

THE EXAMINER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, OCTOBER 1, 1855.

(From our Extra of Friday last.)

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL.

The City has been thrown into a state of the most pleasing excitement this morning by the arrival of the Lady Le Marchant, with all her colours floating in the breeze, and firing guns as she steamed up the harbour, announcing, as every one supposed, the FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

The America arrived this morning at 6 o'clock, with Liverpool dates to the 15th.

SEBASTOPOL FALLEN!—CAPTURE OF THE MALAKHOFF!—Crimea, Sept. 8th.—The Allied Forces attacked Sebastopol this day at 12 o'clock. The assault on the Malakhoff has been successful, and the work is now in possession of the French. The English took the Redan, but were compelled to cede the work again to the powerful artillery and reserves of the enemy.

Six hundred and fifty Russian soldiers and twenty-seven officers taken prisoners. The southern side of Sebastopol is in possession of the Allies.

The enemy, during the night and this morning, are exploding their mines and setting fire to the whole town. All the ships of war in the harbor, except three steamers, were burned during the night.

The appearance of Sebastopol is as that of a great furnace, from the mines which have been successively sprung at different points.

The Russians are on their way to Perekop. The loss of the allies is probably under 2000. Great rejoicing and excitement in England. Pelissier is created a Marshal of France.

Pelissier telegraphed for instructions in case Gortschakoff should ask to capitulate. The reply is reported to be that the Russians must surrender at discretion—lay down their arms, and give up to the allies all their fortified places in the Crimea, including Odessa, with all their munitions of war, and without doing any previous damage thereto; but Gortschakoff has not yet asked for peace.

An attempt has been made on the life of Napoleon, but the man has since been proved insane, and sent to an Asylum. The Baltic fleet is said to be ordered home. Breadstuffs unchanged.

The following short despatch, issued from the Telegraph Office at Halifax, places the loss of the Allies at 15,000—an enormous sacrifice of life, if true:—

FURTHER INTELLIGENCE BY TELEGRAPH.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE, HALIFAX.

Thursday September 27, 1855.

To Local Directors, Operators and the Public:—

Sebastopol taken on 9th Sept. Killed and wounded of the Allies about 15,000. Russians retreated to North side after sinking and burning the ships. JAS. STEWART, President.

Feeling, as we all must, the liveliest interest in the important triumph of the allies, we hasten to gather from our English papers the following additional particulars, which we place before our subscribers, and the public generally, without delay.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Sept. 10.

Lord Panmure has received the following telegraphic despatch from General Simpson, dated

CRIMEA, Sept. 9.

Sebastopol is in possession of the Allies. The enemy during the night and this morning have evacuated the south side, after exploding their magazines and setting fire to the whole of the town.

All the men-of-war were burned during the night, with the exception of three steamers, which are plying about the harbour. The bridge communicating with the north side is broken.

THE STORMING OF THE MALAKHOFF.

FRENCH OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

PARIS, MONDAY.—The Moniteur publishes the following account of the storming of Sebastopol. It is from General Pelissier:—

"The assault was made at 12 o'clock, on Saturday, on the Malakhoff. Its redoubts and the Redan of Careening Bay were carried by our brave soldiers with admirable enthusiasm. Amidst cries of 'Vive l'Empereur,' we at once set about lodging ourselves securely there, and at the Malakhoff we have succeeded. But the Redan of Careening Bay could not be kept in the face of the powerful artillery which swept away the first occupants of that work. Our solid installation at the Malakhoff will soon cause the fall of the Redan of Careening Bay as well as the grand Redan, of which our brave Allies carried the works with their usual vigour. But like ourselves at the Redan of Careening Bay, they were obliged to give way to the artillery of the enemy, and to his powerful reserves. When we saw our eagles floating over the Malakhoff, General de Salles made two attacks on the Central Bastion; they did not succeed, and his troops returned to the trenches. Our losses are serious, but I cannot yet state them. They are amply compensated by the taking of the Malakhoff, of which the consequences will be immense."

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S DESPATCH.

40 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 Kerloff 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 his 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 nerve 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.]

LATEST DESPATCH FROM GENERAL PELISSIER.

