

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

(From Correspondent of the Illustrated London News)

Gen. Collingwood, hearing the signal of the assault on the Malakoff, after a short pause, gave the order to storm the Redan. The latter parties of the 3d and 97th dashed out, and, favoured by tolerably even ground, passed the abatis, which was no terrible obstacle to their progress, and planted their ladders on the salient angle of the work. The stormers, less active than they had been delayed by their inability to issue from the parapet except by one aperture; and when they succeeded in reaching the scrap of the Redan, the ladder party had already mounted to the assault. The stormers followed, mounting on each side the salient angle, and fought their way into the Redan, killing the Russians within the first traverse; but in their eagerness to outstrip each other, the party on the right pressed across the work to join those on the left, and in doing so fell into the concentrated fire of the enemy, whose supports, upwards of 2000 in number, were rapidly coming up. A hand-to-hand conflict followed, desperate in its nature—the Russians fighting for the hold with the tenacity of bears, and using every sort of missile, in addition to their arms; stones, loose grape, stocks of broken muskets, were hurled in volleys from the summits of the traverses on our men, whose ammunition began to fail. They, in their turn, grasped at stones, and hurled them against the Russians, who now, encouraged by the arrival of reinforcements, and the diminution of our men, poured down on our advanced devoted stormers, and fought with their hand-to-hand. Many were the departing efforts that then took place—men clung to men, and the death agony of both was on the same spot. This was too terrible to last; either our Generals must bring on supports, or the stormers retreat; the former was delayed, and the remains of our men gave way in disorder on the parapets and embrasures which they had so gallantly stormed. At this time there were several regiments in the 4th, 6th, and 8th parallels, which did not move sufficiently quick, and were not in time to save the relics of the stormers; the Redan was thus won and lost.

The French attack on the Little Redan and works upon the Carcening Bay were failures for other reasons. The troops moved resolutely on, rapidly crossing a broad space which lay between them and the Russian redoubts. They were thrown into considerable confusion by rows of holes called *trous a rats*, into which the men tumbled in the darkness caused by dust and smoke. Their attack was repulsed by this of its firmness, and was repulsed by the enemy. The struggle, however, was maintained doubtfully for a considerable time. The first body of stormers, almost annihilated by the musketry of the Russians covered the parapets of the works with their bodies, when fresh supports came up and struggled to summit of the escarp, but at every fresh attempt they fell back discomfited into the ditch, covering the ground with dead and dying. The Russians had not only the advantage of position, but they had been materially assisted by the steamers, which fired broadsides upon the Malakoff and the counterscarp of the Little Redan. The Vladimir steamed rapidly up under the very muzzles of the French batteries on Mount Sapouné, delivered her broadside, and then majestically steamed round, delivered a second, without eliciting amidst the confusion any reply from the French. These broadsides committed dreadful havoc, and threw the ranks of the assaulting columns into an inextricable confusion. Notwithstanding every adverse circumstance, however, the French maintained their ground at the foot of the scarp, and in the ditch of the Little Redan and Black Batteries, firing resolutely at every Russian who showed himself over the parapet, while the Russians on their part were equally quick in returning shot for shot when a Frenchman raised his person more than usual. The painful phases of the combined assault proceeded, whilst the main attack on the Malakoff rapidly lost its easy characteristics. It is difficult to give such a picture of the works as may furnish an approximate idea of its proportions and aspects, but the description of its nature characterises the aspect of this as well as the Redan and other forts held by the Russians. The ditch was about fifteen feet deep, and the scarp twenty feet high. The embrasures and platforms were elevated above the level of the work, which was divided into parts by traverses of irregular shape, in which small openings were left for the passage of men. These traverses were mostly quarried works, the galleries of which were supported by double rows of gigantic beams of Norway pine, and the height of earth forming the roof made every vault bomb proof. The traverses generally measured twelve to fifteen feet in height, and being most irregular in their form, must have rendered complete possession extremely difficult. The Redan was similarly arranged internally; and this peculiarity of construction accounts for the inactivity of the Russians during the last bombardment—the soldiers concealing themselves in their casemates till such time as the heavy fire should cease. It does not appear either that the guards of these works were changed oftener than monthly, for every portion of this quarter bore proof of permanent occupation, that of the commander being filled with armchairs, pictures, and luxuries, whilst workshops for carpenters and masons were fitted up. The very security of the soldiers in these precincts must have increased a chance of capture, and the instant occupation of the work and destruction of its defences, in a short period, are a proof of it.

