

FOREIGN NEWS.

Each war office has provided for... of 6,000 and 7,000...

The Italian Ordnance Department is considering the purchase of a projectile which, when it bursts, will produce a luminous light of 100,000-candle power.

The difficulty experienced in European travel of finding one's railway carriage after leaving it to enter the station has been met experimentally on the Paris and Lyons route.

Still another African traveller, Capt. Binger, has gone through the savage regions of the west coast and the Niger without an escort and in safety.

A missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Africa has found his bicycle of great service to him in that country, and says that the long, narrow paths through the country are admirably adapted for its use.

The King of Sweden and Norway left Stockholm on the 5th inst. on a long journey. He will travel through the whole of Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France under the incognito of Count Haga.

A fatal accident occurred at Gilly, Belgium, on Tuesday morning in Trien-Kaisin colliery. A number of men were in a cage descending to the pit when the chain broke, and they were precipitated to the bottom.

A novel method for calming the sea has been submitted to the French salvage society by Baron d'Alcazar. He covers the surface of the water with specially prepared innumerable thin netting, which acts like a bed of oil in calming the waves.

A fire broke out on Monday morning in a pine forest near Bordeaux, and intense excitement was caused owing to the proximity of the national powder magazine, which, it was feared, might be reached by the flames.

Fresh outrages are reported by Dalziel from Malay Peninsula. Two Englishmen, named Harris and Stewart, were murdered on March 5. A young Malay woman tried to save Stewart, but was cut off and his body mutilated.

PERSONAL.

Captain Lewis, of the City of New York, and Captain Watkins, of the City of Paris, have not yet decided whether to become American citizens, as they must be in order to retain official positions in the Inman service under new laws.

Princess Massimo, whose superb old palace at Rome was the scene of a dynamite outrage the other day, is one of the grandest and proudest nobles in Italy.

That 10-year-old Crown Prince of Germany, who has just been made a lieutenant in the Prussian Army, is not regarded in England as any too robust a child.

Upon entering the wood, he was surprised and shocked to find a man who was securely tied to a tree.

"What is the matter here?" he said in astonishment. "Oh! sir," said the poor fellow, "I'm so glad you have come. A few hours ago I was knocked down by some traps, with my pockets, and, after stealing everything I had except a pocket-book in my inside vest pocket which they fortunately overlooked, bound me to this tree, and decamped."

"The soundrels!" ejaculated the new comer. "And so the wretches robbed you, eh?" "Yes, sir."

"Took everything you had, eh?" "Yes, sir."

"The villains! And afterwards they tied you here?" "Yes, sir."

"And are you still tied—tied tightly—so tightly that you cannot escape?" "Yes, sir."

"Then I think I'll take the pocket-book the other fellows left." And he did.

EMBAYED AMONG ICE PEAKS.

The fog lifted and showed the ship "Habitant" near Peril.

The British ship Habitant, Capt. Potter, came into New York the other day with a cargo of stone and a story of icebergs fit to make a landsman's hair stand on end.

Capt. Potter thought he had taken a course far enough south to escape ice. About 10 o'clock in the morning of last Tuesday, the fourth of a succession of densely foggy days, the lookout shouted that there was a berg on the weather bow close aboard, and at the same time the dashing of the waves over it could be heard.

The ship answered her helm and gradually paid off, but not until she was so close to the berg that the waves that broke on the ice washed back and thrud spray over the deck.

The fog was so dense that the outlines of the berg could hardly be distinguished, and in a few moments it was out of sight altogether. The latitude was 49° 30', and the longitude 45° 20'.

In the early part of the night the thermometer had registered about 40°, but now it dropped to 36°, and the salts aboard said there was a lot of ice near by.

It was a few minutes past 4 o'clock when the warning about of the lookout was heard again. This time he cried "Breakers ahead!" and the roar sounded close. The helm was jammed hard up again, and the ship sheered off and in a few minutes was out of the sound of the breakers.

It began to dawn on all on board then that they were getting into pretty tight quarters. The thermometer slumped another point, and the lookout for the third time shouted a warning.

More breakers this time and more distinct. The fog had cleared a trifle, and an immense field of floating ice ahead could be made out.

The ship was now on a south-southwest course to get out of the ice region, but she had to keep dodging for three or four hours.

