EUROPE.

THE HERALD'S WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Progress of the Siege of Montmedy.

Sedan as It Appeared After the Capitulation.

Enthusiasm of the French for the Republic.

The Burning of Bazeilles by the Prussians.

Facts, Incidents and Anecdotes of the War.

THE SIEGE OF MONTMEDY.

The Progress of the Siege—The Belgian Frontier—A Companion on the Road—Meeting a Prussian Outpost—Stopped by the Guard—Two Hours at the Outposts.

PORT ST. HUBERT, Sept. 22, 1870.

After despatching on Sunday morning my regular letter to you I started off with the determination to try and see something of the siege of Montmedy. It is curious to remark that, although the gallant garrison shut up in this little fort has made one of the most plucky resistances known in the history of war, very little notice has been taken of their bravery either in the French or English papers. Not that for the last two months it has been my luck to see much of either one or the other. Newspapers during war times, when all means of communication with the outward world are more or less closed, come few and far between to those who are following the operations of an army. But so far as it has been my luck to see now and again a stray London or Paris paper, I have hardly seen mentioned in one of them anything connected with the defence which the garrison of Montmedy is making against the enemy.

My route from Bouillon led me along the Belgium frontier, and within its limits, as far as Florenville, and thence to Virton. At the latter place, which is also within the Belgian frontier, and some twelve American miles from Montmedy, the sound of big guns could be heard quite plainly. It seems that both the Prussian troops besieging the place and the French force that is inside the citadel have determined to economize their powder; for it was only now and then, at intervals of perhaps five minutes between each, that we could hear the booming of large ordnance, which was invariably followed by the sound of a smaller gun. The latter, as we afterwards learned, was the reply sent forth by the French garrison after each shot from the enemy outside. But that the firing on both sides was pretty continual may be judged from the following fact:—Even as far off as Virton, which is twelve miles from Montmedy, the air is filled with floating cartridge paper, which is slowly borne up on the wind whenever the latter blows from the direction of the besieged town. This, so the inhabitants of Virton tell me, has been going on for the last twenty days, and when the cannonade was at its heaviest the quantity of paper blown into the town used to invade even the rooms of the houses when the windows were left open.

To obtain a guide from Virton to Montmedy was a simple impossibility. By means of a respectable bribe I got a man who went with me as far as the frontier of France, which is about a league and a half from Montmedy, but not one step further would he go. However, fortune so favored me that I fell in with a priest—a Jesuit belonging to the convent of his order at Arlon—who was going to try and get into Montmedy, where he had, as he said, not a little work cut out for him in looking after the spiritual wants of the garrison; and in the course of my many wanderings over the globe I must say that I never met with a better travelling companion than this worthy father, who, in physical strength, was well cut out for a grenadier, and had been a missionary in the East Indies for many year. He was by birth a German, a native of the Rhenish provinces, but spoke French like a native; and the fact of his being able to talk to the Prussians in their native tongue made me not a little confident that we should be able to get at any rate a permit to see what was going on at the siege. I hired a carriage at Virton, that took us as far as the frontier, but not one step further would the driver go, although he promised to remain for us two days, when, if not shot by the Prussians, we promised faithfully to make our appearance and take him back to Virton.

From the frontier village, or hamlet, called Torgny the road descends gradually to the valley of the Meuse, the eastern or southeastern outlet of which is guarded by Montmedy. But just as we came in sight of the town, and when still a league from it, we tumbled upon a Prussian outpost of forty men, commanded by a captain, and were at once stopped by the advanced sentry, who took us at once to his chief. The latter asked to look at our papers, was exceedingly civil—he spoke English, I may observe, perfectly well—but said that his orders were most peremptory, and that he could allow no one whatever, upon no pretense or mission, to pass toward the town of Montmedy. I showed him a pass I had from the officer commanding at Sedan, and a note from the same functionary requesting any Prussian commander I came across to be of whatever service he could to me. The captain said he was very sorry, but that he could not allow us to pass, a though he would send one of his men down to the camp to the commander and ask him whether we might be admitted—i to see the siege operations and my companion to go on to Montmedy. In the meantime he offered to take us to a little hill near his post, where, with the help of a good field glass, we could see all that was going on upon one side, at any rate, of the town. We accepted the offer, and set off at once, a soldier being sent off at the same time to the camp, there to show our papers to the commandant, and ask leave for us to see what was going on at the siege. But, in point of fact, to call what was going on at Montmedy a siege would be somewhat of a misnomer. The Prussians are no doubt blockading the place, and from time to time they enter a kind of lively protest against the French garrison holding out against them by firing a few shots out of heavy guns against the fortress. When this takes place the French reply to the cannonade by an equal number of shots, and from time to time change the programme by sending a few shells on their invaders. But active proceedings on either side appear to have been discontinued. The Prussians have not carried on the trenches which they began to make at first, and the French have ceased to issue out of the fortress against the enemy. The Prussians say they will soon starve out the French; whereas the latter attest that they can get provisions from outside without the Prussians being at all the wiser. And this I believe to be the case. It would hardly be fair to indicate in point now the French manage to get out of and into Montmedy, but there is no doubt that they do so in small parties, and that they manage, or have managed hitherto, to keep themselves pretty well supplied with the actual necessaries of life. The Prussians seem very anxious to take the place, and one of their officers told me in confidence that before many hours were over Montmedy would be taken by assault. It is, therefore, far from impossible that ere this letter is printed the place will have changed masters. Still it must be admitted that the French hold out wonderfully behind stone walls. If they had done half so well in the field as they have at Strasbourg, at Metz, at Toul, at Montmedy and at Bitche the results of the campaign might have been different from what they now are. And the most curious part of the affair is that each and every one of these garrisons now holding out so valiantly, and, I will add, so scientifically, against the enemy has been made up, so to speak, of the shakings of the army. In Strasbourg there is but one regular regiment of the line; the rest of the garrison consists of depots of regiments, of recruits that have never been drilled, of Guard Mobile, and chiefly of the débris of MacMahon's army. When the latter was defeated at Woerth a great number of the fugitives took refuge in Strasbourg, and have remained there ever since, where they have become the bravest of the brave in the defence of the place. Metz, I grant, is an exception to the rule. There the garrison is entirely composed of the regular army corps of Bazaine and Canrobert. But at Toul, at Montmedy and at Bitche the defenders are all stray soldiers, of various regiments and of different arms, who have somehow or other found their way into certain fortresses and are doing their best to defend the same. At Bitche (so I have been told by a soldier who managed to get out of that citadel with a letter for MacMahon) there are hardly two men in the garrison who wear the same uniform.

