The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Summer's gone over,
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
Autum's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature's
Getting short of leaves.

Round the tops or houses,
Swallows as they flit,
Give like yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies of fickle temper,
Weep by turns and laugh,
Night and day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So October endeth—
Cold and most preverse—
But the months that follow,
Sure will pinch us worse.

A STORY FOR LITTLE ALICE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I recollect a little girl,
Whom in the way I met;
To shut my eyes and look within,
I plainly see her yet.
Her eyes they had an azure hue—
Our wildling violets not more blue—
And from her gipsy hat's duress
A single brown and waving tress
Escaped, and on her shoulder flung
A shadow, where it careless hung.
An artless happy dear was she,
As eyes of man would like to see.
I stopped the tripping, pretty maid,
And in a jesting humor said—
'Sweet, will you be my wife,
'To bless and beautify my life?'
'I am too little,' now said she;
'Wait, Sir, until I older be;'
No further would the darling say;
But, archly smiling, ran away.

Ten years had passed when I sat down
Beside a lady dear;
We spoke more love by eye than tongue,
Heard more by eye than ear.
Upon her cheeks a modest glow
Kept moving faintly to and fro;
Each dear blue eye lay shily hid
Beneath its white and quivering lid;
And by its rise and fall, her breast,
Betrayed its ocean-like unrest.
A wealth of love was in her eyes;
Her bosom was a mine of sighs;
Her heart was in my heart; her hand
Trembled in mine at this demand—
'Sweet, will you be my darling wife,
'To bless and beautify my life?'
'Oh, I am older now,' said she,
'Than that first time you spoke to me;
'And now I may not run away'—
It was not needed more to say.

There is a little girl, just now,
Who sits upon my knee;
Her eyes are of a hazel hue—
They say she looks like me.
The bee-like humming of her voice
Which makes my spirit so rejoice,
The dark-brown tresses floating wild
Over the shoulders of the child,
The deep glow of her cheeks
Which health and happy feelings speaks,
The fondness of her up-turned gaze,
Recall to me my earlier days;
And in my spirit's ear I hear
The accents of the prattling dear
I asked to be my little wife,
To bless and beautify my life:—
'I am too little now,' said she,
'Wait, Sir, until I older be.'
Is that what you, my child, will say
To some one at a future day!

Fall of Sebastopol.

DETAILS OF THE ASSAULT.

From the Correspondent of the London Times.

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP, Sept 10th 1855.

One more great act of carnage has been added to the tremendous but glorious tragedy of which the whole world, from the most civilized nations down to the most barbarous hordes of the East, has been the anxious and excited audience. Amid the shouts of victory and cries of despair—in frantic rejoicing and passionate sorrow—a pall of black smoke streaked by the fiery flashings of exploding fortresses, descends upon the stage on which has been depicted so many varied traits of human misery and of human greatness, such high endurance and calm courage, such lightness and weakness, across which have stalked characters which history may develop as largely as the struggle in which they are engaged, and swell to gigantic proportions, or which she may dwarf into pettiest dimensions, as unworthy the part they played. A dull, strange silence, broken at distant intervals by the crash of citadels and palaces as they fly into dust, succeeds the incessant dialogue of the cannon which have spoken so loudly and so angrily throughout an entire year and tired armies, separated from each other by a sea of fires, rest on their arms, and gaze with varied emotions on all that remains of the object of their conflicts.

On the morning of the 8th of September, the weather changed suddenly, becoming bitterly cold. A biting wind right from the north side of Sevastopol, blew intolerable clouds of dust into our faces. The sun was obscured; the sky was of a leaden wintry gray. Gen. Pellissier during the night collected about 30,000 men about the Mamelon to form the storming columns for the Malakoff and Little Redan and to provide the necessary reserves. The French were reinforced by 5,000 Sardinians, who marched up from the Chernaya last night. It was arranged that the French were to attack the Malakoff at noon, and as soon as their attack began that we were to assault the Redan.

