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rustling of leaves, and the odor of flowers, were Mrs. Halloran, rising from the chair and reheaven.

Mrs. Halloran, while holding them in that them a thousand questions, which dispelled their timidity and soon won them to smiles.

"But, mother," said Desmond, "where is my father? And what are these grim, ugly soldiers doing at Glendariff? If I was a man, mother, I'd let them know what it was to stay where they were not wanted. Why does not father come home?"

He has gone a long journey, my boy. He has just sent his love to you; but you must tell no one."

'Not tell that my father sent his love?-Oh, mother!"

"No, Desmond: you must not speak to any me about him."

"Would they kill him if I did?"

"They might. They are watching and waiting here for him, to put him in prison, because he loved his country too well; but he is safe and far away from them; but they must now he's robbed what's worse than the widdy, not know it yet."

"Mother! That is the reason they called nae a little rebel the other day," cried the boy, while indigment tears forced their way into his

"Yes. Now you will be careful, for dear father's sake, both of you?" "Yes, mother."

"Yes, mamma," said soft-voiced little "but I shall never, never see my papa Gracie;

"Child, do not say so," said Mrs. Halloran, holding her off, and looking eagerly and anxiously to see if there were any signs of illness in her face; but she could see none, and, kissing her tenderly, she sent them away until evening. After that the child used to come every day to talk in a low voice, about her father, asking a thousand questions, while her quivering lips and flushed checks betrayed how often her heart was full almost to agony.

Thus some weeks passed away, Dennis quite satisfied to be a prisoner of war at Glendariff, and Mrs. Halloran and Nora thankful to have him near them. The officers and soldiers were civil enough; and, except that they were rigorous in all that apportained to their duty, they certainly inflicted no gratuitous insults on the family. A message came to Mrs. Halloran one day,-Captain Saunders's compliments, and a request that she would meet him in the drawing-room on business. Agitated and excited, she searcely know why,-for she imagined that she had drained the cup of her bitterest sorrows in the separation from her husband,—she wrapped her shawl about her and went down. The rugged Scotchman arose and saluted her childer shall not stay here like outcasts. When with blunt courtesy, and wheeled a large, softly cushioned chair nearer the fire for her use .-He "hoped she was well."

"Thank you, I am quite well," she replied,

courteously. "Madam," he said, ir his broad Scotch accent, which we leave to the imagination of the reader, "I hope-shem-that what I have to say will not be quite unexpected. At any rate, it is painful; but you understand that I am vowed to military obedience and the like, and therefore am only the medium of those in authority

"Does it concern my husband, sir?" she broke in. "If it does, for God's sake let me hear it, without a waste of words. Has Mr. Halloran fallen into the hands of the government?"

"I fear-that is-ahem-I believe not, madam. There is a rumor that he has escaned.'

"Thank God!" she ejaculated.

"But his estate, madam,-you know that in these unfortunate cases estates are generally

"Confiscated, of course," she said, quietly. "But here is a letter, madam, for you. It came from Dublin with my official papers today, and will probably explain the thing more to your satisfaction than I could do." Mrs. Halloran tore open the letter, and read:-" MY DEAR COUSIN:-

"The government, as a reward for services rendered, has been pleased to bestow on me a grant of the Glendariff estate. Do not, however, allow this to alter any of your plans, or cause you to leave until it is perfectly convenient. If I can serve you, command me.

"Your affectionate kinsman, "Donald More."

"I understand the matter fully, now, sir," she said, calmly, but deadly pale. "Mr. More is now the master of John Halloran's possessions."

"He is, madam." "I presume he has been engaged in the honorable occupation of discovering and denouncing from time to time these brave men who have proved how well they loved their country by sacrificing everything for it. He has, Judas-like, sold his honor, his kindred, his country, for gold; and, base as he is, England. still more base, rewards him with honors and possessions. In short, Donald More is an informer!" she said, with withering scorn.

Captain Saunders shrugged his shoulders, then handed her the official documents, which corroborated all that her kinsman had written. "Will you please to write, sir, and say that

I shall leave Glendariff in two days?" "Madam," said the officer, touched with

profound respect for grief borne with such submissive dignity, "do not go. Make some arrangement with this man. He is your kinsman."

