The North Carolina Whig

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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Poetry.

A Name in the Sand.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day.
As sunward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my time away.

And so methought 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and be to be no more;
Of me, my memory, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with him who counts the sands,
And notes the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Miscellaneous.

THE INSOLVENT MERCHANT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

Mr. Lockwood had failed. After having been a leading merchant for thirty years, a series of heavy losses, combined with the insolvency of a friend for whom he endorsed, forced him to stop payment.

The sympathy for him was general, as it usually is for an old man, who has a family and is unfortunate. But, after awhile, whispers began to be heard against him. It was said that he had failed with his hands full; that some of his creditors would not release him; in short, that he had sacrificed a long life of honesty in one hour of bitter temptation. Others prudently, if not charitably, held their peace, even though he made no retrenchment in his style of living, and though they secretly thought this fact suspicious.

It was about a fortnight after his failure, that he called his head clerk into his private office.

"John," he said, for he had always called his confidential assistant, though now a middle-aged man, by his first name, "I wish to talk with you."

"Well, sir?"

"This is the schedule of my debts, which you drew up—isn't it?" And he produced, from his private drawer, a document covering several pages.

"Yes, sir."

"I owe, according to it, six hundred thousand dollars."

"That is the sum, in round numbers. More accurately, six hundred and three thousand, ten dollars and fifty cents."

"This is the schedule of my assets." And he placed another document in his clerk's hands.

"It is, sir."

"The assets are about equal to the debts."

"Rather higher, sir. Six hundred and eighty-nine thousand, five hundred and twenty-seven dollars and thirty-seven cents, is the exact amount."

"But they are not all good."

"Most of them are, sir." And the clerk, as he spoke, looked up in surprise.

"You are too sanguine, John," was the answer. But the eye of the merchant, instead of meeting that of his assistant, wandered past his face. "Too sanguine. Yes, entirely too sanguine.

"I think not, sir. The house stopped, you know, because it wouldn't pay two per cent a month for money. You had plenty of securities, sir, but the banks wouldn't discount them. If the assets are nursed, sir, they'll produce nearly, if not quite, enough to pay dollar for dollar."

"And leave me penniless," said Mr. Lockwood, quickly. Then, coloring, he added: "But of course that's to be expected. However, this don't alter the fact, that you look at these assets too favorably. You're a younger man than myself, John, and apt to see only the bright side of affairs."

The clerk, who was honest as steel, thought, with a sigh, that he could not regard his employer's character in as bright a light as usual. This strange opening of the conversation, and the studied avoidance of his eye, made him, for the first time in his life, suspicious of Mr. Lockwood. He could not speak, for the mournful feelings which this caused.

"I have been going over these schedules," said the merchant, "and I have talk to one or two of my principal creditors. It would would be folly to attempt paying dollar for dollar." He began to speak rapidly, "Seventy-five per cent. is as much as we can pay, and nobody but ourselves could realize that. If there was an assignment, the expenses would eat up thousands; and besides there would be a delay of several years. It would be really doing the best for the creditors to make a compromise on those terms. Don't you think so? Watson, Cousey, Jones & Co., and other houses as good as said they would come into the arrangement; and they, you know, are among the heaviest creditors."

The clerk still sought his employer's eye in vain. Finding, from the silence, that it was expected he should say something, he spoke.

"You did not offer an assignment, did you?"

"Of course not. Of course not. That would be ruinous."

"It seems to me, sir, that is a question for the creditors to settle. If you offer them your assets, and they then refuse an assignment, agreeing to take seventy-five per cent. the settlement will be fair enough. But," he added, hesitatingly, "while you hold fight to your bills receivable, people will say they are at your mercy."

"Not at all. Not at all. Besides, let people talk. They always abuse a man when he is down. It would be criminal in me to let an assignee eat up the estate in charges. Its hard enough to be ruined by endorsing for a false friend. I don't know whether, in strict equity, it would not be more just that a hundred men should share the loss between them, than that I should bear it all. After toiling a life-time, and having once had an independence, to be reduced to beggary in this way is very hard. No. I'm resolved that no assignee shall plunder me also."

"But is it you now? Is it not entirely the creditor? Surely, sir, the assets are theirs, and not yours."

"To be sure. Of course I wish to see them paid. I'm only telling you what seems to me the best way to pay them. Surely, you'll allow, sir, that I know more about my assets than they do."

