

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

The following extract of a Letter from General Bosquet appears in Galligani's Paris Messenger. The Editor prefaces it as follows:

We may take this opportunity of stating that we have received, from a source on which we can place the most perfect reliance, some information from the Crimea of a more recent date than that of the letter of the Constitutionnel. The most striking point in the communication with which we have been favoured, is the fact that of the distinguished officers of the British army in the Crimea, who at Varna expressed their disapprobation of the expedition at so late a period of the year, and of the plan which had been formed for its execution, not one now entertains a doubt of complete and not distant success. They foresaw the inconvenience and dangers to which the allied armies would be exposed, the privations which they would have to undergo, and the facilities which would be left open to the Russians for reinforcement; but they now regard them as evils which have ceased, and look forward with confidence to a result which will efface the remembrance of all the blunders that have been committed, in the strange and sudden alternation from a policy of inaction to one of an almost rash energy, which must have been fatal but for the courage and prudence of the commanders in chief of the two armies, and the gallantry of the brave troops whom they had to lead in the field.

The following is from the pen of one of our own much distinguished Generals of division, and may be received as perfectly authentic.

As regards the privations of the English, I am compelled to admit that they have been great; but it is not true, as stated in an English journal, that there has been a deficiency in the provisions which had been sent out. The rations have been occasionally short, but this arose entirely from the state of the road between Balaklava and the English lines, a distance of about seven miles. In consequence of the heavy rains, and the weak state of the horses and mules employed—these animals having for five months been picketed without the slightest covering—many of the carts and waggons stuck by the way, and consequently the soldiers were temporarily short of food. This misfortune, however, was only occasional, and has now ceased. There has also been much sickness in both armies, from the long encampment under tents which were not proof against rain; but the general health is improving, and the men, in the expectation of receiving warm winter clothing, and having good wooden huts, retain their cheerfulness, and readily make up their minds to endure with patience the few privations which they might still have to undergo. It appears also, that some of the newspaper correspondents have exaggerated the number of the Russian army in the Crimea. The real amount was known even by Lord Raglan, for the information that he had received came from deserters, of whom no two accounts agree. One of the best generals of the English army declares that he cannot estimate the number of the Russian army outside Sebastopol at more than from 35,000 to 40,000 men. Even this would be a large force if the Russians were able to contend with the allies on equal terms, but they are greatly inferior in every respect to the troops against whom they have to contend, except in their artillery, which is almost, if not quite, equal to that of their adversaries. The Lancaster guns are a failure—their power is enormous when the ball strikes the point at which it is aimed; but he gun rarely sends two balls to the same point and as yet no means have been found to prevent this deviation. In an ordinary gun this defect would not be so important; but the enormous expense of every ball fired from Lancaster gun renders it impossible to indulge in a system by which only one ball in six reaches the object at which it is discharged.

Of the chivalric valor of the British troops it is impossible to exaggerate praise. For more than three hours did their solid courage and steady discipline resist successfully the really impetuous assaults of mad-drunk Russian battalions, as I am bound to believe no other troops in Europe could have resisted. The Russians four to one could not withstand the resolute advance and charge of the English lines. Lord Raglan is naturally a very impressive person, no vivacity in him, and this age is not likely to supply. Still our own Commander-in-Chief and troops, have the greatest respect for his cool judgment, and confidence in his recognized courage. The English boast of the Liberty of the Press, and it may be a very good thing, but, as I read the London Journals I believe their correspondence from this place to be most mischievous,—in a very great degree, it is untrue. Our chief wonders why Lord Raglan does not apply the rats to some of the scribblers and turn them out of the camp. We would shoot such forcats. What is to be the order of assault or when it will take place is known only to the Generals-in-Chief. It is as well that it is so, for it would certainly find its way via London, through the Times, to St. Petersburg.

