

sortie were, as Lord Raglan declared, 'so perfect that they could not fail to insure success,' it was evident that a larger force than the Russians employed would have forced him to retire from his ground, or to fight a battle in defence of it with the aid of the other divisions of the army; and yet nothing was done. No effort was made to intrench the lines, to cast up a single shovel of earth to cut down the brushwood, or 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 intrenchments. We have nothing to rejoice over, and almost everything to deplore, in the battle of Inkerman. We have defeated the enemy, indeed, but have not advanced a step nearer toward the citadel of Sebastopol. We have abashed, humiliated, and utterly routed an enemy, strong in numbers, in fanaticism and in dogged, resolute courage, and animated by the presence of a son of him whom they believe to be God's Vicegerent on earth; but we have suffered a fearful loss, and are not in a position to part with one man. England must give us more 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 a little after 5 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 entered into some conversation with Capt. Pretymann, of the 33d Regiment, who was on duty on the ground, in the course of which it was remarked that it would not be at all surprising if the Russians availed themselves of the gloom of the morning to make an attack on our position, calculating on the effects of the rain in disarming our vigilance and spoiling our weapons. The Brigadier, who has proved a most excellent, cool, and brave officer, turned his pony round at last, and retraced his steps through the brushwood toward 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 Second Division were stationed.

Gen. 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 gray great-coats rendered them almost invisible even when close at hand. The pickets of the second division had scarcely made out the advancing line of infantry, who were clambering up the steep sides of the hill through a drizzling shower of rain, when they were forced to retreat by a close sharp volley of musketry, and were driven up toward 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 afterward, and were also obliged to retreat and fall back on their main body, and it was evident that a very strong sortie had been made upon the right of the position of the allied armies, with the object of forcing them to raise the siege, and, if possible, of driving them into the sea.

About the same time that the advance of the Russians on our right flank took place, a demonstration was made by the cavalry, artillery, and a few infantry in the valley against Balaklava, to divert the attention on the heights above, and to occupy the Highland Brigade and Marines, but only an interchange of a few harmless rounds of cannon and musketry took place, and the enemy contented themselves with drawing up their cavalry in order of battle, supported by field artillery, at the neck of the valley, in readiness to sweep over the heights and cut our retreating troops to pieces should the assault on our right be successful. A Semaphore post had been erected on the heights over Inkerman in communication with another on the hill over their position, from which the intelligence of our defeat was to be conveyed to the Cavalry General, and the news would have been made known in Sebastopol by similar means, in order to encourage the garrison to a general sortie along their front.

A steamer with very heavy shell-guns and mortars was sent up by night to the head of the creek at Inkerman, and caused much injury throughout the day by the enormous shells she pitched right over the hill upon our men. Everything that could be done to bind victory to their eagles—if they have any—was done by the Russian Generals. The presence of their Grand Duke, Michael Nicolavitch, who told them that the Czar had issued orders that every Frenchman and Englishman was to be driven into the sea ere the year closed, cheered the common soldiers, who regard the son of the Emperor as an emanation of the Divine presence. They had abundance of a coarser and more material stimulant, which was found in their canteens and flasks; and above all, the priests of the Greek Catholic Church 'blessed' them ere they went forth upon their mission, and assured them of the aid and protection of the most High. A mass was said for the army, and the joys of Heaven were freely offered to those who might fall in the holy fight, and the favors of the Emperor were largely promised to those who might survive the bullets of a heretical enemy.

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 second 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, (Brigadier-General Pennefather's own,) consisting of the 55th, and 95th regiments, was 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 of 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 camps. 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, and 63rd Regiments which were available against the enemy, directing them to the left of the ground occupied by the columns of the Second 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 George 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 23d Regiment, of the 33d Regiment, and the 77th and the 88th Regiments, under Brigadiers Codrington and Buller. As they began to move across the ground of the Second 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-plowed field, and the Russians, who had, no doubt, taken the bearings 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 order rushed to the front on the right of the Second Division, and gained the summit of the hills, toward which two columns of the Russians were struggling in the closest order of which the nature of the ground would admit. The Third 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 Malaklava alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him; but at the battle of Inkerman 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 Inkerman 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, Russians 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 toward Inkerman, 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 6 o'clock when all the headquarters camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of field-guns. Lord Raglan was soon informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after 7 o'clock he rode toward the scene of action, followed by his staff, 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 shells 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 en-

abled them to see the camp of the Second Division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and large 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.

Col. Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns, (eighteen-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, and was exerting himself with Capt. D'Aguilar, to urge them forward, Col. Gambier was severely, but not dangerously 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 these two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such 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, nor where they were coming 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 by 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 an 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 the 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 over 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 hill with diminished ranks and the loss of near five hundred men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterward recognized, 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, Col. Swynn, of the 63d, a most gallant officer, Lieut. Dowling, 20th, Major Wynne, 68th, and other officers, whose names will be found in the Gazette, met their death, and Brigadier Goldie (of the 57th Regiment) received the wound 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 Straton, charged the Russians, broke them, and relieved their comrades. The fight had not long commenced before it was evident that the Russians had received orders to fire at all mounted officers. Sir George Brown was hit 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 they 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 their right far in their rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry. The Guards were broken; they had lost 14 officers, who fell in the field; they had left one half of their number on the ground, and they retired along the lower road of the valley. They were soon re-enforced, however, and speedily avenged their loss. The French advanced about 10 o'clock, and turned the flank of the enemy.

