

the thicket, and pinned them to the ground with their light spears. A moment after, Grimshaw Stubbles and his followers dashed up the gorge, and halted beside the writhing bodies of the two luckless bloodhounds. Then came the loud pattering of petronel and musketoon from both sides of the gorge, and Donal Riagh and his vengeful Rapparees, with a wild and thrilling shout, rushed down upon the unfortunate Tory hunter and his comrades.

Let us now return to the house of Grimshaw Stubbles. Scarcely had that worthy and his confederates disappeared under the shades of the forest beyond the moorland, when a body of men, about forty in number, and led by Theige MacDonogh, Donal's lieutenant, rushed out from the little wood above mentioned, darted in through the open gateway, fell upon the scanty guard left behind, slew them to a man, and took possession of the house. After the proper military arrangements were made by Theige MacDonogh—who, by the way, had served as a cornet under King James, at the Battle of the Boyne,—the sentinel who stood guard at the gateway saw a horse tearing madly up the moorland and around the little wood, which his practised eye recognized instantly as that belonging to Master Grimshaw Stubbles. The fate of its master and most of his comrades in the wild forest-gorge may be easily guessed.

About the same moment, two horsemen might be seen riding at full speed, and in different directions from the fatal gorge. One was the jovial old toper, Adam Blundel, whose life had been, as a matter of course, spared by Donal Riagh; the other was one of the officers from Mallow, who had escaped, and who was riding now towards that town at his topmost speed, to bring out as many of the cavalry of the garrison as he could to the scene of the wild and fatal onslaught of the morning.

On the evening of that day, two troops of Williamite dragoons wound up the sylvan valley of the O'ydagh from Mallow, crossed by the little wood in front of Grimshaw's house, formed in line, and halted at the foot of Bottle Hill. A trumpeter was sent forward, after a slight delay, who rode directly onward to the front gate, and summoned the Rapparees to surrender without conditions. The garrison was now, however, strengthened by Donal Riagh and his followers, so that it somewhat outnumbered the Williamite force sent against it. The answer returned to the trumpeter, therefore, may be easily imagined. He rode back with a refusal, of course, to report to his commander.

Scarcely had the trumpeter reached the line, when a Rapparee horseman, with a white handkerchief on the point of his sword, dashed out from the gateway, and approached within talking distance of the Williamites.

"Our captain, the brave Donal Riagh MacCarthy, sent me forward," said he, addressing the officer who appeared to command the English dragoons, "to know how many sabres ye be to a man?"

"A very modest inquiry, indeed," exclaimed the Williamite captain, laughing. "May I ask, however, before I answer, for what purpose does your master ask the question?"

"For this," answered the Rapparee: "that for every sabre you have, Donal Riagh is willing to tell out the same number on this moorland, and then let both sides see it out, man to man, on horseback or on foot, before the sun sets beyond Mount Hillary."

"I have a hundred men besides myself and the three officers you see yonder," returned the English captain, delighted at the proposal. "Go back and tell your chief, or whatever he is, that I am happy to accede to what he proposes; that man and horse, I and my officers and my hundred men, will fight him and his officers and an equal number. Such, I believe, are the conditions. Stay for a moment," continued he with a sneer; "tell your captain that he may add fifty more to his number. We shall fight them, if they come out from their stone walls." The messenger went off at a brisk gallop, and soon rode in through the guarded gateway.

Most of the men under Donal Riagh, as well as Donal himself, had served in the cavalry of King James; so, after being disbanded for a time subsequent to the Battle of the Boyne, each, on his coming home, had taken care, along with keeping his arms and accoutrements, which he was allowed to do by his commanders, to provide himself also with a horse. And thus it happened that the deliberations of the English were soon disturbed by the martial strain of a cavalry trumpet, and immediately afterwards Donal Riagh was seen riding forth from the gate of Grimshaw Stubbles's house at the head of a hundred horsemen, with Theige MacDonogh and two other subordinate commanders by his side. The English trumpeter now sounded forth his challenge in return; and, in a few moments, the men on both sides set their horses opposite one another, expecting the command to charge. It came; and then followed the thundering rush across the dry spot of moorland that lay between the belligerents, the crash of both lines as they closed in the deadly conflict, and, soon after the victorious shouts of the brave Rapparees, as the English, massing themselves together as closely as they could, began to retreat slowly over the hills, leaving about twenty of their number behind upon the field. After losing about half-a-dozen more of his men, the Williamite captain, who, all through the fight, showed himself a man of much judgment and mettle, at last succeeded in making his retreat into Mallow. On the side of the Rapparees about a dozen men fell. The horses and trappings of the slain dragoons were, however, an important addition to the armament of the gallant and victorious Donal Riagh MacCarthy, who, in the war that followed, became one of the most celebrated and successful Rapparee leaders in the south of Ireland.

