

The others whispered together for a minute, when one of them turned to Cormac, and told him that a messenger would be dispatched at once to bring Mr. Milliken; but if he could not be had, and there were some doubts regarding that, they hoped the young man would reconsider his determination, and make known his business. These were not times when a person might intrude himself, although he was possessed of a pass-word, and learn anything transpiring at such meetings as the present.

They presumed that "it was all right" with the young man; but he himself knew he was a stranger among them, and if he were what they all believed him to be, he would readily consent to make known his mission, or, at least, a part of it, so as to convince them that they were right in admitting him.

Cormac felt there was some good reason in all this. He was guarded in all his acts, and why should they not be the same?

Yes; he was quite agreeable to their proposal.

A messenger was then sent for Mr. Milliken. He had not been more than a few minutes gone, when the sound of footsteps were heard approaching the door. The light was quietly extinguished, and Cormac thought he could distinguish a movement, as if those present were secretly retiring, either into some other apartment, or leaving the house by some secret door.

This had the reverse tendency of assuring him that he was yet in safe quarters. In a few seconds, however, he was delighted to hear the sound of McCracken's voice. The light was suddenly restored, and Cormac beheld his friend engaged in a hearty hand-shaking with all present.

On recognizing Cormac, McCracken was instantly beside him, inquiring after his health, and how matters were proceeding about Antrim and Randalstown.

Cormac was not long making known to him the nature of his business.

Judge of McCracken's astonishment, at hearing from Cormac a confirmation of the news he had just received not half an hour ago.

McCracken immediately made known to all present what he had just learned. "But my astonishment to find that our young friend here, was the cause whereby Mackenzie was made prisoner," said McCracken, "almost overwhelms me."

The men sprang from their seats, and jostled each other in their anxiety to get hold of Cormac's hand.

From doubts and doubting, there immediately sprang hearty congratulations and praises of the intrepidity of Cormac.

The latter detailed his fears and anxieties since he entered, much to the enjoyment of all present; while the members of the company were nothing backward in detailing theirs; and some of them even went so far as to tell Cormac the plans they were revolving in their minds to make Cormac either confess the nature of his business, or force him to an involuntary stay beyond his inclinations.

Just then the messenger returned in company with Mr. Milliken; and if Cormac stood high in the estimation of those present since the arrival of McCracken, he stood higher still since Mr. Milliken saw him.

The latter informed Cormac, that, owing to new arrangements concerning Antrim, the removal of Mackenzie was of the utmost importance.

CHAPTER XXI.—PETER MULLAN'S COURTSHIP—LOVE MATTERS CONDUCTED IN A BUSINESS-LIKE FASHION—HOW PAT DOLAN SETTLED A DISPUTE.

"I'm no stranger, proud and gay, To win thee from thy home away, And find thee, for a distant day, A theme for wasting sighs."

Mike Glinty informed Peter Mullan of the distracted state of mind in which Peggy Dolan was plunged on receipt of the news that he and her father were taken prisoners by Mackenzie.

"Poor girl," said Peter. "Pip-pip-poor boy," said Mike; "I-I-I have nin-nin-nobody to gig-gig-go crazy about me. nin-nin-no Pip-Pip-Peggy to s-s-scream and ring-g-g her ha-hu-hands."

"Yes you have, my brave fellow," said Peggy's mother, who was passing where Peter and Mike were speaking outside. "Won't you come in, Mike, and you too, Peter," she said. "There's no one within, but Peggy."

Peter and Mike both entered. "Your fif-fif-father wasn't long a prisoner," said Mike; "nin-nin-nor Peter Mullan either," he added, addressing Peggy.

"No, Mike; thanks to Cormac and John, they were speedily and unexpectedly released."

"Thanks tit-tit-to Cormac and John!" Mike sneeringly repeated. "And who-o-o run-n-a like fif-fif-fire and the devil, to tell Cormac and John?" he asked.

"Quite right, Mike, quite right," said Peggy's mother. "Had it not been for your pair of speedy heels, the whole of them would have been, by this time, in a worse place than that occupied by Mackenzie."