In about an hour (after we had plenty of time to see as well as we could at a distance all that was going on) the messenger sent to the commander of the blockading force returned, bringing a verbal answer to the captain of the outpost. The General said that he was extremely sorry, but that it was against all the rules of war to allow strangers, no matter who they might be, into the camp of an army that was blockading a town or fortress, and that therefore we must excuse him if he forbade us coming any nearer. We might remain, so he said, a couple of hours at the outposts, but not longer, and after that we must go our way. To this, of course, there could be no reply. As to the Jesuit Fathers' request to enter the town of Montmedy, he said that it could only be granted upon a request made by the officer commanding the garrison, and that even then it would not be listened to unless in the case that there was no other priest in Montmedy who could administer spiritual consolation to the men of the besieged garrison. I was, however, glad to learn that the day after I left Montmedy the request of my fellow traveller had been granted, and that he had been allowed to enter the fort, merely pledging his word of honor that he carried no letters into the garrison and that he would bring none out of it when he came away.

I remained the full time of two hours, as allowed to do, at the outpost. No one could be more civil than was the captain commanding the company. He spoke English perfectly, and told me that he had, when the American war was going on, obtained leave of absence, and spent twelve months with the federal army, having been present at the taking of Richmond. They have not many luxuries or comforts during the campaign in the Prussian army. The dinner of the three officers at the outpost consisted of some cold ham, a few boiled potatoes and a bottle of very indifferent beer. They had all three been present at the battle of Sedan, and were quite confident that if Paris was really besieged by their army the end would be a complete triumph for the cause of Prussia. And yet, although feeling certain of success, they were not in any way overbearing in their manner. To me, when the captain spoke in English, he certainly was not complimentary to the generals of the French army; but I noticed that when he spoke in French to the Jesuit priest—which he did perhaps because I could not follow with ease a conversation in German—he was moderate and cautious in what he said, although the reverend gentlemen was, like himself, a subject of the King of Prussia.

When the two hours were up I was careful to be the first to say that I must go. The captain gave me a corporal to conduct me a few furlongs on my road, which I had to go alone, as the priest went another way to a village at some little distance to the south. At Torny, the frontier village, I found the carriage I had left there, the driver evidently regarding me as a man who had risen from the grave. At Virton, where I slept for the night, it was discovered that one of the horses was dead lame, and the greater part of the next day was lost in looking for a conveyance which, after all, could not be procured for love or money. It so happened, however, that a Belgian gentleman going on to Poix, which ought to be called Poix St. Hubert, offered me a seat in his gig, and from that place I have come on to Recogne, a small village, about two miles from the railway station at Libermont, where I shall to-morrow get a train to Brussels.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

Sufferings and Trials of Newspaper Correspondents—Visit to Sedan—Escape of French Troops from Metz—Sedan in a State of Siege—The Debris of MacMahon's Army—Enthusiasm for the Republic—Tribulations of a French Journalist—Tourists at Sedan—The Burning of Bazeilles.

BOUILLON, Sept. 17, 1870.