"Never, sir! No consideration, although I am next to houseless, would induce me to remain. There is a fragment of land on which stand a few scattered ruins, bequeathed to me by ancestors, which cannot be alienated, to which I shall retire. I thank you now for the cally all the people are intensely French.

the most exquisite ideas. A bright star, a mine. A different person might have added rainbow, a rich sunset, the singing of birds, the much bitterness to my sorrows. Adicu!" said the quiet raptures of a life which was full of tiring-with dignity from the apartment. Here her courage failed her, and for a few moments a storm of indignation and grief shook her to warm embrace, spoke cheeringly to them, asked the soul. When it passed away, she rang for Nora, then, opening her cabinet and bureau, she began to wrap her jewels and valuables in separate parcels.

"I am here, ma'am. Can I do anything for you?" said Nora, coming in. "But what in the world's name are you afther, Mrs. Halloran ?" " Nora, listen, my friend: we are to leave

Glendariff; it is ours no longer." "Sold, ma'am?" said Nora, choking back

her tears.

"Sold! Yes. Sold for John Halloran's and the ruin of his family. My cousin, Donone except myself, Come always and talk to ald More, is now master of Glendariff," she said, bitterly.

"The black, murthering informer! May St. Patrick's curse rest on him!" eried Nora. "It's just what I thought he'd do, so I did. I knowed he was false-hearted to the core; and for whin a woman lays her husband in a quiet grave, knowing his soul to be in the hand of a merciful God, she knows that what's done is right an' best, an' not like he was druv out into the wide world, without home or friends, in a strange land, laving his wife an' children disolate an' broken-hearted, with a traitor to the fore to rob an' rack-rent and prosecute his orphans. Ochone!" cried Nora, wringing her hands. "It's a hard trial, maire ban asthore, my darling, but there's a God above us, an' he hears me now." she said, snatching Mrs. Halloran's crucifix from the oratory, and holding it up toward heaven, "and the Blessed Virgin hears me say, on the cross of her dear Son. that I'll spend the rest of my life for them that's been all to me, nor think of me own until they come to their rights ag in. Now rest aisy, Mary asthore; you're not frindless; and what Nora Brady says, that she'll do."

"Nora! Nora! Why did you do it?" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran. "I cannot permit it. Your life and happiness shall not be wasted because mine are. We have a home.—a poor one, it is true,—where, by the sale of my jewels, we can live. The old Abbey lands will shelter us and give us food. You shall come with me .- you and Denuis Byrne."

" Dennis Byrne! of course Dennis will stay there; he can farm and do the likes; but for me! I'm going to look for Mister Halloran the minit we hear he gets to Ameriky, an' workwork my fingers off till there's a home there ready to bring ye all together once more.-That's what I'm going to do; for Ireland's no longer a place for the Irish, an' you an' the casemates thereby laid open. The casemates-I do all I want to do, if I'm not too ould, an' Dennis Byrne does not change his mind, we'll go before the priest."

"Let us begin to get ready to leave Glendariff. Tell Donnis and Mrs. Shea--"

"Mrs. Shea, madam! Mrs. Shea will stay to keep house for the born villain that's coming," cried Nora. "Oh, it was beautiful, sure. to see what eronies they got to be, an' how polished she was with the sogers! Mrs. Shea, indeed!"

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Halloran, wearily; "let us prepare to go."

"Of course we must, ma'am. I wish it was to-night, since Glendariff's no longer in the family. My pride's up; an' if I only had Donald More here now, I'd make his hair rise on his head with the harangue I'd give him."

(To be Continued.)

AFTER THE STORM.

THE CONDITION OF FRANCE. The London Times of the 13th ult. concludes an article on France as follows :-

