

SLOWING UP OF THE FORTS.

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. 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 hoarse 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 As the Redan was known to be mined, the men were withdrawn, and soon afterwards the Russian tactics began to develop themselves. 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 whole camp; it was followed by four other explosions equally startling. The city was enveloped in fire and smoke, and tern asunder with the tremendous shock 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 unbroken masses to the north side over the bridge, and at 6,45 the last battalions passed over, and the hill sides opposite were alive with their masses. 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 in the works 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.

THUNDERSTORM OVER THE BURNING RUINS.

Tuesday Morning, One a.m.—For the last hour an exceedingly violent storm has been raging over the camp. The wind is from the southward and eastward, and blows with such fury as to make the hut in which I am writing rock to and fro, and to fill it with fine dust which flies in through every crevice. The Russians are very busy with their signals over the Tchernaya. The fires in Sebastopol, fanned by the wind, are spreading fast, and the glare of the burning city illuminates the whole arch of the sky towards the north-west. Two o'clock, a.m.—The storm increases in strength, and rain is beginning to fall heavily.—The most dazzling flames of lightning shoot over the plateau and light up the camp for an instant, the peals of thunder are so short and startling as to resemble, while far exceeding in noise, the report of cannon. The rain has somewhat lessened the intensity of the fire at Sebastopol, but its flames and those of the lightning seem at times to contend for the mastery. There is, indeed, a great battle raging in the skies, and its thunder knocks to scorn our heaviest cannonade. This supply of water will be very seasonable to the camp. 4,15 a.m.—In the whole course of my life I never heard or saw anything like the deluge of rain which is now falling over this portion of the camp. It beats on the roof with a noise like that of a cataract. The wind is shifting and changing all round the compass. The lightning is fainter, and the gusts less violent. 4,23 a.m.—The waterspout has passed away. Had it lasted 10 minutes longer it threatened to drown the camp. 9,45.—There is a tornado passing over the camp once more—hail, storm and rain. The ground is a mass of mud.

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with such ruins around them. The fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and it would become impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous shots as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves is prodigious.

RUINS OF THE GREAT REDAN.

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 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 *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not recognize 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 cost 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 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 nose in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

THE FLEET AND HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, reports that the enemy had not succeeded in his endeavours to destroy all the forts on the south side. Fort Paul, it is true, is literally blown to atoms, and Fort Alexander is very much damaged, but the Quarantine Fort has not suffered considerably by the explosion of the magazine, the sea-face remaining perfect, and most of the guns being fit for use, few of these being even spiked. At Fort Nicholas the preparations for blowing it up had not been completed, and the flames have made some havoc in the interior, the stone work appears to be uninjured, and the earthworks on the sea defences remain in a perfect state. The five docks and the adjoining basins are magnificent, and, together with the steam machinery for filling them from the Tchernaya, and for pumping them out, are in excellent order.

In a despatch, dated September 19, Marshal Pelissier says:—

"Of the 4000 cannon found at Sebastopol, at least fifty are of brass. Others were thrown into the roadstead at the time of the retreat. I have ordered them to be sought for. We have already taken 200,000 kilogrammes of powder away from the place, and there is still more to be found. The number of projectiles will exceed 100,000."

A telegraphic despatch from Prince Gortschakoff to his government, dated the 17th of September, says:—

"The enemy has not undertaken anything against the north side of Sebastopol. The troops of the allies are concentrating between Balaklava and the Tchernaya. They are making reconnaissances from the valley of Baldar on our left flank."

Among other items of news it is stated that "a picked body of Sardinians fought with the English at the attack on the Redan. The number of Russians made prisoners in the assault of the Malakoff is estimated at 1500;" the number of Russian vessels sunk, at twenty-seven. A German journal says, "In the last encounter the Russians are stated to have had sixteen Generals and 19,000 men killed or wounded." Marshal Pelissier, it is said, estimates the losses of the enemy at about 15,000.

A letter from Vienna, of the 15th, in the *Post-Anstl Gazette* of Frankfort, says:—

"According to the latest accounts from the scene of war, the Russians continue to send reinforcements to the Crimea. The Sixth Division of the Second Corps of infantry has arrived at Baktchi-Serai, and the Second and Fifth Divisions of the same corps are on their way thither. Baktchi-Serai and Simpheropol, where the chief stores of the Russians are, are both well fortified. But if Marshal Pelissier succeeds in forcing these points, the Russian army is undone. Once deprived of these magazines, it must either retreat upon Perekop, or lay down their arms. In the last encounter the Russians are stated to have had sixteen Generals and 19,000 men killed or wounded.