"Yes, sir."

"Can they do better than to accept my terms?"

"Perhaps not, sir. Certainly not, unless you assist them."

"What do you mean?"

"That you settle up the estate as their agent."

"Work for nothing, and find myself," contemptuously retorted the merchant.

"Not exactly, sir. They'll allow you a fair salary."

Mr. Lockwood drummed on the table with his fingers.

"You really are fool enough to believe," he said, at last, "that the estate could be made to pay dollar for dollar."

"I not only believe it," answered the clerk, warmly, beginning to be indignant, "but I know it."

"Pooh! pooh!"

"Surely, sir, I understand the value of those assets. I've not had the control of your books for twenty years for nothing."

"Pooh! pooh!"

The clerk rose.

"Is there anything more, sir?"

Mr. Lockwood moved uneasily on his chair. After a full minute of silence, the clerk repeated his question.

"You are in a strange mood to-day, John," replied the merchant, looking down at the table, on which he still continued to drum with his fingers. "I never knew you so obstinate."

The clerk bowed.

"If we make an assignment"—how artfully was that sentence put in, as if the clerk was actually a principal—"you'll be thrown out of employment, and in times like these, it will not be so easy to get a new place. You have a family, too, remember."

The clerk sighed.

"But if we settle the estate ourselves, paying seventy-five cents on the dollar, there'll be a couple of years' work for you, if not more; and, as you've been a faithful clerk so long, I'd not mind, at the winding up, helping you into business on your own account."

For an instant the tempter whispered, "take the offer." But John Masters, tho' a poor, was an honest man; and he held fast to his integrity.

"I'd cheerfully stay on my present salary," he answered, firmly, though with emotion, "or even on a bare pittance—my wife and children could live poorly for a year or two—if we were settling up the estate for the children in good faith——"

Mr. Lockwood rose to his feet. He had gone too far; had committed himself; and was now repelled. There was nothing left but to assume surprise and anger.

"What do you mean, sirrah?" he said, stamping his feet. "You appear resolved to misunderstand me to-day. How dare you insinuate what you do?"

"Sir," began the clerk, raising himself proudly to his full height."

"Not a word. Go to your desk at once. I see I was a fool to rely on your capacity, or gratitude, or anything else. Go, I say. I shall not need to consult you again."

That very day, the books, which had been in the clerk's hands for twenty years, were taken from him; while he was despatched to a distant city, nominally to see after a hazardous account. He was directed, from time to time, to remain awhile longer and watch the debtor; in a word, he was kept out of the way.

Meantime, Mr. Lockwood called a meeting of his creditors. He laid both schedules before them, tendered his books for examination; and gave verbally whatever information was sought. His assets he had marked as good, doubtful, and bad; and he called in a clerk, temporarily promoted to John Masters' place, to verify his opinion.

To do the successor justice, he was a dupe, not an accessory. Mr. Lockwood had, as it were, incidentally, so thoroughly imbued the young man with his own views, that the testimony of this witness was but the echo of the merchant's.

"You see, gentlemen," said the insolvent, "that, after paying expenses and allowing for losses, there'll not be more than two-thirds or three-fourths left. If the estate is carefully settled up, it may yield seventy-five per cent.; if it is not, sixty will be the utmost it will pay."

He paused, and looking around at the blank faces, added hastily—

"But I may say that no man can settle it so advantageously as I can. I have already despatched my old and trusty clerk, Mr. Masters, to look after one of the heaviest accounts; and, indeed, would have gone myself, if I could have been spared. He writes to me more favorably than I had hoped. I find I have a few friends left, who have offered to assist me. So, if you think best, I will run the risk of paying seventy-five per cent., giving a third in cash, a third in good endorsed notes at twelve months, and a third in the same kind of security at two years."

There was silence for several minutes. Some of the creditors were completely deceived, for they had always believed the speaker to be honest; and besides, they really knew nothing, and could know nothing about the value of the assets. Others suspected that he was misleading them; but these reasoned that they were in his power; that, at the best, an assignment would realize even less than he offered; and that it was most prudent for their pockets to dissemble and accept the proffered terms. An old merchant, who belonged to the latter class, said, therefore—

"I, for one, shall take Mr. Lockwood's offer. I had expected a better show, I confess; but there's no use, I have learned, in crying over spilled milk. Who is the endorser, Mr. Lockwood?"

