

Incidents of the War.

OFFICIAL DESPACHES.

War Department, June 13, 1855.

Lord Panmure has this day received two despatches and their enclosures, of which the following are copies, addressed to his Lordship by Field-Marshal the Lord Raglan, G. C. B.:

Before Sebastopol, June 9, 1855.

My Lord—I have the great satisfaction of informing your Lordship that the assault which was made upon the Quarries in front of the Redan, from our advanced parallel in the right attack, on the evening of the 7th instant, was attended with perfect success, and that the brave men who achieved this advantage with a gallantry and determination that does them infinite honour, maintained themselves on the ground they had acquired, notwithstanding that during the night, and in the morning of yesterday, the enemy made repeated attempts to drive them out, each attempt ended in failure, although supported by large bodies of troops, and by heavy discharges of musketry, and every species of offensive missile.

The French on our right had shortly before moved out of the trenches, and attacked the Ouvrages Blancs and the Mamelon. These they carried without the smallest check, and their leading columns rushed forward and approached the Malakoff Tower; but this it had not been in contemplation to assail, and the troops were brought back and finally established in the enemy's works, from which the latter did not succeed in expelling them, though the fire of musketry and cannon which was brought to bear upon them was tremendous.

I never saw anything more spirited and rapid than the advance of our Allies.

I am happy to say that the best feeling prevails between the two armies, and each is proud of and confident in the gallantry and high military qualities of the other.

I apprised your lordship, by telegraph, on the 6th that our batteries re-opened that afternoon. The fire was kept up with the greatest energy until the day closed, when it was confined to vertical fire; but the next morning the guns resumed the work of destruction, and the effect was such that it was determined by Gen. Pelissier and myself that the time had approached for pushing our operations forward. Accordingly, soon after 6 o'clock on the evening of the 7th, the signal was given for the assault of the works I have enumerated, and the result was most triumphant.

The troops employed in storming the Quarries was composed of detachments from the Light and 2d Divisions, at night they were supported by the 62d Regiment.

The command of these troops was entrusted to Colonel Shirley, of the 88th, who was acting as general officer of the trenches; and he was assisted in the arrangements and guided as to the point of attack and distribution of the troops by Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden, of the Royal Engineers, the directing engineer officer of the right attack.

Although nothing could be more spirited than the attack of the Quarries, or more creditable to every officer and man engaged in the operation, yet I cannot refrain from drawing your lordship's especial attention to the energy and determination which they all displayed in maintaining and establishing themselves after their first success in them. They were repeatedly attacked during the night, and again soon after day-light on the 8th, and it was in resisting these repeated efforts on the part of the enemy that a great portion of the heavy loss the army has to deplore has sustained.

The mode in which Colonel Shirley conducted this arduous service, and carried out his orders, entitles him to my highest commendation. I have great pleasure in mentioning the following officers, who are stated to have distinguished themselves on the occasion, viz.—Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, of the 90th, who commanded the storming party; Major Mills, Royal Fusiliers; Major Vilhers, 47th; Major Armstrong, 49th—who are all severely wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, of the 88th; Major Bayley, of the same regiment, who was unfortunately killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, 49th; Major Simpson, of the 34th; Lieutenant Colonel Johnstone, of the 33d; Major Herbert, of the 23d; Captain Lowry, of the 47th; Captain Turner, of the 7th; Captain Lowndes, of the 47th; Captain Nason, of the 49th; Captain Le Marchant, of the 49th, who was wounded; Captain Wolsley, 90th; and Lieutenants Chatfield and Eustace, of the 49th; and Palmer, Irby, and Waddilove, of the 47th; and Captain Hunter, 47th; and Lance-Corporal Quinn, 47th who took a Russian officer prisoner in the most gallant manner.

