

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 it, I suppose," answered George, laughing. "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, mouscreever," she added, clapping the old man on the back to encourage him; "it's all right." "Hallo! 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 it at him. "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. "Perdow!" 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."

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. Pauline 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! Pauline'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 Michellet's imitable 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 Pauline'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 soiree, 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, Pauline Melloni, whom many of the company remembered, struck every one, Sir Henry among the rest; and what with looking at her whilst this subject was being discussed, and what with hearing her sing, he contrived to lose his heart to the *debutante*; and having refunded to Herbois the cost of her education, instead of appearing on the stage, she became Lady Massey. As for the miniature and the diamonds, they had, by a very ingenious process, become the temporary property of that capital dancer, Jack Pearson, on the evening of the ball. They 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 useless. 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 grief, that this relieving army has hitherto been but a myth. The Government assured us that it numbered 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. If we are 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 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 to fight. Paris is under no obligation to fight unless it can do so without dishonour. Paris is now erect and unshaken. 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 searched 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?

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.*

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 favor 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.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

An article published by the Paris *Figaro* on the 11th of November, is reproduced in the *Moniteur du Saecle-Oise*, which appears at Versailles under the auspices of the Prussian authorities. The *Figaro* 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 undecieve 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 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 question, then, is to know whether we have or not a relieving army which is approaching to our aid.

According to the *Progress* of Lyons, there is now lying 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 83 metres (about 274 ft). The internal diameter at the breech is 23 centimetres (about 11 in.), and at the muzzle 25 centimetres. This gun, which is of cast steel, weighs 14,000 kilogrammes, and has a range of more than 12,000 metres. In size and range it far transcends the famous Josephine of St. Ouen and the celebrated Krupp gun of Jaldie, 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 Montesson, and will be a formidable defence against an enemy advancing by the Valley of the Saone.

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 preparation 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 fresh meat. Beef and mutton suet 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.

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 men even 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.

"She was a great loss to the stage when she withdrew from it," said Sir Henry. "Pray