Under Fire.

A SOLDIER'S DENBATIONS WHEN ENGAGED IN DATTLE.

Detroit Free Press.)

Whenever you can find a soldier who, under fire, aims low and shoots to make every bullet wound or kill, you will find fifty who are nervously throwing away ammunition, seeming to reason that the reports of their muskets will check or drive the enemy. And yet this nervousness need not be wondered at, for they are playing a game of his and

At Malvern Hill, seventeen soldiers, be-At Malvern Hill, seventeen soldiers, belonging to an Ohio regiment, took cover in a dry ditch, which answered admirably for a rifle pit. A Georgia regiment charged this little band three times, and were three times driven back. The fire was low and rapid, and the less in front of their guns was more than one hundred killed in ten innutes. Regiments have been engaged for an hour without losing over half that number. that McClellan forwarded a brigade to their support, believing that an entire regiment been out off.

At Mine Run the writer was just in the rear of a New York regiment which was auddenly attacked. A single company of confedrates, cut off from the regiment and dodging about to rojun it, suddenly debouched into a field and found itself face to bouched into a usu and round and face with the union regiments. Fighting commenced at once. A regiment fought a commenced at once a regiment from cover, 1 commonced at once. A regiment fought a company, both lying down from cov. I say so near a third sergeant that I could touch his heels, and I watched his fire. Every time he pulled the trigger he clovated the muzzle of his gun at an angle of forty-five degrees instead of depressing it for the enemy lying down. I saw him repeat this operation fourteen different times. The man next to him fired as many bullets plump into a stump in his trout, and the man on the to a stump in his front, and the man on the others de shot into the ground about ten feet away. Others must have been wasting feet away. Others must have been wasting bullets about the same way; but that little company was shooting to kill. In that ten minutes of fighting the New Yorkers suffered a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, and then a bayonet charge doubled them back and opened a gap for the little band's escape. I walked over the ground and found one dead and one wounded confederate. Not a gun, blanket, knapsack or cauteen had been left behind.

Any soldier will no doubt fight better up.

Any soldier will no doubt fight better under cover than he will in the open field, but cover does not always insure good fighting. At Pittsburgh Landing five thousand union soldiers skulked under the river bank, safe from the county, fire and linear at them. from the enemy's fire, and many of them threw their guns into the river rather than fire a shot. Again, at Yellow tavern, five of Caster's men, dismounted and lying beof Custer's men, dismounted and lying behind a feuce, held five companies of cavalry at bay for twelve minutes, and killed twenty-four men, and this without getting a scratch in return.

At Mino Run a union regiment went into At Mine Run a union regiment went into the fight with sixty rounds of amnument per man, making a total of perhaps four thousand bullets. This regiment was place a to act as a check to any advance of the enemy in a certain direction. They did not see thirty confeder tes during the whole day, and yet it was the learner actually death and and yet it was twice more supplied with ammunition. It fired away at least twelve thousand bullets, and yet only killed two rebel skirmishers.

One cool man will do more execution with

One cool man will do note execution with his musket than thirty men firing at random. One must have a will strong enough to crowd down all emotions, and oblige his hands to cease trembling at the word. Out of every regiment, not more than one hundred men were fighters. These shot to kin. The others shot at random, and killed only by accident. Thirty cartridges would last a good fighter for an all day's fight. The ordinary soldier would fire out his sixty in an hour and a half, and like enough have an hour and a half, and like enough tave his eyes shut half the time when he pulied the trigger. A member of the 2d, Michigan, infantry hit the case pretty well at Biack-burn Ford. When the skirtmishing began he counted his cartridges, and said: "Just sixty of 'em, and I'll fire three a minute, and have these fellers licked in just twenty minutes to a tick!"

THERE was a fight emminent between two boys. One of them darkly hinted that he was bigger than the other. The smaller, who is the son of a descen, deliantly re-torted: "I don't care if you are as big as A church debt; you can't scare me.

Sparrows in a Winter Bath.

Yesterday, during the sunny hour of noon, says the flartford "Times," a flock of about a hundred English sparrows gathered upon and near a painted tin roof having a protected southern exposure, where a good deal of water had collected in the broad flat gutter. The temperature of the surrounding ter. The temperature of the surrounding air was about six degrees below the freezing point, and water was evidently a searce article, for the eager little birds rushed for it almost furiously. They dashed in by the dozen, fluttering their wings and tails, and sending the shower of water in a sprayround. A dozin new-comers would be actually lighting for precedency. As fast as they finished their both the birds went to the magnetished of the roof, part the shelter. they missed their buth the birds went to the upper slope of the roof, next the shelter-ing brick wall of a higher part of the build-ing, and there spread themselves out in the sun, like hens shuffling in a warm sand-nath, spreading out their feathers and turning themselves first on one and then on the other side. One sparrow evidently had his mispivings about taking a plunge into a winmis avings about taking a plunge into a winter bath; he stood shivering at the edge of the pool, like an undressed boy on the river's bank when he hesitates to take the first plunge of the season. Some of his more centuresome companions tried to push the bird in. One seezed him by the tail and pulled; another fluttered his wings against nim and tried to crowd him in; and a third tried to operate on his head. It was in vain; that particular bird, though seemingly desirous of a bath, evilently mistrusted the temperature of the water—or his own sanitary powers of resistance in these malarial times, and he wouldn't budge. His companions, to the number of about sixty, companions, to the number of about sixty, then gave it up and crowded together in their selected position of shelter, as closely, seemingly, as swarming bees, making a pretty sight. The social and gregarious characteristics of these sparrows are strong on accertaice of these sparrows are strong by marked. But they fail to find, in this country, the thatched cottage roofs, and the wheat and barley ricks, in which they are so naturally prone to burrow in English and the street. rural districts.