Peggy and Peter agreed that Mike was the chief cause of the rescue; and the poor fellow, always keenly alive to his own merits, felt delighted at this recognition of his services.

"It is a long time, I suppose," said Peggy, addressing Peter Mullan, "since you saw Miss O'Hara?"

"Who, Bridgid?" said Peter. "No; not very long. She is stopping, I believe, with Kate O'Neill and her uncle."

"Yes; I heard that. Then you're not as regular a visitor there as when she was stopping at home at her father's?"

"Regular visitor!" said Peter, with the least degree of astonishment. "I don't think I ever was twice in the house."

"Oh, indeed! I thought I heard some one say that you and she were very intimate," said Peggy.

"It is the first time I ever heard that said," replied Peter. "What led you to think so?" he inquired.

"I didn't think anything about it. I only

say, that I heard that Mr. Mullan and Miss O'Hara were of very intimate terms."

"Oh! I see, I see," exclaimed Peter, laughing; "very likely, indeed. But you forget there are two of that name, Peggy."

"No," said the girl, "I don't forget anything of the kind; but I always thought it was you, Peter, and, indeed, I wondered at it, for Miss O'Hara condescended to speak of you rather slightly at one time."

"When?" eagerly inquired the young man. "I am not very sure, now," was the answer; "but I believe it was shortly after the time I saw you at Antrim fair."

"Quite so; I remember it right well," said Peter, laughing heartily. "I left you and your father, you remember, behind me, and hurried on homeward."

"Yes; that is the very time," said Peggy. "I overtook Bridgid, and very kindly asked her to take a seat in the cart. She was evidently displeased at something; and what do you think, but I believed her to be quite jealous of you that very night, Peggy."

"Dear me! how in all the world could she be jealous of me, Peter? I'm sure she never had any cause."

"Not the slightest, I know; but I just happened, in answer to her inquiry of what detained me, to say that I had been kept behind a little, speaking to you and your father," said Peter.

"And surely that couldn't have annoyed her?"

"Not at all," replied Peter, still laughing at the recollection of the mistake that occurred on that evening, when Bridgid believed she was in company with John.

Peter rehearsed the whole circumstance, and Peggy listened with evident pleasure to the recital, not in the least displeased at Peter thinking of Bridgid's jealousy when he mentioned Peggy's name.

What small things please us at some time of our lives. Peter was long anxious to get on intimate terms with Peggy Dolan; and, especially since that evening, when, in presence of her father, he kindly drank to her "very good health," and hoped, when she married, her choice would fall on a young fellow worthy of her.

Probably Peter never uttered five words in all his life that partook of so much gallantry. Peggy's kind glances were the inspiring cause, and, as his opportunities in that way had been very limited, so, in like manner, his tongue was seldom eloquent.

Even yet he was not quite sure of his position toward Peggy, but the freeness of her speech gave him great hope that he was not altogether unacceptable to her.

As for Peggy, she had long since harbored some sort of a not unpleasant feeling toward Peter. She could not exactly explain what it was, but she found herself often indulging in it, and wondering why she did so.

Yet this pair of young people would not, for any consideration, have made known to each other the workings of their own hearts, each dreading that a want of reciprocity might thereby become known, and so destroy the day-dreams in which they loved to indulge.

When Peter drew his seat closer to Peggy's, she did not even attempt to forbid him the exercise of such familiarity. Gently sliding his arm around Peggy's waist, he looked right into the girl's eyes, and, after a pause, said: "Peggy, I love you!"

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the situation of Paris at the present moment very much resembles that of 1792, when Verdun had fallen, and the road to Paris was open. At that critical epoch Vergniaud presented himself before the National Assembly and presented these words:

"It appears that the plan of the enemy is to march straight upon the capital, leaving the strong places behind untouched. This plan will be their ruin. Our armies, though too weak to resist them, will be strong enough to harass their rear; and when they arrive pursued by our battalions, they will find themselves in the presence of the Parisian army drawn up in line of battle under the walls of the capital, enveloped on all sides, they will be devoured by the land they have profaned. Parisians, now is the time to display energy! Where are the spades and pickaxe which destroyed the altar of the Federation and levelled the Champ de Mars? I demand that the National Assembly set the example, and send a dozen commissioners, not to make speeches, but to dig and pick with their own hands."

