

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12.—It is delightful to abandon the old heading, "Siege of Sebastopol," which for the last eleven months might have been stereotyped, but it is not clear what is to be put in its place, for the enemy, having abandoned the south side, and to erect there another monument of engineering skill, and to leave there memorials of their dogged resolution. 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 taken; they are amazed, that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place could explain the apparent contradiction. It is clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss 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. One hears our engineers feebly saying "they are badly traced," and that kind of thing, but it is quite evident, that the Russian, who is no match for the allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardment ever known and an eleven months' siege, that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is, that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts. The details of the French attack will have been made public ere this letter reaches you. It is sufficient to say that of the three or four points attacked, the Little Redan and the Malakhoff on the right, and the Bastion Central and the re-entering angle of the Flagstaff Work on the left, but one was carried, and that was a closed work. The Great Redan, the Little Redan, and the line of defence on the left were not taken, although the attack was resolute, and the contest obstinate and bloody for both assailants and defenders. Whether we ought to have attacked the Great or Little Redan, or to have touched the left at all, is another question which is ventilated by many, but which is not for me to touch upon or decide. It is certain that the enemy knew his weakness, and was too good a strategist to defend a position of which we held the key. Sebastopol in flames, his ships sunk, told the story next morning, and some ten thousand French and English soldiers were its commentators. Could we have done so, it would have been well for the English to have claimed the honour of joining in the assault on the Malakhoff, the tower of which we had beaten into ruins, and to have abstained from attacking the Redan, which could offer a desperate and, as events proved, a successful resistance, till the works around the Malakhoff were taken.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description, when the news spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. When I rose ere day-break, and got up to Cathcart's Hill, there were not many officers standing on that favourite spot; and the sleepers who had laid down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sebastopol was ours. All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan, but the Russians having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan along their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention abandoned it, as is supposed, about twelve o'clock, and the silence having attracted the atten-

tion of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure, and found the place deserted by all, save by the dead and dying. Soon afterwards, wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became alight—the flames shone out of the windows of the houses—rows of mansions caught and burned up, and, ere daybreak, the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye—was on fire from the sea to the Dockyard Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up with a stupendous crash that made the very earth reel, early in the night.

At sunrise, four large explosions on the left followed in quick succession, and announced the destruction of the Quarantine Forts and magazines of the batteries of the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Fort. In a moment afterwards the proper left of the Redan was the scene of a very heavy explosion, which must have destroyed a number of wounded men on both sides. Fortunately the soldiers who had entered it early in the night were withdrawn. The Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up, one after another, at 4.45. At 5.30 there were two of the largest and grandest explosions on the left that ever shook the earth—most probably from Fort Alexander and the Grand Magazine. The rush of black smoke, of grey and white vapour, of masses of stone, beams of timber, and masonry into the air was appalling, and then followed the roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown up into the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky—the effect of the innumerable flashes of fire twittering high up in the column of dark smoke over the town, and then changing rapidly into as many balls of white smoke like little clouds. All this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off material from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction and renew the fires of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet, all that remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line of battle ships. As soon as it was dawn, the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, kepi and Zouave fez, could soon be distinguished in amid the flames, and moving from house to house. Ere 5 o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behindhand in looking for "loot," and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness. Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day. At 7, ten several small detonations of shells and powder magazines took place in the town behind the Redan and also on the left of the Dockyard Creek. At 7.12 immense clouds of black smoke rose from behind Fort Paul, probably from a steamer which we found burning in the dockyard. The Russian columns, which had been defiling in a continuous stream across the bridge, now became broken into small bodies, or went over in intermittent masses unscathed by the shot and shell which plunged into the water close beside them. At 6.45 the last dense column marched past, and soon afterwards the bridge was pulled asunder, and the pieces were all floated across the north side at 8.7. The boats did not cease to pull backward and forward all the time, and the steamers were exceedingly busy long after the garrison moved. At nine there were many explosions in the town amid the burning ruins, and the battlements of Fort Paul. As the rush from camp now became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakhoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line

