

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

After the arrival of the intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol, the Prussian government inquired of the cabinets of Paris and London whether it was considered that a favorable moment for re-opening negotiations for peace had arrived. An answer was received in the negative, which was immediately communicated by telegraph to Vienna.

According to the *Messenger de Bayonne*, the marshal's baton is not the only recompense that the general-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea will receive. It is said that the Emperor intends naming Marshal Pelissier Duke of Sebastopol.

We learn on good authority that the French lost only one man in their attack on the Malakoff before they took possession of that work.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL AFFECTING THE BAROMETER IN FRANCE.—M. Le Maout, the chemist, who has acquired some celebrity at St. Brieu (Cotes-du-Nord) his residence, for his observations of the barometer, as affected by a distant cannonade, states in the *Publicateur of St. Brieu* that he announced the cannonade and the assault of Sebastopol from the changes effected in the mercury. He adds that it takes an hour and forty minutes to receive the impression of the guns of Sebastopol on barometers in France.

On Friday, 550 English workmen passed through Paris on their way to Marseilles, where they are to embark for Sebastopol. They are, it is said, to be employed in repairing and fitting up buildings at Sebastopol, to serve as winter quarters for the allied troops.

GERMANY.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.—The *Augsburg Gazette*, which is more or less open to Austrian impressions, and which, at all events, expresses the opinions of a large class in Germany, makes the following comments on the fall of Sebastopol:—

"Sebastopol has fallen—fallen after a struggle which has not its equal in the history of wars—but yet fallen, and we have to consider the importance of this event, its certain and probable consequences, for it might happen that a more earnest and pressing warning than ever might be given to Germany to exchange its present neutrality for a position which, if it does not place the decision in its hands, would at least make it participate therein.

"We do not wish to overrate the event of the 8th of September, but we must not underrate it.—The northern fortress may be a stronger, a much stronger fortress; but the south part contained every thing which Sebastopol had to defend—the whole of Russia's Black Sea fleet, and all the resources of that fleet. All this is annihilated; and for at least half a century to come, even without the stipulations of a peace, through the simple force of circumstances, the limitation of the naval power of Russia is an accomplished fact. The third guarantee point no longer exists. But there is a point of still greater importance. The prestige of Russia's inviolability is gone—gone in the East as in the West; her whole power is shaken to its centre, and this especially because Sebastopol did not fall at once, and because it has only fallen now.

"Whoever has calmly studied the position of Germany throughout the struggle must inevitably be convinced that in the leading circles there has existed a secret sympathy for Russia, a secret hatred for the Napoleon dynasty. From reasons caused by the unmistakable feeling of the whole people the cause of Russia was not openly espoused, but a tacit support was given to it by inaction, and no idea was entertained of acting against Russia. The invulnerability of the Russian army was believed in Germany as long as the Western Powers were alone in the field, and the quiet hope was entertained that Napoleon III., like Napoleon I., would knock his head to pieces against his powerful adversary, and Germany reap where she had not sown; but the fall of Sebastopol has destroyed that belief and deceived that hope. Germany, it is true, has spared some millions because she resolved to look on as a passive spectator of the struggle, but let us beware lest we have ultimately to pay the piper with far more than those millions. More than once Russia and France have met on bloody battlefields as enemies, and yet one year afterwards Napoleon and Alexander were discussing the partition of Europe; and on the throne of France there is now another Napoleon, and on the throne of Russia a second Alexander."

It is thought at Vienna that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, Russia will seize the first favorable opportunity to make peace.

ITALY.

LANDING OF ITALIAN REFUGEES.—From Rome, we learn that the French police was informed, some time ago, of an intended landing of about fifty Italian refugees from London, which was to have taken place at Porto d'Anzio, a small harbor now being enlarged, as the Pope intends to make it the port of the capital. Measures were taken to arrest these refugees, who were supposed to have formed a plan against the Pope's life or personal liberty, as he often visits that port; but, from the latest accounts, it would seem that they have eluded the vigilance of the Roman police, and are now concealed in the forests in the vicinity of Porto d'Anzio.

