

to himself that, as the damage was done, the perpetrators had taken to flight.

"I have that dog, Fleming, covered with my gun," said a voice to the right of Pat; and, before the latter could speak, the man fired.—Fleming tottered against a tree, wounded in the leg.

"Curses on you for a fool!" said Pat, hastily, and hissing the words through his teeth. "You have spoiled the whole game to-night, and perhaps forever."

The man who fired was a hasty-tempered fellow, who bore unmistakable hatred toward Fleming, for his conduct to a poor family whom he knew. He thought he was in duty bound to not lose such an opportunity, although Pat's order had been disobeyed. Dolan, perceiving the companions of Fleming beat a hasty retreat, ordered a general discharge at their heels. A thousand echoes resounded through the silent wood. Fleming fell to the ground, in hopes that he might escape. He believed that several hundreds of rebels were concealed somewhere near at hand.

After a brief consultation with his men, Pat ordered three of them forward to secure Fleming, and take him some distance away, there to remain till the work was gone through, so that Fleming might not be able to learn anything of those engaged at it.

Fleming's wound was a dangerous one. He had fainted from loss of blood. In his unconscious state he was removed to a neighboring house, where he was speedily attended to, but nothing could stay the inflammation that supervened. The wretched man was soon in the raging delirium of fever, and, for some days, his life was despaired of.

The pike-handles were speedily cut down, and, as many hands made light work, the pikes were got ready with all due despatch, and carefully transmitted to their destined places.

Dolan had word sent to Milliken concerning what had happened to Fleming, and was instructed to have him taken to a distant part of the country immediately.

Pat performed the work himself; neither was he one hour too soon in accomplishing his task; for, Fleming being missed, every exertion was made to find out his whereabouts.—The patrols who were with him in the woods, gave out a report that he had wandered from their company, and that, after a diligent search, they had concluded among themselves that he must have gone homeward. They did this in order to screen their own cowardice. As the report spread, Dolan's men were not in the least dissatisfied that their midnight excursion had thus escaped public attention being directed towards it.

Pat used every effort to make the rough journey as easy as possible to the invalid.—During their progress, Fleming appeared to get much worse; the delirium increased, and Pat was not a little astonished to find his own name frequently mixed up with that of others, well known to him, and which the unconsciousness of Fleming led him to divulge.

Curses, threats, and blasphemy, were mixed up with a revelation of the intentions of Captain Mackenzie, whose brave fellows were determined to take revenge for the misfortunes of Cameron.

"Let us move on quickly," said Fleming; "there—stand back, I say, from that blaze.—Where's the dog—the men—the men—ready, there? Cormac, the hound, is absent; another brand—well done—ah! I like those screams; ha! ha!—good, good, boys, down—down—" and the raving of the man overpowered him. He would gather himself up, as if about to make a spring, and then fall back again into the bed of hay that Pat had provided.

Pat's heart nearly stopped beating, as he listened to the wild and terrible words of Fleming. What could they mean? How he wished that his task were over; a fearful foreboding took possession of him.

At times he felt inclined to pitch Fleming on to the roadside. What right had he to trouble himself with a fiend like him?

Must he obey orders? That was the sore point with Pat, just then, and he felt it. His way lay up a steep hillside, and he thought that he would never accomplish his journey before nightfall.

He was strangely uneasy, and every effort he made to calm his mind was useless.

At length the end was reached. Fleming was carefully placed in a comfortable bed in a house kept by a man named Roddy Flynn.—Roddy's wife was to take charge of him, and if he showed signs of speedy recovery, he was to be confined to the house until word was brought or sent to Dolan.

The latter made all haste in returning. He barely took sufficient time to refresh himself, and give a feed of oats and water to the horse. Fairly started on the road—fully a distance of twenty-five miles from his own house—Pat felt lonely and dispirited, whether owing to the fatigue of work the night previous, and to the long drive which he had now to repeat, is not easily told. Perhaps he felt that his presence was required at home. What could Fleming mean by his allusion to Cormac and to another fire? "Surely to God!" he exclaimed, "the villains will not make another attempt on the widow's house!"

The thought half maddened him, and he lashed the poor beast unmercifully, as if it should fly instead of trotting.