Thus ended what we have called, at the head of this paper, the little battle of Bottle Hill. The story, though traditional, and though perhaps its details on that account cannot be

strictly relied upon, is still instructive, showing, as it does, how the Irish peasantry, when properly prepared, and acting in concert under a brave and skilful leader like Donal Riagh, can fight, and win even, on a fair field and man to man, against English or any other troops, no matter how high the valor and perfect the discipline of the latter.

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The London Times publishes a most interesting letter on the general aspects of the war, and the relative merits of the French and Prussian military systems. We make some extracts which our readers will find instructive and entertaining. The writer is evidently a citizen of the United States, a literary man, and one whose social position has brought him into close contact with European notabilities.—

"I have been now three days, and may yet have to remain still longer with the Staff of this advanced Cavalry Division, have messed and driven with the officers of the Staff, have conversed freely with them, have observed with much interest everything that passed under my eyes—never having before had an opportunity of witnessing war,—have been free in asking for all such information as could be asked for without infringement of the rules of delicacy, and have received ready and candid replies from gentlemen whom I have no hesitation in pronouncing as fine a set of fellows as I have ever had the pleasure of knowing,—have also circulated freely in the four French towns which I have thus inhabited for the night with these troops, conversing with numerous groups of people, &c., and I now propose to summarize a variety of matters which I have thus learnt about the system, discipline, and character of this Prussian army, and about facts of this campaign in regard to which statements inconceivably false have been given by the Paris papers. I have only to add that it was impossible to doubt the perfect good faith and truthfulness of the gentlemen with whom I conversed—sometimes with one, sometimes with another, sometimes with several. I was desirous, as a neutral observer, friendly to both, interested to know the truth of all this great history which is passing around us, to get at the real facts, and to verify them by personal observation to the utmost extent in my power. I do not believe there is much, if any, material error in the following summary of the results of my inquiries and observations. This letter, before being used, will be submitted for verification, as also for authority thus to publish matters of unreserved private conversation.