I also feel it my duty to solicit your lordship's notice to the eminent services of Lieutenant Colonel Tylden, of the Royal Engineers; he has been indefatigably in the discharge of his peculiar duties from the commencement of the siege, and he has always been on hand to aid in the repulse of the enemy, when they have assaulted our trenches. He eulogises the conduct of Captain Brown, of the Royal Engineers, Lieutenant Elphinstone, of the same corps, Lieutenant Anderson, 96th Foot (Acting Engineer) who is wounded; and he laments the

death of Lieutenant Lowry, R. E., who conducted the storming party, and was afterwards killed by a cannon shot.

Notwithstanding the frequency of the endeavours of the Russians to gain possession of the Quarries, and the interruptions to the work to which these attacks gave rise, Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden was enabled to effect the lodgment and to establish the communication with the advanced parallel, and this redounds greatly to his credit and that of the officers and men employed by the working party; and I cannot omit the opportunity to express my approbation of the conduct of the Sappers throughout the operations. The exertions of the Royal Artillery, under Brigadier-General Daeres, and those of the Naval Brigade, under Captain Lushington, R. N., in serving the guns cannot be too warmly commended. The accuracy of their fire is the theme of universal admiration; and the constancy with which they applied themselves to their arduous duties under all circumstances, however dangerous, cannot be too strongly placed upon record.

It is deeply to be lamented that this success should have entailed so heavy a loss as is shown in the accompanying returns, which, however, are still incomplete; but I have the assurance of the Principal Medical Officer that many of the wounds are slight, and that by far the greater portion of the sufferers are progressing most favourably.

I have just learnt that the enemy have abandoned a work in the rear of the "Ouvrages Blancs," which they constructed at the commencement of the month of May. The French took possession of it on the 7th, but did not retain it. In the other work they captured 62 pieces of artillery, and they have 14 officers and about 400 men prisoners.

We have a few prisoners, and amongst them a Captain of Infantry, who was wounded, and taken by Corporal Quinn, of the 47th Regiment.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.
To Lord Panmure, &c.

Before Sebastopol, June 9, 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to enclose a letter from Dr. Hall, Inspector General of Hospitals, enclosing a return of the casualties, as far as they have been ascertained when we visited the hospital yesterday morning, which took place in the attack and continued occupation of the Quarries on the evening of the 7th and morning of the 8th.

I visited most of the wounded yesterday, and was much pleased with the attention of the medical officers to the sufferers, and with the patience and resignation of the latter; and I am happy to say, while there are some very serious cases, the greater portion have every prospect of recovery, and many of the wounds are slight.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.
To Lord Panmure, &c.

Before Sebastopol, June 9, 1855.

My Lord,—I have the honour to enclose a return of the casualties of last night, so far as they have been ascertained when I visited the hospitals this morning, and the states were made out; but on my visit this evening I found that more wounded had been brought up from the trenches, a supplementary return of which I shall have the honour to submit to your lordship to-morrow.

The wounded from last night were all comfortably accommodated in their own regimental hospitals, and their hurts were promptly and properly attended to by the medical officers, both staff and regimental; and your lordship I am quite sure, will be glad to learn that a large portion of the wounds is not of a dangerous nature.

The regimental establishments of the 2d and Light Divisions, and of the right and left siege trains, were sufficient for the reception of the wounded of last night, and we have still in reserve in camp the spare accommodation of the regimental hospital of the 3d and 4th Divisions, and nearly the whole of the field general hospital in rear of the 3d Division, which consists of 30 huts, that have been given over for that purpose, and equipped for the reception of patients by the activity and zeal of First Class Staff Surgeon Dr. Mouat.

Besides the above accommodation, the surgical hospital at the Old Castle, Balaklava, can receive upwards of 400 patients; and as the wounded hitherto sent there have done so remarkably well, I am anxious that it should be accepted; and it has been arranged that a train of railway cars shall be appropriated for the conveyance of sick and wounded every day at 2 o'clock, by which means we will be able to relieve the hospitals in front, and prevent over crowding.

