

he-he-he will gig-gig-go out, too, along with them." "What to do, Mike—what to do?" asked Pat, quite eagerly; for Mike had given so many instances of fidelity and acuteness, that he was now not only looked upon with special favor by the United Irishmen, but was even instructed to execute work of a difficult character.

"To-to follow them, and throw th-th-throw them off the scent, an-an-and gig-get word to Milliken," said Mike, quite delighted at the interest Pat displayed in the news he had brought.

"Do you know what route they will take, and the exact time they will start at?" inquired Pat.

"Th-th-they'll go to-to-to Templepatrick at-t-four or five o'clock; th-th-then on-n-n to Belfast."

Just then, Cormac Rogan entered, and Pat detailed what he had learned from Mike.

"There must be some truth in it," said Cormac. "Mr. Milliken and McCracken are to hold a private meeting, either to-night or to-morrow, in Rev. Mr. Porter's, and that fellow Sandy, the Scotchman, knows Milliken. There must be word conveyed to him at once."

Mike was instructed to go back and stay about O'Hara's house, and watch and listen to everything that passed between the two soldiers. Should he learn anything, he was to make haste over to Pat's with the news.

"An-an-and won't I gig-gig-go with them, and th-th-throw them off the scent?"

"No, not now, Mike. Do as I tell you, like a good fellow," said Cormac, clapping him on the shoulder.

"Ye-ye-yes, Cormac, Mim-Mim-Mike is a good-d-d fellow," and away he ran as fast as he could to execute his orders.

"He's a lucky creature, that same Mike," said Pat.

Cormac stood buried in thought for awhile, and paid no attention to Pat's remark.

"See, Pat!" he said hurriedly. "Out with the horse. Give it a feed as quickly as possible. I'll be off for John Mullan at once. He must go to Belfast, and intercept Milliken and McCracken. I believe their business is the distribution of those pikers to the Templepatrick and Saintfield men."

John Mullan was speedily on the road, and Mike had returned meantime with the news that there were six soldiers in all going off, and that they were all ready to start. They were to drive on a car.

This was dangerous looking, and Cormac felt that there must be some means whereby the government were put in possession of Milliken's movements.

After a brief consultation with Pat, Cormac decided on following John Mullan, accompanied with Pat's sons and John's brother. He would take the old road, and make all speed. Pat would have gone also, but there was a drill meeting that night in McCallum's grange, and Pat would be required to fill the place of Cormac in the latter's absence.

passed each other, Mullan remained stationary for a few minutes, thinking what was best to be done under the circumstances. He at once decided to speak to the gentlemen, but meantime they had taken their seats on the car, and were driving forward. Mullan followed them, and, in order to overtake them, had to put his horse to a smart gallop.

In less than five minutes he overtook them, and, just as he did so, the soldiers who had started to intercept Milliken appeared on the road.

"Pull up," shouted John, in an excited tone of voice.

A crack of the whip by the driver of the car was the only reply.

The red coats of the soldiers were quite visible; and their appearance seemed to make the gentlemen in the car undecided whether to proceed or turn the horse's head in the opposite direction.

The latter plan was quickly adopted, thus enabling Mullan to again approach the gentlemen. He did so quite closely, and again begged of them to stop.

A pistol was snapped at him, which made the horse he rode suddenly rear itself on its hind legs, and nearly threw the rider to the ground.

The flash from the pistol made the soldiers quicken their pace.

In a few minutes they had surrounded the car; and the Scotchman approaching closer, at once identified Mr. Milliken.

Orders were given to have both gentlemen—the other was Henry Joy McCracken—handcuffed, and driven towards Belfast.

John Mullan was now considerably in advance, and kept so for a while. He at once saw the error that had been committed. He had no doubt now that the party whom he had hurried forward to intercept upon their journey, were then in the hands of the soldiers.

What was he to do under such circumstances?

His reflections were most painful. Although he had acted strictly in accordance with the instructions he received, yet, there was the painful result.

