

had triumphed. It seemed if we were again to reap the bitter experience entailed on us by similar causes on the 18th of June, after having lost, in the month of June, nearly half the number of men, wounded, nearly half that proportion of officers, of the whole force engaged. The Russian apothegm of "an army of lions led by donkeys," had once more been illustrated; and whilst our men were jubilant with the consciousness of undeserved defeat.

Up till midnight, such was pretty much the state of feeling prevalent throughout the camp, as also among the men, who were remaining in the trenches, keeping up the din and attack on the work which they had done and lost. It was known that with dawn another assault would be made, and continued at whatever cost till the redoubt after all, but a feeble consolation after the signal and costly repulse we had sustained before the eyes of the triumphant French. However, there was nothing else for it; and so every one anxiously awaited daylight on Sunday morning, when, on the 19th, the British were to be avenged, and the tarnish cast upon our military honour wiped away. About an hour after midnight, however, the enemy forestalled all this by blowing up their magazine, and abandoning the redoubt. Such, it is not probable, that the explosion may have been caused by one of our own shells. Be this as it may, the result was the same; and on a party of our men being soon after sent out to reconnoitre, it was discovered that the French had gained the summit of the hill, and had evacuated. Dawn showed the last stragglers of the retiring enemy hurrying over the bridge of boats, which was promptly destroyed when they had crossed; and as the entire shipping was a total wreck, and as most of the small steamers alone excepted—had been sunk during the night, the sun rose upon as desolate a scene as if Sebastopol had never been inhabited, nor its splendid harbour covered with ships of war.

Even to those who had already seen several mines had been fired by the enemy along and within their line of works, and during the night they consummated the sacrifice of their stronghold by blowing up Fort Paul and firing nearly all the principal buildings which had already been in flames. And thus ended the attack and capture of Sebastopol.

By early daylight, as soon as it was evident that the enemy had indeed cleared out of the town, the French crowded in, like crabs to a carriage, to seize the last remaining appetites with what spoil had been left behind. As on the whole of the previous day during the progress of the attack, double lines of cavalry sentries were posted along the whole front of our camp; and that, in the morning, the day was sight had not dawned, or not belonging to the omnipotent staff, was allowed to go. About noon, however, armed with a pass, courteously given me by General Simpson, I crossed the line, and proceeded down to the scene of the preceding day's operations. As the time I reached the fatal opening in front of our fifth parallel, however, the dead had been gathered off the ground—the officers having been taken to the camp, and the men thrown into the deep and broad ditch which was preceding the line of works. It was now enough to effect nerves of iron and a heart of stone: piled up, row upon row, lay the bodies of the brave fellows whose blood had gained our triumph, nearly filling the huge dike—a ghastly and mangled murther, and a musket lying on the ground. Dan had also been gathered into the ditch; so that I looked upon nearly all the British who had fallen in this last scene of an eleven months' tragedy. The first fact which struck an observer was, that nearly all who

lay there were old soldiers, men who had borne the heat and burden of the day; hardly a young man was to be seen; the second, the calmness which appeared on almost every countenance, even where the death-wounds had been the most severe. Some, whose death must have been instantaneous, lay with unclouded eyes "gazing on the lifeless face" that lay before them; and ghastly countenances, might have been supposed basking for pleasure in the sun; whilst others again stretched out in all the seeming composure of a calm sleep. Amongst them lay a few Russians, hideous in their aspect, and in some instances white but few of the harrowing traces of acute or prolonged death throes. As I passed over this bridge of corpses into the interior of the Redan, a fatigue party was already beginning to shovel in the parapet upon the bodies, many of which lay in a grave on the spot where they fell. The enemy had carried off nearly all their dead and wounded, which accounted for the fewness of the former found inside the redoubt. Terrible were the traces of our fire which had done the work; and the dismounted guns, shattered platform and broken carriages, nearly every square yard of the place was torn up by round shot and exploded shell. How many human beings could have existed in such a pandemonium of explosion, and in the presence of every eye who looked on the spot to conceive. The place had formerly been a vineyard, and was consequently honeycombed originally; but these small hollows had been knocked into every possible shape, and scarcely a foot of soil remained, which had been ploughed up by the fire of our own and the French guns.

Leaving, however, a more detailed description of the interior of this formidable work for a future letter, I pass on to the portion of the town at the base of the slope which had been destroyed by the French. In fact, I got a glimpse of the utterly unknown extent of the injury which had been done to the town itself by our fire. As viewed even with the aid of a good glass from our most advanced parallel, not a tile of the town was to be seen, and the houses opposite the French left attack.

