the United States Minister, but a feeling of justice compels me to make the most distinct contradiction to the slanderous reports as to his failing faculties, which, for some unworthy purpose, have been circulated here, and which, for aught I know, may be instigated by the Washington organ itself, ashamed that all the rest of the Pierce *personnel* being so scabby, one sound sheep should by accident have crept among them. It is hard enough to bear the afflictions that human flesh is heir to, but it is still harder when men would rob us of what the Almighty has thought fit to spare us. Through the chastenings of the body the mind is sometimes purified, enlightened and elevated, and a gentleman of peculiar discernment, who last night was engaged in a close conversation of two hours with Mr. Mason on the Dillon affair, assured me that he believed that that Minister's faculties never in his best days were so sound, healthy and acute as at present.

I enclose you Marshal Pelissier's and General Niel's despatches, published in this morning's *Moniteur*. They have much greater interest than the despatch sent by General Simpson, who has a good chance of being recalled.

The order for the attack on Malakoff was given at noon, and so enthusiastic was the movement of the French soldiers, that in an hour after the French eagles floated from three different points at the same moment. Malakoff being the grand resource of the Russians was defended with great courage and their loss must have been enormous. After the Malakoff had fallen, the attack on the Flag Staff and Central Bastions was made. These, however, were not taken at the time, but were afterwards abandoned by the Russians, as being no longer tenable after the loss of Malakoff. On entering the place, all the houses in the faubourg were found to be in complete ruins—the effect of our shot and shell. The ground inside the line of defence descends rather steeply, and it is at that spot that the town begins. At the bottom of the ravine are a small ditch and the boulevard, and then the regular wall built rendezvous begins. The Green House, which has been so far generally spoken of in the camp, is a very pretty chapel. By the side of it is the Bourse, a building with small columns, but not displaying any elegance. Nearly every time the French soldiers stopped at a house, an explosion was heard—for almost all the houses were on fire, and gunpowder was left in all. Several Russian soldiers who had remained in the batteries were taken prisoners, and, on being interrogated, said they had been paid to set fire to the mines. A corporal of the Foreign Legion took a man whom he recognized as having belonged to his company, but who had deserted some time before. While the French were marching on Malakoff, the English attacked the Great Redan. You know, says this French writer, for what the British army is so distinguished—that cool, impassable bravery which makes them advance against the fire of an enemy with the same steadiness as at a review. Nothing can be more astonishing than its firmness, and it produces an indescribable sensation to see so much calmness in the midst of a tempest of grape and shot. The English soon had the advantage over the enemy; but numerous reserves coming up, and a heavy fire of artillery being directed against them, they were compelled to abandon it, as we were the Little Redan.

With respect to negotiations, I have good authority for stating that the propositions submitted by Austria to the Western cabinets were so manifestly in favor of Russia that they were unanimously scouted. The semi *Constitutionnel* has accordingly come out with an article, which terminates thus:—

"But it is necessary, in order that such propositions may lead to negotiations, that they be presented under the form of preliminaries of peace, already consented to and signed by the Russian government, and offering almost a certainty of a definitive and satisfactory result. France and England, in fact, must not expose themselves to recommence the trial of the abortive efforts of the Conference of Vienna. That attempt at negotiation must recall recollections which must warn the public mind against anything which may either distantly or closely resemble an imitation of that conference, the name of which has become so unpopular with the English people that the British government could no longer lend itself to resume fresh negotiations for peace under the same form and in the same place. We therefore think that the mission of the conference of Vienna is finished, and that if future negotiations for peace are to be opened, they will do so at least in another manner and in another place."

Another body of English workmen, to the number of 350, passed through Paris yesterday, *en route* to Marseilles, to embark for Sebastopol. Their mission, and that of those who preceded them, is to build and repair the houses in that town, in order to form good winter quarters for the army.

BERTIE.

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1855.

Fall of Sebastopol and Stocks—Rise of Bread Prices—Murmurs—Diplomatists at the Te Deum—The Archbishop and the Emperor's Unborn Heir—An American Voice for Liberty of Speech at the Statistical Congress—Fourth Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor—Revival of Titles of Nobility—The Duke of Sebastopol.

The illumination by which the Parisians celebrated the capture of South Sebastopol, was so general, without distinction of party (the house of M. Thiers, for example, being as brightly lit up as that of his neighbor, M. Millaud), as to carry the memory back to the *fêtes* of the republic of 1848. Oddly enough, at first sight, however, the Bourse fell when the fall of Sebastopol was announced. The Bourse rose, you remember, when the result of the battle of Waterloo was made known at Paris—but this was easily explicable then. And the fall of the Bourse the other day, on receipt of news of a victory, may be accounted for without difficulty by the fact that every broker had long held orders—especially orders from the provinces—to sell out as soon as such news should arrive.

