

utmost silence, and the same injunction was given to the seamen. About 2.30 in the morning, when she had been an hour or so in her novel birth, a bright light was perceived in her fore hatchway. The leading steamer on the opposite side in a second afterwards exhibited gleams of equal brightness, and then one! two! three! four! five!—as though from signal guns, the remaining steamers, with one exception, emitted jets of fire from their bows. The jets soon became columns of flame and smoke—the wind blew fresh and strong and the night was dark, so that the fire spread with great rapidity along the vessels, and soon lighted, speedily licked and warmed into a fiery glow, and the rigging burst out into fitful wavering lines of light, struggling with the wind for life; the yards shed lambent showers of sparks and burning splinters upon the water. The northern works could be readily traced by the light of the conflagration, and the faces of the Russian soldiers and sailors who were scattered about on the face of the cliff shone out now and then and justified Rembrandt. The work of destruction sped rapidly. The vessels were soon nothing but huge arks of blinding light, which hissed and crackled fiercely, and threw up clouds of sparks and embers, and the guns, as they became hot, exploded, and shook the crazy hulls to atoms. One after another they went down into the seething waters. The cavalry out on the plains wondered what great conflagration had broken out anew in the town. At day-break only one steamer remained. A boat pushed alongside her from the shore. They boarded her and after remaining below about ten minutes, returned to their boat and regained the shore. Very speedily the vessel began to be seized with a sort of internal convulsion—first she dipped her bows, then her stern, then gave a few uneasy shakes, and at length, after a short shiver, went down bodily, cleverly scuttled. Thus was Sinope avenged. Of the men who planned, the sailors who executed, and the ships which were engaged on that memorable expedition, scarcely one trace now remains. Korniloff, Nachimoff, Istommine, and their crews have disappeared; their vessels now rest at the bottom of the roadstead of Sebastopol. The Russians prefer being agents of their own destruction, and did not give the conqueror a chance of parading the fruits of his victory. We cannot delight the good people of Plymouth or Portsmouth by the sight of Russian liners or steamers. We can only drive the enemy to the option of destroying or of doing the work for him, and he invariably prefers the former.

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

It is delightful writes our correspondent on Wednesday, Sept. 12, to abandon the old heading. Siege of Sebastopol, which for the last eleven months might have been stereotyped, but it is not clear what is to be put in its place, for the enemy having abandoned the south side, seem prepared to defend the north side, and to erect there another monument of engineering skill and to leave their memorials of their dogged resolution. The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place could explain the apparent contradiction. It is clear in the first place that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity and without previous warning. On the other hand the strength of the works themselves is prodigious. One hears our engineers feebly saying, they are feebly traced, and that kind of thing, but it is quite evident that the Russian, who is no match for the Allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardment ever known and an eleven months' siege, that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts.

PLUNDER OF THE CITY.

As soon as it was dawn the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives.—But red breeches and blue breeches kept and Zouaves could soon be distinguished in amid the flames, and moving from house to house. Ere 5 o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it

was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors too, were not behindhand in looking for loot, and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness. Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day. At 7 ten several small detonations of shells and powder magazines took place in the town behind the Redan and also on the left of the Dockyard Creek. At 7.12 immense clouds of black smoke rose from behind Fort Paul, probably from a steamer which we found burning in the dockyard. The Russian columns, which had been defiling in a continuous stream across the bridge, now became broken into small bodies, or went over in intermittent masses unscathed by the shot and shell which plunged into the water close beside them. At 6.45 the last dense column marched past, and soon afterwards the bridge was pulled assunder, and the pieces were all floated across to the north side at 8.7. The boats did not cease to pull backward and forward all the time, and the steamers were exceedingly busy long after the garrison moved. At nine there were many explosions in the town amid the burning ruins, and the battlements of Fort Nicholas appeared in flames.—Still there was no explosion there nor in Fort Paul. As the rush from camp now became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep back all persons except the generals and staff and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not stop the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man after lugging up a heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some such article, was deprived of it by our sentries. The French in one instance complained that our dragoons let our English soldiers pass Russian muskets and would not permit the French to carry off these trophies, but there was not any foundation for the complaint. There was assuredly no jealousy on one side or the other. It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments engaged on the left against the Malakoff and Little Redan marched to their tents this morning, our second division was drawn up on the parade ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiments of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiments was placed the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched by. Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front of a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with caolets or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labours. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and took the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catherine. By degrees the generals, French and English, and the staff officers, edged down upon the town; but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for 48 hours.

SEBASTOPOL ON FIRE.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description when the pews spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. When I rose ere daybreak, and got up Cathcart's Hill, there were not many officers standing on that favourite spot; and the sleepers who had laid down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sebastopol was ours. All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan, but the Russians having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan along their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention abandoned it, as is supposed, and about twelve o'clock, and the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through and embrasure, and found the place deserted by all, save the dead and the dying. Soon afterwards, wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became alight—the flames shone out of the windows of the

houses—rows of mansions caught and burned up, and, ere daybreak, the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye—was on fire from the sea to the Dockyard Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up with a stupendous crash that made the very earth reel, early in the night. At sunrise four large explosions on the left followed in quick succession, and announced the destruction of the Quarantine Forts and the magazines of the batteries of the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Fort. In a moment afterwards the proper left of the Redan was the scene of a very heavy explosion, which must have destroyed a number of wounded men on both sides. Fortunately the soldiers who had entered it early in the night were withdrawn. The Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up, one after another, at 4.45. At 5.30 there were two of the largest and grandest explosions on the left that ever shook the earth—most probably from Fort Alexander and the Grand Magazine. The rush of black smoke, of grey and white vapour, of masses of stone, beams of timber, and masonry into the air was appalling, and then followed the roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown up into the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky—the effect of the innumerable flashes of fire twittering high up in the column of dark smoke over the town, and then changing rapidly into as many balls of white smoke like little clouds. All this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off material from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction and renew the fires of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet, all that remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line-of-battle ships.

ROAD TO THE MALAKOFF.

Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and Malakoff. The ground is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosion of the bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen, returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform great-coat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave and an Indegene. There were ghastly sights on the way, too, Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionades, and of zig zags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we come at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full twenty feet above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolour waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are busy constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled braves who are lying all around, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some 20 or 22 feet deep, and 10 feet broad. See, here is the place where the French crossed—here is the bridge of planks and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had 200, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling ladders? See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines.

THE MALAKOFF.

Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are these embrasures!—From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than 18 feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each row recedes towards the top it leaves in the ledge below an excellent banquet for the defenders. Inside the sight is too horrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded and there are five distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies

settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakoos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and canister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is impossible almost to get a view of the whole of the Malakoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of 60 were found in the work, are all ship's guns, and mounted on ship's carriages, and worked in the same way as ship's guns. There are a few old oddly-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villainous, and the air reeks with blood or abomination unutterable. There are several of these places, and they might set defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world: over the roof is a layer of ships' masts cut in junks and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seem to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance was littered a foot deep with reports, return, and perhaps despatches assuring the Czar that the place had received no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes. The Malakoff is a closed work; it is only open at the rear to the town, and the French having once got in, threw up a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Great Redan and to the Little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated to re-take the place. They brought up their field guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and supports, while Strange's battery from the Quarries carried death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karebelnaia. 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 they could 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 lay inside the work in heaps, like carcasses in a butcher's cart, and the wounds the blood—the sight exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakoff we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into 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 space at the back of the Malakoff, marking the place where 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. Turning to the left, we proceed by a tall 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 steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. 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. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is 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 untouched. There it stands, as if frowning 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 tending the miserable wounded.—I visited it next day.

THE HOSPITAL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world,