

Incidents of the War.

From the Times' correspondent up to the 9th:—

RUMOURD EXPEDITION TO KERTCH.

In connexion with the expedition to Okzakoff, another is talked off from Kertch towards Genitchi and the head of the Tchongar recently constructed by the Russians. I heard some particulars about this road from a gentleman who heard them from Tartars at Kertch, who had gone over it. It leads from Perekop over the old road going round the northern shore of the Sea of Azoff down Kunnille; here it branches off Genitchi road, passing the villages of Kintshu, Buraki, Ochi, Kashken, and Toroshik. At the neck of the peninsula of Tchongar the new road begins; it crosses the peninsula for its whole length, and leaves it again where its southernmost point makes a bend to the east. By a bridge of 171 Russian fathoms length it goes, as over to the peninsula opposite, and runs by Kirik Bakush, Osmak, Kitoi, Turkan-Surak, Kirkut, Chekali, Az, Tehambaida, and Kanoga, to Kopchask, At Sheik-eli it enters the road from Perekop to Karasu-Bazaar, but leaves it again at Kourat and then goes by Tashli-l Oar, Baran, Itak, Akesh, Karasu-Kabash, Bulatch, Bailar, Ker-mashi, Bluten, down to Ispat, where it crosses the Salghic, and following from Bulatch the old Perekop road passes Tshounk, and there unites at Karakiat with the great Perekop road.

The distances are from Perekop to the Tchongar bridge eighteen hours, the Tartar travelling hour being about the same as the English one,—that is there are three English miles; from Kashkishken to the bridge there are three hours, from the bridge to Simpheropol twenty hours, from the bridge to Karasu-Bazaar the same. At Genitchi there are two ferry boats, each able to contain twenty-four arabas, which keep up the communication between the spit and the main land.

The Turkish contingent is said to be destined for Kertsch, and it is supposed that it has arrived.

WHAT THE RUSSIANS ARE DOING.

Oct. 9.—On the Sebastopol side of our line (for now there is no more front and rear, as when the siege was going on) everything remains *in statu quo*. The Russians are still throwing up entrenchments on every available spot of the north side of the harbour. The ground is, as all over this neighbourhood, particularly fit for a display of engineering. From Fort Constantine there is a succession of promontories extending towards the head of the harbour, which have been all taken advantage of to construct works upon, notwithstanding our firing; but this firing seems only intended to impede the construction of those works, and not to prevent it altogether, as the large batteries which commenced some time ago have again been counter-ordered, and you can distinctly perceive the Russians working in spite of the occasional shot or shell pitching among them and scattering them for a moment. They are likewise modest enough in replying—an occasional shot from Fort Constantine from a little earth work *a fleur d'eau* with eight embrasures, between the second casemated fort and some buildings, evidently stores, and some rather more frequent ones from a little redan in front of the Telegraph battery and an earth-work on the eastern promontory of the Soukhaya creek, being all. Lately however, they have begun to fire more frequently from the Inkermann batteries towards the French redoubts there. Most of their shots from the harbour are directed against the town, rather than against the French mortars behind Fort Nicholas, and against the head of the Dockyard creek. The regularity of the town rather invites this manoeuvre, the streets running parallel down towards the harbour and thus showing plainly all those who pass through them.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WINTER.

The siege guns have nearly all been removed from both our and the French lines, as well as the platforms, gabions, and fascines. The French have begun to level their old trenches, in order to facilitate the communications. What with these works and roadmaking the soldiers are kept busy enough, but I am sorry to say, the old idea that labour is the best preservative from temptation seems not to be confirmed by experience in this instance, for wherever you pass you see individuals pacing about in heavy marching order over a limited space of ground and during a limited space of time, or going about in a circle lifting up stones and putting them down again at a certain distance, as a punishment for drunkenness. But in spite of this, the roadmaking is progressing favourably.

The highlanders will winter on the spot where they are. The materials for their huts have arrived, and they have set to work. The Turkish artillery, which has hitherto occupied the spot where these huts are to be erected, have been removed a little further, and the digging has now begun. The two battalions of the 1st royals, who are destined to form part of the second brigade of the highland division, have come up likewise, and are encamped a little below Kamara.

The Sardinians are likewise still busy hutting themselves, and every day you see tents disappear and huts arise; they are all underground, with only the gable roof showing. Similar ones are now in construction for the cavalry and artillery horses. The will afford excellent shelter, only the labour is rather great. Be-

sides these underground huts the ruins of the houses of Kamara are being repaired, and made again fit to receive stores.