of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep back all persons except the generals and staff, and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not stop the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man after lugging up a heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some such article, was deprived of it by our sentries. The French in one instance complained, that our dragoons let English soldiers pass with Russian muskets and would not permit the French to carry off these trophies, but there was not any foundation for the complaint. There was assuredly no jealousy on one side or the other. It so happened that as the remnants engaged on the left against the Malakhoff and Little Redan marched to their tents this morning, our second division was drawn up on the parade ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the second division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, and the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by. Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with cacoets or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labors. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and took the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catharine. By degrees the generals, French and English, and the staff officers, edged down upon the town; but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for 48 hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and Malakhoff. The ground is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosion of bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen, returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform great-coat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave and an Indigene. There were ghastly sights on the way, too, Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakhoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionades, and of zig-zags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we came at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full twenty feet in height above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolour waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are busy constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled braves who are lying

all around, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some 20 or 22 feet deep, and 10 feet broad. See, here is the place where the French crossed—here is the bridge of planks, and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakhoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had 200, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling ladders? See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakhoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are those embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than 18 feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each now recedes towards the top it leaves in the ledge below an excellent banquet for the defenders. Inside the sight is too horrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded and there are five distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and canister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is impossible almost to get a view of the whole of the Malakhoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of 60 were found in the work, are all ship's guns, and mounted on ship's carriages, and worked in the same way as ship's guns. There are a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villainous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations unutterable. There are several of these places, and they might set defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world: over the roof is a layer of ships' masts, cut in junks and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance was littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in on them like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes. The Malakhoff is a closed work; it is only open at the rear to the town, and the French having once got in, threw open a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Great Redan and to the Little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated, to re-take the place. They brought up their field guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and

and offered other impediments but greater than all these is, that no one could from any lion in front see what was going on in the Redan, which seemed to lie within its huge dun-colored parapets only to vomit them diminished numbers. It was plain to understand, what was thin from the external aspect work, the slopes of which have world with the sight of British twice in two successive attacks the defences. This Redan has res than the capture of Badajos, f those who have fallen in the approaches to it; and, although stated it, we can scarcely claim- ing caused them such loss, that ing to their dread of a renewed e contrary, we must, in fairness e Russian maintained their see till the French were fairly be Malakhoff, and the key of the torn from their grasp. They have remained in the place long- id, as the French were scarcely to molest them from the Mala- lery, and could not be permitted ith our attack, had they been inforcements to us; but the Rus- a man of too much genius and soldier to lose men in defend- ble position, and his retreat was masterly skill and with perfect e of a victorious enemy. Cover- d the flames of the burning city, dous explosions, which spoke in tentous warning to those who shed to cut off his retreat, he led narrow files across a deep arm of sanded by our guns and in the powerful fleet, paraded them in ey crossed, and carried off all his rses and munitions of war. He phies and many bitter memories. hips and blew up his forts with- on, save some paltry efforts to e bridge by cannon shot, or to ps as they marched over. His d his boats across at their leisure; ry man was across, and not till sians began to dislocate and float rations of their bridge and to pull north side.

ITATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A from Berlin states, that the news of Sebastopol has produced at St. Peter- con- sideration. The young Em- pears to desire to be at the head of rty, does not spare her reproaches at party. She says that if the note been accepted, Russia would have he humiliation of the four points of sanded by the Allies; and that, if at a hose guarantees had been accepted, have been spared the shame of the Tchernaya, and the terrible disaster Sebastopol. The journey of the he south had been resolved upon be- of Sebastopol was known. Its ob- use the spirit of the Russian army, ding to the reports of Prince Gout- greatly broken and depressed. The much more embarrassed to find men and munitions of war, especially e least of the effective troops remain e way, and never come up to their

al decree opens to the Minister of an extraordinary credit of f. 2,867, estimates of 1855, for the purpose of the treasury and the city of Lyons ces made by them in 1848 for the rishops. Another decree opens to of State, an extraordinary credit of at the expenses of the religious cer- s 13th instant, at Notre Dame.

arrival of the intelligence of the fall of the Prussian government inquired sta of Paris and London, whether it red, that a favourable moment for re- conciliations for peace had arrived. An received in the negative, which was communicated by telegraph to Vien-

lay morning a company of five Russian as escorted into Woolwich dockyard ce, in charge of a sergeant of the Roy- to be received on board the Figard ip, for a passage to Constantinople, to eign Legion. They are enthusiastic in their satisfaction at the treatment they heir newly adopted country, and oon- y had no reluctance in quitting Russia : monthly pay was only 1s 5d.