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THE PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

From the 25th October—the date of the cavalry action at Balaklava—until the 5th ult., nothing of much importance occurred. The besiegers kept slowly pushing on their works, though continually harassed by the enemy. The latter, on the 3rd and 4th November, received large reinforcements, and were still further animated by the presence of two Arch-Dukes, sons of their Czar. Under these circumstances, Prince Menschikoff determined upon re-suming the aggressive, and, by a bold and combined attack, to force the Allies from their position. For this purpose during the night of Saturday the 4th ult., he concentrated large masses of troops, supported by a powerful artillery on the extreme right of the British troops. But what follows will be better understood from the following description by the *London Globe* of the

POSITION OF THE ALLIES.

"The allied armies are encamped upon a plot of about four miles in length and six in breadth, but the ground is so high about the neighboring valleys that a large force on these heights could resist ten times its numbers. Towards Balaklava the ascent from the plain below is, generally speaking, very abrupt, so that from the sea to the Inkermann Valley—i.e., the valley by the side of which an important part of the harbor of Sebastopol runs—is easily defended. The French have raised a breast-work along the whole line, batteries are placed in well-selected positions, redoubts and redans command certain roads and passes, and where the smallest chance offered for a cavalry passage, due protection has been applied; so that as long as we have an army of the present strength, no enemy need be feared in this direction. The plateau on which we rest is not square, but bounded by three curves—one on the coast line; the second, or Balaklava line, from the sea to the point whence you look down into the Inkermann Valley; the third, running from that point towards the sea, parallel with the town, and dipping towards the coast, until it is at last a level with the highest part of the arsenal side of Sebastopol. Along this last line, upon spurs of hills running out towards the fortress, our batteries are placed, the French, on left attack, occupying the broad slip spoken of above as level with a part of the town. Of course between these spurs there are gorges, and these run down and meet the plain, which narrows as you draw from Inkermann seaward. The only assailable part of our position is that towards the fortress; but even that may be set down as perfectly secure, considering the force we always have at hand, provided ordinary watchfulness be exercised. We have on the right attack four batteries, named as follows:—Right Lancaster, Left Lancaster, Green Hill, and Four-gun Battery, mounting about 30 guns; and on the left the large Green-hill Battery, with 36 guns, our nearest gun being at least 1,200 yards from Sebastopol. In advance we have an approach which is within 600 yards of the enemy; but this is not intended to aid a battery so much as to form a cover for the storming parties whenever an attack shall be determined on. In the rear of these batteries, beginning from our extreme right, lie the 2nd, 1st, Light, 3rd, and 4th Divisions, ready at a moment's notice to repel any sortie, should the covering parties find themselves unable to hold their own. The great difficulty on the English side consists in the rocky nature of the ground, which quite prevents sapping close up to the walls, and terribly increases the labor for the poor men. Between us and the French there is a long and deep ravine, beyond which are the French batteries, finely placed on a level with the high ground of the town, and, as the soil is comparatively deep, the engineer has a better chance. General Bisot is one of the Vauban school, and is quietly but confidently approaching the walls. The batteries defending Sebastopol are five in front and two in the town, all mud works, and apparently well constructed. As to the number of guns, it is impossible to speak accurately. There are probably not less than 150 in position, and the injury received from the allies during the day is repaired from the arsenal during the night. It was against "the only assailable part" that the enemy directed his attack. Slowly and silently under cover of the darkness his columns approached the British pickets. But here we shall have recourse to the *Times* special correspondent for the details of the battle of Inkermann. On the 25th Nov. 5th had rained almost incessantly the night before, and the early morning gave no promise of any cessation of the heavy showers, which had fallen for the previous four and twenty hours. Towards dawn a heavy fog settled down on the heights and in the valley of the Inkermann. The pickets and men on the outlying posts were thoroughly saturated

