DETAILS OF THE THIRD BOMBARDMENT.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, JUNE 6.—A term has been put once more to the long days of expectation and the wearisome indolence or sameness of our camp life. For the third time, our fire has opened along the whole range of positions. At half-past 2 o'clock to-day, 157 guns and mortars on our side, and about 300 on the French, awoke from silence to tumult. One thing is manifest, that if we are to escape the danger and annoyance of another winter, now is the time when something must be accomplished; and, as for conditions of success, it is little likely that more of them could be accumulated than we can now display. The two armies—one should say the four armies, but that the Turks and Sardinians will hardly take a prominent part in the trench-work and assault—are now in strength equal to any achievement, and in spirits ever chiding delay, and urging that one touch of the bayonet which makes all the world scamper. Yesterday the late general order announcing the victories of the fleet was read before the brigades, and to-night Lord Raglan and General Pelissier have riden through the camps amidst the hurrahs and acclamations of both their armies. They cannot be in any doubt as to the zeal of those whom they command. Our fire was kept up for the first three hours with excessive rapidity, the Russians answering by no means on an equal scale, though with considerable warmth. On our side, the predominance of shells was very manifest, and distinguished the present cannonade in some degree, even from the last. The superiority of our fire over the enemy became apparent at various points before nightfall, especially in the Redan, which was under the especial attention of the Naval Brigade. The Russians, displayed however, plenty of determination and bravado. They fired frequent salvos at intervals of four or six guns, and also, by way of reprisals, threw heavy shot up to our Light Division, and on to the Picket-house hill. After dark, the animosity on both sides gave signs of relaxing, but the same relative advantage was maintained by our artillery.

EXPLOSION OF A MAGAZINE.

JUNE 7.—At 4 o'clock this morning a still and sluggish atmosphere, half mist, half the result of gunpowder, hung about the town, and the sun, enfilading as it were all the points of view from its low level in the horizon, telescopes were put out of joint for the moment. The Redan, however, which stands up boldly in front of the hills that slope from Cathcart's Mound, gave some evidence of having yielded to rough treatment, the jaws of its embrasures gaping, and its fire being irregular and interrupted. Captain Peel came by, on his way up from the trenches, about 5, very dusty and powdery. His reckless and dauntless seamen had been making beautiful practice, and had met with what must for them be considered a very moderate proportion of loss, having to record two deaths only and 14 wounded during the 15 hours, and, with one exception, the last were not very serious. Though delivering a capricious discharge of shot and shell, the Russians in the Redan were making their contempt of danger conspicuous, some few of them appearing in front of the work, and one or two mounting on the parapet. On the extreme left, towards the Quarantine, there was very slight firing from the French. The perpetual hiss and crack of shells was still the chief point of contrast with the last bombardment in April. The enemy either could not or would not keep up a very vigorous reply. About 11 o'clock a a shell from the Russians exploded a magazine in our 8-gun battery, and a yell of applause followed the report. Very slight harm happily resulted from the explosion—one man was killed, one wounded, and a few scorched a little. The real casualty of the morning was the death of an Engineer officer, Captain Dawson, who had but just arrived in the Crimea from England; indeed, had been only two days in camp, and was on duty in the trenches for the first time.

THE CAPTURE OF THE MAMELON AND QUARRIES.

