

THE EXAMINER:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

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THE WAR.

ANIMATED DETAILS OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

THE RUSSIANS CREEPING UP THE HEIGHTS IN THE MIST.

BALA CLAVA, Nov. 5.—It 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 on the valley of Inkermann. The pickets and men on 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 the face of an enemy; for it must be remembered that our small army is nearly worn out by its incessant labours, and that men on picket are frequently men who have had but a short respite from work in the trenches or from regimental duties. The fog and vapours of drifting rain were so thick as morning broke that one could scarcely see two yards before him. At 4 o'clock the bells of the churches in Sebastopol were heard ringing drearily through the cold night air, but the occurrence has been so usual it excited no particular attention. During the night, however, a sharp-voiced 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 side of the hill. He reported the circumstance to Major Banbury, 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 Second Division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in the 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. 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. It was the only ground where we were exposed to surprise, for a number of ravines and unequal curves in the slope of the hills towards the valley lead up to the crest and summits, against the adverse side of which our right flank was resting without guns, intrenchments, abatis, or outlying defence of any kind. A battery was thrown up with sandbags and gabions and fascines on the slope of the hill over Inkermann on the east, but no guns were mounted there, for Sir De Lacy Evans thought that two guns in such a position, without any works to support them, would only invite attack and capture. In the action of the 28th Oct., the enemy tried their strength almost on the very spot selected by them this morning, but it may now be considered that they merely made a reconnaissance in force on that occasion, and that they were waiting for reinforcements to assault the position where it was most vulnerable.

DISCOVERY OF THE RUSSIANS ADVANCING IN FORCE.

It was a little after 5 o'clock when Brigadier-General Codrington visited the outlying pickets of his brigade of the Light Division. It was reported to him that "all was well," and the General entered into some conversation with Captain Prytman, of the 43rd, 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 retraced his steps through the brushwood towards the lines, but 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 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 greatcoats rendered them almost invisible even when close at hand. The pickets of the Second 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.

PREPARATIONS OF THE RUSSIANS TO ANNIHILATE THE ALLIES.

About the same time a demonstration was made by the cavalry, artillery, and a few infantry, in the valley against Bala Clava to divert the attention of the French 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 Inkermann 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 Inkermann, 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 incarnation of the Divine Presence. They had abundance of a coarser and more material stimulant, which was found in their canteens and flasks.

ALARM IN THE BRITISH CAMP—THE BATTLE BEGUN.

The men in our camps had just begun a struggle with the rain in endeavouring to light their fires for breakfast, when the alarm was given that the Russians were advancing in force. Brigadier-General Peninsular at once got the troops under arms. 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, of the 23d, of the 33d, and the 77th and the 88th, under Brigadiers Codrington and Buller. As they began to move across the ground of the 2d 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 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 Bala Clava. These splendid troops with the greatest rapidity and ardour rushed to the front on the right of the Second 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 DEATH OF SIR GEORGE CATHCART.

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 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 column. 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 near 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered, with a bullet wound in the head and three bayonet wounds in the body.

MURDEROUS FEROCITY OF THE RUSSIANS.

In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity, and bayoneted the wounded as they fell, Col. Swyny, 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 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 service of a good soldier that day.

BRAVERY OF THE GUARDS, AND RETREAT OF THE ENEMY.

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 their right far in the rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry. The Guards were broken; they had lost 12 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 reinforced, however, and speedily avenged their loss. The French advanced about 10 o'clock, and turned the flank of the enemy. The Russians retired at 1.40, with a loss of 9,000 killed and wounded.

EVENTS OF THE BATTLE.—LETTER FROM A SERJEANT OF THE 1ST BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE.

"Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 8th, 1854.

