

Stephen Welch, "Oh, Stephen, don't leave me to die!" The fuse was hissing, but Welch, jumping up from under the cover of the bank, which must, humanly speaking, have ensured his safety, called out, "Come on, lads, let's try," and running out, had got his arms around Blewitt, and was trying to roll the shell from off his crushed legs, when it exploded, and not a particle even of the bodies or clothes of John Blewitt the heroic Welch could be found. Captain Mitchell assisted Welch's mother I believe, till her death. I did not witness Welch's divinelike act of self-sacrifice, but, passing soon afterwards, searched for his remains, and I recognized the spot this August when visiting the 21-gun battery.

On the 6th June, I accompanied Captain Peel as he went round the sailors' batteries of the right attack to ensure that everything was in readiness for what we hoped might be the beginning of the end of the siege. About 3 p.m. we fired our first gun at the Malakoff, and immediately afterwards from the Inkerman Ridge, over-looking the Sevastopol harbor to Kameish Bay, on a frontage of five miles, there burst forth from some five hundred and fifty guns a volume of sound grand beyond description. The Russians had still about double that number of pieces in position, half being of heavy calibre, but they were slow in answering our missiles from the Malakoff and Redan. We fired incessantly till dark, when the bombardment was taken up by the pieces throwing vertical projectiles, which scarcely left the Russian works in darkness all night, so constantly were they lit up by the bursting of mortar-shells. Up to 10.30 p.m., when I returned to camp, our casualties had been very light, not more than a dozen. The White Works batteries fired slowly till sunset, those in the Malakoff and Redan were silenced some time before the sun went down. Todleben describes the fire of the English as "murderous, entailing havoc and ruin."

At 1 a.m. on the 7th of June, after snatching an hour's sleep, I returned to battery with fresh gun detachments, and at daylight we reopened horizontal fire, which silenced the Mamelon and Malakoff batteries during the day, and during the afternoon the guns in the White Works ceased to reply. It does not follow that all had been dismounted, but in the Mamelon, as I observed next day, and in the Malakoff, as Todleben states, the guns and their carriages were buried under the ruined parapets. During the afternoon we saw those French troops which were to assault the southern and eastern faces of the Mamelon gradually filing into the trenches, and small detachments from the Light and 2nd Divisions passed through our battery towards the front, exchanging good-humored chaff as they went by, the men's faces radiant with the pleasure of the approaching fight.

The lunette which crowned the Mamelon hill dominated the French trenches, and was nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the nearest, a Russian trench interposing about half-way. The ground in front of the Redan sloped down gradually for five hundred yards to some disused quarries which the Russians converted into rifle trenches. Here the ground fell abruptly, enabling the enemy to overlook our advanced trenches, which were on lower ground. The quarries our troops were about to assault were well protected in rear by fire from the Redan down the gradual slope.

The sailors kept up a slow but accurate fire on the now silent Malakoff and Mamelon. Captain Pell had given me charge of two 8-inch sixty-five hundred weight guns, with orders to fire during

the assault as much as possible consistent with running no risk to our allies.

We were anxiously waiting for the signal for attack at 6 p.m. The setting sun cast a broad red light over the sky, and a soft mist rising from the ground obscured occasionally for a minute or two the troops assembling for the assault. It has been alleged the Russians had seen these preparations, but the small numbers present in the threatened works clearly negatives this assertion. For my account of the capture of the White Works and Quarries, I am dependent on others, but I had a perfect view both of the troops assailing the Mamelon and of those defending it, and shall endeavor to describe it first of all.

Soon after six o'clock the expected signal—a group of rockets—was sent up from the Victoria Ridge, and the French advanced. Three assaulting columns had been formed under the Mamelon—Algerian troops were on the right, the 50th Regiment, led by Colonel de Brancion, was in the centre, and the 3rd Zouaves on the left. At the moment there there was only one Russian battalion in the Mamelon, nine, however, being held in reserve under cover. By chance Admiral Nakimoff was visiting the work at the moment, and having left his horse at the gorge, was looking round the battery, when the cessation of fire from the allied guns, and the shouts of the stormers, made him look over the parapet.