MACMAHON'S GENERALSHIP.

Dr. Russell says:— Everything confirms the impression that the great battle of Woerth was an accident, and the belief gains ground that MacMahon, like Douay, had no idea of the force to which he was opposed when he attacked it. At the Prussian headquarters it was a surprise, and the outpost firing, which extended along the ridge over the Woerth rivulet (a few yards broad and a yard deep) was not considered serious till the French displayed a great line of artillery on the ridges and opened a furious cannonade. Their fighting at Nechwiller was grand. The Prussian Generals say they never witnessed anything more brilliant. At one time the French gained ground and got down on to the ridge on the left; but the main stress of the day was on a narrow front of some two and a half miles along the stream at each side of Woerth, and the final stand was made by Reichshofen and Nechwiller, from which the French retreated by several roads through a very difficult country, by Neiderbrunn, &c., on Bitsche. The old soldiers say that nothing in the hottest of the fighting at Koniggratz could at all compare with the fighting at Woerth. It is now four o'clock and a report is going about that MacMahon had only two divisions with him. If so, they have been sacrificed, causing an immense loss to the Prussians; it is true; but gaining no material benefit. They must have lost all their guns. The story is very improbable, although it is quite true, that the French were in far inferior numbers. Could MacMahon, too, have been involved in a battle so that he could not withdraw his men. He handled his troops beautifully, and a change of front under fire, when he retired his left and took up a new line for his guns, is spoken of with much admiration by his enemies.

THE FALLEN EMPEROR.

The London Post contends that the Imperial family of France has at this moment a title of no common kind to the good wishes and friendly estimation of Englishmen. That the Emperor, in governing a most impracticable and impulsive people, may have

committed some grave mistakes, is not denied; but who that remembers the France of 1848, and compares it with the France of the early part of 1870, cannot see the enormous strides in national prosperity which, under the rule of Napoleon III., the Empire has made? And if now his sun has gone down in cloud and storm, it is more owing to the force of circumstances than to any inherent defects in his own discharge of his exalted office. Had he retained the physical ability to lead the army as he led it at Solferino and Magenta, the King of Prussia and the Crown Prince might have found they had a different host to reckon with. Had he, on the other hand, retained the control of the administration at Paris as he once possessed it, he might have infused a spirit throughout France which would have been equal to the crisis. But Napoleonic traditions required that the Emperor should take the field, while the new Constitution required that the Cabinet should direct the domestic policy. Both were a equal to their work; the Emperor from bodily weakness; the Cabinet from political incapacity. While, then, we cannot but acquiesce in accomplished facts, we shall not do so without feeling strongly that England as well as France owes a debt of gratitude and of sympathy to the great man who now disappears from among the foremost of monarchs to the retirement of private life. Nor shall we confine our sympathy to him. The exalted lady whom he left as Regent in his absence cannot be forgotten. Her conduct throughout has been that of a true and high-souled woman. The good wishes of Englishmen follow her into retirement; and if, when events shall have made further progress, the Imperial family should resolve to settle in England, they will find here a reception which for genuine cordiality cannot be exceeded anywhere.

WILL PARIS HOLD OUT?—IS THE FRENCH CAPITAL WEAK OR STRONG?

