

Whist! 'Tis time to stop yer windpipes, ye divvells. Here goes again, as the snowball said when it hit Nancy Doorman in the nose.

'Tis nate at the pattern to dance a mouonce; 'Tis nate for to sit by a purty colleen; 'Tis sweet for to bask by a hedge at your aisle, For when the winds are all warm an' the sun in a blaze;

There's a pilsure in strikin' your inimy sore; There's a pilsure in friendship an' whiskey galore; But the greatest o' pilsure that's onnder the sun Is to turn to a Papish this Protestant gun!

Chorus! chorus! as the wran said afore he cracked his windpipe.

Dum erlium di tny, dum erlium ri da, Dum erlium, foi edrium, dum murlium ri da! A burst of laughter hailed the termination of Cus Russid's song; at which that factious personage kicked up his heels upon the cannon again, and seemed mightily pleased.

When Black Gideon, who, with a dozen of his comrade undertakers and about thirty troopers, seemed to fly on the wings of the wind, reached his house and took shelter behind its fortifications, the Rapparees, headed by their leaders, were just entering the opening gorge of the pass. Gideon, seeing that the place was no longer tenable against the victorious force of the Rapparees, told all whom he met, and those that entered with him, to shift for themselves, and then rushed up a winding stair that led to the room in which Ellie Connell was confined.

It was therefore that Cus Russid and his companions, as they halted, beheld the Rapparees pursuing the panic-stricken remnant of the garrison up towards the high outlet of the pass, and two horsemen riding, one in pursuit of the other, across the declivity of the hill. Cus recognized them in a moment.

"Be the sow! o' my father!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't Black Gideon himself, with Ellie Connell afore him on the saddle! An' see, there is Tibbot Burke hot fut upon his thrack! That's it, Tibbot!" he shouted. "Don't spare the spur till you come at him with the good soord or pishtol. Hurry, hurry, hurry! for you have a fast rider and a desperate man to dale wid. Ock! they'll be soon out of our sight round the showldher o' the hill."

"No," said one of his comrades: "Tibbot is gettin' above him, an' will make him turn down into the glin o' Darren, fwhere we can see it all out bethune them. Dhar, Dhia! bud it'll be grand."

"Divvie a bit!" returned Cus: "he's too cute for that, boys. Look, look! he's goin' to ride down the side o' the Coum Deary," alluding to a deep scour or glen that ran down the side of the hill; "an' if he get's into it, the sheep-thrack will take him out over the summit, bud luck to him on his journey!—Hurry, Tibbot, hurry! He's facin' it, an' see how the hoofs of his horse strike fire from the flinty stones! Hurry, hurry, Tibbot! or Black Gideon will give you the slip. Ha! honou-an-dhia, he's down!"

It was just as Cus Russid said. Gideon's horse struck one of its fore hoofs against a stone, stumbled, and then fell forward; Ellie Connell, luckily for herself, dropping quietly off upon the grass at the upper side; and Gideon, with a vain effort to recover himself, at length rolling over and over for a space down the hill. He was on his feet in an instant, however, and, drawing two pistols from his belt, stood prepared for Tibbot, who was now approaching at full speed. As the latter drew near, Gideon suddenly turned with a diabolical and sinister leer upon his face, and discharged one of the pistols at Ellie as she still lay senseless upon the grassy slope.

Ellie Connell soon recovered from her swoon; and, by the time she was conducted to the bottom of the pass beneath, most of those engaged in the pursuit had returned. There Tibbot presented his future bride to Sarsfield, who, with a pleasant face, wished them many a happy day together,—a wish that was afterwards fulfilled. Sarsfield then bade them farewell; and, with a mighty cheer that woke the echoes of the surrounding hills ringing after him, rode up the pass, accompanied by O'Hogan and his horsemen, who were to conduct him across the Shannon to Limerick, leaving Edmond of the Hill and his victorious Rapparees to occupy the doughy stronghold of Lisbloom for the service of King James the Second.

will give it a place in your columns.—Yours faithfully,

ISAAC BUTT.

LONDONTOWN, Oct. 10.