The Neapolitan question is not considered as definitely settled as yet. The King, it is true, has, however much against his will, dismissed the obnoxious Police Minister; but he has, at the same time, removed another member of his Cabinet who was believed to be well disposed to the allied powers.

RUSSIA.

In the *Gazette Militaire* of St. Petersburg, dated

the 7th inst., we read the following:—"News has reached the capital from all parts of the empire, of the complete formation of the troops of the reserve, and of the departure of the first levy of droushines and national militia, who will probably rendezvous at Kieff. The reserves number about 300,000 men, consequently the Russian army, after deducting the divisions sent to the Crimea and to the seat of war in Asia, numbers upwards of 400,000 bayonets, independently of the guards and grenadiers, droushines of the national guard, some detached corps stationed in Finland, and of the guards of the interior."

PEACE AGITATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A private letter from Berlin states that the news of the taking of Sebastopol has produced at St. Petersburg the utmost consternation. The young Empress, who appears to desire to be at the head of the peace party, does not spare her reproaches against the war party. She says that if the note of Vienna had been accepted Russia would have been spared the humiliation of the four points of guarantee demanded by the Allies; and that, if at a later period those guarantees had been accepted, Russia would have been spared the shame of the defeat of the Tchernaya, and the terrible disaster of the fall of Sebastopol. The journey of the Emperor to the south had been resolved upon before the fall of Sebastopol was known. Its object was to raise the spirit of the Russian army, which, according to the reports of Prince Gortschakoff, was greatly broken and depressed. The Russians are much more embarrassed to find men than provisions and munitions of war, especially as one third at least of the effective troops remain behind on the way, and never come up to their destination.

CRIMEA.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Wednesday, the 26th, says,—Although no telegraphic despatches from Sebastopol have been made public for some days, many must of course have been received by Government. The *Patrie* of this evening would seem to have had some information of their contents, for it says, "It is certain that ever since their retreat the Russians have continued to fire shells at us, and that it would be a mistake to suppose that our armies in Sebastopol are beyond the range of the enemy's batteries on the northern shore and on the plateau. The balls from Fort Constantine reach beyond Strelitzka Bay, and they can very easily throw their projectiles into the town. As to the batteries of the other forts, some of the guns in them are so powerful that they can carry shot right over the town, and do execution in the advanced siege works. But, although the Russian fire does not cease, it is not very active. The artillery and engineers in Sebastopol are everywhere at work. Fort St. Nicholas, which, as has been already stated, was left almost intact, has been fortified, and its cannon already replies to the enemy. It is useless to add, that any attempt of the Russians to return to the place is wholly out of the question." Thus far I have quoted the *Patrie*. I consider its revelations very important, as showing that the Russians are still in a strong position in the northern forts, and are fully resolved to continue the war in that locality. It is also to be feared that we cannot occupy the houses that are left in the town, but must still encamp behind entrenchments, or, at best, in the forts that are left standing.