It is certain that the fortifications of Paris were not constructed to meet any such emergency as the present. They were planned on the reasonable assumption that Paris would always have a large army outside her walls to harass the besiegers, and a large regular army inside to man the walls. But neither of these exist. All that is present is an enthusiastic populace, ill-armed, ill-trained, unused to act together, and such a force is difficult to manage, and leader still to rely on. Nor were the forts fitted for the warfare of the present day: they were contrived against the guns and assaults of twenty years since, and there have been incalculable changes since that time. And we believe, too, that the fortifications are not finished even according to their original pattern, imperfect as that was. Till this month nobody in their senses ever thought of such a calamity as the present, and no one therefore provided against it. To combat with those military and these economical difficulties would require a very strong Government. But it is impossible that the present Government can be strong. It is already divided against itself. General Trochu says, we are told, that there is no Republic, and unless a Constituent Assembly so decide, there shall be no Republic. Yet the Republic has been proclaimed, and has been received with acclamation at Paris, Lyons, and all the great French cities. Such a division between the military commander and the civil Government must in all cases weaken both. In this case it would peculiarly weaken them. A main question for discussion and decision is, which and how many of the populace you will arm, and on this a strong anti-republican and a strong republican are sure to differ critically. A large part of the lowest populace are believed to be republicans. A republican would wish to arm those, and an anti-republican would be afraid to do so. That General Trochu and the Government can long act together is unlikely, and to change the command of the troops at Paris must cause great danger, and might cause utter ruin. How can a Government like this solve the great problems before them? Can they hold back the innumerable Prussians without? On these grounds, we believe that almost certainly Paris can not be defended; probably no serious attempt will be made to defend it; that it will be taken almost at once by the Prussians; or that, without an effort at defence, peace must be made as soon as the Prussians arrive under the walls; and, in both cases, pretty much on the German terms. France, we believe, is conquered, and she must submit to the fate which she cannot alter.—From the Economist.

GENERAL TROUCH.

As far back as November, 1866, and before General Trochu had published his celebrated book on the French army, we printed a sketch of him by a highly qualified contributor, which we cannot do better than now reproduce.—General Trochu's want of sympathy with, or rather his general distaste to, the present order of things in France is so notorious that his nomination as a member of the French Commission on the Reorganization of the Army is at once an act of homage to his rare capacity and a proof that the Emperor can, when he chooses, subordinate personal feelings to high considerations. It was Marshal Bugeaud who recommended the authorities to place this officer, when still very young, in a post of command, and to give him the rank that brings with it responsibility. In one of his letters of recommendation to a high personage, his patron wrote, "Je vous envoie l'officier d'un maréchal." But the independence of Trochu's character and the bluntness of his speech have stood in the way of his advancement to the highest honours of his profession. When the Emperor one day was extolling the constitution and organization of the Ministère de la Guerre (and possibly contrasting it with the British War Office) he exclaimed, "C'est dommage que cet homme ne soit pas en service." On his return from the Crimea, he expressed much admiration for the regimental discipline of the English army in the field, comparing it with the destructive and marauding habits of the French troops, and when asked how he would propose to correct this licence, so natural to soldiers, he answered, "En les faisant vertueux." He had soon the opportunity of showing how far this assertion was neither paradoxical nor pedantic; for in the Italian war his division combined all the military qualities with a regard for the persons and properties of non-combatants hitherto unexampled. He began by degrading a non-commissioned officer to the ranks for insulting a peasant woman, and through the whole line of march the site of his encampment was always distinguished by the uninjured dwellings and the mulberry trees still clothed with vines green amid the fields of desolation. This power of restraining military disorder is especially valuable in the present temper of the French army. Two causes are operating to the damage of the traditionally amiable and friendly character of the French soldier. The first is the prominent position given to the Zouaves, and the infection of their rowdy and violent spirit. The other, and far more serious, is the recruitment of the old soldiers under the new law of conscription. These are generally men who have failed to establish themselves in civil life, and who re-enter the army with the worst habits and principles. It may have been the hope of the originators of this system that the veterans who returned to the service would infuse into the younger portion of it certain Imperial associations of which it was deficient; but the effect is acknowledged on all hands to have been most detrimental to discipline. Indeed the quiet, gay, gentle, and simple piou-piou (infantry soldier) of the French line is now the exception rather than the rule; and this may have something to do with the presumed necessity for altering the constitution of an army which a few months since was regarded with so much self-satisfaction at home, and with so much respect, and even terror, by the rest of Europe.—Pall Mall Gazette.

COURAGE DISPLAYED BY THE EMPEROR ON THE FIELD.

