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DETAILS OF THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

(From the London Times.)

We have received the following from our correspondents in the Crimea, which, however, only bring down the narrative of events before Sebastopol to noon on the 8th of September, the hour at which the French and English storming columns were in the very act of rushing to the assault against the city, which during three previous days had been devastated by the terrific fire brought to bear against it by the Allies:—

September 5.—At dawn on the morning of the 5th of September the French opened fire. The air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the south-east, which continued all day, drifted over the steppe, and blew gently into Sebastopol. The sun shone serenely through the vapors of early morning and wreaths of snowy clouds on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionade which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this "august city." The ships lay floating on the waters of the roads which were smooth as a mirror, and, like it, reflected them, and outside our own fleet and that of the French equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing from Kazatch to Constantine as idly as though they were "painted" upon "a painted ocean." From Cathcart's Hill the eye embraces a portion of the defences of the Quarantine—the French approaches to it and to the Flagstaff batteries up to their junction with our left attack across the ravine at the foot of the Dockyard Creek. One can sweep over the Flagstaff Batteries' works—the suburb of ruined houses, or rather the sites of cottages and residences which are all that is now left of long streets by the fire of our allies, enclosed between the Flagstaff and the crenellated sea wall, and, looking over this wall, take in at a coup d'œil the the civil town behind it, still presenting a most stately appearance as it rises on the hillside, tier over tier full of churches, stately mansions, and public buildings of fine white or red sandstone, with gardens interspersed, and trees growing in the walks; these fine structures are not exempt from "low neighborhoods" of whitewashed houses, which belong to the garrison or to the poorer inhabitants. The hill on which this part of the city stands rises from the rear of the Flagstaff Battery to the height of 200 feet or more, and, presenting a steep face to the creek from the dockyard, sweeping round to the roads, into which it descends sheer behind the southern forts. We cannot see the houses which are built upon this face of the hill, but those which are situated on the eastern face, or on the descent to Dockyard Creek, are quite discernible by the naked eye. There is a poor suburb at the base, and thence the houses rise in terraces, with flights of steps and curving roads up to the brow of the hill. The bombardment is beginning to tell on these buildings. A church, decorated with many small pinnacles at the angles of the roof, has been struck by a shell, which has burst in the roof. Some of the best mansions are split open, or gape from their cracked walls on the day; others are perforated right through with shot-holes, through which the light is visible—windows, doors, pillars, and columns are broken or destroyed. In the rubbish of the suburb, next to the Flagstaff Works, there are several batteries in excellent order, which are not injured by the allied batteries, and which have not yet fired much if at all. They are mostly *flèches*, and seem intended as outlying works of the second line of defences. Near the top of the hill, inside the crenellated wall, a portion of the interior line of these defences is to be seen. A battery, called the "Crow's Nest" from its elevated position, is placed near this line, and has an extensive command over the right of the French left attack, and over our sailors' batteries in the left of our left attack, to which it is rather troublesome. This contains a couple of large mortars in addition to some long-range guns, and can bear on any troops between the outer defences and the foot of the hill on which the town rises, and the ravine between our left and the French left attack. A very strong series of earthworks crowns the ridge of the same hill, and the defences broken by the creek are continued towards the right by the various batteries (Barrack, Rod, Garden, Black, Batty, &c.) which are connected with the Great Redan, and thence are carried to the Malakoff and its outlying work. The suburb behind these defences next the creek, and in front of our left attack, is in complete ruins, but our line of batteries is almost too far to do injury to the public buildings behind the suburb, although our old first parallel has been disarmed as being too far, and the guns moved into the second parallel, and the hill on which it is placed conceal from the spectator at Cathcart's-hill the cemetery which we occupy since the 18th of June, and which is improperly marked as "The Ovens" in one of

