

THE BATTLE OF FROSCHWEILER.

The following letter from Gen. Bochor, commanding the Zouaves of Marshal McMahon's Division, tells the story of the demolition of those fine soldiers:

SAVERNE, Aug. 8.—Let us thank God, who has preserved me from the most terrible of the dangers it is the soldier's fate to encounter. It is a miracle that I am still alive, without a scratch and in perfect health. But my heart is broken and I am overwhelmed with grief at the fate of my poor officers, my poor soldiers. I dare not tell you how many I have lost, it would grieve you too much. Later I shall know the names of those you knew and loved, but will never see again. The gallant fellows fought like lions and heroes. Out of 65 officers, 47 were killed, wounded, and missing. At 7 o'clock in the morning they were full of life and ardor; now all are killed. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon my unfortunate Lieutenant-Colonel, Deshorties, was wounded by my side. A bullet discharged but a few yards distant entered his abdomen. He was able to squeeze my hand as he was carried off the field, but he has probably died before this in a Prussian ambulance. Two Chefs de Bataillon were shot dead, and a third one is either dead or a prisoner.

Saint Sauveux was wounded badly, and but very little hope is entertained of his recovery. I had him taken from the field in an ambulance. A bullet went through his chest. He behaved splendidly. Pierron was shot dead. I have but five captains out of thirty. The others are in heaven. All my adjutants, and most all my sergeant-majors shared the same fate. Of the Pioneers—better or more gallant men never breathed—only five are left. Two who were left with the baggage were either sabred or taken prisoners. My horses were also captured. My poor, black charger was killed under Gen. Sawreux, to whom I lent him, his horse having been killed early in the action. Out of all I had, all that remains are the clothes that I wear and 75 francs in my pocket; my baggage, with that of the Marshal, has been taken. I don't care for that. I cannot help crying inwardly when I think of all those I have lost. We fought like lions—35,000 against 100,000. The enemy surrounded us on all sides. Gen. Clom was killed; Robert de Vogue was killed. Alfred de Gramont, the Duke's brother, lost an arm. The other corps suffered almost as much as our own. McMahon behaved splendidly, and did all that any man could do; but he had not men enough. He was unable to cope with 100,000 men, with three times more artillery than he had.

Nevertheless, we inflicted a heavy loss on the enemy, and that, doubtless, was the reason we were not more vigorously pursued. Had such been the case, the disaster would have been fearful; it is bad enough as it is. The battle began at 7½ o'clock. After night there was a pouring rain, in which we had to stand, without tents or fire, or lie down in the mud. During the previous day we had marched 70 kilometers—from the battle field to Saverne.

The last 36 kilometers were got over during the night, pell mell and without stopping or sleeping. War is a fearful scourge. We are doomed to a forced inaction. We have but 500 or 600 Zouaves, without knapsacks, tents, clothes, or food. But we have arms and do not complain. We are without officers and non-commissioned officers, and cannot be sent into action. It is probable that we will be sent to Strasbourg to reorganize. Our regimental chests, from all accounts, has been taken.

WAR TOPICS.

The London *Spectator* gives the philosophy of the war in a nut-shell when it says: "Europe must pass through a year, perhaps years, of misery in order that one single man may secure the career and the position of one single child. This war has no cause, no motive, no justification, save the fear of Napoleon Bonaparte that without it is his succession would not be clear." This is the fourth war he has begun for pure family considerations. Does it not seem as if a dynasty which requires so much and such costly propping up might much better come down?

Two years ago Gen. Changarnier wrote, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a remarkable article, in which he expressed a very high opinion of the Prussian military power. "The great and principal force in the Prussian army," he said, "has been in its officers. No doubt a large share of honor is due to the Government in this organization, patiently and carefully prepared, and the attention which was given to every improvement in the military art in a spirit of progress free from the shackles of prejudice and routine. Like the ancient Romans, the Prussians took what was good and left what was bad; but all this was only done by means of a staff of well-instructed, laborious officers applying themselves without relaxation to a work often deemed excessive. These officers, as facts attested, were admirably seconded by their soldiers. Under the flag all classes of society found themselves represented, and intelligence came to the aid of discipline; the quality was a surer guarantee of success than the quantity."