I beg to bring under your lordship's notice the very satisfactory manner in which all the medical officers have performed their duty on this occasion; and I trust I may be permitted to mention the exertions of First Class Staff Surgeon Dr. Gordon, superintending Second Division; First-Class Staff Surgeon Dr. Logan, Light Division; Surgeon Bent, Ordnance Medical Department, Right Siege Train; and Surgeon Elliott, Ordnance Medical Department, Left Siege Train.

I have, &c., JOHN HALL,
Inspector General of Hospitals.

THE CAPTURE OF THE MAMELON AND THE QUARRIES.

Camp before Sebastopol, June 6.

A term has been put once more to the long days of expectation and the wearisome idleness or sameness of our camp life. For the third time our fire has opened along the whole range of positions. At half-past 2 o'clock today 157 guns and mortars on our side, and above 300 on the French, awoke from silence to tumult. The design with which they are once more put in requisition is no doubt identical with that which has been promulgated of late by common anticipation. Yesterday the late general order announcing the victories of the fleet was read before the brigades, and to-night Lord Raglan and General Pelissier have ridden through the camps amidst the hurrahs and acclamations of both their armies.—They cannot be in any doubt as to the zeal of those whom they command. Our fire was kept up for the first three hours with excessive rapidity, the Russians answering by no means on an equal scale, though with considerable warmth. On our side the predominance of shells was very manifest, and distinguished the present cannonade in some degree even from the last. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became apparent at various points before nightfall, especially in the Redan, which was under the especial attention of the Naval Brigade. The Russians displayed, however, plenty of determination and bravado. They fired frequent salvos at intervals of four or six guns, and also, by way of reprisals, threw heavy shot up to our Light Division and on to the Picket-house hill. After dark the animosity on both sides gave signs of relaxing, but the same relative advantage was maintained by our artillery. As may be imagined, the effect of the fire had been watched all the forenoon with intense eagerness, the select places for looking on being crowded with lines of men, officers, and camp-followers, bristling with chevaux-de-frise of telescope and opera-glass, and the Russians having enough on their hands, one could venture without very sensible peril to an unusual proximity, and disregard the few missiles which, by accident or design, came over or up to the group.

June 7.

At 4 o'clock this morning a still and sluggish atmosphere, half mist, half the result of gunpowder, hung about the town, and the sun, enflaming as it were all the points of view from his low level in the horizon, telescopes were put out of joint for the moment. The Redan, however, which stands up boldly in front of the hills that slope from Cathcart's Mound, gave some evidence of having yielded to rough treatment, the jaws of its embrasures gave way, and its fire being irregular and interrupted. Captain Peel came by, on his way up from the trenches, about 5, very dusty and powdery. His reckless and dauntless seamen had been making beautiful practice, and had met with what must for them be considered a very moderate proportion of loss, having to record two deaths only and 14 wounds during the 15 hours; and, with one exception, the last were not very serious.—Though delivering a capricious discharge of shot and shell, the Russians in the Redan were making their contempt of danger conspicuous, some few of them appearing in front of the work, and one or two mounting on the parapet. By and by there was a glorious change in the weather, which adapted itself to the circumstances most amicably. At 9 a cool breeze, much stronger than usual, sprung up and continued throughout the day. The whole range of fire from right to left became visible in a bright sun that was for once not a scorching one. On the extreme left, towards the Quarantine, there was very slight firing from the French.—The perpetual hiss and crack of shells was still the chief point of contrast with the last bombardment in April. The enemy either could not or would not keep up a very vigorous reply. All the early part of the day we had the work very much to ourselves, but since it has been very much the habit of the Russians to knock off in the hotter part of the 24 hours, no very important disclosure was contained in this fact. About 11 o'clock a shell from the Russians exploded a magazine in our 8-gun battery, and a yell of applause followed the report.—Very slight harm happily resulted from the explosion—one man was killed, one wounded, and a few scorched a little. The real casualty of the morning was the death of an engineer officer, Capt. Dawson, who had just arrived in the Crimea from England; indeed, had been only two days in the camp, and was on duty in the trenches for the first time. As the day wore on it leaked out that something of import was undoubtedly to take place before its close, and that the double attack would probably commence at 5 or 6 p.m. The fire on our side, which had continued since day-break quietly and soberly, took a sudden access of fury about 3 o'clock, and was kept up from that hour to the critical moment with great activity. The affair itself came off but a little after the anticipated time. Between 5 and 6, Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill, below the lime-kiln, where it commands very plainly our 4-gun battery, and looks straight into the teeth of the Redan. A flagstaff was erected with threatening ostentation shortly before he came down,

