

Incidents of the War.

From the London Times.

THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

Sep. 5.—At dawn on the morning of the 5th September, the French opened fire, the air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the South east, which continued all day, drifted over the steps and blow gently into Sebastopol. The sun shone serenely through the vapours of early morning, and wreaths of snowy clouds on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionade which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this august city. The ships lay floating on the waters of the roads, which were smooth as a mirror, and like it, reflected them and outshone, our own fleet and that of the French equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing from Kazatch to Constantine asidly as though they were painted upon a painted ocean.

From Cathcart's Hill, therefore, on the right from the Fourth Division camp, one can gain an admirable view of certain points of the position from the sea on the left to our extreme right at Inkermann. That advantage is however, rarely obtainable when there is any heavy firing, as the smoke generally hangs in thick clouds between the earthworks, nor can it be dispelled unless by a brisk wind. If one of the few persons who were in the secret of the opening of the French batteries had been on the Cathcart's Hill on the morning of the 5th, he would have beheld then, just ere half-past five o'clock the whole of this scene marked out in keen detail in the clear morning air.—The men in our trenches can be seen sitting down behind the traverses, or strolling about in the rear of the parapet.

Small trains of animals and files of men are passing over the ground between the trenches and the camp, and the only smoke that catches the eye arises from the kettles of the soldiery, or from a rifle in the advanced works. On the left, however, it can be seen that the French trenches are crowded with men, and that their batteries are manned though the men keep well out of sight, and the mantlets and screens are yet down before the muzzles of some of their guns. The men beneath the parapet swarm like bees. A few grey-coated Russians are in view repairing the works of the Flagstaff Battery or engaged in throwing up a new work, which promises to be of considerable strength, in front of the second line of their defences.

Suddenly, along the earthen curtain between Nos. 7, and 8 Bastions, three jets of flame spring up into the air and hurl up as many pillars of earth and dust, which are warmed into ruddy hues by the horizontal rays of the sun. The French have exploded three fougasses, to blow in the counterscarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. Instantly, from the sea to the dockyard creek there seems to run a stream of fire, and fleecy, burning, rich white smoke, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the materials of her volcanoes. The lines of the French trenches were at once covered, as though the very clouds of heaven had settled down upon them and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns and in sheets, all commingled, involved together by the vehement flames beneath.

The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere did not permit the sound to produce any great effect on our camp; in the city, for the same reason the noise must have been terrific and horrible. The iron storm tore over the Russian lines tossing up as if in sport, jets of earth and dust, rending asunder gabions, and 'squealing' the parapets, or bounding over among the houses and ruins in their rear. The terrible files of iron, about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and ruin with it, swept with its heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core. A volley so startling, simultaneously powerful, was probably never yet uttered since the cannon found its voice.

The Russians seemed for a while utterly paralyzed, their batteries were not manned with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overlapping and crushing fire; but the French, leaping to their guns with astounding energy, rapidity and strength, kept on filling the very air with the hurtling storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies. More than two hundred pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, played incessantly on the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—a war cloud rolling dun—spread from the guns over on the left of Sebastopol; but the rear of the shot did not cease, and the cannonade now pealed forth in great irregular bursts, now died away into hoarse murmurs, again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from end

to end of the line like the file fire of infantry.

Stone walls went down before the guns at once, but the earthworks yawned to receive shot and shell alike. However, so swift and incessant was the passage of these missiles through the embrasures and along the tops of the parapets, that the enemy had to lie close, and could scarcely show themselves in the front line of defences. For a few minutes, then, the French had it all their own way, and appeared to be on the point of sweeping away the place without resistance; but after they had fired a few rounds from each of their numerous guns, the Russian artillery men got to work and began to return our allies fire. They made good practice, but fired slowly, but with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away an ounce of powder. The French were stimulated rather than impeded by such a reply to their astonishing volleys, and their shot flew with increasing rapidity along the line of the defences, and bounded in among the houses of the town.

What were we doing all this time? What was our admirable naval brigade and gallant siege train doing? They were just working their guns as usual, and had received no orders to open a general fire. Our batteries, therefore, rendered little assistance to the French, but they maintained their usual destructive and solid 'hammering' on the face of the Redan and of the Malakoff and aided our invaluable allies by keeping up a regular shell practice on the batteries from Creek to the Redan. Now two or three mortars from Gordon's, then two or three mortars from Chapman's, hurled ten and thirteen-inch shells behind the enemy's works, and connected the discharges by rounds from long thirty twos or sixty eights. It is not known why this evident want of unanimity existed, and why we did not open fire at the same time with the French.

