

flashed across his mind, bringing back the active scenes of that troubled period.

After Milliken's departure, Pat Dolan advised that Cormac should proceed to Father McAuley's, and learn some tidings of their friends.

Night-time was the safest for traveling, and it was expected that Cormac would reach the place by morning.

Cormac readily complied—in fact, he inwardly thanked Dolan for the suggestion.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CORMAC'S ARRIVAL AT FATHER JOHN'S—HOW HE WAS RECEIVED.

"One blessing on my native Isle— One curse upon her foes! While yet her skies above me smile, Her breeze around me blows."

It was Saturday evening when Cormac undertook his pleasant mission. With a heart lighter than he had known for many a day, he walked on, briskly and buoyantly, humming snatches of airs to beguile the time.

His thoughts often reverted to his dear mother, and he felt a holy consolation in offering up the tribute of a prayer for the repose of her soul.

Never before did he realize so fully the state of his orphanhood. Had he succeeded with his companions-in-arms in redeeming his country from English bondage, he felt that her death had been avenged.

As it was, he had done all in his power, and if the spirit of his sainted mother could see his heart, she would behold nothing there to displease her.

One great point in Cormac's character throughout life, and especially after his mother's death, was to live and act in all things to please her.

The sterling principles of practical, but unseemly piety, which he had imbibed in early years, became for him ever afterwards a standard by which he ruled and governed himself.

In this respect, the IRISH WIDOW'S SON was greater than in all others put together. And it is in this light he should be judged and his example followed.

His true-heartedness as an Irishman arose from his virtues; and observation has at all times proved that where these excel, so, in like manner, is the patriotism that springs from such of more genuine and permanent value than that ephemeral sort born of a false enthusiasm.

Cormac met with no adventure worth relating on his way to Father McAuley's. He arrived early in the morning, and paid his first visit to Mrs. McQuillan's, whose house stood in the path he was taking.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of the good woman, on learning who her visitor was. "Sure, God be praised!" she exclaimed—and she kept wringing and twisting at her fingers—"it was just last Sunday night myself and the whole neighbors were talking about you."

Some would have it that you were killed on the first day; others, that you had been taken and flung into jail; but sure it was myself that never gave up heart nor"—and here she whispered into Cormac's ear—"allowed others to do that same."

Cormac thanked her, and was rejoiced to hear that Father John, Kate and Bridget were as well as might be expected.

He thought proper to take off his disguise, as he wished to be present at Mass. "You had better hurry, then," she said, "for last Mass is said an hour earlier than usual."

Cormac did not require to be twice told. He was just in time. The little chapel was about half filled. A few minutes after he entered, he cast his eyes over towards the spot usually occupied by Kate, but she was not present.

His heart misgave him. Had Mrs. McQuillan informed him correctly. The thought had scarcely passed through his mind, when Kate entered. She looked well, and inwardly he thanked God.

Passing out with the crowd after Mass, Cormac was speedily recognized by a few friends, and right hearty were the greetings he received. He endeavored to conceal himself as much as possible, and succeeded. Half an hour afterwards, he was about entering Father John's, and, for that purpose, had to proceed through the chapel yard. A few old women knelt here and there among the graves, according to custom.

Cormac glanced over toward the spot beneath which rested the remains of his mother. To his surprise, he saw Kate O'Neill bent down in prayer beside the grave. He stood for a moment immovable. This, then, had been her practice. He felt it, he knew it. He sighed and passed on.

On entering Father John's, the first person he met was Bridget, who uttered a scream of delight. Without ever thinking of proprieties or improprieties, she rushed right into his arms, and—yes, we may as well tell the truth—kissed him.

then immediately thought it impossible that Cormac could have escaped with his life. Many a prayer he had uttered for the young man's safety; but believed that if he had escaped, he was then far removed from that part of the country, and the chances were that he would never see him again.

Great, therefore, was his joy, and so unexpected!

