THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.—DEC. 16, 1870.

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afraid," returned Terry, "most of the company were in and out of that room taking refreshments in the course of the evening, you know." "And you are come to see if we have got

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I suppose !" answered George; langhing. "Well, come on, my boy. Here am I; search me if you like."

Mrs. Hudson also, though somewhat mortified at the implied suspicion, offered to be searched, and to conduct the officers over her small house; whilst the foreigner, who understood nothing of what was going on, remained standing in silence.

"We must search the old man, too," said Mr. Terry to the officers.

" Comment ?" said he, making some resistance as they took hold of him.

"He does not know what it means, poor man," said Mrs. Hudson. "Never mind, mounscer," she added, clapping the old man on the back to encourage him; "it's all right." "Hollo! what have we got here ?" exclaimed

Townshend, one of the officers, as he opened a small box which he found in the foreigner's bosom, and drew from it the miniature of a beautiful young girl in the dress of an Italian peasant.

"Bless my soul !" exclaimed Terry, snatching at it. "But where are the diamonds ?where is the setting ?" for the picture, which was somewhat faded and defaced, was without any setting whatever.

" Is that it ?" asked Townshend.

" It must be it, though I should hardly have known it again," returned the steward. "What have you done with the setting ?--where are the diamonds?" said he, addressing the old man sharply.

"Perdona !" said the foreigner; " what he say ?"

But he had not English enough to comprehend their explanations; so, greatly to his own perplexity, and the grief and dismay of Mrs. Hudson, they handed him off straightway to the police office, George going with them to " see the fun."

On being interrogated there in French, and informed of what he was accused, he laughed at them, and said that the miniature was the portrait of his own daughter, which she herself had given him; a fact which the magistrate asserted to be highly improbable, as it was evidently the production of a first-rate artist.

"It was nevertheless true," the old man said; and, moreover, it had been handsomely set in gold; though necessity had obliged him to part with the setting for bread. On being asked how the daughter of so poor a man should have had a portrait that must have cost at least thirty or forty guineas, he answered that his daughter, who was now dead, had once been rich. "She was," said he, "a singer at the Italian opera in Paris; and that portrait was taken of her in the costume she had worn in her native village."

To all this however, Terry, when it was interpreted to him, answered that the miniature was beyond all doubt the one they had lost; " for," said he, "supposing it possible that the dress were similar, it is quite impossible that the face should be the same. Now, although purpose, yet it is certainly my lady's likeness."

to his own amazement and indignation; and pearing on the stage, she became Lady Massey. what concerned him still more was, that they took the picture from him. But although they had got the thief and the miniature, the temporary property of that capital dancer. gold and the diamonds were not forthcoming, Jack Pearson, on the evening of the ball. They nor could all their threats and entreaties induce the old man to confess what he had done with them; and to that effect, with great lamentations and contrition for his own carelessness, Terry wrote to the baronet. The picture, he said, was retained by the magistrate, or he would have sent it. On receiving this unwelcome intelligence, Sir Henry, who was no farther off than Brighton, came up to London; but when shewn the miniature, he was infinitely more puzzled than Terry had been. He saw differences imperceptible to the steward.

take a chair;" for he was passionately fond of music, and he was beginning to feel an interest in the father of one of his favorite singers .-"But I am sorry to see the father of Pauline reduced to such extremities ; what has brought you so low ?"

"Ah ! that would be a long story," returned the old man, " which the signor would not care to be troubled with. Paulina left a daughter -a dear child-an angel of beauty like herself; and with a voice! Ah, signor, if you had ever heard that voice! Paulina's was fine ; but if you had once heard my Nina's"----"Whose ?" cried Sir Henry, starting from

his seat. " Did you say Nina? "Si signor," answered the old man, stepping forward and looking eagerly in his face .--

'Nina Marabini; for though her real name was Melloni, so we always called her." "Then you are her grandfather, Guiseppe ?"

said Sir Henry.

"I am," returned the old man, dropping into a seat, and almost fainting from agitation. 'Where-where is my child ?"

"Your Nina is my wife, good friend," said Sir Henry, giving him his hand kindly; "and glad she will be to see her grandfather. We sent to Spoleto to inquire for you; and only last week I received a letter from my agent, saying you had long left it."