and their arms were wet, despite their precautions, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, if there were some of them who were not quite as alert as sentries should be in face of an enemy; for it must be remembered that our small army is almost worn out by its incessant labors. The fog and vapors of drifting rain were so thick as morning broke that one could scarcely see two yards before him. During the night a sharp-eared sergeant on an outlying picket of the light division heard the sound of wheels in the valley below, as though they were approaching the position up the hill. He reported the circumstance to Major Bunbury, but it was supposed that the sound arose from ammunition carts or arabas going into Sebastopol by the Inkermann road. No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the valley of Inkermann on the undefended flank of the 2nd division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy were bringing into position an overwhelming artillery ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight. It must be observed that Sir De Lacy Evans had long been aware of the insecurity of this portion of our position, and had repeatedly pointed it out to those whose duty it was to guard against the dangers which threatened us. Yet nothing was done. No effort was made to entrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth, to cut down the brushwood, or to form an abatis. It was thought 'not to be necessary.' A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enabled the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which taken in time might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy had they been bold enough to have assaulted us behind entrenchments. We have nothing to rejoice over in the battle of Inkermann. We have defeated the enemy, indeed, but have not advanced a step nearer towards the citadel of Sebastopol. We have abashed, humiliated, and utterly routed an enemy strong in number, in fanaticism, and in dogged, resolute courage, and animated by the presence of a son of him whom they believe to be God's Viceroy on earth; but we have suffered a fearful loss, and we are not in a position to part with one man. England must give us men. She must be prodigal of her sons, as she is of her money and of her ships, and as they have been of their lives in her service.

"It was little after five o'clock this morning when Brigadier-General Codrington, in accordance with his usual habit, visited the outlying pickets of his own brigade of the light division. It was reported to him that 'all was well,' and the general retraced his steps through the brushwood towards his lines. He had only proceeded a few paces when a sharp rattle of musketry was heard down the hill and on the left of the pickets of the light division. It was here that the pickets of the 2nd division were stationed: General Codrington at once turned his horse's head in the direction of the firing, and in a few moments galloped back to turn out his division. The Russians were advancing in force upon us! Their grey great coats rendered them almost invisible even when close at hand. The pickets of the 2nd division had scarcely made out the advancing lines of infantry who were clambering up the steep sides of the hill through a drizzling shower of rain, ere they were forced to retreat by a close sharp volley of musketry, and were driven up towards the brow of the hill, contesting every step of it, and firing as long as they had a round of ammunition on the Russian advance. The pickets of the light division were assailed soon afterwards, and were also obliged to retreat and fall back on their main body.

"The men in our camps had just begun a struggle with the rain in endeavoring to light their fires for breakfast when the alarm was given that the Russians were advancing in force. Brigadier-General Pennefather, to whom the illness of Sir De Lacy Evans had given for the time the command of the 2nd division, at once got the troops under arms. One brigade, under Brigadier-General Adams, consisting of the 41st, 47th, and 49th Regiments, was pushed on to the brow of the hill to check the advance of the enemy by the road through the brushwood from the valley. The other brigade (Pennefather's own), consisting of the 30th, 55th, and 95th Regiments, were led to operate on their flank. They were at once met with a tremendous fire of shell and round shot from guns which the enemy had posted on the high grounds, in advance on our right, and it was soon found that the Russians had brought up at least forty pieces of heavy artillery to bear upon us. Meantime the alarm had spread through the camp. Sir George Cathcart with the greatest promptitude turned out as many of his division as were not employed in the trenches, and led the portions of the

20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th Regiments, which were available against the enemy, directing them to the left of the ground occupied by the columns of the 2nd division. It was intended that one brigade, under Brigadier-General Torrens, should move in support of the brigade under Brigadier-General Goldie; but it was soon found that the enemy were in such strength that the whole force of the division, which consisted of only 2,200 men, must be vigorously used to repel them. Sir G. Brown had rushed up to the front with his brave fellows of the light division—the remnants of the 7th Fusiliers, of the 19th Regiment, of the 23rd Regiment, of the 33rd Regiment, and the 77th and the 88th Regiments, under Brigadiers Codrington and Buller. As they began to move across the ground of the 2nd division, they were at once brought under fire by an unseen enemy. The gloomy character of the morning was unchanged. Showers of rain fell through the fogs, and turned the ground into a clammy soil, like a freshly-ploughed field and the Russians, who had, no doubt, taken the bearing of the ground ere they placed their guns, fired at random indeed, but with too much effect on our advancing columns. While all the army was thus in motion the Duke of Cambridge was not behind hand in bringing up the Guards under Brigadier Bentinck—all of his division now left with him, as the Highlanders are under Sir Colin Campbell at Balaklava. These splendid troops with the greatest rapidity and ardor rushed to the front on the right of the 2nd division, and gained the summit of the hills towards which two columns of the Russians were struggling in the closest order of which the nature of the ground would admit. The 3rd division, under Sir R. England, was also got under arms as a reserve, and one portion of it, comprising the 50th, part of the 28th and of the 4th Regiments, were engaged with the enemy ere the fight was over.

