

supports, while Strange's battery from the Quarries carried their guns to their ranks in the direction of the Kashtan. With the Malakoff, 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 the cold lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians inside the Redan, in the same cases in a butcher's cart, and the wounds, the blood—the sight exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakoff we came upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it was filled with dead. The Russians have crept away in 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 open space at the back of the Malakoff, marking the ground. 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. Part of the Little Redan, which is a tall white 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 station of a blazing merrily in one of the 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. Few of them are left. The walls are hanging 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 unrecognizable. The French have shown a valiant 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 doing their miserable wounded. visited it in next day.

RUSSIA MUST NEVER HAVE THE CRIMEA AGAIN.

In whatever direction the tide of war may flow for the moment, considerations of humanity and 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 ticket-of-leave. Russia is now in the way 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 has done on the sea side. 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 square on Sebastopol, and Russia will be unable to send her troops to the European 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. They have some interesting and considerable stories of their earnings, and have brought home several Crimea 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 proofing to be used for the covering of the troops in the Crimea. It has been determined, and wisely, that no waterproof goods but those which are mineralised, 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 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 firing and 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 the selectest of our own troops, the 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 that point of the day the 1st Brigade, consisting of 100 men of the 97th Regiment under Major Welford, and the first company, 100 men of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Capt. Fyers—paraded, and stood at arms ready for the attack, the former took up their position in the new biseau 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 the first parallel open. At half-past one on the 11th of the month, 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. At half-past two, the first body 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 15th and 23d, and 500 from the 1st Brigade of the 1st 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, the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, 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 troops employed.

As from the 18th of June, it was again arranged that the English should assault the Redan and the French the Malakoff. 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 which a force attacking the Redan must cross. To be sure, there was reason to believe, that the guns of the Redan would be 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 Malakoff had been blocked up as early as daylight on the 18th of June, and the guns had not 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. The French, however, had not done so, and 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 the only one which escaped the slaughter of the besieging artillery. On the Malakoff, 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 sulphur and iron. The accuracy, vigour, and precision of this practice is mainly to be attributed to the success of the attack which followed. In the meantime nearly 30,000 French had been moved down into their advanced trenches before the Malakoff, and the covering shot was directed under the command of General Bosquet.

Our own force, I am forgetting to mention, was under the chief direction of Sir Wm. Congreave, 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 battery 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 assault with a discharge, and there was no time to reload it before our allies were inside the redoubt. The mistake, inflicted by its one round of grape was but small. Sworn after swarn 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 was never known to the French and 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 of the defence, and the fire of the child's play compared with the ceaseless rattle that poured in upon the Malakoff, during Saturday's attack. As usual, no circumstantial or complete narrative of the operation can be given, from the impossibility of communicating to our allies observance 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 so much by surprise, that he was surprised 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 ground was so level, and the fire so uniform 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 Malakoff was won. The ceasing of the fire, however, was not long continued, 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 redoubt was driven from him, however, 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 Malakoff, 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 hundred yards, and to be exposed to 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 in the assault, it is not to be forgotten, that any unwhisked 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 trench between the Redan and the Malakoff, 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 our 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 Little Redan. As soon as the French had made good their footing in the Malakoff 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 hoisted from the top of the Malakoff. At the first glance of it, the order was passed

from General Codrington for the stormers to leave cover, and half a minute later Major Welford and his party, carrying scaling ladders, bounded over the parapet of the boyau. A volley of grape struck down nearly a third of them, poor Welford himself, 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 furnished in a great measure secured the French from the assault, and they 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 the batteries of the Little Redan, there was 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. And here I might have chaunted a psalm in honor of our unequalled triumph, too, had not the blundering mismanagement which has so often borne fruit in the sacrifice of our troops again troubled my thoughts. And here I might have gloried in this memorable day. Instead of putting 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 unaccountable mistake—was known to himself, kept back the troops who crowded the trenches in the rear till the enemy had time to bring up his overpowering reserves and clear the Redan of our men. The latter bravely, but vainly, attempted to resist, but were being selected every minute the arrival of supports; but no supports came, and they were swept into the open to retreat under fresh storms of grape—for by another marvellous piece of neglect, no attempt at spilling blood was made, and the men were 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, by a mismanagement 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 reserve, and which was, however, what was the blunder, the gallant "fighting 7th," led on by Major Turner, and the 23d, under Colonel Lyons, advanced to the renewed attack. The other regiments, who were ordered up, were composed of a number 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 our troops, and a proportion of the officers, dead or lying 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 chest, and was wounded in the arm. It was, whilst Lieutenant Alma Jones, of fighting fame, was knocked over by a fragment of a shell. Colonel Lyons carried away a rifle bullet in his leg, and only three of all the remaining officers of these two regiments were left. From the moment of 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 Strauzenbe, commanding the 1st Brigade of the Light Division, tried to induce his chief to form 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. Hence was the failure of the assault, and the 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