About 9 o'clock in the morning the fog lifted. The ship seemed to be in a great valley, and all about on every side rose peak after peak of towering mountains of ice, and between the mountains acres of floating ice, piled six or eight feet above the water.

There were patches of clear water here and there and narrow passages. The ship was in one of these patches, ice all around and less than half a mile away.

The captain counted twenty-five bergs within sight, and they averaged from 100 to 250 feet high. Hour after hour the ship sailed south-southwest with a light breeze, without a sign of clear water on any side, and with the ice mountains throwing out the colors of the rainbow as the sun shone on them all about.

Late in the afternoon the fog began settling again and it looked like a night of danger, but it cleared away finally and the moon shone. At 11 o'clock at night, after the ship had run seventy-five miles through the ice, clear water was seen ahead.

The last berg was in latitude 44° 30', longitude 47° 20'.

A GIRL'S ADAUACITY.

She stood in front of a locomotive till it stopped.

A quite thrilling incident occurred on the straight stretch of line of the New York and New Jersey railroad, the other afternoon. As a passenger train was proceeding at full speed a 16-year-old girl left her half dozen companions in the roadway that runs near the track and stepped quickly in front of the locomotive, which was not more than 300 feet away.

She was laughing defiantly, facing the locomotive, standing fairly between the rails, and the engineer knew that she was bent upon mischief and not upon suicide. He made the passengers jump on their seats with the blood-curdling whistle that he blew out of his engine, but the girl between the rails snapped her fingers and danced derisively.

The engineer had to stop the train or run over her. Of the two evils he chose the one he supposed to be the least. His fireman did not agree with him, but there was no time to argue the point. When the locomotive was hardly 5 feet from the girl's skirts, "I told them you'd have to stop," she said. "I knew you'd run over me." Then she laughed and ran after her companions.

Quite Safe.

A gentleman one day was driving along a lonely country road, when he heard loud cries for help proceeding from a neighboring grove. He tied his horse to a tree, and ran to the assistance of the person who seemed to be in distress.

Upon entering the wood, he was surprised and shocked to find a man who was securely tied to a tree.

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Romantic Discovery of a Crime.

One day Dr. Airy, passing through St. Sepulchre Churchyard, stopped to watch the gravedigger at his work. Recently he was astonished to notice that a skull thrown out of a grave seemed endowed with the power of motion. Taking it up the cause of progression was found to be a large tooth; but while the skull was in his hand the doctor made another and more exciting discovery; embedded in the temple bone was a tontony nail.

He drew the gravedigger's attention to the extraordinary fact. The sexton turned the matter in his mind; he knew the skull was that of a man who had died suddenly 22 years before, and gradually memory brought back certain floating rumors of the time.

STORM SWEEP MAURITIUS.

WHERE THE LITTLE ISLAND IS, AND WHAT IT IS LIKE.

Peopled by Representatives of All Races, Languages, Religions and Customs—Remarkable for its Beauty and for the Luxuriance of its Vegetation.

Now that the whole world is seeking information about the little hurricane-wrecked island of Mauritius, it is surprising to find out how little it is really known of. It is one of the most important islands in the British possessions. It is visited daily by men-of-war, sailing vessels, and tramp steamers from all parts of the world. Its name and its beauties have been made famous by the glowing descriptions of Bernardin St. Pierre in his "Paul and Virginia."



Mauritius, or the Isle of France, is an island belonging to Great Britain, lying in the Indian Ocean, about 490 miles east of Madagascar, and 2,327 miles from Cape of Good Hope. It is 36 miles long and 22 miles wide, and has an area of 676 square miles.



But Mauritius has never been visited much by the tourist and the descriptive writer. It has the same charms as other tropical islands which are more easily and more comfortably reached.

So, aside from dry consular reports and fragmentary observations that Mauritius is a gem and that Mauritius is a queer little island, there is not much material to put into a picture that will show the reader what manner of beauty and strange aspect of human life it was that the hurricane swooped down upon and blighted.