the best maps of the place. They also hide the course of the Woronzoff-road and the ravine in front under the proper right of the Redan. The ravine between our right and left attack is visible till it is closed up by the sweep of the hills on which the attacking batteries are placed, and by the ragged heights seamed with rifle pits, craters of bombs, zigzags, and the works of our Quarries' Battery.—Behind the Redan are visible the long line of the dockyard and arsenal buildings, and the barracks, which have been rendered uninhabitable on the rear side by our fire—the great sheers, the floating bridge across the roads to the north side, the two lines of men-of-war—the Twelve Apostles, and five two-deckers, frigates, and steamers. Then, on the right, lie Malakoff, Mamelon, and the White Works, and Mount Sapoune peering beyond over them and the north side—the citadel, the Russian camp, Inkermann, its batteries, and the plateau of the Belbek forming the back-ground, which is defined still further by a strip of blue sea. From Cathcart's hill, therefore, on the right front of the Fourth Division camp, one can gain an admirable view of certain points of the position from the sea on the left to our extreme right at Inkermann. That advantage is, however, rarely obtainable when there is any heavy firing, as the smoke generally hangs in thick clouds between the earthworks, nor can it be dispelled, unless by a brisk wind. If one of the few persons who were in the secret of the opening of the French batteries had been on Cathcart's hill on the morning of the 5th he would have beheld then, just ere half-past 5 o'clock, the whole of this scene marked out in keen detail in the clear morning air. The men in our trenches can be seen sitting down behind the traverses, or strolling about in the rear of the parapets. Small trains of animals and files of men are passing over the ground between the trenches and the camp, and the only smoke that catches the eye arises from the kettles of the soldiery, or from a rifle in the advanced works. On the left, however, it can be seen that the French trenches are crowded with men, and that their batteries are all manned, though the men keep well out of view, and the mantlets and screens are yet down before muzzles of some of their guns. The men beneath the parapets swarm like bees. A few grey-coated Russians are in view repairing the works of the Flagstaff Battery, or engaged in throwing up a new work, which promises to be of considerable strength, in front of the second line of their defences. Suddenly, along the earthen curtain between Nos. 7 and 8 Bastions three jets of flame spring up into the air and hurl up as many pillars of earth and dust, which are warned into ruddy hues by the horizontal rays of the sun.—The French have exploded three fougasses to blow in the counterscarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. Instantly from the sea to the Dockyard-creek there seems to run a stream of fire, and fleecy, curling, rich white smoke, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes.—The lines of the French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of Heaven had settled down upon them and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns and in sheets, all commingled, involved together by the vehement flames beneath. The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere did not permit the sound to produce any great effect on our camp; in the city for the same reason the noise must have been terrific and horrible. The iron storm tore over the Russian lines, tossing up, as if in sport, jets of earth and dust, rending asunder gabions, and "squelching" the parapets, or bounding over among the houses and ruins in their rear. The terrible files of iron, about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and ruin with it, swept with its heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core.—A volley so startling, simultaneous, and tremendously powerful, was probably never yet uttered since the cannon found its voice. The Russians seemed for awhile utterly paralyzed, their batteries were not manned with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overlapping and crushing fire; but the French, leaping to their guns with astounding energy, rapidly, and strength, kept on filling the very air with the hurtling storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies. More than 200 pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, played incessantly on the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—"a warcloud rolling down"—spread from the guns over on the left of Sebastopol; but the roar of the shot did not cease, and the cannonade now pealed forth in great irregular bursts, now died away into hoarse murmurs, again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from end to end of the line like the fire of infantry. Stone walls went down before the guns at once; but the earth-

works yawned to receive shot and shell alike. However, so swift and incessant was the passage of these missiles through the embrasures and along the tops of the parapets, that the enemy had to lie close, and could scarcely show themselves in their front line of defences. For a few minutes, then, the French had it all their own way, and appeared to be on the point of sweeping away the place without resistance; but after they had fired a few rounds from each of their numerous guns, the Russian artillerymen got to work, and began to return our allies' fire. They made good practice, but fired slowly and with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away an ounce of powder. The French were stimulated rather than impeded by such a reply to their astonishing volleys, and their shot flew with increased rapidity along the line of the defences, and bounded in among the houses of the town. But what were we doing all this time? What was our admirable Naval Brigade and our gallant siege trains doing? They were working their guns as usual, and had received no orders to open general fire. Our batteries, then, rendered little assistance to the French, but they maintained their usual destructive and solid "hammering" on the face of the Redan and of the Malakoff, and aided our invaluable allies by keeping up a regular shell practice on the batteries from the Creek to the Redan. Now two or three mortars from Gordon's, then two or three mortars from Chapman's, hurled 10 and 13-inch shell behind the enemy's works, and connected the discharges by rounds from long 32's and 68's. It is not known why this evident want of unanimity existed, and why we did not open fire at the same time with the French. General Pelissier was over at our head-quarters, and had an interview with General Simpson yesterday, and it is not unlikely that the French commander, with his characteristic impetuosity, resolved on opening fire, finding that we were not quite prepared to do so with effect, and relying on his own numerous and heavy ordnance and abundance of ammunition. I am by no means prepared to say we were not ready to open on the day agreed upon, nor do I insinuate that there was the smallest want of unanimity between the Generals, but it is a fact that we had not all the guns and ammunition required for opening a three days' fire of intensity, and that with plenty of a certain sort of matériel and missiles there was not the requisite quantity of those of a different, but useful description. Our allies must appreciate the readiness with which we have on several occasions lent them guns, shot, and shell, and are too generous, while remembering such services, to find faults with us if we had not accumulated such masses of stores as they had collected. After all, it may turn out that for military reasons the Generals resolved to let the French open first, and that their cannonade was a matter of arrangement. Although there are some complaints of deficiency in the engineering department, I have never heard it said that our artillery, as long as they had powder, shot, and guns, were not ready to meet any enemy. It unfortunately happened at this juncture that General Jones, who has always displayed great energy in directing the siege works, is unwell and cannot go out, owing to a severe attack of rheumatism, which almost cripples him. But all this has nothing to do with the siege, and meantime our allies are pounding away with exceeding warmth at every thing within range of them. Our Quarry Battery, armed with two mortars and eight cohorts, just 400 yards below the Redan, plies the suburb in the rear of the Malakoff vigorously, and keeps the top of the Redan clear. Redan and Malakoff are alike silent, ragged and torn. At most the Redan fires three guns, and the adjoining batteries are equally parsimonious. The parapets are all pitted with shot and shell, and the sides of the embrasures are greatly injured, so that the gabions are sticking out, and are tumbling down in all directions. There is no more of that fine polishing and of that cabinet maker's work which the Russians bestowed on their batteries; our constant fire by night, our rifleman, and incessant shelling have prevented their assiduous anxiety as to external appearance being gratified. After two hours and a half of furious fire, the artillerymen of our allies suddenly ceased, in order to let their guns cool and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair the damages to their works, and shook sandbags full of earth from the parquette over the outside of their parapets. Their gunners also took advantage of this sudden cessation to open on our sailors' batteries in the left attack, and caused us some little annoyance from the "crow's nest." At ten o'clock, however, having previously exploded some fougasses, as before, the French re-opened a fire, if possible, more rapid and tremendous than their first, and continued to keep it up with the utmost vigor till twelve o'clock at noon by which time the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff-road and Garden Batteries in a position to reply. We could see them in great agitation