The endorser was named and proved trustworthy. In reality, he was a capitalist, to whom the insolvent had paid a large bonus, besides hypothecating his assets, for the use of his name as endorser.

All the creditors, except two or three, consented to take the seventy-five per cent.; and the few who demurred out, Mr. Lockwood finally paid, with interest to boot.

Before the two years were up, most of the paper which he had put forth was sought out and purchased at a usurious rate. We need not say that Mr. Lockwood was the buyer.

The clerk on his return was discharged. Whatever he might suspect, he never knew what the estate realized, nor does anybody else, except the insolvent. Without proof, John Masters was too wise to say anything; for often, as the law says, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel."

John Masters found employment finally at a reduced salary, and is poorer now than ever.

Mr. Lockwood lives in a fine house, at an expense of six thousand dollars a year, or even more. Why can he? If his estate yielded a hundred per cent., as John Masters said it would, he saved a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Yet, Mr. Lockwood thinks himself an honest man.

Also, there is a day of retribution coming for the merchant. It is of such persons that the apostle writes: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that come upon you."

Better in that day to be poor John Masters than the rich insolvent.

DEATH OF MRS. HAMILTON.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, the venerable and universally respected relict of Alexander Hamilton, closed her earthly career at her residence in this city yesterday morning, the 8th inst., at 4 o'clock.

She was the second daughter of the distinguished General Philip S. Schuyler, of Albany, and was born on the 9th day of August, 1757. She was married to Alexander Hamilton, then one of the Aids of General Washington with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, on the 14th of December, 1780; there being just quite a year's difference in their ages. They lived together in the enjoyment of every blessing that could render wedded life happy for nearly twenty-four years, and she survived her lamented and distinguished husband more than half a century. To estimate her character properly it is necessary to bear in mind that of the individual who had selected her, from the many who would have been proud of the distinction of his notice, as the companion of his life; and that character we find so beautifully portrayed by a single touch of the magic pencil of Mr. Webster, that we give it as exhibiting in a few words the judgment of one whose power of discrimination was seldom surpassed. After speaking of Colonel Hamilton as a hero of the Revolution, a jurist, and statesman, Mr. Webster said: "Hamilton was placed at the head of the Treasury Department. He carried on the Government finances; he smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled work of Minerva from the brain of Jove was not more perfect than the financial system of the U. States which sprang from the conception of Alexander Hamilton. It was this great man who sought and won Elizabeth Schuyler, and that fact is enough to show her worth. But had she been no more than an ordinary endowed woman, it would have been impossible to have passed twenty four years of happy intercourse with such a husband without having her mind richly stored from the treasures of his mighty intellect; and those who knew her even in her declining years will be ready to testify that she was a rare example of the wisdom taught by observant experience, and a bright example of all womanly graces.—Her benevolence was most exemplary, and one of the finest manifestations of it was her habit, to within a few months of her death, of making occasional visits to all the schools of the city, and she never did so without imparting some moral lesson which showed how deep an interest she took in the welfare of the country which her husband had contributed so largely to make free and independent.

Mrs. Hamilton lived to the very advanced age of ninety-seven years and three months, and died without a struggle, in full communion with the Episcopal Church and surrounded by her surviving children.—*National Intelligencer.*

Robt. W. Johnson, Dem., has been elected United States Senator from Arkansas.

Communications.

FOR THE NORTH-CAROLINA WHIG.

Messrs. Editors: The Whig of Nov. 14th reached me last night. It contains a strange article from my persevering brother "T. M. Farrow, L. E." with a few remarks upon which I expect to close my participation in this controversy so ungenerously thrust upon me.

1. Mr. Farrow endeavors to raise a point of issue between the South Carolina Delegates and myself. I quote a single sentence. "The Dr. (Dreme) says no documentary evidence was exhibited to the General Conference, these gentlemen say there was." My reply to this is that "the Dr. *said no such thing* and Mr. Farrow knew it. All I have said is that if documentary evidence was produced and "duly exhibited" at the General Conference of 1850, I was not aware of it. I have since inquired of other Delegates and they are as ignorant as I am. The sentence in the "Report of the Delegates," &c. must be understood to mean some readings of theirs, in the discussion, of papers the due authentication of which was not made, and which can only be considered *memoranda*,—or else the sentence is a mere rhetorical flourish. The North Carolina Delegates read similar memoranda, but we never dignified them with the name of "documentary evidence," nor called our mere reading of them "a due exhibition to the General Conference." There may be a difference of opinion between the learned gentlemen of South Carolina and my humble self in regard to what constitutes *documentary* evidence, but with my understanding of terms, and I find it accords with high and general authority upon the subject, I am free to repeat that at the General Conference of 1850 no documentary evidence, upon the issue stated by Mr. Farrow, so far as I know, was produced.