A FRENCH OFFICER'S VISIT TO SEBASTOPOL.—The following private letter from a captain of Zouaves, dated Sebastopol, Sept. 15, has been received in Paris:—"Yesterday, after dinner, I mounted on horseback with the intention of visiting Sebastopol thoroughly. I entered by the ravine of the English, and leaving on my right the docks, the barracks, the arsenal, the military town, all which extends under the Great Redan and Malakoff, I bent my way to the city, properly so called. There may be seen a great number of public monuments not without elegance, and of citizens' houses, of very fine appearance, side by side with the most wretched huts. There are some streets wide, and with side paths, but all very badly macadamised. Lighting with gas is still unknown in Sebastopol; lamps are the only things—that is to say, frightful-looking lanterns, supported by round posts, ornamented with black and white streaks. The theatre is a fine structure, remarkable for its peri-style and a colonnade which runs round it. Near the theatre is a library, and a little lower down and in a direction towards the sea, near the fine Fort St. Catherine, which commands the roadstead, extend vast catacombs. You reach the upper part of the city, which has a fine promenade planted with trees and forming a terrace, by a double flight of steps of stone, and on a vast scale. In the centre of the promenade rises a monument composed of a vessel in bronze raised on a pedestal of white marble, the four sides of which are in bronze. This monument is, no doubt, the emblem of the city, and the wings represent, perhaps, the rapidity with which the fleet, now no more, hoped to reach, one day, the shores of old Byzantium. I leave to the learned the task of deciding this point. The monument will, no doubt, be transported to France, and placed in some public thoroughfare or promenade in Paris, to perpetuate the memory of our great victory, of which it will be an interesting trophy. A very handsome church stands at the extremity of the promenade, and commands the entire city. Do not suppose, however, that all these buildings are intact. All are burnt, or broken, with the exception of the ship which the Russians looked upon, doubtless, as the palladium of Sebastopol. All the churches of the city have been set on fire; and there only remain the four walls, and the domes painted in green. The south part of Sebastopol has been completely destroyed by projectiles. I have visited the Russian lines of defence, which, on this side, consisted of the fort of the Qua-

rantine, the Central Bastion, and the Flagstaff Bastion. Nothing can be more astonishing than these gigantic works, and I maintain that we never could have succeeded in taking possession of the town, had we been obliged to take all these positions by storm. Sebastopol presents, at this moment, a most curious spectacle, owing to the immense crowd of visitors. I have met during my visit several handsome young ladies, dressed in elegant riding habits, traversing streets encumbered with ruins, and uttering, every moment, exclamations of surprise and horror at the sight of so many disasters. The city is very large, and intersected in various parts by deep ravines, which render the passage very difficult."

HEROISM OF A DOG IN THE CRIMEA.—The following account of the exploits of a dog in the Crimea, which we translate from the *Gazette* of Trieste, surpasses everything heretofore recorded of the devotion and bravery of this noble animal:—

"A great sensation has been caused in the camp of the allies by the heroic deeds of a dog belonging to Colonel Metmann, of the 73d Regiment of the Line. On the 16th of Aug., during the battle of the Tchernaya, the quadruped broke his chain, fought in the ranks of the army, saved the life of a sergeant and a soldier, and took three Russians prisoners. A ball struck his foot, but the wound only embittered the animal the more. He threw himself upon a Russian officer, flung him to the ground, and dragged him prisoner by his coat collar to the French. A physician has bound up the wound, and the four-footed hero is convalescing. He will probably receive some mark of honor, as another dog in the English army has been rewarded with a medal for his devotion to his master."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* describes the appearance of the Redan and Sebastopol a day or two after the assault:—

