THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. -SEPT. 30, 1870.

question-and that involves their highest interests on earth-it does seem strange to me." "And to me also," replied Kate; "but men

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differ about the truth that leads to heaven." "Ah, yes," sighed Brigid, "I see it now, when they differ on that point we may well expect them to differ on anything."

"After all, I don't think there is so much difference among our countrymen, as we are to believe. We all know," maintained Kate, "that those who are called Irishmen, merely from the accident of their birth, are not of our people; their interests, their practices, their sympathies, their intentions and their hopes, are all different from ours. They know that everything they possess depends in a great measure on the success of English rule in Ireland, and naturally enough they defend their position. The real Irish, however, are pretty unanimous in their wish that the United Irishmen may succeed.'

"That's the very thing; that's what I blame them for," said Brigid. "When people wait to see a grand success, who thanks them for joining in the hour of triumph? Not me, I'm sure.'

"My dear Brigid, you have spoken my mind as accurately as if you had guessed the very thoughts passing through it before you spoke. Men condemn enterprises, national ones especially, when success does not crown them; whereas, their own cold and indifferent conduct was the greatest barrier to that same success which would otherwise have been sure, but for their indifference. Men of that stamp are, perhaps unknown to themselves, the greatest enemies our brave fellows have to contend against."

"I have no patience with them," said Brigid, with something like a disdainful jerk of her head, and an unpleasant pout upon her rosy lips. "Just see them, and hear them preach their nostrums. I tell you, Kate, what I believe of them : they are cowards, rank and unmitigated cowards, who prefer to live from hand to mouth, rather than hold up their heads," and the speaker began to strut across the room.

"Whisht! whisht!" said Kate, almost in a whisper; "here is John Mullan just coming in at the door."

"Run you out to meet him, Kate, and I'll hide behind the door," said Brigid, pushing Kate forward.

Kate nearly fell with laughing. As she tried again and again to utter the words, "April Fool," they always stuck in her throat; but Brigid comprehended what the other meant to say and could not resist laughing, also, at the ability with which she was caught in the playful trap of her own making.

"We are both guilty now," said Brigid; "but I must say, you betrayed far greater anxiety, Kate, when I mentioned Cormac's name, than I did when you mentioned John's.

"Oh, who ever heard the like ?" cried Kate. "Betray anxiety! Now, what do you mean ?" "Simply this," nodded Brigid, "that you

would prefer every day in the year to be April the First, just to experience the little fright you got when you fairly thought that Cormac was coming."

"Well, now, really Brigid, this is too bad, my dear girl, quite too bad." "I know all that; but you know I told you

when I was recovering from illness that I would plague the life out of you; now surely you

wouldn't have me to tell you a lie?" "Roth oirls up this morning and enjoying the early smiles of Spring !" exclaimed Father John, entering the room. "And enjoying one another's smiles just as well, dear Father John," said Brigid O'Hara, who had for some time past divided the attentions heretofore paid only to Kate. The good old man was never better pleased than when these girls were in company with each other. Brigid had, in the loveliness of her own nature, restored a great deal of the former animation that belouged to Kate. With all her sprightliness of character, Brigid had a thoughtful mind; but to the ordinary observer this was not so. There were two persons who knew this well ; these were Kate and her uncle. Perhaps there was another; but Brigid could not believe that he knew anything concerning her nature.

Brigid put her hand into her pocket and drew forth a sheet of crumpled note-paper. Kate made to grasp it; but Brigid sprang backward, and putting herself in a mock dramatic attitude, said :--- "Here's a production for a young lady, to be dropped carelessly where Cormac Rogan will be sure to find it."

"A letter, oh; I won't stop to hear such things," said Father John. "No, no," said Brigid, "no letter; only

listen. 'IS THE OLD LAND WORTH IT ALL?

Is the land that gave us birth, boys,

Worth fighting for or no? Is Erin, Holy Erin, but a prize for every foc? Shall we dare to claim the Island

As our heritage once more? Or leave strangers in possession

Of the land from shore to shore.

Is the Old Land worth it all?

Shall we rise at Freedom's call, Or, be slaves and dastards, only,

In Old Erin evermore?