The following despatch from General Pelissier was on Thursday posted on the walls of Paris:—

CRIMEA, Sept. 10, 11 p.m.—I visited Sebastopol and the line of defences to-day. It is difficult to give an exact picture of the results of our victory, which inspection alone can give an idea. The multiplicity of defensive works, and the materials and means that have been applied, surpass every thing known in the history of war. The taking of the Malakhoff, which caused the enemy to fly before our eagles, already three times victorious, has placed in the hands of the Allies immense establishments of materiel, of which it is impossible to calculate the advantage. To-morrow the Allied troops will occupy Karabelnaya and the city. An Anglo-French commission will be engaged to report on the materiel abandoned by the enemy.

DESPATCH FROM ADMIRAL BRUAT.—THE GUNBOATS ENGAGED.

A Paris paper contains the following telegraphic despatch from Vice Admiral Bruat:—

The Crimea, Sept. 9, 10 15 a.m.—The assault upon the Malakhoff Tower was made yesterday at noon, and later in the day on the Great Redan and on the Central Bastion. A gale from the north kept the ships at anchor. The mortar boats, to be enabled to fire, were obliged to enter Streletzka Bay. They fired 600 shells against the Quarantine Bastion and Fort Alexander. The six English mortar boats, also at anchor in Streletzka Bay, fired about the same number of shells. Last night violent explosions and vast conflagrations led us to believe that the Russians were evacuating the town. We ascertained to-day that the Russian vessels had been sunk. The bridge was covered with troops retreating to the north side. After eight o'clock the bridge was destroyed. Only a few steamers remain in the port, anchored near Fort Catherine. I approached the Quarantine batteries this morning, on board the Brandon, and ascertained myself that they are now evacuated. They have just been blown up. Our soldiers have left their trenches and spread themselves in isolated groups on the ramparts of the town, which appears to be completely abandoned."

SINKING OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

The following is the copy of a despatch from Sir E. Lyons, dated September 10:—

"During the night (Saturday) the Russians sunk all the line-of-battle ships in Sebastopol harbour."

SEBASTOPOL AN IMMENSE BLAZING FURNACE.

The subjoined telegraphic message from General Pelissier is dated Crimea, Sept. 9, 8 p.m.:—

I convinced myself to-day that the enemy had sunk all his steamers. His work of destruction continues under the fire of our bombs. The frequent explosions impose on me the duty of deferring an entry into the place, which indeed presents the appearance of an immense blazing furnace. Prince Gortschakoff, sorely pressed, requests an armistice to remove his wounded and bury his dead. The bridge near Fort Paul has been broken up. All is well up to the moment of writing. We watch the Tchernaya vigilantly. The enemy does not appear."

LOSS OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

The list of officers killed and wounded in the assault on the Redan, will fill many a house with mourning; and even those who, in perusing the dread record, find the name of "no friend or brother there," will feel the thrill of triumph tempered and allayed by sympathy for the bereaved. And in the humbler walks of life—where affection is every whit as strong and enduring as among the more favoured of fortune—the agonising uncertainty of suspense must be endured for some time longer. It appears that in the assault on the Redan twenty-six officers have been killed and one hundred and seventeen wounded. Of the latter, eighteen are reported to be dangerously wounded, fifty-five severely wounded, two severely contused, and forty-two slightly wounded. One officer is reported as missing. The grief of those whose friends are irretrievably lost must be left to the assuaging hand of time. They whose friends are dangerously or severely wounded, may yet cherish the hope of being allowed the privilege of soothing by their attentions the permanent sufferings of our maimed heroes. As for the slightly wounded, the scars which prove that they have done their duty as becomes British soldiers will ere long be rather a matter of congratulation. As far as we can conjecture from the return of killed and wounded, twenty-four English regiments (in whole or in part) have had the honour to be engaged in the attack on the Redan. These regiments are:—The 1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 30th, 33rd, 34th, 41st, 49th, 55th, 62nd, 63rd, 77th, 88th, 90th, 95th, and 97th, with the Rifle Brigade and the Regiment of Royal Engineers.

