

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

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."

CHAPTER XIX.—MIKE GLINTY PRACTISES SHOOTING—MEETS FLEMING, WHO HAD ESCAPED—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."

Generals and staff officers were on horseback, in 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 hailstorm 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.

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 die. 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 tirailleurs 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 Salowa in comparison to it mere child's play.

Phalsbourg—the walls and guns and garrison are all that remain of it—still holds out. So does Bitch. 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 utility of further resistance.

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 considerable 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 attacking party would be unavoidably exposed to the full effect of their guns as soon as it could be described in the distance, they thought they had done enough, and might confidently await coming events.

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL'S LETTERS. LIGNY, 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 Prince's Head-Quarters, en route to Bar-le-Duc. The account of the state of

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 met. 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'Armees was engaged. When the Guards attacked 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 Saxons 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 spectators. 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 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 corpse we are suddenly in the thick of it. Into the corpse then, and along its outskirts. 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 rest. We have the enemy really before us, and in a few minutes begin to suffer very perceptibly. Forward! 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 slope we have to go over. Stop! We are still at 1,000 paces 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 melt 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 assumed the offensive they must have taken or killed every man of us. But according to their practice they kept in their ditches, and were quite satisfied with slaughtering us at a distance. The thing became perfectly unendurable, and there arose a low murmur in our lines that we had better fly at them at any expense and knock down as many as we could while there were any of us left to do it. At this moment Captain von Berger, the adjutant of