'Is the home wherein we've knelt, boys, Beside a mother's knee, And learned to lisp, with bated breath,

In the days of slavery;

The heart-felt prayer for freedom, Ere the mind could understand

The nature of the helots birth Within his own dear land,

To be ours, or another's ? Say the word, my gallant brothers,

Will we choose the chance that's ours, Or, accept the slavish brand ?

Treason, sedition, pikes, powder, and rebellion;" said Father John; "I'll hear no more of it."

" Indeed, I'm sure you won't," said Brigid, for that's all there is of it."

"And so, Kate, you spend your time-" Never mind, dear uncle," said Kate, "only fly-sheet I was scribbling over, when thief Brigid snatched it up, and ran off with it."

"Yes, I did," said Brigid, approaching Kate, and taking her by the arm. "But, come, we shall have a stroll, and see if there are any primroses wanting to be plucked."

"That's right, girls. I should chase you out this fine morning-get along, get along." said Father John; and the girls went forth for a walk

CHAPTER XIX. - MIKE GLINTY PRACTISES SHOOTING-MEETS FLEMING, WHO HAD ES-CAPED-A ROW - A QUIET WALK, AND WHAT TOOK PLACE.

." He said that he was not our brother-

The mongrel ! he said what we knew ; No, Eirre ! our dear Island-Mother,

He ne'er had his black blood from you.'

The hard trial of adverse circumstances had wedded together two of as loving and pure young Irish hearts as could be found in an entire province.

Kate O'Neill was made to be loved by all who knew her sweetness and goodness of heart. Her isolation heretofore had, to some extent, given a serious aspect and grave coloring to her character; but since the arrival of the lighthearted Brigid O'Hara, at her uncle's, Kate became much more of the girl, and less of the woman. Her uncle was rejoiced to observe this change, for there were moments when the pious old man believed that all that was left to him on this earth would be likely also to take its departure, and make him lonely indeed.

Brigid, on more than one occasion, desired to return home; but the entreaties of Kate, backed up by Father John, were sufficient to prevail on her to lengthen her stay; and knowing that she owed much to Kate during her re- and motionless since the revolution of 1793, until cent illness, she consented. The two girls had a favorite haunt which they visited regularly. It was a sweet little dell, about a quarter of a mile from Father Joku's house. Here they rambled at pleasure, and enjoy each other's society without intrusion. The days of spring were yet young; but when the sun came forth with something more than his usual ardor, it was almost difficult to believe that summer had not approached.

things inside the works at Metz is pitiable. The Generals and staff officers were on horseback, in town is filled with wounded; hospital gangrene, that dreadful addition to the tortures of the wounded, has made its appearance, and typhus rages in the camps. The bitterest enemy must pity the con-dition of brave men in such a state. To complete the misery of the invested army there is a scarcity of good food. Fresh meat must be impossible. This is what I hear of the one hundred thousand men, and of the twelve thousand or fifteen thousand wounded, shut up in the great French stronghold. The imagination cannot deal with the details of such wretchedness, and I almost hope the picture is overcharged. The france-tireurs have made their debut. They have shot four men belonging to the 4th Cavalry Division near Chalons. Instructions have been sent to the Corps Commander to deal with them most severely—in other words, they will be shot if taken with arms in their hands. No doubt the French will retaliate, insisting on the legitimate character of france-tireurs when a levy en masse has been ordered, and thus we may drift into a war of reprisals, which, again, may become a war of "no quarter." This, however, is an anticipation of the worst, and the two leaders of civilization in Europe will surely stay their hands. The shooting of a few Dragoons cannot decide the war. It may do much to render it ferocious. These francs-tireurs have a uniform; a blue kepi, a blouse of any colour, with a red worsted sash; trowsers with a stripe of any colour, and white gaiters; and they are armed with a rifle a la tabatiere, something of the Remington pattern, I think. Phalsbourg-the walls and guns and garrison are

all that remain of it-still holds out. So does Bitche. So does Toul, although it has suffered a cannonade, and is the worse of it. The latter place interrupts the completion of the railway from Nancy, the other two are very much in the way, and heavy guns will be brought up to reduce them if their commanders do not listen to proposals which are about to be addressed to them, explaining the hopelessness of aid, and the futility of further resistance. One Division of Landwehr, about 14,000 men, have, I think, arrived before Strasbourg already.