The best part of the ground was gone over. The night was cold and chilly, and poor Pat was half-benumbed.

Just as he was congratulating himself on the prospect of nearing home, one of the wheels broke down, and Pat was pitched out of the cart. He was stunned, but not much hurt.—There was little time to deliberate on what he should do. The horse was unyoked, and, making a sort of straddle for its back, Pat soon mounted, having removed the injured cart into an adjoining field.

CHAPTER XIII.—BURNING OF WIDOW ROGAN'S HOUSE—ARRIVAL OF PAT DOLAN AT THE SCENE—DEATH OF CAMERON—RESCUE OF

BRIGID O'HARA—DEATH OF CORMAC'S MOTHER—HORRIBLE ATROCITIES.

"Sacred the cause that Clan Connell's defending—The altars we kneel at, the homes of our steez; Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires!"

Shortly after Pat Dolan had started in charge of Fleming, Phil and Ned were made aware of another attempt to burn the dwelling of Cormac's mother. The young men were so bewildered that they knew not what course to follow—Cormac and the two Mullans absent, their father absent, and additional yeomanry and soldiers in all parts of the country.

That was not the time for inaction, however, and the two brave fellows started to work at once. Word was sent round the country by trusty messengers, and every available man ordered to attend that night, at an early hour, in the smiddy.

About nine o'clock, over thirty men were on the spot.

Ned Dolan explained the cause of his father's absence, mentioned the report he had heard, and took upon himself the duty of calling the men together to see what should be done under the circumstances. Scarcely had Ned finished speaking, when two men, who had been summoned to attend, rushed in, exclaiming:

"My God the widow's house is enveloped in flames!"

Dolan's sons sprang to their feet, and grasping a pike each, shouted to the men to follow.

Little encouragement was needed. The men rushed out, some armed, and some unarmed.

They were joined by others on their way. The glare of the flames had lit up the sky, and, as the brave fellows approached, they found the house surrounded by yeomanry.

Hastily collecting their men, Phil and Ned Dolan passed the word, "Surround them."

One half of the house was completely enveloped in flames.

"Curse the contrary wind," said one of the yeos.

Before the word had more than escaped from his lips, a portion of the building fell.

A loud and piercing shriek issued from within the burning house.

Ned Dolan sprang to the door at the risk of his life.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "the door is barred, or nailed, and some one within."

A shot was fired at him as he sprang through the window in the gable of the house, where the fire had but partially reached.

The place was filled to suffocation with a thick smoke.

He found Cormac's mother lying speechless on a bed. It was the work of an instant to carry her to the window.

Three or four men sprang forward on the instant to receive her.

"There's somebody else within," gasped Ned, and the brave fellow re-entered.

The yeomanry tossed the burning material with the points of their bayonets over that part of the house not yet destroyed.

Four of them rushed forward to the window through which Ned had carried out the widow.

The heat was intolerable, and they retreated. The moment he re-appeared, he had Brigid O'Hara in his arms. Her dress was on fire!

"Back!" cried a voice, presenting a gun at the noble fellow, who was thus sacrificing himself in rescuing the girl.

That moment the speaker, Duncan Cameron, fell dead where he stood. Pat Dolan's hand had struck him lifeless to the earth.

One bound, and Ned was free of the devouring element.

"Close upon them, and bury them in the ruins!" shouted Pat Dolan, with a fierceness that sounded like a death-knell to many who heard it.

The surrounding glare had partly concealed the force which arrived with Phil and Ned.

The yeomanry thought that a much larger force had arrived with Pat, whereas not a soul accompanied him.

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER.