What would Cormac say? What would Pat Dolan think? Surely he must have been to blame in some way?

Such were the unpleasant reflections that speedily passed through the brave fellow's mind, as he kept well ahead of the escort. The soldiers had lost sight of Mullan, and were proceeding with their prisoners at a moderate rate along the road.

Shortly after, the moon rose calm and clear, and John Mullan kept debating within himself whether to go forward or return. But then, how could he be the bearer of bad news? He who was sent specially to prevent what had occurred.

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

M'MAHON.

Now for the first time associated with defeat though doubled in honor by his heroic valor and soldierly conduct in the hour of disaster, is too well known to require much recapitulation. He fought in Algeria, where he was among the bravest of the brave. His very name is a trumpet call, descended as he is from the old Irish Kings. In the Crimea he him it devolved to assault the Malakoff, Pottleben's great earthwork, which was the key of the Russian position. McMahon, at the head of his Zouaves, marched to the assault, and was among the first up in the storming party. By some accident he was left unsupported, but having gained the summit, he withstood every effort of the Russians, and held his ground until the supporting division came to his assistance. In Italy it was his brilliant assault that saved the French army from the jaws of defeat, and won the battle of Magenta. McMahon has been not less remarkable for his personal *bonhomie* than for his brilliant bravery. After Magenta, when he made his triumphant entrance into Milan, a charming little miss of six years tendered him a bouquet. He leaned down to take it, and bent his nodding plume over the baby to kiss her. "I should like to ride with you," said the little girl. "So you shall then, my pet," and so saying he sat her before him on his war horse, and the noble animal, proud of his double burthen, stepped daintily through the city along the road to the Cathedral. In Paris, too, when the troops came in, McMahon's genial face and jovial smile, with his renown, procured him any amount of compliment and congratulation. He was fairly smothered with bouquets and wreaths. In Algeria, when he turned his attention to government affairs and military colonization, he was found efficient in the Cabinet as he had been in the field. He endeavored to institute a variety of local reforms and useful arrangements which would have told for the permanent welfare of the people entrusted to his care, but the genius of the French people is not in favor of free colonization, besides which the local difficulties were almost insurmountable. The last act of his administration was the repression, in 1869, of a revolt by a turbulent native tribe. After Haguenau he was for twenty-five hours in the saddle, and like his men, reduced to the last shifts of hunger and exhaustion. His parting with one of his comrades on that day is terrible. The Cuirassiers were ordered to charge. "It is death my General," said the Colonel commanding. "That is true" was the reply; "but what can we do? Let us embrace, my friend." They did so. The Cuirassiers charged. The charge was only to cover the retreat. It was Cavalry against Infantry in line, unbroken, in rough ground, hop-gardens, timber, and so forth. They broke through the obstacles and charged; they were picked off at leisure by the terrible needle gun as they went through to go at the Prussians. Once, twice, thrice they charged. Of that magnificent array, two thousand strong, only ninety-seven came out of action; of that ninety-seven only five were un wounded. McMahon wept. What could he do more?

GENERAL WIMPFEN.

Emmanuel Felix de Wimpfen, the general who has become famous by misfortune, has gone through the Algerian and provincial career of discipline and army experience usual in the French army. He belonged to the Imperial Guard in the Crimea, and was made general for his distinguished services in the Italian campaign. He was commandant of Algeria and of Oran. By a coincidence there is an officer of the same name in the service of Austria, now a field-marshal.

GEN. TROCHU.