To Isaac Butt, Esq., Q. C.:

Dear Sir—I thank you for your pamphlet on Federalism. I have read it with much interest and, I may add, with a desire to see my way to joining the movement you have so ably inaugurated for Ireland. The recent violation of the fundamental condition of the Act of Union by the disestablishment of the church removes what might otherwise have been with a member of the Protestant Establishment an objection to moving for its repeal, but now the Protestants of Ireland are as free as the Roman Catholics always have been to do so. You have in your pamphlet very justly noticed how totally the Union has failed to produce the benefits that were promised from it, and your remarks are but too plainly borne out by the extent to which disaffection prevails in Ireland, and by her deplorably backward condition, so different from the marked advancement of the sister country in education, wealth, and all that conduces to material prosperity and contentment. If the comparison is humiliating to Irishmen, it is also discreditably to the Government of the United Kingdom, for whatever other circumstances may have contributed to produce it, there is one fact that might alone be quite sufficient to account for the contrast between the two countries. It is that, whereas England has the advantage of being governed by those who are intimately acquainted with her interests and practically responsible to her for attending to them, Ireland is powerless to obtain for her interests the attention they need from ministers, who commonly care little and understand less about them, and who can always plead for their neglect what has long been a received axiom in the United Kingdom, that "the case of Ireland is and always has been an insuperable difficulty."

Such, certainly, has been Ireland's seventy years' experience of England's Imperial rule; the suggestion, therefore, that you make in her behalf of home government, and the question how it should be carried out, may reasonably be urged upon the consideration of those who desire her welfare. I am glad that you do not take up the notion of a simple repeal of the Union, as advocated in the time of O'Connell. Your proposition of a federal instead of a legislative union with Great Britain would, as you have shown, render Ireland in respect of her government, far more independent than she would be if she were replaced in the relation to England in which she stood before the Union, and would, I believe, greatly conduce to the strength and general interests of the empire. Your chapter on the Irish Parliament before the Union certainly does not commend to acceptance the simple repeal of that act, and on the other hand what you have written under the head of "Failure of the Union Schemes," regarding the mode of doing Irish business in the United Kingdom, shows unquestionably the unsatisfactory nature of the existing relations between the two countries. The remedy you propose is to give to Ireland a home government under a Federal Union with Great Britain. The question then arises—how shall so desirable an object be compassed? For this you would provide by giving at once to Ireland a separate constitution, similar to that of the United Kingdom. I do not undervalue the British Constitution. In theory it appears the best security for liberty and good government, and under it England has risen to her present greatness; but it must be remembered that it has been in English soil a plant of long growth and gradual development, and that from it has only of late years arisen that preponderance of power in the popular assembly, for the exercise of which, with benefit to the community, great experience in the conduct of public business, and clear views of the interests of the country, are as necessary as the highest action of native talent and patriotism. England has been trained to self-government, but Ireland has not, and it may be doubted whether she at present possesses the materials for providing any constitutional check upon a powerful but inexperienced democracy. In your chapter on "The Constitutional Powers of the Irish Parliament" you say you would not propose any change in the existing franchise, and that you take it as the basis for a considerable extension of representation to towns. I do not, I confess, see anything in such a proposition to begot confidence in the constitution of the future House of Commons. The public has lately had before them, besides other instances of utter unwilfulness for the exercise of an important public trust, the most disgusting exhibitions of corruption among the constituents, brought to light by the trials of election petitions, that have followed upon nearly every contested election.