We need not attempt to paint the joy of the meeting that ensued between the old man and his darling; and it is scarcely necessary to explain, that the same fancy for being painted in the becoming costume they had formerly had influenced both the young woman, and so occasioned the resemblance between the pictures, and the subsequent happy discovery. Nina who had been enticed out of the garden by Michelet's inimitable flute-playing, and carried off to be educated for the stage, had never known her mother's name, nor had she been acquainted with the fact of her having been an opera-singer - poor Paulina's sad experience, whatever it was, had given birth to the desire that her child should be kept in ignorance of these circumstances. Nina found herself the property of two strangers, who treated her kindly enough, whilst they had her taught to read and write, and procured her the first instructions in singing and music, to which nearly all her time was devoted. At first she had grieved very much at the separation from her grandfather and grandmother, which, however, she was told had been effected in that manner with their entire concurrence and approbation, in order to spare the pain of parting; and that, by-and-by, she would see them again. Young memories are short, and young tears soon dried. Nina delighted in music, and her joy in it ere long consoled her; and as she worked con amore, she became in due time an accomplished singer. When the period arrived that she was to be produced, her master who was very proud of her, gave a select soirce, to which he invited a few distinguished persons to hear her. among whom was Sir Henry Massey, who happened to be at the time in Paris. Her extreme resemblance to the lost favorite, Paulina Melloni, whom many of the company remembered, struck every one, Sir Henry among the rest; and what with looking at her whilst this this portrait is sadly altered and spoiled since subject was being discussed, and what with yesterday, which, I suppose, has been done on hearing her sing, he contrived to lose his heart Upon this the old man was committed, much bois the cost of her education, instead of ap-

> had, by a very ingenious process, become th were traced to him and recovered ; after which experience of his attractive qualities, George foreswore his acquaintance, but made some very vigorous efforts at self-reform, which, after various alternations and relapses, terminated ultimately, to the infinite joy of his mother, in a very satisfactory degree of amendment in his own character and conduct.

Without it all our efforts will be uscless. We shall, doubtless, kill many Prussians, but the enemy will kill many Frenchmen, and the loss of Paris will not be averted by a single day. Well, then, we say, and with gricf, that this relieving army has hitherto been but a myth. The Government assured us that it mustered 80,000 men and it had but 10,000 soldiers to oppose the 40,000 Prussians who took possession of Orleans. We may be told that the army is not yet organized, but that shortly it will be. When? We cannot wait indefinitely, or we should not need a relieving army. For how many days have we provisions? We put this question to the Government three days ago, and we are induced to repeat it to-day, for that is the most important fact of the moment. Everything depends upon the period for which our provisions will suffice. Have we sufficient to enable us to wait for the relieving army ? Or ought we, on the contrary, to attempt at once a desperate effort, which will permit us to fall with honour? Neither must the Government forget the sinister prediction of M. de Bismarck, nor wait for the last hour before declaring that there are no

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further provisions. But we may be told it is a hopeless position we are describing. No! We are not yet lost, but we are upon the declivity which leads to great catastrophes. If we have written these lines it is to arrive at this conclusion. If the provinces abandon Paris, Paris is under no obligation uselessly to sacrifice herself, and may without dishonour seek to treat upon her own account. Paris is now erect and upstanding. It will end by succumbing should it not receive help from without. We have made that clear, but it may yet inflict upon the enemy considerable losses; it may yet kill many of his soldiers. Paris would, therefore, at this moment obtain very honourable conditions, but if we wait for famine until we have searches by armed bodies among the inhabitants we shall have civil war-in a word, all the horrors which famine brings in its train. Prussia then will be in a position to dictate her laws to us. Let the Government, then, give us information upon these two facts :- For how long have we provisions? Does it expect a relieving army, and within what space of time? If the reply to these two questions is satisfactory, we can fight and we will fight boldly and perseveringly; but, in the other event, why should Paris sacrifice itself for the rest of France, which would look on at its dying agonies with folded arms?"