The next six months, even if the blessing of peace should be durably realized, will assuredly place in a light transcending that of all previous experiences the unspeakable calamities of war. Never before have we had its horrors brought so close to us or ou so terrible a scale, and the sequel, with all its incalculable miseries, is still to come. Half France is left with nothing but its soil, and that soil is without seed. Towns, villages, homesteads, have been ransacked or burned and ruined. Woods have been cut down, bridges demolished, roads destroyed, and, worst of all, agriculture and trade everywhere suspended. It is hard to say how the population lives or expects to live. The proprietor receives no rents, the laborer finds no work, money has been swept off by the Germans, and industry, from want of custom and communication together, is fairly at an end. How is all that shattered fabric of social and commercial life to be restored once more? When France returns again to the possession of Frenchmen, what will ensue? War and its ravages will cease, but the effects of the storm will remain, and a spectacle will be presented such as was never witnessed in Europe since the days of the French revolution. Fortunately half France has been spared from the direct results of the contest, and the sympathies of Europe will come actively in aid. We learn from Mr. Capper's letters, what perhaps was not sufficiently understood, how much has already been done by Germany and Switzerland, and certainty the subscribers to the War Victims Fund will have reason to reflect with satisfaction on the work their contributions have achieved. It is only to be hoped that at least we now know the worst of the war itself, and that the speedy re-establishment of peace may limit the evil to the dimensions we can discern already. There is scope enough and to spare for all the energies of even international

Except that Metz has been coded we are still ignorant of how large a part of Lorraine has been wrested from the French. But it is certain that all of Alsace, with the exception of Belfort, and, we suppose a narrow strip of territory, has been ceded. Alsace is at present divided into two departments-Bas Rhin and Haut Rhin. Both are thickly populated. Bas Rhin, by the last census, contained 588,970 inhabitants, and Haut Rhin 530,285. Along the Rhine the people speak the German language, in the cities and towns French is generally spoken, and in the mountains the patois of Lorraine is usually employed. Haut Rhin has more the appearance of German territory than Bas Rhin. The people have retained the characteristics of their foreinthers to a greater extent; their habits and customs are German, although politi-

loses valuable territory. Strategically the loss is immense. It places the Vosges Mountain and all its The observer is struck, the moment he leaves the passes into the hands of the Germans, and deprives the less valuable because it failed to aid her in the present war. Commercially the loss is also great. Alsace is full of manufacturing towns, whose prosperi-French government. In 1800 the total population inhabitants is full of enormous foundries and extenbe considered as a grand strategic point. It was, the French held it the German lines of communicaof greater military value than ever. It can serve as hostile army leaving Belfort would venture to march first named mountain.

It cannot be denied that there is much indignation at the terms which, according to the information supplied to your columns by your correspondent at Berlin, are to be demanded by Count Bismarck All neutrals are amazed at their severity. If this be so what must be the feeling of the French? They say that Prussia wants something more than guarantees and a monetary indemnity. That she is bent upon humbling France to the very dust in the sight of the whole world. Even from a Prussian point of view, and putting generosity, not to say magnanimity out of the question, is this good policy? That it will set all France preparing for another war is certain. Nothing is more common than to hear French men and women say, when speaking of the supposed terms of Count Bismarck, that they will instil a hatred of Prussia into the hearts of their children, and leave them a legacy of revenge. I think it very likely that if France should engage in another war with Germany ten or 15 years hence she will be again worsted; but the French people don't think so. They have been "sold;" they have lost battles, not because they are not better soldiers than the Germans, but because the Government of Napoleon III, squandered on other objects the money voted for the army, and because most of the generals were incompetent, and nearly all their officers were nal instruits; but with the newsystem which France intends to force on whatever Government she may appoint to manage her affairs, she will be more than a match for all Germany in a very few years. This is a creed held by every French man and French woman, of whatever political party. If, as the Prussian Government tells us, its policy is one of peace -if, as Count Bismarck says, all Prussia wants is solid security against future aggression on the part of France, why make demands which, if the prostrate position of France obliges her to concede, will be about as good a guarantee for another war, sooner or later, as could well be devised by even Prussian

ingenuity? A military correspondent of the Times, writing from Versailles on the 15th, makes some valuable remarks on the siege of Paris. He says that the bombardment of Paris was an utter failure. The forts were practically as strong at the end as at the beginning of the siege. In only one case was there anything approaching to serious injury to the forts In Fort Issy the thin masonry recluement of the curtain of a bastioned front was broken in, and two dwelling rooms for the garrison-were abandoned and the breach filled up with sand-bags, making the casemates stronger than ever. The writer above mentioned is convinced that good soldiers led by vell instructed officers could not have been kept shut up as were the French, and that if the besiegers had changed places with the besieged, the former would soon have cut their way out.