One of the most lamentable results of the siege of Strasbourg, leaving out of view the loss of human life, is the injury which the bombardment has inflicted on the noble cathedral; and we may add, upon its wonderful astronomical clock. The vast cathedral, which, perhaps more than any other one thing, has made the name of Strasbourg celebrated, is considered one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe. It was founded A. D. 504. The choir was built by Charlemagne, probably about A. D. 800-though it was not completed until 1439. The material of which the cathedral is built is a brown stone, obtained from a quary at Wassebonne, in the valley of Couronne. a few miles from Strasbourg. The architect of the existing edifice was Erwin von Steinbach, of Baden, One John Huells, of Cologue, was the architect of the peerless tower. We state these facts because they have never before been seen in print. Its spire is the loftiest in the world. Its height, 566 feet, sur-passes St. Peter's, and is about equal to that of the Great Pyramid. The greater part of the entire structure was destroyed by lightning in 1007; and the restored edifice was begun in 1015 and was completed in 1439. The cathedral is in every part richly decorated with sculptures, and the western front, rising to a height of 230 feet, is, or was, particularly fine with its wealth of statues, ornamental carvings, and basreliefs. It has a circular window 48 feet in diameter. The Prussian heavy artillery has made, it is said, a ruin of a part of the vast building.

The astronomical clock, the product of a German clockmaker, in about the year 1450, is a marvel of ingenuity and mechanical skill, and has no counterpart. It performs not only the ordinary service of a clock, but exhibits the days and the months and the years : the process of the season; the signs of the zodiac and the names and movements of the heavenly bodies. At each quarter hour an angel comes out and strikes one stroke on a hell; at every hour another angel comes out and strikes twice, and at 12, meridian, a figure of Christ appears, accompanied by the twelve apostles, all of whom move around a central point and pass in, out of sight, by another door; the stroke of 12 being given, and a cock flaps his wings and crows. The clock is enormous in size, like everything else connected with the vast cathedral, and is invisible from the outside street-the spectator passing through the nave of the cathedral to see it. It has suffered from fire and violence before the present year, having been out of repair the year 1852, when it was repaired by a watchmaker of Bas-Rhin, and has been in operation since. It is to be hoped that this ingenious pice of mechanism has not been irreparably injured by the present bombardment. The loss of the Strasbourg library-a vast colection of eight hundred thousand volumes. including many collections of rare and curious monkish parchments-is total and irreparable. It can never be replaced by any collection hereafter made. It was the slow result of a thousand years; and its is like the burning of the Alexandrian library in this, that of a great number of the works distroyed no duplicates can ever be obtained.

front of the attacking party, and after a short time were either shot or had their horses killed under them. The enemy's fire was like a bailstorm of lead; extending over a distance of at least 1,500 paces in front of the hills. The noise it made perfectly drowned our commands, and the smoke rendered it impossible for our men to handle their weapons with anything like a chance of success. Yet the Guards never hesitated for a moment. On they went, strewing the ground with their dead and wounded, determined to conquer or to succumb. Long before we had reached the enemy our losses attained such tremendous proportions that the Prince of Wurtemberg, the commander of the Guards, gave orders to halt until the Saxons had made some impression on the right wing of the hostile position. This and another engagement of our artillery, who were again sent to the front and resumed operations against the solid masonry of the village, delayed our progress for some time. At last the village began to burn, and we had some hopes of being able to penetrate through the shower of missiles which were still falling as fast and thick as ever. At half-past 6 we resumed the charge. The enemy, though his flank had been turned by this time by the Saxons, still fought with desperate valour, and defended every single house in the place. Within 15 minutes we dislodged him entirely, when his ranks suddenly broke, and the whole mass, which had made so long and obstinate a resistance, all at once fled in confusion towards Metz. But the cost of victory this time damped our joy in it. Nearly all the officers in our brigade were either dead or wounded. The rank and file had likewise supplied a frightful quota of casualties. Every one of us lamented the death of a relation, a friend, or an acquaintance. We had certainly succeeded in intercepting the enemy on his march to the capital, but we had done so at almost too great a sacrifice. We passed the night on the battle-field, a good many of us sleeping in the tents which the enemy had left behind him when taking to a precipitate flight. Wonderful luxuries and comforts we discovered in the tents of the French officers. Beds and chairs and rockers and curtains and carpets adorned the temporary abodes of these refined gentlemen. Even perfumery belonged to their indispensables, and there was certainly no want of looking-glasses What a confrast to us, who sleep on the bare ground our Generals lying down with the rest, whenever we cannot find shelter in a village. When we looked at the French tents and the numerous *impedi*menta contained in them, we quite understood why the French cannot march so rapidly as we do. But, to give them their due, they fought well while under cover. As long as they kept behind walls their conduct etait tout ce qui peut etre desire. As to assuming the offensive and coming to close quarters, they never thought of it. They are brave soldiers, and slaughtered us in the most terrific style; yet there is no denying that they have lost the elan that formerly distinguished them, and place greater confidence in a ditch and a long-range gun than in anything else.