"Sebastopol has fallen," everybody said who met you last week, adding—"but stocks have fallen also, and bread has risen!" The fall at the Bourse was but temporary. But the price of bread has in effect been raised; and although it is quite probable that the highest notch has not yet been reached, yet the public have murmured so loudly and universally that the government, as you will see by the *Moniteur*, has again had to announce it does not neglect the old food question—*le gouvernement se préoccupe à juste titre à la question toujours si grave des subsistances.* Well it may. "This business of hungering," as Jean Paul called it, is a serious business, and rulers everywhere must take account of it.

The absence of the diplomatic representatives of several States—Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, and Wurtemburg—from the *Te Deum*, is explained simply enough by their absence from town. It really had no more political significance than the presence of the Ministers of Prussia, Austria, and the United States of America. The whole affair is considered by diplomatists as a mere matter of form—of etiquette. Both Prussia and Austria celebrated at St. Petersburg the first check of the allies before Malakoff. To-day they celebrated at Paris the success of the allies. "Hurrah for the victors!" is always and everywhere their cry.

Archbishop Sibour hurried in from the country, to officiate in person at the *Te Deum*. In his newborn imperialist zeal, this ex-republican sent himself to the *Constitutionnel* a copy of his discourse, in which he congratulated the Emperor in quite poetical style, on the prospect of domestic joys, which, in the midst of public triumphs is promised by the "interesting condition" of the Empress. The doctors of the church and of the Medical School do not seem to agree on this interesting point of conjecture. The Emperor has not manifested much gratitude to the Archbishop for his premature congratulations. The passage in question was published in the *Constitutionnel*, but its omission in the *Moniteur* is almost a negative official denial of the rumored pregnancy of her Majesty. *Qui vivra verra*—he that lives shall see.

The International Statistical Congress terminated their labors on Monday last by a visit to the Emperor in the morning, and to the Minister who had officiated as its President, in the evening.

On arriving in Paris the delegates to this Congress found a programme for the discussions already prepared in the bureaux of the French ministry. This was an excellent means of restricting debate, but was not at all agreeable to the Russian, English, and most of the foreign delegates, who had counted on something like serious work.

The Congress was divided into sections, which were nominally to present reports that, like the programme, had been, it is said, worked out in advance.

From one of the continental delegates I have heard of an interesting scene in one of these sections, where an attempt being made by an Austrian delegate to snuff out the light of inquiry, an American voice—that of George Sumner—was raised to vindicate the liberty of discussion and the rights of science.

In the early part of the session a member suggested the propriety of enlarging the ground of debate, so as to bring in as much information as possible bearing upon the subject. He was stopped by the presiding official, and the Austrian delegate, frightened as much as his French colleague at anything which looked like discussion, exclaimed, "Let us take the greatest care to keep strictly in the regions of pure statistics; let us beware of treading on the dangerous ground of political economy, or, worse still, of politics; let us (to sum up his remarks) look at a few columns of figures—say as little as possible—and go home."

George Sumner at once replied, that if this were all the object of the Congress it was hardly worth while to have convoked enlightened men from all parts of the world; that the science of statistics was the special science of the statesman; that mere groups of figures were of no use, except as furnishing the means of knowing what was to be reformed, and what was to be maintained—what institutions were useful, and what pernicious—that the collector of figures might not always see their bearing, but it was impossible that a congress which, like the present, was to indicate the special subjects desirable to have investigated, should not seek for all the aid political science and discussion by enlightened minds could offer.

"If not," continued Mr. Sumner, "if we are merely to adopt, without discussion, reports prepared beforehand for us, we shall resemble the ancient Parliament of Paris, convoked to register in silence the decrees of the King."

George Sumner may well have been one of those foreign speakers who are complimented by the Parisian journals as having surprised the Congress by the fluency and precision with which they spoke French. He certainly surprised his hearers by the boldness with which he uttered what he had to say. It must be difficult for my readers in the United States to conceive of the restrictions which are here imposed on liberty of speech, if, indeed, we can properly speak of restrictions on what has ceased to exist. Otherwise they would more fully understand why the remarks of Mr. Sumner are described as having fallen like a bomb-shell upon the officials. The more effective from the quiet dignity with which they were delivered, they were received with delight by all the foreign delegates present—except, of course, the Austrian—and also by all the unofficial Frenchmen, and the object of enlarged discussion was secured, at least for one day.

My German informant added to his account of this incident—"How much good an American has it in his power, by a single word, to do! for we all admitted none but an American would have dared, on this occasion, to defend liberty of speech."

It was rumored last evening, that the Emperor was shot at and wounded yesterday, at St. Cloud, by one of the Hundred Guards—the *Cent Gardes*. The *Moniteur* made this morning no allusion to this rumor; but it has been circulated quite extensively to-day, and a considerable fall at the Bourse has been attributed to it.

The *Messager de Bayonne* says that "it has been assured the marshal's staff will not be the only recompense of Gen. Pelissier. The intention of the Emperor to confer titles of nobility on his most faithful servants, has already been often spoken of. The title of Duke of Sebastopol should complete the recompense due to the head of the eastern army."

FIGARO.