In company with two other veterans of the pen I have just returned from a two days' trip to Sedan and the other towns upon the Meuse. This is the fifth, and I hope the last, time I have had to visit the scenes of the great fight on the 1st September. In common with the other correspondents of the press in these parts, I look upon a good night's rest as invaluable, and the same is a blessing far more easily attainable in Belgium than in France at the present time. The sound of trumpets, bugles and drums during your first sleep; the having to arise from your bed, grope in the dark for your clothes and rush out in the cold to see what is the matter, is a kind of entertainment of which I am not fond, and of which I have had more than enough since I left Paris two months ago. I have had to fly from incoming Prussians some six or seven times during the campaign, and would rather, save when duty really obliged me to be present at these routes, sleep in a place where I felt sure my repose would not be disturbed. This is why the three or four American and English newspaper correspondents now on the frontier always try to get back into Belgium when they have seen all that is to be seen in the valley of the Meuse. Some of us go to Florenville, others to Bouillon and one or two to Virton, whenever we want either to write or to be at rest. In fact, it would be possible to compose letters in France at the present time, but utterly impossible to send them, for all the regular post offices are shut up and the Prussians allow no one to send letters through what they call their "field post" unless he has special letters of recommendation to their superior officers, which I have not, having hitherto been a follower of the French army. The Belgian men do not—at any rate, not for the present—attempt to cut each other's throats, according to the rules and regulations of civilized war, and there, if an individual has fair health and a good conscience, he can reckon upon a sound night's sleep.

My late—and, as I believe, my last, for other scenes await my presence—visit to Sedan was occasioned by a rumor which was very generally believed throughout the country the day before yesterday. I allude to the report which I sent you by telegram to the effect that Bazaine had broken away from Metz, and was marching via Sedan to Paris. In confirmation of this wonderful news the whole remaining population of Sedan and the neighborhood seemed to be on the move into Belgium. For this exodus several reasons were given, the chief, of course, being that the Prussians at Sedan had done this, that or the other to the hurt or injury of the inhabitants. The night of the 16th passed away without any sound of firing from the neighborhood of Sedan, and the day before yesterday I got over the eight miles between this and the said fortress before seven o'clock A. M.

VISIT TO SEDAN.

The result of my journey has been that I shall for the future, so long as I am on the warpath on this land, follow the good old rule, and believe half what I see and nothing of what I hear. I had been told that a large body of French troops were to be seen with a good telescope bivouacked between Montmedy and Stinay. I went there, and not a single man was to be seen. I had been assured that Sedan itself was in a terrible state, that the Prussian commandant had ordered the gates to be shut, that the Mayor was a prisoner, and that typhus fever was raging owing to the numerous unburied bodies in the streets. I found the place a great deal cleaner than London, the Prussian soldiers quite as civil to the natives and far more sober than our own guardsmen; and on going to see that terrible Turk, the Prussian commandant, I was introduced to as polite a little gentleman as ever it was my lot to meet, who, as he came out of his office, was handing a dole of charity to a French beggar. The shopkeepers of Sedan are buying and selling, fleecing and cheating their conquerors, and deploring all the time their very hard fate. The master of the Hotel de la Croix d'Or moaningly told me that he was a ruined man, and in order to comfort himself charged my companion and myself twelve francs for two small hanks of meat, with a few potatoes and a bottle of what in London we should call "Shilling Gladstone." His house is full from morning to night. He has a pull upon all travellers; for he gives them what he likes and charges them what he choses. But upon the Prussian officers he has two pulls. He not only charges them the prices of the Grand Hotel in Paris for food such as you would hardly give to a favorite dog, but he also makes matters pleasant (for himself, be it understood) in the exchange of their money. They pay him in Prussian money, which he takes at a trifling discount of fifty per cent, and he sends it through Belgium to Germany, where he pays for his Rhenish wine with it at full value. The Prussian great, big, good-tempered fellows know they are cheated, but not being given to accounts they can't exactly say to what extent, and so they laugh and put up with the swindle. On the whole, I rather think that my friend of the Croix d'Or is making a good deal more money than he did before the war broke out, or even before Sedan changed hands and became a Prussian garrison. As to bread, meat and the necessaries of life, they are really—unless you go to the Croix d'Or for your meals—very little dearer than before the war broke out, and only a shade higher than they are in Belgium, while, *per contra*, the people all cash and charge far more than they did before the Prussians occupied the place. Of course I except the unfortunate work men and women, of whom there have been in Sedan alone at least two thousand thrown out of employment. These poor people, mostly Belgians, have left France and returned to their native villages, where they are more or less starving with hunger and utterly homeless. The charity of England might with great propriety be invoked in their aid; but their employers, the mill owners of Sedan, who make the best broadcloth in France, ought really to show an example and accept matters as they now are as well as they can—make, in short, the best of a bad job and work their mills as well as they can, at any rate for short hours.

FRENCH TROOPS ESCAPE FROM METZ.