"My dear Mother and Father,—Whilst the reveille was sounding, at sunrise last Sunday morning, 5th Nov., the alarm was also sounded, accompanied by a continual fire of musketry; our pickets were retiring, and horse-vi-dettes galloping in all directions. The news was soon told; we were attacked in our rear by General Luders, with 40,000 men, and the army we had in keeping at bay in Sebastopol made an advance in our front. Our regiment being under arms at the time brought us into action immediately; we were 310 officers and men, on entering the field, and returned with more than one-third killed and wounded; our loss are—4 officers, 12 serjeants, 1 bugler, and 97 rank and file killed and wounded, and some have not been heard of, but are supposed to have been taken prisoners. I know you will sympathize with us all here in our great loss—viz., the father of our regiment—poor fellow!—General Sir George Cathcart, who was shot through the heart; he was writing orders on a piece of paper, to give to one of his aide-de-camps, who stood by him at the time; our men no sooner saw it, than a murmur ran down the line—a shout!—and into the enemy's riflemen we dashed; they flew like chaff, no quarter was given or asked, for at this time fresh reinforcements came to their assistance. A division of their infantry drove our right back; we had no support. What was to be done? Threatened on our left by a horde of Cossacks, backed by a battery of their guns, which played shell and canister shot among our troops, so that you could not hear any one speak, unless he brought his mouth close to your ear. Amid the crash and debris of the action we were all extended over the field, and looked out for our officers, and did our best to look out for number one. Our loss was great at the time we were retreating, the different British regiments being completely broken, and mixed up amongst one another; you would hear officers trying to find their men, and colonels their regiments; all this occurred through want of an immediate support. The

French at this moment came up, and reinforced our broken and shattered ranks, who were retiring steady, and selling every inch of ground most dearly. When the red caps of the Zouaves, and green of the Chasseurs de Vincennes regiment appeared above the ridge of the hill, 'forward' was given with an English hurrah; at them they went, and then you could see the enemy tasting British steel. During the whole day the troops had not, nor could they get, anything to eat from the night previous (the 4th instant) until 11 o'clock the same night (the 5th). I shall always remember the 5th November; it was a Gunpowder Day, and no mistake. Three times I had my pouch and ball bag filled with ammunition. Brigadier General Buller (our old colonel at the Cape) had two horses killed under him. We dismounted one of their guns, but the beggars ran off with it, and left the carriage. This has been a harder-fought battle, and a greater loss on our side than Alma. Several of my old chums were shot, and I am sorry to state two have not been heard of since the battle—one, Colour Serjeant Nosley, and the other Serjeant Brett; the latter has a brother a lieutenant in the regiment, a commission given gratuitously. Since we have been out we have lost upwards of 200 men, either died, killed, wounded, or missing. Is not a life like this dreadful? Military glory—smoke on ruins! Do you remember, when once standing under the verandah of the officers' mess at Portsmouth, just before parade time, you noticed a very tall young man, rather pale, who had his belt on, and I told you he was having his portrait taken for a gentleman in Portsmouth, and used to go every morning to the artist's? Well, poor fellow, he was made a colour-serjeant last week, and was killed on Sunday—shot through the heart. The ruffianly devils, not feeling satisfied after the poor fellow was dead, bayoneted him; however, I shot the rascal as he withdrew from his body, and as I knelt by his corpse (my comrades), with his cold, damp hand in mine, those words of Byron's came to my memory—

"Alas brave comrades, too quickly fled!
And must I leave thee withering here!
The spot of every ruffian's tread!
The mark of every Cossack's spear!"

We have three colour-serjeants killed. Colour-serjeant C. Ablett desired his kind regards to be tendered. I have a fez cap for you; should I not return, apply to Colour-serjeant U. A. for it. That these few struggling lines will find you all enjoying the best health, cheerful spirits, and happiness, is the sincere and heartfelt wish of your ever affectionate son.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS FROM THE VICTORS.

"THE RUSSIANS ACTED LIKE DEVILS."

"H. M. S., off Sebastopol, Nov. 8, 1854.

