

THE SECOND BATTLE OF PLEVNA.

A DESPERATE ATTACK BY THE RUSSIANS.

A RAPID GLANCE AT THE FIELD.

The correspondent of the London Daily News, under date of Sept. 8th, sends another vivid picture of the war. On the battle-field of Plevna, under the fire of the enemy, he gathered materials for the following letter. After describing the position of the army before the town, he states that the right and centre attacks partook rather of the nature of a siege than a battle. He therefore took his position on the left, where the hillside was covered with corn fields, vineyards, and a number of trees, threw himself down under the shade of the trees to lunch with the aid of some delicious grapes just ripe, and watched the battle from this point. The correspondent proceeds:—Plevna was quite visible, and we could have seen little more than two miles distant from it. And far down before us, distant about a mile, was a line of troops still lying under cover of the ridge, apparently waiting for the moment to begin the attack. These troops could not have been more than a mile from Plevna.

We had not been in our position under the trees more than ten minutes when we were probably perceived by a look-out in one of the Turkish redoubts below Radissovo, and, probably believing that the Indian corn field by the side of us, interspersed here and there with trees, was very likely filled with troops, they began to shell us. After they had thrown three shells, all of which fell within twenty yards of us, and the last considerably nearer, we thought it was time to decamp, and withdrew behind the ridge, where a considerable number of soldiers were lying. We finished our lunch under the shade of another tree in a less advantageous position for sight-seeing, and when I again mounted the top of the ridge I was surprised to see two more Russian batteries far down the ridge, in the direction of Plevna, just to the right of the spot where we had seen the Russian troops previously. These batteries were now within a mile of Plevna, and were shelling one of the redoubts behind Plevna in a corner formed by the Sofia road. Columns of white smoke were rising to the sky, and the sharp whip-like crack of these field pieces was mingling angrily with the dull heavy roar of the siege guns in the big battery above. I pushed down through the vineyards and corn fields and trees further and further towards the Lovtcha road, following the ridge down to where it ends in the deep narrow ravine running almost parallel to the Lovtcha road. I had here climbed up into a tree to get a better view of the situation, when a Cossack came and informed me that there was something more interesting going on on our left, that the Russians were advancing there, with "hurrahs." We went back across the ridge a short distance and saw what I saw. The Russians under Meritinsky and Skobelev—the same who took Lovtcha the other day—were advancing rapidly along the ridge bordering on the Lovtcha road towards Plevna. The Lovtcha road, before entering Plevna, passes over the high round of a hill covered with trees, which are not so thick, however, as to be called a wood. The summit of this hill is about a mile and a half distant from the Turkish redoubts in the bend of the Sofia road. The Russians were advancing over this mountain in loose order, with cavalry ahead, for we saw a number of horsemen making their way through the trees, and a few minutes later perceived a couple of squadrons of dragoons advancing along the Lovtcha road, cautiously trailing their way as they went. They were already over the top of the hill, probably half a mile, when we saw the dragoons, in skirmishing line, turn their horses' heads back and begin firing as they slowly retired. Then there was considerable firing from the skirmish line on both sides, although I could not distinguish the Turks from the Russians among the trees. Then the Turks began throwing shells towards where the dragoons were massed under the trees. They must have been able to see these dragoons, for the shells fell directly in the line. Each successive shell fell closer and closer, so that the dragoons began to shift their position.

This lasted perhaps twenty minutes. Then from the whole side of the mountain began to be heard the rattle of small arms, which grew heavier and heavier, and the mountain and trees were soon covered with clouds of thin blue smoke. It was the infantry arriving in line and beginning the attack. The Turks were posted in the trees at the foot of this mountain, and probably half a mile in front of the redoubt, and replied to the Russian fire with vigour. The Russians gradually advanced down the side of the mountain through the trees, driving back the Turks, part of whom seemed to retire upon Plevna, but the greater part upon the redoubt. The Russians pushed down to almost the bottom of the hill, and we saw the Turks retreating up the smooth slope leading towards the redoubt by hundreds, and from the redoubt itself began to be poured forth a heavy fire upon the Russians on the opposite slope. The Russians pushed down steadily nevertheless in loose order, firing as they came; but as they neared the foot of the slope the Turkish fire became terrible. From the parapets of the redoubt poured forth a steady wave of flame, and the redoubt itself was soon hidden in the thick fog of white smoke that rose over it. The roar of this tremendous fire was simply fearful. I do not remember to have ever heard anything like it, or to have ever seen in any battle anything like so well sustained a fire. This lasted about twenty minutes. Then the Russian skirmish line, which had already reached the foot of the slope, began to withdraw, and in a few minutes they had retired to a position half way up the slope, where they halted, and the slackening of the fire told that for the moment the attack upon the redoubt, if attack it was, had failed.

