

## THE WORN-OUT FONT OF TYPE.

I'm sitting by my desk, George,  
Before me on the floor  
There lies a worn-out font of type.  
Full twenty thousand score  
And many months have passed, George,  
Since they were bright and new,  
And many are the tales they've told  
The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told,  
Of tempest and of wreck;  
Of murder in the midnight hour  
Of war full many a "speck!"  
Of ships that lost away at sea  
Went down before the blast  
Of stifled cries of agony  
As life's last moment passed.

Of earthquakes and of suleides  
Of falling crops of cotton,  
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,  
And banking systems rotten;  
Of boilers bursting, steamboats' snuggled,  
Of riots, duels fought,  
Of robbers with their prey escaped  
Of thieves, their booty caught.

Of floods, and fires, and accidents,  
Those worn-out type have told,  
And how the pestilence has swept  
The youthful and the old;  
Of marriages, of births and deaths,  
Of things to please and vex us,  
Of one man jumping overboard,  
Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet summer days  
Have faded from our view,  
How Autumn's chilly winds have swept  
The leaf-crowned forest through;  
How winter's snow hath come and gone—  
Dark reign of storm and strife—  
And how the smiling Spring hath warmed  
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half  
My lucky friends have told  
Since shining bright and beautiful  
They issued from the mould—  
How unto some they joy have brought,  
To others grief and tears;  
Yet faithfully the record kept  
Of fast receding years.

## WAR LESSONS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

## THE CLASS WHO SERVE.

Men in Darmstadt, of high position and great wealth, have sent sons to the war—youths accustomed to purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare every day, and these men have slept and lived for a week in mud and rain, without changing their clothes, and they write the most cheerful and loyal letters, and, strange to say, keep their health. The Ministers have sent eleven sons to the war—Bismarck two, both wounded, one severely; Von Moltke, two; Von Roon, four.

A Prussian correspondent writing of the effect of a war upon his countrymen, says:—“Even in England, where patriotic sentiment runs so high, it will be difficult to understand what a grand national war really is. It is true those serving in the army and the fleet are also sons and brethren; but it is their calling to be soldiers, just as other people follow that of ship captains, manufacturers or scholars. They have to do their duty, and they do it accordingly. With us, however, every man not incapacitated by physical defects, is a soldier when the country is in danger. Besides paying his taxes, he is bound to learn soldiering for long years, and the word ‘mobilisation’ takes him away from amidst his peaceful occupations, perhaps for ever. Counting houses and courts of justice, manufactories and workshops are lying waste. Only the most necessary things are done by those left behind. When you apply the English saying, ‘Time is money, and calculate the loss in money accordingly, you will understand what a war means to us, when has already cost 30,000 human lives on the German side alone.

were lying on all sides—I cannot quite say in heaps, but very thickly scattered. At one place there were horses as thick as they could lie. But this was a little further down the slope to the southward, where I had seen that gallant cavalry charge. The Chasseurs a Cheval and the Chasseurs d'Afrique had dashed along the hill-side, half hidden in the dust which they raised, and had been destroyed by a steady fusillade. Here lay the famous light horsemen, with their bright uniforms dabbled in blood, and their fiery little steeds crushed and mangled by Prussian shells. Most of the men and horses now on the ground were dead, but some few wounded men yet lingered in agony, with white rings tied to sticks that were planted beside them as a means of calling the surgeon's attention when he should have time to revisit them.

## THE SURRENDER.

Not a few soldiers in their rage broke rather than give up their arms, and the streets were littered with fragments of all kinds of weapons. Broken swords, rifles, pistols, lances, helmets, cuirasses, even mitrailleuses, covered the ground, and in one place where the Meuse runs through the town, the heaps of such fragments choked the stream, and rose above the surface. The mud of the streets was black with gunpowder. The horses had been tied to the houses and gun-carriages, but nobody remembered to feed or water them, and in the phrenzy of hunger and thirst, they broke loose and ran wild through the town. Who ever liked might have a horse, even officers' horses, which were private property, for the trouble of catching them.

When the Prussians came into the town they were very sore and angry at the sight of all this destruction and waste. What must have pleased them still less was the state in which they found the military chest. As soon as surrender was resolved on, the French officers were told to make out the best accounts they could, present them immediately and receive payment. Naturally the accounts thus brought in soon proved sufficient to empty the treasury. I know of officers who demanded and received payment for horses that were not killed and baggage which had not been lost. Demoralization showed itself in every way. Even the standards were burnt or buried, an act of bad faith not to be paliated even by the grief and rage of a beaten army.

