NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE REASON WHY THE BRITISH FAILED AT THE REDAN.—The Malakhoff Tower is, as is well known, the highest point of the fortifications which defended Sebastopol It is flanked on either side by the Grand Redan, the object of the English attack, and the Redan of Careening Bay. Now, behind these forts, the Russians had constructed a formidable second line of earthworks, heavily armed, which commanded all the works in front, with the exception of the Malakhoff Tower ,and this exception was due to the over care of the Russians, who, in their anxiety to strengthen the Malakhoff, had built its works in three tiers, the lone rising above the other, whereas the Redans were constructed with only one tier of guns. The consequence of this was, that when the French swarmed on to the first tier of the Malakhoff, the second tier saved them from being hurt by the fire of the works in the rear of the Tower, and, in like manner, when they attained the second tier, the third saved them in its turn. Consequently thousands of men thronged its rampants, protected from the Russian fire. The combat raged on the flanks, where the enemy could only attack them with his musketry, and their own rifles and brilliant impetuosity were two much for him. Under the protection of a galling fire from the French, their sappers slipped round the work, threw up an entrenchment and thus, effectually covered on all points, the whole work was theirs. Here, then, to brave men, success was as natural as their own enthusiastic courage, but alas! upon other points courage availed not. The gallant assailants of the Redan and of the Central Bastion no sooner had carried these works, as they did triumphantly, than they found themselves exposed to a terrific close fire of grape, which rendered life impossible. The forts, built in one exposed tier, were open to the full range of the second line of earthworks, and in vain our chivalrous Allies, tried to hold their position. They would not retreat, but were swept away by the pitiless storm of grape. The tenacity of our struggle may be easily conceived when it is know that in carrying, and in endeavouring to hold, that one Redan, our loss amounted to two thousand men. Our Allies, and we ourselves had, therefore, to retire from these points; but the Malakhoff was in the hands of the French, and that was everything. The proof of that is in the result. The Russians set to work, at once, to burn and destroy.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S DESPATCH.

10 AT NIGHT.—The garrison of Sebastopol, after sustaining an infernal fire (*feu d'enfer*), repulsed six assaults, but could not drive the enemy from the Korniloff Bastion (the Malakhoff Tower). Our brave troops, who resisted to the last extremity, are now crossing over to the Northern part of Sebastopol. The enemy found nothing in the Southern part, but blood-stained ruins. On the 9th of September, the passage of the garrison from the Southern to the Northern part was accomplished with extraordinary success, our loss on that occasion being but 100 men. We left, I regret to say, nearly 500 men grievously wounded on the Southern side.

There is a cool, self-complacent effrontery in the bulletins and despatches of Prince Gortschakoff that has never been surpassed. He can make a defeat a theme of congratulation; and, when he has nothing else to brag of, will boast of the alacrity and prudence he has displayed in running away. He appears to think, that his Imperial master will be reconciled to his recent loss, by being told that "The enemy found nothing on the southern side but blood-stained ruins." He announces that "the passage of the garrison from the southern to the northern part was accomplished with extraordinary success," with as jaunty an air, as if he were talking of an advance, and not of a retreat. A man of this character—who is equally proud of drubbing and being drubbed—does not take much pains to conceal his losses. It is true Prince Gortschakoff—or the officials at St. Petersburg who published as much of his reports as is deemed expedient—does not go the length of telling explicitly, how many of his men have been put *hors de combat*, but he gives a tolerable inkling of it. He acknowledges to the loss of a hundred men while crossing the bridge; and adds that he was obliged to leave "five hundred men grievously wounded on the southern side." If the wounded, whom it was found impossible to carry along with the retreating army, amounted to so many, those who were able to accompany it, or who were sent away before the retreat commenced, must have been much more numerous; and if 100 men were killed in crossing the bridge, the number of those who fell during the bombardment and in the assault must have been much greater. The epithet, too, which the Prince applies to the fire of the Allies (*feu d'enfer*—infernal fire) would seem to indicate that his nerves had been a little shaken by it. It is equivalent to what decorous Englishmen would call an admission, that the Allies had made the place too hot to hold him.]