But even here, in a portion of the place which everybody supposed to be comparatively uninjured, nothing but ruins met the eye. Shot and shells had smashed in roofs, penetrated and knocked down walls, and in fact, left nearly every building one came to crumbling and shapeless masses of battered masonry. My exploration in this direction, however, was soon brought to a halt, as I was already in a narrow street, behind a small vineyard behind one of the main buildings which led down to the Admiralty and Fort Nicholas, a rascally French sentry ordered me to stop, and before I had time to ask why, the scoundrel deliberately levelled his pistol, fired, sending a bullet within a few inches of my head. As there was no replying to such arguments as this, I thought it best to prosecute my researches elsewhere, and so turned away to explore the main body of the town, and to ascend the great loss of Admiralty Creek. But at every step, I found Frenchmen poking into every nook and cranny, overhearing everything and appropriating whatever appeared worth carrying away. A few of our own men had managed to get into the town, and were being similarly employed; but, besides being numerically only as one to a hundred of the Gauls, they went about the business with a clumsiness and evident inexperience which contrasted strikingly with the practised and professional habits of the British and French *enfants* around. In descending the slope which leads down to the head of the Creek, I came in sight of piles of new cannon shot, ranged as one may see them along the river front of the Redoubt. It was not till I had reached the town that I was aware that this was contradiction of the generally believed reports of the enemy's shortness of guns and ammunition; and similar evidence met my eye at every battery I passed. Shot, shell, grape, canister, powder, and musket balls were everywhere where abundant. On gaining the summit of the opposite slope, on and beyond which the main body of the town is situated, French, nothing but French, were to be seen, with the majority of them drunk, and

all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder. Chairs, tables, looking-glasses, claret ornaments, poultry, kegs of brandy, mattresses, bed clothes, cooking utensils, —every domestic moveable, in fact, —ever figured in a catalogue at the city emporium, was being carried or dragged along by our lightning soldiers, —who, only at long intervals, was an Englishman to be seen with a single article, and in three instances I found Frenchmen disputing their right to even these. More than once hunted on our failure before the Redan was also the case, in which, whilst reproach was thrown into the teeth of a brave Irish Grenadier by a diminutive Chasseur with more impudence than discretion, I take to myself the credit of having saved a subject of the Emperor from the indignities of mutilation. Put had hands on a bundle of crockeryware, and was proceeding comfortably along under the influence of a double allowance of rum, when the Frenchman, still worse off for liquor, came reeling by with a looking-glass under one arm, and a tin of snuff under the other. "Ha! Redan no, Malakoff yes; Ingelse no bono!" spirited out the son of France, tapping the Irishman with impudent familiarity on the elbow. The latter, who followed and three others of Donnybrook and in an instant, dashing his crockery to the ground, Paddy grasped the Frenchman by the most capacious portion of his pantaloons, sent the looking-glass to shivers, and would have made work for the doctor out of its owner, if it had not that moment occurred to him to rescue. Seeing Frenchmen hurrying to the scene of this tragic-comedy from all points, I deemed it best, for my countryman's own sake, to prevent his administering a chastisement which, however amply deserved, might have endangered the safety of the bestower, and so liberated the frightened impudent, and endeavoured to calm down the wrath of the infuriated Kerryman. This, however, was no easy task; but by endorsing the words of the Irishman, and telling the Frenchman any day I finally reduced the storm, and sent him on his way to the outskirts of the town.

[Another letter from the Daily News Correspondent, will appear in our next issue.]

A CRIMean HERO.—Lieutenant Brophy, of the 3d Royal Lancashire Militia, has been presented by the Secretary of State for the War Department with a medal "for distinguished conduct in the field." Mr. Brophy was 16 years in the 63d Regiment, served with it in the Peninsula, and held the rank of Acting Sergeant-Major when he proceeded with that corps to the Crimea, in last September. He was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, for which he received the Victoria Cross and three clasps. At Inkerman, after his officers were shot down, he led his company against a large body of Russians, who had taken up an advantageous position behind a stone wall dislodged them, and chased them down the ravine at the point of the bayonet. On returning with his brave band, he found the colours of his regiment lying on the ground, and their defenders exposed to a murderous fire. Brophy immediately dashed up, seized one of them, waved it round the head of the enemy, and commenced a fresh attack. In this charge he was shot down, and, although severely wounded, he contrived to crawl to some neighbouring brushwood, where he concealed the colour and lay by it as if dead, the Russian soldiers passing by him without detecting him, and occupied in bayoneting both killed and wounded in their path, at about 40 yards from him. After this he crawled for about two miles, and delivered up the colour in safety. Shortly afterwards Mr. Brophy received the Victoria Cross, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant on the 14th of November, next suffered shipwreck. He was then removed to the Scutari Hospital, where, by the kind attentions of Miss Nightingale and Dr. Irwin, of the 25th, he was, by the 14th of January, enabled to return to England. He has since been presented with a Lieutenantcy and Paymastership in the depot of the 3d Lancashire Militia, with other rewards for his gallant and meritorious services.