At 10 1-2 the second division and the light division moved down to the trenches, and were placed in the advanced parallels as quietly and unostentatiously as possible. About the same hour Gen. Simpson and staff moved down to the second parallel of the Green hill battery. Sir Henry Jones, too ill to move on foot, nevertheless insisted on being carried down to witness the assault, and was borne to the parallel on a litter, in which he remained till all was over. It was, as I have said, a bitter cold day, and a stranger would have been astonished at the aspect of the British generals as they viewed the assault. The commander-in-chief, Gen. Simpson, sat in the trench, with his eyes and nose fust jammed up the cold and dust, and his cloak drawn over his head to protect him against both. Gen. Jones wore a red night-cap, and reclined on his litter; and Sir Richard Airey, the quartermaster-general had a white pocket-handkerchief tied over his cap and ears, which contracted somewhat from a martial and belligerent aspect. The Duke of Newcastle was stationed at Catheart's hill in the early part of the day, and afterwards moved off to the right to the picket-house over the Woronzoff road. All the amateurs and gentlemen, who rather abound here just now, were in a state of great excitement, and dotted the plain in eccentric attire—which recalled one's old memories of Cowes, and yachting and sea-bathing—were engaged in a series of subtle manoeuvers to turn the flank of unwary sentries, and to get to the front, and their success was most creditable to their enterprise and ingenuity. The Tartars, Turks and Eupotorians were singularly perturbed for such placed people, and thronged every knoll which commanded the smallest view of the place. At 10 3-4 Gen. Pellissier and his staff went up to the French observatory on the right. The French trenches were crowded with men as close as they could pack, and we could see our men through the breaks in the clouds of dust, which were most irritating, already in their trenches.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock the French, like a swarm of bees, issued from the trenches close to the doomed Malakoff, swarmed up its face, and were through 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 drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battallion after battallion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch, the tri-color 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 them were in the Malakoff; but they soon recovered themselves, and from 12 o'clock till past 7 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 place. Of the French attack on the left I know nothing, but that, if intended in earnest, it was not successful, and was followed by some loss to our allies. As soon as the tri-color was observed waving over the parapet of the Malakoff through the smoke and dust, four rockets were sent up from Chapman's attack one after another, as a signal for our assault on the Redan. They were almost borne back by the violence of the wind, and the silvery jets of sparks they threw out on exploding, were nearly invisible against the raw gray sky.

It was a few minutes past twelve when our men left the fifth parallel. The musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which the troops had to pass over about thirty yards from the approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large portion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders, with the exceptions I have stated. The riflemen advanced admirably, but from their position they could not do much to reduce the fire of the guns on the flanks and below the re-entering angles. As they came nearer the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abattis without difficulty; it was torn to pieces and destroyed by our shot, and the men stepped over and through it with ease. The light division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the redan, and came to the ditch, which is here about fifteen feet deep. The party detailed for the purpose placed the ladders, but they were found to be too short. However, had there been enough of them that would not have mattered much, but some had been left behind in the hands of the dead or wounded men, and others had been broken, so that if one can credit the statements made by those who were present, there was not more than six or seven ladders at the salient. The men, led by their officers, leaped into the ditch and scrambled up the other side, whence they got up the parapet almost without opposition, for the few Russians who were in front ran back and got behind their traverses and breastworks as soon as they saw our men on top, and opened fire upon them.

As the light division rushed out in the front they were swept by the guns of the Barrack battery and by several pieces on the proper right of the redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused them considerable loss ere they reached the salient or apex of the work at which they were to assault. The storming colums of the second division issuing from the fifth parallel rushed up immediately after the light division, but when they came up close to the apex, Brigadier Windham very judiciously brought them by a slight detour on the right flank of the light division, so as to come down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure to which they came was in flames, but moving on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and with the aid of ladders and each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasures which were undefended. Col. Windham was the first, or one of the first men on this side, and with him entered Daniel Mahoney, a great grenadier of the forty-first.—As Mahoney entered with a cheer, he was shot through the head by a Russian rifleman, and fell dead across Col. Windham.

As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and the breastworks retreated to the latter, and got from the traverses to its protection. From it they poured in a quick fire on the parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the light division, and on the gaps through the inner parapet of the Redan; and our men with an infatuation which all officers deplore, but cannot always remedy on such occasions, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing or crossing behind the traverses, loaded and fired as quick as they could, but did little execution, as the Russians were well covered by the breastwork. There were also groups of Russian riflemen behind the lower traverses, near the base of the Redan, who kept up a galling fire on our men. As the alarm of an assault was spread, the enemy came rushing up from the barracks in the rear of the Redan, and increased the force and intensity of the fire, while our soldiers dropped fast, and encouraged the Russians by their immobility and the weakness of their fusilade from which the enemy were well protected. In vain the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring, tried to urge our soldiers on. They had an impression that the Redan was mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up.

