

HOW BAZAINE RECEIVED THE NEWS OF HIS CONDEMNATION

When the Court retired the Marshal withdrew to his apartments, whither he was accompanied by his wife, his brother, his two nephews, and their wives, Capts. Gredin and Mornay Soult, M. Bouillet Madam Asselin, and a few other attached friends. During the four hours whilst the Court was in deliberation the Marshal talked freely, familiarly, almost gaily, as though his life was no longer at stake. In a short time his wife unable to prolong the distressing interview, retired, and, accompanied by M. Lachaud's daughter, went to the chapel to pray. Col. Villette—that perfect personification of devotion—had remained in the gallery connecting the Tribunal with the Tribunal ex-cubois, in order to obtain the earliest intelligence.

At half past eight M. Georges Lachaud, who had just heard the sentence, came to him there and accompanied him to the Marshal, in order to prepare the letter for the visit of General Pourcel. "Well," asked Colonel Villette eagerly, "is he acquitted?" M. Georges Lachaud, without replying verbally, made a gesture of despair, and then ascended the staircase leading to the apartments of the Marshal. The Colonel who staggered like a drunkard. At the sound of the opening door the Marshal, who was engaged in conversation with those about him, advanced toward the young advocate, and, observing his despondent countenance, at once understood what was the nature of his communication. "They have condemned me to death," he said quietly, and grasping the hand of M. Georges Lachaud. Understanding his significant silence the Marshal asked him, "By what majority?" "Unanimous," was the reply. "Ah!" was the sole exclamation of the Marshal, and then he resumed as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the conversation he had been carrying on. Every one was in tears; the condemned Marshal alone preserved a calm aspect.

At the moment Colonel Villette entered the room. He had advanced towards him whom he had so devotedly served during the last eighteen months, but as he was about to grasp the offered hand his strength gave way and he fell heavily to the ground. While those present hastened to the unfortunate officer's assistance the Marshal, to conceal his emotion, passed into the next room, where M. Lachaud was reposing after his labors. He met him, however, on the threshold, and the Marshal, in a calm and almost cheerful tone, himself communicated the fatal news. In the midst of this heartrending scene the Commandant Guioth, aid-de-camp to the Duc d'Aumale, arrived. It is needless to say that his presence caused a painful sensation. M. Guioth, who evinced great emotion, handed to M. Lachaud a letter from the President of the Council of War, requesting his immediate presence in court. M. Lachaud followed the aid-de-camp. He found the Judges assembled; and the Duc d'Aumale, with all the consideration due to the man who had used such powerful but fruitless eloquence, read to him an appeal for mercy signed by all the members of the court. He added that he was about to visit the Minister of War and the President of the Republic personally to support the recommendation of the Court. The distinguished advocate simply replied that he would communicate the fact to the Marshal, and withdrew.—*Paris Gaulois.*

FLOGGING AS A PUNISHMENT.

It is now some years since the punishment of flogging was abolished in our navy; and even in the merchant service we believe it is no longer permitted. Delaware still keeps up her time-honored custom of whipping those convicted of certain special crimes, but that punishment has been expunged from the statute books of nearly all of the States. The strong feeling at one time prevalent against the infliction of corporal punishment was stimulated by the many instances in which innocent persons were known to have suffered, and also by the brutality with which it had been often administered.

With the growth of a nation and its material progress, people become more humane and averse to the infliction of any punishment, cruel and vindictive in its nature. Only those which are absolutely necessary for the safety of life and property are approved.

To the fact then that some men are so desperate that the prospect of a long term of imprisonment does not deter them from the commission of crime, is to be attributed the revival of flogging as a penalty in England.

In the Sub-urban Crown Court in Liverpool on December 15, Martin Walsh, a young laborer who had knocked a draper's assistant down and robbed him of his watch guard and locket one night last November, upon conviction was sentenced to five years' penal servitude and to twenty lashes. For a similar robbery a man named Neal received a like sentence.

At the Warwick Assizes the other day, Baron Pigott in charging the Grand Jury drew attention to the large increase which had occurred in cases of violence in the county, and said his experience was that no punishment was so efficacious as that of flogging. He had noticed that the most hardened and dangerous criminals, who evinced no emotion when penal servitude was mentioned, showed signs of concern and apprehension at the slightest reference to a flogging. As cases of violence had gone up from two to thirteen, he intended to avail himself of the act which authorizes the infliction of corporal punishment in all proper cases.