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1855.

Public Sentiment with Regard to the Fall of Sebastopol as Evidenced by the Paris Bourse—Death of a Member of Louis the Sixteenth's Parliament—The Difficulty between Denmark and the United States—Affairs in Spain—The French Industrial Exhibition—Magnificent Present from Madam Erard to the Sufferers of the Army of the East.

A report that the Russian troops were retreating from Bakshiserai and Simpheropol to Perekop, which came from the *Times'* correspondent at Vienna, though having a certain influence in England, had none here. On the contrary, a strong opinion prevails in the best informed circles that the evacuation of the South side of Sebastopol was simply a part of a premeditated scheme, showing that the Russian commander-in-chief has no immediate intention of abandoning the Crimea, and that accordingly much strategical skill and renewed examples of determination and courage will be necessary ere the fruits of this victory will be fairly gathered.

Read the state of the money market of to-day at four o'clock, P. M., and see how exactly it tallies with this statement, remembering that the banners which commemorate the late victory still flutter on the public buildings, and that the clergy are everywhere exhorting the faithful to a general thanksgiving.

L. MURAT.

The Emperor left Paris yesterday for Rambouillet; Prince Jerome has gone to the Palace at Mendon, his son, Prince Napoleon has returned to Paris to resume his duties as President of the Universal Exhibition. Baron Sentier de Chaygené, the last member of the Parliament under Louis XVI. has just died at the age of 89. We, who had the pleasure of his friendship, have often spent many hours in endeavoring to extract from him anecdotes of his life and times, but his memory was too defective and his intelligence probably never of that high order which penetrates into the core of events to enable us to glean much from him. There is a kind of haziness in the perception of some persons which prevents the most startling events from making greater impression upon them than the ordinary occurrences of every day life. It is perfectly withering for one who has gloated over the record of the last sixty years, whose imagination has filled up all the blank parts of the canvass, and who carries about with him a miniature tableau which he is never weary of examining in light or in shadow, to stumble upon a living actor of the scene who simply wonders at your curiosity, and has nothing to give you in gratification of it. To have been a member of Louis the Sixteenth's Parliament—to have witnessed all the stormy days of the Bed of Justice—to be in Paris at his surveillance, his flight, his imprisonment, his execution, and all the horrors which preceded and followed that event—to have stood by at the resuscitation of a country drunk with the stimulant of revolution—to have heard its thunder at every gate in Europe, and seen an empire like that of Charlemagne springing from its vitals, and not be a very treasure-house for historical research, seems almost incomprehensible; but such instances are not unfrequent, and it is certain that events which stir the life-blood to read of in the page of history, from the rapidity with which they appear to succeed one another, do not always equally affect the contemporary. The striking features of a year are compressed into a single chapter—the mind is never suffered to pause in its breathless interest—affairs and personages march regularly to their climax with an unwavering step; there is nothing to cool one's ardor or curiosity—no oscillation—no special pleading to bewilder the understanding; but all is complete, satisfactory and logical as a perfectly distributed syllogism. Hence it is a consolation to know, that on the whole, the generation which follows has quite as much enjoyment in the record of excitable times as their fathers had in being eye witnesses of them, and that those hereafter who shall read of the life and times of Louis Napoleon—how he ventured again and again—how he failed, was mocked and laughed at—how he rose again, swept to the surface by the irresistible tide of events—how he grappled with difficulties, and finally outrode the hurricane, seizing by the throat the power that had been called the "winding-sheet" of his progenitor, will derive as much pleasure from the recital as ourselves, who have taken note of every cog as the wondrous wheel turned round.

A Danish journal states that in consequence of the misunderstanding which has arisen between the United States and Denmark, the latter has judged it expedient to send considerable reinforcements to the garrisons of the Danish colonies in the East Indies.

The Madrid journals of the 15th have arrived. The *Epoca* again insists on the opportuneness of Spain making an alliance with the Western Powers against Russia. The *Clamor Publico* confirms the statement already made that the proposed alliance will be the first question submitted to the Cortes by the government, on their re-assembling. It adds, that in the event of intervention being resolved on, the expedition to be sent against the Russians will be under General Zarald or General Prim. The changes made in the *personnel* of the royal household, in virtue of the new regulations, had not been so important as had been expected; the Duke de Bayten being retained as first major domo, and having been nominated keeper of Her Majesty's privy seal; the Duchess de Alba retaining the post of camaresa-mayor; M. Martin de los Heros, that of Intendant.

