THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE - BEB 17, 1871.

family, won't it? Are Albey and Miriam as sweet on each other as they used to be?" of novelty was beginning to wear on mote hard "Barbara made a gesture of was used to be?" of novelty was beginning to wear on mote hard "Barbara made a gesture of was used to be?" of novelty was beginning to wear on mote hard "Barbara made a gesture of was used to be?" of novelty was beginning to wear on mote hard "Barbara made a gesture of was used to be?" of novelty was beginning to wear on mote hard "Barbara made a gesture of was used to be?" of novelty was beginning to wear on mote hard "Barbara made a gesture of was used to be?" of novelty was beginning to wear on mote hard "Don't talk to me of what used to be?" Mrs patience ! they love each other just has much—" as much—" she hesithed, end hard with as much—" she hesithed, end she hadded with a dry smile—" the your and Pet used to love each other !" each other !"

Her companion colored, and walked to the window.

"Bah !" continued Barbara contemptuously, but triumphing in her home thrust. " I have lost fuith in all mankind. I would not rely on Martin Luther himself if he were to walk out of his grave this moment and apply for Mr. Albey's living !"

Oyril broke into a hearty laugh: and began to go to and fro, shaking with merriment.

"Oh! yes, you may laugh. He who wins may laugh," said Barbara with significance; adding abruptly: "Where have you spent your time since you want away from here?"

"Oh ! all over the continent"---(wiping the merry tears from his eyes)-" wherever a wayward fancy, and steam, or horse, or mule would carry me. A month here and a month there; now in France, again in Germany, and last of all Italy."

"Your wife is a foreigner, isn't she?" and Barbara tried to look indifferent.

"Well,-yes; more French than anything else. By the way, she was educated in the same school, Pet was."

"Poor darling Pet! wailed Barbara .-"Ninetcen to-day, and keeping her birthday among strangers, while the old hearts at the Terrace are hungering and thirsting for the sight of her precious face ! O Cyril !"-she broke out, with tears, forgetting everything save her own great bitter disappointment and the loss of her darling-" O Cyril! if you had only married her instead of this pretty foreigner whom we never saw !"

"What !" cried her companion hotly-"marry a Papist? Tie myself for life to a member of that Church which I have often heard you berate and anathematize as corrupt and talse, idolatrous and superstitious ?"

Me was apparently in such a heat, that he caught up the poker and began to knock the coals about in the grate.

"For shame, Cyril, to take me up in that way," returned Barbara as vexed as if she had been the poker. "It is not gentlemanly of you. If I ever said such things my temper must have got the better of my reason: for Pet's religion could never be corrupt or false or idolatrous. The dear child was pure as a lily, and truthful and pious as an angel.

"Hey-day !" cried Cyril, getting very red, and poking the fire vigorously. "things have come to a pass when Barbara Trenton defends a rank Romanist-and discovers purity, truth and piety in a follower of the Pope! Pardon me"-with a bow and a flourish of the offending poker-"but I would like to have a leaf out of the book of this sudden conversion."

Barbara bit her lip; and did look a little bit ashamed! but the door opened at that moment to her great relief, and Miriam came in.

ш.

"And you will go away to live among those Jesuit priests altogether, and leave me to face the weary future alone? O Ernest! I did not think you could be so cruel, so selfish !"

"Dear Miriam, you do not know what this resolution has cost me. As God sees my heart,

"O Ernest! do not leave me," she pleaded with a painful conviction of her utter dependence on him. "If you go away there will be no ore to help me. I shall grow careless and worldly again, and lose my soul at last !"

"There will be a greater ONE to help you than poor Ernest Albey," said her companion visibly moved. "O my dear one! cast yourself confidingly into His arms. Make one heroic act of resignation to His will, of faith in His mercy-and your poor suffering heart will be filled with peace !"

And then, as she walked beside him with bowed head and trembling lips-by his great love for the sorrowful girl, moved still more by his great zeal for her eternal salvation. Mr. Albey began to talk in his sweet, persuasive way of the faith he was embracing. In clear, simple words, as if he were talking to a child, he laid bare before her pure soul and earnest logical mind, and let her read there the story of his conversion. The truth, the purity, the holiness of the Roman Catholic Church; her distinctive unity and great, mysterious Sacrifice; her sacramental treasures, her consoling intercourse with the Blessed Virgin and the Saints : her tender ministry to the suffering

souls in Purgatory. "Oh! if you did but know the gifts of God !" he said again and again ; while Miriam felt strangely soothed and listened eagerly, with the tears trembling in her eyes.