LOUIS JULES TROCHU, a General in the French army, is the Minister of War under the Provisional Government. He was born at Morbihan; in 1816, graduated from Saint Cyr, was appointed a lieutenant in 1840, and a captain in 1843, and attached to the staff of Marshal Bugeaud, in Algeria. In 1846 he was made *Chef d'Escadron*, in 1853 Lieutenant-colonel, aide-de-camp to Marshal St. Arnaud; in the Crimea; Brigadier-General in 1854. In 1859 he was appointed a General of Division, and served in Italy with distinction. In 1866 he was authorized to prepare the works necessary for a reorganization of the army. In 1865 he was made commander of the Legion of Honour, and Grand Officer in 1861. At this last date he could look back on twenty-five years of active service, eighteen campaigns, and one wound. He was elected a member of the General Council of Morbihan for the Canton of Belle-Isle, taking the place of his father. He published, anonymously, *L'Armee Francaise en 1867*, a work which, in one year, went through ten editions.

JULES FAYRE.

GABRIEL CLAUDE JULES FAYRE, who has been placed at the head of the Provisional Government of France as Minister of Foreign Affairs, is an eminent lawyer and politician. He was born in Lyons, March 21, 1809. At the age of twenty-one, he took a prominent part in public affairs as the opponent of royalty, and he had just attained that age at the crisis when Charles X. was hurled from power and gave place to Louis Philippe. No man in France has been so earnest, so eloquent, and so consistent an advocate of Republican principles as Jules Fayre. After the revolution of 1848 he took office as the Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, but resigned his place on being elected to the Constituent Assembly. He officiated for some time as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. From the day of the *coup d'etat* he has been at once the most determined and the ablest antagonist of the Emperor, and indeed his opposition may be said to have begun from the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency. Elected as a member of the General Council of the Departments of the Loire and Rhone, he refused to take the oath to support the new constitution. In 1858 he excited the liveliest sensation throughout France by his bold defence of Orsini for his attempt on the life of the Emperor, in which the intrepid advocate proclaimed his unalterable attachment to free institutions. In the same year he became a member of the Corps Legislatif, and soon afterwards, in April, 1859, he vehemently exposed the inconsistency of the Imperial Government in seeking to establish by the war with Austria that freedom for Lombardy and Venice which had been overturned in France. In 1864 he made a severe attack on the policy of the Imperial Government in the Mexican war.

ISAAC CREMIEUX.

ISAAC ADOLPH CREMIEUX, Minister of Justice, was born of Israelitish parents, at Nismes, in 1796. He was admitted to the bar in 1817, and practised in his native village. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies for several years during the reign of Louis Philippe, and always voted with the reform party. He advocated the most comprehensive principles of free trade. After the *coup d'etat*, he was arrested and taken to Mazas, and retired from political life until 1859, when he was elected a Deputy from the Third Circumscription of Paris. An able lawyer and an effective orator, he is well known for his proverbial ugliness of features.

EMMANUEL ARAGO.

EMMANUEL ARAGO, the new Mayor of Paris, a lawyer and politician, was born at Paris in 1812. He was the oldest son of Francis Arago, and at first manifested a disposition to enter upon a literary career. In 1832 he published a volume of poetry. In 1837 he began the practice of the law. In 1848 he took a prominent position among the revolutionists; and on the 24th of February entered the Chamber of Deputies and protested against the Regency, and demanded the dethronement of the Orleans family. He was soon elected a Representative from the Eastern Pyrenees, but appeared rarely in the Chamber. May 25, 1848, he was sent to Berlin as Minister Plenipotentiary. He intervened in behalf of the Poles in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and obtained the liberty of Gen. Mierobawski. He protested against the Roman Expedition; and after the *coup d'etat* gave up political life, but did not leave France. He resumed, later, the practice of the law at Paris; and in 1867 defended Berezowski. In the general elections of 1859 he was the candidate of the Opposition, both in the Eastern Pyrenees and in the Var, but was not elected in either place. In the partial elections of the following November he was a candidate from Paris, and was elected.

PIERRE MAGNE.

