Our projectiles cause immense injury, not to the town, which is a mere heap of ruins, but to the besieged, who do not know where to hide themselves. The Russians make frequent sorties, but they are always victoriously repulsed. There are 15,000 Turks at Eupatoria. Omar Pasha will be shortly there at the head of 40,000 men. He

will cut off the retreat of the Russians, and render the arrival of supplies impossible. You may perceive that everything is progressing as well as possible, and that the reason General Canrobert does not press the assault is, that he wishes to make himself master of the garrison, and at the same time avoid useless carnage. With the exception of some cases of men frozen in the trenches, the sanitary state of the army is satisfactory. Unfortunately I cannot say as much of the English. Our entire brigade has been occupied for the last three weeks in making a road from Balaklava to the camp of our allies, and in transporting their food and ammunition. The cold is so severe that our soldiers have been forced to abandon their tents and to dig holes underground. Those subterranean habitations are warm, but very damp.

The late tempestuous weather has caused serious damage to the shipping on this coast. A letter from St. Raphael states that on the night of the 20th inst. such a hurricane had been experienced there as had not been known for 30 years. Of seven vessels at anchor in the harbour three were thrown on the rocks and totally destroyed. They are the Var, bound for St. Tropez, with flour; the Nostra Signora del Rosario from Genoa, with rice, for Toulon; the Spanish Brig Espectador, from Palma, for Genoa, with wheat and wine. The crews were all saved, with the exception of the captain and three seamen of the Espectador.—From a French Officer.

FROM ONE OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

Near Sebastopol, Jan. 4.

I hope you will excuse me for not writing before, but we have been constantly employed, night and day. There has been a talk that this place is going to stand all winter, but I can tell you that if they do not send us warm clothing, and provide us with better shelter, we shall soon have to leave it, for the snow is this day above our knees, and what we shall do God only knows. The campaign is getting dreadful, and our poor men are dying for want of the comforts of life. I shall be very glad when our ship goes home, for we have been on shore better than three months, and there are no more signs of the place being taken than there were the first day. Oh, that God would strike down him that caused all this to be! Many of my brave countrymen have fell by my side and no doubt many more will, but the Lord has spared me and my brother Richard so far, and I hope and trust that we may be spared to return once more to our fatherland. I hope you all spent a merry Christmas and a happy new year. We had half a pound of salt and bone on Christmas-day, and the same on New Year's-day, and for six days we had nothing to eat but bread-dust. I can tell you that we are very badly looked after in fighting for the cause we are in. There is a great talk that this place will be taken in less than a month, but I am greatly afraid that it never will be taken, unless by storm, and that ought to have been done on the 5th of November. I was on the battle-field the whole of the day that Inkermann was fought, and to see 60,000 men against 14,000 was something for a man to look at; but when these things are over they are thought no more of—the time is past, and the men are forgotten. It is a most dreadful thing for a man who comes here to bleed for his country that he is not better looked after and cared for.

If ever I live to get home again, I shall be able to tell more than ever I thought I should of the manner in which we have been served. I never thought it could occur in the service of my country. But now, should I ever return again, if it lies in my power, I will leave the service in disgust, and happy shall I be when the time comes to see you all again.

The following is an extract of a private letter, addressed to his family in Paris, by an officer of Voltigeurs, before Sebastopol:—

The Brigade to which I belong, occupies the left of the line, towards the sea, and I have only a few steps to advance to behold the town and forts of Sebastopol. We are encamped on the slope of a ravine, which hides us from the view of the enemy.

The distance is such that the shells and bullets have several times ploughed up our camp. Our service consists of guarding the trenches, and of working at them. The guard returns every three days. The battalion leaves at 1 o'clock in the morning, passes round the ravine, and enters the trenches after two hours' march, and without any marked route. They defend one by one in the passages of communication, and we are generally given 400 metres to guard. We pass in the 24 hours under every sort of weather, and without shelter, having nothing whatever to amuse us except the parabolas described by the shells, the infernal din of mortars, varied by the whistling of cannon balls and bullets. The first day our men lay down on their faces as each shell passed. Now three-fourths of them look on tranquilly, observing to their comrades. See how it smokes its pipe! On the other hand, the batteries fire but little up to the present, and do not reply to the guns of the enemy, which are so violent that many of the ravines are full of their balls. We often see a white flag hoisted to the top of a pole, and hear the trumpet-sound in the Russian ambulances. This of course means flag of truce.