Although the story of Bazaine having forced his road through the Prussians around Metz was untrue, there is, I now find, more foundation for the tale. A band of between 4,000 and 5,000 French troops of all arms have reached the open ground on the Meuse, and have passed up towards Paris. At first I was under the impression that these must have been prisoners escaped from the Prussians, but last night I picked up on the road near Mouzon a sword-belt and a rifle sling, both of which were stamped with the mark of the Imperial Guard and both of which had been quite recently flung away. Now, as we all know the Imperial Guard is intact at Metz, or at least has only lost men in and around that fortress, I am led to believe there must be with this flying column some portion of Canrobert's corps. It seems that these French troops now going northward march by night and remain in the woods by day, and that they carry with them their arms and ammunition besides rations upon each man's back. The fact of their being still armed proves that they have not been prisoners, and as they carry their own rations they must still be under some kind of discipline. They have no guns—so the peasants who have seen them report—no cavalry, and are pushing on at a great pace and keeping as close as they can to the Belgian frontier, much in the same way that a hunted fox will hug the edge of the gorse until he sees a chance of getting clear away into the open country. So far as I can discover only two men of this mysterious force have lagged behind, at any rate in the valley of the Meuse. One of these is a soldier of the Sixty-second, the other a corporal of the Fifteenth chasseurs à pied. Both of these corps were in Bazaine's army, the former in the division Montaudon and the brigade Aymard, the latter in the division Castagny and the brigade Cambriels. This would indicate that the force has really broken out of Metz. But, on the other hand, both the men say—so it has been reported to me, for I have not been able to see them—that they were prisoners, but had given the Prussians the slip. How then about their arms?

SEDAN IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

It seems that on Thursday, the day I sent you the telegram about Bazaine's reported movement, the story was fully believed in Sedan, even by the Prussian military authorities, and I have good reason to surmise that they know now more than they care to tell. But although the garrison did not turn the people out of the town they placed it in a state of siege, as the placards that I saw on the walls yesterday proclaimed in German and French. This put the inhabitants in a fright, and they at once fled beyond the Belgian frontier, taking with them all they could carry in the shape of their household goods. Another incident tended greatly to increase the panic of the populace. The commandant was ed to see the mayor of the place upon business. The latter was delayed in coming and the commandant ordered him to be sent for again. The offic r entrusted with the duty very needlessly and very foolishly marched him through the town between two files of soldiers. The people, of course, saw this, and with all the reverence Frenchmen have for *les autorités*, were horrified. They at once concluded that their chief magistrate was about to be shot, and this was a double reason why they should leave Sedan. Their reasoning went no further than to demonstrate that if the mayor of the town is marched through the town as a prisoner to the office of the commandant, the chances are he will be shot; and if he is to be shot, then the inhabitants will be shot also. Therefore it was that connecting this line of reasoning with the reported advance of Bazaine from Metz, first one, then another, then a dozen, followed by a couple of score of the inhabitants determined to move off bag and baggage into Belgium. Nothing is more catching than a panic, and hence it was that the road from Sedan to Bouillon was, on Thursday and Friday, covered for miles with carts full of people flying to where they considered themselves safe.

HUMILIATION OF FRANCE.

The French have no doubt undergone a very great, and even terrible national humiliation; but, as yet, they have not learned to "take their punishment like men." They cannot understand, and can hardly believe, that they have been conquered; and even now their pride forbids them to bow to the conqueror. This of course greatly annoys the Prussians, and makes them all the more determined to humiliate their enemy in the bitter end. On the other hand, the Prussians, too, are very much to blame. They are bent upon crushing, not only the military, but the civil life out of France. They are determined not only to conquer the legions that Napoleon took into the field, but also to stamp out the trade, the industry and the very life of this people. We are told by Solomon that "a kind word turneth away wrath," but the Prussians seem determined to increase the wrath of those they have conquered by worrying them in every possible manner. As is the case in every quarrel, both sides are greatly in fault, but I cannot help thinking that if the Prussians would only do as the federals in America did after the great civil war, and forgive as well as forget the past, the difficulty would far sooner be brought to a peaceable solution. After all it is hard that every Frenchman should be made to feel the horrors of a war which he was not instrumental in bringing about. The French are an easily vexed and an easily pleased people. I am quite sure that if the Prussians would but treat them with a little less arrogance we should soon see this war at an end. But it is utterly impossible that a permanent peace can be insured if the French have to give up Alsace and Lorraine. No one who has lived among them, and who knows their national spirit and great pride, can for a moment think they will submit to such a humiliation. They may be made to do this; they may be forced to agree to what they are not in a position to dispute. But as it will only be under protest, and with the determination to reform their military system, and reconquer what they have lost. In both Alsace and Lorraine the very name of Prussia is hated. Before these provinces become peaceable subjects of Prussia the whole of the present population must be utterly stamped out. In Prussia—I don't mean the talking frothy politicians of Berlin coffee houses, but the real sound thinking men of the German nation—prepared to do this? And if she is, will Europe stand by with folded arms and see these provinces turned into another Poland? The very aim and end of the war has changed. It was commenced by Prussia against Napoleon; it is carried on—or will be if the giving up of these provinces is insisted upon—by a despotic government against a republic.