I have this day had the advantage of a conversation with a distinguished contributor to one of our leading Quarterlies, who was on the field of action at Sedan, and who took especial pains to render himself familiar with the proceedings of the Emperor, and his personal bearing, during the terrific struggle so pregnant with mighty results to France and his dynasty. He also was especially careful to obtain information from the most reliable sources as to whether the Emperor did by his presence in any degree embarrass the movements of the troops or seek to interfere with Marshal MacMahon in his directions respecting the engagement, or to divide the responsibility of the command. He assures me that there is no ground for either imputation, but, on the contrary, nothing could surpass the personal courage and the almost ubiquitous zeal of the ruler of France. Where dangers were thickest, the fire most deadly, he set an individual example of daring and reckless disregard for life, likely to give confidence to the troops. In every sense of the word, he served with them; and never more ably did he uphold his position with the army than at this battle. The Emperor was in fact but a volunteer aide-de-camp to his Marshal. In no wise did he seek to interfere with his action. But where MacMahon thought success doubtful, by personally marching at the head of the different regiments and mastering physical suffering in his heroic zeal, the Emperor rapidly rallied troops who almost sprang from exposure to the iron shower which spread death around. More particularly was his presence observed when leading the attacking column which sought to drive the Bavarians out of Belan, a village east of Sedan, commanded on all sides by the enemy. Shot and shell rained fast around, but the Emperor in their midst seemed to bear a charmed life. The wounded forgot their sufferings in their anxiety for his safety; Generals remonstrated but in vain. His reply was "This is my place." He sought death, but it came not. The Emperor was on the battlefield for many hours, from early morn till the close of the fight; and, when informed that MacMahon was wounded, he said that fortune should have divided her favors with himself. He did not leave the ground while the fighting continued. The Prussian troops recognized his presence. The Emperor's object was evident, namely, to perish on the battlefield, and thus, in the cause of France, to terminate a life whose best years had been spent in her service. He thus sought to redeem the errors of the campaign. Fate willed it otherwise. The Emperor had courage to lose his life, but was too brave to take it. Self-destruction is the coward's last resource. Borne back by his own troops, the Emperor, when he found all was hopeless, surrendered his sword to the King, "not having been able to die at the head of his army." The King met him with a noble acknowledgement of the individual bravery he had witnessed. The vanquished officers surrendered as prisoners on parole, bearing their arms, and were received with and had rendered to them all the honors of war. It is well for those who have been accustomed to adopt the insane sentiments of the writer in the Times, who imputed to their cowardice, to know that these stories of the battle-field are testimonies of enemies even more than of friends. In no journal have they been contradicted. The London Times this morning, quoting officially from the *Saints Anzeiger*, says, "According to reliable information—namely, of eye-witnesses—the Emperor Napoleon at the battle of Sedan exposed himself to our fire in such a manner that his desire undoubtedly was to seek death." The Times, notwithstanding its recent severe personalities, offers no comment on this statement. Napoleon is not "dead nor yet victorious."—Irish Times.

BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF FRENCH PRISONERS BY THE PRUSSIANS.

