"my mortal inimy wouldn't be walkin' free acrass the mountains this blessed hour. But maybe he isn't gone far yet. The flood will the green of Fannystown. But it was more of soon begin to go down; give us somethin to ate, an' we'll see what revinge can do to over-

After partaking of some black, coarse bread, and making a few other preparations, they crossed the flood once more, and set out again in pursuit of John of the Bridle.

When something more than an hour had passed, Na Meerval rolled away the large stone with which the door of the inner apartment was fastened, and stood once more in the presence of Ellen Roch).

"Come!" said he sternly, "this is my third an' last time for askin' you. Say you'll have me, love or no love, and your troubles are over."

Ellen had tried every kind of entreaty before. She now determined to brave it out, and meet her fate, if it came to the worst, as fearlessly as she could.

"I said that but once in may life, an' you know to whom: can I say it now to one of the murderers of my bethrothed Moran?"

"Your betrothed! He's betrothed to the worms by this, an' what's the use o' thinkin' about him any longer? Think o' the long life that's before you, an' that you must spend it in my company, whether you like it or not,-Think o' the fair journeys an' pleasant days an' fine dresses you'll have when my wife, an' forget your betrothed for a truer man. I ask again. Say but that you'll have me, an' we'll leave the company of Folling Dearg an Cu Allee, an' fly to a more peaceful land, where

we can live together happy."
"I think," rejoined Ellen, "of the life that was before me, and that you have blasted for ever. I think of him who lies in some bloody nock, with none to pray for him, and none to cover him from the ravens an' the wild wolves . of the hills. I think of all this; and, if I live, each day your life will be near the brink, while an' see how I'll remember the long life before

The Man of Wonders saw that any further picturing of a pleasant life in his company to Ellen was useless. His demeanor now changed set of machinery with its complicated wheels, power of the forts and works which ought to teach the group was formed of a close line of forty-six. when one important spring is put out of order. whirls round, and runs into irretrievable confusion and destruction, so, when one passion is set completely loose, a host of others is aroused first. The idea of General von Blumenthal was, if and their heads to Villiers. Alas it was painfully to help its madness. And it was so with Na Meerval. His vindictive eyes, and every lineament of his face, seemed lighted up and blazing with the anger of disappointed love, if his could be called love; and the revenge that knows no mercy was but too truly shown in the iron grasp with which he clutched his dagger, ment of any attack on the city or its defences by bullet-hole. Several had taken off their knapsa ks as he drew it to strike at the defenceless bosom of poor Eller Roche. But, the moment he of poor Eller Roche. But, the moment he in it that though the period of surrender to that their water bottles in one hand, but had been unably raised his diagger, he was struck from behind great General might be deferred, the besiegers to remove the cork, and died without being able to himself, on the head, and with a force that stretched him swooning on the floor.

Accustomed as Na Meerval was to produce wonders the most amazing, he was not at all prepared for the miraculous change of circumstances that presented itself to his view on his recovery. The first thing apparent to his awakening senses was himself, Theige of the Red Cloak, and Theige the Wolf, bound hand and foot, and sitting side by side, with osier gads, or withes, round their neeks, under the conquering armies home at all events in time for tortal; their legs had been convulsively jerked up Immediately before them stood a short, darkbrowed man, who seemed calculating the height picture of three men dangling in the interventudes beside their horses, were the men of John of the Bridle, who himself, with his lieutenant, Remy of the Glen, stood a small distance outside the group, talking to Alice O'Brien and Ellen Roche. There was a horrible light in the eyes of both his comrades, which told Na Meerval too plainly what was to be their fate and his

"Where," exclaimed he; not yet able to colleet his thoughts,-" where is my skean gone to, that I had this minnit so firm in my hand? Ha! did I stab myself, that this blood is flowin' down my back?"

"Go an' ask Remy o' the Glen," answered Folling Dearg; "that's the man that put the blood flowin' down your back, when you should be protectin' yourself, instead o' raisin' your dagger to the breast of a wake girl."

"Ha!" said Na Meerval, now fully awakened. "we're caught in our own thrap at last. My curse upon the two that had strong revinge in an' couldn't escape from their worst inimies!"