According to the Progress of Lyons, there is now ving at the railway station at Vaise a monster gun, which was cast at the works of M. P. Gaudet. The length of the weapon is 61 metres (about 211 ft). The internal diameter at the breech is 23 centimetres (about 11in.), and at the muzzle 26 contimetres. This gan, which is of cast steel, weighs 14,000 kiles grammes, and has a range of more than 12,090 metres. In size and range it far transcends the famous Josephine of St. Ouen and the celebrated Krupp gun at Jahde, and it had been intended to have it mounted in Fort Valerien, but the rapid investment of Paris prevented that design from being carried out. It is now about to be sent to Fort Montessny, and will be a formidable defence against an enemy advancing by the Valley of the Saone.

The political programme of the Red Republicans in Paris is thus sketched by M. Blanqui's organ the Patrie en Danger :- "All the churches should be closed against religious services. and should be converted into granaries, meeting places for clubs, and other revolutionary purposes. All the hospitals should be purged of priests. They should be arrested, armed, and placed under fire in front of the patients in the most perilous positions. We would confer upon them their noblest mission-that of becoming martyrs. They will go to Heaven, and that will be their reward.' We, who do not believe in it, desire that they should die before us. Let them serve as breastworks to the fathers of families, and that will be the only time when they have been good for anything.

A letter from Versailles in the Cologne Gazette, describing the temper of the population, says the Legitimists and Ultramontance are the only classes who are really sensible of the present position of affairs this is attributable to their hatred of republicto the debutante; and having refunded to Her-beig the answer of her education instead of an believe in the German victories, laugh bitterly at the treachery to which those successes are ascribed, and sorrowfully admit the superiority of the German As for the miniature and the diamonds, they army, statesmen, and nation. One of them remarked f Gambetta "He is as much like a statesman as seltzer water is like champagne ; the former froths up, but the flavour is wanting." A NEW LIBERAL RELIGION .--- M. Gambetta has addressed a circular to the prefects and sub-prefects of departments, in which he embodies the following direction :---" Every Sunday absolutely, and at other times in the week, if possible, the schoolmaster of each commune should read publicly to the inhabitants assembled at the Mairie or other convenient place, the principal articles published in the Bulletin de la Republique. The public should be informed of the time and place of such readings. The schoolmaster will have especially to impress upon the people those articles of doctrine or history the object of which is to enlighten men's minds, to give them a knowledge of their political and social rights, as well as of the correllative duties.

any cause placed in troubled circumstances ? These are not my words; they are but the rendering of the ideas of a man the world who thinks he is the

cleverest man in it. Cor Times. The London Times correspondent with the Prussian army cays :- "The German senticels are ex-tremely vigilant. They are suspicious of every one not in German uniform. The next best thing to not being in militairs is to be on horseback-if with a military bridle or saddle all the better. If they challenge a civilian, which they almost invariably do when you are entering a village, nothing short of a pass from the Grasses Haupt Quartier Seiner Majestat des Konigs, or one from the headquarters of the army in whose lines you are travelling, will avail you. After nightfall they make ready and raise their needle gun breast high before shouting 'Halt!" To advance another step would seal your fate, if you had all the written permits in the world. To pass a post at night you must either have "the word" or be known to the sentinels, or be accompanied by some one who is known to them. There are two sentinels on every post. Even if you know the pass word there is considerable risk in trusting to it, should you speak German with a foreign accent. This is the opinion of officers, and accordingly they are considerate enough to send an orderly with any foreigner who has legitimate occasion to go by a post at night. This prompt vigilance on the part of soldiers arises solely from a disciplined sense of duty, for better fellows there cannot be to a stranger when they find he is not an enemy. They are respectful and obliging. They will come to your aid in a difficulty, and, after a good deal of experience among them, I have never known one of them who was not ready to render a service without, to all appearance, any intention of seeking a reward for their civility. A smoke is the all consolating solace of a German soldier's existence. I have been on the lookout to discover one of them, when not on duty or eating, without a pipe or cigar in his mouth. When I do I shall make a note of it. To help their teeth in supporting such a weight many of them have a cord round their neck, to which is attached their heavy double pipe of china or carved wood."

