

# THE CARLETON SENTINEL



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### THE FINAL AND SUCCESSFUL ASSAULT.

On Saturday, the 8th September, within a few days of the anniversary of the landing of the Allied forces in the Crimea, and 316 days after the opening of the besieging batteries against Sebastopol, on the 17th October, 1854, a final and victorious assault was made upon the southern part of the town. Before night the French flag waved in triumph upon the Malakoff Tower, which had fallen before the indomitable courage and perseverance of the assailants, and within a few hours more the Russian garrison had evacuated the Karabelnaya suburb and the southern portion of the fortress, after blowing up the magazines and principal works, setting fire to the town in many places, and then endeavouring to withdraw by the bridge across the harbour from this terrific scene of devastation and defeat. So fell Sebastopol.

The catastrophe surpasses in horrible interest all the preceding scenes of this gigantic contest. The columns of the allied armies, combined in a four-fold attack, struggled all day with equal valour though with unequal success, against the principal points marked out for the assault. The extreme right of the French attack was directed against the work called the Little Redan, which was at first carried by the impetuosity of our allies though they were subsequently driven back by the fierce resistance of the Russians. The second and principal assault of the French army was against the Malakoff, which was carried by storm, and determined by its fall the fate not only of the day but of the siege.

A third attack was made by the British forces on the Great Redan, and, although we learn that the salient angle of this formidable work was at one moment carried and occupied by our troops. It must be added that they were subsequently driven out of it by the fire of the Russian batteries, which commanded it, and this check in some degree diminished the exultation which will be felt in this country at the triumphant termination of the siege. The French columns on the left also assailed, in the fourth place, the Central Battery, but failed to establish themselves in the work. We have no doubt that every man who attacked the defences of Sebastopol on that eventful day fought with the same determination to carry the place or perish in the attempt; and, although the results of these several attacks were unequal, all were animated by the same spirit and contributed to the great result. The first prize of this glorious victory belongs of right to our gallant allies the French, since the Malakoff Tower, the key of the main position, fell before the vigour of their assault; but, with that chivalrous feeling which is the noblest bond of men who have fought and conquered together, the names of all those who carried the rugged defences of Sebastopol deserve to stand side by side on one page, and no invidious distinction shall sully or lessen their common renown.

The Russians on their side unquestionably defended the place with the utmost determination and on more than one point they had the advantage over the besiegers. But it was the courage of desperation, for this effort was their last. No sooner were the outer works taken, which laid the town and the port at the mercy of the allied forces, than the men of war and steamers in the harbour were all set on fire, blown up, sunk, or destroyed, either by the fire of the allied batteries or by the order of the Russian authorities.

Such was the fate of the Russian Black Sea fleet on which the imperial Government had expended incalculable sums of money and incessant labor—that fleet which two years ago threatened the

very existence of the Turkish Empire, but whose solitary naval achievement was the atrocious outrage upon a far inferior force at Sinope. Of the authors of that nefarious attack, what remains?—The Emperor Nicholas sleeps in the vaults of St. Peter and St. Paul, no longer conscious of the chastisement his wicked ambition has brought down on his empire and his heirs. The admirals who commanded and the crews who fought on that occasion, have most of them fallen in the batteries of Sebastopol.

The very ships for which Russia contended at the Conference of Vienna as essential to her dignity and power are torn from plank to plank and scattered upon the waves. The dockyard and arsenal were already, on Sunday, in possession of the allied troops. Prince Gortschakoff had, it seems, solicited an armistice, though we know not whether it was granted; but his troops were hurrying away with the utmost precipitancy; and considering the moral and physical results of such a defeat upon the remnant of his army, it may be doubted whether the Russian General can attempt to make any further stand on the north side of the harbour.