"Were they free hills," exclaimed Cu Allce, with a wild volubility in his native tongue, "when they waited for us in the thickets, as the wild-cat waits for its prey; and when they sprang upon us, and bound us hand and foot, before we could find our dagger-hilts to defend ourselves? And are they free hills here, when startled the hesiegers by this tremendous demonwe have the keen, torturing, and destroying gads about our necks, that will send us with strange, piercing pain, and mortal fear and anguish, into the other world?"

"Stop," answered Folling Dearg, with a sullen and ferocious look, "stop your pains and tormints I feel at bein' bound this way, an' O'Brien? Shane na Shrad," he continued, raising his voice, "I have but small time to live; but, if I had a thousant years, every day. of id would be spent plannin' revinge, till I had sarved you as I sarved your lovin' frind, Moran O'Brien. My etarnal curse upon the fatean' may the torrent dhry for ever in its bedthat tore you from my grasp!"

John of the Bridle made no reply; but, after saying a few words to the dark-faced man who was calculating the height of the branches, proceeded with Remy of the Glen and the two

A few days after the death of the three Timothys, there was another merry dance on a novelty this time, for there was a bride and bridegroom to lead the measure; John of the Bridle-or Captain John, as he was at last entitled to be called-and Alice O'Brien having been joined heart and hand the same morning by the young priest who attended the cavalry force then occupying Castle na Doon.

Ellen Roche's sorrow was deep and true for her dead lover. But, as months wore on, time began to soften her grief; and she eventually became the bride of Remy of the Glen, John's lieutenant, whose timely blow rescued her from the dagger of the Man of Wonders.

Years upon years had passed away, until the gray fortifications of Kilcolman were level with the grass, and even the forests themselves were now dead upon the hills; but the ancient tree lived on in its solitude of Glenanar, regarded with a strange reverence by the peasantry, and still called by them "the Whitethorn of the three Timothys.'

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR. THE GREAT SORTIES.