Camp on the Heights of Balaklava.—Crimea, November 30th, 1854.—My Dear David.—It

was my intention to write you long before this, but I dare say you have some knowledge by this time how we have been situated since we landed in the Crimea, on the 14th Sept. We met the enemy for the first time on the 19th, and exchanged a few round shot, but nothing more occurred that night, we bivouacked a short distance from a large body of Cossacks for the night and they very kindly permitted us to cook our dinner without interruption, and a hurried morning meal on the 20th, when we took an early start, and met the Russians in their entrenchments, about 1 P.M.; of course, as soon as we were within range, they opened upon us with a powerful Artillery but notwithstanding we advanced up the heights, climbing like cats over large piles of dead and dying, at the same time driving all before us. We accomplished it in 3 hours and a half, but when I saw us open fire first I never thought it possible we could gain the position in such a short time. We had 5 men killed and 30 wounded, 2 died the same night of their wounds. T. Elliot and D. Hart were killed, I think that is all you would know.—Sergeant James Laudon and James Stewart wounded, both since dead. I thought myself a very lucky man that got off without a scratch, but I had some very narrow escapes. I saw men falling right and left of me, but a good many more falling in front. We stopped two days on the same heights, and were very busy all the time carrying off the wounded and burying the dead. Dear David, the battle field is and awful sight to behold; you can see death in all the forms it is possible to conceive. We pursued our march to Sebastopol on the 23rd, and arrived within 2 miles of it on the 24th but the plan of attack was changed, and we had to take a circuitous route to gain the other side of the place; so the 25th was a dreadful fatiguing day for us. What do you think of being 17 hours in line of march order, tearing your way through woods, every step you take either getting a blow from the branch of a tree or getting your bonnet knocked off? We met about 10,000 Russians that day, but we soon sent them scampering over the hills, every one trying to be first. We halted about 10 at night, and I was too tired to cook anything, so I just lay down and took a sound sleep for my supper and dinner. We started again at 5 in the morning, and marched for about 4 hours, when we came upon Balaklava, and attacked it, and of course the result was the capture of it, with no loss on our side. Remained there for two days, and moved up to the heights of Sebastopol, meeting no opposition, and commenced pick and shovel work, throwing up breast works and batteries, which we had accomplished by the 16th October, and commenced the bombardment on the evening of the 17th; our duties were very harassing. I have seen me 8 successive nights without getting any sleep; in fact, we just took a nap sitting, and often when we were standing; another ill, we scarcely ever got a hot meal. We found a working party one day guard in the trenches, another outlying picket, another and so on. Guard in the trenches was by far the worst for we were placed in the batteries between the Artillery guns, and had to sit close in to the ramparts for 24 hours, and shot of all kind rattling about our ears all the time.—Shell was the most dangerous, for when one would light in the battery and explode, it was sure to wound some one, if not kill some. I saw 5 Artillerymen wounded and 2 killed with one shell, and in a few minutes after a man cut in two with a round shot; but it would fill a newspaper to tell you half of what I would like to do. Outlying picket was not so bad; we used to get frequent visits from the Cossaks, but we amused ourselves picking them off, and seldom ever had any of ours wounded on that duty.

On the 24th November, our forces were attacked at Balaklava, and being rather weak were reinforced by the three Regiments of Guards and Highlanders, and a Division of French.—Our Light Cavalry were very much cut up, viz., the 8th Hussars, 13th Light, and 17th Lancers, but the Heavy Cavalry came up to their support, and did their work manfully, as the sword blades of the Greys could show when they returned to camp. The same army has kept the position which they gained from the Turks (to their eternal disgrace,) ever since, but we have now an army of 40,000 French coming up by way of Sinforipel, and have cut off the commissariat for the Russians, so they were obliged to quit their position on the River Tchernia yesterday, and burned all their huts and took the march early. I expect they will attack our forces in rear, but a Division of the French is to be despatched from this to intercept them and take them by surprise. Two new batteries of 25 guns each opened yesterday on Sebastopol, and we are in full hopes it will fall before Sunday. It is time, too, for we are sick of this work; thank your stars, Davie, you are not a soldier at present.

There are many changes in the Regiment that it would be useless to give you particulars. We have lost many a fine man since we arrived out here, by disease. Indeed I may say no man here is perfectly well: We have got one flannel shirt, one pair of trousers and one pair of socks; we have two shirts to get and a pair of trousers lined with flannel. We are in much need of them all for we are nearly in rags, and very dirty.—I have not had my clothes off since we left Turkey, on the 26th August, and accoutred night and day. As soon as Sebastopol

falls I shall send you a line or two, to let you know.