Lord Beaconsfield and Thackeray

Much bitterness, says a London paper, has been excited in some quarters by Lord Beaconsfield's caraciture of Thackeray, whom the great satirist's admirers profess to identify beneath the traits of St. Barbe, the journalist in "Endymon." The uncomplimentary sketch is thought to be intended as the intermine, results for Theorem. the ex-premier's revenge for Thackerby's burlesque novel of "Collingsby." The akeness in the case as in all other cases, has been purposely distorted so as to leave room tor a denial by the noble author that any portrait was intended; but everybody recognizes the original. Gushy, the rival of whom St. Barbe is always talking despairingly, is t ken to be Dickens. Lord Beaconingly, is t ken to be Dickens. Lord Beaconstield his undertaken to throw people off the scent by amalgamating their haracters—thus Vizo is made to be a combination of Poole, the tailor, and of Geo. Hudson, the Sunderand railway king, once omnipotent in Euglish society, but who died in comparative abscurity some years ago. This artifice however, will not save him from severe at tacks by the wrathful friends of Thackeray and Dickens. and Dickens.

rue Cost to France of the War with Germany.

An astonning statement as to the cost of the war between France and Germany, and of the devastation caused by the Commune, has appeared in the Economiste Francais. The writer, M. de Foville, whose official position gives him every opportunity of testing the accuracy of the statement, considers it as being on the whole rather below than above the truth, and that £600,000,000 serin, would be near the mark. Of this the indemnity to Germany absorbs £212,000,000. If there is anything more wenderful than the statement itself, it is the rapidity with which France has recovered from this terrible inflection. this terrible infliction.

At a negro prayer meeting, one of the bretheren carnestly prayed that they might be preserved from what he caled their "upsettm'sins." "Brudder," said one of the clueis, "yer hain't zactly got do hang ob dat ar word. It's besettin'—net upset tim." "Brudder," replied the corrected, "ef dat's so, it's so; but I was prayin' do Lawd ter sabe us from do sin of 'toxication, an' of dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno."

Remarkable Remedies.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting 12 stones from 12 south-running atreams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remo-dy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be teld that the receipt was infallible; but that it was absolutely necessary to auccess that the stones should be wrapped in the pettic at of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which the lighlander renounced all hope of completing the charm. Lady Duff Gordon once gave and Estimates woman a condensation. an old Egyptian woman a powder wrapped in a fragment of the Saturday Review. She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. She would have made an excellent subject ter a Llama dector, who, if he does not hap-pen to have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remetly he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it up in the form of a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat. In default of paper, the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught. These asy-going practitioners might probably cite plenty of instances of the efficiency of their method. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, once gave a labourer a prescription, saying; "Take that, and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well." Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortught's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face. Proud of the fulfilment of his promise, Dr. Brown said: "Let me see what I gave you." "Oh," answered the man, "I took it, Doctor." "Yes. I know man, "I took it, Doctor." "Yes. I know you did; but where is the prescription?" "I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and fath in his physician's skill had done the rect. Fath is a rare wonder-worker. Strong in the half that avery Feah is a doctor and the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveler into giving him a scidlitz powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for 20

Prince Gortschakoft.

"Among the celebrities in Baden-Baden," says a correspondent, "that I see promen-ading nearly every hour in the day, parhaps there is none more noted or that has a more world-wide reputation than Prince Gortschakoff, who was so long the Imperial Chancellor of Russia, and who for many years controlled a greater influence on European politics than any other man living. He also is passing into the serie and yellow last. He is upward of 80, and his silver leaf. He is upward of 80, and his silver locks and tottoring step give evidence that he is nearly ready for the great harvester of oll. Old age has unfitted him for further use or influence in the Russian Cabinet, and he is like an old war horse that has been uscurded from active duty after years of hard work in his country's service. He pends the summer months in Barlen-Baden and the winters in Southern Frances or Italy, having ignored Russia as a place of residence. It eport says that his mind has become weak and childish, and that he constantly mourns over the ingratitude of his stantly mourns over the ingratitude of his country in not reinstating him in power as in days gone by."

