

supports, while Strange's battery from the Quarries carried death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karabelnaia. With the Malakhoff, the enemy lost Sebastopol. The ditch outside towards the north was yet full of French and Russians piled over each other in horrid confusion. On the right, towards the Little Redan, the ground was literally strewn with bodies as thick as they could lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakhoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians lay inside the work in heaps, like carcasses in a butcher's cart, and the wounds, the blood—the sight exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakhoff we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners of every house to die, like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it, under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left, we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. A steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean, and white, and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stones, of which they and the walls are made, are readily knocked to pieces by a cannon shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is in one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded. I visited it next day.

RUSSIA MUST NEVER HAVE THE CRIMEA AGAIN.

In whatever direction the tide of war may flow for the moment, considerations of humanity of justice, and of policy alike demand that the Crimea should not be restored to Russia. Once put her again in possession of Sebastopol, and a ticket-of-leave man does not more surely recommence the practices to which he is indebted for his title, than Russia returns to her vocation of preparing a descent upon Constantinople. Besides, if we put her again in possession of Sebastopol, she will assuredly take care this time to render it no less impregnable on the land side than she had made it towards the sea. She will turn it into a real Gibraltar, and if the Allies should ever again undertake to besiege it, they will find that they have not one, but many lines of defence, to overcome. Deprived of Sebastopol, it is impossible for Russia to carry into effect her designs against Turkey. The assistance of a fleet is essential to their success. Let the Allies keep the Crimea by maintaining a moderate land force at Perekop, with a small squadron at Sebastopol, and Russia is paralyzed for aggression in the East. Restore Sebastopol to her, and within a quarter of a century, the same work (probably much increased in difficulty) which has just been accomplished, must again be done.

Several of the "navvies" who went from the neighbourhood of West Ham to the Crimea, to construct the railway at Balaklava, have returned home within the last few days. Most of them have saved something considerable out of their earnings, and have brought home several Crimean relics, consisting of Russian muskets, swords, &c.

The leading firms amongst the India rubber manufacturers are very busy—government having contracted for a supply of a superior class of water proof clothing to that hitherto provided for the troops in the Crimea. It has been determined, and wisely, that no waterproof goods but those which are mangelled, or vulcanised, shall in future be supplied for the use of the troops.

(From the Daily News' Correspondent.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, SEPT. 11.—The Union Jack and the Tricolor are at last waving over Sebastopol. Long before the following details of the great achievement by which this glorious result has been accomplished can reach you, the electric telegraph will have spread the news of our triumph throughout England and France, bringing joy to the masses, and sorrow, alas! to many a bereaved home; it remains, therefore, to us, whose slower messenger is the post, merely to furnish the particulars of the struggle which has ended in so glorious, though costly, a success.

When my last letter was being despatched, the final volleys of the bombardment were booming on the ear, and the brave battalions by whom the attack was to be made were parading a few hundred yards from my tent door. The Light and Second Divisions being those selected for our own share of the operation, the regiments of those two most distinguished sections of our army received orders on Friday night to have two days' rations cooked and served out at six o'clock on the following morning. At seven a.m. the first storming party, consisting of 100 men of the 97th Regiment, under Major Welsford, and the first covering party, 100 men of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Capt. Fyers—paraded, and shortly afterwards marched down to the trenches; where the former took up their position in the new boueyau running out of the centre of the fifth parallel, and the latter in extended order on their left, ready to cover their advance, and keep down the fire from the parapet of the Redan. Half-an-hour later, the second body of stormers, composed of 200 of the 97th under Colonel Handcock, and 300 of the 90th under Captain Grove, followed, and formed immediately behind the first, in the parallel itself. After a similar interval, these again were followed by working parties of 100 men from each of the two Divisions engaged, succeeded, half-an-hour later, by supports of 750 men each from the 19th and 88th Regiments, with part of a brigade of the 2d Division; these were stationed in the fourth parallel, ready for advancing into the fifth as soon as the assault was made. Lastly came the reserves, consisting of the first brigade of the Light Division, who, as the sequel will show, with their usual luck, came in for a share of the actual assault. This, I think, is a tolerably accurate statement of the relative division of the duties of the attack, and of the strength of the parties employed.