Another Turkish regiment has left in the Great Britain for Asia. Part of the English medical staff went likewise in her to Souchum Keleb, whence they must find their way to Sinope.

THE FRENCH BEYOND BAIDAR.

I went the other day over the French position beyond Baidar. The road leading up from Ourkusta is nearly finished. You can overlook from the heights the banks of the Upper Belbek. The Russians have abandoned a kind of entrenched camp which they had constructed on this side of it, but they send occasionally cavalry over, and while I was there I could see plainly about four squadrons in a field near the river side, some suspicious looking objects, which seemed very much like guns, although it was impossible to make them out clearly with my glass. The French nearly every day make reconnaissance in the direction of Aitodor and towards the river, but without meeting with any considerable force of the enemy. Yesterday three regiments of light cavalry were sent down to Baidar, so that the Russian cavalry will probably not long remain on this side of the Belbek.

The French keep excellent order in the villages they occupy—no soldier is allowed to go into a house, to the great satisfaction of the people, who, like all oriental people, are very particular about their domestic privacy.

From the London Daily News' correspondent up to the 12th:—

CONTEMPLATED ATTACK ON MACKENZIE HEIGHTS.

Oct. 12.—There is very little progress to communicate from this part of the seat of war. The movement which it was currently reported would take place in the course of this week has ended, as it began, in rumour. Yet the arrangements for an attack against the enemy's position on the Mackenzie heights, in concert with a corresponding movement on the part of our allies, were mentioned on high authority. The third and remaining brigade of the fourth division were to have this time the honour of being in front, part of the second and light divisions acting as supports, and the first and highland divisions being in reserve. One brigade of the light and one of the second division were to remain as a guard for the Karabelnaia part of Sebastopol. Such was the stated distribution of the British force, and the 10th instant was generally understood to be the day fixed for the assault. The report was in some degree confirmed by a communication, sent from headquarters to each division of the army, defining what amount of necessaries each soldier was to carry with him in case of a sudden order to move. Everything, however, has hitherto remained stationary, and at present all talk of the intended attack has died away. No reason has been named for this change of tactics; it is merely remarked that some fresh instructions must have been received by telegraph from home, where, it is universally understood, the movements of the campaign are regulated.

DETENTION OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY

The brigade of light cavalry, which was under orders to proceed to Eupatoria, have been detained by adverse weather. During the night between the 9th and 10th instant, a heavy gale sprung up from the south-west, and continued all the following day. The temperature was high, and the wind had all the character of a sirocco. On the 11th the gale subsided, and was succeeded by rain. To-day the weather is bright and fine. It does not appear that the delay in the departure of the cavalry was connected with the postponement of the movement against the Mackenzie heights, for already there is a very considerable force of this arm of the service under General D'Alenville at Eupatoria, and it was even a matter of doubt whether that general would require the aid of the British reinforcements. In case of General D'Alenville deciding that the light cavalry brigade were not required at Eupatoria, it is said that the regiments composing it are not to return to the Crimea, but to go at once to their winter quarters on the Bosphorus.

The French are still pushing on to the right, and have now reached the upper valley of the Belbek river. The Russians are retiring before them. From every side we hear that the enemy is falling back by detachments upon Perekop, and the gradually diminishing extent of the encampments, which can be observed over the Inkermann heights, appear to give support to these assertions. There is no diminution of fire, however, from the forts and batteries on the north side of the roadstead; on the contrary, it has been kept up with much more activity during the last two or three days. It has been especially directed against the Malakoff, and the part of Sebastopol held by the French on the west side of the south harbour. The English have not constructed any works to act against the north side; the battery commenced on the former site of fort Paul, but afterwards abandoned, has not again been proceeded with. The French have nearly completed another large work near fort Alexander, destined more particularly to act against fort Constantine. It is to contain an armament of ten mortars.

RUSSIAN CUNNING AND ENGLISH CARELESSNESS.

A story is afloat that a few nights ago three boats, taking advantage of the darkness, quietly crossed from the north side, and, entering the Karabelnaia port, proceeded towards some of the shed, on the dockyard Quay. Having arrived at the stairs, some Russians landed, and, finding they were unobserved, removed a certain

amount of stores, with which they got back safely to their own side of the roadstead. This feat might be accomplished with the greatest ease unless the sentries were on the alert. The guard, which previous to this occurrence was a sabaltern's, has been since increased to a captain's guard. Whether captains, such as are now not unfrequently met in some of the regiments, with little more than two years' service, and experience, and mere striplings in years, are much more likely to take the necessary measures to prevent the recurrence of similar deeds on the part of so cunning an enemy as the one to whom we are opposed, is a matter for the consideration of military authorities.