The Russians did not passively allow the enemy to enjoy their new possessions. They had no sooner been driven out than they attacked the French with the energy of despair. The Zouaves and Chasseurs found themselves defenders instead of assailants of the Malakoff; they fought with all the energy of pride and success, and for a considerable time kept up an unequal struggle against superior numbers. The Russians trusted more to stones and missiles of that nature than to their muskets, and from the summits of the traverses they hurled all kinds of missiles, broken cannon, such as stones, beams, buckets, short of muskets, and a host of other missiles. The French, short of ammunition, replied with the same weapons, varying their resistance by rushes at the point of the bayonet. They were giving way, however, before the advancing Russians, discouraged by intelligence of impending failure at the Redan, and Black Works. At this critical moment the supports of the division marched up and entered the work on all sides. The Imperial Guard, consisting of Grenadiers and Zouaves, swarmed into the Malakoff, and commenced a desperate conflict hand to hand amongst the labyrinthine windings of the ditch, amidst shell holes, broken gabions,

and irregular elevations, and in many instances above each other. The ground was strewn with them so as to be completely invisible. To add to the horrors of the moment, the shells from the Redan and steamers fell in numbers upon the portion of the work in possession of the French, and added to the heaviness of their losses; but the Russians were unable to regain the French position in fresh supplies. At this moment and brought in field artillery, and in a hasty bridge into the redoubt. The Russians slowly yielded, and commenced a retreat, which ended in a rout. The scene of it was the way leading from the dockyard to the Malakoff, a road traced inside of the second line of defence, to which the Russians trusted as a means of retrieving their losses. A long series of batteries had been erected from the foot of the Malakoff to the naval hospital, part upon the Redan, and part upon the Malakoff. A large six gun battery at the base of the southern front of the hospital had been armed with sixty-eight pounders, and the windows in the ground floor in the hospital on the eastern side had been turned into embrasures from which ships' cannonades played upon the Malakoff and the ascent to it. The rapidity of the French movements when the Russians first commenced their retreat prevented the latter from using their second line of defence efficaciously. The hand-to-hand conflict down the descent did not enable them to kill a foe without destroying a friend; and thus the French passed down from the Malakoff by the rear of the town, they came to the base of the hill, and a level with the dockyard. From that spot they receded, moving to their right, and driving the Russians through the streets of the Karabelahah, whilst the field artillery and some of the lighter guns left in the Malakoff were turned against the second line of defence, which it successfully outflanked. Darkness now supervened, and the Russians, under its cover, withdrew from the works of the Karabelahah, the Redan, and the Black Battery.

RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS.

SUNDAY, Sept. 9.

At eight o'clock last night the Russians, began quietly to withdraw from the town, in the principal houses of which they had previously stored up combustibles, in order to render Sebastopol a second Moscow. With great aid the General kept up a great fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as though he intended to renew the attempts to regain the Malakoff.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FLEET.

Ere two o'clock this morning the fleet had been scuttled and sunk, with the exception of steamers. About 12.30 the men of the Second Division on duty in the trenches observed a preternatural silence in the Redan, and some volunteers crept up into it. Nothing could they hear but the heavy breathing and groans of the wounded and dying, who with the dead were the sole occupants of the place. As the Redan was known to be mined, the men were withdrawn, and soon afterwards the Russian tactics began to develop themselves.

BURNING OF THE TOWN.

About two o'clock, flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town. They spread gradually all over the principal buildings. At four o'clock a stupendous explosion behind the Redan shook the camp; it was followed by four other explosions equally startling. The city was enveloped in fire and smoke, and torn asunder with the tremendous shocks of these volcanoes. At 4.45 the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up. At 5.30, two of the southern forts went up into the air, and the effect of these explosions was immensely increased by the rush of a great number of live shells into the air, which exploded in all directions. All this time a steady current of infantry was passing in broken masses to the north side over the bridge, and 6.45 the last battalions were passed over, and the hill sides opposite were alive with their masses. Several small explosions took place inside the town at 7.10. Columns of black smoke began to rise from the neighborhood of Fort Paul at 7.12. At 7.15 the connection of the floating bridge with the south side was severed. At 7.16 flames began to ascend from Fort Nicholas. At 8.7 the bridge was floated off in portions to the north side. At 9 o'clock several violent explosions took place on our left, opposite the French. The town was by this time in a mass of flames, and the pillar of black, grey, and velvety fat smoke from it seemed to support the very heavens.

THE STATE OF THE TOWN.