and a little angle of rude wall was as hastily thrown up as a breastwork. Sir Colin Campbell was observed to plant himself on the next summit still nearer to the enemy, commonly called the Green Hill. His appearance drew some fire, and the shells dropped and flashed close by, but without disconcerting his purpose of having a thorough good look-out place. It was about half-past 6 when the head of the French attacking column came into view from these two spots, as it climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket instantly went off as the signal of our diversion, and as instantly the small force of our men detached for the post of honor made a rush at the quarries. After or slight check they drove out the Russians, or turning round the gabions commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon the more exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was directed to their conflict. The French went up the steep to the Mamelon in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye was upon their movements, which the declining day-light did not throw out into bold relief. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the dun barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unfailingly—were seen running, climbing, scrambling like skirmishers up the slopes on to the body of the work amid a plunging fire from the guns, which, owing to their loose formation, did them as yet little damage. As an officer, who saw Bosquet wave them off, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds." In a moment some of these dim wraiths shown out clear against the sky.—The Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down into the place from above; the next moment a flag was up as rallying point and defiance, and was seen to sway higher and thither, now up now down, as the tide of battle raged round it; and now, like a swarm, they were in the heart of the Mamelon, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter here with muskets, then with the bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprise. Then there came a rush through the angle where they had entered, and there was a momentary confusion outside. Groups, some idle, some busy, some wounded, were collected on the hither side, standing in shelter, and now and then to the far corner a shell flew from the English battery facing it. But hardly had the need of support become manifest and a gun or two again flashed from the embrasures against them, than there was another run in, another sharp bayonet fight inside, and this time the Russians went out spiking their guns. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower.—Twice they were forced back by the on-sweeping flood of French, who fought as if they had eyes upon them to sketch the swift event in detail. For 10 minutes or so the quick flash of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosures.—Then the back door, if one may use a humble metaphor, was burst open.

The noise of the conflict went away down the descent on the side towards the town, and the arena grew larger. It was apparent that the Russians had been reinforced by the space over which the battle spread. When the higher ground again became the seat of action then there came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former one was a mere reflux or eddy of the stream. When rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French General's position, and seemed to emphasize by their repetition some very plain command, we began to get nervous. It was growing darker and darker, too, so that with our glasses we could with difficulty distinguish the actual state of affairs. There was even a dispute for some time as to whether our Allies were going in or out of the work, and the staff themselves were by no means clear as to what was going on. At last, through the twilight, we discerned that the French were pouring in. After the interval of doubt our ears could gather that the swell and babble of the fight was once more rolling down the inner face of the hill, and that the Russians were conclusively beaten. "They are well into it this time," says one to another, handing over the glass. The musket flashes were no more to be seen within it. There was no more lightning of the heavy guns from the embrasures. A sharpless hump upon a hill, the Mamelon, was an extinct volcano, until such time as it would please us to call it again into action. Then at last, the more hidden struggle of our own men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. "How are our fellows getting on?" says one. "Oh! take my word for it, they're all right," says another.—And they were right, so far as the occupation and retention of the quarries was concerned, but had nevertheless to fight all night and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular pertinacity and recklessness of life. As it grew dark our advanced battery under the Greenhill made very pretty practice and pretty spectacle, by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians. From the mishapen outline of the pits a fringe of fire kept blazing and sparkling in a waving sort of curve, just like a ring of gas illuminated on a winter night; the attempt to retake them out of hand was desperately pure.