With much experience before us it is at best very doubtful whether, under the existing franchise, constituent bodies could be formed, likely to chose as their representatives men of high character and integrity, or who do not seek for seats in Parliament for purposes rather selfish than patriotic. Were the Irish members of the Imperial Parliament to be taken as a sample of those that would compose the future Irish House of Commons, the future of the country would be seriously compromised by being committed to such hands. By your own account of what you say was contemptuously called the Irish vote (in other words) of the majority of the Irish members returned by the existing constituencies, they have as a body, repeatedly lent themselves to party intrigue discreditably to members of a legislative assembly, and to the character of the country they represented, and I believe it may be affirmed that for the originating or carrying of any measure of social improvement Ireland has never been indebted to "the Irish vote." The Poor Law Act for Ireland, which alone reflects credit upon the Imperial Government, and was no party measure, found no support at their hands, but was, on the contrary, strenuously opposed by them. I am prepared to say exactly how the representative body for Ireland should be constituted, but to render it worthy of public confidence the past would plainly justify a considerable modification of its structure. Greater changes than are necessary should, of course, be avoided, and existing rights wherever they have not been abused, should be respected; but all persons to be hereafter admitted to the elective franchise ought to be qualified by education for the exercise of so important a trust, and it would be an act alike of justice and sound policy to give in an assembly that should consist of men of the highest order of intelligence, the right of being represented to the several learned bodies that at present, with the exception of Dublin University, are ignored in the Constitution of the House of Commons. It might also be well, before pressing for the establishment of an independent Parliament for Ireland, to await the result of those measures of reform that are said to be under consideration in the mode of voting and the re-distribution of seats. The constitution, functions, and powers of the House of Lords would further have to be very carefully considered and defined before a legislature of Queen, Lords and Commons should be given or accepted by Ireland.

In the meantime, however, a step might be taken which, while it would confer upon our country great and immediate benefit, would be acceptable to England by the relief it would afford to Parliament from the over-pressure of business. Having had frequent opportunities of noticing to what undue cost and inconvenience the promoters of private bills for Irish undertakings are subjected by the needless reiteration of the same evidence before committees of each of the two houses of Parliament, involving, besides the expense of a long journey, that of a protracted detention and maintenance of witnesses in London, along with the disadvantage of the objects of the bill being examined into by committees and lawyers both commonly alike ignorant of the circum-

stances of the country and of its population. I have long been of opinion that in lieu of select committees of the two houses sitting in London, a general committee composed of the Irish members of the House of Commons, and of Irish Peers having seats in Parliament, meeting in Dublin a month or six weeks before the opening of the parliamentary session would be a body much better fitted to inquire into and report upon all private bills for Ireland intended to be laid before the two houses. The work of such a general committee would, of course, be carried out with the aid of sub-committees, before which members of the Irish bar would practice as English lawyers have done hitherto exclusively, before committees sitting in London. To the same general committee might also, in the first instance, be submitted, to be reported upon all public bills relating exclusively to Ireland. If this were the rule, due attention would probably be secured to all such measures as might be of value to the country, and the surreptitious passing of jobs in legislation, so well exposed in your pamphlet, would be prevented. A responsibility in the works of legislation for Ireland being thus cast upon an assembly exclusively Irish, a very important step would have been taken towards the more complete conception of the right and duty of self-government, and by accustoming the leading men of different parties and creeds in Ireland to consult together upon the business of the country, the foundation would be laid of that well understood community of interest in her welfare which is essential to the success of such a measure.

The above, or some other such arrangement giving to Irish members of both houses their due weight, and a distinct duty in legislation for Ireland should commend itself to the consideration of the British statesman upon this as well as upon other grounds, viz.—That a course of imperial policy so plainly directed to the good of Ireland, irrespective of creed or party, would more than any other means tend to remove that spirit of disaffection that is at present, and has been for a long time, only kept under by extraordinary means of coercion, and render Ireland a source of strength to the dominions through the union and loyalty of her population. It must, however, be remembered that whatever may be said or thought by an Irishman on the advantages that a home government might confer upon Ireland, the concession of such a boon must depend upon the will of the Imperial Parliament. Any hasty or ill conceived measure would, therefore, be certainly rejected, and any attempt to effect it by violence or intimidation is certainly unsuccessful; but I have every confidence that, if it could be clearly shown that the concession would be of real advantage both to Ireland and to the rest of the United Kingdom, it would be favorably considered, and in my judgment the time for so considering it is just now the most opportune.

The views I have above suggested would not satisfy those who look forward impatiently to a great end, but they are, I conceive, the best suited to make that end attainable; and even if the movement were to go no further than the preliminary step I have suggested, I would prefer to stop there taking at once a great leap in the dark.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
CLANCARTY.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

INSIDE PARIS.—DIARY OF A BESIEGED RESIDENT.