TO MILLERS.
Camel Hair Boiling Cloth.
HASZARD & OWEN have much pleasure in announcing to their customers that they have secured the privilege of boiling the cloth Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, & 7, which they offer for sale at 10 per cent below former prices.

FOR SALE
THAT beautifully situated farm at Darby, known as the Sandwell, is contained in 100 acres of land, and is a large and valuable estate, which has been in the possession of cultivation it is a leasehold for 999 years, the yearly rent is £5 15s. In addition, there are on the premises a large two-story dwelling, a large and convenient barn, a threshing mill, and an out-house for a Granary.
Also—A small farm, containing 24 acres of freehold land, and 100 acres of leasehold, within a few chains of the Darby Bridge; the above mentioned properties are well worth the attention of any person desiring to purchase. The particulars enquire of
WM. E. CLARK
Charlottesville, 12th September, 1855.

Grand Division.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual Session of the Grand Jury for the County of this Island, will be held on Thursday the 20th day of October, instanter, at 4 o'clock p.m. in the Temperance Hall, Charlottesville.
By order,
P. DESBRISSAY, G. S.

Oct. 8, 1855.
JUST RECEIVED, per Sloop "SABUR" from Halifax, and for Sale at DODD'S BLECK STORE, 100 acres of land, containing 100 acres of Land, it is near Georgetown, on the South side of the Island, and is covered with good Wood. For further particulars apply to
THOMAS W. DODD.
Oct. 8.

FREEHOLD LAND
FOR SALE, Lot 42, as laid down on the Plan of the Township No. 55, bounded on the Division line with the Township of St. John's, containing 100 acres of Land. It is near Georgetown River, on the South side of the Island, and is covered with good Wood. For further particulars apply to
JAMES D. HASZARD,
Recreation, Sept. 27th, 1855.

Valuable and desirable
Freehold Property for Sale.

TO BE SOLD, that valuable and highly cultivated estate, containing eight and a half acres, and situated on the Pinetown Road, about one mile from Charlottesville, known as Willow Farm, the property of the Subscriber. This Farm contains about Eighty-four (84) acres, all under cultivation, divided into eleven parts or fields, beside a Kitchen plantation, and a mill race, and has a large pond of water in six fields; a large amount has recently been expended on this property, in the application of manure to put it in the best state of improvement, and the present Crop bears testimony to its productiveness. There is on the premises a comfortable Dwelling House recently built, with a deep and spacious Cellar, and an extensive range of Barns and Stables, all new, with room for a large Crop of corn, and a large quantity of Hay, Horse Stable, Cow House, Figgery, Powl House, and Yard, and also, a convenient Greenhouse.

If the above property is not disposed of in one month from the date of this advertisement, a large portion of the purchase money of which, (if required), may remain on security for such time as may be agreed upon between the parties.
Charlottesville, September 4th, 1855
JAMES PEAKE.

TO LET with immediate possession, the southeast end of the House recently built on the Pinetown Road, containing about one acre, and occupied by Messrs. Gahan & Co.
The cellar is 24 feet high, has a substantial wall, and is deep, and the perpendicular depth on the first floor is 10 feet in front and 30 feet in depth; is also an Entrance, a Hall in rear of the shop and two other apartments. There are on the second floor one room 24 feet by 15, one 20 feet by 15 and two about 11 feet by 12, and the third floor nearly corresponds with the second. There are three closets, and a passage leading to the view of the Harbour, the Rivers and the Country round, there is also attached to the premises a new Ware-house, and a room for the sale of one of the following: for Mercantile or any other business. Further information may be obtained by applying to
THOMAS DAWSON,
July 14th, 1855.

JOHN T. THOMAS
requests all persons indebted to him, on account of his late Business, to settle their respective Accounts in the neat & quick way.
Mr. W. E. DAWSON,
who is duly authorized to receive the same.