The second 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 disorganizing volleys that they only mustered 64 men when paraded at 2 o'clock. In fact, the whole of the division numbered only 300 men when assembled by Major Eman in the 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, and it did not require the color-staff to indicate their presence. Our ambulances were soon filled, and ere 9 o'clock they were busily engaged in carrying loads of men, all

covered with blood, and groaning, to the rear of the line.

At 9 1-2 o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff were assembled on a knoll, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the battle which was raging below them. Here Gen. Strangways was mortally wounded, and I am told that he met his death in the following way: A shell came right in among the staff—it exploded in Capt. Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a portion of the shell tore off the leather overalls of Capt. Somerset's trousers, it then struck down Capt. Gordon's horse and killed him at once, and then blew away Gen. Strangways' leg. The poor old General never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely, in a gentle voice, 'Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?' He was taken down and laid on the ground, while his life blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and in two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man of the army.

The fight about the battery to which I have alluded in a former part of my letter was most sanguinary. It was found that there was no banquet to stand upon, and that the men inside could not fire upon the enemy. The Russians advanced mass after mass of infantry. As fast as one column was broken and repulsed, another took its place. For three long hours about 8,500 British infantry contended against at least four times their number. No wonder that at times they were compelled to retire. But they came to the charge again. The admirable devotion of the officers, who knew they were special objects of attack, can never be too highly praised. Nor can the courage and steadiness of the few men who were left to follow them in this sanguinary assault on the enemy be sufficiently admired. At one time the Russians succeeded in getting up close to the guns of Capt. Wodehouse's and of Capt. Turner's batteries in the gloom of the morning.

Uncertain whether they were friends or foes, our artillerymen hesitated to fire. The Russians charged them suddenly, bore all resistance down before them, drove away or bayoneted the gunners, and succeeded in spiking some of the guns. Their columns gained the hill, and for a few moments the fate of the day trembled in the balance, but Adam's brigade, Pennefather's brigade, and the light division made another desperate charge while Dickson's guns swept their columns, and the Guards, with undiminished valor and steadiness though with a sadly decreased front, pushed on again to meet their bitter enemies. The rolling of musketry, the crash of steel, the pounding of the guns were deafening, and the Russians, as they charged up the heights, yelled like demons. They advanced, halted, advanced again, received and returned a close and deadly fire; but Minie is the king of weapons—Inkerman proved it.

The regiments of the Fourth Division and the Marines, armed with the old and much belauded Brown Bess, could do nothing with their thin line of fire against the massive multitudes of the Muscovite infantry, but the volleys of the Minie cleft them like the hand of the Destroying Angel, and they fell like leaves in autumn before them.

About 10 o'clock a body of French infantry appeared on our right, a joyful sight to our struggling regiments. The Zouaves came on at the *pas de charge*. The French artillery had already begun to play with deadly effect on the right wing of the Russians. Three battalions of the Chasseurs d'Orléans (I believe they had No. 6 on their button) rushed by—the light of battle on their faces. They were accompanied by a battalion of Chasseurs Indigènes—the Arab Sepoys of Algiers. Their trumpets sounded above the din of battle; and when we watched their eager advance right on the flank of the enemy we knew the day was won.

Assailed in front by our men—broken in several places by the impetuosity of our charge, renewed again and again—attacked by the French infantry on the right, and by artillery all along the lines the Russians began to retire, and at 12 o'clock they were driven pell-mell down the hill toward the valley, where pursuit would have been madness, as the roads were all covered by their artillery. They left mounds of dead behind them. Longere they fed the Chasseurs d'Afrique charged them most brilliantly over the ground, difficult and broken as it was, and inflicted great loss on them, while the effect of this rapid attack, aided by the advance of our troops, secured our guns, which were only spiked with wood, and were soon rendered fit for service.

Our own cavalry, the remnant of the Light Brigade, were moved into a position where it was hoped they might be of service; but they were too few to attempt anything, and while they were drawn up they lost several horses and some men. One officer, Cornet Cleveland was struck by a piece of shell in the side, and has since expired. There are now only two officers left with the fragment of the 17th Lancers—Capt. Godfrey Morgan and Cornet George Wombwell. At 12 o'clock the battle of Inkerman seemed to have been won; but the day, which had cleared up for an hour previously so as to enable us to see the enemy and meet him, again became obscured. Rain and fog set in, and as we could not pursue the Russians, who were retiring under the shelter of their artillery, we had formed in front of our lines and were holding the battle-field so stoutly contested, when the enemy, taking advantage of our quietude, again advanced, while their guns pushed forward and opened a tremendous fire upon us.