Let the reader, he said, fancy huge grey a bank of earth running angularly over the summit of a broken slope, and fronted by a vast ditch some eighteen feet wide by more than half that number deep—let them pierce this with gabioned embankments at intervals of some three yards, and mentally picture these bristling with the black muzzles of 68-pounders, and their idea of the outside front of this celebrated work will be sufficiently complete. My first entry into the interior, on the morning after its abandonment, was made by a bridge of broken fascines and gabions, laid hastily over the dead bodies that had just been gathered into the ditch for burial, which has since been done by levelling over them a portion of the parapet above. The ghastly piles nearly filled the vast trench to a level with the outer surface, and the thin covering of earth which now conceals them from view barely falls below the summit of the low bank in front. What first struck one in passing up the cut made by our sappers through the broad parapet, was the unusual solidity and strength of this last—averaging thirty or thirty-five feet along its entire front. On such a solid mass of gabions, fascines, sandbags, and earth I need hardly say that artillery of even the heaviest calibre could have no sensible effect; 68 or 98 pound shot might enter, but they could not penetrate. Compared with this massive structure of mud and wickerwork, the thickest of our own or the French works is as paper to a deal board. Then within—besides the great superiority of their mantlets—strong open curtains hung across the embankments to shelter the gunners from the besiegers' riflemen. You admire the cover provided for their artillerymen when not actually working the guns, in little retreats proof against any but the very heaviest splinters of shell. But these, again, are nothing when compared with the shot and shell proof chambers for the shelter of larger bodies of troops, which abound throughout the work. I dived into several of these half subterranean waiting-rooms, and found many of them fitted up with fire-places, cooking conveniences, benches, and other suitable furniture; whilst in others of smaller dimensions and which had evidently been occupied by the officers, there were in addition beds, chairs, tables, and in some even handsomely glazed cupboards, containing empty wine bottles, and other traces of their occupant's regard for creature comforts. On a shelf in one of them I lighted on a cheap Farringdon-street reprint of "Paul Clifford," and an old copy of the *Illustrated News*—the latter with sundry engravings of scenes from the siege. Even more interesting than all these, however, were the inner abutting defences of the redoubt, of which we had previously heard and imagined so much. From the irregular order in which these occur, it is difficult to describe them in any way that will convey an accurate idea of their exact appearance and relation to the main work; but they may be generally mentioned as independent supports similarly armed and of nearly equal strength in construction to the front line of the redoubt, which stands to them, in fact, in the relation of a screen. Their guns, too, so thoroughly command the whole interior of the Redan that any assailing force which might have succeeded in forcing the outer battery would have been exposed to an inner fire as galling as, and more concentrated than, the first. The whole structure and arrangement of these inner defences, indeed, are such as to justify the belief that, had the redoubt been strenuously defended, no body of attacking troops that could have been brought against it would have had a chance of success. And the same system of rear defences extended down along nearly the whole curtain leading towards the Malakoff. The open behind the Redan, as I have already mentioned, presents a broken surface, literally ploughed up into narrow trenches by round shot, and honeycombed into small pits by exploded shell; I doubt if there be half a foot of square space within the whole enclosure on which one or other of these missiles has not fallen. The huge pits occasioned by the exploded mines complete the wrecked appearance of the spot, and give it in the last degree an aspect of ruin and desolation.

Passing down from the rear of the Redan, the path, which lies along what was once a handsome wall of chiselled stone—now knocked into a line of shattered masonry, leads to the first of the great series of government buildings which terminate down on the harbour, at the point at present covered by the ruins of Fort Paul. Concealed as they are from view from our trenches by the Redan hills, I was one of many who, till within the past five days, were utterly ignorant of the extent of the mischief which had been

done to these buildings by our fire. Shattered and riddled at all points, they seem the very type of architectural ruin. Only a degree better is the condition of the next range of buildings beyond; the terrible effects of shot and shell everywhere meet the eye, in shattered columns, levelled side-walls, and fallen roofs. Even in this extreme of desolation, however, enough remains to suggest how fine—almost grand—must have been the structures thus ruthlessly destroyed. The general character of these piles of buildings resembled in some degree that of the quadrangle of the Admiralty and other adjacent offices in Somerset-house. As the distance from the Redan increases, the injury done to the buildings becomes less in proportion, though, down to the very last of the series, opposite to where stood Fort Paul, the damage is considerable. Crossing one of the intervening esplanades, I rode through a wide gap made in the wall separating it from the buildings of the dockyard, and entered the road leading down to the series of basins and locks, of which, with the workshops, this great establishment is composed. Its low situation appears to have saved this extensive naval quarter from much of the injury which has fallen so destructively everywhere else, as only here and there are the marks of a shot or shell to be seen. The masonry of these splendid basins equalled, if not surpassed, both in finish and solidity, anything to be seen either in Portsmouth or Woolwich. In one of the largest of the locks lay the still smoking remains of a large war steamer, with the machinery, paddles, and other solid iron fittings standing all complete, though, of course, much damaged by the fire. Outside all these, and on the bank of the channel which opens into the creek, stood the charred remains of the huge shears, at which I had so often gazed from Cathcart's and the Picket-house Hills. Then came ruins of burnt and sunken boats, of all sizes, from a captain's gig to a fifty-ton lighter; and farther out in the creek still, the mast-heads of a sunken brig. The road then passes down the stone quay, flanked on one side by the waters of the creek, on the other by a continuous pile of lofty two storied buildings used apparently for all three purposes of public offices, naval stores, and hospitals. Here I found a party of the Land Transport Corps engaged in the loathsome duty of removing some four hundred Russian dead, some of whom had been found laid outside along the quay, and the remainder within the buildings. Of these last, a large number had been discovered in a vault under the building, piled up in rows, one on top of the other, and, judging from their state, they must have been dead at least nine or ten days. The officer in command of the party described the condition of these bodies as loathsome in the extreme. Of those found laid out on the ground floor of the building, two still breathed when they were first discovered, and a man who had accidentally strolled into the place, a day sooner than "the authorities," affirmed that he had counted twelve of them alive. Besides these, in another vault, some twenty or thirty bodies were found confined, some with the coffin-lids firmly screwed down, and others with them lying by the side of the dead; these were doubtless officers. The transport corps men were piling up the last load of corpses as I rode up; and certainly the sight and the smell were offensive to the last degree. From this point, some hundreds of yards down the quay, the bloodstained and noisome rags of those who had been already borne away, still remained; but they were to be forthwith piled up and burned. From the discovery of the longer dead, it is inferred that the wounded during the three days of the bombardment were carried hither, and here left to die; as every sign appeared of their wounds having received no attention whatever.