THE COINCIDENCE OF DATES AND EVENTS.

In 1807 France was at war with Prussia. In 1870—which embraces the same two figures reversed—there are again hostilities between them. In 1756 there was also war between the same powers, in which France sustained a severe defeat. Just fifty years after that event, 1805, Prussia was humiliated, yes more than that, almost destroyed by the disastrous double battle of Jena and Austerlitz. In commenting upon that event the English historian Alison, whose sympathies were with Prussia, says: "Such were the disastrous battles of Jena and Austerlitz, which prostrated the strength of the Prussian monarchy, and in one day effected that which all the might of Russia, Austria and France had been unable to effect in the seven years war from 1756 to 1763." Curious enough, sixty years from that time, in 1866, Prussia was raised to the height of power by the extraordinary results of the battle of Sadowa.

In 1805 the Russian power received a crushing defeat in the great battle of Austerlitz—viz., the Emperors of France, Russia, and Austria. The forces of the latter were united, but four-fifths of those who participated in the struggle were Russians. A half century passed away, and in 1855 the French and Russians were contending for supremacy at Sebastopol, under Emperors of the same name as those who met in 1805.

In 1809 the French were at war with the Austrians, and entered Vienna in triumph. In 1859, at the end of a half centennial period, the same countries were engaged in a deadly contest with even larger numbers in Northern Italy. In 1780 the first Napoleon had ceased, as First Consul, to hold the supreme authority in France. In 1849, fifty years after, the third Napoleon had just been elected president of the same country.

ENGLAND.—By HENRY WARD BEECHER.—"The proudest sovereign in the world is Queen Victoria. She dignifies womanhood and motherhood, and she is fit to sit in empire. There is one reason why the English throne is the strongest in the world, because it is so many legged. It stands on thirty millions of people. It represents the interests of the masses of the subjects. Another reason why England is the strongest nation is because it is the most Christian nation, because it has the most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the 4th of July—we love to fan ourselves with eulogies. I know her stubborn conceit—I know how many things are mischievous among her common people, among her operatives of the factory, among her serfs of the mine, but taking her up on one side, and down on the other, there is not another nation that represents so much Christianity as old England. If you do not like to hear it I like to say it; and the strongest power on the face of the globe is that kingdom. It is the strongest kingdom and the one that is least likely to be shaken down. England has been destroyed every ten or fifteen years from the time of the Armada to the present day, in the prophecies of men. Every few years she has been about to be overthrown by sea; she has been about to be ploughed up by land; she has been about to be stripped of her resources in India, and other parts of the globe. Nations have formed alliances against her; the armies and fleets of the civilized world have gone about her; her interests, political and pecuniary have been repeatedly and violently assailed, and yet she has stood as she now stands, mistress of the seas, and the strongest power on earth, because she has represented the moral element.

SIZE OF OUR GREAT LAKES.

The latest measurement of our fresh water seas are as follows:

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 330 miles; greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 900 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 23,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles; its greatest breadth, 160 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area 20,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Erie, is 350 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 170 miles; greatest breadth, 95 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation, 264; area, 6000 square miles.

Washington's only joke: During the debate in the Continental Congress on the establishment of the Federal army, a member offered a resolution providing that it should never exceed 3000 men; whereupon Washington moved an amendment that no army should ever invade the country with a force exceeding 2000 men. The joke was a perfect success, and the laughter which it excited smothered the resolution.

John Bright has had, among his other afflictions, some lines addressed to him by a local poet, at his retreat at Llandudno, which, after calling him "Hail, brother," assert that "his lips of war, when they do thunder, melt galling chains long binding human kind."