We now saw the Turks coming down again from the redoubt, and re-entering the trees at the foot of the slope where the Russians had been, and likewise those who had retreated towards Plevna seemed to come out again; for we saw them in the maize fields just on the other side of the ravine between us and them, pushing along as though they would turn the right of the Russian attack. This was impossible, because the infantry on our side were lying close behind the ridge, and would have effectually prevented any movement of this kind. During all the time this fight lasted our batteries, which I have already spoken of as having advanced so far down towards Plevna, were quite silent; why I cannot understand, for just at this moment when the attack was going on they should have concentrated their whole fire upon the redoubt, and I cannot understand why the infantry, which was lying in masses near these batteries, did not take part in the attack. The whole burden was on the left column advancing by the Lovtcha road, nor was there any attack made anywhere else at the same time, nor on any other of the Turkish positions. The artillery fire had ceased everywhere. Everybody seemed to be waiting the result of this attack. This was just the very means to make the attack a failure, even if it had any chances of success for the whole army to stand still and look idly on while one small detachment was trying to attack the redoubt. It was a very strange proceeding. Not a single shot was fired at the small body of skirmishers who came out from Plevna, and annoyed the right of the attack, although they were within easy range both of the artillery and infantry. The attack had begun about five, too late in the day to accomplish anything if the capture of the

redoubt had been intended. This was probably not hoped for to-day. The Russians remained in the positions to which they had withdrawn on the slope of the mountain, and the Turks began to swarm out of the redoubt down to the foot of the slope. They were evidently attacking, in their turn, and bent upon driving the Russians back to the point which they had originally occupied in the morning. Although it was not light enough to see, I imagine that the Russians had already been strengthening their positions by digging, for they now poured a fire from the line they had occupied which in steadiness and fury was only equalled by the Turks from their redoubt. The Turks had already advanced a considerable way up the slope before the Russians opened fire, and they did not stand a moment under it. They retreated through the trees, and again up the slope to the redoubt, hotly pursued by the Russians, who followed them to the foot of the slope. The fire on both sides was now dreadful, and the Russians seem to have received a considerable number of reinforcements for their advance was far more steady and swift, more self-confident than the previous one had been. They swept down into the little hollow between the opposite slopes, and then poured a terrible fire on the Turkish redoubt from behind the trees, and under cover of the banks, stones, earth, and anything they could find to shelter themselves. The attack was moreover supported by our batteries on the right, which now advanced still nearer Plevna, and concentrated their fire on the Turkish redoubt.

At the same time the Russians were advancing down the hill, the whole valley was filled with smoke. The town of Plevna, as well as the Turkish redoubts, and even part of the wood where the Russians were, had become invisible. The sun was now just setting behind a mass of clouds, but it shone out for a few minutes like a fiery blood-shot eye, which tinged the smoke hanging over everything with the colour of blood. Then it suddenly disappeared behind the mountain, and darkness settled down over the scene. The fire continued for some minutes longer, and from the redoubt, as from the slope at the foot of the mountains, sprang forth thousands upon thousands of jets of flame-like fire-flies. Then the fire suddenly ceased. The fight for the night was over. The Russians remained in their positions at the foot of the slope which leads up to the redoubt, about a quarter of a mile from the parapet. It could not have been their hope or intention to advance any further.

To-day's attack was begun too late to have carried the redoubt, unless it could have been done by a simple assault with the bayonet, a manner of attack which, I think, the Russians have abandoned against the trenches held by the Turks. They will probably dig trenches here in the night so as to shelter themselves from the fire of the redoubt, and then either work gradually up to the redoubt by means of shallow trenches, which could be dug very rapidly, and which would enable them to reach the parapet in the day, or choosing a favourable moment to-morrow morning, make a rush for it. Of the two plans the former, in my opinion, has the better chance of success. The distance from the Russian positions to the redoubt, is probably something over a quarter of a mile, up a smooth even slope, where there is not cover for a rabbit. The glacis is a quarter of a mile, or perhaps a little more in extent. The loss to an assaulting column rushing up over this glacis under the fire of the Turks poured out of the redoubt yesterday would be something terrible. If the Turks stood to their positions and fired with anything like precision not one man would probably reach the parapets; but then it is also possible that the defenders of the redoubt, seeing the Russians close, would lose their presence of mind and fire wildly over the heads of the assaulting party.