"The systematic mendacity which has been kept up by the late Government of France, both in their public statements and in their inspirations to the Press, is something perfectly astounding. From the very outset they have had nothing but defeat and disaster, and yet it was necessary to conceal or distort all this for fear of that very catastrophe to the Imperial regime which could no longer be withheld. The defeats had to be palliated to the astonishment and irritated pride of Paris and of France by stories of the three, five, tenfold superiority of the German troops on the spot, and by fabulous accounts of the terrific carnage made by the French heroes in the ranks of the overwhelming enemy. Bazaine's continuance under the walls of Metz was bold and profound strategy, in order to hold back the Prussians from advancing on Paris, so as to give time to Paris for preparation, and did not at all proceed from his being intercepted, and from the impossibility of escape. MacMahon's movement from Chalons by the circuitous railway route of Rethel, Mezieres, and Sedan, to reach Montmedy, was a great manoeuvre, which had to be kept secret from the public in the interest of its success, as if the Prussians did not know all about his every step through their admirable system of daring and distant scouting. The two Marshals were in constant communication at a time when nothing but a bird could get in or out of the beleaguered Metz. With a little patriotic patience Paris would soon see what she should see, and everything was going on as well and satisfactorily as could be desired. If the Government were only at liberty to tell all it knew, Paris would illumine. Meanwhile, such feats of heroism were being achieved as the history of war has never before had to tell—heroism delightful in the present reading, and full of assurance for the future. The Prussian forces were daily melting away before the chassepots, the mitrailleuses, typhus, dysentery, and foot-soreness, and the relative numbers of four or five to one would soon come down to equality or two to one, which was quite enough to turn the tide of victory in favour of the irresistible furia francese. Not less than 200,000 Germans were hors de combat before the 18th. The army of Steinmetz was destroyed, and himself removed from his command in consequence. Such were the representations by which Paris was kept entertained, expectant, and exultant even in the midst of unconcealable reverses. Germany was already exhausted of men and resources. A little more patience; a thousand million more francs; no need of arming all the National Guard and Mobiles, but only a gradual and distrustful arming of the more right-thinking portions of them; no need of allowing them to elect their own officers; no need of opening the manufacture and trade of arms. The mitrailleuses and chassepots were still there; Bazaine and impregnable Metz were there; MacMahon was there; the two were soon to join hands, and crush the enemy between their combined attacks in front and rear; the Emperor was there, even in spite of the denials that he had anything to do with the effective command; though the true reason was that he could not return to that Paris he was doomed, and self-doomed, never to see more. The English and Belgian newspapers had all been bought up by Bismarck. King William's telegrams to Queen Augusta were all lies, and every Prussian victory was a fresh French glory. Thus was anxious, passionate, patriotic Paris, and behind Paris this was all France, kept amused and lapped in a fool's paradise of hope against hope, of confidence in despair, of triumph in humiliation. I was in Paris through all of it, and no one could resist being in some degree impressed by it all. It seemed impossible that it could be all falsehood. The newspapers too, naturally played their own spontaneous part. Writers accustomed to dip facile and eloquent pens in imaginative ink for the daily production of sensational articles, narratives, or feuilleton tales, for the daily entertainment of the public—writers themselves deceived by the systematic deception kept up by the Government—fabricated wonderful inventions, and manufactured most plausible letters, in the spirit of the same policy; at once indulging their own powers of fine French writing, and rendering, as they supposed, good service to the cause of patriotism by inflating a necessary but gaseous confidence and stimulating the public ardour. And yet the following are the real facts of the war, as assured me by the gentleman above referred to, under the circumstances above mentioned:—

"The entire German force which has entered France has been no more than about 450,000. This does not exhaust the first line, or *armes actives*, whose depot battalions are yet at home, while leaving the Landwehr and Landsturm still untouched. Their total losses, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, up to this day have been from 45,000 to 50,000, and no more, if as much as that. Their battalions of 1,000 men still count from 900 to 950.

"Their health has been remarkably good. The weather has been very favourable to them, and they have had less than an average number of sick.

"Instead of having lost in the proportions of from two to seven to one in the battles, as always believed in Paris, they estimate the French killed and wounded at full 30,000 more than their own, while their prisoners have been (including Sedan) about 150,000, against 1,500 lost by them, of whom over 700 have been surrendered back at Metz in order to economize the failing provisions of the place.

"The terrific drama of the Quarries of Jaumont, near Metz, where 20,000 Prussians were represented to have been precipitated into an abyss with vertical sides and a depth of 100 feet, and afterwards buried *en masse* with sand by Belgian peasants employed at 10 francs a day, while groans yet issued from the mass on the fourth day after the catastrophe, a catastrophe which caused many French soldiers who witnessed it to burst into tears, &c., was all pure fiction. These gentlemen did not even recognize the name of Jaumont, and broke into the most genuine laughter when I seriously related the awful story. They had all been actively engaged in the Metz battles in the first line, and were certain that ten Prussians could not have fallen into any quarry without their having known it. As a military possibility they pointed out the absurdity of the story, and yet Bazaine had been made to say in a telegram published by the Government that he had culled a Prussian corps into the quarries of Jaumont. An imaginative writer had afterwards filled in graphic details, representing himself as having fainted at the sight, as having his ears still filled with the scream of agony which rose from 20,000 men in one awful sound, with the theatrical point made that four French peasants, whose houses had been burnt and their wives outraged, had led the Prussians to that spot, and then caused Canrobert to come into the rear of the gulf and play his cannon on the pillars of the quarried galleries over which they stood, &c.

"It is not true that the Prussian victories have been due solely to superiority of numbers. Good generalship has sometimes given them that superiority on the spot of encounter which it was always the great object of the first Napoleon to obtain. At the battle of Vionville, for instance, on the 16th Bazaine tried to break away for Verdun with his whole army of five Corps, which ought therefore to have been 150,000 men. He was successfully withstood by a single Prussian corps of 30,000, in a defensive position, up to about 3 o'clock in the day, when a second corps was got up to its support, and the Prussians advanced their positions on the field about 3,000 paces, or a mile and a half, and effectually cut off Bazaine's escape.