"Well, God's ways are wonderful!" said Father John.

Many were the inquiries concerning John Mullan and Pat Dolan. The excitement grew intense, as those present learned that they were all safe.

News of Phil Dolan's death had reached them, but that was all.

Bridget's cheek grew pale and red, alternately, as Cormac described the heroic conduct of John during the battle of Ballinahinch.

Cormac's eye detected the tell-tale signs, and improved the occasion by sounding Mullan's praise, while he modestly kept his own brave conduct in the background.

"And what is better," continued Cormac, "he has something to show for his conduct. He bears the noblest badge of honor that a soldier ever delighted to wear."

"And what is that?" inquired Kate, half guessing the mind of the speaker.

"The scars of wounds received in his country's cause," replied Cormac; "who every moment grew more enthusiastic, he saw how the words he spoke were relished."

"And our flag?" asked Kate.

"Is in John Mullan's possession this moment," said Cormac; "and I'm afraid that if ever an unpleasant word passes between us, it will be for the ownership of that bit of green."

"For shame, Cormac!" cried Kate. "By your own account, he is the most deserving."

"I have it," said Bridget. "Two of us were engaged in making it. Give it to me, and I'll divide the honors."

"Never!" urged Kate. "I'm sure that Cormac would never condescend to see that little emblem of his country's cause divided."

"Right, my girl!" exclaimed her lover; "disunity is not for me. Let us hope that some day it may wave again in the cause of Ireland."

"Amen!" replied Father John. "Although I will never see it, nor live to hear of it."

The patriotic Father John was blithe and merry over the occurrences of the day. Much as he valued the company of Cormac Rogan and his "other children," as he was pleased to call them, yet he had some "duties to perform," and must retire.

He begged Cormac to be watchful, and advised his quick return to Mrs. McQuillan's. Her place was one of the safest in the whole parish, and she was a shrewd woman besides.

Cormac promised obedience, but did not honorably fulfil his promise, at least so far as his immediate departure was concerned.

He had a plan or two in his mind, and these he wished to divulge to a certain person. They were not of much consequence,—but we shall probably hear more about them.

It is needless to remark that Cormac Rogan protracted his stay at Father McAuley's as long as he could. It was like entering on a new life, and the trials and vicissitudes he had lately passed through entitled him to whatever relaxation he could obtain.

Before he left the place, he had an interview with Father John. He briefly and manfully opened up his mind to the good clergyman. He made known to him the danger in which he stood.

(To be Continued.)

MGR. DUPANLOUP.

HIS OPINIONS ON THE WAR.

September, 1870.

Monsieur le Comte,—You remind me that a month ago, at the commencement of the war, when I thought it the right time to raise my voice for the success of our arms, I expressed the horror with which I felt inspired me and also, alas! the confidence which I felt in victory; and you think that, now, after disasters beyond all anticipation, I must be deeply wounded in spirit. You are not mistaken. Yes, I weep bitter tears over the humiliation and sorrows of France. A month ago I condemned the war; I condemn it a thousand times more to-day, in the face of so many frightful sights which it has placed before our eyes. I condemn it in the name of offended Heaven and in the name of human brotherhood, trampled under foot. But do not believe that I shall fall, in consequence of my confidence having been mistaken, and the horror which I experience, into cowardly dependence. No, I remember the words of Jesus Christ—"You will hear of war and rumors of war, but let not your heart be troubled." Courage, therefore, hope, confidence in God, and dignity without bravado, in this great trial of our country! Our country!—it is only in such days as these that we learn how much we love it. All the affection that we have for ourselves, for our families, for our friends, is lost in this great love. Our country!—it is the association of things divine and human—namely, the hearths, the altars, the sepulchres of our fathers, justice, wealth, the honor, and safety of life. It has been truly said your country has been a mother to you. Let us love more than ever our mother in her sorrow; let France be more dear to us in proportion as she is more unhappy, and let our love for her open our eyes, and aid us in seeing whence her miseries have come. God has a time for justice and mercy. Now is the day of justice and expiation. Let us receive them with magnanimous humility. You know it, Monsieur le Comte, we Christians do not tremble before these words, they are so familiar to us, and I must say we prefer even the hour of chastisement to that of scandal. If certain faults were never punished it would be because there would be no God; if they are it is because there is a God. People wished to believe this no longer; now they see it. Meanwhile, how you have written to me without dejection or injustice! I have heard, with shame, incriminations against France, and the victorious Power extolled. I do not wish to touch here even in the most distant manner on politics; I should shrink with horror from wounding the vanquished or hailing with salutations the conqueror; but entirely devoted to my country, I will not listen to the statement that our enemies have all the virtues, and are a model people, because they have thought fit at a great cost to make of their country an arsenal and a camp. No, no, it was said by an illustrious Queen, the mother of the present King of Prussia, "I believe in God; I do not believe in force; justice alone is stable." Let us not then err regarding the passing triumph of force and of numbers, the victory of an inundation, of an avalanche of iron and brute lead over human