When at Sedan yesterday I happened to call upon a wounded Prussian officer whom I had known some years ago in London. While I was there a French gentleman from Epernay came in. The conversation turned upon the march of the Prince Royal towards Paris, and to illustrate what he told us the Prussian officer took out a case of maps, from which he selected one. These maps were of uniform size, as stiff as pasteboard, and all—there were about two dozen of them—fitted into a case which was perhaps ten inches by five. Each map represented part—only part—of a French province, and was drawn on the scale of about three inches to a league—that is three American miles. Of their minuteness and correctness you may form some idea when I mention that the gentleman from Epernay found upon the map shown him the position and the names of even small farms that he knew well in his own district, marked and named. All these maps are drawn in the Military Engineering Department at Berlin, and have been long ago made out for every part of France. It is to be wondered at if an army thus prepared should gain the day? So far as forethought and care were concerned, the French were no more to be compared with the Prussians than young children could be with grown up men. They now acknowledge this, and it is a thousand pities that Prussia will not behave more generously than she seems inclined to, towards a fallen and a humiliated foe.

THE DEBRIS OF MACMAHON'S ARMY.

A French officer who is staying here on account of the very severe wounds he received at the battle of Sedan, has just sent for me to go over and see him where he is lodging. He has shown me a letter from his brother, an artillery officer whose regiment formed one of the unfortunate army under MacMahon, that surrendered on the 2d of this month. The letter is dated from Paris, on Wednesday last, the 14th, and the writer informs his brother that ten thousand men, with thirty pieces of cannon, from the débris of MacMahon's corps have reached the capital in safety. They took eleven days to get over about a hundred and fifty American miles. They marched in the greatest confusion, and swarmed over the country in small parties of two and three hundred each. But they held steadily in view the one only object of their march, which was to reach Paris—by any means and by every means, but to get there somehow. How they were fed on the road seems to have been a miracle. They were not commanded, for each man worked for himself. They were composed of all regiments and all arms; and all were mixed together in the most extraordinary manner. At Soissons—so the letter says, but I think it must be a mistake, for that place was in the hands of the Prussians on the 5th of this month—they found thirty thousand rations of bread and meat. Each man took three days' rations, and off they started again. They had several detours to make in order to avoid the enemy; but they managed, excepting the weak and sickly exceptions, to reach their destination and to reach it all about the same time. Here and there on the road they were joined by men who had left different army corps after various battles, so that their numbers increased rather than diminished on the line of march. One artillery, four infantry and two cavalry generals, whose names, I am sorry to say, are not mentioned, marched with them and reached Paris safely. The whole force got to their destination within twenty-four hours of each other. The writer—whose letter seems to have been one of the last sent out of the capital before its gates were closed—regards with no small triumph this feat of so many individuals, which, as he says truly enough, could not have been accomplished by any other soldiers in the world. He goes on to tell his brother how there is still a hope for France, because Paris will defend itself to the bitter end. He himself, a very young sub-lieutenant, formed part of the force that has got away, and records in triumph how out of ten guns in his battery seven have been taken to Paris in safety.

ENTHUSIASM FOR THE REPUBLIC.

If we are to judge from this there may yet be some chance for the honor of the French army being vindicated; but I put more stress upon the enthusiasm of the whole French people in favor of the republic than even in this triumph of the system that trains men to behave so well individually. This spirit is very plainly seen among the wounded officers and soldiers who are now in Sedan, in Givonne, in Douzy and in Belgium. One and all declare not only that nothing save the republic could ever have saved France, but that that republic will and must save her. And, what is more to the purpose, we have up here, within the Belgian frontier, opportunities of seeing numerous French civilians of all shades of political opinion. They are all of the same way of thinking for the present. They all say that, no matter what may be the form of government which France may select hereafter, that for the present the republic alone can inspire popular confidence. The sympathy in favor of the republic which has been expressed by the United States has also been the cause of great rejoicing in France; but I fear it has raised hopes which will not be realized. Almost every Frenchman firmly believes that America is quite ready to help this country, not only with a moral, but with an effective support. They argue that if she won't send an army she can send a fleet, and that such assistance will shame England, Russia and Austria into taking action in the cause of France. It is no use whatever arguing with them that the United States make it a rule never to interfere in European troubles beyond giving advice when asked. They have convinced themselves to the contrary, and will remain of that opinion, no matter who contradicts them.

TRIBULATIONS OF A FRENCH JOURNALIST.

During the present war the American, the English and the French public have heard a great deal concerning the troubles of special correspondents. Some have been arrested again and again, others have been turned out of camp, and many have been within an ace of losing their lives. But I don't remember any case that seems to have been so particularly unfortunate as that of a gentleman of the French press that I met at Rheims on the day when, in common with everybody else in that town, I had to make a rush for the railway—the last train that was to leave that fine old city—in order to get out of the way of the incoming Prussian army. The gentleman I allude to was sent out by the *Journal des Débats*, in order to watch the final operations in the field of MacMahon's army. He arrived at Rheims on the day I mention, and had to fly from the place two hours afterwards. He got to Rethel, and was there made a prisoner by the French. He was liberated next day, and was then made prisoner by the Prussians, who kept him on parole in the town of Rethel until the day of the battle of Sedan. Of that engagement he wrote a very long description, but his letter was lost on its way to Paris. This was enough for the unfortunate journalist, who passed through Itry a few days ago on his way to Paris, determined to give up the attempt of seeing anything of the war, and having made up his mind that he will do his best to be present at the siege of Paris.