PARIS, OCT. 19.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

Each person now receives 100 grammes of meat per diem, the system of distribution being that every one has to wait on an average two hours before he receives his meat at the door of a butcher's shop. I dine habitually at a bouillon; there horseflesh is eaten in the place of beef, and cat is called rabbit. Both, however, are excellent, and the former is a little sweeter than beef, but in other respects much like it; the latter something between rabbit and squirrel, with a flavor all its own. It is delicious. I recommend those who have cats with philoprogenitive proclivities, instead of drowning the kittens, to eat them. Either smothered in onions or in a ragout they are capital eating. When I return to London I shall frequently treat myself to one of these domestic animals, and ever feel grateful to Bismarck for having taught me that cat served up for dinner is the right animal in the right place.

Thursday, Oct. 20.

"The clients of M. Poirat are informed that they can only have one plate of meat," was the terrible writing that stared me on the wall, when I went to dine at my favorite bouillon—and, good heavens, what a portion it was! Not enough for the dinner of a fine lady who has previously gorged herself at a private luncheon. If meat is, as we are told, so plentiful that it will last for five weeks more, the mode in which it is distributed is radically bad.

While at a large popular restaurant, where hundreds of the middle classes dine, each person only gets enough cat or horse to whet his appetite for more, in the expensive cafes on the boulevards, feasts worthy of Lucullus are still served to those who are ready to part with their money with the proverbial readiness of fools. Far more practical, my worthy Republican, would it be to establish "liberte, egalite, fraternite" in the cook shops, than to write the words in letters of gold over your churches. In every great city there always is much want and misery; here, although succour is supposed to be afforded to all who require it, many I fear, are starving, owing to that bureaucratic love of classification which is the curse of France. After my meagre dinner, I was strolling along the quays near the river, *lestomac as lever* as M. Ollivier's heart, when I saw a woman leaning over the parapet. She turned as I was passing her, and the lump from the opposite gate of the Tuileries shone on her face. It was honest and homely, but so careworn, so utterly hopeless, that I stopped to ask her if she was ill. "Only tired and hungry," she replied; "I have been walking all day, and I have not eaten since yesterday." I took her to a cafe and gave her some bread and coffee, and then she told me her story. She was a peasant girl from Franche Comte, and had come to Paris, where she had gone into service. But she had soon tired of domestic servitude, and for the last year she had supported herself by sewing waistcoats in a great wholesale establishment. At the commencement of the siege she had been discharged, and for some days she found employment in a Government workshop; but for the last three weeks she had wandered here and there, vainly asking for work. One by one she had sold every article of dress she possessed except the scanty garments she wore and she had lived upon bread and celery. The day before she had spent her last sou, and when I saw her she had come down to the river, starving and exhausted, to throw herself into it. "But the water looked so cold, I did not dare," she said. Thus spoke the grisette of Paris, very different from the gay, thoughtless being of French romance, who lives in a garret, her window shrouded with flowers, is adored by a student, and earns enough money in a few hours to pass the rest of the week dancing, gossiping and amusing herself. As I listened to her I felt ashamed of myself for repining because I had only had one plate of meat. The hopeless, hapless condition of this poor girl is, that of many of her class to-day. But why should they complain? Is not King William the instrument of Heaven, and is he not engaged in a holy cause? That Kings should fight and that seamstresses should weep is in the natural order of things.—Frenchmen and Frenchwomen only deserved to be massacred or starved if they are so lost to all sense of what is just as to venture to struggle against the dismemberment of their country, and do not under-

stand how meet and right it is that their fellow-countrymen in Alsace should be converted into German subjects.

OUTSIDE THE CITY.