It is interesting to explore Paris in its present phase, to see the shops rapidly filling with quantiies of meat, and the people gradually becoming acrustomed to their contents. During the first few days of my stay, whenever an eager crowd, not of beggars, but of well-dressed people, was collected round a window, one might be quite sure that their lips were watering at what they saw inside, and hat, not being able to afford to buy it. indulging their appetites by looking at it. Some shops are still in great demand in the degree in which pastry is becoming palatable again. I observe them crowded with eager mouths. The markets have entirely changed their aspect, the sfalls formerly empty, excepting where here and there a cat or a piece of horsestesh tempted the passer by, are now resuming their normal anpearance, and are crowded from morning to night. Upwards of 30,000 tons of provisions have already entered the town, and they still continue to pour in and to fetch high prices. The fish market is well supplied. Upon one occasion when I visited it I found it occupied by the National Guard, its contents having been too seductive for the hungry mob, who ended by quarrelling for them. There was at the beginning of the Armistice a good deal of nillaging of stores which had been concealed by the mob, who regarded the bringing to light of hidden provisions as an evidence of foul play, which they punished by instant sequestration. It would be interesting were it possible to find out how long the city might have lasted on its concealed and unsuspected stores alone. Observing a crowd a day or two ago in a side street, and a queue of men and women with papers in their hands, I inquired what t signified, and was informed that here were being | self made, with as much interest as I did. "I exdistributed the supplies which have been sent over from England. It was evident from the tone in which the people alluded to this evidence of sympathy that the true way to their hearts had been found. There is still always a crowd to be seen round the bakers' shops, and soldiers in groups in open spaces may be seen distributing their rations of coffee and bread, or staggering to their quarters under loads of firewood.

Considering that police do not exist in the legitimate sense of the term, the good behaviour of the people is very striking; a quarrel, whether it be over the price of a herring, or of Peace, is a matter of interest to the passers by, who stop to hear the merits of the dispute, which a self constituted arbitrator finally decides, the combatants on both sides retiring grumbling; indeed, the licence which exists of going up to a group of three or four persons, and listening to what they are talking about, is one of the most purious features of street life in Paris. Excepting in the gardens of the Tuileries, which are converted into an artillery park, there is no change in the streets or gardens of Paris to indicate its military attitude. On a Sunday afternoon the Champs Elysees are as crowd ed as ever, though the ladies are of a less fashionable class: and as a curious pendant to the Arc del'Etoile, with all its victories at one end, stands the statue of Strasburg at the other, with immortelles on which are inscribed the names of all the fortresses which have fallen into the hands of the Germans. Though the drive itself is deserted, the children's four-in-hand goat carriages still exist, the famine not having been so pressing as to bring these animals to the shambles All the marionette theatres are well attended, and the whole scene on a fine day is as gay and lively as need be, considering who are within sight at the Pont du Neuilly. At night the Boulevards are still somewhat gloomy, not much more cheerful, perhaps, than the Strand, and the back streets are very dark; but a stranger who had never seen Paris in its gay days arriving in it for the first time would say that it was decidedly an animated, vivacious city, with