Head-Quarters of the German Armies, Versailles, Dec. 3. The Army of Paris has made a grand effort to ourst its bonds of iron, and to meet the army or relief from the Loire, which has made two strenuous Morts to reach the defenders of the famishing capital. From other hands you will receive full accounts of what has passed in front of Artenay, now the scene of two battles, and on the north and cast of Paris. On this side, and against the Army of the Crown Prince, nothing serious has been attempted, except the sortic on the Bavarians and 6th Corps on the 29th of November, which was principally directed against the latter, with the view of occupying positions which would aid the grand sorties north and east on the following day. The powerful ordnance of the new French works have rendered the main road from Sceaux to Choisy-sur-Seine untenable, and Choisy itself is now in no man's land. so that if the besieged had got down on the Seine I am near you. Keep me, then if you dare; they might have interfered with the communications which now exist between the Crown Prince's non on Avron and Nogent were thundering with Army and the Army of the Meuse, and have caused great inconvenience to both. That attempt, if so of the first great groups I came upon was composed meant, failed completely, but the fact that the Ger- of 60 French s eliers. A few Saxons and man line has in several places receded, and that villages have been occupied by the French which with a startling suddenness. As a connected they could not approach at first, is a tribute to the a I sson to the advocates of the "living walls" prin- You could not have placed a body between any ciple of fortifications. I believe that some of the best heads among the Germans were averse from such a close investment of Paris as was made at I mistake not, to draw a circle round the city, cutting all the lines of communication at a sufficient saw subsequently, had not died instantaneously. distance to be quite free from annoyance by the lost had lived probably many hours without forts. There are the obvious objections to such a a hand to lend them succour, and in piercing snow plan that enlarging the enceinte would weaken the and frost. One poor fellow lay on his face, line of circumvallation and increase the resources. He had two rifle-wounds in his back. He had partly of the hadron death of the land partly of the hadron death. plan that enlarging the enceinte would weaken the of the besieged while it would imply an abandon- stripped himself, and he died with a hand on each aggressive operations-in fact, it would be a siege and placed them under their heads, and so pillowed by famine alone. There would be this advantage would not be molested except by attacks which wet their lips in their last agony. Some, in their must have been made outside the cover of guns of sufferings, had barrowed their inces in the thick clay position, in which the consequences of repulse on which they lay, and turned their bloody and earthwould be very severe. The columns would be seen stained faces upwards before they expired. Two I and would be met on better terms if they were not saw who had their arms fixed and their fists in overwhelming force, the only gain being that clenched as if while dying they were engaged in a they could deploy more easily than they can do at pugilistic encounter. Only very few were on their present. But popular sentiment in Germany, which Sides. These had their knapsacks under their heads. Count Bismarck leads, on that point certainly de-There were men on whose faces beamed the smile sired the bombardment of Paris if the city did not of an infant, and whose countenances were like surrender at once. The Germans desired instant handsome wax work. The expression of others three ominous branches of the fairy whitethorn. Christmas trees laten with tributes from grateful until their knees stuck into their stomachs, and the tributes from grateful their finger and thumb nails had been squeezed on sites near enough to command the forts, but of until they became riveted into the palms of their course the forts could also command them. The hands. Behind, before, and at the corners of this of those three branches from the ground and failure of the 6th Corps to occupy the commanding apparently having in his mind's eye a lively ridge of Villejuif enabled the French to bulge out One had a frightful wound in the face. He had the German line there where it is closest to the ing space. Around the tree, in various atti- route which opens communications with the Railway Terminus at Lagny, over the Seine, and the his hair till it was all in bloody mats. Near him sorties to the north and east had in view, no doubt, an irruption towards the lines of the Meuse Army, whose terminus is at Dammartin, and the repulse of the Wurtembergers between the Seine and Marne. as well as other and larger objects. The German lines being so bulged out in several places it must still be kept in mind that they have not, except at Villejuif, where it was problematical if they could have held one, withdrawn from the ground selected for the sites of batteries. If they do not intend to bombard, that is of no consequence. But the French, now in better heart, are acting on Todleben's principle of defence, and are pushing out earthworks to meet,-or, rather, to attack-those of the Germans. The gentlemen of Germany who sit at home at ease," and clamour for bombardment, ought to reflect on the vanity of bombardments in general. and on a few matters connected with bombardments in particular. The French and British collected at the siege of Sebastopol an infinitely more powerful train in proportion to the guns of the defence than the Germans have got here as compared with the ordnance of the forts. We all know what happened. Paris is not like Strasburg. But think of this again. In the furious and almost unprecedented cannonade their hearts, an' their legs upon the free hills, | which was opened by the French on the German lines lately, and in which about 8,000 enormous missiles were pitched into the Bavarians alone, the losses-except to the victims-were ludierous. It of the German wounded were found among the dead is calculated that some 25,000 or 26,000—some sar 30,000—shell were thrown, and that not one man was killed for every 1,000 shell. After a long pause of apparent inaction, during which Trochu was no doubt preparing for his great outburst, Paris almost stration. The time leaves little doubt that it was

## a concerted movement.—Times Special Corr. AFTER THE BATTLE.

A bitterly cold morning was that of this 5th day of December. Though every Frenchman had retired from the plateau between Paris and the villages of Noisy-le-Grand, Brie, Villiers, and Champigny betormints; what is the torthure o' death to the fore yesterday afternoon, there was no knowing what might have been done in the night, and accorseein' him beyant there, talkin' to Alice dingly an army had been kept in readiness, and a very considerable force was in the neighbourhood of those villages this morning to march to the front in case of an attempt at another sortie. Soon after daylight I saw many a bivouac. Keeping watch as the poor soldiers had to do was intensely cold work. None of them had sheepskin coats, but every man had a new thick blanket, which he wore in the form of a plaid across his shoulders. They watched all the forenoon, but not a Frenchman had appeared. Champigny and Brie had been evacuated, and the French troops had retreated on Paris, carrying, it is believed, their eight pontoon bridges back with and half from Dijon, yielding to superior forces and them. Mount Avron was firing on Noisy, and Char- not allowing himself to be drawn into a fight, and enton was letting us hear from it at the other side; but as my accounts of the desperate engagements advance, scarcely two hours were required for bring-

determined to walk among the dead and see the havoc that cannon and chassepot and needle-gun had made there.