"And now commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favorite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him; but at the battle of Inkermann not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination. The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France. No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day—for the vapors, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkermann, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one under the most favorable circumstances, seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below.

"It was six o'clock when all the head-quarter camp was roused, by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of field guns. Lord Raglan was informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after seven o'clock, he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier-General Strangways, R. A., and several aides-de-camp. As they approached the volume of sound, the steady, unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket, told that the engagement was at its height. The shell of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side. One of the first things the Russians did, when a break in the fog enabled them to see the camp of the second division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and shell, and tent after tent was blown down, torn to pieces, or sent into the air, while the men engaged in camp duties and the unhappy horses tethered up in the lines were killed or mutilated. Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (18-pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire

which our light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty Colonel Gambier was severely wounded, and was obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieut. Colonel Dickson, and the conduct of that officer in directing the fire of the two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such as to elicit the admiration of the army, and as to deserve the thanks of every man engaged in that bloody fray. But long ere these guns had been brought up there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy loss of our own men. Our generals could not see where to go. They could not tell where the enemy were—from what side they were coming, and where going to. In darkness, gloom, and rain they had to lead our lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks and irritated the men, while every pace was marked by a corpse or man wounded from an enemy whose position was only indicated by the rattle of musketry and the rush of ball and shell.

"Sir George Cathcart, seeing his men disordered by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with the overwhelming force, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged, to rally them. He perceived at the same time that the Russians had actually gained possession of a portion of the hill in rear of one flank of his division, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head encouraging them, and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said coolly, 'Have you not got your bayonets?' As he led on his men it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly volley was poured into our scattered regiments. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill with diminished ranks, and the loss of nearly 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered with a bullet wound in the head and three bayonet wounds in the body. In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity and bayoneted the wounded as they fell, Colonel Swyny, of the 63rd, a most gallant officer, Lieutenant Dowling, 20th, Major Wynne, 68th, and other officers met their death, and Brigadier Goldie (of the 57th Regiment) received the wounds of which he has since died. The conflict on the right was equally uncertain and equally bloody. In the light division, the 88th got so far into the front that they were surrounded and put into utter confusion, when four companies of the 77th, under Major Stratton, charged the Russians, broke them, and relieved their comrades. The fight had not long commenced, ere it was evident that the Russians had received orders to fire at all mounted officers. Sir George Brown was struck by a shot, which went through his arm and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, as his body was borne by me on a litter early in the day, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day. Further to the right, a contest, the like of which, perhaps, never took place before, was going on between the Guards and dense columns of Russian infantry, of five times their number. The Guards had charged them, and driven them back when they perceived that the Russians had outflanked them. They were out of ammunition too. They were uncertain whether there were friends or foes in the rear. They had no support, no reserve, and they were fighting with the bayonet against an enemy who stoutly contested every inch of ground, when the corps of another Russian column appeared on the right far in their rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry. The Guards were broken; they lost twelve officers, who had fallen in the field; they had left only half of their number on the ground, and they retired along the lower road of the valley. They were soon reinforced, however, and speedily avenged their loss. The French advanced about ten o'clock, and turned the flank of the enemy.

The 2nd Division, in the centre of the line, were hardly pressed. The 41st regiment, in particular, were exposed to a terrible fire, and the 95th were in the middle of such disorganising volleys that they only mustered 64 men when paraded at two o'clock. In fact, the whole of the division only numbered 300 men when assembled by Major Egan in rear of their camp, after the fight was over. The regiments did not take their colors into the battle, but the officers, nevertheless, were picked off wherever they went.