The following is the text of the address of the Emperor of Russia to his army:—

"The defence of Sebastopol, which has been so long prolonged, and which is perhaps unexampled in military annals, has attracted the attention, not only of Russia, but of all Europe. From its very outset it placed its defenders in the same rank as the most illustrious heroes of our country. For a space of eleven months, the garrison of Sebastopol has disputed with a powerful enemy each foot of ground, and each of its enterprises has been distinguished by acts of the most brilliant bravery. The obstinate bombardment, renewed four times, and which has been justly called

infernal, shook the walls of our fortifications, but could not shake or diminish the zeal and perseverance of their defenders. They fought the enemy or died with indomitable courage, and, with an abnegation worthy of the soldiers of Christ, without once thinking of yielding. In regretting with all my heart the loss of so many generous warriors, who have offered their lives as a sacrifice to the country, and in submitting myself with veneration to the judgement of the Almighty, who has not been pleased to crown their acts with complete success, I believe it my sacred duty to express on this occasion, in my name and in that of all Russia, to the brave garrison of Sebastopol, the most profound gratitude for their indefatigable labours, for the blood which they have shed in the defence for nearly a year of the fortifications which they raised in the course of a few days. *But there is an impossibility, even for heroes!* The 8th of this month, after six desperate assaults had been repulsed, the enemy succeeded in obtaining possession of the important Korniloff bastion; and the General-in-Chief of the army in the Crimea, desiring to spare the precious blood of his companions, which under these circumstances would only have been uselessly shed, determined on passing to the northern side of the place, leaving to the enemy only blood-stained ruins. These heroes, objects of the general esteem of their comrades, will no doubt offer, on re-entering the ranks of the army, new examples of the same warlike virtues. With them and like them all our troops, animated with the same unlimited faith in Providence, and the same ardent love for me and their country, will always and everywhere combat with courage the enemies who touch the honour and the integrity of the country; and the name of Sebastopol, which has acquired immortal glory by so many sufferings, and the names of its defenders, will live eternally in the hearts of all Russians, with the names of the heroes who immortalized themselves in the battle-fields of Pultawa and Borodino. "ALEXANDER."

The *Moniteur* contains a second report from Marshal Pelissier of the precise extent of the French loss on the 8th. It is thus stated.—Killed—5 generals, 24 superior officers, 116 subalterns, 1480 rank and file. Wounded—10 generals, 20 superior officers, 294 subalterns, 4925 rank and file. Missing—2 superior officers, 8 subalterns, 1400 rank and file.—Total, 7557.

HAMBURG, Sept. 27.—The following despatch has been received here, dated

"St. PETERSBURG, Sept. 26.—Prince Gortschakoff reports under date the 25th inst., that the enemy has landed 20,000 men at Eupatoria, and has now 30,000 men on our flank.

"Yesterday he attacked our infantry, who retreated to the heights over Rusta."

Five deserters from the Russian navy have arrived at Woolwich Dockyard, and embarked for Constantinople, to be employed in one of the foreign legions in fighting against their country. One of them is a sergeant of Matines from Swaburg.

FESTIVAL OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.—On Friday morning last, at 9 o'clock, the teachers and children of the Sunday School assembled at St. Stephen's Church, Tusket, where, after singing, prayers were said and a few words addressed to the children by Rev. P. Toque. The teachers, children, and other friends, to the number of between fifty and sixty, accompanied by the clergymen, then walked to the wharves and embarked in two boats, decorated with flags, and proceeded down Tusket River—so remarkable for its beautiful island scenery—as far as Butler's Island, where they landed. Shortly after, a fire being kindled, cooking commenced, while the rest of the party amused themselves in various ways. Dinner and tea were served in hotel style. The day was delightful, and on the return voyage the boats were gaily decorated with evergreens, and the party sung in full chorus up the river. Great credit is due to the ladies of Tusket (the Queen-village of the West), for their sumptuous provision of the edible and potable. The party returned about half-past 6 o'clock in the evening, highly pleased with the festivity and enjoyment of the day.

According to previous announcement, on Sunday morning last the Rev. P. Toque addressed the children of the Sunday School from the following words:—"Will thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." *See, also, Carmath Tribune, Sept. 12th.*