I now retired from the position which I had occupied during the whole fight, and although it was almost dark, and I did not think I could be seen from the Turkish redoubt, I soon found out my mistake. I and my comrade had not been under cover for more than three or four minutes when a shell was fired at us, which passed over our heads and exploded not more than forty feet before us, exactly in the road which we were following. As there was no battery anywhere near here, and no Russian troops either, the shot could only have been fired at us, and it was the last fired by this redoubt, this evening.

We made our way back to the top of the plateau behind Radissovo, but the night now became so dark that it was impossible to find one's way across the fields. There was no water here, for our horses but that contained in a muddy, stinking pool, which, however, they drank greedily. For ourselves, we obtained a drink from an ambulance, and then, coming upon a heap of unthreshed wheat, we gave a few bundles of it to our horses, and made the rest into a bed and a house for the night. The greater part of this telegram was written here in the fields, by the light of a spluttering candle blown about by the wind. All around us we saw the flickering of lights and camp fires in the distance; and every now and then flashes of fire in the direction of the battery of Russian siege guns, or the Turkish redoubt at Grivica, followed by a dull booming like thunder, show that there neither Turk nor Russian is asleep.

The night passed off quietly enough. About ten o'clock there was a sudden outburst of musketry fire which lasted a few minutes, and which was probably a false alarm on the part of the Russians or Turks. Then, again, we were awakened about twelve o'clock by loud cheering away somewhere on our left. I jumped up and looked about me. All was darkness, with here and there in the distance a smouldering camp fire burning dimly. There was not a light but that of the stars, and intermittent flashes now and then on the horizon, that seemed like sheet lightning, followed by a heavy boom that is the stillness of the night made the air vibrate strangely. I laid down again, and went to sleep.

This morning the artillery fire began at daybreak all along the line, but in a desultory manner. Just before sunrise there was a sharp musketry fire somewhere down before Radissovo, which lasted perhaps twenty minutes, then ceased. Shortly after sunrise the fusillade began again with violence towards the Lovtcha road, but it seemed to come from considerably behind where it should have been, if it were a renewal of the attack of yesterday. The Turks were shelling this place so hotly, probably under the supposition that the trees and Indian corn concealed Russian troops, that I had to decamp. I retired to a point next the ridge, where I still had an excellent view of the two Turkish redoubts in the bend of the Sofia road, the positions where the attack occurred yesterday, and the whole length of the ridge, behind which lies the Lovtcha road. I then perceived that, so far from renewing the attack this morning, the Russians had withdrawn in the night from the foot of the slope which leads up to the Turkish redoubt, and were back on the summit of the low woody mountain or hill whence they had attacked yesterday.

This hill, or ridge, as it seems from here, is cut in two by a depression of considerable depth, through which passes the Lovtcha road. The Russians, on their side of the road, were not long in perceiving that the Turks were occupying the place where I saw the dragoons first advancing yesterday, about a mile back from the present Russian position on the hill, and fully two and half miles from the redoubts which he was attacking yesterday, and which cannot be even visible from where his artillery is placed.