From what I witnessed during the battles I knew

that Villiers would be the best point at which to

enter on my horrible exploration. It is just midway between Brie and Champigny. On upproaching the village I found two dead horses and a dead Zouave lying immediately outside. One of the horses was by the roadsider the other was in a field. The Zouave lay on his back by the side of a house. Two shells had destroyed all three, and the side of a house also. Villiers itself had been shelled with a vengeance. The bombs had descended everywhere, carrying with them the roofs of houses, entering through stone walls, and scattering destruction all around. But though not many of the dwellings there had entirely escaped, one mansion seemed safe and sound. In the grounds attached to it the shells had ploughed the ground and thrown the earth about on every side. The residence itself is that of a courageous French lady, who has lived in it under all the fire, and now gives shelter to a Saxon officer who was wounded outside. This lady is the sole civilian in the village. She must be the most courageous woman on earth, for not to speak of the battle days, shells are always falling in Villiers. There is a park just at the extreme end of the village on the Paris side. Before and all around it raged the battle on both days-the 30th of November and the 2d of December. The chatcan is officers' quarters. How it suffered! There is scarcely a window sash left in one side of it, and to approach it there is no necessity to make use of the entrance gate. The wall is smashed from top to bottom in a dozen places. I entered near the gate and the first sight I saw was ten dead Saxons in a row. Their faces were covered, and three of their comrades watched over them. Passing through the park in the direction of Paris, I walked out through an embrasure in the wall, and came upon rising ground. It was one of the hottest parts of the battle-field, and almost the centre of the scene of fighting. Heavens, what a sight! To see the men advancing under fire of the forts, and falling at every step; to see the French and the Saxons amid that horrid din of artillery shooting one another down with chassepot and needle-gun; to hear the hurrahs" followed by a volley, and as the smoke cleared away to find the lines thinned and living men advancing over the prostrate bodies of dead and dying was horrible, but nothing like so horrible as the sight of this battle-field, with hundreds of dead lying there in the cold air, the sun shining on their ghastly features and stiff forms, while the cansounds which shook the earth for miles round. One Wurtembergers lay around them; but the Germans had already removed and laid in their last sleeping-place most of their dead. The centre of two. They fell shoulder to shoulder just as they had stood to fire. By far the greater number of them were on their backs with their feet to Paris evident that many of them, and of others whom I had breathed their last breath. Others clenched to remove the cork, and died without being able to line of 46 dead men were others, Saxon and French. pulled his hands up into his sleeves to warm them, but his cap had fallen off and the blood clotted on was another who had taken a biscuit from his knapsack and the bottle from his side, and had partaken of a little of both. More than one of the slain had died with the hands clasped in prayer; and near one I found a little plaster medallion of the Blessed Virgin. A portion of the edge had been shot off it. The chassepots and needle-guns were still in many a dead man's hand, and lying between his arm and his body. Similar were the sights all over the plateau between Villiers and Brie, and Villiers and Champigny; and among the corpses were knapsacks, belinets, shakoes, bayonets, and many a letter scaled and directed to relatives and friends in Germany and France. Near a cemetery situated on the battle-field itself I saw between 200 and 300 dead French soldiers collected closely together: they had been removed from where they had fallen and collected in that spot for burial. All were Regulars and a considerable proportion of them were men of at least 25 or 30 years of age. There were dead nearer to Paris than any spot I visited, though the fortifications were much to close to be at all agree able, and Neuilly-sur-Marne and Fontenay-sous-Bois seemed to be within a few minutes distance on my right and left. I hope there were no wounded. No armistice for the removal of the dead and wounded had been agreed to; but both sides had been removing them by night. So late as last night some and are now in hospital. What must have been their sufferings in snow and frost since the 2nd inst., for they had been lying out day and night since then, it not since the 30th! But I think your readers will have had sufficient of the battle-field with its masses of dead. May one hope it is the last of them? I don't believe any man could see it without most fervently wishing that it may be,

I have only time to add that the French brought over no fewer than 14 batteries in their passage across the Marne, but owing to the inefficiency of their artillerists—this, at least, is the reason the Germans assign for it-not nearly that number was brought into active service. The number of Wurtembergers killed and wounded in the two battles is estimated at between 1,300 and 2,000, besides about 40 officers, but it may be more. That of the Saxons is 2,000 men and 76 officers.—Times Corr.

