

The Light Cavalry Brigade is on the left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive. Between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabers in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath the horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash onward toward that thin red line topped with a streak of steel.

The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke with the whole force of horse and man, here and there, knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within one hundred and fifty yards another deadly volley flashes from the levelled muskets and carries death and terror to the Russians. They wheel about, open files left and right, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! Well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken.

The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think that the Ninety-third never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No!" said Sir Colin Campbell, "I didn't think it worth while to form them four deep."

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently corps de élite—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on our left, at an easy gallop, toward the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit.

The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us that we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort and a group of officers, French generals, Zouaves and a body of French infantry on the height were spectators of the scene. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line