As on the 18th of June, it was again arranged that the English should assault the Redan and the French the Malakhoff. The experience of that disastrous occasion, however, taught the necessity of permitting the latter redoubt to be first captured before our own men attempted the former; inasmuch as the guns of the Round Tower effectually commanded the open space over which a force attacking the Redan must cross. To be sure, there was reason to believe, that the Malakhoff had at length been effectually silenced; but a similar notion was entertained on the occasion of the last assault, and its error dearly proved. Every embrasure but one of the Malakhoff had been blocked up as early as daylight of the 7th; but this was no guarantee that the guns had not, as before, been drawn in under cover, ready in a minute's time to clear an opening for themselves and receive an attacking force with grape and canister, as on the morning of the 18th of June. Accordingly, the guns of our own right attack continued to play vigorously on the Round Tower till a few minutes before noon on Saturday, notwithstanding that its own fire had all but entirely ceased the day before—an occasional shot from a single gun being all the reply it gave to the onslaught of the besieging artillery. On the Malakhoff, therefore, even more than on the Redan, which was to be stormed by our own men, did our guns direct their fire, rendering the work a perfect furnace of exploding shells; and to the sustained vigour and precision of this practice is mainly to be attributed the success of the attack which followed. In the meantime nearly 30,000 French had been moved down into their advanced trenches before the Mamelon and other covering spots around it, under the command of General Bosquet.

Our own force, I am forgetting to mention, was under the chief direction of Sir Wm. Codrington, with General Markham as second in command; General Simpson himself being somewhere near the Twenty-one Gun Battery, but without any direct share in the management of the operations.

At twelve o'clock exactly, the fire of the batteries ceased, and the party of Zouaves, who led the French attack, dashed over the parapet of their advanced sap, and in less than a minute had crossed the intervening forty yards, and were scrambling up the parapet of the Round Tower. Contrary to all hope, the solitary gun on the proper right of the work was the only piece that received the assaulters with a discharge, and there was no time to reload it before our allies were inside the redoubt; the mischief inflicted by its one round of grape was but small. Swarm after swarm of our allies crowded up the steep embankment, till the whole parapet was literally covered with them, and then commenced such a fire of musketry as never echoed through the ravines round Sebastopol before. I can compare its unbroken continuity to nothing but the rattling tattoo of a thousand tenor drums. I have witnessed 70,000 men engaged in a general action; but the infantry fire delivered on the occasion was but as child's play compared with the ceaseless roll that poured in upon the Malakhoff, during Saturday's attack. As usual, no circumstantial or complete narrative of the operation can be given, from the habitual incommunicativeness which our allies observe in all their proceedings; but from one of the Zouaves who led the attack, I learn that the prepared resistance was less than had been expected. The enemy had been taken by surprise, and after a feeble stand made by the supports within the redoubt when the French entered, the place was vacated by its former holders, who kept up a running fire as they retired; reserves, however, were speedily brought up, but as the French continued to pour in at all points in more than an equal ratio, the two were soon overpowered, and in less than half-an-hour after the first Zouave scaled the parapet, the Malakhoff was won. The deafening roll of musketry, however, in no degree diminished, but swept on to the right towards the Little Redan, whose guns flanked the tower: here, and in the adjoining works, the struggle was continued for nearly a couple of hours, until the last Muscovite was driven from his cover, and the ground occupied by our allies.

In the meantime, however, our own assault had begun. But it must first be mentioned, that instead of having before them a work whose embrasures had been bunged-up and its guns silenced, like the Malakhoff, our men had to rush upon a line of battery nearly every piece in which was ready to receive them with grape and canister. The French, too, started from a line of trench only some forty yards from the point to be attacked, whilst our own troops were compelled to cross an open surface of full six times the extent, and that, too, under a direct and flanking fire from nearly a score of guns. It is needless to dilate upon the comparative difficulties of the two attacks; but whilst awarding to the French a full meed of praise for their brilliant gallantry on the occasion, I cannot be betrayed by any mawkish generosity into a concealment of the infinitely greater dangers involved in that portion of the day's achievements which fell to the lot of the British. On the day following the assault, I crossed over the space between our fifth parallel and the Redan, and was then able in some degree to realize the difficulty of making a run over such a distance and such ground under the desolating fire of some twenty 68-pounders loaded with grape and canister. Let all this be borne in mind, before any of your readers jump to the false conclusion that the French displayed a greater heroism than ourselves; for, raw and inexperienced as were many of our troops engaged, with some few exceptions they fought as became the conquerors of the Alma and Inkermann. As soon as the French had made good their footing in the Malakhoff a tricolor was run up to announce the triumph, and immediately after a small white flag—the signal appointed for the advance of our own men—was waved from the parapet of Mamelon. At the first glance of it, the order was pas-