deed; this iniquitous; it would be cowardly to infer from the force of powder the justice of the cannon ball! Ah, without doubt, victory is intoxicating. It appears to have been a sort of omnipotence in forcing events. But let the conquerors take care! There is always in human affairs a place unoccupied, which God reserves for Himself to set in, a secret force which He moves when it pleases Him; and by which He changes the face of States, and gives movement to everything; a last stroke from on high which reduces that which is in excess to reverses sometimes terrible. In this century, even, there was a time in which France went beyond moderation. She had to repent, and the magnitude of her misfortunes equals the grandeur of her triumphs. If those jealous of France, as Bossuet once said, have been successful now, if Europe, little mindful of the brotherhood of peoples, and even of the balance of power, refuses to listen to the illustrious statesman who is about to tell it that in this case political wisdom accords with the cry of outraged humanity, it will soon learn to its cost what yoke menaces it, what a lethal series of wars it will by such a fault leave as a legacy to the future. And as to the conqueror, if he does not show himself worthy of his fortune, if he is deaf to all the voices crying, "Enough of blood and ruin!" the curses of all civilized peoples will be upon him. Experience shows that the vicissitudes of Providence is often seen in the history of peoples than the vicissitudes of the barbarians; and if his age will not permit him to see it, his children will see it. I spoke a moment ago of a woman, of a queen, whose name is still pronounced with respect in Europe—the Queen Louise of Prussia. She saw pass over her country a storm more violent, more devastating than that which ravages ours. She saw the army of Prussia destroyed at Jena, at Eylau, at Friedland, the capital taken, and Prussia on the eve of being effaced from the map. Exiled from her throne, she wandered about with her four children, the second of whom reigns at present. But nothing could move her magnanimous soul. She did not believe in force; she believed only in justice; and judging with a firm spirit this desperate situation, she threw upon these triumphs of force a glance full of serenity and hope, which time has justified. I have re-read the history of that noble woman, and that of her nation, so humiliated then by the terrible genius who since that time has left suspended over France the menace of perpetual reprisals. In order the better to know this history, so instructive of Prussia, from 1806 to 1810, I have turned over the books of the vanquished at that time. It is necessary to read, with a certain suspicion, the accounts of the conquerors; but the vanquished speak the truth. This history has enlightened and strengthened me. I recommend it to those whom the sight of our misfortunes may have too much cast down. This Queen and mother, who said, "The life of my four children is less dear to me than the honor of my country," had with Napoleon a celebrated interview. "What led you," demanded brusquely the conqueror of Jena and of Friedland, "to make war with me?" "The glory of the Great Frederick," she replied, "filled us with illusion regarding our power. We were deceived." Behold our history in 1870. And we, Frenchmen, we also have been deceived; the glory of our arms has filled us with illusion. Some years afterwards, living at Memet, poor and abandoned, amongst her children, she wrote, in 1810, to her father, and in speaking of the conqueror said, "That man is an instrument in the hands of God to lop off the useless branches which would have drawn the sap from the tree without bearing any fruit. But he will fall. Justice alone is stable. He does not act according to the eternal laws of God, but according to his own passions. He does not trouble himself about the sufferings of mankind, and only thinks of his own aggrandizement. Unbounded in his ambition, he is blinded by success; he is without moderation, and whoever is not moderate necessarily loses equilibrium and falls. I believe in God. I do not believe in force, and it is because of this that I hope firmly better times are at hand. To live on bread and salt, but in the path of duty. That which has happened before will happen again. Providence wishes to replace the old political state of things, no longer possessing vitality and vigor. All these events are not results to accept but disagreeable steps towards a better state of things beyond provided each event finds us better and more prepared. Now, father, you have my political confession." The brave woman who wrote these lines died without seeing that which she had predicted. I seem to see her rise from her grave to say to her son, "He who does not act with moderation, and permits himself to be blinded by success, loses equilibrium, and does not act according to the eternal laws," and also to say to France, "God punishes the spoiled tree." That must take place. We shall see better days on condition that each day finds us better and more prepared. I take the liberty of sending to the King of Prussia the letter of his mother; and I venture to recall the history of Prussia to France, too much discouraged. Yes, God prunes the too luxuriant tree. What perishes in France at this moment is not France; it is not the nation. If anything is vanquished it is our blindness and weaknesses. We are a crew asleep led on a rock by chiefs, who ended by sharing our slumber. We will raise ourselves up; but it is necessary to clear ourselves from the bloody gloom of our disasters. We will raise ourselves up on two conditions. What are they? They are those which have raised all free peoples—truth and virtue.