Towards the extremity of the quay is a new half-finished building of cut stone, of similar architectural character to the line of edifices along the front of which I had already passed. Even it, far removed as it is from the scene of action above, bore not a few traces of cannon shot, many a handsomely chiselled cornice and well-fitted joining having been shattered and displaced by a stray long-ranger. Nearly opposite this point, on the other side of the creek and within some hundred yards of the rear of Fort Nicholas, the French had mounted a mortar, and were then throwing shells at a working party employed in the construction of a fort on the north side. They made very pretty practice; sending nearly every other shell within, or close upon the new parapet, and inflicting evident detriment on those at work. The Russians replied with a few round shot, but without effect; and when I turned from viewing the pile of broken stones and mortar, which is all that remains to tell where stood the once handsome structure of Fort Paul, our allies were still pounding away. Besides blowing up the fort, the Russians had likewise burned several rows of small buildings in this neighborhood, and the fallen-in roofs of these were still smouldering as I rode along. Through the openings between these, as well as from the top of the ruins of Fort Paul, I had an unbroken view of the harbour, from its mouth at Fort Constantine to its termination at the embouchure of the Tchernaya. Close under Fort Paul, in about twenty feet of water, lay the remains of the burned ship whose destruction I reported some ten days ago; out further, about the middle of the harbour, appeared the mast-heads of the last sunken liners; and away beyond, under the opposite shore, was the burnt wreck of the long-famed Wladimir steamer, which, with the other steamers and remaining vessels, had been burned a few days before—the day after I last wrote. This final sacrifice of the last remains of their once proud Black Sea fleet was occasioned by our having, on Tuesday last, brought down a couple of guns from our advanced batteries to a point near the harbour, which commanded these few remaining vessels; our gunners put four shot into the hull of one of the steamers, which were replied to by a few shells, when, seeing that further defence was useless, the enemy consummated the destruction of their vessels by burning or sinking everything that remained, except a few insignificant barges, which are not worth a shot. Not less wreckful and desolate, in its own way, is the present aspect of this once crowded and navy-laden harbour than the most ruined quarter of the town itself. View the entire scene from whatever point you may; it seems as if a destroying curse had fallen upon and blasted the whole. Though nothing is to be seen in the shape of buildings on the north side, beyond the forts on the shore and some wooden huts scattered over the face of the slope, there is an extensive gathering of tents, and signs of great activity all over the enemy's new settlement. The width of the harbour is so inconsiderable, that all their movements can be seen readily with the naked eye. I returned to our lines by the quarter behind the Malakoff, and through that redoubt itself. I may