As the day wore on, it leaked out that something of import was undoubtedly to take place before its close, and that the double attack would probably commence at 5 or 6 p. m. An immense concourse of officers and men were gathered all the afternoon round the flagstaff on Cathcart's hill, and streamed along the spines of the three heights which wind towards Sebastopol from the English encampment. The fire on our side, which had continued since daybreak quietly and soberly, took a sudden access of fury about 3 o'clock, and was kept up from that hour to the critical moment with great activity. The affair itself came off but little after the anticipated time. Between 5 and 6, Lord Raglan and his staff took up a conspicuous position on the edge of the hill, below the lime-kiln, where it commands very plainly our 4-gun battery and looks straight into the teeth of the Redan. A flagstaff was erected with threatening ostentation shortly before he came down, and a little angle of rude wall was as hastily thrown up as a breastwork. The man with fireworks was in attendance but there was a pause yet for a while. Sir Colin Campbell was observed to plant himself on the next summit still nearer to the enemy, "commonly called," to use a legal phrase, the Green Hill. His appearance drew some fire, and the shells dropped and flashed close by, but without disconcerting his purpose of having a thorough good look-out place. It was about half-past 6, when the head of the French attacking column came into view from these two spots, as it climbed its arduous road to the Mamelon. A rocket instantly went off as the signal of our diversion, and as instantly the small force of our men detached for the post of honour made a rush at the quarries. After one slight check they drove out the Russians, and turning round the gabions commenced making themselves snug; but the interest was so entirely concentrated upon the more exciting scene, full in view upon the right, that they had to wait a good while before attention was directed to their conflict. The French went up the steep to the Mamelon in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye was upon their movements, which the declining daylight did not throw out into bold relief. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the dun barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unfearingly—were seen running, climbing, scrambling like skirmishes up the slopes on to the body of the work amid a plunging fire from the guns, which owing to their loose formation, did them as yet little damage. As an officer, who saw Bosquet wave them on, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds." In a momen some of these dim wraiths shone out clear against the sky. The Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down into the place from above; the next moment, a flag was up as a rallying point and defiance, and was seen to sway hither and thither, now up and down, as the tide of battle raged round it; and now like a swarm, they were in the heart of the Mamelon, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter here with the musket, then with the bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprise. Then there came a rush through the angle where they had entered and there was a momentary confusion outside. Groups, some idle, some busy, some wounded were collected on the hither side, standing in shelter, and now and then to the far corner a shell flew from the English battery facing it. But hardly had the need of support become manifest and a gun or two again flashed from the embrasure, against them, than there was another run in, another sharp bayonet fight inside, and this time the Russians went out spiking their guns. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower. Twice they were forced back by the onsweeping flood of French, who fought as if they had eyes upon them to sketch the swift event in detail. For 10 minutes or so the quick flash and roll of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosure. Then, the back door, if one may use a humble metaphor, was burst open. The noise of the conflict went away down the descent on the side towards the town, and the arena grew larger. It was apparent that the Russians had been reinforced by the space over which the battle spread. When the higher ground again became the seat of action, then there came the second rush of the French back upon their supports, for the former one was a mere reflux or eddy of the stream. When rocket after rocket went up ominously from the French General's position, and seemed to emphasize by their repetition some very plain command, we began to get nervous. It was growing darker and darker, too, so that with our glasses we could with difficulty distinguish the actual state of affairs. There was even a dispute for some time as to whether our Allies were going on. At last, through the twilight, we discerned that the French were pouring in. After the interval of doubt, our ears could gather that the swell and babble of the fight was once more rolling down the inner face of the hill, and that the Russians were conclusively beaten. "They are well into it this time," says one to another, handing over the glass. The musket flashes were no more to be seen within. There was no more lightning of the heavy guns from the embrasures. A shapeless hump upon a hill, the Mamelon, was an instinct volcano, until such time as it should please us to call it again into action. Then at last, the more hidden struggle of our men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. "How are our fellows getting on?" says one. "Oh! take my word for it they are all right," says another And they were right, so far as the occupation and retention of the quarries was concerned, but had nevertheless to fight all night, and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular pertinacity and recklesseness of life. As it grew dark, our advanced battery under the Green-hill made very pretty practice and a pretty spectacle, by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians. From the mishappen outline of the pits a fringe of fire kept blazing and sparkling in a waving sort of curve, just like a ring of gas illumination on a windy night; the attempt to retake them out of hand was desperately pushed, the Russians pouring in a most terrific discharge of musketry, which caused us no small loss, and as it came up the gorge, extending with the fresh wind, sounded in the distancy like water gulped simultaneously from a thousand bottles. Meanwhile the fall of the Mamelon and the pursuit of the flying foe did not be any means bring the combat to an end on the side of our allies.

THE ZOUAVES ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE ROUND TOWER.

The Zouaves, emboldened by their success, and enraged by their losses, carried their prowess a step too far, and dreamt of getting into the Round Tower by a *coup de main*. A new crop of battle grew up over all the intervening hollow between it and the Mamelon, and the ripple of musket shots plashed and leaped all over the broad hill-side. The combatants were not enough for victory there too, but they were enough for sanguinary and prolonged contest—a contest to the eye far more violent than that which preceded it. The tower itself, or rather the inglorious stump of what was the Round Tower, took and gave shot and shell and musketry with the most savage ardour and rapidity. The fire of its musketry was like one sheet of flame, rolling backwards and forwards, with a dancing movement; and, dwarfed as it was by the distance, and seen by us in profile, could scarcely be compared to anything, small or large, except the notes of a piano flashed into fire throughout some rapid tune. Our gunners, observing the duration and aim of the skirmish, redoubled their exertions, and flung their shells into the Round Tower with admirable precision, doing immense mischief to the defenders. It was dark now, and every one of them came out against the heavens as it rose or swooped. From Gordon's battery and the second parallel they streamed and plunged into the enceinte up to which the Zouaves had won their way unsupported, heralded every now and then by the prompt and decisive ring of a round shot. The Russian defence, rather than their defences, crumbled away before the tremendous fire; but, on the other hand, the attack not being fed, as it was not designed, began to languish, and died gradually away. One volunteer accompanied the French in their attack on the Mamelon—Commander Derriman, of the Caradoc—who conducted himself *en vrai Zouave*—skirmished up to the outer defences of the Round Tower, and escaped by half-an-inch having a bullet through his head. His services and his insignia were neither sufficiently known to convince some of the more suspicious of his fellow combatants He was twice marched off as a captured Russian between two French soldiers.

INCIDENTS OF THE STRUGGLE.