"An Eye Witness," writing to the *Telegraph* from Sedan, under date the 7th ult., says:— On Thursday or rather Friday last, MacMahon's army, numbering 80,000, surrendered as prisoners of war. Can you believe that since then—a period of five full days—all the men of that army and such of the officers that would not sign the agreement not to bear arms against Prussia during the present war have been left out in an open field, without tents or covering of any kind, and with barely enough food to keep life in them? I heard yesterday of the wretched state these men were in, but I would not believe what was told me; so to-day I came down here from Florenville to see and judge for myself. In a plot of meadow ground—not damp, but positively soaking wet—about as large as Trafalgar-square—eighty thousand men have been huddled together like sheep since they were taken prisoners on the 2nd of this month. Of these, about 20,000 have already been marched off to Germany; and to-day, whilst I was present, 10,000 men and about 300 officers were started on their way to the railway which will take them to Prussia. But I visited them before they left, and a more deplorable scene it would be impossible to imagine. Since MacMahon's army surrendered on the 2nd of this month, not an ounce of meat has been served to them, and all they have had to live upon has been one hard biscuit per man for every two days. Amongst the officers who are prisoners I have several acquaintances and two or three friends. They assured me—and their gaunt, hungry look quite confirmed what they stated—that they were literally, not figuratively, starving. One of them a gentleman of noble birth and of acknowledged courage, asked me if I could procure him a little bread. I ran back to my carriage, and brought with me a loaf, some slices of cold meat, and half a bowl, which I had laid in at Florenville for my luncheon during my trip. My friend—who two months ago would have declined to dine at a second class Paris restaurant—devoured what I brought him like a famished wolf, but not before he had divided the food with his "ordonnance" or soldier-servant. I offered to share with him the few bank notes I had with me, but he assured me that he and all his companions had enough money for their present wants. The Prussian authorities, however, would not allow their prisoners even to purchase what they required. As for the men, they were, if possible, in a more deplorable state than the officers. They had been—as, indeed, their superiors had—for four days left in this open field under an almost continual downpour of rain.—They have not a change of clothes. They were not merely wet through, but as if they had been kept in water for many hours. Many were flushed with raging fever; others were suffering from all the different phases of severe bowel complaint; and hundreds could barely stand upright from rheumatic pains. But no doctor had been near them. The French medical men who had been retained as prisoners, had been sent off to the wounded of their own army; and these poor fellows, many of them dying from sheer neglect, were left to shift for themselves as best they could. It was indeed a sad sight. I could not have believed that a Christian nation would ever behave thus to their prisoners of war. If the Prussian army were suffering from a want of supplies, those who were its captives would, of course, have to suffer also. But it is not so. The supplies for the Prussian army are now abundant at Sedan. The men have two good meat meals every day. The whole country has been laid under contribution by them; and, no matter how enormous the amount demanded may be, the town or village that does not supply it is given over to be pillaged by the soldiers. To-day I saw some seven thousand of the French prisoners removed to the railway station on their way to Prussia. The soldiers were marched off first, the officers about two hours later. Surely it would have been but commonly courteous to allow the unfortunate men to go on their way in peace.

But no. They were marched off preceded by a military band playing triumphant Prussian airs, were made to march by sections, as if on parade, and even the French officers, if they lagged behind for an instant, were beaten with the butt ends of muskets, and roared at, "Forwards, forwards!" Weak, sick, more than half-starved as they were, and suffering from dysentery, wet clothes, and rheumatism, these men—officers and soldiers alike—were hurried along the road for a march of ten miles at a pace very nearly equal to our "double quick time" in English marching. I have served in the English army not a few years; it was once my fate to be a prisoner amongst the Selks, where I was certainly not well treated. I have been a great deal in Turkey, Syria, and Asia Minor, and have witnessed not a little of what the European world would, with perfect justice, call brutal in the treatment of prisoners. But, taking all things into consideration—I never, as God shall one day judge me—saw anything so utterly unfeeling as the treatment of the French prisoners by their Prussian captors in and about Sedan. I could not have believed that the army of any civilized nation would have thus treated their prisoners. If the man I respected most on earth had related to me what I have this day witnessed, I would not have believed him. Even now, with the scenes of horrible, wanton, slow, deliberate cruelty before my eyes, I scarcely believe what I have myself witnessed; and I almost hesitate to make known to you what I have written. But, be assured of one thing, that my words represent but feebly the real truth, and that, unless through the English press, the truth is not made known, thousands of lives will be added to those already sacrificed in this accursed war. The question may be asked why I did not inform some of the Prussian superior officers of what I had witnessed to-day. In reply I can say that I did so, and that in two of the three attempts I made I was politely told to mind my own business; while in the third I was answered with a volley of sounding curses against the French nation in general, and the French army in particular. As regards the French officers, to whose infamous treatment by the Prussian authorities I have done my best to call the attention of England—there is one thing which ought not to be forgotten. When on the 2nd of this month, General de Wimpffen—who succeeded MacMahon in command after the latter was wounded—surrendered himself and the army as prisoners of war, all French officers who consented to sign a declaration, stating on honour that they would not serve against Prussia during the present war, were allowed to go free—to live wherever it pleased them. About one half accepted this condition, and have passed through Belgium on their way to various parts of France; for the Prussian authorities would not let them pass through their lines, either to the east, the south, or any other direction. The officers who declined to sign that declaration—the officers who believed the war was not at an end, and that they might escape from captivity, or, by an exchange of prisoners, get once more into their old ranks—were not the least courageous of the army. These are the men in whose behalf I write. In the hope that, through your columns, my voice may be heard, I have written this letter. Let any English society send out to the Valley of the Meuse persons capable of properly investigating the subject, and they will find that all I have stated is but child's play compared with what I might have said on this subject. They will find, as I have found, and as I assert, that, from the frontier of Alsace onwards to where they now are, the Prussian troops have plundered the inhabitants of every village they have passed through. If they make—as they invariably do—a requisition upon the inhabitants of any place, and if the inhabitants cannot pay the amount demanded, the place is there and then given over to be sacked by the soldiery. I would overlook the system of making requisitions if it were confined to the necessities of life. But when you find a small village, the total rent of which does not exceed £2,000 per annum, and where the inhabitants never drank anything better than cider, Strasburg beer, or very sour wine, called upon to furnish £1,000 in coin, 600 cigars of the finest brand, 1,800 of middle quality and 600 of inferior sort, to say nothing of 500 bottles of champagne, 200 of Burgundy, and 1,000 of Bordeaux, it becomes really a question what such a power would do if it were supreme in Europe. In Alsace and in Lorraine the Prussians are feared, hated, and looked upon as a great curse, sent by God for the punishment of the people. If ever these two provinces become annexed to Prussia, I am quite sure that the people will arise, as the Jews of old did in Egypt, and go anywhere to get rid of their tyrants. I enclose you my name and the particulars of my whereabouts.