As the Universal Exhibition gradually approaches the term of its dissolution its attraction seems daily to increase. The swarms of foreigners, of English especially, that throng its corridors and "long withdrawing aisles," are prodigious, and we hear but one expression of unqualified admiration. It is impossible, indeed, for any description to do justice to the perfection which after dragging its "slow length along" this wonderful museum of industrial art has at length attained. And to the last the work of improvement goes on; fresh flowers are brought to bind the horns of the victim as its sacrifice draws nigh, and the holder of a season ticket cannot be absent three or four days without finding, on his return, fresh objects of interest. A disposition is evincing itself on the part of some of the French exposants to devote their articles for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of the East. Among the foremost of them is Madame Erard, widow of the celebrated pianomaker of that name, whose husband has lately died. The reader will, perhaps, remember, that we drew his attention some time ago, to a piano exhibited by M. Erard, the value of which was estimated at 25,000 francs. It was constructed after the fashion of the clavicle used in the time of Louis the Fifteenth, and ornamented with the most beautiful designs copied from the works of Watteau. Twelve thousand francs for the painting only had been paid by M. Erard, and from the elaborate finish and exquisite coloring of the work, there is no reason to suppose the artist had been overpaid. These beautiful tableaux are painted in medallions over the lid and sides of the piano, the body of which is pale green, profusely gilded. The general appearance is that of an instrument the case of which is of Sevres porcelain. The mechanical part is in the highest style of Erardian manufacture, and its tones, as elicited occasionally by some brilliant performer, sent to the exhibition for the purpose, have brought down rapturous applause from the crowds assembled round it. Well, this beautiful instrument has been presented to Prince Napoleon, President of the Universal Exhibition, with the following touching letter from Madame Erard, given in the *Moniteur* of this morning:—

"Monseigneur—In order to contribute to the *soulagement* of the army of the East, I request your acceptance of a grand piano, in the style of Louis XV., ornamented with paintings and gilded bronze, which among other articles of my exhibition, is placed in the transept of the Palais de l'Industrie. However beautiful this instrument may be, Monseigneur, the last regret of my husband was, that it should not be more worthy of the noble purpose for which he destined it."

The Exhibition is, however, being turned to great practical benefit by the French government. Comparisons founded upon close inspection and the most careful research are being made between the products of England and France, generally resulting in a feeling of self-satisfaction that the time has come when, with a more enlightened policy, France has little to fear from her former rival. In this morning's *Moniteur* is a most elaborate comparison of the lace made by machinery at Nottingham and at Calais, by which it is shown that, notwithstanding the secret of this fabric was only borrowed from England in 1819, when that country had long been in full possession of the trade and all its appliances, the manufactories of Calais and its environs are close treading upon the heels of its forerunner. England is still pre-eminent in cheapness, and in this case Nottingham sells a third less than Calais; but this is accounted for in some measure by the contempt which the English manufacturer shows for designs, for which the Calais manufacturer spares no expense. Everywhere it is the same. While Manchester and Bradford carry all before them in the woollen manufacture of alpaca, the beauty of the French designs is such that, though dearer by a third, the wealthy prefer purchasing them. The French nation takes heart of grace at these indications, and as no stone is left unturned by the Emperor, or by the *Journal des Débats*, to bring the French manufacturer fairly into competition with the markets of the world, on the principle of unrestricted commerce, the Paris Exhibition, though a commercial feature in a limited sense, may prove the starting point of a lasting commercial prosperity.

BERTIE.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

The Contemplated Change in the Italian Dynasty—Altering the Map of Europe—Italy Exchanged by Austria for the Danubian Principalities.

THE STATE OF ITALY.

[London correspondence of the Manchester Examiner.]

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In the meantime, some politicians are directing their attention to Germany, particularly Austria; and it seems to be the universal opinion that, whilst negotiations will probably be resumed at the end of the campaign, the allies will still find Austria but a slippery friend. In fact, not a soul out of Downing street feels any confidence in Austria's policy or Austria's engagements. Others are turning their thoughts to Italy, which, indeed, is gradually coming to the front in a way that promises to make that peninsula exceedingly prominent in the events of the age. "The Italian question" is by degrees superseding the Eastern question in popular interest, in every respect except the operations of the war. Italy is clearly "drifting" towards a crisis, in spite of the efforts of all the powers to avoid it. One symptom of it has just broken out. The foreign booksellers here, or some of them, have within the last few days been exposing in their windows a supply of rather a curious pamphlet, printed in Genoa, which clearly indicates which way the wind is blowing with respect to the misgoverned kingdom of Naples. The *brochure* is by some anonymous writer, evidently a man of position, whose object is to turn the Bourbons out of Naples, and to make Italy too hot for them to remain in it. Its title is, "The Italian Question, or Murat and the Bourbons." After having said a good deal about Italy, liberty, independence, and so on, the writer draws a powerful comparison between the Neapolitan government under Joachim Murat, and the Neapolitan government under the Bourbons, with respect to legislative administration, finance, the army, public works, the clergy, the magistracy, the cultivation of science and the arts, commerce and industry; and the conclusion he arrives at is, that the reign of Murat was a reign of progress, while that of the Bourbons is one of reaction. Under Murat everything went on well; under the Bourbons everything has gone bad. The author then puts forward Prince Lucien Murat, who is now residing in Paris, as holding exactly the same sentiments as his father in favor of Italy—as a partisan of liberty and democracy, and an enemy of the Jesuits. In fact, he is held forth as the only possible solution of the Italian question; and the pamphlet winds up all with the following letter from the Prince himself:—