The pressure of the siege has compelled the Parisians to avail themselves of every means of economizing as well as of obtaining provisions. The bears in the Jardin des Plantes have been found too costly curiosities at the present time, consuming as they do or did an amount of fresh meat equal to the rations of many persons, and it has been determined to slay these animals and use their flesh as food. Arrangements have been made to collect the blood from the slaughter-houses, which formerly ran into the sewers, and it is now used in the preparations of a black pudding, which is in great esteem in Paris. In a single day no less than 8,000 kilogrammes in weight of these puddings have been sold, and constitute a welcome addition to the meagre ration of iresh meat. Beef and mutton suct is melted up into an excellent substitute for butter. A private letter speaks highly of the delicate flavour of this preparation, which is invaluable, now that lard and butter are no longer obtainable for culinary purposes. Raised pies are also in favour, containing a mixture of blood, liver, and rice.

A Paris correspondent of the London Times, says in one of his recent communications :---

It is not yet a question of surrendering, starving, or fighting. The croakers declare that we are all but at the end of our provisions, but they have been so long declaring this that one has ceased to put much faith in them. I have been told over and over again that the supply of fresh meat was to fail next Monday, and then Thursday, and then, positively at the very latest, on Saturday, but it is still holding out, inexhaustible, apparently. The largest restaurant in Paris was yesterday, it being Sunday, crowded from 5 to 7, and everybody had, if I may judge from my own experience, at least an eatable dinner, with plenty of fresh meat. The beef was probably horse, and some of the entrees possibly cat, but still everybody seemed to relish them, and dined very heartily. In fact, there is no knowing what you can est until you try. I hope I shan't utterly horrify your readers, and henceforth become a social outlaw, if I confess to having this morning eaten at one of the best restaurants in Paris—rat. Two months ago I should have been as much appalled at the bare idea of perpetrating such an atrocity as, perhaps, any other civilized Englishman. But, first, ne's principles receive a dangerous shoe horse ; then you meet friends, ordinarily decent, respectable people, who tell you that they have been avowedly eating cat, and that you have yourself al-ready been served in the same way if you have ever, at no matter what restaurant, ordered rabbit. One's gastronomic conscience gradually hardens, I suppose, in an atmosphere of this kind, and so when this morning I met a friend on the Boulevards just about breakfast time, who asked me to come with him to Hall's, as he had there ordered rats, instead of at once running, or, perhaps, trying to knock him down, I agreed to go and just look at them. They looked very good, served up in a *solmi*, with gravy and toast, and my friend pronounced them "excellent;" and so I did eat, or rather taste, and am obliged to confess that I should have no objection to repeat the experiment to-morrow. The flesh was white and very delicate, like young rabbit, but with more flavour. We curiously inspected the bill to see whether the proprietor of the restaurant would venture to give the dish its real name, but there was only a significant blank space, and then 1f, 50c .---On being remonstrated with for this unbusiness like method of procedure, he wanted to write Salmi du Gibier, the word "rat" being quite impossible. As there were two rats in the salmi, each cost about 7d., but bought wholesale (I am told that they are now exhibited publicly for sale in some shops) and cooked at home, they would, perhaps, be cheap eating, even in time of siege; only, unluckily, the poor people who want them most would be the last to consent to touch them. I see that one journalist, in calculating the amount of meat left in Paris, includes the animals of the Jardin des Plantes, so that one may have a chance of getting a tiger steak, or clubbing with one's friends for a round of rhinoceros, unless the Government seize upon the beasts ment can scarcely think them more valuable than dogs are considered by epicures rather as delicacies, it is difficult to see what food can be found for them which might not be eaten by human beings. There is a young American lady here, the belle of an amciples, encourage pretty and well-dressed young ladies to visit their ambulances in order to enliven the wards and administer small doses of flirtation to patients), who is just now in the depths of despair about her dog-a splendid Siberian wolf-hound, valued at £100 in hard cash, and of unappreciable value in the softer coin of sentiment. The authorities have found him out, and declare that a dog think the further defence of the city would imposo which eats two and a half francs' worth of food in a day cannot be allowed to live in a besieged town. The wild beasts must, therefore, be in considerable union. At this word all feuds must cease and danger. It has been suggested-probably by the Mobiles express the same opinion. Influential factions die out." These may be the passionate same strategist who wanted to have the country all newspapers, such as the Gazette de France, Patric, round Paris strewn with broken bottles to impede the advance of the Prussians-that all the ferocious carnivorous beasts should be let loose upon the enemy; but who is to do it? If, like the war elephants of Pyrrhus, they turned round upon their friends, whataccidents might not happen even among miracle from Heaven happens, Paris must negotiate the married mombers of the National Guard. It on any terms or capitulate unconditionally. Ac-