And when, lowering his voice (as if the subject were too sacred for a loud discourse) he spoke of the ineffable loveliness of Virginity, of the dignity of the consecrated priest, the angels in the flesh, forsaking all comforts and lawful pleasures to go across seas, and into trackless wilds, through fire and famino, pestilence and persecution, to win immortal souls to Jesus Christ. Miriam's heart seemed to glow and melt within her.

He saw her tears, her agitation.

"Let us go in here and rest," he said softly, as the door of the little Catholic Church stood invitingly open. "Many a time when things" were at their worst, I have stolen in here unobserved : and the Divine Presence has soothed me.

They knelt down on the very spot where Pet had wept and prayed a year before. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Aye, and do not the tears and prayers of the myriads of bloodless and uncanonized martyrs also cry eloquently to God for the conversion of their persecutors?

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR. A PRUSSIAN VIRW OF THE WAR. (From Times Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Jan. 14.

The comparative silence of the Paris forts since the beginning of the bombardment is easily ac-countedfor. Eight German guns being aimed ateach embrasure, the enemy's artillerymen soon find it too hot to stand by their guns. The German breechloaders fire with such extraordinary precision that they can make the muzzle of the enemy's guns their target, and after a little while always succeed all right when we are playing before an audience." in silencing their noisy adversaries. The process But does it come right? When for the first time

This is degant specimen of engineering. Only the all the fore opening fire, the trees in front, which had been sawn through closed the grand field and the mark at one stroke. The next maning the set 2-randers ranged along the simi-circular front of the first began to give tongue, and in give days the first began to give tongue, and in give days the first began to give tongue, by their missiles. Wherever French residents still remained in their believer the since halt transition were rehabitations near the siege batteries they were re-

moved either before the construction of the works, or at any rate before the firing began. Thus for instance, the few gardeners and servants remaining at Meudon were collected in a barn on the morning of the 4th, the guns being only placed after every possibility of a stranger's eye espying their position had been provided against. When the last cannon was in position the poor people were invited to take up their residence at Versailles, or some other place near at hand. While this was going on, Mont Valerien was firing at random as usual. According to an official computation, not more than one German has been wounded by every 300 rounds from this fortress. In other words, £3,008 has been spent by General Trochu to compass the despatch of one man to the hospital.

PRUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

The advantages of speed are all with a retiring riny, not with the pursuers, unless the retreat is se ill-conducted as to become a rout. The retreating forces can make their way onwards as fast as they please, if not encumbered with baggage; while the pursues are obliged to feel their way carefully, that they may not be led into a trap. It is therefore not to be wondered at that the Prussian columns arriving at the summit of a hill, strained their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of the enemy. Like a row of huge snakes, the various columns undulated forward, now crowning a height, now dipping into a hollow, the men marching cheerfully as usual, and singing frequently in deep rich tone. There is the same tale to tell of each Division. Now and then the head of a column touches a small rearguard; there are a few shots, a delay of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the Germans always pushing forward, then a hurrah, a rush, and the French run like hares, leaving a few prisoners in the hands of their enemy. Generally some French soldiers are found in the villages and little towns. Just after we arrived in St. Calais I saw two Frenchmen in red trouscres and gray great coats wandering about the square, and inquiring from hughing Germans where they should go. Prescutly six men from the missionary, the Sister of Charity-living like guardroom went out and took possession of them, to their evident satisfaction,