Although the foot soldier has a much lighter weapon in the Chassepot than in the old muzzle-loader, he still has to carry on his back and shoulders a weight of about seventy pounds French—that is upward of one-third of the regulation-weight carried by a sumpter-mule:

First, there is the Chassepot, seven and a half pounds; the sword, bayonet and scabbard, three pounds; ten pounds of ammunition, distributed partly in two pouches and partly in his knapsack; a pair of shoes, a four pound loaf of bread; a canvas bag slung over the left shoulder, and containing any creature comforts the man may have procured. Over the knapsack—first a great-coat; secondly, a blanket; thirdly, his share of the canvas for the tent d'abri, and sticks for the same; and fourthly, a huge camp-kettle. Inside the knapsack he has a second pair of trousers, combs, brushes, needles, thread, buttons, a pair of gloves, a couple of pairs of socks, and three shirts; in addition, a flask capable of containing about a quart of liquid is slung over the right shoulder. A long march with such a weight must incapacitate all but the very strongest men; and it is only too easy to understand how it happens that knapsacks and impediments are invariably dropped the moment the first shot is fired. In the French army the practice is generally to order the men to lay down their knapsacks on going into action, but the stamina of the men has been tried to the uttermost, before they get up to the front by the carrying of such monstrous loads. Picked men may stand it, but it is sufficient to look at an average regiment of the line, after a few miles marching, to form an opinion of this vicious system of over-loading, for the maintenance of which that sturdy old veteran, "General Routine," is alone to blame.

THE VIVANDIERS.

The vivandiere is one of the most interesting features of the Imperial army, and illustrates in a marked degree the chivalry of the French soldier. A correspondent, writing from Paris, describes a scene in which she was the central figure. As a regiment of the line was marching through the Faubourg St. Antoine, the crowd espied the vivandiere bringing up the rear of the battalion in a vehicle remarkably like a washer-woman's cart. The cart was as full as a steward's cabin on board a steam packet with good things, from Lyons sausages to brandy, from sardines to kirschwasser. There are not many florists' shops in the Faubourg St. An-

toine; but in the twinkling of an eye the crowd began to pelt the little woman in the cart with bouquets, and great bulking fellows in blouses came pressing to the shafts to pat the horse and shake the vivandiere's hand. She took off her little glazed hat—a man-of-war's man's hat, with a broad brim and a low crown, decked with tri-colored ribbons, and beneath which, I grieve, for the sake of the picturesque, to say that she wore a mob cap—and cried out: "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive la France!" in a voice so gruff that it would have done honor to a drum-major. A kindly hearted little woman this, for in the front of the cart were at least seventy knapsacks which she was carrying for the rank and file—probably her regimental pets. A gallant little woman, assuredly, and with a stirring history of her own, perhaps. Her grandmother marched into Grand Cairo, and when the battle day was done, administered comfort from her brother's hand, to those who lay fainting in the Pyramid. Her mother marched into Madrid, into Rome, into Vienna, into Berlin. She kindled her short pipe amid the smoking embers of the Kremlin, and was bayoneted by a Prussian in the bloody flight from Waterloo; and the vivandiere herself has been at the Malakoff, at Magenta, at Solferino, at Puebla. I fancy that I saw her there, with her brown face and twinkling black eyes, driving her little wain as cheerily as now. Why not? Who does not remember Benares stirring refrain, "Rataplan, plan, plan! Soldats, voila Catin!" And Catin, the vivandiere, is the only woman, I take it, who is not out of place on a battlefield.

VON MOLTKE'S STRATEGY.

The following respecting Von Moltke, the Prussian strategist, will be read with interest:—Von Moltke, who is, as well as Bismarck, and Von Roon, with the King, also came over to Weisbaden from Mayence. He is an accomplished linguist, and is besides a man exceedingly reserved and taciturn, and is said always to hold his tongue in eight languages. When matters were in the most critical state just before the declaration of war, one of those quidnuncs who are produced in all countries and in all ranks, and who was sufficiently acquainted with him to accost him, inquired with great anxiety what he had heard, and what was the latest news. "I have just received a letter," said Von Moltke, "which is of considerable importance. My steward writes to me there will be more than an average crop of wheat, and a splendid one of mangle wuzel!"

PRUSSIAN MODE OF RECONNOITERING.