From a Soldier's Letter.

THE CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Before Sebastopol, October 1.—I have escaped five bombardments, having been in the trenches during the first and during the last, besides two intermediate ones. The last one it is wholly out of my power to describe to you. Captain M— and I were together in the fifth parallel during the night, with seventy men. I volunteered to go, as a subaltern had to be there, and he (Captain M—) was there as being the junior of the two, and I was the senior of the subalterns, the others being mere boys. We were close to the Redan, and were exposed to a continued fire of musketry from the Russians for about five hours, and our fourth parallel opened a fire from behind us, thus, being in the dark, the fire was all chance and haphazard, and consequently we were as much in danger from our own men as the enemy. The fifth parallel is too close for the Redan to play upon us, but they fired grape and bouquets from other batteries. We withdrew to the fourth at daylight. I judged from the appearance and air of things that we were in for it—that the following day would become memorable. I judged aright. At six o'clock a terrific volley or salvos of guns opened on the left by the French. Imagine, if you can, 200 guns and mortars of the largest calibre firing as one gun; the English in the centre did the same. The French, again, on the right, the same. This frightful affair lasted three hours. The Russians applied all their resources, and they also fired fearfully. Fancy, I say, if you can, having a fire overhead. The men were cleared from all the parallels except the fourth, which was to resist any attack that might be made—an unwilling sacrifice of a few, as was thought by all, for the good of the whole. The guns having cooled, a rocket from the French, at twelve o'clock, was the signal for a recommencement, and the entire number of guns, French and English, gave a volley, enough to shake the Crimea to its centre. This lasted about two hours and a half.

At five o'clock it commenced again and lasted till seven. Night closed in before the high wind which was blowing cleared the earth and heavens for miles around from dust and smoke. We miraculously escaped with only about two casualties, and got out of the trenches by nine o'clock. At ten the following morning every man of the army was under arms, and the bombardment once more began and continued throughout the entire day, excepting intervals of an hour or two for the guns to cool, as on the day previous. The Third Division was formed in reserve in front of the 28th camp. The corps were the 1st Royals, 4th, 14th, 18th, 28th, 38th, 44th, 50th, and 89th, and were under arms till nine o'clock. The French had gained the Malakoff by this, while the French and English had been driven twice, each respectively from the Redan and Flagstaff Batteries. By ten o'clock flames appeared in the town at different points: by three, a. m., it was all over in a furious blaze—a sure sign that the Russians had evacuated the town and gone to the north. Never shall I forget the sight that was presented at daybreak. The men, guessing that the town was taken, and knowing the plundering propensities of our friends, the French, on such occasions, sallied forth, and brought away what ever they could lay hands upon. But the Russians had removed everything of any value, and what they could not remove they destroyed; therefore what was captured was only lumber. Cavalry pickets, French and English, soon formed a barrier to prevent anything being taken away. The chairs I have sent you were taken from some one by the cavalry; and I, happening to be at the spot where they were, just as they were being relieved at night, I had them bro't away under nightfall. I first visited the town. What a sight! Every step you took the mind became overwhelmed at what you saw, until one's ideas were staggered. Here you saw what had been a street of gorgeous palaces; there you saw a mighty but solemn temple; yonder a ponderous line of classic buildings and terraces—all in a pile of blackened, smouldering ruins. Some house that I entered presented an appearance which would almost grieve one to look at, for pity's sake, from their irredeemable ruin and desolation. The dwellings of the upper classes appear to have been built and fitted up to the utmost degree of comfort, convenience and chasteness. But the chaos in which everything was found, I cannot describe. In what had been a drawing room would lie the broken shaft of a column of polished marble, the Corinthian capital of which shone with burnished gold, while the upper part of its fellow still adhered to the ceiling, which it was intended to support, and the weight of which now brought the ceiling nearly down to the flooring. Close beside would be a large block of stone that had crashed to pieces a piano of extraordinary beauty and dimensions, a shot or shell having shattered it from the wall of masonry. Fragments of marble chimneypieces, gilded picture-frames,