Beside the road, half lost to sight in the driving snow could be seen at times cavalry halting to teed their horses. The cheery laughter of the men and the neighing of horses expectant of food harmonized in a strange chorus, and told that neither snow nor difficulties of marching had anything like a depressing offect on the soldiers. The only remark about the weather which reached my cars from the lips of a soldier was, "This weather is very much against the French." Singing was frequent, and one of the regimental bands played a lively air both on the march and in the square at Bouloire, a little nest of a place, where the Head-Quarters rest to-night and whence infantry fire was quite audible. It came, I believe, from Ardenay, the most advanced position reached by any part of the army, where one of the Divisions of the 3rd Corps rests to night. What must be the outpost duties in such weather? The wind howls and the big snow-flakes are driven fiercely before it. Yet the men must watch carefully, for who can tell what the French might attempt if they knew of the Frince's Head-Quarters and had courage for a bold dash through some of the side lanes which intersect this country of copses, small fields, and hedges like those of old England? There was great talk once of night attacks practised at Chalons, but, like many other piece of French talk, they have never been effected in reality. An army must first have its corps organization, its train, and its outpost work in perfect order before it tries such dangerous work as attacks by night, when every duty is more difficult than by day and every bush may conceal an enemy. It is sometimes imagined that all such du-ties as those just mentioned will come right of themselves in time of war. If soldiers do not march well or Volunteers are unsteady, the remark is often made They will march or gain steadiness in war." So it is sometimes said when the actors in private theatricals break down during rehearsal. "It will be

than decimated. The Queen's Guards lost nearly half theirs, so did the Schutzens. Some computies have been left without one of the officers who set out from German with the regiment. The Saxons have had 105 officers killed and 150 wounded, while their loss of men in killed and wounded is nearer to 7,000 than to 6,000 fill, then, the Germans have been victorious, their victorics have cost them dear, and I am certain that, with a determination to fight and I am certain that, with a determination to fight as long as they may be called on to do so, they are wishing heartily that, with the capitulation of Paris, the war may come to a close. Considerable doubt is, however, felt respecting the course which may be taken by Lyons, Marseilles, and certain other towns. The German military authorities don't feel at all sure that the Republican communities in the south will lay down their arms when Paris falls. New arrangements for the north are under consideration in case of continued opposition in that quarter; but as they are not yet perfected it would be premature to allude to them more particularly.

The King of Terrors has been winning fcarful battles of late in Paris, and the death-rates for the week ending the 31st of December speak volumes-3,280 deaths in seven days, showing an increase of 552 deaths on the preceding week! Small-pox makes a steady advance (454 deaths), and typhus fever follows, at some distance, but the chief causes of death are discuses of the lungs and chest brought on by the inclemency of the season, the want of fuel, and the want, too, of that generous food which gives warmth to the body, and in a great degree stands in lieu of fire. Poor nursing mothers, with their weakly infants, old people deprived of their usual comforts, and sick children are dropping away fast. I would not willingly be harsh on a people whose patriotism is roused into fierceness by misfortune, but there is, to my mind, something am tempted to call unmanly in the want of feeling shown for the sufferings of the non-combatant part of the population, and the stern eagerness with which many organs of the Press insist on the necessity of reserving everything beyond the bare necessaries of life for those who can do service in the field or on the rumparts. Throughout the siege there has been little pity shown by the Parisians for the defenceless—for the starving women within the walls as well as for the rayaged villages without, The "attitude" of Paris has been the sole preoccupation. National Guards receive 30 sous a day, and their wives 15 sous, but women unconnected with the civic army and old men get nothing, and they must go and stand in long lines for kours in the bitter cold at the doors of the municipal canteens to get their scanty supply of unpulatable food. There it is that bronchitis nad pneumonia scize upon their victims.

THE GARRISON OF PARIS.

The regular army with which Trochu was first ocsupied was composed of about 28,000 men, brought back from Mezicres by Vinoy, 40,000 old soldiers and men from the depots, and, finally, 15,000 young recruits from the two last contingents-making altogether in round numbers 83,000 men. The Paris Garde Mobile supplied 40,000 men, those of the Garde Mobile of the Departments which it was possible to enclose in Paris furnished 90,000, the navy brought a contigent of 10,000 men, and the "Corps Francs" 20,000: Thus the entire army-Line, Mobile, and Navy-formed a working force of 245,000 men, including the noncombatants, which is, in fact, the number indicated by the plebiscile of the 3rd of November. Since then we have lost about 12,000 men; and there remains to us a fairly strong force, which after much hesitation, has been divided into two active armies-one under the command of General Betwe armies—one under the commune of content Ducrot (the 2d), the other (the 3d) under the com-mand of General Vinoy; the latter being chiefly composed of Gardes Mobiles. To these must be added the service companies of the local National Guard and the whole of the National Guard itself, which together form the First Army.