"They despise the mitrailleuse in comparison with their own field artillery. It is a formidable engine for defence, but little so for attack. It throws its mass of balls straight forward within a very small space, and without scattering, and is not easily swerved to the right or left. They have had three or four men and seven horses struck by a discharge, all having received three or four superfluous balls. The small long steel rifled guns of the Prussians carry further than the French field guns, and scatter their grape or burst their shells. The French shells and grenades explode by time fuses and frequently not at all, while the Prussians burst with great certainty on impact, whether against a man or the ground, scattering forward and around. The practice of their artillery is the more accurate of the two in aim.

"The chassepot is a very fine gun if well handled. Its range is far superior to the needle-gun. They have had men hurt by it at 2,000 paces. But the soldiers use it badly. They do not aim from the shoulder, but from the side; they have, therefore, no aim at all, except towards masses of the enemy. This proceeds, probably, from its kicking strongly. They begin to fire from a useless distance, and then very rapidly, so as to heat the gun and exhaust their cartridges before they come to the real brunt of the battle. The intelligent and thoughtful Prussian reserves his fire till within a sure hitting distance, 200 to 300 paces, and then aims deliberately from the shoulder. In general he is a more practised marksman.

"For the French cavalry in general they express a great contempt. They admit that it behaved well at Sedan and at Woerth, but they say the general rule is that the French cavalry withdraws at the sight of theirs. I asked about the oft-repeated cavalry charges said by the French papers to have been made at Woerth or Wissembourg, one colonel of Cuirassiers being said to have charged 17 times. They laughed at this as the absurd piece of rhodomontade ever imagined. Those Cuirassiers may have charged twice to cover the retreat of MacMahon's broken forces, but that was good conduct for any cavalry. The force of this 6th division is five (about 600 men each), two Uhlans (Lancers), two Hussars, blue and red, and one white Cuirassiers. With them are two batteries of mounted artillery, and one battalion of Chasseurs, whose most important function is that of clearing the woods, &c., in advance of the march of the cavalry along the roads. The baggage (remarkably small in quantity) is conveyed by carts, horses, and men taken by requisition in France their own having been sent back. Their horses are generally very fine. They are of a peculiar Prussian race, of good height, with beautiful and remarkably uniform heads, bright quiet eyes, deep long shoulders, clean fine legs, not particularly broad-chested, but round-bellied and straight backed. They are said to be extremely enduring, as well as swift. I have never seen so fine a breed of cavalry horses. It is far superior to the mingled varieties of the French horses. They are in good condition after all their active campaign, sometimes a little thin, perhaps, but none the worse for that. The men are fond of the horses and take the best care of them.

"I had heard a deal in Paris about Prussian boots said to be inferior to the French shoes and gaiters, and that, worn without stockings and rarely taken off, they created a great deal of footsoreness, and made the troops heavy and slow. This is all rubbish. Their boots are elastic, well-made, and waterproof. Our first day's march was 40 kilometres, 25 miles. I was assured they could easily keep this up, and experience no difficulty in making 48. They do wear good stockings, like to others Christians. The officers claim that they are much more active and mobile than the French soldiers. They carry less weight, dispensing with tents and sleeping in the towns and villages, where they of course make themselves comfortable. They are superior in height to the French. They are all young men, from 20 to 28, except a few more elderly officers. The Duke, their General, is about 40. The fair florid complexion and light or reddish beard are almost universal from general downward. I was struck by the pervading kindness of smile and expression, and general tranquillity of manner. A pipe or cigar occupies many a mouth on the march, while many another takes part in the national songs, usually of sober melody, with which they beguile the way. *Der Wacht am Rhein* is the reigning favourite.