The officers fell on all sides, singled out for the enemy's fire by their courage. The men of the different regiments became mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 19th men did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th, nor did the soldiers of the 23d heed the commands of an officer who did not belong to their regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the brigadiers save Col Windham were wounded or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack. That gallant officer did all that man could do to form his men for the attack, and lead them against the enemy. Proceeding from transverse to transverse, he coaxed the men to come out, and succeeded several times in forming a few of them, but they melted away as fast as he laid hold of them, and either fell in their little ranks or retired to cover to keep up their fusilade. Many of them crowded to the lower part of the inner parapet and kept up a smart fire upon the enemy, but nothing would induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. This was all going on at the proper left face of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient. Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers, while the Russians came up in swarms from the town, and rushed down from the Malakoff, which had now been occupied by the French. Thrice did Col. Windham send officers to Sir W. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel begging of him to send up supports in some order of formation; but all three of these officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear, and the Colonel's own Aid-de-camp, Lieut Swire of the seventeenth, a gallant young officer, was hit dangerously in the hip as he went on this perilous errand. Supports were, indeed sent up, but they came up in disorder from the fire to which they were exposed on their way, and arrived in driblets only to increase the confusion and the carnage. Finding that he could collect no men on the left face Col. Windham passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet, and walked over to the right face, at the distance of thirty yards from the Russian breastwork, to which he moved in a parallel line, exposed to a close fire, but wonderful to say, without being touched.

The Colonel got some riflemen and a few of the 87th together; but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed by a concentrated fire. The officers, with the noblest devotion, aided Col. Windham, and he became the special mark of the enemy's riflemen. The narrow neck of salient was too close to allow any kind of formation, and the more the men crowded into it the more they got out of order, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour. The Russians were now in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Col. Windham walked back across the open space to the left to make one more attempt to retrieve the day. The men of the parapet of the salient, who were firing at the Russians, sent their shot at him, and the latter, who were pouring volley after volley on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but he passed through this cross fire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where the men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion with his own hands; it was to make room for a field-piece. Col. Windham exclaimed to several soldiers who were firing over the parapet, 'Well, as you are so fond of firing, why dont you shoot that Russian?' They fired a volley and missed him, and soon after the field-piece began to play on the head of the salient with grape. Col. Windham saw there was no time to be lost. He had sent three officers for re-inforcements, and above all, for men in formation, and he now resolved to go to Gen. Codrington. Seeing Capt. Crearlock of the 90th near to him busy in encouraging his men, and exerting himself with great energy to get them in order, he said—'I must go to the general for supports. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away.' He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel through a storm of grape and rifle bullets in safety. Sir William Codrington asked him if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford; and said he might take the Royals, who were then in the parallel. 'Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation the Redan is ours,' was the colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for at that very moment our men were seen leaping down into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet, and with heavy musketry, and even threw stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch.—The fact was, that the Russians having accumulated several thousands of men behind the breastwork, and seeing our men all scattered up and confused behind the inner parapet of the traverse, crossed the breastwork, through which several field-pieces were now playing, with grape on the inner face of the Redan, and charged our broken groups with the bayonet, at the same time that the rear ranks, getting on the breastwork, poured a heavy hail of bullets on them over the head of the advancing column. The struggle that took place was short, desperate and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet too, and isolated combats took place in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once.

In this melee the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians locked in an embrace with death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, lay next day inside the Redan as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on, and fed each moment from the rear by company after company, and battallion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band who had abandoned the protection of unanimity and courage and had lost the advantage of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea and forced back the waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp; and—bleeding, panting, and exhausted—our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb-cracers in the slope of the work, or endeavored to pass back again to our advanced parallel and sap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives or were seriously wounded in this attempt. The scene in the ditch was appalling although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate to plunge headlong upon the mass of bayonets muskets, and sprawling soldiers. The ladders were all knocked down or broken, so that it was difficult for the men to get up at the other side, and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the sound, were all lying in heaps together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grape-shot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, and under cover of this fire many of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances the enemy persisted in remaining outside in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand, and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is but right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the redan, near the barrack battery, ere they fired it—the only foundation for which, as far as I can discover, is that many of the bodies of our men found in the redan, were dreadfully scorched and burned; but there were many Russians lying there in a similar state.

Our attack lasted about an hour and three quarters, as well as I could make out, and in that time we lost more men than at Inkermann where the fighting lasted for seven hours.

It is difficult, as I have had occasion to observe on former occasions, to give with any pretensions to accuracy the details of a battle, but it becomes almost impossible to attain correctness in describing such an affair as the assault on the redan under the peculiar circumstances which attended it. In addition to the smoke of battle, there were flying clouds of dust mingled with sand, which blew right into the faces of the men and swept the hills in their rear, which were crowded with spectators, or those who tried to be so, and the irregularity of the ground offered other impediments to their view; but greater than all these obstacles was this that no one could from any conceivable position in front see what was going on inside the redan which seemed to engulf our soldiers with in its huge dun-colored and ragged parapets only to vomit them forth again in diminished numbers. It was all along but too plain to understand what was taking place within from the external aspect of that ill-fated work the slopes of which have astonished the world with the sight of British troops in flight twice in two successive attacks on its formidable defenses. This redan has cost us more lives than the capture of Badajoz, not to speak of those who have fallen in the trenches and approaches to it; and, although the enemy evacuated it, we can scarcely claim the credit of having caused them such loss that they retired owing to their dread of a renewed assault. On the contrary, we must, in fairness admit that the Russians maintained their grip of the place till the French were fairly established in the Malakoff, and the key of the position was torn form their grasp.