TOURISTS AT SEDAN.

For the last fortnight the tide of tourists to the neighborhood of Sedan has been on the increase. As usual, our british friend outnumber the rest, and outdo them in extraordinary costumes. I saw yesterday an English lady walking over that portion of the battle field which is close to the road that runs between Sedan and Bazeille. She had on a velveteen "walking costume;" her head was ornamented with what I believe must be the largest chignon ever devised by human hair dresser, and in her hand she carried a child's lance, ornamented with the white flag and red cross of the Swiss Convention. Whether she imagined that there was still an enemy on the field, and that this flag could save her from being made prisoner, I cannot say. But it is really too bad to see the use that this distinctive mark is being put to. Every loafer who comes out to see the seat of war thinks he has a right to wear the badge that ought to be confined exclusively to those who belong to the ambulances and attend upon the wounded. There are, besides the well-to-do British, German, French and American tourists, hordes of vagabonds, who come here for what purpose Heaven only knows. They are seemingly the scourings of the Belgian, Rhine and North of France cities. Where they get the money to pay for the journey is another mystery, for they all seem in utter want. But come they do, giving out that they are going to assist the wounded, and wearing the insignia of those who really do come for that purpose. At one time most of these vagabonds used to give out that they were special correspondents of newspapers. That little game I very soon managed to spoil for them. One of them, who could not speak a word of English, boasted one day at Florenville, that he had been sent out by the New York *Tribune*. The knaves present believed him, but I challenged him to show a single paper of any sort that would establish what he said, or to write half a page of English. Of course he could do neither, and the landlord, seeing he was an impostor (the fellow turned out afterwards to have been a waiter discharged from a hotel at Cologne), at my suggestion turned him out of the hotel. It was well he did so, for this impostor took refuge in a cafe, where he could not next morning muster half a dollar to pay for his bed and breakfast.

THE BURNING OF BAZEILLE.

I have now, for the last time, I hope, gone over again the village of Bazeille, which was so ruthlessly burned by the Bavarian troops on the day of the battle of Sedan, and which is a standing evidence of the infamous spirit which rules in the army of the invading troops. I now find that the houses of this unfortunate town were deliberately fired, one after another, after the French army had surrendered, making the devilish deed all the more cruel and cowardly. The town contained 2,800 inhabitants. These poor people are, one and all, left utterly homeless. As for the houses, there is not one in which you could tell where any single room stood. A brother correspondent compared the place, the other day, to the ruins of Pompeii, at the foot of Vesuvius. But I think that the town of Dheir-el-Kammar, in Mount Lebanon, when burned down, in 1860, by the Druses, is a still better comparison. An English general officer was present yesterday looking on at the ruin, and I quite agreed with him when he said that no such deed of infamous, cowardly cruelty has ever disgraced the war of any Christian nation. Even the Prussians and Bavarians admit—nay, they openly avow and boast, that the town was not fired by shells, but was deliberately set fire to, house after house, by superior order. An English barrister—a leading man at the Chancery bar in London—who was also present, said that it was a disgrace to the British press that not a single paper had denounced this brutal act of vandalism as it deserved. The excuse given for the barbarity is that the people of the village fired upon the Prussian troops. I am in a position to state, upon the most positive evidence, that this is false, utterly false—a Prussian lie, retailed by the agents of prints that have been bought by Bismarck, and in the face of the civilized world I am ready to prove the truth of what I say. The only men of Bazeille who had arms were those belonging to the Garde Mobile and the Garde Nationale. These were ordered by their military superior, the general commanding at Sedan, to defend their village if the Prussians advanced. They did so, but not until the French infantry came into the place, got into the houses and resisted the enemy to the utmost. The village was taken and retaken three times. The Bavarians were repulsed and beaten back twice with heavy loss. This it was that made them furious, and caused them, not in the heat of action, but next day, after the army of MacMahon had surrendered, to commit this cowardly act of vengeance, by which hundreds of people, whose only crime was that they were French men and women, were rendered beggars. I hope that thousands of tourists will come and see this burned down town. I hope that the church, of which only the four walls stand, will rouse throughout the Christian world a cry by which it will be shown that not even the great united German nation can violate with impunity the laws of God and man. I do not believe that in the wars of the most barbarous people on earth a more deliberate and devilish act of cruelty was ever perpetrated. I trust many Americans will visit this spot, and will write full accounts of what they see; and I am quite sure that if they do—if they could only go over the scene, hear the tales of the unfortunate people who will have to pass the coming winter, God only knows where and how—they will say with me that the blackened ruins of Bazeille call for the vengeance of Heaven upon the cowardly hounds who perpetrated this diabolical barbarity. Ample as are the columns of the HERALD, I could fill every one of them with thoroughly well authenticated tales of the misery endured by the people of this place, and of the hellish cruelty of the savages who thus wreaked their vengeance upon them. And mark, I beg of you, that this was not done in the heat of action by an infuriated soldiery, but deliberately and by order of the superior officers, after the French army had capitulated. From house to house fatigue parties, under officers, went in regular order, and after each house was thoroughly pillaged it was then set fire to. If the fire went out the work was resumed again. And while this devilish labor was going on—while the few inhabitants who had remained in the place were shot in cold blood—the Bavarian bands of military music played in mockery the French national air, the "Marseillaise." After this let those who think they will be listened to preach that Alsace and Lorraine ought to be given up to the invaders of France; or let those who have read of these horrors wonder if the French people have resolved rather to perish than to allow Paris to be taken by the Prussians.