MY DEAR NEPHEW—Since it appears to me, as to you, that I am the only possible solution, I feel myself interdicted from all initiative in it. *That man is foolish who considers that he has only to be born upon the steps of the throne, in order to inherit the crown; and who considers the heritage of a whole people his own property, just as he would the inheritance of a flock of sheep. Let Italy call me, and I shall be proud to serve her.* I will even add, that Italy shall not find any other who will serve her better than myself. Her enemies are my enemies; and there is a terrible account to settle between us. But if Italy should make another choice, I shall not the less be devoted to her, and in order to help her to succeed I will give to her the last drop of my blood. Happy that man who shall be the elect of Italy. His mission will be very easy. Remember, and also remind me of this truth, which, though old, is not the less excellent—*Noblesse oblige.* Ever yours,

L. MURAT.

It is to be observed that the writer makes no reference whatever to Piedmont, or to the house of Savoy. But in any scheme for the redemption and regeneration of Italy the alliance of Sardinia would be indispensable. Nor does the writer seem to have contemplated the possibility of any obstacles to his purpose arising out of what is called the revolutionary element.

THE FATE OF THE PRINCIPALITIES.

[From the London Chronicle, Sept. 10.]

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But the political interests which cluster round these fine provinces are even more important than those of a military nature. Our readers cannot fail to have noticed the circumstances mentioned by our Paris correspondent the other day, that the *Constitutionnel* had received an official caution for inserting a letter, the substance of which was, that the Austrians were detested in the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, which the tortuosities of diplomacy handed over to their protection. Not content with this official notification of the Imperial displeasure, the *Moniteur* has gone further—it has inserted an article in which it is stated, from authoritative sources, that the ill blood between the inhabitants and the Austrian garrison has been greatly exaggerated, and that the country is fast returning, under Austrian rule, to peace and prosperity. Other articles, evidently from official inspiration, appear from time to time both in English and French organs, all of which would indicate that the state of these provinces is beginning seriously to engage the attention of statesmen.

Wide apart as the two countries lie geographically, there does certainly appear to be some strange political connection between the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities and Italy. The affairs of both fill up every leisure moment which the minds of our rulers have to spare from the more pressing demands of the war; and their interests are, somehow, always brought up together. Whenever we see an article upon the affairs of Italy in certain of our contemporaries, we may be sure that a second article on the subject of the Principalities will not be long behind. There may be a difficulty in explaining this sequence in accordance with the natural course of things; but a reference to the past and new almost forgotten events of the revolutionary period of 1848 may perhaps afford a clue to the connection. At that period, when Austria was driven to extremities, and had lost almost altogether her grasp on Italy, she listened with much more calmness to a proposal for parting with her Lombard possessions, which it seemed then impossible she could keep, than she has ever done before or since. At that time it is well known a plan was under consideration, to which Austria gave a half consent, for transferring Lombardy to the Sardinian crown, seeking a recompense in the East for the loss which she would thus sustain in the West. The revolutionary mania spent itself, the weakness of Austria passed away, and with it passed the consideration of those proposals which up to that time were, to say the least, not rejected. Now, the course of the war again brings the desirableness of these changes under consideration. The state of Italy excites serious uneasiness, and no State is more aware than Austria that the whole arrangements in that Peninsula resemble a house of cards—if one be touched all fall into confusion. If a revolution were to break out in Naples, therefore, and the existing monarch seems bent in his madness on forcing his people into rebellion—it would extend over the whole country, and Austria, whose hold on Lombardy was compared by Prince Metternich to be, in the best of times, as insecure as a man who holds a wolf by the ear, would be involved in all the dangers which surrounded her in 1848, while she could not expect Russia to come a second time to the rescue. *It is supposed, therefore, that Austria would listen complacently to any plan which would honorably relieve her of the burden of governing a country so turbulent, while she would find a compensation in the extension and consolidation of her power towards the East and down the course of the Danube*, an object which would at the same time afford an opportunity to reward the King of Piedmont for the promptitude with which he has espoused and the fidelity with which he has maintained the cause of the Allies.