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By the side of the Infantry Guards fought a battalion of Rifles, which left more than half its men on the ground. The following letter from one of its officers is worth being preserved as a contribution to the history of the times:---

"After a march of 30 miles we reached the village of Latour, where the Guards meet. We slept in the cottages and mustered at 4 o'clock in the morning. At 5 we left, and proceeded slowly, our rear being some distance behind. At a quarter to 6 we were in our allotted position. Colonel Knappe had just given us the ordre de bataille when the news arrived the enemy had drawn off. But it was a false report. We lay down on the ground, and at half-past 12 were ordered to form columns of attack and proceed to the front. Marching forward we soon heard the thunder of the guns and the harsh grating of the mitrailleuse. Presently the needle-guns join in on our right, and the military orchestra, which we have listened to so many times before, was again complete. The 9th Corps d'Armee was engaged. When the Guards attack and the Saxons outflank the enemy's left he will not be long in giving way. So we are led to think. But man proposes and God disposes.

"Towards 1 o'clock we saw the battle before us. The artillery of the Guards and the Saxons were already engaged. To our right we had the 1st division of the Guards concealed by an undulation of the ground, to our left the Snxons were struggling manfully. We watched the grenades of our artillery as they burst with remarkable precision among the tirailleurs of the enemy. Queen Augusta's Regiment was the first ordered to support the Saxons ; the turn of a battalion of the 'Emperor Alexander' came next, The Saxons were evidently gaining round in their flank movement, and all went well. I must say we began to be disgusted with playing the part of spec-tators. At last we moved to support the Hessians on our right. We stopped again in a slight hollow until at last there came the command, " Rifles to the front!" Now we are in for it in right earnest. It is a quarter to 5, and as we begin to advance we get a destruction by fire, caused by the Prussian hot shot taste of chassepot balls. A man is shot through the arm. He is our first wounded, "" Second company to the right; first to the left " As we are turning a copse we are suddenly in the thick of it. Into the copse then, and along its outskints. The fire is heavy, but as yet the balls fall short of us. At first we are at a loss to make out whence they come. Can it be that we are fired at from the heights in front, at a distance of at least 1.800 paces? As we proceed our doubts are set at We have the enemy really before us, and in a rest. few minutes begin to suffer very perceptibly. For-ward! forward! Spreading out in their lines, we are running on while our breath lasts. But we are exhausted even before we can see the enemy, so great is the distance, and so steadily ascending the long-stretching sl pe we have to go over. Stop 1 We are still at 1,000 p wes from the French, and must take breath before we can proceed. Not a shot is fired. Now on again, a few hundred paces right into the potato-field. Stop again, fire a few shots, and now at them at a run. "At last we succeeded in getting near enough to see the heads of the French popping out of their ditches. As usual, they were in rifle-pits on the slope and top of the hill. By this time very many of us had fallen, and we halted, on wholly unprotected ground, to exchange some rounds with our friends opposite. Captain Baron Von Arnim was shot in the foot, but remained sitting in our midst to direct the movements of the company. He soon got another ball in his breast, when he had to give it up. Finding we could not do much execution, we betook ourselves to our feet again, and ran to within 500 paces of the enemy. Now, at last we had a fling at them. I measured the distance myself, took a dead man's rifle and popped away as fast and as well as I could. At this juncture Major Von Fabeck was shot, Captain von Hagen was shot, four men next to me were shot. We were in skirmishing order, and beginning to molt away like wax. In front stood the French, concealed in excavations up to their very eyes; behind us, for a distance of 800 paces, the ground was strewn with dead and wounded. If we had been strong enough, we should have tried to cross bayonets, but our numbers had already been so very much reduced that we could not think of making the attempt. Indeed, had the French asninutes we had numbers of our comrades lying on the ground, and the nearer we proceeded the greater every man of us. But according to their practice became our losses. Nor had we the satisfaction of they kept in their ditches, and were quite satisfied retaliating upon our adversaries. Stationed as they with slaughtering us at a distance. The thing became perfectly unendurable, and there arose a low ditches, they were perfectly invisible to us, and murmur in our lines that we had better fly at them could not have been fired at even if we had had time at any expense and knock down as many as we to reciprocate their compliments. The first and could while there were any of us left to do it. At richest. What have they done with it? Shall we

