

At half-past eight, on the morning of the 17th, the gun and mortar boats moved into position under a considerable fire from the enemy, and began to pitch their formidable projectiles into the works on the point. The village on the spit had been set on fire by the enemy the evening before, and burned all night. The few houses which remained were fired by the shells early on the morning of the attack, and, shortly after the bombardment began, a large barrack within the fort's precinct caught fire, and continued during the day to wreath the fortress in heavy black smoke, from underneath which the guns flashed sheets of flame along the walls. About one o'clock in the afternoon, the line-of-battle ships came into action in line, our admiral's ship leading. Gunboats and mortar-vessels had been towed round the spit by the steamers, so that the fort was now the centre of a fire heavier and more precise than was, perhaps, ever concentrated on any one fortress before. The scene was most animated. On every knoll groups of anxious spectators watched the action with intense interest. The rapidity with which the line-of-battle ships delivered their fire was astonishing. Sheets of fire, one above the other, flashed from their different tiers of guns, causing the air sensibly to vibrate. The fleet, being to leeward, was soon shrouded in smoke, through which hulls, masts and spars, with the ensigns streaming out in the breeze, could be seen in fitful chinks. The sea round the fort was kept in a turmoil, as if boiling, with the fall of the projectiles into it, which either under or overshot their aim. Before two the fort gave in, and the white flag of peace was seen floating from the mast heads of the ships. No walls, however strong, could long withstand such a fire. The Russians marched out in the evening, to the number of 1100, the officers alone being armed. They were allowed to carry off their goods, and a very large quantity they managed to convey long with them. Nearly all the men were drunk, and many were hardly able to walk. Fortunately, they were all "good natured in their cups," and appeared most happy, laughing and joking as they went along. Many most absurd scenes occurred. Some staggering along under their loads of household gear, would suddenly throw down their burdens and embrace one another in the most frantic manner. Others went along singing and hiccoughing by turns, while they flourished their half emptied bottles in their hands; others, again, to whom they had been committed the church pictures and vessels, all of which they were allowed to carry off, carried them with a drunken solemnity suited to their employment. Some, of a tragical turn of disposition, threw themselves on their knees before the little French soldiers who guarded their line of march, clasped their hands on their breasts, and crying drunkenly, pointed to heaven. Their romantic attitude was, however, soon deranged by sundry pokes from behind, delivered with such untimely violence, and in such an aggravating manner, as quickly to bring them to their feet, when their burdens were replaced. Their faces turned in the direction they were to march, and a push administered to give them a start, after which they mechanically staggered on. Boxes containing church ornaments and relics, droskies with furniture, and wounded men on ambulance mules filed past. The officers were mostly very superior looking men, and several, I suppose for a bit of bravado, wore white kid gloves. The common soldiers were very dirty, and mostly very young. They all wore the usual long grey cloak, round cap, and long boots, drawn over their trousers. One old,

grey-headed soldier walked resolutely along, refusing all aid, who had his arm blown off at the shoulder joint. Stragglers from the transports greedily watched the line of march for pouches, sword belts, &c. All the prisoners were sent on board ship next day. The fort of St. Nicolas, on the Otchakoff side of the straits, was abandoned and blown up by the enemy next morning. I went all over Kilbouroun fort the same day. The destruction was most awful. Large pieces of the wall thrown down and rent in pieces, cannons dismounted, and their carriages smashed, houses riddled, and the whole place paved with shot and fragments of shell. The casemates were, however, little injured. The open spaces were strewn with furniture, books, powder and shot, and ruins. In one place the candelabras of a church were standing on the ground, and a French soldier stood between them, dressed in the priest's robes, holding forth to the amusement of his comrades. The houses within the fort were gutted and completely demolished. Crowds of people rushed about picking up everything. Two rooms were filled with books lying in heaps on the ground. Arms and accoutrements were piled in corners, and dismounted cannon lay in every direction. The ground all round the fort was ploughed by shell, and covered with their fragments. Nothing could be more complete than the ruin of everything. G. H. B. M.