We are far from affirming that these are the schemes which at the present moment occupy the cabinets of Europe. But we do say they are schemes not unfamiliar to the minds of politicians, and that there are not wanting persons to urge that the principles on which they are founded should be carried into practical effect. Great difficulties are no doubt in the way. The first and most obvious is that the transfer of the Danubian provinces to Austria would be a violation of the principles on which the Allies took arms. The ostensible motive for which the sword was drawn was to prevent the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, and it would be difficult to reconcile that profession with any act which should withdraw from the rule of the Sultan two of his fairest provinces. It is argued, indeed, that the integrity of Turkey cannot be understood in the same sense as the phrase would be interpreted of any other European kingdom; because Turkey is an agglomeration of races, differing from each other in blood, in religion, in law, and in the bonds which attach them to the Turkish rule, from the hereditary Pacha of Egypt, whose subjection to his suzerain is little better than a name, to the Hospodars of the Principalities, whose sway is dependent on the pleasure of the Sultan, but is practically supreme while it lasts. It is said that the resolution to guarantee the independence of an empire so loosely knit together as this must be interpreted only in a large and liberal sense. We are not casuists enough to resolve the difficulty; but we are sure that the people of this country will insist on that interpretation which is most in accordance with honor and good faith. There is another reason against a premature arrangement of these grave matters. The partitions of States from merely political considerations seldom prove lasting. Unless the will of the people be consulted—and nothing is more likely to induce a highminded people to refuse their consent than the suspicion that they are to be disposed of according to the deliberations of foreign rulers—the immediate effect may be symmetrical and orderly, but, wanting all cohesion, the arrangements will speedily fall into confusion and decay. While we cheerfully admit that it is the part of a great statesman to guide the movements which he seems to follow, we are also satisfied that it is empiricism, and not statesmanship, to precipitate events which are not ripe. The affairs of Europe are already complicated enough. The conduct of the war requires all our attention. In managing that, our statesmen will find that they have enough on their hands. The concerns of the Principalities can afford to wait.

The Great Assault on Sebastopol.

[From the London Times, Sept. 29.]

In order to form a correct military estimate of the gigantic efforts which brought to a glorious termination the siege of Sebastopol, recourse must be had to the able report of General Niel, who has commanded the engineering department of the French army since the death of General Bizot, and to the second report of Marshal Pelissier, which resumes in a very complete and lucid manner the incidents of the combined assault and the general history of this extraordinary siege. To borrow at once the concluding passage of this report:—

"Thus," says the Marshal, "terminated this memorable siege, during which the relieving army was twice beaten in the open field, and the means of defence and attack of which had assumed colossal proportions. The besieging army had in its different attacks about 800 guns mounted, which fired more than 1,000,000 rounds, and our approaches, dug during 336 days, of open trenches through a rocky ground, to an extent of 86 kilometres, (54 English miles,) were made under the constant fire of the place and with incessant combats by day and night."

During the siege we employed no less than 80,000 gabions, 60,000 fascines, and nearly 1,000,000 earth bags. The most remarkable sieges in history have hardly ever attained to more than a tenth of these extraordinary proportions. Nor are the results of the casualties of the army less extraordinary. The final combined assault cost the French army no less than 7,551 men killed, wounded, and missing; the British loss on the same day was 2,447, so that the total loss of the allied armies amounts to not less than 10,000 men on this dreadful occasion. But if to this number of victims be added the large losses sustained by both armies at Balaklava, at Inkermann, at the attack of the 18th of June, and at the battle of the Tchernaya, besides the constant drain of men by sorties and in the trenches, which exceeded latterly 100 men a day, we conceive that the losses sustained by the besieging forces under fire cannot be less than 30,000 men, and probably surpass that number; to these must be added the still more unhappy victims of disease and privations, who were at one time swept away more rapidly than by the sword of the enemy. We are probably far below the truth in estimating these losses at 20,000 for the allies, which would raise our total loss to 50,000, and, only assuming the Russians not to have lost more than we have done, though it is likely that they have lost two men for every one of the allies, it may be said that not less than 100,000 human beings have been slain, struck down by disease, or wounded in the attack and defence of Sebastopol.

The termination of this frightful slaughter and of these exertions, which overwrought all the powers of human nature, is in itself a blessing not inferior to the success we have gained; and in the thanksgivings which will be poured forth on Sunday next to the Almighty Giver of all Victory this thought will predominate in every Christian heart over the contending emotions of this dearly-bought triumph, that by the blessing of God this most fierce and sanguinary act of the great drama is at length ended.

Marshal Pelissier's report gives us a full and accurate statement of the enormous means by which these results have been attained. On the French works, the approaches on the left had been advanced to within 30 or 40 yards of the Flagstaff and Central Bastions, and to within 25 yards of the salient of the Malakoff Redoubt and the Little Redan.

The French artillery had constructed 100 batteries, perfectly served, and presenting 350 guns on the left and 250 on the right attack. The English engineers had been unable, from the rocky nature of the ridge on which the Great Redan was planted, to advance nearer than 200 yards from that work. Gen. Harry Jones had, however, brought no less than 200 English guns to bear on this point of the fortifications only. One of the consequences of the advantageous proximity of the French to the works they were about to storm was that the explosion of the mines which gave the signal of the attack blew in a part of the counterscarp, and showed the men they had little to fear from the Russian counter-mines. At the distance at which the head of the English sap was still placed no such effect could be produced.