General Vinoy, who was in the Crimea, and who takes a somewhat larger view of things than the sententious Trochu, has been good enough to furnish me with a pass, which allows me to wander unmolested anywhere within the French outposts. "If you attempt to pass them," observes the General, "you will be shot by the sentinels, in obedience to my orders." A general order also permits any one to go as far as the line of the forts. Yesterday I chartered a cab and went to Boulogne, a village on the Seine, close by the wood of the same name. We drove through a portion of the Bois; it contained more soldiers than trees. Line and artillerymen were camped everywhere, and every fifty yards a group was engaged in skinning or cutting up a dead horse. The village of Boulogne had been deserted by almost all the inhabitants. Across some of the streets leading to the river there were barricades; others were open. In most of the houses there were soldiers, and others were in rifle-pits and trenches. A brisk exchange of shots was going on with the Prussians, who were concealed in the opposite houses of St. Cloud. I cannot congratulate the enemy upon the accuracy of their aim, for although several evilly disposed Prussians took a shot at my cab, their bullets whistled far above our heads, and after one preliminary kick, the old cab horse did not even condescend to notice them. As for the cabman, he was slightly in liquor, and at one of the cross-roads leading to the river he got off his box, and performed a war-dance to show his contempt for the skill of the enemies of his nation. In the Grand Place there was a long barricade, and behind it men, women and children were crouching, watching the opposite houses, from which every now and then a puff of smoke issued, followed by a sharp report. The soldiers were very orderly and good-natured; as I had a glass, some of them took me up into the garrets of a deserted house, from the windows of which we tried in vain to spy our assailants. My friends fired into several of the houses from which smoke issued, but with what effect I do not know. The amusement of the place seemed to be to watch soldiers running along an open road, which was exposed to fire for about thirty yards. Two had been killed in the morning, but this did not appear in any way to diminish the zest of the sport. At least twenty soldiers ran the gauntlet whilst I was there, but not one of them was wounded. As well as I could make out, the damage done to St. Cloud by the bombs of Mont Valerien is very considerable. A portion of the Palace and a few houses were in ruins, but that was all. There is a large barnack there, which the soldiers assured me is lit up every night, and why this building has not been shelled, neither they nor I could understand. The newspapers say that the Prussians have guns on the unfinished redoubt of Brinlerion, it was not above 1,000 yards from where I was standing; but with my glass I could not make out that there were any there. Several officers with whom I spoke said that it was very doubtful. On my return, my cabman, who had got over his liquor, wanted double his fare. "For myself," he said, "I am a Frenchman, and I should scorn to ask for money for running a risk of being shot by a *cavallier* or a German, but think of my horse;" and then he patted the faithful steed, whom I may possibly have the pleasure to meet again served up in a sauce piquante. The newspapers, almost without exception, protest against the mediation of England and Russia, which they imagine is offered by these Powers. "It is too late," says the organ of M. Picard. "Can France accept a mediation which will snatch from her the enemy at the moment when victory is certain?"

CAN'T GET OUT.

OCTOBER 27.

At an early hour yesterday morning about 100 English congregated at the gate of Charenton en route for London. There were with them about 60 Americans and 20 Russians, who were also going to leave us. Imagine the indignation of these "Cives Romani," when they were informed that while the Russians and the Americans would be allowed to pass the Prussian outposts, owing to the list of the English wishing to go not having reached Count Bismarck in time they would have to put off their journey to another day. The guard had literally to be turned out to prevent them from endeavoring to force their way through the whole German army.—I spoke this morning to an English butler who had made one of the party. This worthy man evidently was of opinion that the end of the world is near at hand, when a butler and a most respectable person is treated in this manner. "Pray, sir, may I ask," he said, with bitter scorn, "whether Her Majesty is still on the throne in England?" I replied, "I believe that she was." "Then," he went on, "as this Count Bismarck, has they call him, driven the British nobles out of the 'ouse of Lords? nothing which this fellow does would surprise me now."—Butler, charge d'affaires, and the other cives, are, I understand, to make another start as soon as the "feller" condescends to answer a letter which has been forwarded to him, asking him to fix a day for their departure.

THE MOBILES.