Something ought to be done by both the American and the English nation to relieve the people of Bazeille, and to assist them in building their homes again. I would suggest that a committee of both countries should be formed at Brussels or Spa, and that subscriptions in aid of this object should be sent to the British or the United States Minister at the former place. What is done, however, to help these unfortunate people, ought to be done at once. To get their houses built before the winter sets in would be impossible; but food, bedding and clothing might be provided and arrangements made so that with the spring the building of the town might be commenced. Not only would this charity save hundreds from perishing, but it would also mark the detestation with that the Anglo-Saxon race holds all acts of barbarism. I was glad to see yesterday that even the Prussian officers seem ashamed of the Bazeille business, and say that is perfectly true that it was the act of the Bavarian corps and its leaders. And I am quite certain that no man would condemn such wicked cruelty more than the Prince Royal, the heir to the Prussian crown.

Emile Olivier's Hotel—Where the Emperor Breakfasted and Slept—A Dingy Concern—The French Wounded Soldiers—Curious Ideas Regarding the Care of Horses—French Prisoners Who Have Escaped.

RECOGNE, Sept. 22, 1870.

The inn at this place will long be celebrated as the house in which the Emperor breakfasted upon the second day of his captivity, the name of the landlord, by a curious coincidence, being Emile Olivier. And I will certainly do the latter worthy Belgian the justice of saying that his hotel is no common one, for it is about as dirty a habitation as Europe could show, even including the many vile holes I have had to sleep in during the present campaign. Hearing that I was an Englishman, Monsieur Olivier did me the honor to come out and greet me, offering me as a great compliment the room to sleep in where his Majesty the late Emperor of the French washed his hands and reposed himself while breakfast was getting ready. I am in the room, and write this letter from it; but I am bound to say that it is, to use the mildest term, the reverse of either clean or comfortable. Moreover, I have not even the honor of having it to myself, for it contains no less than three beds, in one of which is a French priest, who snores as surely never man snored before, and in the other a German doctor, who has not washed himself, I should say, for several years. The village of Recogne is a mere hamlet, but as it contains the only house in the shape of an inn or hotel near the railway station of Libermont it has a good many visitors, particularly at the present time, when vast quantities of stores are being sent into Belgium, and across that country into France, for the use of the wounded. Convoys of the latter, to the number of 600 and 1,000 a day, have also been through this part of the country on their way, if French, to the ambulances established at Namur, Liege, Brussels and Ghent; if Prussians, on their way back to Germany. But, notwithstanding the great care now being shown them, there is too great reason to fear that the loss of life on both sides has been far greater than was at first believed. The most distressing part of this fearful war seems to be the uncertainty that reigns with regard to the fate of so many thousands of individuals.

There is to-night in this hotel the Prince de Sahagun, a French nobleman, who has, however, many connections, friends and relatives in the German army. He has been upwards of ten days trying to find out what has become of his brother-in-law, Baron Stolberg, an officer in the Prussian hussars, but without success. The Baron was known to have been shot in the neck at the battle of Sedan and to have been obliged to retire from the field. He has been traced to one of the ambulances near Donchery, and thence as far as La Chapel, a small village on the French frontier, between Sedan and Bouillon. He was seen and spoken to by a soldier of his own regiment within the Belgian frontier, and said that he was on his way to Bouillon. But he never arrived there, nor has he been heard of at any of the villages on the frontier. As regards the Prussian army, Baron Stolberg's case is perhaps an exceptional one, at any rate as regards an officer of rank. But among the French troops there are thousands of similar instances, in which the fate of even generals and colonels is as yet uncertain. I met one poor lady at Virton yesterday, who had tried to gain some information about her husband in every place where his regiment had left a wounded man, from Wissembourg to Sedan. It was only after nearly a month's fruitless search that, through the kindness of a Prussian officer, she found that her husband was a prisoner in Bavaria. The French have certainly a wonderful way of not doing things in order. To this day they have no lists made up of who were wounded, or who were killed or who were taken prisoners. At Paris scores of officers and men who were supposed to be killed are turning up every day; and as to a correct list of those who really did fall during the campaign, that will be made up at the day of judgment, out not before. What would have become of the French wounded had it not been for the succour afforded by the International Society goodness only knows. Their army seems to have taken the field as utterly unready to do anything for those that fell as it is possible to imagine. They had a few surgeons, but not nearly enough; and as for the means of moving their wounded, it would have sufficed for a sham fight at Chalons, and even would have been too little for that.