The French left attack against the Central and Flagstaff Bastions, under General de Salles, was organized with as much care and with forces as large as any other part of the operations of the day. Six regiments of the line were told off for the attack on the Central Bastion and five for that on the Flagstaff, besides General Cialdini's Sardinian Brigade; 12 more regiments were brought up to act as a reserve on this point only, so that the left attack must have been made by 10,000 men, supported by 10,000 fresh troops. Nevertheless, this attack failed, from causes somewhat similar to those which led to the defeat of the British attack on the Redan. The Russians retreated behind traverses within the work and behind the Innette, from which they kept up a fire of grape and musketry, which baffled the assailants and at last drove them back to their tranches.

Marshal Pelissier had, however, reserved the flower of the French army for the attack on the Malakhoff, under the command of General McMahon and General Bosquet; it was there that the Zouaves and the Chasseurs were principally engaged, and it is said that about 30,000 men were brought into the trenches by instalments of one-third at a time to act against the Malakhoff and the Little Redan. These troops were carefully provided with everything they could require in their desperate enterprise—trenching tools, spikes, and materials to complete the occupation of the great work, or rather citadel, they were about to attack. The hill of Malakhoff was surrounded by works which had assumed the form and strength of a regular pentagonal fortress, of about the same extent as the Citadel of Antwerp, intersected by every kind of earthwork, and garrisoned by about 3,000 men.

The ditch surrounding it was eighteen feet deep, the scarp eighteen feet high, so that the defences to be scaled were thirty-six feet from the bottom; and similar works were repeated within the first *enceinte*. With incredible rapidity and energy the French troops swept over these tremendous obstacles, overpowered the garrison, and then held the work for four hours against the repeated efforts of the Russians to recover the position. No greater or more difficult exploit is recorded in the annals of war, and the immense loss sustained by our brave allies proves by what desperate efforts this advantage was gained. Marshal Pelissier relates the action in the most becoming terms, for his language is entirely free from exaggeration, and he writes as a man impressed with the solemnity of the contest he had just witnessed.

Many of those most dear to himself, and especially his favorite aid-de-camp, Colonel Cassaigne, fell in the assault, and it is to the honor of that stern chief of the French army that, in committing the remains of these brave men to the grave on the following day, he showed the deepest emotion at the great and deplorable losses sustained by his troops. The final assault of Sebastopol has cost the allied armies 10,000 men, but its success has saved the lives of 20,000 more; for the continuance of the siege through another winter, to be followed by fresh attacks in the spring, would undoubtedly have exposed the allied armies to the toils and losses from which it is now happily relieved.

The movements, or intended movements, of the allied forces since the occupation of Sebastopol still remain extremely obscure, and several incidents have occurred which we are unable to explain. It is positively stated by some of the Eastern journals that upon Prince Gortschakoff's hoisting a white flag from Fort Constantine, a communication took place with the enemy, and that Captain Drummond was afterwards sent to confer personally with the Russian Commander-in-Chief. It is also asserted by the Austrian official papers that considerable bodies of French troops have been sent to Eupatoria, which would appear to indicate the expectation of operations on the rear of the Russian army. The statement that the works and dock basins of Sebastopol were immediately to be destroyed is unquestionably incorrect, for on this point the Generals now occupying the town doubtless referred to their respective governments, to determine the course of policy to be pursued. With reference to the occupation of the harbor of Sebastopol by any part of the allied fleet, the fire from the northern forts might, of course, render the entrance of our vessels dangerous; but this is not the greatest obstacle. The harbor now contains the remains of more than 50 sunken vessels, including 18 sail of the line and many frigates and steamers; and it must be long before the navigation or anchorage can be rendered practicable or secure. On all these points, however, we must wait for more recent information, for the intelligence we have received only brings us down to the moment when the allies felt themselves in full possession of their conquest.

The Defeat of the English at the Redan—The Recall of Gen. Simpson Demanded.

[From the London Times, Sept. 29.]

The honor of England must be preserved at any cost to personal feelings. The safety of the brave men she has sent out must be a consideration superior to all notions of delicacy. Why should we not speak plainly what has been passing in the minds of men of all classes during the last few days? When the telegraph sent the first news of the fall of Sebastopol, the words "Our attack on the Redan did not succeed" prepared the public for some misfortune, and mingled a gloom with its rejoicing. A few hours more made known a loss of officers as great as at Inkermann, and many a household had to mourn a member struck down in a conflict which it knew was not a victory. Then, for a long fortnight the nation awaited with deep anxiety the arrival of details.