## THE TERRIBLE UHLAN.

The Uhlán is about the best mounted cavalry man in the service. The average weight of a man with all his accoutrements is about 160 lbs. German. The horse appointments are very similar to those of our own cavalry—viz, they have the ordinary cavalry saddle and bridle. But the manner of packing away the Uhlán's kit is different. First of all, they have but one wallet, which holds the pistol, the other is an ordinary leather bag, which looks like a wallet, in this they stow away a pair of boots, brushes, &c., for cleaning their accoutrements. Below the saddle there is an ordinary saddle cloth, then across the saddle—on which the man sits—is his whole kit, which consists of one pair of canvas trousers, loose canvas jacket and two pair of stockings, packed carefully away in a bag resembling a valise. The cloak—no cape—is rolled up and placed at the back of the saddle. They carry two corn sacks, containing 6 lb. of corn in each, on either side of the cloak, and a mess tin encased in leather strapped on the back of the saddle, over all this comes the shabraque. The lance is a clumsy looking

weapon, weighing 4½ lbs. The man's dress is similar to our Lancers, with the exception of the overalls.

## A BESIEGED CITY.

In the memory of living man the Parisians have never been so careless of dress as now. The day before the Ambassadors left as I was startled to meet upon the Boulevards the princely Ambassador who was ever the best dressed man in Paris. Could it be he? Most certainly it was, with an old coat and a billycock hat. We are all careless of our coats, and the lower crowned hats predominate. On Monday, the most curious sign of siege was the number of foreign flags flying about Paris. On the British Embassy the Union Jack was flying over the gateway, and that there might be no mistake, there was a great black board put up to inform the public this is the British Embassy. And so all the Embassies have their flags flying. Not only this, but every foreign resident in Paris hangs out the flag of his nation. The number of flags with stars and stripes that meet one in every street give a vivid idea of the regard in which the French capital is held by the Americans. The English flags are much fewer. It is supposed that all houses covered with such flags will be respected by either belligerent. The red cross flag of the Society for the Wounded is also very frequent. If anyone sets up a private ambulance in his house—that is, allots one or two beds to the wounded—he may hang out the red cross flag. The Grand Hotel has given up 100 of its beds for the use of the wounded.

## THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

## GERMAN CAPTURES IN THE WAR.

The N. Y. Tribune's correspondent, writing from Berlin on the 26th ult., says:—The official statement of German captures thus far, not including Loon, from 2nd Aug., on which day Saarbrück was temporarily abandoned by the Prussians, are as follows. At Saarbrück the French lost 6 officers and 67 privates, at Weissenbourg 30 officers and 1,000 men were made prisoners, 4 mitrailleuses, 22 cannon, and 51 army waggons and carriages of all kinds were captured, at Worth the Germans made 6,000 prisoners besides 100 officers, and took 2 eagles, six mitrailleuses, 35 guns, 42 waggons and carriages, 200 horses, the baggage and camp tents of two divisions, and two railway trains with provisions. The same day the French lost at Speicheren, and during the day following those battles, in the engagements at Reichshofen and Sarguemines, 2,500 prisoners, 4 guns, a pontoon train, a tented camp, and two magazines, containing 10,000 woollen blankets and 40,000 cots of rice, coffee and sugar, and also large quantities of wine, rum and tobacco, the latter articles alone amounting to half a million thalers. The fortresses surrendered during the first half of August increased these figures as follows.—At Haguenau, 3 officers, 103 privates, 30 horses and a large supply of arms, Liechtenberg, 3 officers, 230 privates, 7 guns, 200 muskets, 30,000 cartridges, powder, &c., at Lutzelstein and Petite Pierre, large quantities of arms and ammunition, at Marsal, 60 guns. The three days of fighting at Metz do not show such large captures in men and material because the enemy was able to save both under the guns of the fortress. Still, at Vionville the French loss in prisoners was 36 officers, and 3,000 privates, at Gravelotte 45 officers and 3,000 men. The losses in killed and

A mitrailleuse battery, of four pieces, was surrounded with dead bodies, horses and men