It is known that Mauritius, discovered in the early years of the sixteenth century, is now inhabited by the most conglomerate population on the face of the earth. Europeans of three nationalities, English, French and Dutch, are there in considerable numbers, and Europeans of all nationalities in smaller numbers. Negroes and Mozambiquees and Madagascanes have come over from the west; Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, Chinese, Malays and Malays have come down from the northeast. The result is a commingling of breeds and languages, religions and costumes, that makes the dirty streets of the queer cities of the island full of sights, sounds, faces, costumes, and a wares to inspire amazement and confusion.

Everything is jumbled together, religions as well as languages and breeds, until nothing can be put in exactly its proper place.

Although Mauritius is rich and fertile. It is hardly developed at all. For eight months of the year the sun shines down upon the island day after day with brief intervals of terrific rains, whose beating only a rank tropical vegetable can survive.

LIFE ON A PIRATE SHIP.

The Way the Business of Piracy Used to be Managed.

The customs and regulations most commonly observed on board a buccaneer are worth noting. Every pirate captain, doubtless, had his own set of rules, but there were certain traditional articles that seem to have been generally adopted. The captain had a state cabin, a double vote in elections, a double share of booty. On some of the vessels it was the captain who decided what direction to sail in; but this and other matters of moment were generally settled by a vote of the company, the captain's vote counting for two. The officers had a share and a quarter of the plunder and the sailors each, share. Booty was divided with scrupulous care, and marooning was the penalty of attempting to defraud the general company, if only the amount of a gold piece or a dollar. Every man had a full vote in every affair of importance.

Arms were always to be clean and fit for service and desertion of the ship or quarters in battle was punished with death. On Robert's ship a man who was crippled in battle received \$800 out of the common stock and a proportionate sum was awarded for lesser hurts. Lowther allowed £150 for the loss of a limb, and other captains intimated a kind of tariff of wounds that extended to ears, fingers and toes.

In case of battle the captain's power was absolute. He who first spied a sail, if she proved to be a prize, was entitled to the best pair of pistols on board her over and above his dividend. These pistols were greatly coveted, and a pair would sell for as much as £30 from one pirate to another. In their own common wealth the pirates were reported to have been severe upon the point of honor, and among Robert's crew it was the practice to slit the ears or nose of any sailor found guilty of robbing his fellow.

Such feeble interest as now attaches to what was once the formidable fame of the pirates is not even aesthetically discussed. No imaginative essayist discusses piracy as a fine art; but Paul Jones is resurrected as the hero of a musical burlesque. Poor Paul! and he is almost the only one of the whole buccaneering race whose story discovers a trace of the legendary gallantry of piracy. Paul, whose father had been head gardener to Lord Selkirk, plundered the Selkirk mansion and its plate, which he subsequently returned in a parcel to Lady Selkirk, with a letter of polite apology.

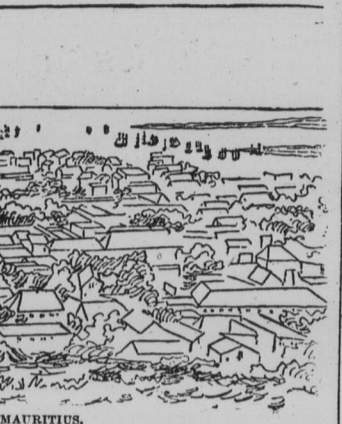
tion can survive. The heat is intense and when the wind is in certain quarters, poisonous. For instance, in the three years of 1866, 1867, and 1868, 73,000 persons died of fevers of various kinds. But in the four summer months, or winter months as they are in the Southern hemisphere, the climate is cool and delightful.

The people, except the pure blooded Europeans and the Chinese who have not been here too many years, are lazy, shiftless, and sensual. Food is easily got, and no more work is done than is absolutely necessary. All the energy of the British officials will not drive the scavenger to clean the streets often enough to prevent rank smells from loading the air of the cities.

The island slopes from coast side upward toward the three mountain chains which cross the interior. Violent rains and wind storms are frequent. The bushes, vines, and flowers are beaten to the earth to rise again in a few days as though nothing had happened. Mountains lie exposed on the eastward side to full sweep of the great storm winds of the Indian Ocean. Outside of the cities there is little building that is more than temporary. Several times in a century the hurricanes come and raze the whole island except the cities and the deep valleys.

With each hurricane many natives are killed, because of the weak shelter their houses afford against the flying tree trunks and stones, and against the fierce wind that can uproot the most firmly planted foundations.