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 too 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—we could almost add, one wife who would wish her husband had not been there, or that England had not heeded 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 will 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 hapd 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 twelvemonth's contention, and put the land 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 Kalatina 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 burnt and destroyed as the Russians intended. It has now been traversed by the 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 munitions of war, while they swell the value and honor 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.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

Saturday se'night the Emperor visited the Italian Opera. As the carriage of the Dames d'Honneur arrived at the doorway, a man on the trottoir discharged two small pistols at the carriage. No one was injured. The Emperor was in another carriage. The assassin was immediately arrested. His name is Bellemarre, a native of Rouen, aged 22. When he was 16 he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for swindling. At the expiration of two months the Emperor (then President of the Republic) commuted his sentence. He pretends to have afterwards taken an active part in the event of the 2d of December, to have fought behind one of the barricades of the Rue Rambuteau. At that time placards having in large characters 'Motives for the condemnation to Death of Louis Napoleon' were seized by the police. During the examination Bellemarre declared himself to be the author of those placards. He was sentenced by default to two years' imprisonment, and was transferred to Belle Isle. Since he left prison, in February last, he lived at Paris under a false name, and had accepted an appointment as clerk to M. Jeanne, constable. He had taken up a position of the entrance of the Rue Marsollier, on the foot pavement opposite to the entrance of the theatre, and he fired his two pistols at the moment when the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur' made him fancy that the carriage which conveyed the ladies of Honor of the Empress was that of His Majesty. A city policeman on duty at this point instantly pulled down the assassin's arm and captured him at once.

The cause of Bellemarre's mistaking the carriage which contained the Ladies of Honour is worth being noticed. An old man who served as a soldier under the Consulate and the first Empire, and on whom the present Emperor has bestowed a pension of 1,000 francs, happened to be standing on the pathway at the moment the carriage drove up, conversing with the tapissier of the theatre, whose wife and children were present. He happened last night to be standing quite close to Bellemarre when the carriage drove up. At once he began shouting with all his might and main, 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive l'Empereur!' and his friend the tapissier, and his wife and children, joined in the chorus. It was at that instant that Bellemarre stepped forward hastily; his movement was observed by the sergens de ville, who struck down his arm.

STATE OF FEELING IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

The utmost enthusiasm pervades all classes of the population of our City. Groups are to be seen at every corner, communicating to each other, and commenting on, the glorious news from the seat of war. The "flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," intermingling its folds with the tri-color of our brave and gallant Allies of France, floats proudly from the various public edifices of the place—the Government House, the Colonial Building, the Temperance Hall, &c., and many private houses in the city celebrate the auspicious occasion by a similar display. The English Church bell rings out a merry peal, while we write, in honour of the victory,—guns have been fired,—and a large bonfire, we understand, is in preparation for this evening. Every thing else appears to be forgotten in the enthusiasm of the hour, and much as we appreciate and applaud the present efforts to give expression to the public feeling on this great and joyful occasion, we trust some other means will be tried more adequately to express the universal public rejoicing.—Extra of Friday last.

Further accounts from the Crimea.

(From the London News of the World.)

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Sebastopol has fallen. The great Southern stronghold of Russia exists no more. The fleet is utterly annihilated. Its blood-stained ruins are in possession of the Allies. The work of the last eleven months is accomplished. The united flags of France and England wave upon the spot where Sebastopol was.

The news of this triumphant result of the toil and sufferings of the last year has filled the heart of England with joy. Let us see how it was achieved.

From the telegraphic despatches which have reached us—fragmentary as such communications necessarily are—we learn that the bombardment was renewed, for the fourth time since the commencement of the siege, on Wednesday, the 5th inst., when the tremendous effect of the heavy guns and mortars latterly conveyed by the Allies to the front of their position, speedily became apparent. Despatches, forwarded on the following day by the French and English generals, brought to Paris and London the gratifying intelligence that the fire from the newly-constructed batteries proceeded steadily and favourably, and that one of the Russian ships of war in the harbour had already been destroyed. On Thursday and Friday the bombardment was continued with unremitting energy; and on the evening of the latter day another ship was observed to be in flames, a portion of the town was set on fire, and a magazine on the north side of the harbour was exploded. The superiority of the allied fire was now conclusively established, and the batteries of the Malakhoff were silenced. The time had evidently arrived for using the bayonet to complete the work. For this the allied generals were perfectly prepared.