2. In regard to the withdrawals in Wilmington; my correspondent in Wilmington is Thomas Loring, Esq., Editor of the "Commercial;" and I refer all persons in Charlotte, who are concerned to be farther informed upon this subject, to Rev. N. Flemer Reid, Raleigh N. C., who was pastor in Wilmington last year. Mr. Farrow's "gentleman *permanently residing in Wilmington*" must settle the question of fact with Messrs. Loring and Reid. I have nothing to do with that,—and have no idea that either the public or I will ever learn the name of Mr. Farrow's Wilmington informant.

3. As to the "agitation" by the N. C. Conference for 12 or 16 years. Mr. Farrow asserts it: I deny it. He replies "I ask for proof not denial." The proof devolves upon him; nevertheless, to show that I am right I refer to the *Journals of the General Conference* through the last twenty years. Does that "documentary evidence" satisfy Mr. Farrow?

4. But the most unchristian part of Mr. F's communication is in the concluding paragraph, in which he attempts still, after a loudest proof to the contrary, to fix upon me the stigma of evasion. Shame of "T. M. Farrow, L. E." He says of me, "In no instance does he deny that his promised visit was *connected with the boundary question*,—the charge brought against him."—With *his own* published letter in his possession, with my letter to Mr. Lee, (of April 10,) lying before him, in an article to which he was replying, and from which he quotes, how dared he write that sentence? Shame on "T. M. Farrow, L. E." He knows that he has changed the allegation. Beaten from one position he leaps to another. The original charge was that I had sent a "message" intimating that I "would be in Charlotte" on the 25th April, "*for the purpose* of discussing the boundary between the North and South Carolina Conferences."—This I denied and think I proved to be at least a mistake. I know that

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

I am not writing to convince "T. M. Farrow, L. E.;" but I am not willing to have the people of Mecklenburg regard me as "an agitator," a "disingenuous evader," a "wolf in sheep's clothing." I therefore deliberately deny that I "promised" or intended, a *visit* to Charlotte or any other part of Mecklenburg, on my way to the General Conference. I deny that my passing thro' Mecklenburg was connected in any shape or way, so far as I know, with the boundary question. I deny that I visited Charlotte, unless being set down at a hotel at night and taken off early next morning, be called a visit. Mr. Farrow knows that the most direct and expeditious route to Columbus, Ga. from Greensboro', N. C., is through Charlotte. I *passed through*, as Rev. Dr. Carter and Rev. Wm. Berringer did. I entered no house in Mecklenburg except the excellent hotel in Charlotte, and I am very sure that my polite friend Mr. Sadler, will do me the justice to say that I made no special attempt to "agitate" him on any subject.

Yet how perversely "T. M. Farrow, L. E." persists in talking of *my* "message," my *promised* "visit," my giving "aid and comfort" to an "unholy attack upon our Zion!" The bad spirit is manifested in quoting Mr. Lee's remark as though they were *my* evidence against myself. I am in no way responsible for my excellent friend's letter of April 5. It was not called forth by me. I *am* responsible for my reply, in which I *set him right*. I repeat what I there said: "I told them (Dr. Watson and Mr. Kirkpatrick) when I should *pass through* Charlotte (not "visit,") expressed a desire to become acquainted with you (a gentleman with whom I had had occasional correspondence, but not about the boundary,) and with as many Methodists as practicable (was that unchristian?) and inquired your views (*not* proposed to discuss) and the views of the community generally, upon making State lines the boundaries." Dr. Watson and Mr. Kirkpatrick are in Mecklenburg I presume, why does not "T. M. Farrow, L. E." call upon them, to know if what I say is not substantially correct? Have *they* denied my statements? "T. M. Farrow, L. E." at one time blames me for not hearkening to the voice of the people, at another time he is very savage upon me, because, as an ecclesiastical legislator, I desire to learn the temper of the people upon a grave point, of general interest to the whole Church. I understood one of the very ablest of the South Carolina delegates in 1850 to say that, "if we had gone for *State lines* he would have been with us." I understand that he still holds that position. Was it wrong to inquire of visitors whether the people of their county generally concurred in those views?