The official despatch came at last, brought by an officer of the Staff, as if such a narrative as it contained must insure the bearer's reward. It will be seen by last night's *Gazette* that Major Curzon has received the reward for his Job's tidings. *General Simpson's is yet to come, and, if we are correctly informed, the government are in some perplexity as to its nature. We can tell them. He deserves recall.* How meagre, how obscure that despatch was, will be testified by all who read it. But what it contained and what it omitted led to the same conclusion. *The British army had been beaten, and beaten, it was reasonable to suppose, through the incapacity of the General who could send home such a despatch on such an occasion.* Two days more elapsed, and the full truth was told. The calamity was deeper, darker, more humiliating, than even the most desponding had feared. The story of that terrible day, related at such length, and with such power, in these columns, has been read in every corner of the British islands, and, translated into many languages, is now before our friends and foes all over Europe. What has been the feeling of the public during the last two days, let each man judge for himself. Let him also consider whether it is a time to keep silence. A comparison of Gen. Simpson's account of the attack with that given by our correspondent will show how far the commander-in-chief was informed of what actually took place. It may be that British military custom requires a bald, unadorned style, and that a general's despatch is to be considered analagous to a royal speech. The full and interesting narratives of Marshal Pelissier and General Niel show, however, that our allies have not arrived at this rigidity of etiquette; and even the Horse Guards must admit that a general's brevity ought not to excuse important omissions, and that a despatch may be dignified without being unintelligible. The British General led every one to believe that only 1,500 were engaged at first at the Redan, and states positively that these were "supported to the utmost." Of Colonel Windham's repeated messages for help, of his personal return and interview with Sir Edward Codrington, of his permission to take the Royals, and of the unhappy rout which made this meagre assistance too late to be of any use, the Commander-in-Chief does not breathe a word. The assertion that the assaulting party was supported to the utmost we know to be at variance with the fact. The number of men engaged is not stated clearly, nor is an approximate calculation of the loss given. Even of the duration of the contest the General is ignorant. He says it was maintained for "nearly an hour."

We learn from our correspondent and from general testimony that it lasted for nearly two hours. It is strange that a Commander-in-Chief, with all his advantages, should be in error as to facts which strangers and civilians could easily ascertain. The Hon. Leicester Curzon, the bearer of this obscure and inaccurate despatch, is recommended to Lord Panmure as capable of giving more minute details than the General's self-imposed limits will allow. But, if the assistant military Secretary had any opportunity of learning the true history of that fatal fight, we doubt not that his narrative will convince the Secretary of War of the valueless nature of the document he brought.

Why is General Simpson thus brief and erroneous in his communications? There is but one answer—he was ignorant of what passed, or desirous to conceal it. We believe the former. How should he be aware of the scenes enacted in the Redan? He sat in a trench, with his nose and eyes just facing the cold and dust, and his cloak drawn up over his head to protect him against both. He makes arrangements which cause every one to exclaim, "This is another 18th of June;" he chooses the assaulting column from the second and light divisions, for the preposterous reason that they had been so often and so desperately engaged; and when the moment is come that these regiments—remnants of new levies, and with hardly one man in twenty who had fought at the Alma—are to advance to the deadly contest, he is content to go and sit motionless in a ditch. An unsupported colonel fights the battle. We have a glimpse of a general of division, but it is only as bewildered and irresolute, and telling his subordinate that, "if they were of any use, he might take the Royals." But we will enter no further into this shameful history. Examples of heroism were not wanting, and that they may have ther reward we earnestly hope. But to Gen. Simpson's opinins of individual merit the public will attach little importance. He will, of course, be unable sufficiently to express his approbation of all generals of division, while his warmest thanks will be due to every member of his own staff. But the men who died on that fatal day, or will bring home wounds and mutilations as a sore remembrance of it, must be honored by their country through information from other sources.

There can be no doubt of the discontent and anger which reign among the troops. Officers and men have lost all confidence in their chief, and the only difference is, that the private proclaims his opinion with more open vehemence. The incapable commander who has brought on England this last disaster cannot force his soldiers to look with envy on those gallant deeds of their ally to which their own defeat serves as a foil, but he can oppress them with feelings of deep humiliation, of bitter resentment, of hopeless despondency. As long as he shall lead them there will be the conviction that the day of battle is likely to be anything but the day of victory. Now, too, are approaching those operations in the field which are the test of generalship. Will the man who could not attack with common skill a position with which he had been for months acquainted be capable of combinations and manœuvres on on new and ever-changing ground?

The conclusion is not difficult. It is the duty of government to make arrangements for relieving General Simpson of the post he holds. It is generally understood that the present Commander-in-Chief accepted his appointment with reluctance. This does not, indeed, excuse him from all responsibility for subsequent failure, for no solicitations of a Minister ought to overcome the resistance which is honestly founded on a sense of incapacity. But the knowledge that his was only the minor fault of an irresolute refusal must soften the judgment of the country. Any honor or reward which his services may claim, or the position in which he has been placed renders seemly, will be grudged by no one, but let him no longer command our troops in chief. A French Commander-in-Chief, under somewhat similar circumstances, has been in this very campaign superseded, and he returned with true devotion and an admirable spirit to the command of his division.

We will not suggest any course to General Simpson or his advisers, but the nation must immediately look to the government to provide the army in the East with a general who commands its confidence and is likely to retain it.

It cannot be too often repeated that our army requires a younger man. A statesman in either house, a lawyer on the bench, even an admiral in his comfortable first rate, may preserve his efficiency until an advanced age, for he is not under the necessity of bodily fatigue. But the commander of an army in the field must have physical strength not only for sedentary toil, but for riding, walking, bearing wind; rain and cold, together with all the personal