"They claim another important point of advantage over the French,—namely, that a much better friendly rapport exists between the officers and the men. Certainly the men have a self-respectful bearing, and I have never witnessed any roughness or overbearingness on the part of officers towards them. The Prussian military system carries everybody, without distinction of wealth or social position, through the ranks for three years. There are thus counts, barons, professors, members of the learned professions, and sons of wealthy families in the ranks as common soldiers. This, coupled with the fact that all (except a few still from Schleswig and from Posen) can read and write, and are, therefore, more or less intelligent and thoughtful, ought naturally to produce the result thus claimed. At the same time the presence of such a sprinkling of persons of superior culture and manners must produce the effect of elevating and moralizing the

whole body. Their minister tells me that they are generally religious. Under the French conscription the upper classes, for the most part, keep out of the service. About 2100 buys a substitute. The ranks are necessarily filled from the poorer and in France totally uneducated classes. They are brave, reckless, and impetuous enough, of course, being Frenchmen. As uneducated Frenchmen, too, they are necessarily irreligious, loud-talking, self-asserting, and vain, and prone to violence tending towards brutality, not so much in manners as in morals. With such a soldiery cultivated officers cannot be so very friendly terms nor in close rapport. And this is one of the most important elements of military efficiency.

"They consider the French much less steady in the field than their own troops. A French battalion once repulsed is rarely brought up to the attack a second time; the Germans easily again and again. I mentioned having heard from our famous General Scott that nothing was more rare in war than the crossing of two bayonets; that moral force carried the day; and that by the time the distance was narrowed to a few paces, if the attacking column had not been beaten back by the fire, but kept up the charge with the moral fire on their countenances, the recipient body, whose front rank was of the same number of men, generally gave way carrying with them as they broke those who were behind them. These gentlemen said that the Prussians received as well as delivered the bayonet charge very firmly; that the Austrians did the same, and that bayonet crossing was frequent at Sedowa. In point of this steadiness, they consider the Austrians and also the Danes superior to the French. They recognized the impetuous *elan* of which the French speak so much, but they considered the fame of the *furia francese* very much exaggerated by the phrase itself.

"They regard France as having now no army (that of Bazaine at Metz being as good as in their hands) and scarcely any efficient war material left. The National Guards, both Mobile and Sedentaire, they regard as rubbish, in a military point of view. They relate how, at a village named Citry (I believe), a squadron of their cavalry, with a battery, came into contact with two battalions of Mobiles; that two shots, at about a kilometre of distance, dispersed one of the battalions, though, owing to unusually bad aiming, nobody was hit; that the other battalion stood, but at once on the squadron (about 100 men) putting itself in motion for a charge, broke also without firing a shot, though armed with the *Fusils a tabatiere*, which fire quite as fast as the chassepot, and took refuge in the houses and cellars of the village, out of which they were in many cases drawn by the legs, and that with numbers reversed—that is to say, 100 infantry of good troops, so armed, ought to have repulsed the charge of 500 cavalry.

"They do not think MacMahon is a man to command an army, though a good and brave officer at the head of a corps in line. Bazaine they regard as a better commander. The Emperor Napoleon III. no soldier at all, in regard to whom it was absurd for him to undertake strategical command. Trochu has yet to prove himself, being hitherto known only as a subordinate, and as a good writer and military critic. Changarnier, besides being inextricably shut up in Metz, they regard as too old for much use. They said their Royal Princes were all excellent soldiers and commanders, the Crown Prince, Frederick William, the Prince Frederick Charles, and the Prince Royal of Saxony, each at the head of a separate army, and all under the supreme direction of their King, also a complete soldier, with his Staff of masterly strategists, of whom the silent Moltke is the chief.

"I asked whether they regarded the surrender at Sedan of so large an army a justifiable military act, and whether, in the circumstances of the country and the capital, it ought not rather to have cut its way out at the expense of half its numbers. It had struck me as rather an inglorious act. They answered that it was not so. They were enclosed within a circle of heights crowned with 600 pieces of the crushing Prussian artillery. They might have been annihilated, but no portion could then have broken out. They ought not to have been got into such a position, but, once there, there was no getting out of it.

"The Germans say they never wished for this war, but that it was forced upon them. Under their military system, and with their knowledge of the Emperor and distrust of him, they always kept themselves in readiness, never knowing the moment when it might fall upon them. The Emperor had understood nothing of Germany, nor the German people, character, and sentiment. He had absurdly calculated on aid from Austria, on coldness, if not more, from the States of South Germany, and on a condition of things in Hanover, &c., which would have required Prussia to keep at home a large portion of her force to restrain the people of those States. Here was his fatal mistake, to which was added an exaggerated reliance on his chassepots and mitrailleuses.

