

PRESS ON—THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory,
Beyond the calm sweet moon,
Up the bright ladder satins have trod before
Thee,
Soul! thou shalt venture soon,
Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning
Safe in His arms of love,
Thou shalt exult in the midnight for the morn-
ing,
And thy fair home above.

O! it is sweet to watch the world's night wear-
ing,
The Sabbath morn come on.
And sweet it were the vineyard labor sharing—
Sweeter the labor done.
All finished—all—the conflict and the sorrow—
Earth's dream of anguish o'er;
Deathless there dawns for thee a nightless mor-
row,
On Eden's blissful shore.

Patience! then, patience! soon the pang of dying
Shall all forgotten be,
And thou, through rolling spheres rejoicing,
Dying
Beyond the waveless sea,
Shall know hereafter where the Lord doth lead
Thee,
His darkest dealing trace;
And by those fountains where His love will feed
Thee,
Behold him face to face.

Then bow thy head and God shall give thee
meekness.
Bravely to do His will;
Sssh! arise His glory in thy weakness—
O! struggling soul be still!
Dark clouds are his pavilion shining o'er thee,
Thine heart must recognise
The veiled Shikim, moving on before thee,
Too bright to meet thine eyes.

Behold the wheel that straightly moves and
fleets
Performs the Sovereign Word;
Thou knowest His suffering love! then, suffering
meekly
Follow thy loving Lord,
Watch on the tower, and listen by the gateway,
Nor weep to wait alone;
Take thou thy spices, and some angel straight-
way
Shall roll away the stone,

Then shalt thou tell the living Lord hath risen,
And risen but to save;
Tell of the might that breaks the captive's
prison,
And life beyond the grave:
Tell how He met thee, all His radiance shrouded,
How in thy sorrow came
In plying accents spoke, when faith was clouded
Thine own familiar name.

So at the grave's dark portal thou may'st linger
And hymn some happy strain;
The passing world may mock the feeble singer,
Heed not, but sing again.
Thus wait, thus watch, till He the last link sever,
And changeless rest be won,
Then in His glory thou shalt bask for ever,
Fear not the clouds—PRESS ON!

STRATEGIC MISTAKES OF THE PRUS- SIANS.

SECOND PART.

From Wörth to Strasburg the distance is not long. A few squadrons of cavalry at full speed could have reached the city, and perhaps taken possession. The resistance could not have been long, for Strasburg, which in times of peace has a garrison of three regiments of artillery, two regiments of infantry, likewise a detachment of lancers, contained only one regiment. Besides, the glacis had not been cleared, the south side had not been inundated, in a word the city was not in a condition of defence. This *coup de main* presented so many chances of success that it was attempted two days afterwards. On the 8th August, 6 p. m. General de la Roche, with a brigade of Baden dragoons, summoned the city to surrender. These two days, however had not been thrown away. Several thousands of

the soldiers from Wörth had repaired to Strasburg.

General de la Roche was determined to make the attempt. He felt so sure of success (two borrow these details from the Schneegau's very interesting work, "Strasburg") that he had brought with him Mr. correspondent of the *Gazette of Carlshue*, who wrote to his paper: "I thought I should have passed this evening in Strasburg; this time my hope has been illusory." Attempted two days earlier, the very evening of the battle of Wörth, such an audacious enterprise might perhaps have succeeded. Even if it had failed, the troops who finding the road free, took refuge in Strasburg, could not have done so, and the city, destitute of a garrison and without artillerymen, could not have offered a prolonged resistance. This fault (delay) consequently cost the Prussians two months of a rigorous siege, and lost them the services of 50,000 men.

The 6th August, the very day of the battle of Wörth, the French troops forming the Army of Metz occupied the following positions: Second corps (General Frossard) was at Forbach; the first division of Third corps, was posted at Sarreguemines, between fourteen and fifteen miles from the second corps; the Second division, at Benning, about eight miles; the Third at Puttalong, about fourteen miles; the Fourth at St. Avoird, about fourteen miles. Marshal Bazaine's head quarters were at St. Avoird. In less than four hours a rapid march could move more than 20,000 men to reinforce those on the heights of Spickeren. Finally the Fourth corps (Ladmiraute) occupied Bouzonville, less than twenty four miles from Forbach.

An attack on a point so well protected seemed impossible; nevertheless it did take place. General Kamecke, who commanded the Prussian vanguard, launched the Fourteenth Division against the heights of Spickeren.