sed on from General Codrington for the stormers to leave cover, and half a minute later Major Welsford and his party, carrying scaling ladders, bounded over the parapet of the boueyau. A volley of grape struck down nearly a third of them, poor Welsford included, but the remainder rushed gallantly on. In the meantime the Rifles, under Captain Fyers, kept up a vigorous and deadly fire on the embrasures, but the thick-matted mantlets with which these were curtained in a great measure counteracted this, and the grape continued to fly thick and fast over the death-space to be crossed. The second body of stormers followed quickly on the heels of those who were already placing the ladders, and, being well supported by those behind, were soon inside the Redan. Here a murderous but brief struggle ensued, and before many minutes had elapsed since the first of our men gained the parapet, none of the enemy but the dead and dying remained within it. The Redan, like the Malakhoff, was won. And here I might have chaunted a psalm in honor of our unqualified triumph, too, had not the blundering mismanagement which has so often borne fruit in the sacrifice of our troops again turned up to deprive us of our full share of the glory of this memorable day. Instead of pouring in supports to the aid of those in possession of the redoubt, General Codrington—I believe I am only justly attributing the blame to him—for some mysterious strategic reasons known only to himself, kept back the troops who crowded the trenches in the rear till the enemy had time to bring up his over-powering reserves and clear the Redan of our men. The latter bravely, but vainly, attempted to make a stand, anxiously expecting every minute the arrival of supports; but no supports came, and they were swept back into the open to retreat under fresh storms of grape—for by another marvellous piece of neglect, no attempt at spiking the guns of the place had been made by those who had gained a footing inside. Orders for the withheld supports were then given, but in harmony with the blunder which had gone before, the intelligent aides-de-camp, who carried the commands, being about as ignorant of the topography of the trenches as of the interior of Sebastopol, stumbled on the wrong regiments, and ordered up the first brigade of the Light Division, which had been told off as the proper reserve. Evident, however, as was the blunder, the gallant "fighting 7th," led on by Major Turner, and the 23d, under Colonel Lysons, advanced to the renewed attack. The other regiments, who should have proceeded, followed in a state of beautiful pell-mell; and, under a fire of grape and canister before which the bravest columns of the Old Guard would have staggered, our young levies—for such were three-fourths of the troops engaged—were led on to regain the ground which had been lost through mismanagement before. It was not, however, in human nature to make headway under such an iron storm; the men turned, turned and fled back under cover of the parapet, leaving very many of their own number, and more in proportion of their officers, dead or dying on this field of death. Two young lieutenants, Wright and Colt, of the 7th, were amongst the killed, and three of the same rank of the 23d. Major Turner received a ball through his scalp—one of the narrowest escapes of the day—whilst Lieutenant Alma Jones, of fighting fame, was knocked over by a fragment of a shell. Colonel Lysons carried away a rifle bullet in his leg, and only three of all the remaining officers of these two crack regiments escaped untouched. From the failure of this second attempt, the attack became one of musketry fire over the parapet, aided by the guns of the Quarry and other batteries which bore upon the Redan. Brigadier Straubenzee, commanding the 1st Brigade of the Light Division, tried to induce his chief to storm again, offering to lead the assault with the still eager though shattered regiments of his own command; but Sir William declined repeating the attempt at that time. Thence on till dusk, we waged a futile war of musketry and artillery fire, which was vigorously replied to by the enemy, and night closed upon our men, discouraged and humbled—that through mismanagement on the part of those with whom lay the direction of the assault, they had failed while the French

had triumphed. again to reap the on us by similar June, after having wounded, nearly and much more officers, of the Russian apotheg led on by donke illustrated; and jubilant with well humbled by the ved defeat.

Up till midnight the state of feel the camp, as al remained in the distant attack on won and lost. dawn another as continued at whi had been finally after all, but a signal and costly before the eyes However, there and so every one on Sunday more hundreds were tarnish cast up away. About however, the er blowing up the ing the redoubt the fact, though the explosion in of our own shei result was the s men being soon it was discove given up the g cordingly mar streaks of dayl waving over a been a prize. set in on the p had swept the left of the Mi line, from the of the Tchernu Allies—the R the French La ly evacuated. glers of the r the bridge of destroyed whi the entire si couple of sma had been sun rose upon as topol had ne splendid harb Even before several mines along and win during the sacrifice of th Fort Paul an buildings wh flames. A capture of S By early d dent that the of the town, crows to a ci ing appetites behind. As day during double lines along the through this on duty, or staff, was however, a given me b the line, an of the prec time I reac our fifth p been gather having been men thrown of the Reda rowing eno a heart of s lay the bod blood had the huge di titude. Th dan had al so that I lo who had fa months' t struck an