

BLEEDING, BUT NOT BEATEN.

Ill-fated France, that bled sore
 From every vein, at every pore!
 O'er Belgium's frontier streaming, see
 The life-blood of thy industry.
 The patient brains and dexterous hands
 Of Germany's laborious band,
 Whom in blind rage and bitter hate,
 Thou spurnest from thy leagured gate—
 Blood, whose outpouring wastes thy veins
 Of labouring strength, and labour's gains.
 And elsewhere o'er thy frontier, lo!
 Thine own sons in their thousands flow,
 Bearing from warfare's scourge and spoil
 The blood that should enrich thy soil!
 And while thy industry thy land,
 Lose life-blood thus, on either hand,
 See other fountains, nobler still,
 The streams thou gavest, freely spill!
 Thy soldier's blood, mixed with their foe's,
 Like water, on thy bosom, flows,
 And flows to waste—not to renew
 The Laurels to such watering due!
 O noble mother of brave sons,
 'Twixt thee and me an ocean rauc;
 An ocean whose dissevering tide
 Doth not more than old hates divide
 But spite of old hates and old wars,
 And wounds still rankling 'neath their scars,
 My heart bleeds for thee and thy palus:
 Bleeds even with thy bleeding veins
 Of industry and wealth, and, worst,
 Of courage, with ill-guidance curst!
 But bleeding, fainting, falling, still
 Holds the indomitable will,
 And seems to harden under blows
 And strengthens with the strengthening foes,
 Till thou hast never seemed so great
 As now in this thy worst estate!
 Let me not ask, in this sad hour,
 What dark designs, what lust of power,
 What selfish hope to save a crown,
 Or to a son to hand one down,
 Spoke the irrevocable word
 That bade thee draw thy ready sword.
 Hood-winked, misled, with bosom bare,
 Ill-generalled and unprepared;
 Nor seek to weigh with balance fine
 The weight of others' wrong and thine.
 What'er thou strovest for first, I see
 Thou strivest now, for thy right to be:
 Strivest to guard thy hearths and homes
 Thine altars and ancestral tombs.
 For all, for which thy foes had striven,
 Had thine ill-lot to them been given.
 And till thou sweep those foes away,
 Wisely postpone the reckoning day,
 With him whose dark and desperate game
 Hath brought thee to this pass of shame!
 To them that so strive, in their need
 England, perforce, must wish Good speed!
 Enough of brave blood has been shed
 To atone ill-will to strife misled:
 Enough of thy blood and the foe's,
 That, worthy thine, as freely flows;
 God guide their hearts such Peace to frame,
 As thou mayest sign and feel no shame.
 May kindly Nature work to hide
 The prints of the invader's stride,
 And springs of inborn strength restore
 The lavish waste of generous gore,
 Till, as the seasons roll along,
 And Man's will and Heaven's grace are strong,
 Good even of war the World shall win,
 Theirs the great suffering whose the sin!

—Punch.

WAR LESSONS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

THE NECESSITY OF GOOD MARCHING.

The French were out manœuvred in the first rush of the war. They were beaten into a corner at Metz, blockaded in Alsace, and, generally speaking, "don for" by the splendid organization of their enemies. There is no need to go further back than the blocking of Bazaine at Metz to explain the capture of Napoleon at Sedan. The Germans swung round their left wing with tremendous energy, brought up their centre sharply into line, and pinned the French against the Belgian frontier in the little fortress of Sedan. Never was such marching seen as that of the Fifth and Eleventh Corps. Though they had marched some five and twenty miles that day, they were in excellent condition. Their bivouacs were well ordered; their camp-fires were blazing bright and clear. They tramped along in light marching order; their knapsacks carried in waggons which followed at a distance. They rushed into cottages for water or for a glass of wine, if any could be found. Tired and thirsty, the Prussian regiments thronged through Chœny on the 31st August. Tired and thirsty they passed on to the front. As each battalion neared

the Prince's quarters, the drums rolled out, the men held up their heads, and went by as at a review in Berlin, but that every one seemed to have been rolled in dust-bins previously. Dusty as they were, the infantry had a fine appearance. They all seemed to understand the need of hard marches, and to be buoyed up by the hope of complete victory.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DRILL AND DISCIPLINE.