PIERRE MAGNE, the Minister of Finance, was born in Perignieux, in 1806, and became an advocate in 1831, and was introduced to public life in Paris, by Marshal Bugeaud. In the constituent and Legislative Assemblies, of which he was a member, M. Magne did not occupy a leading place as a debater, but his practical speeches were always listened to with attention. In 1849 he was made Under-Secretary of State for Finance, and became Minister of Public Works in 1851. This last position he held until 1854. He was Finance Minister from 1854 to 1859, when he became Minister without portfolio, retired in March, 1863, and was named a member of the Privy Council April 1. He was made a Senator, 1852, Commander of the Legion of Honour, 1851, and Grand Cross, 1854. In 1867 he was re-called to the Ministry of Finance and charged with the raising of a new loan, in which he was exceedingly successful. He left the Cabinet when M. Ollivier formed his Ministry in 1870.

JULES SIMON.

JULES SIMON, Minister of Public Instruction, was born at Lorient in 1814. In life he was engaged in teaching, meeting with extraordinary success, and being decorated in 1845. His political life began in 1848, when he was elected a deputy from the Cotes-du-Nord, and he at once attached himself to the moderate Republican party. In 1849, he was elected member of the Council of State. In 1863, he was elected a Deputy, as an Opposition candidate. He was distinguished as an orator, as an advocate of the liberty of the Press, right of public instruction, &c. In 1869 he was elected Deputy from two different districts—the Gironde and the Seine—and chosen to represent the Gironde. He has always been more or less identified with the cause of education, and appears constantly as its most able and eloquent champion. In 1868 he was elected President of the Society of Men of Letters, but resigned four months later. He is the author of several works.

FRANCOIS PAUL JULES GREVY.

M. GREVY, President of the Council, was born at Montsour, Vaudry, Department of Jury, Aug. 15, 1813. Admitted to the status of advocate, he soon assumed at the Bar of Paris an important rank among the defenders of the radical party, and, notably, pleaded in the prosecution of May 13, 1839, for two companions of Barber. He was, in 1848, Commissary-General of the Provisional Government, and was elected a member of the Constitutional Assembly, in which he usually voted with the Left. After the election (of Louis Napoleon as President) of December 10, M. Grevy resisted the Government of Louis Napoleon, and pronounced against the expedition to Rome. Re-elected to the Legislative Assembly, he remained faithful to the democratic cause, and, without making common cause with the Mountain, he was one of the principal opponents of the royalist coalition. In 1868, M. Grevy re-entered, after a retirement of seven years, the political arena. In the general election of 1869 he was returned without official opposition.

LEON GAMBETTA.

LEON GAMBETTA, the Minister of the Interior, was born in Cahors, Oct. 30, 1838, of a Genoese family. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, in Paris, in 1859. The affair which rendered his name popular in Paris was that which attended the subscription lists opened by several journals, after the scenes at the Cemetery of Montmartre, Dec. 2, 1868, in order to erect a monument to the deceased Ex-Representative Baudin. In the month of March, 1869, the defence of the *Journal l'Emancipation*, published at Toulouse, gave rise in the south to enthusiastic demonstration in favour of the young advocate. At the general elections M. Gambetta presented himself simultaneously as a candidate for Paris and Marseilles. He embraced the policy of the Irreconcilable opposition, and made great impression by his appearance and his impetuous eloquence at the public meetings of the electors. He was elected both in the First District of Paris and in the First of the Bouches-du-Rhone at Marseilles. He chose to sit for the latter place.

VON MOLTKE.