On Monday it was thus finely described by Mr. RUSSELL, the *Times* Correspondent:

The contest on which the eyes of Europe have been turned so long is nearly decided—the event on which the hopes of so many mighty empires depended is all but determined. Sebastopol is in flames! The fleet, the object of so much diplomatic controversy, and so many bloody struggles, has disappeared in the dock! One more great act of carnage has been added to the tremendous and glorious tragedy of which the whole world has been the most civilized nations down to the most barbarous hordes of the East, has been the anxious and excited audience. Amidst shouts of victory and cries of despair—in frantic rejoicing and passionate sorrow—a pall of black smoke, streaked by the fiery flashings of exploding fortresses, descends upon the stage, on which has been depicted so many varied traits of human misery and human greatness, such richness and weakness—across which have stalked characters which history may develop as largely as the struggle in which they were engaged, and still to gigantic proportions, of which she may draw into pettiest dimensions, as unworthy of the part they played. A dull, strange silence, broken at distant intervals by the crash of citadels and palaces as they fly into dust, succeeds to the incessant dialogue of the cannon which have spoken so loudly and so angrily throughout an entire year, and tired armies, separated from each other by a sea of fire, rest on their arms and gaze with varied emotions on all that remains of the object of their conflicts. To every one out here the occurrences of the last few days seem prodigious, startling, and momentous. Time will show whether we duly appreciate them. On Saturday we felt that the great success of our valiant allies was somewhat tarnished by our own failure, and it was doubtful whether the Russians would abandon all hope of retaking the Malakoff. On Sunday, ere noon, we were walking about the streets of Sebastopol, and gazing on its ruins. The army is now in suspense as to its future. The south side of the city is in the hands of the allies. On the north side the great citadel and numerous regular forts, backed by enormous earthworks and defended by a numerous army, bid us defiance across a narrow strip of water, and Russia may boast

that she has not yet lost Sebastopol. The allied fleet remains outside, paralysed by Fort Constantine and its dependencies, and every one is going about asking, "What are we to do now?"

The town is still burning and in ruins. It is in possession of the French. The following order has been issued on the subject—"Five officers and several men injured by explosions to-day."

The same master hand gives us the following glimpse into the Russian Hospitals in Sebastopol:

Descending from the Malakoff we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners in every house, to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. A steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dock buildings on the right, which used to look so clean and white and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to pieces, and hang together in such shreds and shivers that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stones of which they and the walls are made are readily knocked to pieces by a cannon-shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is in one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded. I visited it next day.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Russet could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situated in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell, and over the Redan, and to the muzzles directed at the dockyard, and to the muzzles directed at the dockyard, and to the muzzles directed at the dockyard.

Entering one of these doors, I behold such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded did I say? No; but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be bestowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, the shells and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved with ordinary care. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors" for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds.

THE REDAN AFTER THE FIGHT.

The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words "Barwise, London," thereon—cook-houses, where human blood was running apace among the utensils, in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *bona fide* war zone. The old inhabitant could not recognise it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which costs both sides so much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun carriages here was extraordinary, the ground was covered with them. The bomb proofs were the same as in the Malakoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

NEW BOOKS.

AT FULLER'S AM BOOK STORE.

October 12, 1855.

SCENES in the Practice of a New York Surgeon, by E. H. Dixon, M. D. Boston, by J. P. Curtis, in R. Shelton McKenney, D. C. L., Author "Sketches of the Irish Bard." Panama in 1855; or Life and Character of the Posthumous. Bon's Child—a rare Book. The Plautus Victim; or Incidents of a Grecian Slavery. The Match Girl; or Life Scenes as they are. Ethel; or the Double Error, by M. James. The Elder Sister, by M. James. Homes for the people.—The Villa, the Mansion, and the Cottage, by J. Wheeler. Treatise on English Punctuation, by J. Wilson. Richard Hardy, a Tale of Blood, by W. Simms. Black Bess; or Claude to the rescue. The Newcomes.

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The course in NATURAL PHILOSOPHY treats of Matter, its properties, necessary and contingent; Motion, its laws; Acoustics; Mechanics; Hydrodynamics; Pneumatics; Heat; Optics; Magnetism and Electricity, including Galvanism, Electro-Galvanism, Magneto-Electricity, and Thermo-Electricity.

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The ELEMENTARY works used in the Classical Department are Bullion's Latin and Greek Grammar, Andrews' or Riddle's Latin Dictionary, and Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon. The Classics read are, in Latin, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Cicero, Quintilian, and Tacitus; and in Greek, Dalmatius Collectanea Græca Majora.

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The qualifications for admission to the Seminary are a competent acquaintance with the English language, Arithmetic, Geography, first three books of Euclid, Latin and Greek Grammars, first book in Latin, four books of Caesar, four books of Ovid, and Catullus's Conspiracy, (or an amount of Latin equivalent thereto), first book in Greek, and fifty pages of the *Majora*.

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The next term will commence on the first Wednesday in March 1856, and close on the first Wednesday in September following.

Introductory Lecture by Professor McCulloch. Applicants for admission must meet the Board at the Seminary on the day previous to the commencement of the term.

By order of the Board, JAMES WATSON, Secretary.

Theological Seminary, West River, Pictou, Nov. 1, 1855.

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