A young man named Ingram, who had been convicted of robbery, made a pitiful appeal to the Judge to spare him the flogging. Baron Pigott, however, proceeded to sentence him, in addition to a long term of imprisonment, to undergo the dreaded torture, saying he believed it to be his duty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Connected with the new citadel at Stasbourg is a pigeon house, with accommodations of the most approved description for 500 carrier pigeons, to be ready in event of war. Are we in England, asks *Broad Arrow*, to rest so well satisfied with the omnipotence and omnipresence of telegraph wires as to neglect entirely the homing pigeon? In Germany, the War Department is wise enough to organize a pigeon loft in its important garrisons, but in England it is evidently to be left to private enterprise to encourage pigeon-flying in Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham. Some time since we endeavored to provide the means of distribution of homing pigeons to the several garrisons, but our offer did not meet with adequate response; we therefore return to the subject, and shall be happy to offer prizes for pigeon-flying in our great military garrisons, provided a committee of officers interested in the subject, will aid us with their assistance of suggestions.

THE CIRCLE OF FIRE.

It is a fine summer morning in the Caucasus, and the little outpost of Cheveron is all in a bustle. News has just come in that the Tchetchentzi, Schamyl's own peculiar people—who are to Russia what the Pequod Indians were to the first colonists of New England—are in the field again. Fifteen hundred of them, so says the breathless scout, have made a swoop upon the mountains during the night, "struck up" (as the Australians say) the village of Akbouk kiourt, made a glorious haul of prisoners and plunder, and are off to the hills with their booty confident that no "Moscow dog" can catch up to them. That, however, remains to be seen; for the Cossacks of Tchervan have turned out at the first alarm and "boot and saddle" is the word for every man who can mount. The colonel's instructions are precise: he is to pursue at once, and endeavor to recover the booty, with the assurance of being supported by a strong column of infantry from the post of Kourinski, under General Moudell. Away, then, go the handful of brave men—barely one hundred strong, including their officers—gleeful as a schoolboy on a holiday, at the prospect of the "luk" which lies before them.

A glorious summer morning, deliciously cool before the scorching heat of the day; a boundless stretch of level plain under foot—just the place for a hard gallop; a clear blue sky overhead, with the first glow of sunrise just tinting the great white mountain peaks far away to the north; the certainty of a deadly battle a few hours later. What more can a soldier's heart desire? And the hard face of the veteran leader brightens visibly as he turns to his aid-de-camp a bright, fair-haired lad of one or two and twenty, who rides on his left hand.

"Fine morning for a gallop, eh, Pavel Ivnoitch? This is better than being pent up between two walls all day long?"

"A great deal better," answers the young subaltern, with his frank, boyish laugh. "I thought, somehow, that we should have some fun to-day; and so we shall, sure enough."

Little does he guess how the day is to end!

And so the chase sweeps on, over the wide loneliness of the gray, unending steppe, across the little stream of the Bakh, past the burning ruins of Akbouk kiourt, which still blot the clear blue sky with their thick, dingy smoke striking at length upon the trail of the retreating enemy, at sight of which a wild Cossack "Hourra!" goes up into the still air, as some keen-eyed veteran announces that it is still but a few hours old.

"We shall catch them yet!" cries young Fediouskin, waves his hand joyously; and Major Kampkoff, the second in command—a big, bold, taciturn fellow from Central Russia—responds with a grunt of satisfaction too deep for words.

But it is with cavalry in pursuit as with infantry on a forced march: the less seasoned begin to fall away in the rear after a time. Before reaching Akbouk kiourt, Colonel Soussloff has left forty-four of his men on the road; but, about an hour after leaving the burned village, he recruits his little band with a picket of forty Cossacks, who have been put on the alert by the passage of the retiring Circassians. Forward again, faster than ever! For now comes a dull, booming sound, thrice repeated, for away to the right—a sound familiar to every man of the squadron.

"Cannon firing at Kourinski! Then General Moudell must be astir—perhaps already