The *Monitor* gives the following account of the Prussian mode of reconnoitering:— "The qualities inherent in French nature are impetuosity, dash, and courage, but these characteristics, which Europe does not hesitate to proclaim, often carry in their wake a certain inattention. The qualities, on the other hand, peculiar to the German character, are reflection, prudence, and method. These sometimes produce slowness in attack, but they leave nothing to chance. From this aggregate of qualities and defects it results that the Prussian army is admirably well-informed, and that the French are scarcely so at all. Was anything known of the enormous forces which Prince Frederick Charles and the Crown Prince had accumulated on the Saar, and who bore down the two corps of General Frossard and Marshal MacMahon? The Prussians understand and practice using scouts in a campaign. The general who is confronted by a corps, which he is to watch and to fight, chooses a clever and determined officer. A handful of men is confided to him of from 15 to 20 select horsemen, Uhlans or Hussars. The officer, in his turn, takes into the hand some soldiers of the landwehr, born upon the very frontier of the country which he is to reconnoitre, and which his business, his relations, and his habits allure him to visit in every sense. This man, who has a mission of confidence and honour, advances to the front, musket in hand, eye watchful, and ear attentive. He has been told what point is to be reached, which spot is marked in pencil on an excellent map, which the officer carries about him. The place which is to be reconnoitered is often 20 to 30 kilometres distant from the Prussian lines, in the very centre of the enemy's territory. Behind the first horseman, who has orders to advance very slowly, following hollows, dells, and sometimes the highway, sometimes also pushing forward across the fields, two other riders come at 200 paces off. Further away, at the same distance from them, comes the officer, followed by eight or ten horsemen, charged to protect him if necessary. Two other riders are further away, whom a last soldier is following at 200 paces. This column, moving on silently, occupies the space of a kilometre. If the horseman who leads is surprised, a shot gives the alarm to the rest of the band, and the riders ahead and behind have orders to depart at full gallop and to follow any direction that is safest. The officer alone and his escort go on ahead to reconnoitre with whom they have to do, and to see what is passing, after which all leave at full speed. Even in case of ambush, it is almost impossible that two or three riders should not be able to return safely to headquarters, and the Prussians then know at once what force they have before them, and on what point it is posted."

After the battle of Weissemburg, Marshal MacMahon inquired everywhere what had become of the 75th regiment of the line. "What!" he said, "not a man remains, not a button—not a shako!" and everybody went into exclamations about the disappearance of this regiment, a disappearance which was all the more strange, because no one had seen it under fire. However there was no mistake to be made on the point, inasmuch as all the registers and official documents set forth the vanished 75th as making part of the division Dumont. Well, the 75th has been found, and where do you suppose it was?—at Bastia! (Corsica). This illustrates the mode in which the administration of the war has been conducted, and it is not the only one that could be cited.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* takes from a French paper, the following list of the forces, with the killed and wounded in celebrated battles: At Marengo the French 65, 28,000 men, the Austrians, 30,000, and 13,000 were either killed or wounded. At Austerlitz there were 90,000 French, 80,000 Austrians and Russians; killed and wounded, 23,000. At Jena, 100,000 French, 100,000 Prussians; killed and wounded, 34,000. At Wagram, 150,000 French, 130,000 Austrians; killed and wounded, 40,000. At Borodino, 125,000 French, and same number of Prussians; loss in killed and wounded, 80,000. At Leipzig, 150,000 French, 280,000 Allies; 50,000 killed and wounded. At Waterloo, 68,000 French, 97,000 English; 14,000 killed and wounded. At Solferino, 135,000 French and Sardinians, 136,000 Austrians; loss in killed and wounded, 27,000. At Sadowna, 200,000 Prussians, 200,000 Austrians, &c.; 28,000 killed and wounded. And the French paper which gives these figures adds significantly: "And now there are 800,000 men in presence of each other with improved means of destruction." It might have added also, that far greater numbers perish from disease, than from the sword.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, AUG. 17.—The latest letters from the bivouac of the German army at Spicheren are filled with sombre-tinted pictures of the battle-field and its surroundings. A surgeon writes:—"I paid another visit to the hamlet to visit the asylums of the wounded. Some members of the French Sanitary Corps were brought in under an escort. These gentlemen now busied themselves about the wrecks of their regiments after leaving us the labour of performing surgical operations. They now made the cool request, on the ground of the Geneva Convention, that they might remove the lightly wounded to their army. This after they had been