The morning of Saturday, the 8th of September—a day that will henceforward be ever memorable in the annals of France and England—was ushered in with incessant salvos of the most terrific character from the whole of the artillery in the Allied batteries, and at noon the word was given for the long-desired assault. This was delivered simultaneously upon three different points—the Malakhoff, the Careening Redan, and the Great Redan; the French advancing upon the two former—the English assailing the latter. At the first rush the whole of the three points were carried; but it eventually turned out that the Malakhoff alone could be permanently held. It is necessary that we should enter into some explanation here, because, from the tenor of General Simpson's first despatch, a painful impression was for a moment produced in this country that our brave soldiers had failed in their assault upon the Great Redan. It is clear, however, from General Pelissier's better worded communication to the French Government, that this was by no means the case. "Our brave Allies," says this gallant officer, "carried the salient of the Great Redan with their usual vigour, but," he adds, "like our own intrepid troops who had also carried the Redan of Careening Bay, they were obliged to give way before the overwhelming and irresistible fire which the enemy was enabled to pour upon those exposed points." There was no defeat—no failure in this; for while the internal defence, commanded only by the Malakhoff, remained unshaken, the tenor of either of the Redans by an assailing force was an utter impossibility. It was not so with the Malakhoff itself. That work, from the nature of its construction, afforded a complete protection to its holders, wherever they might be; and consequently, when the French had once entered it, they had no difficulty in retaining it, and in making themselves permanent masters of the position. The structure of the two Redans was totally different. The crenellated walls of these works faced only to the assailants, and furnished no protection of any kind whatever to the troops who might succeed in surmounting them. They were at the same time completely commanded by the interior works of defence which the enemy had skillfully raised, and which enabled him to sweep the exposed summit of the Redans with a fire that nothing mortal could withstand. It is no disgrace, therefore, to the columns of either army if, after gallantly carrying

such works as these, they were subsequently compelled to retire from them under a fire which they could neither reach to repel, nor in any way evade. To have remained where they were would only have been to court a destruction which would have been as needless as it was certainly inevitable.

As soon as the French eagles were seen to float on the Malakhoff tower, the French General de Salles made a diversion from the Allied left attack on the south-western side of the town, by gallantly assaulting the Central Bastion; but although this assault was twice repeated with incomparable bravery, the attempt did not succeed, and the assailants were obliged to withdraw to their trenches.

The grand work, however, was already accomplished. Everything was achieved in the capture and permanent retention of the Malakhoff. Success upon that point involved success everywhere else; and when Prince Gortschakoff saw his troops driven from that position, he at once knew that the fate of Sebastopol was sealed. From that moment all further resistance was at an end, and the garrison thought only of retreat.

Then began that work of wholesale destruction and devastation which invariably precedes and accompanies the retirement of a Russian army before the face of an enemy. Scarcely had the night which closed this memorable day set in, before the Allies were started by the explosion, in rapid succession, of the magazines within the fortifications, by the crash of falling buildings, and by the lurid glare of a burning city and a burning fleet. Prince Gortschakoff was abandoning the place—his retreat to the northern heights had commenced; but before he left not one stone of Sebastopol was to remain upon another, nor one plank of his master's boasted Black Sea fleet to float upon the waters which it could not defend. "Our brave troops," says he, in his despatch to St. Petersburg, "who resisted to the last extremity, are now crossing over to the Northern part of Sebastopol. The enemy will find nothing in the southern part but blood-stained ruins." This was perfectly true. General Pelissier, in writing to his Government on the 9th, says: "I have deferred entering the town on account of the explosion of mines which still continues in rapid succession. At this moment, indeed, the city presents only a vast circle of conflagration." And again, in a subsequent despatch, he says:—"Karabelnaya, and the south part of Sebastopol, no longer exist. The enemy, seeing our solid occupation of the Malakhoff, has decided upon evacuating the place; but prior to his retreat has blown up or burnt everything that could be destroyed." Every remaining ship of the Russian fleet was burnt or sunk by the hands of the Russians themselves on the night of the 8th—the garrison effected their retreat on the evening of the 9th; and when the morning of the 10th broke, the Allies saw before them nothing but the smouldering ruins of the vaunted impregnable city, and the waters of the now ship-less gulph which separated them from their defeated enemy.