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culated that the supply of fresh meat will last till nearly the end of this month. There is supposed to be salt meat for about two months more, and after

that a large supply of farinaceous food of various kinds, with abundance of wine. Meantime, who knows what may happen to better the fortunes of France? So there is still a strong party in faror of holding out, should there really be no armistice. I have no means, however, of knowing how far these calculations are correct nor can I see what is to be gained by holding out unless the provinces are actuated by a similar spirit—a question which can scarcely be determined without a National Assembly.

Herr Wachenhusen, of the Cologne Gazette, writing on the 11th from Angerville, midway between Paris and Orleans, gives an account of the advance of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's division, which was despatched to reinforce Von der Tann, in the expectation of reaching him before he was in any langer from the Army of the Loire. On their march they encountered a fall of snow, which leads him to contrast the summer weather and the capital fare and lodging which the soldiers experienced at the beginning of the war with their present less cheerful prospects. "Our men, indeed, are still the same ; they have the same invincible spirit, but the sky is gray and concealed by a snowy covering, the wind shakes the last sere leaves over the white-mantled reads, and the moments of rest after a toilsome march necessarily become moments of melancholy reflections, thoughts of home and loved ones who are yearning for our return. In the evening there is stillness in the villages and cantonments; the streets are deserted, snow cover the roof, the fire casts light through the windows, and around it sit quiet serious men, who hum a melancholy tune_ They are the same who, as long as the sky was blue. marched with merry songs through France, and planted Germany's banner before the gates of Paris. They are the same and yet not the same ; but humor on the march is like the flower which peeps out of the snow-covered village gardens, and many a mouth, therefore, which formerly sang so joyfully the 'Wacht am Rhein,' now draws forth his pipe er buries himself in his woollen shawl, through which no more songs penetrate. . . . To-day it was worse than yesterday; to-morrow it may be worse than to-day. But what matters? The Francs-Tireurs and the Army of the Loire will be no better off. We sleep in their beds, drink their wine, as far as there is any left in this region, and in the end this peasant war must terminate."

DEFENCES OF PARIS.

It is now very patent that the designers of the forts committed enormous blunders. They put the forts, with the exception of Valerien and the Double Couronne, too near the city, and placed them on the inner line of heights, instead of occupying the outer ridges. Large as the circle enclosed by the forts, it is scarcely possible to concentrate 10,000 meneven in any place within the lines without the knowledge of an enemy, unless at night. The ground is so exposed that no considerable sortie can occur before the outlying army has been put in position to meet it, and the debouching columns are in all cases exposed to fire from higher ground. No greater mistake could have been made than that which the generals who were charged with the defence of Paris committed when they left the numerous suburban villages and towns even as harbors, barracks, and quarters for the enemy. If they were resolute in war to the knife, no regard for private property, or any property, no considerations of the ruin and distress and even execration they would cause, ought to have influenced them in sparing one of these pleasant places; the Russians would have burned every house.

SEEGE DIFFICULTIES.

"Although the forts were built before rifled ordnance were in use," he goes on to say, "they are still so far in advance of the more important parts of the capital as to render the reduction of their fire, imperative before batteries can be established w reach the city. The Invalides, for instance, is more than three miles in rear of Fort Vanvres and consequently must be quite out of range of the battery nearest to that Fort. Valerien is more than three miles from the line of the inner enceinte inside the Bois de Bologne. Given, then, ample supplies of provisions, and we would have reason to expect a defence which would force the besiegers to resort to sap and parallel before they could really bombard, effect breaches, and venture on assaulting the works. As that postulate is inaccessible, the process of starvation may be regarded as the least costly to the besiegers, slthough they will be a long time about it, and may produce a moral effect in France of a character disadvantageous to the army of occupation. It is the moral effects of short commons rather than the actual consequences of famine to which the besiegers have to look for the submission of Paris. Faction divided councils, possibly forlorn outbursts, may prove their best allies. But in any case let no one in England or out of it, it he be not a belligerent, think that the least good will be produced by declaring 'he is sick of the war. It is only the affair of the Erench and Germans, and if they are not sick the nausea of their neighbours will only produce an irritating effect on the combatants, who will each of them say, 'Then why do you not side with us, and help to stop it? If you do not, hold youre tongue.