Among other illustrations of character which came out during the recent struggle, it may be told that one of our sailor artillerymen being desired to keep under cover, and not put his head out to tempt a rifle bullet, grumbled at the prohibition, saying to his comrades loud enough to be overheard, and meaning to be overheard, "I say, Jack, they won't let a fellow go and look where his own shot is: we ain't afraid, we ain't; that's what I call hard lines." There has been a vague fiction among the men, that Sir George Browne having disposed of Kertch, some days ago was on the other side of the Tchernaya, ever such a little way off, and ready to eat up the relieving army. An extraordinary accident has befallen Captain Mortimer Adye, of the Artillery—a man in the trenches was filling a shell very clumsily with powder, and the officer observing him took it from him in order to give him a lesson. While engaged in the operation, a shell from the enemy came over, burst, and ignited the powder which Captain Adye had been pouring into its receptacle. He had the shell between his knees at the time, there the powder caught fire, yet wonderful to say he escaped with the loss of all the hair on his face and a good scorching. It is due to Lance Corporal Quin, of the 47th, to make public the bravery which he last night exhibited, which has already brought him under the notice of General Pennafather. In one of the attacks made by the enemy on the quarries, after they were in our possession, the Russians experienced some difficulty in bringing their men again to the scratch. At length one Russian officer succeeded in bringing on four men, which Corporal Quin perceiving, made a dash out of the work, and with the butt end of his musket brained one, bayoneted a second, and the two taking to their heels, brought in the officer a prisoner, having administered to him a gentle prick by way of quickening his movements. After delivering him up, he suggested to his comrades that there were plenty more to be had. Last night a group of gazers were on the Picket-house-hill, when a shell came among them; it passed so close to one man as to paralyze his arm, and carry off the head of a navvy who stood behind.

Lord Dundonald, in a letter to the *Times*, offers more positively than ever, to annihilate the defensive power of any Russian fort around the Baltic, and to ensure peace more speedily than 200,000 men in the Crimea.

MURDEROUS SORTIES OF THE ENEMY.

JUNE 8.—During the night repeated attacks, six in all, were made upon our men in the quarries, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage and pertinacity, and at a great sacrifice of life, against superior numbers, continually replenished. The strength of the party told off for the attack was in all only 1,000, of whom 600 were in support. At the commencement 200 only went in, and another 200 followed. More than once there was a fierce hand-to-hand fight in the position itself, and our fellows had frequently to dash out in front and take their assailants in flank. The most murderous sortie of the enemy took place about 3 in the morning; then the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire, and a storm of shot thrown in form the Strand Battery and every other spot within range, with a larger body in reserve, it is not doubtful that they could have been into the Redan in a twinkling. This is asserted freely both by officers and privates, and the latter express their opinion in no complimentary manner. They were near enough up to it to see that it was scarcely defended, and one officer lost his life almost within it. The French, on the other hand, were losing no time in the Mamelon, in which, by the by, they found only seven guns, five of them spiked. When morning dawned, with the wind blowing even stronger than yesterday, the position held by both parties was one of exception. The French were in great force within and on the outer slopes of the Mamelon, and also in possession of two out of the three offsets attached to the Mamelon on the Saponne-hill. Their dead were seen lying mixed with Russians upon the broken ground outside the Malakhoff Tower, and were being carried up to the camp in no slack succession.

FEARFUL LOSS OF THE ALLIES.

The morning brought out on every side along with the perception of advantage gained, and a prey lying at our feet, all the haste and circumstances of the scene, with its painful admixture of death and suffering. On our side 365 rank and file and 35 officers had been killed and wounded. On the French side nearly double that number of officers, and a total of not less than 1,500 men, probably more. It has been stated as high as 3,700, but there must be error in the statement. The ammunition waggons, the ambulance carts, the French mules, with their panniers full freighted, thronged the ravine below our light division, which is the straight or rather crooked road down to the attack on the right. Troops of wounded men came slowly up, some English, the greater portion French, begrimed with the dust of the battle. On the left a party of Zouaves had stopped a while to rest their burden, bearing the dead bodies of three of their officers. A little lower an English soldier was down on the grass exhausted and well nigh unconscious from some sudden seizure. A party of French were gathered round him, supporting him on the bank and offering water from their canteens, which he wildly motioned aside. On the right, lining a deep bay in the gorge, was dotted on half a mile of ground, a French reserve, with their muskets piled attending the signal to move forward. They were partially within view of the Malakhoff, and the round shot and shell came plumping down into the hollow, producing every minute or so, little commotions of the *suave qui peut* order, replaced the next moment by the nonchalance and the crack of stale charges fired off by way of precaution. A lively and even pretty little looking vivandier came striding up the ascent, without a symptom of acknowledgement to the racing masses of iron, and smiling as if the honour of her corps had been properly maintained. At 10 o'clock the little incidents of the halting war perceptible through the telescope from the crown of the hill below the picquet-house were these:—At the head of the harbour the Russians were busily engaged burying their dead; outside the abattis of the Round Tower several corpses of Zouaves were to be distinguished; about the Mamelon the French troops were hard at work; some of them stripped for coolness to their drawers, and were seen creeping down the declivity on the side towards the Malakhoff, and making themselves a d