Thus fell the city of Sebastopol. The question that instantly suggests itself to every mind is, what will be the result? Having lost the city, will the Czar endeavour to retain the territory. Sebastopol being in ashes, will the Russians make a further fight to preserve the Crimea? These are questions to which, as yet, no reply can be returned. In all probability the Russians themselves are at this instant undetermined as to what course they will adopt. It will be for the allied Generals to quicken them in their resolutions. The triumph we have gained, great as it is, is still incomplete. The foe, whose insatiable ambition has so terribly disturbed the peace of Europe, must be incapacitated from ever again renewing his outrages. His navy in the Euxine has been destroyed; his arsenal, where was fabricated and repaired the artillery which enabled him to make so protracted a defence, has been reduced to ruins and wrested from him; his warlike stores have been in a great measure wasted and exploded. The troops which have been driven back from the Tchernaya, and forced to recross the harbour of Sebastopol, are doubtless dismayed and dissipated. But he has still a numerous army in the field, covered by the inlet of Sebastopol, the fortifications which bristle along the heights on its north side, and the entrenchments which extend from those strongholds along the Mackenzie Heights to the base of the mountain range that overhangs the road to Simpheropol. We conceive, therefore, that the blow which has been struck ought to be followed up before the enemy has time to recover from it. The Russian army in the Crimea must be harassed and assailed until it is forced to surrender. No mistaken generosity must be displayed towards a power whose threatening ambition has for nearly half a century lunged like a dark thunder-cloud over Europe, and has at last burst in storm. Our armies have done their duty, and are ready to do it again; the nation are still animated by the same deliberate resolve with which they entered on the strife; it is for the governments to take care that such heroism and self-sacrifice shall not have been displayed in vain. We await with eager anxiety the tidings which shall acquaint us with the next move in the great game of war which is now displayed before us.

THE ANNIHILATED FLEET.

Next to the fall of Sebastopol itself, the most important event is the annihilation of the Russian Fleet. The dismay and consternation with which the news of this catastrophe will be received at St. Petersburg may be estimated in some degree by the importance which the Emperors have always set thereon. From the days of Peter the Great, the one constant, settled, pervading principle in the policy of Russia has been to acquire dominion on the ocean. Her restlessness in the ice-bound regions of her original territory, and her steadily, though cautiously, aggressive movements, have been dictated not more by the lust of territorial aggrandisement, than by the desire to obtain possession of a seaboard, that she might create a powerful navy, and train her subjects to familiarity with the sea. With slow and stealthy, but sure steps, she had crept forward to her design, and had equipped navies which, on a review at least, presented a formidable appearance both in the Black and the Baltic Seas. How much of internal weakness the gay show concealed might be unknown to the rest of the world, but it seems that the Russian Government was never blind to the fact, that much was still necessary before those fleets could meet adversaries on equal terms. No pains were spared to make them so, and in the meantime it was hoped that the painted shadows would suffice to impose upon their neighbours for formidable realities. It is impossible not to revert now to the Congress at Vienna, and all the long, elaborate, and most fruitless conferences which took place there respecting that very navy which has now ceased to exist. The events of the war have cut the Gordian knot, which the wits of the keenest diplomatists were unable to unloose. We shall now hear no more of those protocols—we need be under no dread of a renewal of them. No statesman in Europe will think it worth his while to spend days and months in solemn conclave, on the argument how many ships Russia shall be allowed to maintain in Sebastopol, and how many the Allies shall send to the Black Sea by way of compromise.

DESTRUCTION OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

SEBASTOPOL, AT LAST, HAS FALLEN.—The rumour which produced so much excitement and diffused such universal joy about 11 months ago, has been finally realized. The bombardment was renewed, for the fourth time since the commencement of the siege, on Thursday se'night, when the tremendous effect of the heavy guns, which with so much pains and labour have been conveyed to the front, was speedily apparent. The besieging force was now able to command positions which formerly were quite out of their range, as was proved by the conflagration of a line-of-battle ship in the harbour the same evening. On Friday the bombardment was still continued—another ship was observed to be in flames—a portion of the town was set on fire, and a magazine on the north side of the harbour was exploded. The superiority of the allied fire was now conclusively established, and the batteries of the Malakhoff were silenced. The time had evidently come for using the bayonet to complete the work. The period chosen was mid-day on Saturday, thus deviating from the ordinary course of commencing the assault at dawn, though it was that followed with so much success in storming the Mamelon. The object probably was to allow daylight sufficient for the storming parties to secure themselves within the entrenchments, should they succeed in the assault, while the continuance of the bombardment during the whole of the morning would leave the enemy no time to repair the damage thus effected. The assault was made accordingly on three different points—the Malakhoff and on the Little Redan covering Careening Bay, by the French, and on the Great Redan by the British troops. On all three points the assaults were successful. The fortifications were carried with their accustomed bravery by the allied troops, and the enemy was driven from his positions. But though all three fortifications were carried, and the bravery of the allied army was so far equal, yet only one of them, the Malakhoff, could be permanently held. Fortunately that one was the most important, and secured the