The observer is struck, the moment he leaves the Are de l'Etoile and drives down the well-known France of a natural line of defence, which was none Avenue de l'Imperatrice, by the extraordinary appearance presented by the grass rides on both sides. These are now cut into alternate squares of circular holes, each about 2ft, in diameter and 18in, deep, the ty was principally due to the fostering care of the rim of one touching the one next it, and thus making it quite impossible either to ride or walk french government. In 1800 the total population in the formal strength of Bas Rhin was only 138,732; in seventy years it except in the road. This was intended to prevent from Mont Valerian fell upon it, driving through the library and bursting in the deputing through increased 400 per cent. Strasbourg, with its 90,000 | the Germans from advancing up the avenue, and after the Forts had been stormed, the enceinte cursive manufactories. But above all, Strasbourg must ried, and the Germans were actually in Paris, it was supposed the determination of the inhabitants to furniture, almost royal in magnificence, is not rapid. next to Metz, the greatest fortress in France. While defend themselves to the last was so great that obstacles even here would be of service. It may have the French held it the German times of communication were unsafe. In German possession it will be been gratifying to those who were at work to think for £120,000 by her son, the Comte de Beehevet, to the Duchess de Bauffrequent is still an horsis resistance but considering the Duchess de Bauffrequent is still it implied an heroic resistance, but, considering the Duchess de Bauffremont, is still more coma base of operation for an army invading France at that they have never waited for the enemy to any time, and it is absolutely safe from hostile attacks storm anything, these remarkable engineering charming villas which were dotted on the hillsides and ludicrous. Perhaps at Garches, Ville d'Avriv Rougins! they formed part of Rochefort's plan of defending down the valley between the Vosges and the Black the streets. Further on we pass the enceinte, cross life; the purchase-money is paid in his exile Forest unless it had first obtained possession of the a drawbridge and mout, and find ourselves in a waste of stumps. These have been left about 2ft. high, also to prevent the passage of cavalry. Bonapartes. They are now being grubbed up for fire wood, but one cannot look at them without regretting that the Parisians should have needlessly destroyed this beautiful ornament to their city units houseless, starving population, I have a scene der the impression that they possessed the qualities of courage and endurance which would enable them than anything I have seen in Paris; and when of courage and endurance which would endure them to resist until they should be required. A few old think of "La Beauce," the granary of France, empty women picking up sticks, and citizens wandering so to speak, when we used on the cold winter nights among these acres of stumps, are all that represents to light up the sky with blazing fires made with among these acres of stumps, are arrested the drives and straw with the wheat still remaining in the car, a alleys. It is a relief to turn one's back upon this scene of desolation, and one's mind from the reflections it excites. Passing through gaps in futile chevaux de frise, made with felled trees and pointed sticks, and back through the enceinte-where may be observed planks studded with nails, and other able to learn of Lord Vernon's Seed Committee that ingenious devices, which could only have entered into the imagination of persons who had sworn, like not a moment should be be lost, before the season Ducrot, to conquer or die-we find ourselves once more behind the walls, or rather earthworks, and may, if so disposed, follow for miles this wonderful and elaborate circumvallation, consummated with the most delicate finish, and presenting an aspect which could not fail to strike those whose profession it is to make works for others to attack and defend. Without attempting to judge of it from a military point of view, it seemed to me that the citizens had been employed, so to speak, in polishing them up long after they had been completed; one almost expected to see them ornamented with flowers or derices in shells, like certain familiar railway stations. Probably all this vencering was necessary to keep the men employed at something. There were still sentries at all the outlets, and at certain salient angles, but they were not unaccommodating, and ladies and gentlemen seem to roam among the guns at will. Near the Point du Jour the scene was highly interesting to those who had watched the flight of shells, two dozen at a time, which the Germans had been in the habit of sending into this levoted spot, in the hope of destroying the railway bridge. Here we could see the batteries of Clamart and Meudon, familiar to us from the other side, and wondered at the very small amount of damage that has been done to works in which litterally thousands of shells have been exploded. Here and there the coping of the bridge has been knocked away, and the ground, enclosed by sandbag batteries and bombproof chambers, in which the men used to be concealed, is ploughed up with the holes in which the shells have exploded, rendered very much larger by the passion of the inhabitants for obtaining splinters as curiosities, so that persons may be constantly seen grubbing for these interesting souvenirs in localities where they used to fall. Numbers of sightseers visit the Point du Jour and listen to the tales of Mobiles and members of the National Guard, who lounge about to give descriptive information, involving some of their own experiences. Some of the houses in the neighbourhood are a good deal knocked about, but as a general rule, unless one is with some one who knows where the shells have burst, it is difficult in the closely-built parts of the town to discover their traces. For instance, in the Faubourg St. Germain, the shells poured in and exploded in every direction, but the signs are few and for between. I have talked with women and girls in that quarter on [the subject; they are all of opinion that the bombardment did not create a demoralizing effect upon the population, but very much the reversethat it roused and stimulated them. It should be remembered, however, that they flocked away from the dangerous quarter, and that the number of deaths was very small. It is probable, nevertheless, that the bombardment has done more harm to the Germans than to the French, and that the increasing darkness in the colour of the bread was sufficient to produce the required result. It is curious, after looking at the shell marks in the neighborhood of St. Sulpice made by the Germans, to go to the Hotel de Ville and look at the bullet marks on the walls of that building made by the French themselves three weeks ago. I had an opportunity of hearing an ac-