Dr Croly on the Destruction of the Russian Black Sea Fleet

In a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Croly on the last Sunday of the year, in Stephen's, London, the following eloquent passage occurs with reference to the Russian Black Sea fleet.—"If a man, who saw that fleet floating in barbarian triumph [at Sinope] over those waters loaded with corpses, had cried out in the spirit of indignant humanity, 'That fleet is doomed!—it shall never wave a flag again;—it shall not even have the honour of a brave defence,—it shall perish by a fate unknown before,—passively ignominiously, in the face of its enemies,—its leaders shall perish, its crews shall perish, the whole Euxine fleet of Russia shall perish without a struggle, without a shot being fired and perish by Russian hands; and the whole destruction shall come within the year;' who but would have conceived him a fanatic—a man of inflamed imagination,—an utterer of piec-nipitous prophecy? And yet the doom was fulfilled. We may idly attribute such things to chance,—we may scoffingly speak of the accident of war. But in the waters of its own harbour lie the wrecks of that whole fleet, in the gravel of that city lie its three admirals, in the trenches of that fortress lie its twelve thousand seamen! And, as if to point the eye of Europe to the source of that high indication of justice,—the master of them all,—the lord of the empire,—the great incendiary of the war, in the midst of his dreams of conquest, was hurried to the tomb. If the scene of this transaction had been in Israel of old, who could have doubted the hand of Providence?"

THE SABBATH QUESTION.—A large and influential meeting of clergymen and laymen of all evangelical denominations was lately held in Manchester to oppose the projected profanation of the Lord's day, in the opening of the Crystal Palace and the British Museum.

A protest was unanimously agreed upon to which will be attached several thousand signatures. Exeter Hall, London, has been opened for public worship on Sabbath evenings. The attendance is numerous, and ample free accommodation.

TRACTARIANISM.—The London papers state that a determination has been come to by several influential gentlemen, to put an effectual stop to Tractarian vagaries in the Metropolis, and to enforce the removal from parochial churches of all sorts of superstitious ornaments.

CHURCH EXTENSION IN LONDON.—Efforts are now in progress in London, to erect one hundred new churches at an estimated cost of half a million sterling. The contributions already amount to £60,000, including the following munificent donations: the Crown, £10,000; the Duke of Bedford, £10,000; the Marquis of Westminster, £10,000; the Bishop of London, £5,000; Lord Robert Grosvenor, who originated the scheme, £1,000; and a number of others have contributed with equal munificence.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—There is a law of the moral government of the universe, which ordains that all that is great, and valuable, permanent in character must be the result, not of theoretical teaching or uninterrupted success; but of trial, of suffering, of the experience of temptation, of the dark hours of disappointment and defeat. The character of the man is distinguishable from the character of the child that he once was, chiefly by the effects of this universal law. There are the same natural impulses, the same mental, moral, and physical constitution with which he was born into the world. What is it that has given him the strength, the fortitude, the exchanging principle, and the moral and intellectual power which he exhibits in after years? It has not been constant pleasure and success, nor unmingled joy. It has been the hard discipline of pain and sorrow, the stern teaching of experience, the struggle against the consequences of its own errors, and the chastisement inflicted by its own faults.

SCOTLAND'S DEBT TO JOHN KNOX.—Honor to all the brave and true; everlasting honor to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! that in the moment when he and his cause, amid civil broils, convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners and said, "Let the people be taught!" this is but one and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to the people. This great message Knox did deliver with man's voice and strength, and found a people to believe him. The Scotch character originates in many circumstances, first of all in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian gospel of John Knox.—*Thos. Carlyle.*

PRESENTATION.—The Earl of Zeith had been pleased to present the Rev. Robert Maclaurin, of the Home Mission, London, to the church and parish of Sandsung, Zealand, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Brice.