Helmuth Charles Bernard Baron von Moltke has had all the honor and credit of the strategical combinations which led to the tremendously rapid results which have astonished the world. Like the spider in her web, he sits in his study or tent, and stretching his long telegraphic filaments, weaves the web of inevitable destiny. Thus fell Sadowa, and so also has France been brought to her knees, perhaps to rise the stronger from touching mother earth, for peoples have immense vitality. It is pretended that everything has fallen out precisely as Moltke designed; that he had sketched out these plans, and even arranged the very fighting places at Lauterbourg and Saarbrücken; that everything has prospered is undeniable; there is no need to add to success a miracle of provision or providential arrangement. Count Moltke is a gentleman by birth. He is a native of Mecklenburg, and was born in 1800. Having received a military education he entered the service of Denmark, and in 1822 went into that of Prussia. In 1835 he made a tour in the East, and having received favorable overtures to enter the service of Sultan Mahmoud, and to assist in the reorganization of the Turkish army which had been recently changed from the old janissary form to an imitation of the Western part in the famous Syrian campaign that arose from the revolt of Mehemet Ali, and is said to have been present at the battle of Nedjib, in which Ibrahim Pasha was beaten by the Turks. Returning to Europe he was on the royal staff, and has since applied himself exclusively to military studies. He is said to have prepared a plan of Italian campaign when the peace of Villa Franca put an end to the state of war. He was, of course, active with his advice in the Schleswig-Holstein business. After Sadowa he was commander of the Prussian army in its intended march on Vienna, but the armistice which he granted to the Austrians led to the peace of Prague. The life of M. de Moltke is that of a student and not a man of action. But, like many thoughtful men, he is a man of rare courage, if only in his pre-occupation of mind and intentness on his object which makes personal danger of no moment. During Sadowa, while the fighting was going on, his aids and orderlies brought him reports and messages from time to time, on which, seated in his tent with his plan before him, he gave his orders. At length something was said not readily intelligible; he rose, mounted his horse, galloped across the country and straight through the line of fire, heedless of ball or bullet, and, having seen what he wanted to see, galloped back the same way and quietly completed his orders.

THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

You who live in your homes at ease, think of the plain of Gorze, and those who were wounded in the middle of the day and lay out all night unable to move, without a drop of water to moisten their lips, their wounds untended, and no one to say a cheering word. If you can realize a scene such as I have described, follow me to the battle-field.

As I leave the wood already described, and come upon the plain, the dry soil seems covered with heaps of blue uniforms; but not a single French soldier do I see. About half-a-mile from this the French dead and wounded commence to lie. There is a small house on the roadside which the French held. It was evidently used for cattle, and now only contains thirty-six French bodies, with only one soldier alive. In the rack, where he has crawled for shelter, lies a veteran of the 24th Regiment of the Line, his hair and moustaches white as snow. As I advance up the road to the village, a white rag tied to a ramrod attracts my attention; and upon arrival I find a Chasseur-a-pied, with three medals on his breast, lying with a fearful wound through his right lung, through which his labored breath comes in fitful gasps. "Monseur," said he, "faites-moi seulement une chese, donnez moi un coup de pistolet." He had lain there for twenty-three hours. How shall I go on? It was a scene too awful to describe. I have seen many battle-fields; but never one like this. To my left on a small knoll I see a group of convalescents, with a red cross. I know what it means—it that ghastly row of mutilated humanity close by were not sufficient to tell me that it is an hospital ambulance detachment. I go up to see what I can do, and I find four Prussian doctors hard at work, not on their own men, but on French.—They have been there since ten a.m. yesterday, and have had nothing. I offer one a tin cup of wine, which, instead of drinking himself, he takes to the French wounded. Two priests are there—one a prince—ministering in their holy office amongst the dying. There was a mutilated soldier of the Garde Imperiale, with both feet shattered and his cheek taken away; when I told him that he need not alarm himself about the amputation, he answered—"Quest ce que ca fait cela? donnez-moi un cigare." The doctors are tired out, their assistants are weary, and still the groans of the wounded are heard in every direction. Now a new sound causes me to look in the direction of Metz. It is the roll of the mitrailleuse, and the scattering fire of the outposts—more bloodshed, more misery, more agony!—When I return from my sad walk, I find that Prussian discipline has turned Gorze into something more orderly. As I walk down the street the general kindly asks me to have a glass of beer. Since the day before, at twelve a.m., I have had nothing but a tumbler of red wine. We discuss the war, and he tells me that England has lost all influence in Europe. I agree that she has. When I got into the town a Prussian soldier begged a bit of bread. It is but too true; these troops who have fought the bloody field of Gorze fed upon half-cooked potatoes and rice the night before, then marched fourteen miles and attacked a determined enemy. The nights, too, are raw and cold, but the Prussian soldier has nothing but the heavens and his military cloak to cover him.—*Daily Telegraph Correspondent.*

THE MITRAILLEUSE.