our Brigadier, came up at a gallop, shouting from a distance, and ordering us to remain where we were if we would escape being taken prisoners. So we just stood our ground until troops were perceived coming to our support in the distance, when we all advanced again, and at 300 paces once more opened a murderous fire. All through my men were very calm and self-possessed. Under the circumstances of the case they could not but know that the greater part, and perhaps all, of them had got to dic. Yet they were as tranquil as the few of their officers still remaining, and looked with perfect equanimity upon the French relieving again and again their tirail-leurs in the ditches. We were now near enough to see that they had four rows of rifle-pits, the one over the other. The fire was terrific, and Sadowa in comparison to it mere child's play. By and by our cartridges got exhausted, and we had to empty the pouches of the dead and wounded. As many of the latter had a spark of life left did all they could to assist us in this. But everything has an end, and so had our ammunition. I had given orders that every man was to reserve two cartridges in case the French took the offensive, and with these two cartridges in our possession we confronted the enemy even after we had ceased to fire. After a little while, which seemed to us terribly long, our supports came up.-They were skirmishers of Queen Elizabeth's Regiment, and the moment they joined us I heard their captain give the command in my rear, ' Charge with the bayonet? I was lying on the ground with a shot in my left arm and shoulder-blade; but as I heard those glorious sounds I jumped up, and hallowing to my men, fiercely repeated the word of command, 'Charge with the bayonct!' But alas! there were only three men left to respond to my call. With the exception of a few who had joined another company the whole of my men were down. I do not know whether the three survivors took part in the attack. As for myself, I could not do it, and sat down on the ground. The moment the Elizabeth regiment charged the French jumped out of their ditches and ran away. An enormous quick fire was opened upon them, and, as I can assure you, to some purpose.

"The French were driven from their whole position. The villages around were on fire, and the shooting continued here and there. We had been opposed to the Guards, who were the last to retreat. As I was with difficulty picking my way to look for the ambulance, I had the bitter sorrow of walking through fields strewn with men of my company____ Many of them we e still alive, and asking me to assist them to rise and get up; but in the state in which I was I could only promise to send them help as soon as possible. All the officers of the battalion are either dead or wounded. Of the 1,900 men with whom we went into the battle only 400 are left."-From the Times Prussian Correspondent.