THE RANGE OF GUNS. - Apropos of the siege of Paris, it may be interesting to note here some of the longest ranges on record. At Shoeburyness, in 1856, the old smooth-bore 68-pounder, with a charge of 16 lb., and at an elevation of 27 deg., threw a common spherical shell of 66 lb., 5,600 yds. In 1858 a rifled Armstrong 32-pounder, at 33 deg. elevation, with 6 lb. charge, threw a shot 9,153 yds. About the same time a 7 in. gun, rifled by Mr. Lynall Thomas, charge 25 lb., elevation 371 deg., shot 176 lb., ranged 10,075 yds. In 1864 a 12 in. gun, charge 10 lb., elevation 23 deg., shot 511 lb., ranged 7,402 yds. The Woolwich 9 in. muzzle-loading rifled gun, at 33 deg. elevation, and with 43 lb. charge, has thrown its common shell, with 18 lb. of powder bursting charge, to a distance of 9,900 yds. The 8 in. Woolwich gun, with a charge of 30 lb., and at an elevation of 161 deg., has thrown its shell 6,600 yds. During the Armstrong and Whitworth competitive trial, in 1864, very long ranges were occasionally attained. The 70-pounder breech-loading Armstrong gun, firing a 70 lb. shot with a 9 lb, charge, ranged, at 15 deg., 4,728 yds., and at 21 deg. 5,281 yds .-The muzzle-loading Armstrong, firing a 70 lb, shot with a 10 lb, charge, ranged, at 15 dcg, 5,201 yds. and at 21 deg., 6,330 yds. The Whitworth 70-pounder attained the longest ranges, owing to its projectile being of comparatively small diameter; with a shot of 70 lb, and charge of 10 lb, it ranged at 15 deg., 6,252 yds; at 12 deg., 7,965 yds.; and at 33 deg., 9,480 yds.-Engineer. A correspondent gives the following account of an incident of the last sortie from Paris. He was with the Prussians :---The Queen Elizabeths knew what was coming. Their patrols had been out feeling the interval between Le Bourget and Draney, and the advance of a strong body of French troops had been notified. Every man was under cover ; every man had finger on trigger, and muzzle out to the front. So when the French fire came, the Elizabeths gave it back steadily and with interest; not acting so foolishly as to rush out to close quarters in the open, but lying snugly behind their stout barricades and the strong walls of the houses, and firing in the direction whence came the French fire. It seems no Frenchmen were visible. They were within a hundred yards, but they came no further. After firing they stood for a while, then gave ground, and fell back to Drancy. Yet again about eleven they had come on; much the same features characterized this attempt as the last. And now, had they got enough, did I think? asked the Major; or did I think they were gluttons, and would come at it once more? They answered his question, not I. Just as he spoke came the "Steady, men I" from the officer by the harricade. There was a dull sound of tramping; sharpened by a few isolated shouts, and then a confused belch of musketry fire. I heard the officer by the barricades order-" Schnell feur !" and schnell was, beyond a doubt, that same four. Nor were the French behindhand in their reply. One could hear the bullets pattering on the walls on the other side of the road, as if the fog had burst out into big hailstones. This steady firing lasted for some five minutes, then the French musketry fell away. In the comparative silence from the front there were audible easily, the shouts of the officers, "En avant !" En avant !" One officer_judging by the direction whence came the firing, he must have commanded the right-had a very shrill voice, and as he screamed rather than shouted, a wretched dog close by began to bark in opposition ; whereat the Queen Elizabeths laughed consumedly behind their cover. Another officer-how I pitied the gallant fellows-ranged from wrath to sorrow in his desperate `cfforts to make his men ohargo. " En avant, he began, and repeated once or twice. " Sacre nom de Dieu, en avant, canaille !" and then he was over

and the second second

enjoints f. But the enjoints didn't see it. Indeed, they did not see the pleasure of staving where they were. I heard no command of retreat given, but the firing dropped away tora distance, and intermittingly, and then ceased altogether. At a quarter to one there was an advance on the other side from Cournery but enfladed in the way as the troops connocing it but enfileded in the way as the troops composing it were by the guard field watches on the Dugny road, they never got so close as the assailants from Draney nor did they hold their ground so stubbornly. Till three o'clock the forts continued their fire, then all was silent again. And so ended this sortie-if you was silent again. And so chick has some n you can call it a sortic-against Le Bourget. German loss : one man of the Queen Augustas, two of the Queen Elizabeths, severely wounded. The Augusta man had his shoulder smashed by a shell; three men of the Queen Elizabeths slightly wounded. No officer touched. Have I wasted your space-taken up a column and more with a trumpery affair in which one side had not a single man killed. But surely there must have been ever so many Frenchmen kil-led and wounded? you suggest. Perhaps there were indeed, I don't see how it is possible that they should not have suffered considerably. But they left nothing behind them except here and there a red patch of blood on the snow covered ground. Patrols of the of blood on the show to verte ground. That is of the guards were beating the front all night, as well to ensure security as to pick up any wounded men they might fall in with. They found none. The French had carried of their dead and wounded.