The scenes at Remilly were indescribably painful. I have witnessed nothing more dreadful all through this terrible campaign. Our train pulled up at some distance from the station, and when we walked to the platform we found it thronged by wounded men in every stage of agony. These were the men who had suffered at Gorze on Thursday. Shot through the eyes, in the head, in the face, legs, chest, and arms; there, in the chill air, with no covering but straw to protect them from rain and wind, lay some of the flower of the German armies. Women and girls and men were binding up their wounds by the uncertain, ever-decreasing light of evening, and although train after train were despatched, it really seemed as if they would never cease bringing in fresh wounded soldiers. In rude carts and uncom-

fortable waggons, on hand litters borne by the German students or peasants came these suffering beings, all red with blood and faint with the heat and burden of the day. I never before saw men with such fearful wounds as these German soldiers on the platform at Remilly. It will be remembered that when the mitrailleuse was first brought into notice everybody marvelled at the completeness of this instrument of death, and that subsequently the French invention was scoffed and sneered at. People said, "Oh, mitrailleuse, or mitrailleuse, or whatever it is called, can only be used on level ground. After all it is but forty rifles secured on one stock by hands. It is not so very formidable. True, it killed 300 horses at one discharge at Chalons; but then the poor animals were all fastened together, and could not move." There was much more to the same effect; and, later, in a leading article, the London *Times* took occasion to say that the Prussians also had these mitrailleuses, which had done great execution in a certain battle—Worth, I think, was named. Of course that was a mistake; but the greatest mistake was made by the persons who undervalued or rather underestimated the power of the mitrailleuse. It was the mitrailleuse which caused the greater portion of the losses at Gorze. It was the same murderous weapon which mowed down the ranks of the Prussians at Worth and Weissenburg, and which was so destructive at the battle of Sarbrücken on the 16th ult. Do you ask how yonder man got that awful wound in the face, how that one came to be so cut and slashed across his head, and how his comrade escaped with life after receiving that tremendous gash in the neck? I answer, it was the mitrailleuse. You need not seek for corroboration of this statement; it is written down from the lips of the Germans themselves. The mitrailleuse is the terrible "sensation" weapon of the war!

But whilst the platform Remilly was crowded with the wounded, outside the station, in the large place, the sight was more appalling still. By the sides of the houses and the station railings, under carts, and waggons, and trees, were lying hundreds of sufferers and the lazarah which had been hastily "run up" was full. These wounded soldiers had nothing but the straw to lie upon, and the sky and the stars to cover them. There were many willing hands to bind up their wounds—amongst them our own pioneer band from London, to whom I alluded in my last letter—but they were as the sands of the sea amongst so many. Uncomplaining, many so badly hurt that their recovery is impossible, these sick soldiers at Remilly made up a picture which only Gustave Doré's powerful pencil would faithfully and adequately reproduce. These are black spots upon God's earth—none blacker, and when the record of them shall be read, many a prayer will go up, even from lips unaccustomed to pray, that the awful struggle may be put an end to before more lives are sacrificed.—*Irish Times Correspondent.*

A Boulogne letter to the London *News* details a dialogue between two Frenchmen, affording an explanation why France has been so much outnumbered in the present war. We quote:—

"But, Monsieur, we have a revenge to take; and, the war ended, we shall take it," continued the vendor of 3,000 sheep to be bagged Paris. France has been betrayed; France has been cheated. You remember that, fourteen or fifteen years ago, private offices, individual speculators, bought substitutes for the young men who were able to afford them. The price has been risen since I drew lots, but this is not what we complain of. Everything has become dearer: human flesh, you see, as well as meat. Say the young man who has drawn an unlucky number doesn't wish to be a soldier. Well, his parents go to the government office appointed within the last fifteen years for that purpose and pay, say, two thousand francs. Their dear boy is exonerated. Now, it is understood that with the two thousand francs a substitute shall be bought. This is the bargain between (1) the exonerated boy, (2) the government, and (3) the nation.