They might, indeed, have remained in the place longer than they did, as the French were scarcely in a condition to molest them from the Malakoff with artillery, and could not be permitted to interfere with our attack had they been able to send reinforcements to us; but the Russian General is a man of too much genius and experience as a soldier to lose men in defending an untenable position, and his retreat was effected with masterly skill and with perfect ease in the face of a victorious enemy. Covering his rear by the flames of the burning city, and tremendous explosions, which spoke in tones of portentous warning to those who might have wished to cut off his retreat, he led his battalions in narrow files across a deep arm of the sea, commanded by our guns and in the face of a most powerful fleet, paraded them in our sight as they crossed, and carried off all his most useful stores and munitions of war. He left few trophies and many bitter memories.

THE INTERIOR OF SEVASTOPOL.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 12.

It is delightful to abandon the old heading, "Siege of Sevastopol," which, for the last three months, might have been sterotyped, 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 other memorials of their dogged resolution. The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sevastopol 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 of 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 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 badly "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.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description when the news spread that Sevastopol was on fire and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturbed many of our wearied soldiers.—When I rose ere daybreak and got up to Cathcart's hill, there were not many officers standing on that favorite spot; and the sleepers who had laid down to rest, doubtful of the success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sevastopol 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, about 12 o'clock and the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure, and found the place deserted by all save the dead and dying. Soon afterward 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 Sevastopol—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 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 after 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 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 gray and white vapor, 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 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 materiel 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.

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 the 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, kapi and Zouave fez, could soon be distinguished amid the flames, and moving from house to house. Ere five o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in the camp before the Russian battallions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behind hand 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 7:10, 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 afterward the bridge was pulled asunder, and the pieces were all floated across to the north side at 8.07. 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 9, 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.

It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments, engaged on the left against the Malakoff and the 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 regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment 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 past as if at review, while regiment after regiment caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to our brave comrades of France, and the officers on both sides saluted each other with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by.

Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with cacolets or mule litters.—Already the funeral parties had commenced their labors. 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. 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. There were ghastly sights on the way, too: Russians who had died or were dying as they lay, brought so far toward 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 defense, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we came 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 in light above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolor 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 ditch at your feet, some twenty or twenty-two feet deep and ten 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 two hundred, 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. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are those embrasures!—From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than eighteen feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above another, and as each row recedes towards the top it leaves 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, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens and haversacks, are lying in indiscribable 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 sixty were found in the work, are all ship's guns, mounted on ship's carriages, and worked in the same way as ship's guns. There are a few old-fashioned, 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 odor of these narrow chambers is villainous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations 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 ship's 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 beneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seemed to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance were literally a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps dispatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at 12 o'clock, when the French burst in on them, like a torrent, and as it were drowned them in their holes.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sevastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuselli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring the life stream, one night study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill!

The building used as a hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan and to the missiles directed at the Barrack battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed!—In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their general. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickeled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shot and shells pouring through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved with ordinary care. Many lay yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking to escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectator, oh! with such looks! Many with arms and legs broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food or pity, or deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethel spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with heaven.—The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appeal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burned black mass of flesh ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from their sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth, which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round.

In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan of the nineteenth, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable beyond endurance. But what must have the wounded felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water or a voice to say one kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before—indeed it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them on pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not hospitals could rot contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.

The Kane Expedition-Thrilling Adventure.

Some of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search, have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept wildly over the foes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the North, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty-seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of their party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson were prostrated with frozen feet, and with difficulty three of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship and announced the condition of their comrades.—Their chances of being rescued seemed extremely small. They were in a wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, protected only by a canvas tent, and with no land marks by which their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men would have been, under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty, but to the slender party left at the ship, it seemed to be impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt towards him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a rescuing party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to recieve the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrific gale, steering by compass, to rescue the sufferers. After nineteen hours' constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst out into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink. Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen party were sewed up in Buffalo robes, placed on sledges and dragged along by their companions, Dr. Kane walking in advance, picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bonsall and Morton, and even the Esquimaux boy Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on their way, was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by the simple waving of his hand.—They reached the ship after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship from whom we obtained the particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of their number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, who are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick, was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of muttering delirium, resembled a hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterwards and resumed their labors in the field.

Intrepedity like this, has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now, by the stoutest hearts in the expedition.