At a moment when some might be inclined to renew the charge against peoples of rejecting in adversity whom they applauded in prosperity, let us adduce one or two traits that do honour to Farnce. Although defeated, no man is more honoured of Frenchmen than MacMahon. The rumour goes, says Le Figuro, that Marshal MacMahon is dead. We hesitate to believe in these tidings, so greatly they overwhelm us with grief and sorrow! For Mac-Mahon was military France in all that she has of the most chivalrous and most generous. [Car Mac-Mahon c'etait la France militaire, dans ce qu' elle a deplus chevaleresque et de plus genereux.] And yet, though fain to disbelieve, is it not licit for any who have had the honour of knowing him to suppose that he did not desire to survive a defeat of our forces. Has he not had the heroic and sublime folly to prefer, in a moment of supreme desperation, a glorious death on the battle-field to the lamentable spectacle of a defeat? Has he not rather wished to have his sword broken in his hands than to surrender it? Such conjecture seems but all too probable to those who know the character of this noble and valorous soldier. The Sword of Honour which the subscribers of the Figure have offered him, they preserve it for him still. In place of presenting it to him, they will lay it on his tomb. Nothing shall be changed in the ornament but this, leaves of cypress will intermingle with these of laurel. But the inscription shall remain the same :--- ' A la plus pure de nos gloires, au chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, au moderne Bayard"-To the most pure of our glories to the knight without fear and without reproach, to the modern Bayard ! Ireland may well feel a throb of pride for this honour, nobly deserve decreed to one who felt honoured in tracing his ancestry to Ireland.

" Dear Uncle, do you really believe that Brigid O'Hara will hereafter become a thoughtful and common sense woman?"

"Certainly not," said Brigid, answering for herself.

"Well, Kate, I really hope so. Let us always hope," said the old man, laughing, and entering into the spirit of the good nature that exhibited itself in Brigid and his niece.

"Now see, Father John," said Brigid, crossing the forefinger of each hand, in a manner to claim attention to what she was about to say; "there is far too much of that thing in the world known by the name of common sense. I don't like that which is so very common, after all. If you were common, if Kate O'Neill were common, I wouldn't like either of you." "You wouldn't like either of us !" said Kate,

with feigned astonishment.

"Not half so well," continued Brigid, quite seriously, "as I do now, because both of you possess more than common sense." "Upon my word, Kate," said Father John,

"I think you had some reason to make such an inquiry, after all. I am just debating in my own mind this moment whether Brigid ever will make a common sense woman."

"Your old trick, Father John," replied the girl, leaning with clasped hands on Kute's shoulder. "You are just trying to keep back all the good things you think of poor Brigid. I got your blessing 11 t evening," she conti-nued, "and I know its good influence will remain with me forever.'

"Well, well, I must away;" said Father John, preparing to leave.

"No, you won't," said Brigid, "till I show you something that kept your dear Kate for nearly an hour in her room last night, when poor uncommon sense Brigid thought the dear girl was at her prayers."

The two companions enjoyed the sweetness and freshness of the season with childlike delight. Kate was a fervent worshipper of nature. Not a leaf or bud, not a moss-covered stone, or neglected lichen could escape her observant eye. Everything had beauties which others failed to perceive.

In this respect, Brigid was also an enthusiast, and for these reasons the dell was a great favorite.

" The prettiest primrose from this to Sleamish," said Brigid, running forward to pluck the flower, which had come to a luxuriant growth, nestled amid withered leaves. Scarcely had she done so, when the report of a gun was heard near at hand.

Both girls started, and looked at each other with a sort of surprised and inquiring look.

"What can that mean?" asked Kate. "I'm sure I cannot tell," answered Brigid; but it does appear to me to be rather strange." "Oh ! now when I think of it," added Kate, " it is probably some sportsman. I think we'll turn back, Brigid."

"I think so, too," said the latter.

But they had not proceeded far, when another shot was heard, followed by a most uproarious laugh.

Looking toward the place whence the sounds proceeded, there they beheld Mike Glinty, kuccling on one knee, with a gun in his hand, and a long-handled pike lying beside him. His hat, or, rather, the article denominated by that title, was placed on a thornbush, at a distance of twenty or thirty paces.

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL'S LETTERS.

LIGNEY, Aug. 25.

In my last letter, some of the news in which will be probably anticipated by the remarks I am about to write, I told you of the great impression produced by the news of the evacuation of Chalons, and of the arrival of the King, attended by Count Bismarck, yesterday at the Crown Princo's Head-Quarters, en

THE BATTLE OF REZONVILLE.