Messrs. Editors, does it not strike the people of Mecklenburg strangely that a minister of the Gospel should not be allowed peacefully to inquire the state of public opinion in a portion of country he had never visited,—that he is not allowed to pass peacefully through your county, when he *must* go through in the discharge of his duties, or go a hundred miles out of his way? What is my offence? To the advancement of *North Carolina*, in her literature, her scholarship, her social and material resources, I have devoted my entire manhood.—From many strong temptations to transfer myself to other States, I have turned away: and yet I cannot pass through our Charlotte without being dogged by this narrow spirit of South Carolina rancor. Gentlemen, until it shall be officially announced that Mecklenburg is a province of South Carolina, I will not thus be expatriated from any portion of the soil of my own State. As often as my business or my pleasure call, I shall "visit" Charlotte, without submitting my passports to South Carolina officials.

Regretting the injury which this unwarranted fabrication of my "message" to the Church in Charlotte may have occasioned, and of which I am sure my friends and I are innocent, I am, gentlemen, your obliged and respectful,

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

Greensboro' College, Nov. 21, 1854.

PUBLIC MEETING.

Mr. Editor: In pursuance of a notice for the purpose, an Internal Improvement Meeting of the citizens of Watauga county was held in the Court-House in Boone, and was well attended, on the 21st of November last, the following proceedings were had:

On motion of E. F. Clewell, Esq. Reuben Mast was called to the chair and William Horton appointed Secretary.

E. F. Clewell, after a few remarks explanatory of the objects of the meeting, offered the following resolutions, which were ably advocated by him in a short address and unanimously adopted by the meeting, to wit:

Resolved, That North Carolina ought to aid by liberal appropriations the construction of a General System of Internal Improvements within her limits.

Resolved, That the works of improvement most of importance to the State, are the construction of a Rail Road from Wilmington to the State line in the direction of Cincinnati, and the extension of the Central Rail Road east to Beaufort Harbor and West to the State line in the direction of Memphis.

Resolved, That in the present progress of improvement in our country Rail Roads have become necessary highways; and when there is a reasonable probability that the people of any section of the State would build a Rail Road if chartered, the Legislature cannot without injustice refuse them a charter.

Resolved, That the secretary forward a copy of these resolutions to the Senator and Commoner for this county; and that he also forward copies for publication in the Raleigh Register and Standard, and Salisbury Watchman and North Carolina Whig.

W. W. Lenoir, Esq was then called upon and entertained the meeting by a spirited and able address, in vindication of the resolutions adopted and upon the subject of Rail Road improvements in general.

Some resolutions of a local character were then offered and adopted: whereupon on motion of Dudley Farthing, Esq., it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be and are hereby tendered to the chairman and secretary for the discharge of their duties on this occasion.

The meeting then adjourned.

REUBEN MAST, *Chairman.*
WILLIAM HORTON, *Secretary.*

Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news? Because she's in advance of the male.

THE ATTACK UPON SEBASTOPOL.

The following graphic description of the attack upon Sebastopol on the 17th, is from the correspondent of the London Morning Herald:

ENGLISH CAMP, October 18.

It was half-past 6. The enemy had been quiet for the last few minutes; both sides seemed preparing for an effort, when suddenly volumes of smoke and flashes of fire broke out simultaneously from every part of our lines—the shot and shell screamed hoarsely through the air, and with a reverberation which seemed to shake both heaven and earth, our attack on Sebastopol commenced. Apparently neither surprised nor daunted, the enemy returned the discharge with double vigor, and then both English, French, Turks, and Russians, fell to work at the guns in right earnest. The first volley showed us what no soul in either army had hitherto been certain about, viz: the precise nature both of our works and the enemy's, and I am sorry to say that it also showed us that, even in earth-work batteries, thrown up since we came here, the Russians immeasurably outnumbered the allied lines. Not only were there extensive entrenchments mounting 25 and 30 heavy cannon, but on every height and ridge guns of heavy calibre were placed in battery. I have been informed that the extensive nature of their works completely astonished our generals, and we are by no means sure that we have seen them all yet, for during yesterday fresh ones were frequently unmasked in places totally unexpected.