When the signal went up I saw twenty-five men jump out abreast from the French trenches, and run rapidly up the slope of the hill of which the Mamelon was the summit. Only one cannon-shot was fired from the lunette, but some Russian sharpshooters lying in the pit half-way between the Mamelon and the French trenches, fired, killing three or four men, and then ran, they and the leading Frenchmen jumping the ditch almost at the same moment. The centre column, led by Colonel de Brancion, who was throughout well ahead of all, streamed into the lunette, and the Algerian column captured the (proper) left flank of the work at the same moment. A Frenchman, jumping on the parapet, waved a tricolor, and in three or four minutes the Russians were driven out. My two guns were ready with fuses accurately set, and I got several rounds into the retreating Russians before I was obliged to cease firing for fear of hitting the French, who came rushing out in pursuit. The leading group of Zouaves was led by one man who, sixty yards in front of his comrades, pushed the Russians as they ran. I kept my field-glass on this man until he had crossed the abatis, when he fired his rifle and disappeared into the ditch. He did not accompany his comrades as they fell back a few minutes later, so must have been killed or taken prisoner.

While this was occurring two heavy columns of Russians were assembling to the east of the Kornileff bastion of the Malakoff, on the northern slope of the Mamelon-Malakoff ridge. I had looked carefully over this ground during the flag of truce in March, and, knowing the lie of it, could, when standing on our parapet, see over the slope to the northward as low down as the Russians' waist-belts. I was thus enabled to pour on them a terrible fire from the 8-inch guns, the shells of which bursting just short enough for effect literally cut lanes through the columns; but the survivors closed up as fast as their comrades were knocked down. In a few minutes the Russians advanced, and, entering the Mamelon, drove the French out. They rallied momentarily outside, but the Russians were not only in great force, but

were well in hand, and the French being disorganized, were driven back. Through my field-glass I saw the man with the tricolor struck down and replaced four times by others, and then the flag went up and down several times in rapid succession; eventually it disappeared, and the Russians came on like a rolling wave from the Mamelon down to the French trenches, out of which our allies were pushed. The batteries of the allies now reopened fire on the Mamelon, which received a shower of projectiles till the French advanced for their final attack. During the above struggle a heavy French column was descending the Victoria Ridge, with drums and fies playing, under a long-range fire from the Russian ships in the harbor. They never ceased to send up shot and shell, which, though adding to the pictorial effect, had but little effect on the moving target. To the inspiring march of "Père Bugeau" the column came on at a steady double, with an appearance of overwhelming power which recalled Jomini's statement that troops previously shaken often gave way during the Napoleonic wars before such masses reached the position. The column disappeared into the ravine, where it was halted for a few minutes to re-form ranks. Just as the day closed in the darkness, coming on quicker from the clouds of smoke in the air, we saw the French left and centre column again advance from their trenches in our right front, while a heavy column of Algerian infantry moved on the Mamelon from the southeast, and in a few moments the sound of the fire, and the flash of the muskets in the falling darkness, showed us that the Russians were once more retreating.

Simultaneously with the advance on the Mamelon, General Bosquet sent two brigades at the White Works, in each of which there was only half a Russian battalion. These could not stand against the overpowering numbers of the French and a supporting battalion coming up was also easily swept away. The Russians now pushed two battalions forward across the Careenage Ravine, but Bosquet, foreseeing this move, had sent two battalions down the ravine, and these ascending its right bank behind the Russians, took them in the rear, and captured the greater part of the Russian supports.

When Lord Raglan saw the French drive the Russians out of the Mamelon he gave the signal to assault; our guns ceased to fire on the Quarries, and seven hundred men ran forward to the flanks of the work, from which the Russians were easily driven, with a loss of one hundred men. Our casualties were but few at the moment, as the men, having been ordered to advance on the flanks avoided generally treading on a number of fougasses which had been laid down in front of the salient. These were boxes holding from thirty to forty pounds of powder sunk flush with the surface of the ground, and so fitted with detonators as to explode when touched. They were not always fatal, for I saw a soldier who had stamped on one returning from the attack absolutely naked, every part of his clothing having been burnt from off his body.

Although the Quarries were easily taken, to hold and reverse the work was a task of great labor and danger. The enemy's batteries looked right into the intrenchment, and after firing heavily into it, the Russians made repeated attacks on our working parties striving to obtain cover before the day broke. Our soldiers, who were digging or guarding the working parties, welcomed the sorties, as they brought relief from the showers of shells which were poured on the