⁴ It is most extraordinary!" said he; "it is the same, and yet it is not the same! Let us send for the artist, and hear what he says."

The artist said it was the most incomprehensible thing he ever saw; it was not the picture he had painted; it was the work of a French artist, he was certain; and it must either be a portrait of the same lady or her sister. "Had she a sister ?"

"She never had a sister," said Sir Henry; "but nothing is more probable than that some French artist may have taken Lady Massey's likeness; but the singularity is, that it should be precisely in that costume. Besides, I never heard her say that she had sat for her picture.'

"And how should it be in the possession of this old beggar ?" said the artist.

"Let us send for him and ask him," said Sir Henry. So the old foreigner was brought to the office, and being introduced into the magistrate's private room, he found himself alone with two strange geutlemen, who began to in-terrogate him in French; with much more civility, however, than had been practiced toward him before.

"You say this is the portrait of your daugh-

ter, I understand ?"

"Si signor."

- "Pray, can you tell me where it was painted, nd by whom?"
- "A Paris, par Le Roy."
- "I thought so," said the artist.

"And your daughter was a singer at the French opera ?" said Sir Henry.

"Si signor."

- "May I inquire her name ?"
- "Paulina Melloni."

"Paulina Melloni! Indeed! Are you the father of Paulina Melloni?"

"Si signor; that is to say, I was. E morta !" he added with a heavy sigh-" Paulina Melloni is dead."

"She was a great loss to the stage when she

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JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

An article published by the Paris Figaro on the 11th of November, is reproduced in the Moniteur du Seine-et-Oise, which appears at Versailles under the auspices of the Prussian authorities. The Figuro heads its article with the question, "Are We Lost? and proceeds to examine into the real position of the capital. It says :---

"In a material point of view, the position of Paris is not improving; if our intrenchments are pushed on with activity the Prussians are still more active. Besides, we have already consumed a certain quantity of our provisions: fresh meat is becoming scarce ; we are about to rely upon salt meat, and we know not, thanks to the reticence of the Government, how long that resource will be open to us. In a moral point of view, our position has not improved. Some people are completely depressed, and are ready to give themselves up bound hand and foot to the Prussians, while others retain the old self-estimation and the old belief that Europe is looking on and admiring them. Let them unde-ceive themselves, and understand that the population of the capital properly so-called has done scarcely anything for the defence; that it has greatly thwarted and impeded it; that up to this time it has had no experience of the horrors of a siege, and that on the day when it shall really be called upon to endure those hardships it will be less bellicose. It is quite time to put a check on those boulevard patriots who preach resistance, and stigmatize as traitors all those who speak of peace and of an armistice. If all those idle talkers had led the life imposed upon our soldiers since the commencement of the siege, they would be very willing to see an end of it. We have not to consider the value of big words, but truthfully to regard our position. Paris cannot be delivered by itself, as every sensible man is convinced. In vain are we told that the number of our garrison is equal to that of the besiegers, Place on one side 100 of our pieces of 12, and on the other 100 of Krupp's guns. Then on either side there would be 100 cannon, but still the forces would not be equal. We can successfully resist the Prussian army; we cannot hope to compel it to raise the siege. The soldiers of the Line themselves raise the siege. The soldiers of the Line themselves and the Gardes Mobiles-very superior to the National Guards-are still not equal to the German troops in ensemble and discipline. If we admit for a moment that we can break the line of investment, do we not know that the country, for a space of 30. leagues round, has been wasted, and that the bloody sacrifice necessary to attain that end will not enable us to revictual Paris for a single day? The whole the fortresses will not secure peace. Will Belgium question, then, is to know whether we have or not a withdrew from it," said Sir Henry. "Pray relieving army which is approaching to our aid. army be ready to make them, and Gormony be from these have not already all gone), and dogs, it is cal- are purchased by epicures. Times Cor. S. 15. 1

Among the regimental flags captured by the Germans at Metz, and which are now deposited in the arsenal at Berlin, are several bearing the inscriptions of Marengo, Wagram, Lutzen and Solferino. GERMAN MIGRATION TO FRANCE.—The Vossische

Zeitung states the number of German soldiers in France to be 690,000, with 160,000 horses. Their daily requirements are 250,000 loaves of bread, 185 oxen, 160,000 quarts of spirits, and, in hundredweights 400 of bacon, 540 of rice 40 of coffee, 68,000 of hay, besides large quantities of oats and straw.