A letter from Dijon, in the Mannheim Journal, gives an account of the defeat of the Garibaldians. The writer says :- " At noon on Saturday, the 26th ult., came the news that Garibaldi was on our right flank and contemplated an attack on Dijon. The expectant countenances of the towns-people showed that this intelligence was known to them and was not unfounded. When it was announced, at 4 p.m., that Count Degenfeld had retired to Talon, a mile that he was there preventing the enemy's further

brigade at Dijon assembled, the Prussians advancing skirts of the continent. It required amazing visto enomy on the, north, and Colonel Renz, with the 1st and 3d battalions of the 2d Grenadiers and one battalion of the 1st Grenadier Regiment, on his south flank. After marching 31 hours over hills and amid pouring rain we heard the thundering of cannon; the enemy was found. Our cavalry debouched from the wood, and found the enemy a few paces in front of them. It was the work of a moment to push forward the artillery and to post two Grenadier companies on the right and two on the left. The next moment, heedless of the rain of bullets, we she is a nation, that her voice shall be entirely unadvanced. In a quarter of an hour the enemy begun heeded in council. It may be that like the potent to give way. We still attacked them in the flank. Hebrew's, her hair may begin to grow again after and our three battalions, who gradually emistriped: the Prussians, in two hours had given the whole strength to return. Alas, that like him she should the Prussians, in two mours mad given the viral be fatally blind! Individuality of race, too, although off in all directions, leaving their knapsacks and muskets, with not inconsiderable loss. At 7 p.m. will in France's circumstances increase the alexangement of the declining peninsular will in France's circumstances increase the alexangement. scribing a skirmish on the 26th ult, states that the of resuscitation. Except the Gypsies and the Jews infantry sent out to support the fusiliers were assailed by a discordant noise of fifes, trumpets, drums, and cries of "En avant les bataillons! Vive Garibalde! The infantry were ordered to let the Garibaldians come within 40 paces. They then fired and speedily repulsed the enemy. At night, after returning to their position at Daix, they suddenly heard the sounding of fifes and trumpets and the singing of Continent, her condition, her acts, her thoughts sounding of files and trumpers and the singles of the Marsallaise, and an Italian song commencing must be of importance, and, whether they be great the Marsallaise, and an Italian song commencing must be of importance, and, whether they be great with "Vice Garibaldi" The Germans waited in or despicable, must command attention. The world silen e till the enemy came within sight, and then cannot leave her to mourn or to rejoice, to wither fired with deadly effect. The whole band took to flight, throwing away their weapons, while the Ger- whether she will once more build up a stable tion man hurral resounded, and the rest of the night ernment, retracing her foolish steps, and recognising passed off quietly. According to this account the the danger of her former ways; or whether untaring Garibaldians have a habit of putting their foe on the alert by their music and shouting.

The London Times thus describes the behaviour of the Garibaldians in France :-

Between Garibaldi and the priests in Italy there vas, of course, internecine animosity: Garibaldi did not conceive that matters could be different in France, and, as among the wildest anarchists in Marseilles he found many who shared his own views, he jumped to the conclusion that the Vosges. and the Jura, and Brittany, and all Mobiles and Free-Shooters under arms, were in the same anti-clerical mood, or that, if they were not, they could and should be made to become so.

We were well aware that hate begets hate, and could not doubt that the Man of Aspromonte and Mentana would be obnoxious to the French Ultramontanes; so that, even had his proceedings been the most irreprehensible, heinous charges, more or less unfounded, could not fall to be brought against him. But, unfortunately, his enemies were under no necessity to resort to calumny; for both at Dole and Autun, where he successively had his Head-Quarters, excesses have been committed from which it is not easy altegether to exonerate Garibaldi himself, and for which, at any rate, some of his superior officers will have to be held responsible. Garibaldi and his Lieutenants have been acting as if there were no other law or authority in the district occupied by their troops than their own will and rule. They have been turning the Jesuits and their Colleges out of their premises; they have made arrests of priests and even of civil funtionaries; they have held Courts Martial and cond mined one priest to death, who was afterwards respited by M. Gambetta; they have stabled themselves and their horses in churches and cathedrals. even where the municipal authorities offered to provide them with other accommodation; and, inally, they have broken into private dwellings, a under pret new of dominiliary visits-samong others into the Palace of the Bishop of Autun, whose sleeping apartment they invaded with drawn swords, rummaging about in dark holes and corners round the bed and under the bed in which the Prelate was lying, in quest, as they said, of a Prussian spy; but taking away in the end, not the spy, who did not exist, but the Bishop's watch, and the crozier from his private chapel, with the seal of his bishopric We would willingly discard such tales as untrue if the statements had only occurred in French newspapers; but we cannot set aside the testimony of some of the Garibaldians themselves, honest Engtheir leader.

