

300 children died of starvation. Damage was inflicted on the city to the estimated value of fifty millions of dollars.

One small town of 3,000 inhabitants was completely destroyed. The Prussian troops said they were fired upon from the windows, and in their rage, they fastened up the windows and doors and set fire to each house, burning up a large number of women and children. The smell of charred human flesh for several days after, was sickening.

A correspondent of one of the American papers was, during one part of an action, standing near a company of hussars who were held in reserve. The sun, he says, was pouring his rays upon us and around us; on every side were the dead and wounded. One poor fellow cried to them for water: "Comrade, for God's sake, give me water! one little drop! I am on fire! I am on fire! O give me one drop,—only wet my lips!" Another near by could only lift up his hand and point to his lips. A good natured hussar, touched by their appeals, got off his horse and ran to them with his water bottle. He was in the act of raising the head of one of them when a shell fell near by and bursting, *blew the whole three to atoms.*

In a house near Metz, lay a wounded officer of dragoons. During the night, the woman to whom the house belonged and her son-in-law, fell upon the wounded man and dug out his eyes. His cries for help brought to his relief three hussars who happened to be passing at the time, and there upon the spot, they, as they said, rode the two beasts to death, *i. e.*, they struck their spurs into the heads and chests of the two peasants until they expired.

A French captain supposed to belong to a kind of guerrilla band, was wounded and taken prisoner. His hands were tied together and he was suspended from a beam. Straw and other combustibles were collected and placed around him and set on fire, and there the poor fellow was left to suffer the agonies of one of the most awful deaths.

It has been well said, that war has scarcely lost a feature of its horrid inhumanity. It is to-day the same tempest of fury and revenge that it was centuries ago. When Sir Harry Smith, who is called, "The Hero of the Sikh War in India," returned to England, he said, in response to a toast given in honour of his exploits, "Gentlemen, ours is a damnable profession." The truth of this