If the news be short they will be sweet, as the saying is. I remain your loving old comrade.

D BARCLAY,
Sergeant 42nd R. H. Regiment.
TO DAVID HOOD, Halifax, N. S.

From an Irish Sailor.

The Heights of Sebastopol—Naval Brigade, December 8, 1854.—I return the Almighty thanks that I am still alive and able to scratch you these few lines. My poor fellow, I suppose you thought before this that I was gone to "Davy Jones's Locker," but fortune has saved me as yet. You must not blame for my long silence, because I have been on shore here these 19 weeks, and God only knows what I have suffered; but, for all, your image was before me in the hottest of the fight, and in my sleeping dreams. I had no writing materials here until a few days ago. I am at a loss how to begin my yarn to you, as you have seen all the accounts in the papers before this. We have been battering at this place since the 17th October, and have not taken it yet. We don't fire many shots from our guns these last two or three weeks, for we see it is useless to be expending so much powder and shot, and doing no good. The only thing that we are waiting for are guns; there are about 50 of them lying on the beach at Balaklava—a town about six miles distant from the batteries—and the roads are so cut up, and the weather so bad, that neither horse nor man can safely walk them.—We have batteries to the upper end of the harbour to sink the Russian Shipping and sweep the harbour along, but we cannot get the guns mounted. I think Sebastopol will soon be ours. Our armies are getting stronger for the last month; there are reinforcement arriving every day; but there is no use making a rush into Sebastopol, where there are plenty of men-of-war in the harbour to fire on ours. But enough of this. I will tell you once for all, that if we are kept here this winter in tents, that most of us will be dead with the hunger and cold; as it is now, the army are dying at the rate of 80 or 90 per day with sickness; they are dropping off in the trenches at night dead and stiff, and are badly off for provisions, because the roads are so bad. Our men are harder than the soldiers, and are better used to hardships than them; but still for all there are plenty of them dropping off the hooks. The horses are dying here like rotten sheep, and no wonder. Where we are encamped we are in mud up to our knees. We are wet almost night and day, for it rains almost every day, and we have to lie down in the mud and wet clothes; so you see that it is no wonder that so many are dropping off. I have been sick for a week or two with the bowel complaint, but thank God, I am all right again. If you were to see me now you would not see the fat face you once beheld; the best of my strength is gone; I am both sick and tired of this job. We are all miserable here, and I can tell you that I have spent the most miserable days of my life here in the Crimea; if I had time and place I could bring the tears from your eyes, but I daresay, if ever we do meet, my yarns will not be very easily spun. I wrote to my mother last month. I daresay you have seen the letter. I don't like to make her uneasy about our hardships here. I see plenty of boys from my own place here. Russel is on shore here with me. Tell his mother that he is well. I will change the subject, and speak about our fighting.

The first few days of our bombardment was dreadful. You might talk of a shower of hailstones, the shot and shell were as thick. Ma God, there were limbs and heads flying about for days. I had many a narrow escape. My cap was once knocked off my head with a 68 pound shot, and many more that I will not tell you at this time. The Russians made three attempts to drive our army off the heights, and to storm our batteries, but were always beaten back with great slaughter. I was in those engagements; the last was the worst—it was on the 5th of November. The enemy came out of Sebastopol in the morning early, and drove in our outlying pickets. They came up among our tents, yelling like mad-men, and they were met by the brave 88th and 77th, and after by more regiments. The fight began in real earnest. Such bayonetting and slashing, with butt-ends of muskets I never saw before. The 88th and 77th fought like lions, but they suffered very much. I was in one of the batteries that the Russians stormed that day, and I can tell you if I had 50 men's lives in me I thought I never would live to see the day out. Our gun swept them in columns as they came up. We used to put 500 or 600 canister shot into her at each time, and let fly into the thickest of them, and used to cut them down as a mower would cut a meadow, but still they came up to our gun, and thought to take her, but it was no use; we fought hand to hand in the battery. My God, I thought that day I was as strong as a lion.