But it seems all of a piece with what they have done from first to last. Never did an army take the field so utterly unprovided with everything it wanted, except arms and ammunition, as did the French. You may recollect how, in one of my last letters from Strasbourg, before a shot had been fired on the frontier, I pointed out the great inferiority of the French to the Prussian artillery. Not only was this the case as regards the guns, but especially so as respects the horses. Every man who has ever owned horses knows that they ought never to be left a single day in the stables without exercise, and that, if not wanted for actual work, they ought to be ridden out gently by the grooms for at least an hour daily. The English, Prussian, Austrian, and in every other army except the French, artillery and cavalry horses, on such days as they are not at drill, are walked out for at least an hour and a half by the men who have charge of them. But I can safely assert that during the time MacMahon's army was at Strasbourg, although there were at least 15,000 horses in the camp, they were never once taken from their pickets, except to drink. Of course, when the time for hard work and exertion arrived, these animals were found to be worth nothing, and hence the real reason why the French artillery could never move their guns rapidly to either front or rear, and could never get them out of the way when a retreat was necessary. But Frenchmen have certainly curious ideas about the management of horses. I remember General Michael, who commanded the brigade of heavy cavalry, consisting of the Eighth and Ninth cuirassiers, in MacMahon's army, arguing with me that troop horses would be in far better health if they were never cleaned. And yet this officer had been all his life—or, at least, all his professional life—a cavalry officer, and had commanded some of the smartest cavalry regiments in the French army. Like but too many of his colleagues, General Michael took for granted that whatever was done in Algeria must be right; and because the Arabs of the desert left their horses uncleaned by brush or currycomb, he believed that all horses ought to be similarly treated.

Before leaving this part of the country and the neighboring frontier it may not be uninteresting to note upon the vast numbers of French prisoners who have escaped from the Prussians and are now on their way to various parts of France. I am assured upon good authority that of the 90,000 prisoners taken when Sedan capitulated at least a third have got away and are now making the best of their way to France, through Belgium; and this number might have been greatly increased had not the Parisian newspapers, with their usual irrepressible impulsiveness, talked not merely of the number that had escaped but also of the way in which these escapes had been effected. Of course the whole tale of escaped prisoners has rolled through Belgium, and would have been very much greater had it not been talked about, or rather written about and boasted of in the French press. And now, having nothing better to write about, these journalistic patriots are busy telling the world at large where Paris is most vulnerable and what steps are being taken to have the various defects in the fortifications rectified. Well may the Prussian officers laugh and declare that so long as they can obtain a Parisian newspaper they have no need of a single spy within the capital of France.

VOICE OF THE EUROPEAN PRESS.

Facts, Incidents, Anecdotes, Personalia, &c.

The *North German Corresponden'*, dating Berlin, September 21, publishes the following appeal of the Crown Prince to the people of Germany:—

The signal victories of our army have opened up to the German people the prospect of a glorious peace. On the battle fields of France Germany has awakened to the proud consciousness of her might and her unity, and this great gain—consecrated by the blood of many thousands of our warriors—will, we trust, retain its cementing influence for ever in our country. But the enthusiastic exultation of the last few weeks has been alloyed with deep sorrow and mourning. Much of the flower of our youth, many of the leaders of our army have paid the price of victory with their blood; still larger is the number of those who are hindered by wounds, or the almost superhuman exertions they have made in the field, from henceforth earning their livelihood unassisted. The families of the slain and the living victims of the war have the first claim on the gratitude of the nation. Whoever has shared in the excitement of the struggle, and hopes that a new and happy era of peace will succeed the rising of the whole nation in its strength, whoever humbly recognizes in our triumph and the defeat of our enemies the judgment of God, should now prove the sincerity of his convictions by helping to succor the disabled soldiers of our national army and their families.

The State itself, however liberally it may dispense the means at its disposal, is unable to provide for the great number of invalids and those dependent on them. State assistance can at best furnish only bare necessities; its action must be limited by general regulations, and it can take no cognizance of the special wants of individuals.

Voluntary aid will be largely required, for the losses, like the successes of this great contest, are immense. As the present war has created a universal German army, in which the sons of all our German stems emulate each other in heroism, the care of the invalids and the helpless whom the war bequeaths us, shall be a common concern of Germany, and one in which North and South will equally take part.

Former experience has shown that to contribute money generously is not everything. It is no less necessary to distribute the funds both wisely and with a humane regard to exceptional circumstances; and at the same time care must be taken to stimulate, not to remove incentives to industry, so that the relief afforded may become a real benefit and blessing to the recipient.

It is therefore highly desirable that local and district associations should be everywh