FIFTEEN THOUSAND KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The total loss of the allies is said to be no less than 15,000 killed and wounded. It is scarcely possible to hear so terrible an announcement without asking, as if one had never asked before,—Is it possible that anything can justify so terrible a sacrifice? We are fortified against the misgivings that weak nature may suggest at the thought of these lamentable losses and sufferings. No price is to great for honour. This is felt not merely as a public consideration, but still more deeply and tenderly as the precious balm of private sorrow. We will venture to say, that there is not one parent, one brother, one child of an age to appreciate honour, who could insult an addone wife who would wish her husband had not been there, or that Engand had not bearded the aggressor in his stronghold. If anybody doubts this, let him read over the names, most of them already honourable, some of them noble, and he will find, one by one, that he cannot doubt, how such and such a family wi l bear to have paid its dear tribute to the cause of our country, of liberty, and of honour. But, apart from reflections that would have occurred, even if the assault of September 8 had failed as much as that of June 18, it must be a comfort to everybody to know, that the price has been paid for a substantial advantage. Instead of that horrible struggle in the trenches, all but hand to hand, in which latterly the British army had been losing fifty a day killed and wounded, besides the victims of disease, and in which it is said our allies lost several hundreds daily, we have now gained the prize of a twelve-month's contention, and put the harbour between us and our foe, so that we can now rest awhile. This advantage we have obtained at a cost which, terrible as it may seem, is little more than a month's consumption of men. Sebastopol is now ours, though so many who have won it for us, and have fought their way to its walls step by step, from Kalatima Bay to the bloody rampart of the Redan, have not survived to enjoy, or even to know, what they have given us. Nor is Sebastopol so entirely destroyed, as the Russians intended. It has now been traversed by his conquerors, and found to be something more than a heap of blood-stained ruins. The establishments and magazines, the cannon, the stores of projectiles, and other provisions of war, while they swell the value and honour of the prize, prove also, that it was not mere exhaustion that drove the Russians across the harbour. They prove also how long the would-be conqueror of the East had been preparing for the execution of his long-cherished scheme, and how correctly he appreciated its difficulties. What, however, places beyond a doubt the importance of this achievement is the vastness, the ingenuity, and the completeness of the inner lines of works, on which the Russians expected to dispute our advance step by step, even when we had gained the Malakhoff and external fortifications. The dogged Russian must have been thoroughly beaten to give up without a struggle the result of so much labour and skill.

HAMBURG, Sept. 11.—The glorious news of the fall of Sebastopol was received here with great enthusiasm and general rejoicing.

The quotations of all descriptions of funds, shares, and other securities, with the exception of the Russian stock, have advanced, and large purchases have been made.

AUSTRIA.—The Philo-Russian party at Vienna have been taken quite aback by the late news from the Crimea; and the partizans of the Western Powers more than ever lament that Austria, after having expended immense sums in preparation for war, did not act up to her engagements.

MEN AND MORALS IN RUSSIA.

The glorious intelligence which has come from the Crimea during the week has necessarily concentrated attention on the state of things in the interior of Russia, and opportunely enough, a communication has recently appeared in a Manchester contemporary which throws considerable light on this interesting subject. The Manchester journalist has recently had an opportunity of conversing with an Englishman, who for more than sixteen years was the manager of the spinning department in a cotton factory in St. Petersburg. He has only left the Russian capital during the last few weeks, and the insight which he gives into the condition of the people of that country at the present moment ought to induce the Allied Powers to follow up the success which they have just achieved, with the view of "crumpling up" the most odious despotism in Europe.

The social condition of the Russian empire, as revealed by this authority, although bearing more immediately on the production of cotton, is a melancholy record of the enslaved and debased habits of the people, and it proves that all hopes of ameliorating this state of things cannot be looked for while the Czars pursue the policy which they have done for so many generations. The hands employed in the cotton mills are for the most part "free serfs,"—men who pay a considerable portion of their earnings to their owners, and who live on the remainder more like cattle than human beings. These "free serfs" are liable to be called away at any moment by their masters or the Government, and the drain of men caused by the war has subjected the manufacturers to every conceivable inconvenience. "In this way," says the returned Englishman, "the supply of mill hands has of late been short of the demand; and though some relief has been obtained by small manufacturers, the evil is increasing, and may ere long almost extinguish the cotton manufacture in Russia, at least for the remainder of the war." But in point of fact the same results are seen in every other branch of trade and production; the nobles are impoverished and discontented; the serfs are hard-worked and helpless; and the very framework of society appears to be on the point of collapsing. The mighty fraud called the Russian empire, the huge Colossus which threatened the liberties of Europe and the extinction of nationalities, is thus brought to the very verge of dissolution in the second year of the war. The time is favourable for imposing fetters on the foe which will bind him to keep the peace for many years to come, and the slightest reflection will demonstrate, that while the Western Powers have suffered comparatively little injury by the war—while the arts of peace and the productive powers of England and France have gone on with little or no interruption,—Russia at the present time is in the agonies of despair, and cannot even provide the material of war for her armies. However painful it may be to contemplate human suffering as it now exists in the dominions of the Northern Autocrat, yet it is pleasant to reflect that his insatiable ambition has brought down upon him this retributive justice, and human rights are vindicated by the perils of his position. If barbarity is weakness, civilization is certainly power, and Russia, notwithstanding her enormous territory and her sixty millions of inhabitants, is the weakest as well as the worst-governed country in Europe.