Noble Defence of a Gun.—Hospital, Seutari, Nov. 25.—"Dear Brother,—Before you receive this letter you will no doubt have heard of my having been wounded at the battle of Inkermann. The Russians advanced in large columns towards us, and when within about 40 yards from

our guns we opened our fire upon them, which mowed them down in sections. They then turned, but shortly after advanced again upon us. We still continued firing canister at them until our ammunition was expended. We then got the order to limber up; but the enemy made a rush on our guns, the detachments made off (leaving the guns), with the exception of myself and one gunner belonging to my detachment. He and I tried to get the gun away, but the Russians surrounded us. The gunner and I then drew our swords and tried to defend ourselves, but unfortunately our swords were too short for the long muskets of the enemy. I threw a number of them off with my left arm, but was soon knocked down and bayoneted in different places. I received one in the chest, which bent me double, breaking a small bone in that locality. This wound I received before I fell.—The others were in the following parts of my body, &c.:—Three in the left arm, three in the right thigh, two in the back, one in the right ribs, and two in the head. They certainly left me for dead. It was God's mercy the savages had no ammunition or they would no doubt have settled the account with my comrade and myself in a more expeditious way. However, they did not get the guns away with them after all, as the French came to our assistance and compelled them to retire. I lay on the ground for an hour before I was carried to the rear, the blood gushing out of my wounds. The doctor came and sewed them up, which stopped their bleeding. My breathing became very short, through the broken bone in my breast, which the doctor said touched my lungs. He also told me to prepare for the next world, as he thought I could not possibly get over it. I suffered greatly, and for six days I could not neither eat anything or turn myself on my blanket; but after that I began to recover, every day gaining strength and my wounds healing. I am now, thank God, able to walk about, and my breastbone has knitted and will soon be all right again, and I hope to be able to rejoin my battery and assist in giving the Russians another good drubbing. The gunner who was wounded with me at the gun has died since. Captain Turner came to me at night, after Inkermann and praised me for my brave conduct, and promised me that I should not be forgotten, so I expect you will hear something official about me. This alone gave me great consolation, to think I had given so much satisfaction in the performance of my duty.—Andrew Henry, Sergeant, R. A.

The following letter from Sebastopol of the 8th is given in the Constitutionnel:—

The continual heavy rain which has been falling since November 4 almost without interruption has arrested the siege operations. However, that operation has been only relative, for the works of the trenches for the second parallel went on as much as the bad weather would allow. Since the 4th of the present month, when the fine weather returned, the works have been urged on most rapidly, and are in part armed, so as to be almost ready to open fire. And in speaking of our works, I enclose those of the English. If the weather continues fine, we shall again open fire in a few days, with 250 guns, including mortars, a good number of which are of 13 inches. In addition, we have got much closer to the town, so that you may consider the taking of the southern part of it as a certainty. You may say that the Russians have also made batteries and barricades and otherwise defended themselves. No doubt they have; but all they have done is without system, and cannot resist us, once that a terrible fire will have prepared the way for the assault. Yesterday I went through the trenches, and was struck with the precarious condition of the Russian entrenchments, whilst everywhere I found our soldiers animated with the best spirit, notwithstanding their dreadful fatigues and sufferings from the weather.

Almost every day we receive accounts from prisoners or deserters of the discouragement of the Russian troops, both on account of their frequent defeats and the insufficient food which they receive. They are also nearly without shelter, being merely covered with huts made of branches of trees, without any defence against the severity of the present season. General Liprandi's division the day before yesterday quitted its position before Balaklava and withdrew beyond the Chernays, burning their huts, and carrying away the guns, taken from the Turks on October 25. This movement, which commenced on the night of the 5th, was effected by 10 the next morning, without any other apparent reason than the ill health of the Russian troops, or an intention to concentrate their forces in another part of the country.

The Princes Michael and Nicholas occupy the fort No. 4, being the first after Fort Michael on the north side of the port. Four ships of the line, amongst which are the Paris, the Constantine, and the Twelve Apostles, all almost without guns, are anchored in front. The Tchesme is in the Careening Bay, with its crew on board, by the side of the Elbrousse, an iron steam frigate; and then comes the Godul liner, which every evening takes up her station in the Southern Bay, to protect on that side the entrance of the town. The Marie liner—transformed into an hospital—and three other large vessels are lying in dock. Add the Vladimir frigate and some small vessels, and that is all that