Some Reasons for Drinking.-An iliustration of fertility of resource is recounted, we think by Dean Ramsay, in the story of he dying rustic who "specred" at the arish minister if there would be any whisky arish minister if there would be any whisky in heaven. On being rebuked for this mundane auxiety and irreverent curiosity, Saudy replied in self-excuse: "That it wasna because he wad tak ony if it were ifered him, but jist in respeck that it wad look weel on the table." We have not forgotten that Highland teetotaler who was found drinking the mountain-dew at his breakfast in some wayside inn where he thought he would not be known. "Och, Donald, and we thocht ye were an abstainer!" exclaimed a Deacon who happened to look exclaimed a Deacon who happened to look in quite unexpectedly. "And so I am," in quite unexpectedly. "And so I am," replied the detected culprit, who scorned to suggest that his beverage was only toastand-water—"so I am; but yo ken, my frien', I am no a bigoted ane."

Irish Titles.

The intolligent foreigner may surely be excused if he owns himself fairly bewildered and perplexed to find a key to the full meaning of half the abbraviations of titles meaning of half the abbraviations of titles and dignitics he comes across in the newspaper any one morning in the week. But in Ireland the problem is still more vexed and involved than it is here. The habit of publishing a man's titles to distinction or respectability is carried to far greater lengths there than it is on this side of St. George's there than it is on this side of St. George's Channel; and there must be many cabalistic letters crowded in close succession after an Irishman's name which must be wholly unintelligible to the ordinary Englishman. He can understand the meaning of J. P. and D. L., although the social position of a magistrate or a Deputy Lieutenant is not habitually advertised with us an all occasions; but he may not that know P. L. G. atands for Poor Lady Guardian—an official of some importance in the present day in Irelaud—or that T. C. is a handle that may be equally worn by a member of Trinity College, Dublin, and a Town councillor. The latter, however, would consider himself seriously ill-used if it were not given him on all occasions; and so would a member of the Royal -ions; and so would a member of the Royal Irish Academy if the letters "M. R. I. A." were not always appended to his name. At a very early period Catholic clergymen adopted the letters "C. C." (Catholic Curate), and "P. P." (Parish Priest, in order to distinguish themselves from the heretical ministers of the once Established Church: ministers of the once Established Church; while "R. M." in Ireland does not stand for Royal Marines, but is used to separate the resident magistrate—answering to the stipondiary magistrate of our great towno-from the army of the "great unpaid." The curious depreciation of things Irish which characterizes even the "National" Irishman contributes to swell the number of these verbal puzzles, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England being anxious to let every one know that he did not get his diploma in Dublin. And so this rage for some letter after the surname bites men of all ranks and all ages, and the humblest Irishman who has not been be-lettered while living may safely count on "R. I. P." being penciled on his tombstone.

Married in Defiance of the Court.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Indulgent public opinion might have recorded a unanimous verdict of acquittal in the case of the audacious young man who took upon himself to run away with and marry a ward in Chancery, had it not been for the very reprehensible course he thought fit to adopt in misrepresenting the young fit to adopt in misrepresenting the young lady's age to the clergyman who sealed the nuptial bond. She was 22, he averred, whereas she turned out to be only 19; and, to add to the enormity of his offense, he further represented himself to have alept for three weeks in a parish which he had, as a fact, only honoured by a perfunctory sojourn of a single night. As Vice-Chancellor Malins pointed out, there is a lamentable laxity about a system which enables two roman. about a system which enables two romanabout a system which chaptes two roman-tic young people, neither of them past legal infancy, to get married by making false declarations of age, with no further questions asked. In the case of Mr. Metzquestions asked. In the case of Mr. Metz-gar, who perpetrated this particular fraud upon the cleric, he had been previously pro-hibited by the Court of Chancery from hold-ing any communication whatever with the object of his affections; so when he deliber-ately carried her off and married her, his conduct may have had a touch of romance conduct may have and a touch of romance about it, but it was quite certain to receive punishment. The marriage is now valid, but the unfortunate bridegroom is in prison, a victim to the offended dignity of the Court a victim to the offended dignity of the Court
of Chancery and only after a period of jail
discipline and the humblest apologies is
there any chance of his being liberated. It
is quite right that the Chancery Judges
should keep a very sharp eye on the doin, s
of infants, as they are the official guardians
of all minors in the country, as well as those who, by virtue of their fortunes, are in the peculiar condition of "Wards of Court;" but it may be hoped that the amorours des-peration which has landed the unfortunate bridegroom in a jail will carry him cheer-fully through his confinement, and restore him afterward—a wiser, if a sadder man— to the society of his ill-won bride.

Ir is the confession of a widower who has been thrice married that the first wife cures a man's romanco; the second teaches him humility; the third makes him a philoso-