and the bitterest are among those Breton and other provincial Mobiles who constitute the flower of the newly-recruited French armies. Among the carnest and honest peasantry of those rural districts, together with a great deal of sincere piety there is, perhaps, an immense amount of superstition and bigotry; but religious intolerance is scarcely to be cured by political fanaticism, and, at all events, the wheel of his gig he had seen stack on the prostranger in France; that his business there is to fight the Prussians, not to worry the priests, It is true he contends, and very probably believes, that the priests are worse enemies of the people than the Prussians themselves; but he should reflect how easy it is for the priests to turn the tables against him, and paint him blacker than any enemy in the flesh or the spirit; and how naturally the people would trust their own clergy rather than a man of whom they know nothing, except that he looks upon the Apostle Peter as a myth, and upon the

Apostle's successor as Antichrist. When Garibaldi, a few days ago, entered Autun, a town hardly known to him even by name-a town with a population of 11,000 souls and no less than nine convents-he addressed the crowds of "ladies and women," as he described them, attracted by curiosity, and warned them to beware of priests and monks, who were their worst foes, and under whose influence their country could never hope to emancipate itself; but he was cut short by a fair one in his audience, who was "very sure the priests were no hindrance to the young men who did their duty to the country, but rather stirred them up with word and example, followed them to the camp, tended them in hospital, harbored them in their cloisters; witness the Jesuit Fathers, who had been lodging and feeding as many as 800 Mobiles for upwards of a month." For it is a fact, of which Garibaldi is not aware, and of which he can form no conception, that in France the Clerical, the Legitimist, and all other reactionary parties are by no means those which show the least zeal in the national cause.

France's Future.—The recovery of a nation after loss, conquest, pestilence, famine, is not unfrequently recorded in history; but a nation that has fallen to pieces by its internal disorganization does not for ong-sometimes does not for ages-reassert its place in the world. The eclipse which came upon Greece and upon Italy lasted for centuries, and has not passed away. In later times the glory of Spain departed and has never returned. These considerations must appal one who looks now at prostrate France. Not her present misfortunes only, but the dark days that are before her, excite emotion, the one raising pity the other shutting out hope. France the fair, the romantie, the brave, the legendary, to sink into a base country, clinging to her ancient pride and ancient pretension, is sad to contemplate. Yet if what has been be any guide to the knowledge of what is to be, France must for many a day, perhaps for many a century, experience the bitterness of humiliation. Of all the great institutions which she owned in her days of renown, not one remains to serve as a rallying-point. So utterly has she failed that her reconstruction cannot be immediate or speedy; it must be the work of generations. Nevertheless, strongly as the analogies may press in a political view, there is young maidens up the valley, and left the three in this quarter could scarcely be considered coming the whole Corps under arms. At 7 our regiment, the fallen countries with which we have compared plete without some description of the battle-field I as usual, became outposts. At 6 a.m. on Sunday the her. Greece, Italy, Spain, are all peninsulas, on the trouble. It being rumored that they had fired on a

give them their predominance at all, and when their energy disappeared insignificance naturally ensued. Their geographical posinaturally ensued. Then geographical Posi-tion, in spite of which they raised themselves, gave them no assistance when they began to fail; it rather served to teach the rest of Europe how well affairs could go on without these excrescences which belong more to the sea than the land. But her geographical situation must always work power. fully in favour of France. Europe can never go on its way unmindful of her—tan never say, as long as she has been shaven, and some tokens of her trem will, in France's circumstances, increase the chances man. He can hardly amalgamate or change, So far, therefore, there is a chance of French nationality being preserved. And as long as she keeps her nationality, France has open to her a way back into the society of European nations. Bordering on to many of them, extending into the very heart of the or to rise, uncared for. But how she will actby even this her bitterest misfortune, she will yet seek to change and to destruction under the delision that they can heal her. - is a question too hard her any to decide. Thus, though the healing of France must be slow, it may, with wisdom and patience, be sure. If she can forget her vain imaginations and forsake the follies that have so easily beset her -wild political experiments, lust of territory, everweening pride, indifference to human suffering, and contempt for all humanity that is not French-she may rise from her ashes purified, in her right mind; and if weak, yet with the weakness of an infant which contains the germ of manly strength-not the weakness of an imbecile whose strength has gone for ever. We of this generation may yet rejoice to see her flesh coming back to her like the desh of a little child after her great moral beprosy, and may speed her on her way to an Empire which shall rest on her faith, her honesty, her moderation, her wise government, and on the goodwill of he neighbours, not on their apprelicasions. Em if France persists in following her delusions, then be it remembered that the same geographical advantage which tends to arrest decay, and will long preserve for her the possibility of randomes, will at length insure her overthrow. She cannot remain insignificant, like a far peninsula. Either she must wake up to a sense of better and higher things than she has known before, or she will sink lower and lower towards her doom, and that doom will be dismetaberment. Blackwood's Magazine for D comber