But never before has such a wind as this last come out of the depths of the Indian Ocean. It must have attacked the cities and overthrown them, as well as the houses scattered on the plantations and the hillsides all through the island. It must have left few places where shelter from violence could be found, and no doubt very few escaped injury of some kind. When it is considered that the population is only 300,000, the reported death toll of 15,000 shows how enormous the destruction was. Let, no matter how great the ruin, before the fastest steamer could reach Mauritius from London.



Port Louis, Mauritius.

the last trace of destruction would be obliterated and the remaining people of the island would be found sunk in the tropical apathy.

The inhabitants must have had warning of the storm that was coming, as they have had warning of the three hurricanes that have rushed upon them since the beginning of the century. On one of the coasts of the island stands a great block of black basalt, rising forty feet above the sea which surrounds it all sides. It is bored from its summit down the waves with a circular hole. When the waves are rushing in, warning Mauritius that a storm is bearing down that way, the water rushes into this cavity, is sucked upward, and thrown high in the air in a column of spray. And the rumbling of the Souffriere, as the rock is called, may be heard many miles away.

As the island is almost surrounded by coral reefs, the waves that a great wind lashed up are thrown in the air to great heights, and the noise is so loud that, combined with the roar of the wind, it makes the thunder seem faint and far away. As one remembers these things and reads of the darkness and the flashes of lightning, and the ships lifted in air and rent sunder or blown far up on shore, one realizes what a spectacle this storm must have been.

MAKING WAR PICTURES.

An Interview with a Famous English Artist.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAY.

I spent a delightful day once at West Point. Much of the great kindness which I received at the hands of Colonel Wilson and his staff of officers I owed to the charming memory left in their minds of the visit of the celebrated English war correspondent, Fred Villiers, who, at their special invitation, delivered there a lecture upon his war experiences. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that I recently paid a visit to Mr. Villiers in his charming studio in London. Let me describe the man and his surroundings. As I entered the studio I found him hard at work illustrating the remarkable series of articles which is now appearing in "Black and White" or the "War of 1892." Mr. Villiers is a man of about forty years of age, a strong, good looking, well set up man, bearing in his face the marks of memories of many curious experiences and vicissitudes of the world over. A very kindly man, this very bright and energetic soldier, you feel instinctively to his very finger tips.

The studio itself, full of the relics of many battle-fields, tells its own eloquent story. At my right hand stood the luncheon basket of King Theobald of Mandelay. On the wall were the helmets of many nations. The spars of Abyssinia, and of the field of Tel-el-Kebir raised against a lattice work screen which divides the room. The cruel Afghan knife so frequently alluded to by Rudyard Kipling sent a shudder through one's heart as one looked upon its gleaming blade. Lattice work from Egypt, lacquer and looking glass from Burma, tapestry from the East, representing scenes in the Balkan forests, were there in fitful profusion. A pathetic interest attached itself to the slight remains of a mummy coffin from which Mr. Villiers himself had seen the 3,000-year-old dead body of a girl occupant thrown out to rot in the dust of modern Egypt.

All these things and many more occupied my attention while Mr. Villiers filled and lit a pipe which he held me had been given him by his celebrated confere Archibald Forbes, who had smoked it all through the battle of Plevna, as he rushed hither and thither bearing a charmed life and utterly regardless of the bullets whizzing about his head. "Now, Mr. Villiers," I said, "I would like to tell me all your experiences and how you manage to do these wonderful war sketches of guns with which we are all so familiar." "I first went out," replied he, "to the Servo-Turkish war in 1876 as war artist for the Graphic. I was all through that campaign with the exception of the last battle, which I was recalled and then requested to go with the Turks. Having been with the Servians for eight months, I thought this was rather risky business. So when I got to Constantinople, having made the journey thither with Mr. Power, the Times' correspondent, I met a man who was known to the Sultan who gave him a firman which took him straight to the front. I joined him and went to the front with him. However, arrived there, there was an armistice, and I saw no fighting. I then joined the Russians in their great war against Turkey which broke out shortly afterwards."