Meritinsky does not seem to have brought a

single gun nearer to the attack than this point. The Russians seem to be very much afraid of losing their artillery. I have already spoken of the unaccountable conduct of our artillery in stopping fire upon the Turkish redoubts when the attack began, and when it ought to have been hottest. I can so far find no excuse for this inaction unless they suddenly ran short of ammunition at this critical moment, for the Russians were never so near the redoubts as to make it necessary for the artillery to cease firing. The attack was not sustained by the artillery, and was begun far too late in the day to succeed. The five o'clock attack, as I said, was led by Skobelev. When I arrived at my new stand-point, there was a lively artillery fight going on between Meritinsky and the Turkish batteries, which had advanced during the night on the hill on the other side of the Lovtcha road. Suddenly there arose in front of the hill, against the black thunder cloud which hung over it, an immense pyramid of flame that seemed to reach the sky to the zenith. Then followed a long volume of smoke that rose white as snow against the blackness of the cloud. Then there came a series of startling reports all in a second, as though a battery of a hundred guns had been fired. Then there arose on the Russian hill a loud, loud shout. They had exploded a Turkish magazine. I now learned from an officer here on observation, who was sending reports to General Kloff every few minutes of the progress of events, that Skobelev was on the ridge before me, and was about starting to join him, when the sudden uproar of battle, like a thunder clap, held me spell-bound with admiration. The crest of this ridge suddenly began to vomit flame and smoke. Above this ridge, far higher up, were balls of flame that flashed and disappeared, each leaving a small round space of white smoke. The Turkish shrapnel exploding over the heads of the Russians was deafening; and the heavy booming of the distant siege guns, slowly pounding away at short regular intervals, as though keeping time, produced a sublime effect. The Turks were in their turn attacking the Russians from the other side, and the Russians had evidently reserved their fire until the Turks were very near, which accounted for the sudden furious outburst. "That Skobelev!" said the officer near me, "how he is giving it to them!" and three or four Cossacks, watching with intense excitement depicted on their faces, expressed their satisfaction; convinced that he was there in the middle of the fight, with that charmed life of his, ordering and directing.

In the meantime the Turkish skirmishers coming from Plevna pushed along our side of the ridge on the other side of the deep ravine, as though going to take Skobelev in the rear. To-day our artillery seems to be more wide-awake than yesterday, for a battery now came galloping down through the vines and corn, and limbering in a moment, began shelling these skirmishers, while the Turkish redoubts instantly opened on this new battery. The latter, however, paid no attention to the redoubt, but concentrated its whole fire on the skirmishers, and, as it was taking them in rear and flank, they soon began to retire. The Turkish shells fired from the redoubt all passed over the battery and exploded in a little hollow behind, about fifty yards to the right of where we were, and all nearly on the same spot. The Turks never seem to correct their aim. In a few minutes the fire began to slacken, and two or three minutes later a loud shout swept along the ridge before us, followed by prolonged cheering. The Turks were evidently beaten back. Then the firing ceased, but the shouting continued, going farther and farther away. Skobelev was evidently going at the flying Turks with the bayonet.

Now the fighting is over for the present but the big guns are still pounding away on our right.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

We have been requested by the Right Rev. Bishop Fennelly, Vicar Apostolic of Madras, to publish the following letter:—

Catholic Cathedral, Madras, 14th Aug. 1877.

Sir,—A public appeal has been lately made to the people of Great Britain on behalf of the millions suffering from famine in the Madras Presidency. The magnitude of the calamity that has fallen upon this country is little understood in England or Ireland. This country is in every respect so different from any European land that it is almost impossible for a European, who has not resided for some time in India, to understand the country or its people. I hope I shall be excused if I endeavour to convey to the minds of our Catholic brethren at home some notion of the magnitude of the famine; and of the many urgent wants which such a calamity brings home to the Bishops and clergy, who witness its ravages among our Indian population.

In Southern India we have periodical rains in the months of June and October, after which food crops are sown, and are harvested, in favourable seasons, in September and February. Whenever the usual rains fall, there is a failure of crops and consequent distress. If the rains fail for a year or more over any considerable area, the distress becomes a famine.

In June, 1876, there was a failure of the rain, generally known as the south-west monsoon, all over the Madras Presidency, and a consequent failure of the crops which were expected in September following: the October rains, which are called the north-east monsoon, having also failed there was no harvest in January, 1877. The eastern coast of the Madras Presidency was visited by a cyclone in May last, when a considerable quantity of rain fell all along the coast and from fifty to a hundred miles towards the west. Immediately after the fall of rain in May the poor people worked with a will to plant in crops, which they hoped to reap in the current month of August; and owing to the failure of rains in June and July last, the crops sown in May have perished. There is now no hope of any crop being harvested before January or February, 1878; nor will there be any then, unless we are favoured with periodical rains in October next. The result of the failure of rain is a failure of food crops and consequent starvation and suffering to the people. The result at present is a famine in the land more severe than any on record, even in this land of famines. A partial failure of rains and of crops is not unusual in India. But I believe we have no instance, at least in modern times, of any famine affecting so large a population, scattered over so great an area. The whole of the Presidency of Madras, excepting the three, or perhaps four, Northern districts and the districts of Malabar and South Canara to the south, has yielded no food for its people since January, 1876; and in 1875 the crops were unusually light. We have in the Madras Presidency 20,000,000 of people scattered over an area of 77,000 square miles depending on imported food for their existence since November last; and they must depend upon the same precarious supplies till the month of January, 1878. Add to this the province of Mysore—an area of 30,000 square miles with a population of 3,500,000 souls—in which the distress is no less severe than in the Madras Presidency. The famine area extends also to the country of Hyderabad and portions of the Bombay Presidency. A glance at these figures is sufficient to show the terrible crisis through which the country is passing. It is a gigantic work to import food from Burma or Calcutta and to distribute it to so many millions scattered over so large an area. So critical is our position that, in the opinion of the Governor of Madras, who had all available information before him, there was only a week's supply of food in the country in July last. Since then increased supplies have been received. But whether the supplies of food will continue