The newspapers yesterday morning having asserted that Choisy-le-Roi was no longer occupied by the enemy, I went out in the afternoon to inspect matters. I got to the end of the village of Vitry, where the advanced posts to whom I showed my pass, asked me where I wanted to go. I replied, to Choisy-le-Roi. A corporal pointed to a house some distance beyond where we were standing. "As the Prussians are in that house," he said, "you will be shot the moment you get over this barricade," pointing to one stretching across the road behind which we began. Just then the fort of Ivry behind us began shelling the Prussian lines, and thinking that some of those missiles might fall short, I fell back. The soldiers were greatly amazed at my having really believed a statement which I had read in the newspapers, and their observations respecting the Prussians and their "organs" were far more complimentary. On my way back, by Montmorency, I stopped to gossip with some Breton Mobiles. They, too, spoke with the utmost scorn of the patriots within the walls. "We are kept here," they said, "to defend these men all of whom have arms like us; they live comfortably inside the ramparts, whilst the provinces are being ravaged." These Breton Mobiles are the idols of the hour. "They are to the Republic what the Zouaves are to the Empire. They are very far, however, from reciprocating the admiration which the Republicans entertain for them. They are brave, devout, credulous peasants, care far more for Brittany than they do for Paris, and regard the individuals who rule by the grace of Paris with feelings the reverse of friendly. The army and the Mobiles, indeed, like being cooped up here less and less every day, and they cannot understand why the 300,000 National Guards who march and drill in safety inside the capital do not come outside and rough it like them. While I was talking to these Bretons one of them blew his nose with his handkerchief. His companions apologized to me for this piece of affectation. "He is from Finistere," they said. In Finistere, it appears, luxury is enervating the population, and they blow their noses with handkerchiefs; in other parts of Brittany, where the hardy habits of a former age still prevail, a more simple method is adopted.

ALLEGED ATROCIOUS TREASON OF BAZAINE.—EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES.—METZ SOLD.

The following extraordinary disclosures thro

some light upon the surrender of Metz, with its large garrison, and the capitulation of the army of Bazaine: a total force of 170,000 men. It is supplied by the special correspondent of the Daily News:—