Our readers will remember to have heard of Sergeant Hoff, much praised by the Parisians for shoot-

eventh Prussian killed by the adventurous Sergeant Hoff." Before we had ceased talking of the deed we would read-" Sergeant Hoff has killed two more" Rewards were showered upon him, and people stood open-mouthed to hear the stories of the brave man. At the battle of Champigny he disappeared. Great vere the lamentations over his disappearance.-Poor Sergeant Hoff-how sad to think of such a man losing his life! It is now declared with the utmost assurance that he was a Prussian spy. It seems to be proved that he was a German, and his mistress, a Frenchwoman, whom he has left behind him in Paris, has let out certain facts which seem to carry guilt home to him. This is rather ungrateful of her, as he left with her all the money which he heaped together as the result of his heroism, amounting to 7,000f. or 8,000f. Many people take the fact of his having acquired such funds as the most deeided proof of his guilt; but in point of fact it proves nothing either way. The money might have been given to him as the wages of his 'espionage, and it might have been obtained as booty from the men he slew in fight. I do not know all the facts; I am loth to condemn an absent man; and who has not learned to be very doubtful of the worth of these eternal accusations of spying? One of the officers under whom Hoff served says :- " It is improbable that he was a spy, it is impossible, it is absurd. He never went out alone; he and his men were commanded by me, or one of my comrades, and he slew his Prussians under our eyes." In spite of this statement, his accusers persist in their charge. They declare that Hoff's real name was Hentzel, and that his real rank was that of lieutenant in a Bavarian regiment of Chasseurs. A detachment of free shooters of the Seine declare that they took him a few days ago at Bezons, recognized him, and shot him. It is now also remembered that he had a peculiar fashion of going on his expeditions. He went forth with companions, but he seldom returned with any—they were nearly always shot. Those who returned alive from the advanced positions as-sailed by Sergeant Hoff, declare that he always did his business alone. He made them hold a particu-lar ground-while he himself refused all companionship on what seemed to be the more perilous part of the adventure. He went forward single-handed; after a time a shot would be heard or shots; and then he brought back his usual booty-most con-spicuous of all being the helmet. Now and then he was known to fire shots under the eyes of his companions, but always without effect.

HORRORS OF WAR

The Times' correspondent writing from Wilhelmshohe says :--- The other day I had a most horrible sight of human suffering. About 1,500 prisoners arrived at midnight, on their way from Frankfort to Stettin, in open milway trucks, no other carriages being available. When the train started from Frankfort in the morning, the thermometer was above freezing point, but in the course of the day such a sudden change set in, that in the ovening the glass marked many degrees below it. They were scantily clothed, some of them without great coats, which they had sold, buying tobacco with the money; others had thin cotton stockings and wooden shoes, others again had nothing at all on their feet. Lying in the same open trucks which conveyed them from Eperiny; exposed to the intense cold, they were in many instances frozen to the boards in their own filth. One of them at least -some people speak of more-was frozen to death. They were in a most terrible and pitiable plight, and the groaning of some of the poor sufferers was fearful. After their arrival they were distributed in the waiting-rooms of the station and in the barracks, where they received restoratives in the shape of coffee, soups, and meat. Warm clothes and blankets were also given to many of them, and they continued their journey after a stoppage of lifteen hours, with the exception of about twenty, who were sent to the Lazarette. When I saw them there they had first to be bathed. They were literally swarming with vermin. Some of them being Mobiles, were mere boys of sixteen, and again men above fifty; others had served in the line, many suffering from pulmonary affection. They have now recovered. Every one seeming but this small amount of the horrors of war, must for the sake of humanity heartily join in the universal wish for peace. At least in this neighbourhood the cry is universal, and the public mind has been but little relieved by the announcement that the 22nd Division, in the ranks of which sons and brothers are serving, and which took so prominent a part in the fights under Mecklenburg, was relieved for some time and ordered back to Versairles.

the sacrifice of my love for you was the bitterest trial these days of suffering have brought. | has been gone through so often since the beginning In fact," he added in a low voice, "from the of the campaign that its result may be regarded as hour our dear Lord made it plain for me that an established fact. It may perhaps have some in I was to serve Him with undivided heartthat I was literally to leave all and follow Him -I have suffered (until to-day), an agony so sharp, that the other perplexities of my painful position were quite lost sight of." .