* * * It is needless to say that in minutes after the firing commenced both our ranks and the enemy's were shrouded in thick smoke; yet before that took place, each of the batteries had singled out its antagonist. The Lancaster guns fell to work upon the Round Tower, while the six and two gun batteries, with one also of the Crown Battery, attacked its earthworks. The Lancaster guns in our centre opened on the Twelve Apostles, in company with the second face of the Crown Battery, while the remaining face, with two faces of the Green Mound Battery, commenced on the redoubt and renan wall. The French directed a continuous shower of ball on each of the Russian vessels as they could see, while at the same time their other works bravely replied to the overpowering volley of their forty assailants, the Flagstaff batteries. Before the smoke intervened, each side had got an accurate range, and from half-past 6 until near 8, shot and shell roared through the air incessantly, and the earth literally shook under the tremendous concussion of the guns. Redoubtable fresh guns came into play, and each minute added to the fury of the uproar.

Conspicuous among the din could be plainly heard the Lancaster guns. Their sharp crack, different from the other guns, was like that of a rifle among muskets. But the most singular effect was produced by its ball, which rushed through the air with a noise and regular beat precisely like the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards distance. This peculiarity excited shouts of laughter among our men, who instantly nicknamed it the express train; and only by that name is the gun known. The effect of the shot seemed most terrible. From its deafening noise, the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of 25 or 30 such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we can only afford to mount two, and even those are only fired once in eight minutes.

At 8 o'clock the firing was deafening, and about that time a breeze sprang up from the south, which cleared away the smoke and allowed us a full view of what was going on. Our friend in the Round Tower was then barely recognisable, the delicate attentions of the Lancaster gun having effected a most unfavorable change in its appearance as a piece of strength. Not a soldier remained on its roof the four guns on which were overthrown, and lay about like dead horses. Huge holes were also visible in its side, where masses of the solid masonry were dislodged. The earthworks around the tower were torn up and pitted with shot from the other batteries, but beyond this remained much the same. Between these works and the redan wall, and the Twelve Apostles on the one side, and our Crown and Greenmound batteries on the other, an awful fire of shells was being interchanged, but most of the enemy's, as usual, burst in the air. On the left the French were gallantly maintaining a splendid fire against the flagstaff batteries, but from the commanding position of the latter, and the 10 gun battery, which completely flanked our allies, it was evident they were fighting at a disadvantage.

As the view cleared, the Lancaster gun on our right redoubled its fire on the tower. I never saw such firing. Every shot fell upon the building, and the officers of all ranks, who were watching the attack from the house, were speculating how long the tower could stand, when suddenly there came an explosion, which for a time attracted all attention. To our sorrow we saw a dense mass of smoke hanging over one of the French batteries, the cause of which we guessed but too truly—the flank fire of the ten-gun battery had succeeded in blowing up one of the magazines, killing several men, and doing serious injury to the works. Thus, at the moment when it was most needed, one of the French batteries was compelled to cease firing, nor did it again resume the rest of the day. About this time, 10 o'clock, we could see the fleet in the offing making preparations for an attack. All the steamers were being lashed alongside the line-of-battle-ships, though more than this it was impossible to see, as the wind fell, and the smoke again collected in dense masses over the whole scene. Things continued in this state until about 11 o'clock, when it became evident that the fire of the French on our left hand slackened considerably, and was falling off still more every minute. The fact was, the commanding position of the enemy's batteries left our allies no chance. They suffered so heavily while working their guns that it became folly to persevere, and at length, by order of their commander, the men were withdrawn, and the fire of the French ceased. As it did so, that of the fleet commenced. Through the smoke over the harbor we could hardly perceive the masts and funnel of a large screw line of battle ship, which without firing a shot, stood in until her broadside was within 200 yards of one of the principal fortresses at the north of the harbor. Then her guns began to roar loud above the British fire which seemed to rend the very sky.