"My dear—, Having just heard there is a mail to leave almost immediately for England, I hasten to give you all the news I can. In the first place, the bombardment is going on as brisk as ever. But on Sunday, the 6th, there was a battle fought, such as never the annals of English history can surpass, or I doubt if ever equalled. It was a battle indeed. At six a. m., between 30,000 and 40,000 Russians attacked our lines (not the French, or Turkish), but our own dear countrymen. Such a scene. Bala Clava and the attack on Sebastopol I thought grand, but all sink into nothing when compared with that on our lines. What would you have given to have seen our brave Coldstream Guards charge, and cut their way through solid masses of Russians; they cut, and were cut to pieces. It makes my blood run cold, even now, when I think of the sight. Our troops were all engaged, except those employed in the trenches and our guard at Bala Clava. The Russians fought well and bravely, but acted like devils, for they bayoneted all the wounded as they lay on the field of battle, and spared none. The gallant 88th and the Zouaves (a French regiment) charged together as one regiment, and were completely mingled; you could not tell one from the other, and put all to death that came in their way. When in the act of charging, an Irishman, one of the 88th, recognized a long-lost brother in one of the Zouaves, and together they fought till the close of the action, both escaping unhurt. The battle raged till three p. m., when the Russians were in full retreat, leaving between 9,000 and 10,000 dead and wounded, and several thousand prisoners. During the day there were several thousand Russians looking on not far from the French lines, and supposed to be about 25,000 in Sebastopol. At the time the Russians retreated these fellows in the city made a sally on the French, which was repelled in gallant style, following them right up into Sebastopol, and had they (the French) had force sufficient we should have made a lodgment within the walls of the city. When inside they found the streets barricaded and batteries flanking each, so we shall have a job when we do get in. The Russians left nearly 1,000 dead and wounded in that sortie. Nearly at the time these fellows attacked the French lines our trenches were attacked and some guns taken, which we retook before they had time to spike them. The fighting lasted till past six p. m., and I hear the Allies have nearly 8,000 *hors de combat*. Report says, a few days previous 22,000 Russians arrived and were taken into Sebastopol, and more arriving; so that another battle will be fought before we have the place—if so, God help us. No reinforcements for us, but the French expect some in a few days. Among the prisoners nearly every third man was drunk—no wonder they fought like devils."

HOW YOUNG MILLER SAVED THE GUN.—LETTER FROM AN OFFICER IN THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

"We advanced through several camps, consisting now of only the untenanted tents of many regiments, as they had turned out, having no horses or guns to look after. Upon our left we heard the roll and saw the smoke of our field artillery, and we went on until arriving at a spot where I may say, in all the sincerity of truth, the Minie balls flew about us like hailstones—an old simile no doubt, but yet never mind. Our poor Major (Townsend) had his horse shot under him, and I had my mare wounded in two places by 'Minie' balls as we still advanced (neither animal being disabled) up a gentle slope; but had not got very far, the shot and shell falling thick all around us, when we met part of an infantry regiment retiring, overpowered by numbers. The crest of the hill was covered with smoke, and the entire ground there thickly clothed with brushwood, through which we with the greatest difficulty moved the guns. Suddenly the smoke cleared away, and we discovered the Russian infantry in great force within ten yards of us. I shall never forget the aspect of these fellows, dressed in their long grey coats and flat glazed caps, firing most deliberately at our poor gunners, and picking them down like so many crows. We at this time were under a very heavy fire of shot and shell. Major Townsend saw at once the critical position of the guns, and most wisely gave the order to retire, as we were quite

unsupported; but too late—the enemy's skirmishers had come up to the guns. However, five out of the six escaped; and one of our men seeing the last, as was then the custom, certain to be taken, judiciously spiked it. The gun was to a division of our battery, to which was attached Miller, one of our lieutenants; and poor Major Townsend was shot turning round his horse, seeing what was likely to be the result, cried out, 'You won't disgrace me!' The words were hardly out of his mouth when a shell burst in amongst us, and one of our unfortunate fragment struck him on the head, and literally crushed it to pieces, of course killing him immediately. Miller drew his sword, and single-handed, galloped his horse towards the gun, riding down one, and cutting down a second Russian. He alone turned aside a dozen of the enemy, and we recovered the gun. Was not this a most plucky thing to do? He returned with his gun without having received even a scratch. Our poor fellows were dreadfully knocked about. We had 23 killed and wounded. We now retired beyond the hill, and as I was walking my horse along one of the officers of the horse artillery rode up to me and told me that the general was wounded. I, with him, immediately turned off, and found poor General Strangways lying on the ground, with his left leg shattered to atoms. He asked me who I was; and when I told him, said 'Now, remember, I die the death of a soldier.' He was bleeding profusely, and I put a tourniquet on his leg, and got four of our men to carry him on a stretcher to the rear. He died very shortly, and never recovered the shock of the injury. I now returned to the battery, but before I arrived was again called on to see General Goldie, whom I found most fatally wounded. Leaving him, as nothing could be done in his case, I cantered up the hill on my way to the battery, and had the red stripe on my trowsers torn away by a shell, but most providentially I escaped unhurt."