A correspondent before Paris tells the fellowing

"The German Organization." How mach we have heard of that lately from all sorts of different sources, its excellence, its promptitude. how it never breaks down under any strain! Among others, I have borne tribute to its merits; but the most whimsical tribute I have yet heard was exacted from a Briton, who is with the headquarters of Trime trangent Saxony, I have the story from the gentleman himself. He had been dining with Prince G orgo, and was on his way to his headquarters along the charse, On his road, he came upon a proviant waggon, one of whose wheels had broken, and the concern was in the mud. Not for long, though. Presently the waggoner produced another wheel in a matter- f-fact way, that seemed to convey that he had an unlimited quantity of extra wheels on top. The new wheel was put on, and the waggon rolled. Our countryman, comparatively a new comer, had heard much of the Prussian organization. Here, to his hand, as if lish correspondents enthusiastically attached to be had ordered a rehearsal, was a specimen. Far away from a wheelright, a waggon saddenly breaks With the exception of M. Gambetta and his Mar-eillais, Garibaldi has only hitter enomies in France again in less than ten minutes. Our countryman followed Captain Cuttle's counsel by making a note of this illustration, intending, no doubt, after the manner of a Briton, to write there ment to the Time. Before going into the house, he happened to look into a shed which had been allocated as the dwelling-house of a gig, in which he had a few days before invested. The wheel of his gig was gone. It was viant waggon. He went to bed trying as he might, to digest the last phrase to his illustration to the <sup>e</sup> German Organization."

> The energetic measures of the engineer corps for the defence of Paris are thus stated by the London Engineer:-The engineers of the bridges and high roads, and the mining engineers, have contributed largely to the work of defence. They directed the earthworks and the constructions for the closing of the gates of Paris, the completion of the ditches and glacis, the establishment of new batteries, and the clearing of the outer military zone. They collected all the timber necessary for the works, often from spots thirty leagues distant from Paris, aided in the defences of St. Denis, and turned the waters of the Ourcq into the ditches of the fortifications, and constructed many of the redoubts. They are now occupied in aiding the completion of the second and inner encients of the city, of which the circular railroad forms the base. In addition to this, a third enciente is being formed, which, among other things, transforms the place of the Arc de Triomphe into a veritable stronghold, and an almost insurmountable barrier. In eighteen days the corps of the bridges and highroads laid a railway twenty-are miles long all round Paris in the military road; they also built buts for 80,000 Gardes Mobiles, and constructed two dams on the Seine, a stockade on the river, and an incombustible dum to arrest any floating fire, besides many other important works, including a large iron-plated magazine for petroleum and ammunition.

> An Incident of Paris Streets.-I saw an old gentleman yesterday who was formerly in a large way of business and lived in good style some few years since. A twist in the wheel of fortune raind him. Until the war was declared he struggled on and supported himself respectably as a commission agent, but the siege has pressed heavily on him, and all his friends have left. His clothes have been brushed threadbare, his hat still affects to shine feebly and his boots are polished. He looks scrupulously clean and respectable. In course of conversation he told me that he had gone early to the market. A turnip had taken his fancy—it made the poor old gentleman's mouth water. He asked the price-five sous. "I could not afford the luxury," he said. "There are two of us in the family. I went home without it to breakfast." You may not be aware of it, but I have the bump of curiosity extraordinarily developed, and was unable to resist saying, "What did you have for breakfast!" The old gentleman replied, with hesitation, "Why, this manning are the saying and the saying are the sayin morning we only had four potatoes between us." To-day he breakfasted with me, but it was with much difficulty I made him agree to do so. There is much misery in Paris, but the people bear up bravely, and really appear to delight in making the