The vessel which performed this gallant exploit was Prince, mounting 90 guns, the Sidney Cotton, 120, the crew of which suffered so dreadfully from cholera while at Varna. From the moment she arrived alongside the fort, her sides seemed literally on fire, so rapid, so incessant, were her tiers of guns discharged. At the same moment all our batteries, to effect a diversion in her favor, redoubled their fire; while the Russian flagstaff battery began again upon the abandoned French lines. This time, unfortunately, the enemy assailed the latter with dreadful effect. One Russian shell, by ill-luck, dropped and exploded full upon the reserve magazine of the principal French battery. The effect was instantaneous and awful. About 20 tons of powder, with shell and rockets in proportion, instantly ignited, and the earth seemed to heave as the greater part of the battery, with 16 guns, and nearly all the men, were hurled high into the air. Hardly had the stunning effect which the last catastrophe produced ceased to vibrate upon the ear, when, following the Montebello, four more French screw liners, each having another in tow, dashed up to the forts. What the allied fleets did you will hear from other correspondents. Wherever the fire was most awful and incessant—wherever it appeared to deal the greatest amount of death and destruction among the enemy—there was sure to be seen the French tri-color flying conspicuous above all. At no time during the day, in consequence of intervening objects, did we ever catch a glimpse of an English flag.

As each French line came in, she added her incessant broadside to the continuous roar of cannon which prevailed on all sides. The scene was perfectly hellish. The atmosphere was only a thick, hard smoke, which seemed to suffocate, and through its heavy folds the scream of shot and shell was enough to make one's hair stand on end. No words of mine could do justice to such a pandemonium. Let your readers imagine at least 4,000 pieces of the heaviest ordnance in the world firing shell and rockets without a second's intermission. The air seemed one perpetual explosion, but in the midst of which, singular enough, the peculiar jarring scream of the Lancaster shell could be plainly heard.

Our batteries were in full play, and appeared to engage more than a due amount of the enemy's attention; for the Twelve Apostles, which were completely sheltered by land from the attack of the French ships, and quite as completely sheltered from everything but one of the Lancaster guns, began to drop red hot hollow shot into the Crown battery. The effect of this was soon apparent. Before a dozen had been fired, one of them bounded and struck a spare ammunition wagon full of powder, which it instantly exploded. The shock was not so severe as it might have been, for the powder was comparatively uncontined. It of course killed a few of our men, but the works of the battery were uninjured. The Russians set up tremendous cheers when they saw the explosion, as they did when the last one of our allies blew up, imagining they had done to the same mischief. Their mirth, however, was but short lived. While in the act of cheering, a shell from the Lancaster lodged (I presume by) in the magazine of the redoubt in the redan wall. The explosion which followed was appalling. It made the stoutest man's blood run cold. At first it seemed as if the whole of Sebastopol was enveloped in the ruins; five minutes after, when the loose earth and smoke cleared away, and allowed us to see the extent of the mischief, we saw that only a black hole remained where the grand redoubt had stood, and that the greater part of the redan wall was blown away; so stunning appeared the effects of the terrible blow to the enemy, that it was some minutes before they fired a single gun. When they did they concentrated their whole fire upon the battery where the fatal Lancaster gun was placed, but in vain; it was quite out of range, and their shot stopped falling nearly two hundred yards in advance of the battery. Seeing this the Russians wisely gave up the attempt to reach it, and turned their attention to the French fleet, which hoisted required it. During all this time their fire, instead of slackening, had rather increased, and it was evident from the perpetual thunders they sent forth, that one or other party must soon give in, for it was impossible for both to go on at that rate any longer. Which was actually the victor we could guess, though we could not see, for the smoke was now more dense than ever.

It was near 4 o'clock, the fleets were still volleying forth their thunders, but the fire of the Russians had slackened considerably. Just at this moment the smoke cleared away, and both forts and fleets could distinctly see each other. The French vessels lay off the forts to the south of the harbor. Another detachment of line of battle ships was outstriking those to the north. The smoke was still too thick to allow us to make out the flags of these latter, but we had no doubt they were English.

The batteries at the mouth of the harbor consist of three tiers of guns, the uppermost one on the top being open like ordinary batteries; the two lower tiers are casemated, one being almost level with the water's edge. The enemy had completely abandoned the guns on the roof, many of which were dismounted, and the works much cut up; but the casemated guns seemed little injured, and as the smoke cleared away they attacked the fleets with redoubled vigor. We could also see that some earthworks had been thrown up to flank the forts, which were pouring destructive fire upon the fleet.

The smoke soon hid all again, and the battle raged with as much fury as before until dark. The cannonade then seemed to slacken, and before eight had almost ce-