

The Eastern War.

THE BATTLE FIELD OF ALMA.

From the correspondence of the London Times we take the annexed view of the modern battle field of Alma. It affords not only a sickening scene of horrors, but proves the utterly demoralizing effects of war and the brutalizing tendencies of a soldier's life even in this age of christianity and elevating and humanizing intelligences.

HEIGHTS OF ALMA, Sept. 21.

Horrible Scenes—The Dead Russian Soldiers—Their Dress—The Contents of their Knapsacks—Their Tenacity of Life—Their Distrust of the Allied Soldiers—The Appearance of the Prisoners—Prince Menschikoff Lost His Presence of Mind.

It was a terrible and sickening sight to go over the battle field. Till deprived of my horse by a chance shot, I rode about to ascertain, as far as possible, the loss of our friends, and in doing so I was often brought to a stand-still by the difficulty of getting through the piles of wounded Russians, mingled too often with our own poor soldiers. The hills of Greenwich park in fair time are not more densely covered with human beings than were the heights of Alma with dead and dying. On these bloody mounds fell 2,196 English officers and men, and upwards of 3,000 Russians, while their western extremity was covered with the bodies of 1,400 gallant Frenchmen, and of more than 3,000 of their foes.

When Lord Raglan and his staff and the Duke of Cambridge rode round to the top of the hill the troops cheered him with a thrilling effect—a shout of victory which never can be forgotten. The enemy, who were flying in the distance, might almost have heard its echoes as it rolled among the hills. Our men had, indeed, done their work well, for the action, which commenced at 1.25 on our part was over about 4 P.M. In fact, the actual close continuous fighting did not last two hours!

The Russian regiments engaged against us, judging from the numbers on the caps and buttons of the dead and wounded, were the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 31st, 32d, 33d, and some of the Imperial Guard. The Russian Regiment consists of four battalions and each battalion may be said to be 650 strong. The soldiers were mostly stout, strong men. Several of the regiments, 32d and 16th, for example, wore a black leather helmet, handsomely mounted with brass, and having a brass cone on the top, with a hole for the reception of a tuft, feather, or plume; others wore simply a white linen foraging cap. They were all dressed in long drab coats with brass buttons, bearing the number of the regiment. These coats fitted loosely, were gathered in at the back by a small strap and button, descend to the ankles, and seemed stout, comfortable garments, though the cloth was coarse in texture; the trousers, of coarse blue stuff, were thrust inside a pair of Wellington boots, open at the top, to admit of their being comfortably tucked down; the boots were stout, well made, and serviceable. The knapsacks astonished our soldiers.

On opening them, each was found to contain the dress uniform coat of the man, blue or green, with white facings, and slashes like our own, a pair of tanned drawers, a clean shirt, a pair of clean socks, a pair of stout mitts, a case containing a good pair of scissors marked "Sapin," an excellent penknife with one large blade of Russian manufacture, a ball of twine, a roll of leather, wax, thread, needles and pins, a hairbrush and comb; a small looking-glass, razor, strop, and soap, shoe brushes and blacking. The general remark of our men was that the Russians were very 'clean soldiers,' and certainly the men on the field had fair white skins to justify the expressions. Each man had a loaf of dark brown bread, of a sour taste, and disagreeable odor, in his knapsack, and a linen roll containing a quantity of brown coarse stuff, broken up into lumps and large grains, which is crushed biscuit or hard granulated bread, prepared with oil.

This, we were told by the prisoners, was the sole food of the men. They eat the bread with onions and oil; the powder is 'reserve' ration; and if they march they may be for days without food, and remain hungry until they can get fresh loaves and more "breadstuff." It is perfectly astounding to think they can keep together on such diet—and yet they are strong, muscular men enough. The surgeons remarked that their tenacity of life was very remarkable. Many of them lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men. I saw one of the 32d regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head and from the

front of the skull. I saw with my own eyes the wounded man raise his head, wipe the horrible mass from his brow, and proceed to struggle down the hills towards the water!

Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound. They seem to have a general idea that they would be murdered; possibly, they had been told no quarter would be given, and several deplorable events took place in consequence. As our men were passing by two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that "the wounded Russians" were firing on our men. There is a story, indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the very act of administering succor as he lay in agony on the field; be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre taking place, but the men were soon controlled, and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle field.

One villain, with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 7th regiment, and before he could say a word he discharged his rifle through the wretched creature's brains. Col. Yae rode at him to cut him down, but the Yae excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him. This was the single act of inhumanity I saw perpetrated by this army flushed with victory and animated by angry passions, although the wounded enemy had unquestionably endangered their lives by acts of ferocious folly. Many of the Russians had small crosses and chains fastened round their necks. Several were found with Korans in their knapsacks—most probably recruits from the Kansas Tartars. Many of the officers had portraits of wives or mistresses, or mothers or sisters, inside their coats.

The privates wore the little money they possessed in purses fastened below their left knees, and the men in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destroy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering, were a mournful commentary on the exultation of the victors and on the joy which reigned along the bivouac fires of our men.

Of the Russians one thing was remarkable. The prisoners are generally coarse, sullen and intelligent-looking men. Death had ennobled those who fell, for the expression of their faces was altogether different. The wounded might have envied those who seemed to have passed away so peacefully.

The soldiers are all shaven cleanly on the chin and cheeks; only the moustache is left, and the hair is cropped as close to the head as possible. The latter is a very convenient mode of wearing the hair in these parts of the world. The officers (those of superior rank excepted) are barely distinguishable from the men so far as uniform is concerned, but the generals wore sashes and epaulettes. The subalterns wore merely a lace shoulder-strap, instead of the cloth one of the privates. Most of them spoke French, and the entreaties of the wounded to be taken along with us, as the officers moved up the hill, were touching in the extreme. The poor fellows had a notion that our men would murder them if the eye of the officer was removed from them.

An old general, who sat smiling and bowing on a bank with his leg broken by a round shot, seemed principally concerned for the loss of his gold snuff box. This, I believe, has since been restored to him. The men say they were badly handled, and had no general to direct them:—Menschikoff lost his head in a figurative sense. The officers displayed great gallantry, and the men fought with a dogged courage characteristic of the Russian infantry, but they were utterly deficient in *elan* and dash. Our loss is 2,195 killed and wounded; of the French between 1,300 and 1,400. The enemy have lost upwards of 6,000. Had we had but a little brigade of cavalry more, we might have converted the retreat into an utter rout, and taken some 5,000 prisoners, guns and standards as trophies of our victory. The troops bivouacked on the field, not far from the scene of their triumphs.

Humorous.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.

SELF-DEFENCE TRUMPHANT.

At the last term of the Orange Co. (N. Y.) Court, the following case was tried, upon which the jury was addressed by the defendant, who had concluded to appear in his own defence:

The People vs. James Allerton.—This was a very interesting case, rendered so from the fact that the defendant acted as "his own lawyer" on the trial, without having the advantage of being one of the legal fraternity. His "summing up," of which we are able to give nearly a verbatim report, with the exception of the "acting," was decidedly rich, and afforded much amusement for the legal gentlemen present. The defendant, who is a small, red-haired, thin specimen of a Yankee, was indicted for an assault and battery on one Mr. Dodder. The facts, as divulged upon trial, are briefly as follows: The defendant is in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forestburg and Jervis Plank Road Company as a toll-gatherer, and resides on the

road, some miles above Port Jervis. He, and the complainant, Mr. Dodder, are near neighbors.

On a Sunday in February last, the defendant saw complainant, in the act of beating his (defendant's) cows along the highway, and as an inducement for him to quit, hurled a few stones at him, one of which, as the complainant testified, struck him on the back of the neck.