What was the object of the Prussian general? What he did intend it is difficult to divine. The result was undoubtedly favorable. This attack succeeded; but the very morning of the battle, at the moment when Kamecke gave orders to open fire, he should have been exactly informed by his spies, and he could not have been ignorant of the fact that in front of him was Frossard's corps, 25,000 strong, and that twelve to fifteen miles at most ought to have brought together two other French corps. In three hours, four at the most, the cannon ought to have summoned 75,000 French to the field of battle. To resist these forces which as yet had not been demoralized in the least or, more than that, to attack them, Kamecke had doubtless numerous troops on hand. On referring to Prussian documents, which all accord so thoroughly that there can be no doubt, it appears that General Kamecke had under his orders the Fourteenth Infantry division, comprising the twenty-seventh brigade, General François, and the 23th General Woliner, besides the Rhein-baden cavalry brigade, the whole constituting a total of from 13,000 to 14,000 men. Thus with this effective force, Gen. Kamecke assailed 25,000 men in a position as strong as Spickeren.

This attack was so headstrong a whim that General Doering, commanding the Ninth Prussian infantry brigade, which was nearest the place of collision, was only notified by the cannon shots, and hastened as fast as he could to the support of his imprudent comrade, after having the foresight to notify the divisions further off. The first reinforcement

did not arrive till 3 p. m.; consequently it had required a forced march of five hours for the Prussian regiments to reach Spickeren. It was about time. The Prussian general, François, had just been killed. The Prussians, evidently inferior in number, could not maintain much longer such an unequal fight. Undoubtedly General Kamecke hoped to be supported, but he was not ignorant that the mass of the Second Army (Frederick Charles) was too far off to come to his assistance. The whole of the troops echeloned on the road from Ittveiller to Saarbruck, which, by tripling their marches, might arrive in time, did not exceed 15,000 to 20,000 men; in fact, only Generals Doering, Baron-kau, von Guben, Zastrow, and Alvensleben's (glorious, bloody-fighting) Third corps of Brandenburgers were within a radius of 15 to 21 miles.

If, indeed, General Kamecke counted upon the cannonade bringing up reinforcements distant from 16 to 24 miles he could not fail to reflect that the French, distant on an average from 10 to 12 miles, might hurry up in less than half the time, which would not ameliorate his position. In a word, either remedied to his proper forces, he attacked the heights of Spickeren, and the results acquired at 2:30 p. m. demonstrated that he failed altogether, or else he recognized that the number of combatants were augmenting on both sides, while the advantages of the French were proportionately preponderating. To dream of success, he had to suppose, first, that the French generals, in place of marching to the cannon, would remain quiet in their cantonments; second, that the corps commanders of the French army would consider it useless to appear on the battle field, to appreciate the importance of the attack, and to take the precautions demanded by the most simple prudence. General Kamecke could not foresee events so strange and inconceivable that the mind even yet to day refuses to credit them. Therefore his attack was wild, and in advance condemned to be unsuccessful. Perhaps he was about to bring upon the Prussian arms a terrible disaster at the commencement of a campaign. These brigades which hurried at a double-quick to join him were perhaps devoted to defeat. What matters it? He attempted. He succeeded. [Stone-wall Jackson at Chancellorsville.]

This day General Frossard had some little matters to regulate, a breakfast to finish up, it is said, an interesting conversation with the Mayor, it is stated. Whether true or not, breakfast or conversation, the Commander-in-Chief, at 4:30 p. m., comprehended all the duties which weighed upon him. So he decided to quit the Chariot d'Or, where he lodged, got into the saddle, and, mounting a little alley alongside the hotel, he disappeared. During the night his people, much disquieted, swore that he was dead; but they found him next day. I am not too sure if this fact has been contradicted.

The same day, at Sarreguemines, at St. Avoird, at Benning, our brave soldiers heard the distant mutter of cannon. Impatient, they clamored for the march, and the order was given—to-morrow. And yet the road from Sarreguemines to Spickeren is beautiful. It follows the Saar without an obstacle. In one hour I traversed it that bloody day, the 6th, without meeting any other Prussians than a picket of Uhlans at Grossbleibisroff. Yet General Kamecke succeeded. For all that, it is fitting to lessen this triumph a little. If one believes the Prussians, they took Spickeren with the bayonet. All their accounts are unanimous—Spickeren was taken with a rush; Spickeren, the impregnable,