I could follow the falling of their shells which exploded as they touched the ground, and fell with wonderful precision. I noticed also how quickly they changed and corrected their fire. As soon as a French corps took up a position, it was instantly assailed by shells. The first would perhaps fall a few feet short or beyond, but the third was sure to find its way to the troops and to do its awful work among them. The French shells, on the contrary, exploded generally before they reached the ground, and the smoke of the explosions formed innumerable little clouds at different heights, some so high they could do no harm, I should think, to the enemy. A few squadrons of Prussian cavalry made as if they would charge a French force which was towards the left. Immediately two regiments of French cavalry charged in turn upon the Prussian squadrons which fell back and fled. But at the same moment, a Prussian corps of infantry opened a murderous fire upon these too eager French cavalry and they came back sadly shattered from their rash pursuit. When one Prussian battalion hesitates, when even there is a charge in line by a body of French infantry, which requires a good deal of ground, there is always a creeping up of more and more of the dark coated assailants. Their guns cease firing for fear of hitting them, and a gallant dash of French light cavalry is made to recover the hill side. They ride forward, half hidden in dust, and seem for a moment to succeed; but the artillery re-opens, the infantry pour in a deadly fire, and we see the ground strewn with men and horses. The cavalry wheel about and go galloping back like a receding wave. That hill side must remain in Prussian hands. No, there is another rally by the French infantry. Once more they come on; the thin blue smoke rises above the line and they almost run in their wild attempt to push home. But the attack withers away and nothing can be seen of the regiment which made it. There has been heavy loss it is easy to see, though the men who fall cannot be distinguished in the confusion.

The greater part of the French army were indeed, enclosed in a circle of fire and the carnage was frightful. The French strove to dislodge the Prussians, but in spite of the most heroic efforts, they could not succeed in doing so. This carnage lasted all day. The ground was covered with corpses, and the river tinged with blood. The cavalry seized the rifles of the infantry in order to defend themselves, while the infantry took the sabres of the cavalry. All ranks, all arms, all corps were mixed up together. The smoke of the powder was so dense that you could not see two paces before you. The men fired almost at hazard, and a good many luckless French soldiers must have been struck by the bullets of their comrades. Resistance was impossible. Farms, houses, and some entire villages were on fire: the soldiers had used their last cartridge. The rumour spread—and it was correct—that Marshal MacMahon had just fallen on the battle-field grievously wounded. This was the signal for the flight, if that word can be applied to the departure of these brave troops, who had no alternative except to be

pitilessly massacred or to fall into the hands of the enemy.

SISTERS OF MERCY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

At the battle of Woerth, a Sister of Charity who had just dressed a soldier's wounds, had both legs carried off by a cannon shot. Her work was done, and she was just raising her hand to make the sign of the cross when she was struck down.

I was proceeding from Balo to Strasbourg and the compartment I was in was filled at one station by a whole bevy of Sisters of Mercy. Amongst them was one young and beautiful, who sat close by the side of her superior with downcast eyes. I saw glittering on her breast, by the side of her crucifix, the Cross of the Legion of Honour. At the same moment I noticed that she had but one arm. "You were in the Crimea, my sister?" said an old gentleman taking off his hat respectfully. "Yes, Sir," said the young Sister, casting down her eyes. The old man was curious, and after much questioning extracted that her arm had been shot off at the battle of the Alma, while offering to bind up the wounds of a Russian officer.

THE NECESSITY FOR THE MARTINI-HENRY.

Our often-repeated appeal to the Government to proceed at once with the manufacture of the Martini-Henry rifle has found a powerful advocate in Sir Joseph Whitworth, whose letter to a contemporary we republish in our columns to-day. If ever a subject has passed through all the stages necessary to authorize prompt action, this is that subject; and a heavy weight of responsibility will attach to the authorities if they defer any longer to set to work to arm the forces with the best rifle of the day. It is not too much to say that had the catastrophe of war now fallen upon us—had the French turned their arms upon us instead of upon the Germans—we should have had the Government only to thank that we must have met our enemies with a weapon so inferior as to have involved an enormous extra sacrifice of life.

We always held that to convert the Enfield was a mistake, and we pointed out as strongly as we could that it could be but a temporary measure, and in all probability a mere waste of money, for the converted Enfield could hardly be better in range and accuracy than the Enfield itself. Now the capacity of the Enfield is well known to all of us; it is a good rifle up to 500 yards, but beyond that it cannot compare with the small-bore rifles; and even the Chassepot is superior to it in range, if the reports from the war be true. With a better rifle in the field, it is not likely that this country would sit still and be content with an inferior weapon when such enormous interests were at stake. When we insisted, therefore, that the converted arm would but be a makeshift a temporary measure, we were right; and to meet even the Chassepot with the Snider would place us at a disadvantage which the nation would not tolerate. How rapidly the Germans have taken advantage of their determination to have the best arm they can get, may be seen when they have already proceeded to arm whole regiments with the Chassepots they have taken from the French, notwithstanding that their doing so involves the use of a different ammunition. Now, there can be no doubt that the Martini-Henry is as superior to the Chassepot in every quality—quick loading, accuracy, range, and penetration—as the Chassepot has been shown to be to the needle-gun. It