"I have reserved for the conclusion of this letter a point which I have observed and studied with the closest attention,—the behaviour of these troops in the country through which they pass. I well know what was too generally that of the Northern troops in the South in our own civil war, and that of the French in invaded countries during the wars of the first Empire. I have been surprised at the admirable conduct of these people.

SHUT UP IN METZ.

LIFE IN A BELLEAGUERED FORTRESS—HORSE STEAKS AND DONKEY LIVER FOR FOOD.

The Manchester Guardian says:— We have three or four letters from our correspondent who is shut up in Metz. We subjoin a transcript of the greater part of one written to a friend in Manchester, and dated September 26:

My dear M.—This comes, like all other good things from above, for it is sent by a balloon. As I have been unable to find any other means of communicating I have started balloon post. Some, I know, have fallen into the enemy's hands, but I hope they have been kind enough to forward them, though as we have already sent off 80,000 letters it is a task. To get out of this is impossible, to remain wearisome. We have but rumors of the outer world, and eat horses. I had a delicate dish of donkey's liver for breakfast.

In a brief note of the 27th Sept., addressed to ourselves, our correspondent says:—"I am still here, without immediate knowledge as to when I shall get out of it. My intention is to try again as soon as possible." Another letter of the 28th Sept., written to a near relative, is as follows:—

My Dear — We are still shut up here, without much possibility of being relieved until some peace is made, as Prussia is determined to hold this as a material guarantee until her demands are complied with. Thank God, I am quite well, and horseflesh is quite plentiful, and we have good stores of bread. But I can tell you that I shall never again call anything common or unclean in the way of edibles.—Beef and mutton have long been unknown; pork is 5s. a pound; butter passed out of memory; and cheese, sugar and salt, and a hundred other things usually considered as necessities, are regarded as vanities, of which it is wholly useless to think.—But we are contented, and accept our lot with philosophical resignation.

We have also received, in an envelope posted at Tours on the 2nd October, three other letters written to ourselves on a thin paper backed with a fine cloth, and faced with oil, which would appear to have formed part of the fabric of a balloon. These communications, which bear earlier dates than those

which have been quoted (viz. September 18 and 19), state nothing of public interest, except that at those dates Metz was "healthy, strong, and determined," and that on the 16th and 17th balloons containing respectively 8,000 and 25,000 letters had been sent up.

The Times correspondent gives a lively sketch of Strasbourg and its population after the capitulation:—