> Last night I visited a "cafe concert" in the Quartier Latin, called the "Folies Dauphines," but better known among the students of the neighborhood as the "Cafe Beuglant," The chief attraction there at present is an actor who bears a striking resemblance to the fallen Emperor Napoleon III. Dressed in a general's uniform, he sings a song, and rours of laughter and shouts of applause, in which the late Emperor's manner, gesture, twirling of the moustache, and so forth, are imitated with marvellous fidelity. Between every two verses of the song, which embodies witticisms and allusions in their nature anything but complimentary to the prisoner of Wilhelmshohe, the singer gallops round the stage with a long sword daugling between his legs, to the intense delight of the audience, which ununimously shouts in uproarious chorns, "Badinguet! Badin-guet!" "Vive l'Empereur!" "Encore! Encore!"— And the Emperor who so lately ruled the destinies of France is anew held up for ridicule by his carienturist. The actor of whom I speak has excited the sentiment of the Quartier Latin to such an extent that the Prefect of the Police has order the performance to be discontinued.—Times' Cor.

> count of the episode, which probably your Correspondent in Paris described at the time, from the lips

of an officer engaged in quelling the riot. In the midst of the conversation he said, "Hush! don't look

round; I saw the little man now standing behind you

fire a shot myself." Presently the individual in ques-

tion came into view-a wizened, ill-looking little

man, with a sallow, saturnine countenance, a yellow

beard, and a National Guard uniform-apparently re-

garding the bullet marks, some of which he had him-

pect," said my informant, " they will try it on again,

but we are quite ready for them."

THE DESOLATION AROUND PARIS. Whichever road you take for three or four miles away from the French defences, you see broken walls crushed roofs, smashed windows and wrenched off doors. As for furniture, no such think exists, pianos and tables, chairs, bedsteads and billiard tables were burnt by the besiegers for firewood, and when that handy form of fuel was exhausted, the floors, the doors, the shutters, and finally the stairs were pulled away and piled up to make a flame. Walls may be left standing, bits of roof may hang on here and there, at a distance a house may look almost entire; but when you come near you are amazed at the utter demolition of everything but the outside shell,-When to an ordinary inexperienced eye there is no more to break, when the very staircase has gone quite enough ife by day and night on its principal down into the fire, then comes the turn of the joists

walls, and the laths which carried it are torn away to warm the frozen Germans. The vine stakes in in the fields, the wooden fences around the gardens, the handles of the peasant's implements—all these were cast into the flames long ago. Close to Versailles is the superb chateau of In Celle St. Cloud which belongs to Madame Pescatore; its farms, its cellar, its gardens were all finished up long ago, but the house itself was almost in tact, until a bomb the library and bursting in the drawing room, of course the house will now be abandoned by the Prussian officers, and it will be strange indeed if the ly converted into ashes. Beauregard, which used to belong to Mrs Howard, and was sold two years ago pletely ruined. All the countless chateaux and at Garches, Ville d'Avray, Bougival and Louveciennes, and Bellevue and Mendon, and a hundred other places, have been utterly destroyed. Malmaison was set on fire many days ago, as if destiny were bent on efficing the first footmarks of the

It is difficult to say whether the condition of the townspeople or the peasantry is most deplorable. When I think of Chateaudun with its ruined streets. before my eyes calling out more loudly for charity country of emptied barns, burnt stacks, and starving pensantry, a picture of misery and famine not yet over is presented which is unequalled by anything we have known of late times. It is to relieve this distress that it seems to me from what I have been their charity is in the highest degree important, and gets further advanced, in carrying out its object. In Paris the people are starving in the midst of ahuadance; in the Provinces they are starving in the absence of it. I saw a man who, from his appearance, belonged to the middle classes, engaged in catching his dinner yesterday with a small hand-net in the Seine; it was a long operation, for generally there was nothing in the net, now and then a gudgeon or a smelt the size of a minnow.

Paris retained much of its gayety during even the worst hours of the siege. The Gaulo published among other things, a restaurant advertisement, as

Wine at ten sons the litre, et estu-desses (translatable wither "and at higher rates" or " with water on it.") Rosse-beef-(translatable either "roast beef? old horse beef.")

Rat-gord de monton-(translatable either "mutton ragout" or "rat with a mutton flavour.")