The testimony being concluded, the defendant addressed the jury as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury:—I don't know much about law, and since the trial has been going on I have concluded that I ought to know a little more. I ought to apologize perhaps for appearing in my own defence, and will tell you that I feed one lawyer, and hired another in this case, but they both come up missing when I need them most. I suppose I might have secured the services of some of these other "limbs of the law," that I see around me, but having been cheated by two of 'em, I concluded to go it "on my own hook," and here I am! I want to tell you, gentlemen, before I go farther, that it is not my fault that this case is here taking up the time of this honorable court. I think you will give me credit for telling the truth, when I say it ought to have been tried before a Justice of the Peace, it being better adapted to the capacities of such a court, than of this one. After this difficulty Dodder did get a warrant for me from Squire Cuddeback, over in Deerpark. He then charged that I had insulted him, but five or six months has freshened his recollection, and he now says that I assaulted and battered him. I believe there is some difference between the two charges.

Dodder says he swore to the complaint before Squire Cuddeback, and I leave it to you to say whether he tells the truth now in saying that I battered him. I was taken by a constable before the Squire, and either because the Justice was ashamed of what he had already done, or hadn't time to attend to it, I don't know which, it went down. Two or three weeks after that I was arrested again, and my wife having been confined, I thought it best as a dutiful husband, to be around him, so I got rid of it by giving security for my appearance to Court.

You know gentlemen that I am in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forestburg and Port Jervis Plank Road Company as a gate keeper. This company it seems had sufficient confidence in my integrity and honesty as to place me in that important station, and even if I should receive \$3,000 and steal \$1,500 of it, that's between me and the company, and it's none of Dodder's business. Now when the company sent me up along this road to collect tolls, this Dodder was one of the inhabitants I found there in the woods, and I will say for him that he is a very fair specimen of the rest of the population, but there isn't any of them that seem to appreciate all the benefits of this Plank Road.

It let out to civilization, a class of people who never before realized the idea that there was such a thing as civilized life, and this Dodder is one of them. It is a fact that soon after I moved there, a young woman, 17 years old, came down out of the mountains on the Plank Road, one day, and said she had never been out before. She fairly seemed surprised to see a white man, and after asking a few questions, went back into the woods. This Dodder was my nearest neighbor, and a good deal nearer than I wanted him, and I hadn't been there long before I heard he had been lying about me to one of the Directors, and I soon found out that he wanted to get his son, who was sworn here against me, in my place. But he hasn't done it yet, and if you don't convict me, I reckon he won't very soon.

It won't take long to dispose of Dodder No. 2. He testifies that he saw me throw three stones at his father, and saw the "old man dodge." On his cross examination he says that he was in his own house in the woods, and had to look over a hill twenty feet high, and also over three slab fences and two stone walls. Well, if he tells the truth, all I wish is that I had young Dodder's eyes. He is certainly a remarkable boy, and can't consistently deny his "father."

I am willing to admit that I done wrong to throw stones at Dodder, and I apologize to all the world and this county, particularly, for it. The Doctors tell us that there are two causes for nearly all disease, predisposition and excitability; I think it was the latter cause that moved me to stone Dodder. I therefore confess myself guilty of the assault, but the battery, I deny; and if you find me guilty of the battery I will appeal from the decision to the Court of High Heaven itself, before I will submit to it.

Now, gentlemen, you saw Mr. Dodder and heard him swear against me. I asked him a great many questions, and I was sorry to hear him answer as he did. I might have

asked him if he didn't kill my cat, and if he didn't stone my chickens, because they trespassed in his woods, where actually the rocks are so thick that the brakes can't find their way through them, but then I knew he would deny it, and it would grieve me to hear him. He admits that he was driving my three cows up the road, and that he struck at one of 'em, but says it was with a small switch. I have proved that this switch was a pole about ten feet long, and about three inches across the butt end, and I have also proved that when he struck, the cow fell. It is true my witness couldn't swear that the stick hit her, he was so far off, but take the blow and fall together, and we can guess the rest. If you, gentlemen, should see me point a gun at a man and pull the trigger, see the flash and hear the report, and at the same time see the man drop, I think you would say that I shot him, although you might not see the ball strike him.