equal to the demand until January next is a question which causes the gravest anxiety to every one interested in the country.

The prices of food grain rose to an unusual figure as soon as it was known that the rains of last October had failed. They are more than double what they were during the Bengal famine of 1874. They have risen so that our market rates are now equivalent to the quarter loaf in England being increased in price from sixpence to two shillings and sixpence. The distress of the people can only be understood by those who have witnessed their sufferings. Government has acted nobly during this trying emergency. All that could be done by Government to save the people from perishing of hunger has been done. No expenditure of money or labour has been spared. The servants of Government have devoted themselves to the work of saving the people with an energy, zeal, and perseverance beyond all praise. But no human power is able to avert the fatal consequences of a failure of the ordinary food of 20,000,000 of people scattered over an area of 77,000 square miles. At the close of July last half a million of the people had already perished of starvation or sickness, the result of starvation. And God only knows how many are to perish of famine and its consequent pestilence before the next harvest in January 1878. The total number of deaths in the Presidency for 5 years past was 215,177 and the number of deaths during the first seven months of this year, from January to July, was 519,201. Of the entire population one million and three quarters are supported by Government, of whom 6,000,000 are on gratuitous relief, being fed in relief camps or getting money payments. One million and three quarters (1,750,000) are entirely dependent upon State aid for support, and the number is daily increasing and must continue to increase for the next five or six months. The entire Vicariate Apostolic of Madras, covering an area of 29,000 square miles, with a population of 8½ millions, of whom 50,000 are Catholics, is suffering from the famine; and in three districts, Bellary, Cuddapah and Kurnool, the sufferings of the people have been more severe than anywhere else. In Kurnool and Bellary 27 per cent. of the population depends on Government relief; in Cuddapah 16 per cent., and in Coimbatore near Madras the distress is equally great.

In the town of Madras alone not less than 37,268 persons are in receipt of Government relief; of whom about 12,000 are fed in relief camps. Notwithstanding all the care and attention on the part of the medical officers in charge of those camps as many as 5,117 persons have died during the past seven months. The poor people are so reduced by insufficient or insufficient or unwholesome food before they enter the relief camps that the efforts of science to restore them generally prove a failure.

The famine is daily increasing in severity. Those who had some little resources in grain or money are being gradually reduced to a state of pauperism. The reserves of grain are exhausted, and the little property possessed, in the shape of money or utensils, has been sold to purchase food; and the consequence is that many who hoped to be able to tide over the famine season without the aid of the Government find their means all exhausted, and are compelled to seek State relief. One of the worst results of the famine is the wholesale loss of working cattle, which have perished in thousands for want of fodder. In travelling through the country you can scarcely see a well thatched house, the straw having been everywhere stripped off for food for the famishing cattle. Already men are employed in the place of cattle to work the plough and to haul carts for the transport of grain to remote districts in the interior. And when the famine comes to an end, no one can see how cultivation is to be resumed on account of the scarcity of cattle. The loss to my poor Catholic people is greater than I can realise. In the Bellary and Kurnool districts, where the famine was most severe, there were several Catholic congregations, numbering in the aggregate over 4,000 souls, who belonged to a respectable class in Hindoo society. They are all Soudra cultivators, corresponding with the small farmer class in Ireland. They are all of the Telugoo race, and have been able hitherto to maintain themselves comfortably. Their condition at present is wretched. Unwilling to seek Government aid they have sold everything to buy food; their cattle have for the most part perished, and from a condition of comparative comfort they have become absolute paupers. In the Chingleput district, about thirty-two miles from the town of Madras, there are several Christian Soudra villages aggregating over 5,000 souls, who belong to the same class as those in Bellary and Kurnool, and who like them are now reduced to absolute poverty from a condition of comparative comfort. How all these poor Catholics will live till January next, and if they do live, how are they to resume their former position is to me a most serious and perplexing problem.