They were walking along the white road, Miriam and Mr. Albey, with the blue Christmas skies overhead, and the clear sunshine falling upon them; but Miriam's beautiful face was very sad.

"What wounds me more than all the rest," she said reproachfully, "is your want of con-fidence in me. I should have known these things long, long ago."

His pale cheek flushed.

"Forgive me," he said gently; "you are right. A score of times I was on the brink of a disclosure, but something always withheld me. I had so little confidence in my own manliness and courage, that until I put the possibility away from me by my open avowal in the church), I feared my weak heart might betray its Master even as the great St. Peter's did."

In the touching humility of his tone, Miriam was rebuked; and they walked on in silence.

It was dinner hour of most of the humble villagers: and save for an occasional urchin who ran out, rosy-cheeked, to pluck Mr. Al-bey's coat and cry "Merry Christmas !"---or a stray artizan who stopped to stare, openmouthed, at the preacher who had turned Papist-they had the road pretty much to themselves. And thinking of the many times in the spring and summer and the pleasant fall they had walked it together, and how soon one would be left to walk it alone, Miriam's heart was very full. Over this blonde beauty with her indolent capricious nature, her love of dress, and her tendency to satire, the young hesitating, timid minister had won a singular and powerful influence. Gradually, almost insensibly, he had led her to struggle against her imperfections; to practice a daily self-denial in the use of her time; to sacrifice her craving for elegant trifles to the relief of the parish poor; and to mould herself gracefully on his own winning model of meekness, unselfishness and sweetness of temper. She had even overcame her fastidiousness so far as to visit (as Pet used to do) the sick and dying of the hamlet: and run the gauntlet of the orphanage every week, instructing rough young urchins in badly ventilated rooms, with coarse little hands ingering her delicate silk and costly velvets. Inswered all the requirements of the case, and with members to the war. In soveral regiments of the so much nearer to us, and must have dashed out to inaugunting a suitable compliment to the chival-And now, just when even the feeble charm its straight traverses and bomb-proof casemate, was rous Captain property becomes to Waterford. Let fingerin, her delicate silk and costly velvets.

fluence upon the construction of future fortresses, or it may tend to do away with fortresses altogether, except where they can be crected in such commanding positions as Mont Valerien or some of the towering outworks of Metz. For the present the French are making the best of a bad bargain, and with their usual ingenuity have hit upon a plan of foiling the German attack. All along the exposed portion of the southern front, between, behind, and in advance of the forts, they have thrown up earth-works, and here and there armed them with artillery to reply to the besiegers' fire. Directly the Germans find out the exact site of the French batteries and begin to pour in their unfailing greaades, the guns are removed to another position along these extended redoubts, and as a matter of course can fire a short time with impunity. It has repeatedly happened in the course of the last few days that the Germans have been cannonading a spot which, as was subsequently discovered, the French guns had evacuated an hour or two previously. Though in executing this manœuvre the French cannot bring their heavy guns into play, yet it is the only means of evading the fiery salutes of the other side. That the Germans do not suffer severe ly from the comparatively light artillery with which they are being plied by the besieged is sufficiently proved from the daily reports of casualties. How long they will be kept in check by this novel mode of response remains to be seen. Non-professionals cannot venture to have an opinion when doctors decide to disagree. The question is the more complicated as the Germans do not expect to take Paris by reducing the Forts. Their cue is to get near enough to bombard the city itself, and in this deadly enterprise they are making steady, albeit slow, progress. Of the results thus far obtained one of the most important is the destruction of the railway viaduct near Autenil. The line from the city to the south-west being thus interrupted, this will prevent the French sending troops to Issy and Mont Valerien with the same facility as hitherto. Sortics from the south-western side will be as much impeded by the snashing of this important bridge as those on the castern have been rendered difficult