two days in our midst, and seen all the dispositions of our troops! A lively dispute arose between us and our French colleagues; an appeal to the decision of the General in command won't help them much. In the interval they must remain 'internit!' Already the German-French war of 1870 shows the need of a revision of the Geneva Convention. Before the Headquarters of the Division lie great heaps of regimentals and chassepots, and officers and soldiers are busy seeking out souvenirs to send home, such as red French caps, braided coats, guns, and chassepot ammunition. The chassepots are fired off before being piled away; and from end to end of the camp there is a ceaseless report of salvos and single shots.—Some of our careless fellows wound themselves. The numerous captured tents are reserved for the march, and the men are set to carry them on their heads, to the rear. Some are at work cutting up the red breeches of the French into strips, and cobbling them into red crosses for the hospital flags. I saw just now such an international flag made of red breeches hanging out from the steeple of the church, which is filled with wounded. Just now four groups passed me at the cross way of the hamlet roads, bound on different errands; the first, coming from the woods of the Spicherberg, consists of peasants of the district, they carry shovels on their shoulders, and are impressed grave-diggers, who after they are wearied out are relieved by others. They relate that great heaps of corpses of the French yet lie in the woods poisoning the air; also that wounded men are still being carried by them. The number of dead is so great that 70 bodies are laid in each grave. Fresh columns of these grave-diggers pass by me, reminding me of the brigades of snow shovellers who clear the roads in winter. This systematic disposal of the dead bodies is an important regulation of the war sanitary policy. The second apparition which is noticeable is the troop, organized and uniformed, of the volunteer wounded attendants from Frankfurt and its suburb Offenbach. These fine fellows step out smartly and full of tact in all directions, and give one the impression that they are a hearty practical corps, up to and ready for their task. What they have brought with them for the convenience of the wounded is all comfortable in the highest degree, and even elegant, while their personal costume is quite homely and modest. The third group is a simple military escort of the dead. It moves slowly from the hamlet towards our camp, drums beating low, mournful notes signal its track, and while in the remotest corners of the camp smothered murmur reach the ear, along the path a solemn silence settles down upon the soldiers as the corpses of their French comrades are carried to their bed. The fourth group consists of a column of prisoners escorted from the woods by a patrol of hussars. They halt, apparently startled, as their route crosses that of the funeral procession. We ask the prisoners, some of whom are lightly wounded, what impression the quick victorious advance of the Prussians had made upon their army. The unanimous reply was 'Vous tirez comme des diables, vous courez comme des lièvres.' We have now to make an evening farewell visit to the wounded. In the school-rooms, which this morning were overflowing, all have had their wounds fresh bound. Through the opened windows a fresh breeze blows in. The dead are removed, and all seem in a refreshing sleep. It is otherwise in the church. French soldiers, operated on and transportable, bedded on stretchers, form an avenue right and left up the graveyard to the church porch. In the dusky vestibule we step across some severely wounded, who continually creep from out of the corners, and with a part of their clauf bedding block the way. On the Gospel side of the church choir, the altar of which is removed, and the floor of which is decked with straw, lie the sorely wounded victims of Frossard's army strewn around, part naked, part half naked, part clothed; but ever as yesterday, some silent, with closed eyes and tight compressed lips, the others pitifully wailing. The beautifully painted pictures of the Passion of Christ and the stations of his Cross which adorned the circuit of the church's walls, rising above the heads of the wounded, soldiers propped and leaning against the walls and confessional seats, appeared in solemn harmony with the pangs of the mangled sufferers, and in the gloom of the evening twilight involuntarily the deep, awful symbolism of the story smote upon the conscience. Although I had broken many panes in the church windows the air foul with the smell of matter left much to be desired. The only light which burnt in the choir was the still small flame known as the "perpetual lamp." In this *chiesaccio* one had to grope round for the wounded. Beyond two who lay on the thigh, sat between the dying on the altar steps, smoking their cigars, all were hopeless. Under the statue of the Mater Dolorosa leant a young French officer, who, shot through the breast, rocked his head upon the bosom of an attendant Franciscan sick nurse. At my signal that the last hour of the unhappy officer had struck, tears filled the eyes of the faithful attendant. The Sisters of Mercy find it very hard to resist the entreaties of the many wounded. They will beg for water when they cannot swallow a drop; now they will be laid on this side, now on the other; now they hope to relieve their pangs by having their heads raised, and now they seem to experience a lightening of their dying agonies as they stretch out their cold, staring, rigid hands, and they seem in that act to close more peacefully their eyes in death if permitted to enclasp our hands. On the Epistle (right) side of the choir, the pews have not been removed, in these lie or sit the less severely wounded, smoking cigars, eating bread; they write or dictate letters, and, unlike the severely wounded on the left, are able to converse with the doctors and nurses on passing events. I quitted the church with a glance, by the dim light of a pocket lantern, at a wounded French soldier lying by the porch, who greeted me with a military salute. In the open door-way of the shed in which the chief operations of the surgeons were performed, the sick attendants were busily engaged washing away the pools of blood from the operation tables and the floor. The amputated limbs were thrown together and buried in the God's Acre. The surgical operators had flung aside their black wax-clothed long aprons, and put on their uniforms over their red shirts. Peacefully resting from their nerve-straining labours, they sat smoking a quiet cigar, sharing their allowance of wine with their patients in the dark cool street. As I wandered back to the bivouac of my troop my excited brain was in a confused whirl—were they realities I had lived through the past two days, or were they wild visions dreamt after a late evening carouse? As I entered my quarters I caught up the lantern of the night watch, seized their newspaper, and read in black upon white the news of the victory of the South Army. The joyful distraction banished from my breast the depression which must never be permitted to enter a war camp."—*Times Correspondent.*