These great events terminate the siege of Sebastopol, properly so called, for the allied armies have achieved within the last three days the grand object of their enterprise. They have wrested from the whole military power of Russia a fortress which she had converted into a place of extraordinary strength and defended with innumerable hosts of her best troops. They have annihilated the naval power on which she relied to secure her supremacy in the Euxine, and to establish her authority from the shores of the Caucasus to the mouth of the Danube. But, above all, they have shown the servile and credulous notions of the East, that the Powers now predominant in the world are not those of fanaticism and barbaric absolutism, but those of liberty and civilization.

In this struggle Sebastopol became at once the test of strength and the reward of victory. To reduce it by force of arms was to overthrow that colossal fabric of Russian influence which a century and a half of rapine and intrigue had called into being, until it overawed the surrounding nations and threatened the independence of Europe.—While the expedition to the Crimea offered the incalculable advantage of circumscribing within a few square miles all horrors of war, and of staking the strength of four empires on a single point, the result of our victory is as boundless as the globe. It tells the world that the alliance of England and of France has stood the test of warfare by the sufferings of the camp and the perils of the field.

It assures mankind that their united policy can impose its will and execute its resolutions, even though the timid stand aloof, and though men of baser minds may abandon the cause of their country in her hour of need. We owe our success in no slight degree to the unwavering firmness, with which the Emperor of the French has pursued this enterprise and adhered to the policy that dictated it. But we owe it no less to the clear and unanimous resolution of the people of England, whose mind was made up that this thing was to be done. In the course of these events, which broke in so suddenly on our wonted avocations, we have had much to learn and much to bear.

At times the tedium of suspended excitement became almost intolerable, and more than once the faint-hearted or the factious lost confidence in the result. Yet what is the fact? What is it we have done? A year has not yet elapsed since the allied armies set foot in the Crimea. Within that time they have won three pitched battles, and twice assaulted a fortress of extraordinary magnitude.—They have encompassed the works of the enemy

with trenches extending over more than 30 miles of ground; they have armed these trenches with the heaviest ordnance, and kept up an incessant fire that not only an incalculable amount of projectiles has been consumed, but five or six siege trains have been worn out.

They have created at Kamiesch, Eupatoria and Yenikale military stations which the Russians have not dared to assail, and Balaklava has become a popular mart. A railroad connects the harbor and the camp; an electric chain binds the Crimea to Europe, and conveys to us in a few hours the tidings of these triumphant successes.—Upwards of 200,000 men encamped within the lines of the Tchernaya have been conveyed thither and are daily fed, clothed and housed from the resources of Western Europe.

All this has been effected in spite of the rigor of Winter, the heat of Summer, and the distance of 3000 miles from our shores, and within one little year from the sailing of the expedition the leading objects of the campaign are accomplished and Sebastopol is in our power. The military and political results of this event open a new chapter in the history of these transactions to which we shall shortly take occasion to revert; but be they what they may, the grand fact now before us justifies the confidence we have never ceased to feel and rewards our hopes, for within 12 months from the commencement of this enterprise Sebastopol has fallen, and the power of the Russians in the waters of the Euxine is at an end.—*London Times.*

ITALY.—A pamphlet on the subject of Italy has just appeared, entitled *The Italian question—Murat and the Bourbons*. It is generally attributed to the pen of a former Neapolitan Minister, in the confidence of Prince Lucien Murat. The following letter is at the end of the pamphlet, addressed by the Prince to his nephew:—

"My dear Nephew,—Although it seems to me as it does to you, that I am the only possible solution (of the Italian question), I have nevertheless abstained from taking the initiative.

"It would be very silly to suppose, that because one is merely born on the threshold of a throne, the crown belongs to him, and that he is to succeed to the inheritance of an entire people, as a flock of sheep falls to the lot of a private individual.

"Let Italy call me, and I shall be proud of serving her. I will even add that no one will serve her better than myself.

"Her enemies are my enemies, and there is a terrible account to be settled between us. But should Italy choose another, my good wishes should be still with her; and to aid her success, I should shed the last drop of my blood.