sending men and carts to and fro across the bridge, and at 9 o'clock a powerful column of infantry crossed over to resist our assault, while the movement towards Inkermann was made by the army of the Belbek. Soon after our fire began, as early as 6 o'clock, the working parties which go over to the north side every morning seemed to be recalled, and were marched back again across the bridge to the south, no doubt to be in readiness for our expected assault. From 12 to 5 p. m. the firing was slack; the French then resumed their cannonade with the same astounding vigor as at dawn and at ten o'clock, and never ceased their volleys of shot and shell against the place till half-past seven, when darkness set in, and all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, opened with shell against the whole line of defences. A description of this scene is now impossible. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air—not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated by their explosion. Our practice was beyond all praise. Every shell burst as it ought and the lines of the Russian earthworks, of the Redan, Malakoff, and of all their batteries were rendered plainly visible by the constant light of the bursting shells. The Russians scarcely attempted a reply. At 5 o'clock it was observed that a frigate in the second line near the north side was smoking, and as it grew darker flames were seen to issue from her sides. Men and officers rushed to the front in the greatest delight and excitement, and as night came on the whole vessel broke out into one grand blaze from stem to stern. The delight of the crowd on Cathcart's hill was intense. "Well, this is a sight!—to see one of those contumacious ships touched at last!" These and many different and stronger expressions were audible on all sides; but there were some who thought the Russians had set the ship on fire, or that incendiaries and malcontents were at work, and one gentleman even went so far as to say he thought it merely a signal, may be to recall their cavalry from Eupatoria." It is not precisely known how the thing was done. Some say it was done by the French—others by ourselves; and bombs, red-hot shot, and rockets have been variously named as the agency by which the fire was accomplished. In spite of the efforts of the Russians, the flames spread, and soon issued from the ports and quarter gallery. At eight o'clock the light was so great that the houses of the city and the forts on the other side could be discerned without difficulty. The masts stood long, and towered aloft like great pillars of Ore; but one after the other they yielded; the decks fell in about ten o'clock, and at midnight the frigate was burnt to the water's edge.

Sept. 6.—Last night a steady fire was kept up along the front, to prevent the Russians repairing damages. At 10 p. m. order were sent to our batteries to open, as soon as there was a good light, the following morning, but they were limited to 50 rounds each. At 5 30 the whole of the batteries from Quarantine to Inkermann opened with a grand crash. The Russians were silent as before. The cannonade was maintained as it was yesterday. There were three breaks or lulls in the tempest; from half-past 8 till 10, from 12 till 5, and from half-past 6 till 7 the fire was comparatively slack. Captain Shone, R. A., was killed yesterday in the batteries by a roundshot. He was a brave and much esteemed officer. I regret to have to record also the death of Captain Buckley, Scots Fusiliers Guards, who was shot through the heart as he was posting his sentries. This gallant young officer was shot through the neck at the Alma, but did not go home. He was a promising young officer. The firing continued as before, and the enemy seemed greatly distressed. They are strengthening their position on Belbek, and evince a disposition to rely on the north side. However, they have large masses of men in the town. The bombardment was renewed and lasted all night.

Sept. 7.—The cannonade was renewed at day-break, and the Inkermann batteries firing briskly. A Council of Generals was held to-day at head-quarters, the sick were cleared out of the field hospitals, and it gradually oozed out that the assault would take place to-morrow at 12 o'clock. The firing was tremendous all day, but clouds of dust which a high wind from the north drifted into our faces rendered a view of the place impossible.

About 3 o'clock a two-decker was set on fire and burnt all night. A steamer towed other vessels near her away to the dockyard harbor, but the lines of men-of-war are still intact. Flames broke out behind the Redan in the afternoon. The bombardment was renewed at dusk. A Sardinian corps was marched up to reinforce the French. There was a heavy explosion in the town at 11 o'clock p. m. The men all take 48 hours' provisions, cooked, into the trenches with them. Nothing is known of the plan of attack.