He says the Germans are stationed at an army and fortress capitulating to an investing army larger than itself by only a small fraction. The 7th German Corps is to guard the city prisoners, while the remainder of 1st army will immediately depart for Paris and the south, where Prince Frederick Charles is to have Lyons for his headquarters. At ten o'clock on the 26th the forts were taken possession of by the artillery of the 7th Corps. At one o'clock the third division, which is to depart to the south-west immediately after the fourth, was reviewed by the Prince. The display was a most brilliant pageant. Thereupon the Imperial Guard, the elite of the French army, marched out of Metz, carrying their arms, which they laid down at Frescaty, while passing in review before the Prince. This honour was imparted to the Imperial Guards alone: they were received by the Prussian troops with respectful dignity, and not a jeering word was heard nor an indecently exulting look seen. According to the statement of General Von Zassbrow, who held the Bois de Vaux on the morning of the 19th August Bazaine could then have avoided being shut up in Metz. After he was there he could, according to his statement, have readily made a sortie and rejoined MacMahon far more easily than MacMahon could have rejoined him. After most of his cavalry and artillery horses had been eaten, this course was more difficult, but still his movements are said to have lacked determination and even to have been frivolous in the last two sorties. These facts are put to the account of a complot with the Legation, according to which his army was to try and remain *in statu quo* until the conclusion of the war in western France, and then become available with Prussian consent, for Bonapartist purposes, Bazaine himself expecting in that case to be the Governor of the Imperial Prince and the virtual Regent. Nearly all the people of Metz seem to believe this, and many of the most influential have admitted so to me. During the whole of the investment Marshal Bazaine has never been seen in the camp except on some extraordinary occasions, never at all in the ambulance, and hardly ever in the city. He rarely said a word to encourage his troops.—Carobert sometimes cheered their patience a little, and then they would cry, "Vive Carobert, a bas Bazaine!" Towards the last he dared not, for fear of assassination, show himself to his own men, and the terrible relaxed discipline was assuredly the cause of the hasty surrender, at a time when there was still another week's rations for everybody on hand. On the morning of the 23rd five soldiers lay dead of starvation at Montigny, while the staff still indulged in luxurious meals, and four days' rations were given to the entire army that morning, while they had received none for two days previously. No beef or pork had been obtainable at any price for a week, but on that morning before anything had arrived in the town the shops had plenty. This is adduced as proof of the charges current in the town that speculators had seized much food, and that a rational system of apportionment, such as existed during the last ten days, if introduced at first, and combined with stringent requisitions, would have prevented much waste, and enable the fortress to hold out a month longer. The staff used to feed their horses on bread at first. Recently prices had advanced to the maximum:—Sugar, per pound, 30 francs; salt, 15 francs; one ham, 300 francs; one potato, 45 centimes; one onion, 60 centimes. A little pig caught near Gravelotte, was sold, it is said, at 748 francs. For the last five weeks the amputations have been performed without chloroform or ether, and the wounds dressed without carbolic acid. There are more than 16,000 sick and wounded, 35,000 persons have died in the town alone during the siege, the greater number from lack of proper care. The prevailing diseases are variola, spotted typhus, and dysentery. Scoury has not prevailed, though even the sick have for more than three weeks received their horse stanks and horse broths without salt. The reported discovery of a saline spring at St. Julien was a hoax, got up by putting salt into a spring to encourage the army.—When the surrender became known the people were furious. The National Guards refused to lay down their arms; while the editor of an ultra-Democratic paper rode about on a white horse, firing a pistol, and exhorting them to rally out and seek death or victory to escape the impending shame. He was followed by a lady singing the "Marseillaise," which produced terrible excitement. The doors of the cathedral were burst open, and the tocsin and funeral bells were rung nearly all night. When General Coffiniere appeared to pacify them, three pistol shots were fired at him. Finally, by the aid of two line regiments, he quietly dispersed the mob; but all night the sounds of grief, indignation and terror were kept up. Respectable women ran about the streets tearing their hair and flinging their bonnets and laces under their feet, wildly crying aloud, "What will become of our children! Soldiers, drunk and sober, tumbled hither and thither, in irregular troops, with their caps off and their sabres broken, sobbing and weeping like children. "Oh, poor Metz!" they cried, "once the proudest of cities, what a misfortune!—It is all up with France!" On the afternoon of the 23rd Bazaine passed through Ars on his way to Wilhelmshohe, in a close carriage, marked with his name, and escorted by several officers of his staff on horseback. The women of the village had heard of his arrival and awaited him with exclamations of "Traitor," "Coward," "Thief," &c. "Where are our husbands whom you have betrayed?" "Give us back our children whom you have sold." They even attacked the carriage and broke the windows with their fists, and would have lynched him but for the intervention of the Prussian gendarmes.

WHY BAZAINE CAPITULATED.

The following are the views of the clever military correspondent of the Standard on the capitulation:— Naturally the most eager inquiry is being made into the causes of such a frightful military reverse as the capitulation of Marshal Bazaine. The following is the result of what we have been able to gather from various sources. On the 21st it is said that the commandant of the city and fortress informed Marshal Bazaine that he could supply no more provisions. On this the Marshal drew in his outposts and ceased firing on the Prussians, and tacitly allowed his men to desert by dozens. When, however, the dozens became fifties, the Prussians refused to receive them. On the 24th there was some talk of a desperate attempt to break out, but the idea was given up, as the possible gain would not be in proportion to the certain loss. On this the negotiations with Prince Frederick Charles commenced. The above is the bare outline of the story. We have, however, received private information which throws some light on the subject. It appears that for some time before the surrender the stock of bread and brandy had been consumed, the only provisions left being horseflesh and wine. Scoury—from the want of salt—raged, and there was a want of doctors and every requisite for the hospitals. The French state that in all the sorties they have inflicted a greater loss than they have suffered, but that in the last affair the men were so weak from want of food that it was difficult to get them to advance. On seeing matters had arrived to this stage Marshal Bazaine held a council of war. It was there debated whether a desperate attempt would be made to break through the enemy's lines. It was admitted that this could be done with fair hopes of success, but with a certain loss of 25,000 men, who would have to be abandoned to their fate, were they fell. It was, however, argued that if the army after marching several miles exposed for the greater