"How do you sketch on the field of battle, Mr. Villiers?" "Well, I take very small sketch books with me, so small that I can hold them in the palm of my hand. These I continually use in taking notes of costumes, weapons, and sometimes position. So that I can hardly be observed, and so avoid suspicion on the part of the people there. I have to be very quick about it, I can tell you. Then I have a rather large sketch-book about my person which I use directly an engagement commences and the attention of the people is distracted from me by the excitement of all that is going on around them. The details of costume, figures, etc., that I have previously been engaged upon whilst on the march I can work up on the spot, which is not always the case with other artists, who take a few notes and trust to their own memory for the rest of the fight is over. Of course, being a war artist, you are naturally expected by the officials to do your work, to sketch, etc., but the nuisance is if the ordinary soldier or ignorant officer interferes with you. For if you attract their attention by using too large a sketchbook you may be arrested, and delay in getting your material home. So many times I have sketched on my thumb nails and other nails. I remember one difficult occasion during the mobilization of the Russian troops on the Roumanian frontier to avoid observation I began sketching on my thumb nail, which of course necessitated my taking off my gloves. From that time I have never used a pencil and I nearly had the misfortune to lose my thumb, sketch and all, by frost bite. I only knew this when I arrived at my hotel and began drawing from the thumb. Not until then did I discover the injury, and the pain as it began to show was excruciating. "Can you get a good glimpse of the battle as a whole?" I asked. "Well, first of all, a battle is a most puzzling thing. You see troops marching hither and thither, guns brought up, desultory shots here and there, and then the booming of guns. You have probably been marching with a regiment of men, wondering how on earth you are to get a picture in the utter confusion of the battle. When you see the brigadier ride by with his staff, then the best thing is to follow him, and presently you arrive at some point of vantage. The brigadier will rein up, and in front of him you will see the mass of confusion gradually taking some settled definite form. You begin sketching immediately, not knowing how soon the troops will be engaged, or what incident thus early in the fight may be the most important one of the day. The result is you are always at work. There is rarely any central point in battle. You never know what position will be the hard nut to crack, the turning point of the whole battle. For instance in the march on Plevna, when the early morning mists which had been hanging about the valley of the Vardar hung round upon our right flank, and Krudger was pushing away at it with his artillery. We at first thought the Turks had evacuated the position, and then some of us thought 'is it a position at all?' for not a puff of smoke replied to the Russian guns, yet that became the great Gravitzza which was the bone of contention for months and months between the Turks, Russians, and also the Roumanians. In fact the first troops of Roumania encircled it with their dead bodies for weeks and weeks together."

"Don't you find that the summer days rather intimidate you, or are you stimulated to special fervor?" "Well," replied Mr. Villiers with a smile, "there is always a tendency to duck your head when you hear the ping of a bullet. It used to pass off with me, for I would at once take out a sketch book. Then I forgot all. It is as good as fighting. But you never realize what a battle is until you see some poor devil carried off the field wounded and what the blood of the Teuton and the Gal-l. And here our interview came to a specific close.

ing scene, Mr. Villiers, that is most indelibly photographed on your mind?"

"Well, the ones that appear to me most are what I have seen after the battle. It is that that brings home most to you all the horror of it. It is the misery the wounded suffer a few days afterwards. One thing that always appeared to me the most terrible and the most dramatic, was the march of the Turkish prisoners through an ice-bound country, through Roumania to Russia after the fall of Plevna. That was a horrible sight, fellows dropping down through sheer starvation and weakness, by hundreds daily. Outside one village one morning I counted sixty dead that had been picked up out of its streets and collected round the mouth of a disused grain pit. I knew Skobelev well. He was a wonderful figure of romance. Tall, fine, well knit figure, ruddy complexion, flowing yellow beard, blue eyes, rather a fine nose. During the campaign he would shave his head like a Mussulman. He was in the habit in the open field of taking off his helmet as though to cool his head, fevered within, a very incarnation of war. He was a wonderfully well informed man. For instance, he knew every move in the civil war between North and South. He had, always on a little table in his tent, Schuyler's "Turkistan" and a life of Sherman. I told this to General Sherman a few days before his death, how much an admirer Skobelev was of him, which I could see pleased the old gentleman vastly, or as the Americans would say, 'it tickled the old man some.' I had mainly talks with Skobelev when I was his guest for twelve days outside Constantinople. He used to say he loved the English, and he would long to meet them in battle to see 'what they were made of.' He spoke English perfectly. A brave, dashing, amiable fellow like that was the very man to stir up the phlegmatic Russians and lead them on to victory. But he proved himself a very virginal in Asia years after."