BERLIN, Aug. 29 .- To fill up the outline of the battle of Rezonville given in a previous letter I transmit some detailed accounts we have received from the front. As they will speak for themselves I refrain from adding so much as a word of comment. The first of the subjoined letters refers to the part the 4th Brigade of the Guards, consisting of the infantry regiments "Emperor Francis and Queen Augusta" took in the battle. The writer is a Staff Officer, and the portion of his graphic sketch I am going to lay before your readers describes the storming of St. Privat, on the right flank of the French :---

" St. Privat is a village on a steep and lofty cliff, which commands the ground for many miles around. The village had many stone buildings of consider-able height, which offer the most valuable facilities for defensive purposes. Both its position and its houses had been turned to excellent account by the enemy. On this towering height the French felt the more secure, as the ground all around is perfectly bare. Having so stationed themselves that the at tacking party would be unavoidably exposed to the full effect of their guns as soon as it could be descried in the distance, they thought they had done enough, and might confidently await coming events. "Our artillery, consisting of at first nine, and af-

erwards 11 batteries, under the command of General Prince Hohenlohe, began the attack. Towards 4 o'clock,-that is, after an incessant cannonade of three hours, the enemy's guns were silenced by our batteries, when the infantry were ordered to advance. It was essential to come to close quarters before dark, because the enemy might otherwise have effected his retreat without any very serious losses, and forced another battle upon us the day after. At 5 o'clock our brigade, which formed the first line of the assaulting party, left the ravine in which it had sought shelter so long, and marched against St. Privat. No sooner did the enemy notice our march than he opened fire upon us. It was the most destructive quick fire you can imagine. After a few were behind houses and walls, or crouching in

HUNGER, MOCKERY, RETALIATION!

The Patrie relates the following :- "A traveller from Germany relates the following incident, of which he was an eye-witness. On the 21st a considerable number of men, women, and children assembled in the front of Count de Bismarck's hotel in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, and for more than an hour they cried out for 'Bread!' The persons inhabiting the building in question having shown themselves at the window, replied, Bread? Do you ask for food? Go and seek it at Paris.' At these inhuman words the crowd rushed against the house and broke all the windows with stones. It required several charges of the police to clear the streets."

DEATHS OF THE BISHOPS OF STRASBOURG AND VERDEN.

The Bishop of Strasbourg's death arose from discase of the heart. The Bishop of Verdun was killed on Wednesday.

STRASBOURG "ASSASSINATED."

(By Edmond Alou')

Under the above heading M. About writes thus in the Soir, of the 2nd September :- Let us anticipate a little the just severity of history, and tell these miserable Germans what they have done against civil-ization, against us, against themselves, in burning the noble town of Strasbourg. Europe is altogether scandalized by the deed, but she will rise in a body as soon as she knows all its moral consequences .-All who have resided at or have generally passed through Strasbourg, remember it with friendship .--It is, or rather it was, the most hospitable and most genial town in the world. Only pleasant faces were to be seen there, physiognomics that bespoke straightforward and honorable conduct-simplicity, equality, free-thinking, and free-acting-all the elements of Republican manner had been preserved there almost in tact after two centuries of annexation, Strasbourg was the only large town in which judicial functionaries, professors, and officials, mingled indiscriminately with the throng of the humblest workers at the stables or breweries. No arrogance at the summit, no envy at the base, a simple and natural dignity among all classes of society. Among the 30,000 inhabitants of the town you could not find a single voyon (blackguard). Rich or poor families there were numerous, united, submissive to their heads patriarchal. The whole population rose early and retired early, after the old fashion. No display of luxury, little or no mendicity, but general ease founded upon economy and thrift. The several communities mutually tolerate one another, and worked well together. Respect for sincere opinion was carried to the extent of permitting professors of great talent, MM. Lebois and Colani, to make professions of Rationalism Intellectual life was more active at Strasbourg than any other place in the world. It swarmed with savans, learned men, and men of letters. The admirable library which a Badois wretch has burned down, attracted a whole people of archmologists and philologists. The museum of the faculty contains or contained the greatest geological collection in Europe. I mean the best classified and most instructive, if not the yesterday at the Crown Prince's Head-Quarters, on the receptories and or left fared no better. All the this moment Captain Von Berger, the adjutant of find again that labor of science, and of patience, and