THE WAR.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The following despatches (by express and British telegraph) have been forwarded from Lord Raglan to Lord Panmure, who has sent copies thereof to the London morning and evening papers:—

"Sebastopol, May 11, 5.45 p.m.

"The enemy opened a heavy fire on our trenches last night, and maintained it for nearly two hours. Their troops did not attack our advanced parallels. The fighting was desirable both as regards the conduct of the troops we admirable. Our loss consisted of 1 officer and 5 men killed, and 30 men wounded."

The following telegraphic despatch has been received from the *Times* Berlin correspondent:—

"Berlin, Saturday, May 12.

"The allies made a sortie last night (Friday) on the advanced works of the left attack. They moved forward in two columns, but both were immediately perceived and driven back. The fire of the enemy's troops was especially well directed. Our loss consisted of 1 officer and 5 men killed, and 30 men wounded."

"Berlin, Saturday, May 12.

"The following despatch has been received here from St. Petersburg, dated May 10:—

"Prince Gortschakoff, under date of the 6th of May, writes:—

"Between the 5th and 6th the enemy increased their batteries and strengthened their approaches against Bastion No. 4. The fire of the place was especially directed against Bastions 4 and 5, and against the Selinghinsk and Volhynia Redoubts, to which we successfully replied. Between the 6th and 7th the enemy sprung two mines, with a view to regain their old embrasures. We worked against them with different countermines. During the night between the 6th and 7th we made a small sortie, and took an English officer and three men prisoners. During the last few days three of the enemy's steamers of the dragoon line have left Kamiesch. On the evening of the 1st of May the greater portion of the enemy's fleet stood out to sea, it is said with 10,000 to 15,000 troops on board. On the 2nd it was seen sailing past Yalta, it is believed in the direction of the coast of Anapa."

The *Times* correspondent at Constantinople sends the following despatch, dated May 12:—"6,000 Sardinians have gone to Sebastopol. Eugene Beauharnais is said to have been between the French and the Russians every night. The British are within 50 yards of the Russian sentries. The British have constructed 30 new batteries. The Sultan reviews the French Imperial Guard to-day."

A SCANDAL'S LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.—" Camp before Sebastopol, April 18.—In my last letter I told you that I was going to the trenches, well, I went, and a queer time I had of it. I suppose you would like to hear the whole story, so I shall not keep you in suspense. We paraded on a quarter-past 8 and I had been attached to me to carry the pass containing the list. As we are not allowed to take down our servants with us, I had to take everything I was required to have with me. Accordingly took in my haversack, a tin canteen to hold water on, and a few biscuits, sugar, butter, and a lot of meat, also in the haversack, some red herrings, biscuits, rum, and a plate and knife and fork, a little firewood, a candle, and some matches. I also had my waterproof sheet, with water in it, slung on the other side, my telescope, cloak, and mackintosh; altogether, I was an heavy marching order. My orders were to go to the surgeon's hut, and to do the best I could with the wounded. There are four assistant-surgeons in the trenches—one, an officiating one, who goes wherever he is most wanted; a second and two first assistant surgeons who stay in the first parallel. The former assigned for the night of my short stay to me, so I walked over the trenches to see what had been done. I did not think there was much harm, except to the battery in the advanced trench No. 21, which had been knocked into a cocked hat, smashed almost entirely. The artillery sergeant that was in had got to go home sick that day, and I must say I did not envy him. I came back to the hut, and, seeing a sure old hand, I took possession and was soon sound asleep. I got up about 4 o'clock, and after having breakfasted, I went over to Canada to relieve the artillery sergeant with his fare bandaged up. He had gone to the advanced battery at daybreak, where he had a narrow escape from a round shot, which struck the parapet in front of him, and then some one must go there as the men were being relieved every hour. I was ordered to go. Being senior artillery officer, I was of course asked to send some one. Now, I had been told that we were to stop in the hut, and not leave it, and if the enemy came forward, and got in the trenches, we would have come down on me for doing so, and if any man got killed or wounded, they would justly be down on me for not sending for him. Being told I could do was to go there myself. Accordingly went forward and found that during the short time I was away the enemy had thrown over from one to two hundred shells into the batteries there, Nos. 7 and 8. No. 7 battery is the most dangerous. No. 8 after dark is not so bad. As I went to No. 8. The ground of it is composed of gravel and sandy stones, and of course, the battery is constructed of the same materials, consequently when struck by a shell, it does not splinter like a perfect shower of stones, some of them very large, as would be the case were it built of wood, but it is merely scattered; fortunately, although there is a good deal of shot and shell and hot rubbish from a large stone that fell on it, I was not hurt, but I got nothing to do there, as the men behaved splendidly, and most considerable work it was, as in one place the parapet was knocked in all, and in another the gun had got into a sort of crescent shape, and had to run through that way to get out. I remained there about two hours, and then went back to the hut, where I got some breakfast, and then went to the trenches on the carriage of a gun that was loaded and run up to the battery. The officer who was going there, and I, in front of the gun looking through the sight; a shot struck the carriage, but not the gun in the bore, and knocked both of us down, wounding by the splinters the officer in the leg, and the gun's crew range two and the artillery officer and myself. I was not touched, was blind for a moment, but soon recovered, and found the officer badly wounded, but how any escaped I can't say, as shot and shell flew about in all directions. I then took the place of the officer who was wounded, and remained there for the day