Out of all these calamities some good is likely to result for religion. There is in the Hindoo population a movement in favor of Catholicity such as has not been witnessed since the days of St. Francis Xavier. The French missionaries of the Congregation of Foreign Missions in the Vicariate immediately South of Madras have, during the past twelve months, baptized some 15,000 adults in addition to 3,000 famine orphans. Though we are not able to reckon our converts in Madras by thousands, the number is five times as large as in any year since the establishment of the mission.

Another way in which the Church draws good out of the calamities of the year is by taking charge of the maintenance and education of the numberless orphans left by the famines. But considerable funds are required to enable the Catholic clergy to turn the present calamity into a blessing. The famine orphans cannot be fed, nor can the many Catechumens who seek instruction be maintained without money. The Vicar Apostolic of Pondicherry, who has the consolation of numbering his converts by thousands, tells me that he has already spent in feeding neophytes and orphans 60,000 rupees (£6,000). He is poor like all the Indian Bishops, but France, so noted for its generous support of the Foreign Missions, has supplied him with the means of using for the good of the Church the present opportunity. Finding his funds exhausted he was most reluctantly compelled to instruct his Priests not to incur any further expense on account of orphans or Catechumens.

Catholics share in common with all other classes the benevolent care of the truly paternal Government under which we live. But it is not unreasonable to hope that, when our condition is made known to Catholic communities at home, the sympathies of some benevolent persons will be enlisted in our behalf; and that, in addition to their subscriptions to the General India Famine Fund, some means will be furnished to help us to conserve the Catholic congregations scattered here and there over this Pagan land, and to maintain for a time the numerous Catechumens who seek instruction and the many orphans who are left destitute by the famine.

I may, in conclusion, state that the Vicariate Apostolic of Mysore, served by the priests of the Congregation of Foreign Missions, with a gross population of 3,500,000; and a Catholic population of 26,000, as well as a large part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Pondicherry, with a Catholic population of 113,000 in British territory, suffer as much as Madras. The Vicariates Apostolic of Coimbatore and Madras are great sufferers; though in a less degree than those above mentioned. If any charitable persons be so good as to entrust funds to me for any or all of the above named districts, I shall be happy to distribute the money as I may be instructed. I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
J. S. FENNELLY, Bp. Vic. Ap. Madras.

—London Tablet.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF CHARLES O'CONNOR.

HOW HE BEGAN AS A PRINTER'S BOY.

The foremost barrister of the Republic is entirely self-made. His life shows what a man may achieve by untiring diligence and dogged perseverance in the teeth of obstacles. Beginning at the lowest he has climbed up to the highest rung of the ladder. His example is instructive, and full of encouragement to every youth obliged to wrestle with Fortune.

Charles O'Connor wrestled with her long and hard, and threw the sinewy and cunning jule at last. He is generally thought to be of Irish birth, but he was born in this city, and in circumstances the reverse of promising. His father was a typical Irishman, and like the most of his educated countrymen, owed his emigration to an effort to right the wrongs—as if they ever could be righted—of down-trodden Erin. He took part in the rebellion of '09, or some other rebellion (it is difficult to keep track of all the insurrectionary movements in the Green Isle), was arrested, imprisoned, and, after divers legal proceedings, was released on condition of quitting the country. Of course he came to the United States, and at the outbreak of the war of 1812 he had an opportunity to uncork the bottle of "his Milesian wrath." He started a weekly journal in order to haul the luxury of denouncing perfidious Allion, in Celtic rhetoric of the most fiery and ornate description. His journal "The War" was soon re-named, and as the *Military Monitor*, continued to pour loaded broadsides into England, but as he was lying on the other side of the sea, she did not sustain any particular damage. That the island was not crushed was not the fault of the rampant editor. His Will was good, and his inventive potent enough for the purpose, had these alone been needed to insure destruction.