Now, the fact is, gentlemen, that on Sunday, I was laying on my lounge in my house, when my wife said to me that Dodder was chasing my cows. I jumped up and pulled on my boots and went out of doors, and saw Dodder and the cows coming up the road. It is true he says he was not driving them, but says he and the cows were both going along the road in one direction, and this was as near as I could get him to the cows or the truth, but it is proved that the cows were going ahead of him, and he was following after them, with this little switch, ten feet long, three inches across the butt, and I reckon you'll think he was "driving" them. I sung out to him "Dodder, stop!" but he didn't obey my order, and I just threw a stone in that direction, which went about 10 feet over his head; at the same going toward him while he was going towards me. He paid no attention, and I sung out again, "Dodder, stop!" still he didn't mind me, and then I just threw another stone, but on he came, and on I went, and I threw the third stone, which he says hit him on the back of the neck, but which I think is rather strange as we were going towards each other as fast as we could go, but he never slacked up, by this time we were within about eight feet of each other. I halted and hollered at the top of my voice, "Dodder, why in — don't you stop!" about then he did stop, and raise this ten foot switch, as if to strike me, — I sang out—"Mr. Dodder, look out! You may wallopp my cows, but if you wallopp me with that switch, you'll wallopp an animal that'll hook!" [Here the orator made an appropriate gesture of the head, as in the act of hooking, which was followed with tumultuous shouts and laughter, that continued several minutes.]

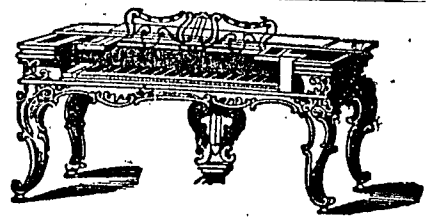
Now, gentlemen, if you convict me this Court can fine me \$250 and jug me for six months, and if you really think I ought to be convicted of this assault, say so, for I am in favor of living up to the laws, as long as they are laws, whether it is the Fugitive Slave Law, the Nebraska Bill or the Excise Laws. I will read you a little law, however, which I have just seen in a book I found here — (the speaker here picked up a law book and read as follows.)—"Every man has a right to defend himself from personal violence." Now I don't know whether that is law or not, but I find it in a law book, [a veteran member of the bar who was sitting near the speaker, remarked to him that it was good law.] Well, gentlemen, here is an old man who looks as if he might know something, and he says this is good law. Now, if you will turn to Barbour something, page 399, you'll find that the same doctrine is applied to cattle—(great laughter.) Therefore, I take it, I had a right to defend my cows against Dodder's ten foot switch. "Why, gentlemen, nearly all my wealth is invested in them three cows, and you can't wonder that I became a little excited when I saw Dodder switching them with his ten foot pole. I am a poor man and have a large family, consisting of a wife and six children, which I reckon is doing pretty well for as small a man as I am, and I could not afford to let Dodder kill my cows."

Now, gentlemen, I don't believe that you'll convict me, after what I've said. But if you do, and this Court fines me \$250, "I shall repudiate," because "can't pay." And if I'm juggled for six months, why these Dodders will have it all their own way up there. But notwithstanding all this, I am willing to risk myself in your hands, and if you think I ought to have stood by and not done anything when I saw Dodder hammering my cows, why then I am "gone in," toll gate and all.

It is true, I am a poor man, but not a mean one. The name of Allerton can't be traced to the *Mary Flower*; when she landed the pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, among the passengers was a widow, Mary Allerton, with four fatherless children, and I am descended from that Puritan stock; and from that day to this, there has never lived an Allerton

who hadn't Yankee spirit enough to stop a Dodder for poling his cows. *I'm done.*— (Here the laughing and shouting were exceedingly boisterous, in which all participated,) and it was several minutes, despite the repeated cries of "order, order," by the court, before order could be restored. Our eloquent and usually unvanquishable District Attorney, fearing to cope with so formidable an antagonist, merely remarked: "It is a plain case," &c., and left it to the jury, who promptly brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." Mr. Allerton certainly deserves judicial promotion, and we move that he be appointed Crier of the Court.

Philadelphia.



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