since the capture of Mont Avron. In the construction of their batteries the Germans have proceeded with their usual diligence and caution. To give an example, their redoubt in the park of St. Cloud is only 300 paces from the French carthworks at Sevres. Being situate where the ground slopes down to the Seine, there were only a few trees to prevent the work and the workmen engaged on it being seen by the enemy. The soldiers detailed for this dangerous task had to lie down on their faces, and in this position burrow a hole in the ground, removing the earth in shovelfuls. This accomplished, every stone, every piece of timber had to be brought up stealthily by the men, creeping on all fours and rolling it before them. The greater part of the labour was done at night, 'especially while the bellowing roar of Valericn drowned the slight noise occasioned by these human moles. Still, when the battery was ready, it

particular and

the soldier hears shots fired in anger, and sees that strange totter of the knees and fall in a heap which are the sighs of sudden death in the field, his mind is not likely to be ready to learn things new to him.

Not only in the grand operations, but even in such details as riding and carrying messages and endurance of fatigue, the Prussians are accustomed to do hard work well and cheerfully.

LE MANS .- Le Mans, where the French General Chanzy has sustained his apparently fatal defeat, is a town not without historic interest. First it was the centre in antique times of a branch of Druidic worship, and at Conesse, close by, there is a "Kit's Coty House;" while a Druid stone is built into the Church of St Julien. In this church, too, is the tomb of Berengario of Sicily, wife of Richard Ceur de Lion; and in the town a house is pointed out as once occupied by that Queen. Moreover, Le Mans was the birthplace of Henry II., and the Plantagenet line took its name from the genet, a broom which grows all about these hills of Anjou and Maine. In happier days than the present the plain little town is famous for clover-seed and capons; but this is not the first baptism of blood " which it has received. In 1793, ten thousand men, women, and children were slaugh tered there by the Republican army fighting against the Vendeans. When will history cease, alast to be vritten in blood ?— Telegraph.

Much astonishment is expressed at the abundance of provisions with which Paris must have been supplied when it was cut off from communication with the rest of France. General Montbe remarked to me yesterday that he thought the supply of ammunition for the forts was a matter of still greater wonder. Though shells and powder are made in Paris one would have thought that the limit of materials for their manufacture must have been reached long before the present time. To take the two Forts of Rosny and Noisy by way of illustration. For three months they have been firing with scarcely an intermission of a day or a night on one small part of the Saxon line. An accurate account of the number of shells thrown by them on the one portion was taken for twentyfour hours. It was found to be 175 from each. I am told that for every day of three months it might be taken at an average of 150 a day. I believe there are some 28 forts or outworks which have been doing similar work. What a con-samption of shell and powder that will show for the whole I A few days ago, for the first time, ammunition waggions were observed to be on the way from Mont Valerien to the north-eastern forts, which would indicate that the supplies of the latter were running short; but since then, judging from their firing, they have been in no want.

It is stated on complete authority that one could hardly find a family in Germany, from the highest to the lowest, which has not some relative to lament in consequence of this war. France has not suffered nearly so severely in that way, because service in the campaign has not been nearly so universal among the French families. To find the highest class of French people in the army has been the exception ; but there is not a princely or noble family in Germany which did not send one or more 1997 - Alia •

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN DARCY .- The Waterford Citizen has the following letter :- Sir, - There were just two Irish Captains of Zouaves who defended the course of the Holy Father for the last ten years -Captains Darcy and Delahoyd, the former from Waterford, the latter from Dublin. Both are now in this country, waiting for the open which, please God, is soon to come for them, to return to the defence of the great cause to which they have devoted themselves. Captain Delahoyd has been duly honoured, and his services to the Sovereign Pontiff fully recognized by the men of Leinster; but, up to the present, the men of Waterford, and of Munster generally, have forgotten to pay a compliment to our computriot, who commenced his glorious career on the field of Castlefidardo, where he carned the title of "The Brave Darcy," which was given him by General Lamoriciere himself. From that day to his unwilling surrender at Rome, on the 20th of last September, Captain Darcy has been indefatigable in the service of the Holy Father, and throughout the eventful career of the Pontiff's small but devoted army, has invariably borne the character of a brave and noble-hearted soldier, and a thorough gentleman. Munster is not usually slow in recognizing and honouring the merits of her sons. Ihe task of