The inner life of the "free serfs" who labour in the cotton factories of Russia is well brought out in the article which we have quoted. We knew previously, that the Russian serfs as a body were addicted to theft and drunkenness; but our belief previously was, that the labourers in these establishments stood higher, morally and physically, than the great majority of the same class. It is not so. The blighting influences of slavery and degradation contaminate all within their reach. "Perhaps falsehood and theft are nowhere more universal under the sun than amongst the serf workmen of Russia. When detected carrying off property, the usual punishment is not through any legal tribunal or authority; the employers take the law into their own hands, and as they have usually from three to five or seven weeks' wages reserved in their hands, they confiscate this amount, and discharge the thief forthwith. There is not a native workman in a large establishment, whether of manufactures or mechanics, that would not pilfer, if opportunity served. They are usually docile and easily managed, but they are ever ready to lie and to swear anything. If discovered in any petty theft or falsehood, they at once cast themselves on their knees, make the most abject submission and knock their heads on the floor in begging forgiveness. The only workmen in a cotton factory who take breakfast are the mechanics; no spinner, weaver, loom-tenter, or card-room hand has any time allowed for breakfast. The usual working hours are from 5.30 a.m till noon, when they go to dinner. If they bring any food with them, it is usually a piece of black coarse rye, which they break in pieces, put it into a wooden bowl, take it to a water tap, and when duly soaked it is in a condition to furnish them with an intermediate meal. Or if they have a little salt to rub over the surface of this black heavy sour unleavened bread, they appear to eat it with great gusto. They have some rye-bread of rather better quality, for which they have a name which, literally rendered, is bitter-sweet bread."

This is a horrid picture of human wretchedness, and if we compare the state of the slaves in the Southern portions of the United States with those of Russia, the comparison is decidedly in favour of the former. The American planter feeds his sable property on good and wholesome food, and the labour which he exacts from the African is luxury itself compared with that which the Russian is compelled to perform from five in the morning until eight at night. Living a life so intensely miserable, the unhappy creatures find consolation in the constant use of ardent spirits, and while the Russian population are amongst the poorest and most degraded in the world, they are at the same time the most intemperate. "Their favourite liquor, when they can get it, is a fiery raw spirit made from grain, and resembling stuff sometimes retailed in England as illicit whiskey. They live in lodging-houses like barracks. All dine in common, and as they eat chiefly with wooden spoons and their fingers, no plates, knives, and forks, or other little equipage are needed. At night, as many persons as a room will hold, all squat down on the floor, wrapped in their sheepskins, and so take their rest."

The success in arms of an empire whose sons exist in this barbaric manner, where all moral development is extinct, where liberty is unknown, and brute force is the only power recognised by the state, would be the curse of mankind,—the annihilation of everything for which men desire to live; and the triumph before Sebastopol is the greater because it will have the effect of paring the claws of the monster that would subjugate neighboring nations to this degraded standard, and demoralise God's creatures to the level of the brute creation. There are amongst us those who sympathise with Russia, who think that the war is unjust, that we were not justified in entering into it, and that England's policy ought to restrain her from taking part in other people's quarrels. But the aggressions of Russia are in the ratio of her barbarism. The growth of her power overshadows the freedom of Europe, and if she had not been arrested in her attempts at conquest and annexation, the time would assuredly come when resistance would be vain. The dissolution of the Russian empire would be the enfranchisement of Northern Europe.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF A BOMBARDMENT.—A private letter giving an account of the recent bombardment of Sweaborg, says that the men employed on the gun boats had, as is usual, their ears padded with cotton, and a few cases of deafness are reported, but all employed experienced great pain in the chest, and in two days some of the men had not recovered their voices. The mortar boats threw 1,000 tons of shells!

THE NORTH FORT.

We have nothing to fear from the North Fort. It will soon be ours. We command its fate with certainity. It cannot hold a large garrison, and the troops encamped near it or in its neighbourhood are in a most precarious condition. The army of General Lipradi, on Mackenzie's Heights, is in great want of water, and provisions are scarce. In the southern side of Sebastopol great quantities of provisions must have been destroyed, and on the north side there are no sufficient places of depot for any sufficient amount of stores. The road to the North Fort is commanded by our position at Eupatoria, to which we are now free to transport large and adequate forces to cut of the communications of the fort, to take the armies in the rear, and menace the safety of every Russian in the Crimea. Of two things one, either we shall menace their positions, and force them to battle or capitulation; or they will play the desperate game, and at once attack us with a view to a final struggle. We are ready for them, and doubt not the result.