THE LATE BATTLE AT SEDAN.

LONDON, SEPT. 3.—The following is the *Tribune's* special account of the battle of Sedan, by a correspondent who witnessed the action from King William's Headquarters. After detailing the positions and number of troops engaged, he says:— "There were a few cannon-shots fired merely to attain the range as soon as it was light, but the real battle did not begin until six o'clock, becoming then a sharp artillery fight. At nine o'clock when the batteries had got within easy range the shells began to do serious mischief. At 11.55 the musketry fire in the valley behind Sedan, which had opened about 11.12, became exceedingly lively, being one continuous rattle, only broken by the loud growling of the mitrailleuse, which played with deadly effect upon the Saxon and Bavarian columns. General Sheridan, by whose side I was standing at the time, said that he did not remember ever to have heard such a well-sustained fire of small arms. It made itself heard

above the roar of the batteries at our feet. At 12 o'clock precisely the Prussian battery of six guns on the slope above the broken railway bridge over the Meuse near Laveletta had silenced two batteries of French guns at the foot of the hill already mentioned near the village of Flourey. At 12.10 the French infantry no longer supported by their artillery, were compelled to retire to Flourey, and soon after a junction between the Saxons and Prussians behind Sedan was announced to us by General Von Roon, eagerly peering through a large telescope, as being safely completed; from this moment the result of the battle could no longer be doubtful. The French were completely surrounded and fought at bay. At 12.25 we were all astonished to see clouds of retreating French infantry on the hill between Flourey and Sedan, a Prussian battery in front of Simoges, making accurate practice with percussion shells among the receding ranks; the whole hill for a quarter of an hour was literally covered with Frenchmen running rapidly. Less than half an hour afterward, at 12.25, Gen. Von Roon called our attention to another French column in full retreat to the right of Sedan, in the road leading from Basille to the La Garonne wood. They never halted until they came to the red roofed house, in the outskirts of Sedan itself. Almost at the same moment, Gen. Sheridan, who was using my opera glass, asked me to look at a third French column, moving up. A battery of guns covered the road through the La Garonne wood, immediately above Sedan, doubtless to support the troops defending the important Bazille ravine, to the north-east of the town. At one o'clock the French batteries on the edge of the wood toward Hercy and above it, opened a vigorous fire. In advancing the Prussian columns of the Third Corps, whose evident intention it was to storm the hill, north west of La Garonne, so to gain the key of position on that side. At 1.05, yet another French battery near the wood, opened on the Prussian columns, which were compelled to keep shifting their ground, till ready for their final rush at the hills in order to avoid offering so good a mark to the French shells. Afterwards we saw the first Prussian skirmishers on the crest of the Lagaronne hills above Tours, they did not seem in strength, and Gen. Sheridan, who was standing behind me, exclaimed "Oh! the beggars are too weak, they can never hold that position against all those French!" The General's prophecy soon proved correct, for the French advancing at least six to one, the Prussians were forced to retreat down the hill to seek reinforcements from the columns, which were hurrying to their support. In five minutes they came back again, this time in greater forces, but still terribly inferior to those huge French masses. "Good Heavens the French Cuissiers are going to charge them," cried Gen. Sheridan, and sure enough the regiment of Cuissiers their helmets and breast-plates flashing in the splendid sun, firm in sections of squadrons, dashed down on them, and captured the Prussian skirmishers without dignifying to form in line. Squadrons are never used by the Prussians. The infantry received the Cuissiers with a crushing quick fire at about 100 yards distance, leading and firing with great rapidity and unflinching precision into the dense French squadrons, the effect was