Immortal hate, will, I fear, be the miserable legacy of this war to France. The animosity which has long existed between the races is almost, nay, quite, diabolical now on the part of the French towards the Germans, and is only abated in the case of the Germans, to the French when the strife is over and the field is left to their undisputed control. There is no use in arguing with angry, very angry menno use in asking them to regard the bearings of their acts on the opinion of the world. The Ger-mans regard France-Tircurs as assassins; the French have been allowed to live so long. 'The Governesteem them as heroes. The Germans will burn towns wherever they find Francs-Tireurs. The the Palace of St. Cloud, and now that monkeys and French will send them out to shoot and destroy wherever they can. I am a believer in the power of what is called persecution. Even in religious controversies long contined rigorous persecution has stamped out the life of Churches. But the bulance (as this scenes an odd expression, let me intense agony and fury of the strife before the explain that the doctors, on strictly hygienic princonqueror can get his foot on the body of his enemy in such a fight as that between Germany and France are inconceivable, and cannot be appeased by any sermons. He must be a sanguine German who believes that peace will be for ever secured by the possession of the Vosges and of certain points in Lorraine. "I will leave it as a testament to my children," writes a young officer to his sister, who is in charge of his motherless sons, "never to think I am at prace till the land which they will take from us is restored. Yes; Alsace will be our band of words of the hour. But border feuds and boundary questions live long. The sea washed away a good deal of the ill blood which existed between France and England after 1815. But suppose we had reoccupied Calais? Germany may fortify her frontier, but unless France ceases to be a nation of more than 30,000,000 of a very war-loving people, the fortresses will not secure peace. Will Belgium will, perhaps, therefore, on the whole, be better to cording to the *Gaulois*, horseflesh on the 11th was be an effectual barrier to French attacks if the French eat them ourselves; and, what with rats, cats (if 4f, or 5f, a pound, and donkey's flesh 34f, while cats

THE DATE OF BOMBARDMENT.

" As far as I can see," writes Dr. Russell, " lombardment of Paris must be an affair of the future, comparatively speaking remote, and not all definite or defined. Unless Prussian rifled ordnance, breechloading all of it, be immensely powerful, the means of the besiegers for the reduction of the fire of the place seems quite inadequate. I presume then, that certain points will be selected for a concentrated fire. Suppose it succeeds, and that one or more of the forts be breached, an interesting question arises :-- ' Will the Germans storm the work ?' They can scarcely hope to destroy any of the regular forts by distant artillery fire so very completely us to render them untenable. No one can doubt, I think, that the French, attacked inside their intrenchments would inflict the most terrible losses on the assaulting columns. One can scarcely fail to see that a combination of famine and bombarding is scarcely as likely to produce results as the adoption of one or of the other plans alone. Neither has yet been tried. The guns are not yet in battery, and whatever the German papers may say it will be some time before they are anywhere in a condition to open fire."

The inspection of an intercepted balloon mail at the German headquarters is frequently a toilsome task ; the number of letters being seldom less than 4,000 or 5,000. The number of private communications from Paris found in the balloon captured on the 14th all agree in stating that the scarcity of provisions has rapidly increased. The stores of butchers' meat having been exhausted on the 10th, other domestic animals besides horses, mules, and asses are sold in the public market. The writers on the inhabitants a uscless sacrifice, unless the Government could hold out the prospect of a speedy relief by the provinces. National Guards and newspapers, such as, the Gazette de France, Patrie, Temps, and Soir, all come to the conclusion that without support from a general rising in the pro-vinces, Paris is not much longer defensible. The Journal de Paris says : "Franco and Paris will play their last card during the next eight days. If no