Drifting on in a very interesting conversation, during which Mr. Villiers expressed himself as perfectly enthusiastic about the training of the cadets at West Point. "Why," said he, "there you have carried to perfection the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. For the course there is tremendous and the discipline is superb, and what perfect gentlemen, what splendid going fellows those cadets are! What very flower of the nation that academy contains"—drifting on, I say, in such conversation, we arrived by slow degrees at a consideration of the soldier as he is displayed in the witness of such observations as John Strange Winter and Rudyard Kipling, especially this last. Mr. Villiers was exceedingly eloquent in Rudyard, and here it was that he had to say concerning that precocious, but clever and wonderfully observant young gentleman: "Kipling apparently at first seems severe on the British soldier, but he always speaks the truth about him. I can see that in his heart he has the greatest respect and admiration for his pluck. It is only really the question of their youth and want of experience. For instance, in that delightfully true, bold sketch of 'The Dreams of the Fore and Aft' he mentions an incident which I have seen more than once myself occur in those little fights we had up in Afghanistan. Especially his adulation of the soldierly qualities of Gorkha. I remember during our advance in the Bazaar valley, after a day's unsatisfactory fighting, when our butcher's bill, though not heavy, was quite bad enough. 'Tommy Atkins'—the young Tommy Atkins I mean—showed a considerable amount of depression, especially as the British cooks had only half rations to deal with, and no plum duff whatever. I used to get away from the silent part of the camp, where these poor fellows sat so depressed, and lighting my pipe I would wander into the Gorkha camp and listen to their bright chatter, look at their lively grinning faces in the flicker of their camp fires, and afterwards retire to my tent with the feeling in my heart that all things might go well on the morrow, and if the Gorkhas were sent to meet our commissariat caravan we should be certain of their fighting their way back to camp. Such comfort would one gather from our light-hearted, brave, undaunted Indian allies."

"Now, Mr. Villiers," said I, "what about the warfare of the future? Markke has passed away, and with him to a great extent that special scientific system which he introduced, of which he was so fond. What kind of man will the general of the future be?" "As you suggest," replied the experienced war correspondent, "things are changed. Everything is altered. We fight with modern arms of precision, smokeless powder, etc., I firmly believe that men of the Skobelev type will be the successful men of the future. A man who is not a mere 'book' general, a man with a very active imaginative mind, who may be considered more or less mad, that is the man of the future. Skobelev or Gordon. They upset all the out-dated ideas or modern conventional strategy."

"Well, but Mr. Villiers, I can imagine a mad, brave hero like Skobelev or Gordon leading a horde of religious fanatics like the Russians to sudden victory, but would not a calm, quiet, Moltke best suit the phlegmatic, thoughtful German?" "It isn't a question," replied Mr. Villiers, "of a mad general leading his troops impetuously on to some forlorn position. But it is the man with mad ideas and yet with power of sane execution who will be the leader of the future. Let me give you an instance. I knew Skobelev well. Now, it is my firm opinion that this idea, which was scouted by my colleagues in Black and White, but which was suggested to me by a well-known English officer of engineers, this idea which I put before you, would have been adopted by Skobelev. A night attack and the enemy in front only to be recognized individually by spirits of fire down the ranks. He would arm a number of mounted infantry with the good old-fashioned long bows, which should have as these men continually with the terrible shafts which won for us the victories of Creecy and Agincourt. It sounds absurd, but it is an idea that Skobelev would have acted upon without hesitation. The warfare of the future will be greatly a matter of hand-to-hand fighting, as we have already shown in this forecast of ours. It will also be a question largely of night attacks. Night battles will require missiles of this description—swift, silent, an air gun; a missile which will not discover itself. There will be no fighting with rifles at a two-mile range. Night fighting will necessarily be at close quarters."

I closed the interview with a question as to Mr. Villiers' opinion concerning the war which is certainly imminent in Europe. His reply is worthy of note. "In the East the great battle grounds of the future will be the Euphrates Valley or in that neighborhood. Germany and France will probably settle their differences in Belgium, and the field of Namur will once more be drenched with the blood of the Teuton and the Gal-l. And here our interview came to a specific close.