startling; over vent horses and men in numbers, in masses, in hundreds, and a regiment of the proud French Cuissiers went hurriedly back in disorder, and went back faster than it came, went back scarcely a regiment in strength, and not at all a regiment in form, its comely array was suddenly changed into shapeless and helpless crowds of flying men. The moment the Cuissiers turned back, the brave Prussians actually dashed forward in hot pursuit at double quick, the infantry plainly pursuing the flying cavalry, such a thing has not often been recorded in the annals of war. I knew not to what example to compare it. Precisely with this has occurred a more striking episode in the battle. When the French infantry saw their cavalry flying before foot-soldiers, they in their turn, came forward and attacked the Prussians. The Prussians waited quietly and patiently, enduring a rapid and tolling fire from the Chassepots, until their enemies had drawn so near as to be within one hundred yards from them; then they returned with the needle-gun a rapid fire, but the Chassepots and French Infantry could no more endure the Prussian fire than the cavalry to whose rescue they had come. The infantry fled in its turn and followed the cavalry to the place from which they came, that is behind the ridge, some 500 yards on the way to Sedan, where the Prussian mitrailleuse, with their tearing fire, could no longer reach them. The great object of the Prussians was gained; since they were not driven from the crest of the hill they fought to hold. Holding it thus against the cavalry, the Prussians persuaded themselves that it was possible to establish the artillery on this hill.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

In the course of the first recent performance at the Dublin Theatre Royal there were loud calls from the gallery for the "Marsillaise," which, however, were not heeded. Cheers were given for "Napoleon" and "McMahon." The cheers were not unmingled with hisses.

The *Nation* recognizes "Sergeant Kite," but does not hold out much encouragement to him. It points out many reasons why the laboring classes, and especially Irishmen, should not feel disposed to accept the "advantages" which are offered in the new warrant from the Home Guards. The argument is very persuasive, but the logic of facts is more powerful, and in spite of so many reasons against the success of the Sergeant—perhaps because of them—he is doing very well. Irish youths are not likely to be deterred from accepting service by the terrible risk of having their military career, "cut very short indeed by the chassepot and the mitrailleuse."—*Times Cor.*

THE IRISH MILITIA.—The *Irish Times* has authority for stating that "the Government has at length decided that the permanent staffs of Irish militia regiments shall be raised at once to their authorized establishments, and trusts that this is preliminary to the embodiment of the Irish militia, and the resuscitation of a force which has proved at all times loyal and faithful to their colors." We cannot help thinking that the fact of the Government not having called out the Irish militia regiments since Peninsularism began to show itself, is a plain proof that they are afraid to place arms in the hands of Irishmen. If the Irish militia be called out at all it will be to serve in England or elsewhere. It is very certain that the regiments composing it will not be allowed to remain in Ireland. The handwriting is already to be seen on the wall. Empires as proud as England's are perhaps tottering. Let her make her peace with Ireland while she may.

The Police have issued a proclamation announcing that bands playing in the streets so as to cause an obstruction in the thoroughfare would be prohibited, and the bandmen prosecuted; also that crowds following the bands would be liable to be similarly dealt with. The proclamation has had the desired effect, as no bands have been seen in the streets to day. To-night bonfires were lighted in Waterford, and some streets decorated with green boughs, as a demonstration of sympathy with the French. The police, fearing a disturbance, interfered and were stoned by the mob. A large crowd collected. Some arrests were made and the mob dispersed.

DUBLIN, AUG. 19.—A check has been given to the demonstrations of sympathy with France, which