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE FALLEN OFFICERS.

Sir,—I send you short extracts of two letters, one from my beloved brother, written on the 21st inst., and the other dated the 6th, informing me of the noble way in which my poor brother fell while leading and urging on his company in the desperate charge against the enemy, in which his General, Sir George Cathcart, also was killed:—

"Heights of Sebastopol, Nov. 2.

"If you could see us, you would see the faces of our men worn down with disease and almost incessant hard work. No other class of men in this world could have behaved as they have done, and all without a murmur. Every one, however, is thoroughly tired out with it. The cold at night is something to read of, but certainly not to be experienced if possible to be avoided. The night before last I had the pleasure of trying it, without even my tent over my head. It was my first night on picket since we have had frost. However, it is of no use complaining, though I candidly confess I dread the winter for our men. We have no warm clothing. What would I not give for my buffalo robes, or even a sensible blanket! Never mind—cheer, boys, cheer! If we return, how heartily we shall enjoy our after life, whatever it may be, after this! As for the siege, we fire at their batteries and they fire at ours, if anything, a little faster. We stand a chance of being shot every day, and lead the most miserable life possible. Every day we are told that in three or four more days we are to storm the place, but now I never believe a word I hear. I suppose people in England are disappointed that we have not taken it yet, but if you saw the guns that are day and night sending their messengers of death among us, you would not so much marvel, although I for one, and very many good soldiers in the army—our own General (Cathcart) among the number—think we should have carried the place by a *coup de main*, the day we took up position. Great would have been the sacrifice of life, but I doubt much if we do not lose very far more when we do carry it, to say nothing of the thousands lost in the meantime. That we must eventually carry the place by assault, no one for a moment doubts, and the enemy have had more than a month to prepare a fearful reception for us, and obtain reinforcements of thousands, which are now hovering round us. I am very tired, and know not what the night may bring forth. I may be in the trenches, or under the walls of Sebastopol on our lying picket. I am not fit for either, but, as I said, I was well enough to go into the field yesterday. I must take duty to-day. I am stronger than I was, and today had some soup and a glass of port wine. I find the greatest inconvenience from cramps in my stomach, which sometimes are extremely painful. Several of our fellows are so bad that they are obliged to be sent on board ship. I am very thankful I am not worse. I can assure you that you little know what we have gone through in this campaign, and how bravely our men bear all. * * * * *

THE WORK OF THE ARTILLERY AT INKERMANN.

"CAMP, SUNDAY, NOV. 5.—Awoke out of a sound sleep this morning by the assembly being sounded at about 6.30. By 7 o'clock we were on the march. It was a cold, raw, misty morning, and we started without any breakfast, for the firing, not only from artillery but also from musketry, on our right, showed that the Russians were attacking in force, and not an instant could be lost. On arriving at the scene of action, our orders were to take up a position on the left, and open fire immediately. We accordingly moved off the main road into the brushwood, but after proceeding for about a couple of hundred yards in this direction became utterly bewildered. The mist and smoke prevented our seeing more than five-and-twenty yards ahead. We knew that our troops were on the right, but whether there were any in advance ready to support us, and where the enemy were whom we were to engage—all this was a mystery. Soon the Minie bullets, with their peculiar 'ping,' came in a shower around us, and as my two guns happened to be in advance, I asked Major T— if I should ride forward and reconnoitre. He assented, and I cantered on. Not far off I met a regiment in open order retreating, led by two mounted officers, and firing a stray shot occasionally, but not attempting to make a stand. I asked where the Russians were. They told me 'close in front,' and that their own skirmishers were being driven back. Then form up, I said, 'in rear of our guns, and we will fire upon them.' To my astonishment he gave the word 'double.' The man had passed the guns before they could be brought into action, they did not form in rear, and, to my horror, I saw advancing through the bushes the Russian infantry, now close to us, pressing on with shrill shouts of exultation, and keeping up a constant sharpshooting as they advanced. Only one chance was left—to fire a round of case at them and retire at once. But it would have required the steadiest veterans to carry out such an order with effect; and I must admit that our men were considerably flurried. The limbers drove away before the ammunition