His son Charles, who was then but eight years old, was office boy. In addition to looking after things in his father's absence, he delivered the monitor to subscribers here and across both rivers. This city then had barely 90,000 inhabitants, Brooklyn some 2,000, and Jersey City, not more than 600 or 700. But as he could not reach the small towns only by skiff, and as the paper went to press very irregularly, he was sometimes occupied all Saturday night in serving his route. It was an energetic little fellow, and courageous as he was energetic. He never missed a subscriber: he went through all the slums, and dangerous neighbourhoods fearlessly and proved himself in every respect a first-rate carrier. He received a desultory education, which was never completed; but his passion for acquiring knowledge repaired any lack of opportunity. He did not waste an hour; he was diligence personified. When sixteen or seventeen he went to Steuben County, and was for some time clerk in a store at Bath. But, growing tired of ruralism, he came back to the metropolis to study law, for which he had conceived a partiality. Having no influential friends, he was compelled to be a messenger for a twelve-month in an attorney's office. And even in that humble capacity he read a number of legal works. It was his habit to borrow books, take them home at night, and pore over them very late by the light of a flaring talow candle. Any youth so fanatical about study as that is certain, if he can keep his health, to make his mark eventually. Several lawyers noticed his industry and intelligence, and furnished him with books and general facilities. He advanced rapidly and was admitted into the bar at twenty-four. It was remarked then that his legal opinion was worth more than the opinion of many lawyers of long standing.

Recently, certain communications in the newspapers placed O'Connor in a discreditable light, charging him with exacting large fees from Mrs. Forrest after expressing his intent to defend her gratis. He demanded an investigation by the bar, and he was entirely exonerated, which was agreeable to the public, as his reputation for integrity and honor has always been unsmirched. The last case in which he was engaged was the defence of young Walworth for the killing of his father. He volunteered his services, having retired some time previous from legal practice, and he made an excellent argument, his feelings having been enlisted in the youth. He is now in his 63rd year, and not likely to appear again in court, unless his sympathies should be appealed to as in the Walworth instance.

With all his ability and uprightness, O'Connor has strong prejudices and a towering temper. He is disposed to be overbearing both professionally and privately, and his resolution runs into obstinacy. Having once arrived at a conviction, nothing less than an earthquake will shake him out of it. Being a Democrat, he has been with the party unwaveringly in all national measures. From the start he has been dead set against the negro—another trait of his ancestral nationality. He was opposed to his emancipation, his education, his right to the franchise, and it is probable he still thinks abolition a mistake. He was so inimical to the war that he had taken Grant for defeating the South, and eleven years after its close could write a coarse, violent, bitter letter about "the butcher and wretched tanner of Galena." This was one of many instances in which temper gets the better of his judgment. No doubt he often regrets his explosions after they have passed; but if he did not explode he would not be Charles O'Connor. Men of power are very apt to have infirmities, and those of the great barrister may well be overlooked in consideration of his exalted talents and unflinching virtues. Self-made, as he is, he is not more human than self-made men generally are. He is proud of his descent, for he is of Irish lineage, and is understood to claim among his remote progenitors the most illustrious Iberian kings. Kingly or unprudent of himself than he he had numberless princes in his direct line, for he is a gentleman, which few princes are, and thus which no king can be more.

His wife died recently; but they had not lived together for years, in consequence of temperamental incompatibility. She was a Protestant, he is a Catholic, and they had many irreconcilable differences of opinion. They esteemed one another, but they could not live in harmony; so they separated amicably, without recourse to law. She belonged to a distinguished family of this State, and when he heard of her death he is said to have been moved with the tenderest grief. He is tall, moderately slender, erect and vigorous for his years (he would not die, lately, even to gratify his physicians, who had declared that he could not live), his strong, severe face indolting his lineage and great force of mind and character. He dresses plainly; is very courteous in his social relations, especially toward women, and plumes himself upon being a gentleman of the old school. While he gives and attends entertainments, he is not very fond of society, loving now, as of old, books and study. For years he is said to have been intellectually occupied 16 hours a day and nothing but a very strong, elastic constitution has prevented him from dying of overwork. One of the disappointments of his life is no doubt, that he has never been a father. A man who has made such a name and such a fortune (he is probably worth a million and a half) would naturally like to have children to whom he could leave them. He resides at Fort Washington, where he has a handsome residence, and in these latter days lives but little company. He has always been benevolent, and invariably without ostentation.—Cor. of Boston Herald.