"Les voleurs!" the cattle dealer's friend interjected at this point. Well, what has been done? While the traffic in men was in the hands of private companies the government took care to have their substitutes, since they had no interest in suppressing them. But, turned dealers themselves, their interest lay at once in a different direction. Well, they have just done this: taken the money from the pockets of families and put into their own, and buttoned them carefully up. The substitute money has not bought a substitute. Just observe, Monsieur, the effect of this.—The right number of men have been put upon paper. To the public, who knew nothing of the dishonest transaction, the companies of our regiments were a hundred strong; and consequently the regiments, they believed, had each 3,000 men under the flag.—But what was the actual truth? Why I can give you any number of instances where the actual number of available men were not more than thirty to the company. Regiments that upon paper were at their full strength would barely muster eighteen hundred fighting men, and some even less than this. This is our defeat. This is the key to the disasters which reddened the brow of every Frenchman. *Les gredius!*

The speaker wrenched the end of his cigar off with his teeth, folded his arms, glared first at me, then at his friends, and asked what form of cruel punishment was severe enough for the rascals who had sold the honor of their country in this way.

A French paper says the Prussians are wonderfully well informed of everything that goes on, even to the smallest details. Some days ago a regiment of Uhlans entered a village through which the French army had passed four-and-twenty hours before. The French had with great difficulty obtained 3,000 rations from the country people, the Prussians required 25,000; they were told that it was impossible to comply with this demand, and that by completely despoiling the inhabitants it would be possible to collect more than a quarter of what was claimed. The commandant pulled some notes out of his pocket and looked through them. "Where is Schultz?" said he. "Here am I, commandant," replied an honest fellow, reddening with pride at finding himself known to so powerful a person. "You have three cows, a hundred hens. I know where you have hidden your oats; you withdrew your flour yesterday. Be so good as to fetch all that, and be quick about it." Thus the commandant called all the inhabitants one after the other, and proved to them that he was as well acquainted as themselves with their resources. It is needless to add that the 25,000 rations were made up in an hour's time. The Prussians act in this manner everywhere, thanks to the skill and number of their spies; and this explains how such great numbers always are well provided with food.

The incredible carnage of the present war has unexpectedly produced a difficult and most painful question. It is believed that the great battle of Metz, or the three successive engagements of which it was composed, cost the two armies together at least 100,000 men. We have had the losses of the French in killed and wounded actually computed at 50,000, and as the attacks of the Prussians were directed against strong positions, defended for days together with desperate tenacity, it is probable that the sacrifice on their side was quite as great. According to the calculations usually made in such matters, a total loss of 100,000 would represent 80,000 wounded and 20,000 killed, but, with the murderous arms and terrible fighting of the present time, the proportion of downright slaughter may probably be larger. Anyhow, there is nothing surprising or unlikely in the statement now made by the Prussians, that the wounded left on their hands before Metz are fully 40,000 in number.—*Times Cor-*

John Mullan dashed along at a good rate. Darkness, however, was overtaking him, and consequently he had to slow his pace, lest he should miss the object of his mission.

Arriving at a place called the White-well-brae—a lonely spot, in the vicinity of the Cave-hill mountain—he hastily pulled up. Two men approached. A jaunting-car was in advance, which made it evident that its occupants were those who were "walking the hill."

Suddenly John dismounted, and approached the men. They instantly went aside to allow the stranger to pass. Mullan was uncertain whether to approach them or not.—The light was not sufficient to enable him to recognize the features of the party. The others were apparently not over-willing to permit themselves to be too closely scrutinized by the stranger who had dismounted. Having