music, pieces of polished mahogany of elegant forms, belonging to tables, sideboards, sofas, &c., were everywhere strewn about. The beautiful places of worship were all ruinous empty shells, riddled, like all the houses and buildings, with shot and shell. One thing, however, went to show that the inhabitants had long left their dwellings, probably as long ago as the first bombardment for every house appeared to have been in occupation of the military from the debris of clothing and appointments everywhere seen. Those inhabitants, it is probable, too, who had left with the forlorn hope of ever returning, doubtless, with a true Russian spirit and feeling, spread about them what ruin and damage they could before leaving, and what they failed to do the soldiers did for them before they left. But without this, our projectiles would have destroyed every stone and stick. Those noble buildings which are seen from our heights, with smooth, white exterior walls and green roofs, which smile and look pleasant as a sun-bank in the distance, on approaching them are found to be cold, forbidding ruins—pierced from top to bottom in every direction. The effect of our 13 inch shell can everywhere be seen, weighing, as they do, 200lbs.; and falling from an altitude of a mile and a half, or about 3000 yards, their concussion is equal to seventy tons. Large gaps, or empty spaces, in rows or clusters of buildings, tell that a shell has penetrated the roof or wall, and descended to a depth below the foundations, and in an instant not a vestige remained—nearly every atom scattered to the winds in all directions. The mind cannot picture anything equal in point of beauty to what this city has been. It seems to me to have been a place where one would wish to live and die. The hills behind, stretching radius-like for miles, must have been a beautiful landscape before we spread desolation; while in front the sun setting in a yellow yellowness on the watery horizon, makes it appear to be a sea of liquid gold, and the soft richness of the shining waters, reflected on a western sky, makes it illusory and such as one reads of or fancies only in fairy scenes. The stupendous docks I cannot describe. I never saw anything, the work of men's hands, that can bear the slightest comparison. There are six capable of receiving the largest of the colossal ships that float, and they are as neat as they are large and mighty. The man who planned these was an Englishman—a Mr Upton, a road surveyor and a defaulter. The Emperor rewarded him with the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and I was told by a Russ—an English prisoner at the Monastery of St. George—that the Emperor always shook him by the hand warmly whenever he visited Sebastopol. These works and buildings are held by the English, and we have shafts sunk all round the docks to blow them to destruction whenever instructions arrive to that effect from home.

The guns and ammunition that have fallen into English hands are almost incalculable.—Around the docks there are not less than 2,000 guns, a vast number of which are of the largest calibre; and of shot there are piles of tens of thousands. The masts of the shipping slanting upwards above the waters in all directions suggest a train of strangely speculative ideas. The two imperial forts (Nicholas and Constantine), now enemies, frown antagonistically at each other, and the cross fire from these over the harbour causes a reverberation that strikes with a mournful cadence upon the ear. Let this pass, that I may say a word or two upon the defences of the town. The scientific principles displayed in them surpass all that ever has been done before at sieges, and totally eclipse our best engineering tactics. I hesitate not to say, and I mean it with no malice or disparagement, that were the Russian engineer officers to see our works they would laugh at them. The Russian works were apparently formed to meet any and every conceivable exigency. Their batteries were their trenches and parallels, and these parallels and trenches were their one line of batteries, forming mountain ranges which had mountains for their base. These were not altogether natural advantages, but they applied such principles of art as were best suited to whatever advantage nature offered. Our principles differ *in toto*. Could our trenches be faced about we should then be something near the principles upon which the Russian works were constructed. A person walking from the front can walk nicely into our works by reason of the earth being thrown to the front, making it a simple incline or small counter-scarp. The Russians knew better; they made the perpendicular towards the enemy, revetting it with gabions in order to do it effectually.—The difference in other things is in the same ratio. Our men lay in the trenches when they were half filled with sleet and snow, with scarcely anything to cover them—nothing but the ragged remnants of a spongy old great coat, not fit at best for house flannel. The Russians had huts, no, not huts, but positively barracks, all along the line of batteries and under them, and therefore bomb-proof. Here they appear to have been very snug and comfortable. Implements of tailoring, shoe lasts, &c., told that each handicraftsmen worked at his leisure hours, although in the trenches, cards, too, were plentiful. Brandy bottles were plenty, and from the labels on several bottles it showed that they had an affection for English "Old Tom." To stand on the summit of the Flagstaff Bastion you see a sight worth beholding. The whole of the works of the English and French left attack are seen at one view, besides the whole of the southern Crimea. But a visit to the Russian lines is offensive to one's feelings and humanity; you cannot place your foot upon any loose soil but you may be standing upon the half buried body of a dead comrade or Russian, and the stifling odour that rises everywhere makes one almost shudder.