It was like trying to transact business in London on the Derby day, so I determined to follow all the world, and get into Strasbourg too, if possible—permit or no permit. As one approached the town other accessories reminded one of the Derby day. From every cross-road and village bye-way strings of pedestrians were streaming into the high road, and scores of light country carts, filled with peasants men, women, and children, raised clouds of dust sufficiently like those on "the road" to make the journey far from pleasant. The weather was quite the weather for a gala day—nothing could be brighter or finer; but it was the only gay and bright element in the scene. The people had no holiday-making look about them; they were in their working-day clothes; there was no laughter or merriment, and the general expression on their faces was a strange mixture of astonishment and curiosity. They had not yet recovered their surprise on hearing that, after all, their great provincial capital, their mighty fortress—to them, of course, the mightiest in the world, and the bulwark of France—had really passed into the hands of the enemy. "*Eyfin la France est perdue!*" was the remark of my driver, and the sentiment was legibly written on the faces of all these pilgrims. Strasbourg had fallen; for weeks they had heard afar off the sound of the guns which were working out this *dennouement*, and now they were thronging to see by what tremendous demolition and ruin so incredible a catastrophe had befallen. Coming to a point in the highway where a road diverges, leading through the village of Schiltigheim, our procession was halted, and for the third time in this campaign I beheld the spectacle of an army, disarmed on its own soil, being led away captive into the country of the enemy. Here was the whole garrison of Strasbourg *en route* for Rastatt. What their entire strength was I do not know. I have heard it estimated at 17,000; I certainly saw 10,000 myself, but the passage of the road had commenced some time before I came up to the point. In an instant all horses and vehicles were left to look after themselves, and there was a general rush across the fields to get to the side of the road along which the prisoners were passing. There were men of all arms in their ranks, even from the Spahi to the Douanier, but I should say that quite a half were Gardes Mobiles. They looked very different from the other two captive processions I had seen near Sedan and in Belgium. There were no marks of wear and tear about them,—here and there a bandaged arm or a limping leg, but at very rare intervals,—and the general look of the procession suggested rude health, ample fare, and only sufficient work to keep all the bodily functions in good order. It was obvious that, if General Ulrich had burnt his last cartridge, the other boasted condition of his surrender could scarcely have been achieved. The Mobiles were, I suppose, principally from the district. They had many friends and sympathizers among the wayside crowd. Many a warm greeting and hand-shake might be observed, and every now and then a raid was made into the ranks—a benevolent raid, from which the raiders came back shutting up emptied purses. The ladies were occasionally a little troublesome. In one instance a Mobile, who must have been a sort of Captain Macheath, was reached by a couple of fair friends who each secured an arm and proceeded to march away with him to his captivity, and it required some little goodhumoured roughness on the part of the escort to induce the fair devotees to go back to the place whence they came. There was, however, very little of the melodramatic about the whole scene. A few tears among the female bystanders were naturally to be expected, but the captives themselves had a perfectly commonplace air, neither of bravado nor of depression, and marched along briskly enough, many of them carrying their ramrods. One scurvy-looking rascal, who might have sat for the portrait of Judas, slouted "*Trahison!*" in an explanatory and apologetic way to the on-lookers, and an intoxicated cynic hiccupped "*Une L'infidélité!*" but, otherwise, there was no demonstration. Beheld for the first time, such a spectacle is full of interest and even of pathos, but it is astonished and almost ashamed to find how it falls upon a repetition. But, after all, it is natural enough. When the catastrophe of a drama is thoroughly foreseen, the repetition of similar episodes, which cannot materially affect it, lose their adventures interest, and iteration becomes, if not "damnable iteration," at all events, tame and unexciting. One found oneself looking at this spectacle with only the same kind of interest as is excited by an historical picture often seen before.

At all the hotels, for a day or two after the occupation, the effects of the siege still made themselves felt in high prices, and a certain absence of what is generally considered butcher's meat. I found several officers of my acquaintance dining at the Maison Rouge; there were ten sitting together at one table, each with a portion of *pate de foie gras* before him. I asked for the *corte*. Nothing to be had but *pate de foie gras* and preserved peas at 3f. the portion. "No beef or mutton to precede." "Absolutely none." "If you wished," said the waiter, with a little hesitation, "you could have a beefsteak." I said that was just what I did wish, and the so-called beefsteak was brought and quickly eaten. It was horseflesh all the same, and my first dinner in Strasbourg was a curiously antithetical meal and full of local savour, consisting as it did of the horseflesh of Strasbourg threatened with starvation, and the *pate de foie gras* of Strasbourg, producing luxuries for the gourmets of all Europe.

After dinner I went to look at the stables of the hotel, and, wishing to buy a horse, asked the proprietor whether horses were dear in Strasbourg. "They are sold," he replied, "at the rate of one franc and a half a pound."

A MAORI LAW COURT.

The Times Correspondent gives an amusing description of this tribunal lately established in New Zealand, to try cases arising out of disputes about titles to land. We make some extracts:—

This useful Court was in full session at Shortland in February last. As I informed you in a recent letter, Shortland is the principal town at the Thames goldfields. Here, although three years back the spot was a desert, are now long streets, well-stocked shops of every kind, theatres, churches, and taverns innumerable; "busses" and cabs are carrying folk from one end of the town to the other, more than a mile and a half, at 6d. a head. It was by the merest accident that I discovered the Court was sitting, for the general current of talk was on shares and claims and yields and scrip and dividends. But as I strolled about the streets I encountered a large number of Maoris, apparently in their best clothes, and who did not seem to be either diggers or speculators, or people having business like the common run of Pakeha townfolk. I passed one middle-aged Maori lady walking along the principal street dressed in silks and satins, and with a little fashionable patch of bonnet on her head and natty boots on her feet altogether as accurate and modern as Bond-street or the Boulevards could supply. The lady was of course very brown, not handsome, but with a style and carriage quite free and easy under all her finery. The general effect was, I must admit, somewhat