Among the French corpses found on the field after the last terrible sortic from Paris were many of the National Guard, elegantly uniformed in tine cloth. with gold watches, rings, &c., delicate linen, and hands and complexion that denoted the gentler ranks of life. Many a fair home was desolate for these unreturning braves!

The German army cantoned around Paris requires for its daily consumption 148,000 three-pound loaves of bread, 1,020 quintals of rice or barley, 595 beeves or 1,920 quintals of bacon, 144 quintals of salt, 9,600 quintals of oats, 24,000 quintals of hay, 28,000 quarts of brandy or other spirituous liquors. Each army corps, consisting of from 25,000 to 30,000 men, re-ceives every ten days sixty quintals of smoking tabacco, 1,100,000 eigars for private soldiers, and 50,-000 cigars for officers. Nearly all this immense mass of supplies has to be brought from Germany, a distance of some hundreds of miles, every army corps requiring daily the use of five railway trains of thirtytwo freight cars each.

One of the Prussian shells entered through the roof of a bath-house in Paris, and fell into a bath in which there was a bather at the time. Of course it did not explode, but the gentleman in the bath immediately vacated it in favour of the new comer, and got away with a few slight bruises.

Two hundred and thirty-two officers and 25,490 soldiers among the French prisoners of war now held in Germany were born in Alsace, and speak the German language. The population of Alsace and Lorraine, numbering 1,300,000, constitutes but the thirtieth part of the total of France, and yet the French military prisoners of that origin constitute a fourteenth of the whole count. Could we take this as a sure criterion, the inference would be that those two provinces furnish twice as many soldiers relatively as any of the rest.

Count Bismarck, it seems, occasionally responds o untimely queries by whistling and other significant but non-committal signs. A correspondent at Versailles writes to one of the German papers that when the Count was coming away from his conference with Jules Favre he was met by a distinguished officer, who asked whether there would be peace. The statesman, in reply, merely puckered his lips, and whistled the bugle signal, "Rest arms?"
"Only an armistice, then?" said his questioner.
Bismarck shook the three hairs that adorn his eranium, and whistled the hunting call, "Tally ho! Tally ho? -meaning that they were in at the

It is stated that Gen. Bourbaki still lives but there is little hope of his getting well. A correspondent of the London Telegraph writes: "Poor Gen. Bourbaki's attempt to kill himself is a very sad affair.-Suspected of being an Imperialist, he had spies placed near him in every quarter; and, as he was making the greatest exertions to deliver his army from the superior strategy of the Germans, he received a telegram from the War Office blaming him for his tardy marching. The gallant old fellow could not stand being reproved by men who knew no more of soldiering than he did of ship-building; and, believing that no matter what he did he would be found fault with, in a moment of despair he took up a pistot, and, putting it to his temple, pulled the trigger. He is not yet dead, but is fearfully mutilated, and no hopes whatever are entertained of his recovery. Many of your readers must remember this gallant old soldier at the Alma, where he commanded the First Zonaves. I had a long talk with him at Tours just after he had been deprived of the command of the Army of the North, the real reason for which was that at Douni he would not cry 'Vive la Republique! A braver man or a better soldier never lived; but, as he said the last time I spoke to him, soldiers ought to be commanded by soldiers, and not by civilians,"

A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGS.

The Kiel Gazette thus reviews the seven months' campaign—" In the present war 23 battles have been fought, their order being Weissenburg, Woerth, Spicheren, Pange, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, Beaumoni, Sedan, Noisseville (before Metz), the three battles of Orleans, Amiens, Champigny, and Brie (before Paris), Beaugency, Bapaume, Vendome, Le Mans, Belfort, St Quentin, and the great sortic against St. Cloud. At Gravelotte nearly half a million of men confronted each other, viz., 270,000 Germans against 210,000 Frenchmen. At Sedan there were 210,000 Germans against 150,000 French, and the third battle of Orleans 100,000 or 120,000 Germans against 200,000 or 240,000 French. The disparity of numbers was greatest as Mars-la-Tour and Belfort. In the former, 45, 000 Prussians fought from eight a.m., till four p.m., at first against 160,000, and by noon against nearly 200,000 French. In the latter nearly 30,000 or 36,consideration you have shown towards me and By the cession of these two departments France | thoroughfares, and amusements in its theatres and that carry the floors, the plaster is knocked of the | 000 Prussians and Badeners confronted 90 000 to