Gen. Pelissier was over at our headquarters and had an interview with Gen. Simpson yesterday, and it is not unlikely that the French commander, with his characteristic impetuosity, resolved on opening fire, finding that we were not prepared to do so with effect, and relying on his own numerous and heavy ordnance and abundance of ammunition. I am by no means prepared to say we were ready to open on the day agreed upon, nor do I insinuate that there was the smallest want of unanimity between the Generals, but it is a fact that we had not all the guns and ammunition required for opening a three day's fire of intensity, and that with plenty of a certain sort of material and missiles there was not the requisite quantity of those of a different but useful description. Our allies must appreciate the readiness with which we have on several occasions lent them guns, shot and shell, and are too generous, while remembering such services to find fault with us if we had not accumulated such masses of stores as they had collected.

After all, it may turn out that for military reasons the Generals resolved to let the French open first, and that the cannonade was a matter of arrangement. Although there are some complaints of deficiency in the engineering department, I have never heard it said that our artillery, as long as they had powder, shot and guns, were not ready to meet any enemy. It fortunately happened at this juncture that Gen. Jones, who has always displayed great energy in directing the siege works, is unwell and cannot go out, owing to a severe attack of rheumatism, which almost cripples him.

But all this has nothing to do with the siege, and meantime our allies are pounding away with exceeding warmth at everything within range of them. Our Quarry Battery, armed with two mortars and eight cohorts just 400 yards below the Redan, plies the suburb in the rear of the Malakoff vigorously, and keeps the top of the Redan clear. Redan and Malakoff are alike silent, ragged and torn. At most the Redan fires three guns, and the adjoining batteries are equally passimentionous; the parapets are all pitted with shot and shell, and the sides of the embrasures are greatly injured, so that the gabions are sticking out, and are tumbling down in all directions.

There is no more of that fine polishing, and of that cabinet maker's work which the Russians bestowed on their batteries; our constant fire by night, our riflemen, and incessant shelling have prevented their assiduous anxiety as to external appearance being gratified. After two hours and a half of furious fire, the artillerymen of our allies suddenly ceased, in order to let their guns cool and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair the damages to their works, and shook sand bags full of earth from the parquette over the outside of their parapets. The gunners also took advantage of this sudden cessation to open on our sailor's batteries in the left attack, and caused us some little annoyance from the 'crow's nest.'

At ten o'clock, however, having previously exploded some fougasses, as before, the French re opened a fire, if possible, more rapid and tremendous than their first, and continued to keep it up with the utmost vigour until twelve o'clock at noon, by which time

the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff road and Garden Batteries in a position to reply. We could see them in great agitation, sending men and carts to and fro across the bridge, and at nine o'clock a powerful column of infantry crossed over to resist our assault, while a movement towards Inkermann was made by the army of the Belbek. Soon after our fire began, as early as six o'clock, the working parties which go over to the north side every morning, seemed to be recalled, and were marched back again across the bridge to the south, no doubt to be in readiness for our expected assault.

From twelve to five o'clock p. m. the firing was slack; the French then resumed their cannonade with the same astounding vigor as at dawn and at ten o'clock, and never ceased their volleys of shot and shell against the place till half past seven, when darkness set in, and all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, opened with shell against the whole line of defences. A description of this scene is now impossible. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air—not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated by their explosion. Our practice was beyond all praise. Every shell burst as it ought, and the lines of the Russian outworks, of the Redan, Malakoff, and of all their batteries were rendered plainly visible by the constant light of the bursting shells. The Russians scarcely attempted a reply. At 5 p. m. it was observed that a frigate in the second line, near the north side, was smoking, and as it grew darker, flames were seen to issue from her sides.

Men and officers rushed to the front in the greatest delight and excitement, and as night came on the whole vessel broke out into one grand blaze from stem to stern. The delight of the crowd on Cathcart's hill was intense. "Well, this is a sight!—to see one of those confounded ships touched at last!" These and many different and stronger expressions were audible on all sides; but there were some who thought the Russians had set the ship on fire, or that incendiaries or malecontents were at work, and one gentleman went so far as to say he "thought it merely a signal—may be to recall their cavalry from Eupatoria."

It is not precisely known how the thing was done. Some say it was done by the French—others by ourselves; and bombs, red hot shot and rockets have been variously named as the agency by which the fire was accomplished. In spite of the efforts of the Russians, the flames spread, and soon issued from the ports and quarter gallery. At 8 o'clock the light was so great that the houses of the city and the forts on the other side could be discerned without difficulty. The masts stood long, and towered aloft like great pillars of fire; but one after the other they yielded; the decks fell in about ten o'clock, and at midnight the frigate was burned to the water's edge.

September 6. Last night a steady fire was kept up along the front, to prevent the Russians repairing damages. At 10 P. M. orders were sent to our batteries to open as soon as there was a good light, the next day, but they were limited to fifty rounds each. At 5 30 the whole of the batteries from Quarantine to Inkermann opened with a grand crash. The Russians were silent as before. The cannonade was maintained as it was yesterday. There were three breaks or lulls in the tempest; from half past 6 till 7, the fire was comparatively slack.