GALLANT DEFENCE OF MONTMEDY.

Montmedy, 6th September. After writing my last letter I made at once for Viron, whence I drove towards Montmedy. When I gained a height overlooking the town I could see the Prussians bombarding it, and that the town offered them a vigorous and courageous defence. The enemy had four batteries playing, and numbered, I should think about 6,000 men. At half-past ten the Hotel de Ville and the Prefecture were set on fire, and presented a very grand sight. I thought the whole town was in flames. About half-past eleven o'clock the Prussians ceased firing, and I ventured to go round and enter the lower town—*le ville basse*—as it is called. Here, perhaps, I ought to attempt to give the readers some idea of what manner of place Montmedy is. Montmedy is a huge rock, on the top of which is a little town, and at the base on the Belgian side another little town, both containing about two thousand inhabitants. The Prussians bombarded the town on the top, from the Belgian side, and consequently their shots passed over the *ville basse*. There is a great deal of timber around Montmedy, and, as the custom is, the Prussians concealed themselves as much as possible in the woods. When I entered the lower town I could see what devastation the Prussian *bombes* had made. I found the inhabitants courageous, and ready to make most any sacrifice for France. While looking about the Prussian fire recommenced, and an *obus* fell not twenty feet from me, and a fragment of it passed through the hat of a gentleman who was with me. Happily none of us were wounded. The firing continued throughout the day, and at four o'clock I thought the whole town on high was on fire. It was impossible to see the houses. The smoke and flames hid the very heavens. I assisted two persons to make their escape, and when we arrived at Viron I saw about a hundred *engines*. It was heartrending. Here was a wretched woman on her knees praying; her father, her husband, and her two brothers were engaged in the defence. Here again was an old woman on her knees, and sobbing. I learned that her son had been killed in the morning, and that her grandson, a youth of seventeen, was at that moment firing on the Prussians. French soldiers seem to have a habit of getting married on the eve of battle. The night before Montmedy was bombarded two young girls who are here now were married to soldiers, who are perhaps dead. One would have thought that a soldier about to fight would find it difficult to obtain a wife. Yet I am told such marriages are quite common, the prospect of a speedy divorce, perhaps, making the terrible step less appalling. The garrison of Montmedy did its duty in splendid style. The Prussian soldiery were scarcely to be seen in the clouds of battle which rose from the fire of the garrison. The Prussian loss was so great that they were forced to retire at five o'clock. They left a cannon and twelve horses on the field, with a great number of dead. However, in the evening again I heard the cannon "speak" as the French say.