"Happy he who shall be the elect of Italy! His mission is an easy one. Check yourself, and remember this maxim, which is not the less good because it is old, *noblesse oblige*.—Entirely yours,  
"L. MURAT."

POSITION OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—The struggle for the possession of Sebastopol is at an end. That prize is in our hands, and, as the defence of the fortress and the harbour was the grand object of the Russians, they have nothing left on that spot to contend for. The mere occupation of the north side of the port is a barren advantage, for, though it might hold a garrison, it cannot shelter a defeated army; and it is obvious that, after the failure of the main object, all the ability and generalship of the Russians will be required to save the whole body of their forces in the Crimea from destruction. We therefore infer that the northern forts will either be held for a time limited garrison or, more probably, altogether abandoned, in the hope of saving the army. Never was an army in

a more critical position. They are confined within a peninsula which affords them no other fortified position, no substance for the troops, and no water beyond a certain line. The sea, covered with hostile vessels, surrounds three sides of this theatre of war, and the fourth is separated from the Russians base of operations by steppes and marshes.

The allied armies already occupy strong positions at Eupatoria and Yenakale, which can be reinforced in a few hours by sea, so as to threaten the Russians in their flank and rear; and while it is impossible for the enemy to hold his ground in the south of the Crimea—for which, indeed, there is now no further object—to retreat in this season across the country is a formidable unkeraking, while the loss of a battle in the open field would be absolute destruction. The Russians are in a trap, from which the Tchongar road and the Isthmus of Perekop are the only means of escape, and even there their communications may possibly be intercepted.

No doubt, all these contingencies have been foreseen; Prince Gortschakoff's plan of campaign has long since been made; judging, therefore, from the accustomed tactics of the Russian army, as well as from the extreme difficulty of his present position, we incline to the opinion that he will adopt the course of a general and immediate retreat. To hold the Crimea without Sebastopol, and even after the harbor of Sebastopol itself has been transformed by conquest into the base of operations of the invading armies, would be a bootless and unprofitable task, and the danger is greatly aggravated by the fact that the whole body of the allies, with unlimited means of naval transport at their command, will shortly be at liberty to advance upon any part of the peninsula which is accessible from the sea. These immediate consequences of their own success in the siege operations must have been considered by the allied generals, and the moment is now arrived when they may proceed to open the campaign of which the reduction of Sebastopol was the first preliminary.—*London Times.*

The total number of British Officers killed, wounded and missing, &c., in the storming of the Great Redan is as follows:—

Killed,	26
Wounded,	114
Missing,	1
Total,	141

We regret to perceive, under the head of "killed," the name of Major Welsford, 97th Regt.—This gallant officer was stationed in this garrison a few years ago, and was highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.—*Cour.*

The *Herald* boldly seizes an idea, which, though widely favoured, has rarely found open advocacy:

"There is still, no doubt, in the Crimea, a Russian force strong enough, while undefeated, to keep open the line of communication with the surviving fortresses on the north of the harbour.—Were our Generals to attempt the investment of the north side, the result must be a general engagement—an engagement brought on either by an attack of the Russians upon our advancing lines, or by an attempt of the Allies to dislodge the troops of the Czar from their formidable position. But we believe the truth to be that there are other considerations which will force on such an engagement. All accounts appear to confirm the statement that the Russian armies in their present strength cannot maintain themselves in the Crimea. It might be possible for them, no doubt, to leave a small garrison in the northern Sebastopol; although we question whether they could even provision such a garrison for a six months' siege. Such a line of tactics supposes the withdrawal of the army of observation, and the consequent abandonment of all opposition to the investment of the remnant of Sebastopol by the allied armies. If those tactics be adopted by the Russian Generals, we should then have before us the prospect of a regular siege of the northern fortifications with a complete investment of the besieged.

"The probability is, that the Russian Generals must evacuate the Crimea, or at once bring on a general engagement. We believe the probabilities of the case to be that of such an engagement a very few days will bring us the account. At the same time, we shall not be surprised to find