September 7. The cannonade was resumed at day-break, the Inkermann batteries opening briskly. A council of generals was held to-day at headquarters, the sick were cleared out of the field hospitals, and it gradually oozed out that the assault would take place to-morrow at 12 o'clock. The firing was tremendous all day, but clouds of dust, which a high wind from the north drifted into our faces, rendered a view of the place impossible.

About three o'clock a two-decker was set on fire and burned all night. A steamer towed another vessel near her away to the dockyard harbor, but the lines of men-of-war are still inact. Flames broke out behind the Redan in the afternoon. The bombardment was renewed at dusk. A Sardinian corps was marched up to reinforce the French. There was a heavy explosion in the town at 11 o'clock, P. M. The men all take forty-eight hours provisions, cooked, into the trenches with them. Nothing is known of the plan of attack.

September 8, 11, A. M.—All corners from Balaklava and the rear of the camp are stopped by a line of centres. Another line of centres in front prevents any one going as far as Cathcart's Hill, or the picket houses, except staff officers or men on duty. The fire is exceedingly heavy. The assault takes place at noon. The Fourth Division is now under arms.

THE STORMING OF SEBASTOPOL.

The Fight for the Malakoff.—The cannonade languished purposely towards noon; but the Russians, catching sight of the cavalry and troops in front began to shell Cath-

cart's hill and the heights, and disturbed the equanimity of some of the spectators by their shells bursting with loud thumps right over their heads. A few minutes before twelve o'clock the French like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches close to the doomed Malakoff, swarmed up its face, and were to the embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the seven metres of ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drafted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind battalion after battalion, into the embrasures and in a minute or two after their column issued from the ditch the tricolour was floating over the Korniloff Bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed, our allies took the Russians quite by surprise, and very few of the latter were in the Malakoff.—The enemy seen however recovered themselves and came out in great masses from the bomb-proof hiding places. Anticipating a little the order of time, it may be stated here that after our assault on the Redan had been abandoned a fierce contest raged in the rear of the Malakoff between masses of Russians, now released from the Redan, or drawn from the town and the French inside the work; and the fight from the Little Redan, on the proper left of the Malakoff, was raging furiously. Clouds of dust and smoke covered the scene, but the rattle of the musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke there could be seen now and then a tricolour, surmounted by an eagle fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults were directed in vain against it. We could see, too, our noble allies swarming over into the Malakoff from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelou, or rushing with swift steps towards the right, where the Russians continually reinforced, sought in vain to beat back their foes and to regain the keys of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us, but its issue was never doubted. From twelve o'clock till past seven in the evening the French had to meet and defeat the repeated attempts of the enemy to regain the work and the Little Redan, when weary of the fearful slaughter of his men, who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, the Muscovite general, despairing of success, withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared, with admirable skill, to evacuate.

The Assault on the Great Redan.—The Force Employed.—A few minutes after twelve o'clock the tricolour was seen to wave over the parapet of the Malakoff, and the signal was given for our assault on the Redan.—When the order was received on the 7th, the remark was this looks like another 18th of June. In fact, the attacking columns were not strong enough, the supports were not strong enough, and were also far behind, and the trenches did not afford room for a sufficient number of men. Now it will be observed that, where we attacked the Redan with two divisions only, a portion of each being virtually in reserve, and not engaged in the affair at all, the French made their assault on the Malakoff with four divisions of the second corps d'armee, the first and fourth divisions forming the storming columns, and the third and fifth being the support with reserve of 10,000 men. The French had probably, not less than 30,000 men in the night attack on the 7th of September. The divisional orders for the 2nd division were very much the same as those for the light division. The covering party consisted of 100 men of the 3rd Buffs, under Captain John Lewis, who highly distinguished himself, and 100 men of the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, I believe under the command of peer Captain Hammond. The scaling-ladder consisted of 160 of the 3rd Buffs, under Captain Madue, whose gallantry was very conspicuous throughout the affair, in addition to the 160 of the 97th, under the gallant and lamented Welford. The part of the force of the Second Division consisted of 260 of the 3rd Buffs, 300 of the 41st (Welsh), 208 of the 62nd, and a working party of 100 men of the 41st. The rear of Windham's Brigade, consisting of the 47th and 49th, were in reserve, together with Warren's Brigade of the same division, of which the 30th and 55th were called into action, and suffered severely. Brigadier Shirley was on board ship, but as soon as he heard of the assault he resolved to join his brigade, and he accordingly came up to camp that very morning. Colonel Unett, of the 19th Regiment, was the senior officer in Brigadier Shirley's absence, and on him would have devolved the duty of leading the storming column of the Light Division, had the latter not returned. Colonel Unett, ignorant of the Brigadier's intention to leave shipboard, had to decide with Colonel Windham who should take precedence in the attack. They tossed, and Colonel Unett. He had it in his power to say whether he would go first or follow Colonel Windham. He looked at the shilling, turned it over, and said. My choice is made; I'll be the first man into the Redan. But fate willed it otherwise, and he was struck down badly wounded ere yet he reached the