sheltered him. And what place will he have to rest his head?—And, Monsieur le Comte, let not our faith be troubled. Men have their hour, which God gives them, but he reserves time to Himself, and the sovereign conduct of those things which appertain to Him. I say no more than this; for those who believe, it suffices; and I add for all—have you not seen the justice of God? You made Italian unity, and it is that which made a united Germany. Du reste. Whatever may be our errors and our misfortunes, thank Heaven, God neither abandons His Church, nor is Jesus Christ forgotten among us.—The Redeemer has not lost His efficacy, and if we could, like the poor woman in the Gospel, only touch the hem of His garment, we should be made whole. Before pouring out his blood on the Cross for the world, our Lord had a thought for His country; he wept over it, and Jerusalem had been saved if she had fled for refuge to the foot of His Cross. Why should not France do this? I know that His law has been sadly weakened among us, and this explains why we have suddenly been without truth and virtue; but it is not to be supposed that this faith is dead at the bottom of their hearts; with those even in whom it seemed to sleep it awakes and impels them to every work of devotion. All that is great is inspired by it. There is nothing immortal but that which it consecrates. The words of expiation, of redemption, and of resurrection, which all men who do not content themselves with vain boastings pronounce now, are Christian words. Our soldiers who fight receive a sign of honor, which is a cross; our wounded soldiers see arriving to their assistance doctors, Sisters of Charity, friends with a cross on their brassard; our soldiers who die kiss with supreme joy the Cross of the God whose will it was to suffer, to be wounded, to die. Honor, brotherhood, eternal life, the Cross will be always your symbol, and the religion which was described as dead spreads itself over France like the fortifications of Strasbourg, bombarded, mutilated, but indestructible, over that heroic population, whom the enemy never can prevent to have the hearts French. They could find nothing more august and sacred to protect the empty Tuileries and the place left vacant by a fallen sovereignty than a flag bearing the sign of Jesus Christ, of that Master's sweet and just unchanging witness of our mutations, eternal repairer of our errors. But enough! The hour to speak all the great truths has not yet come, and the hour of great duties sounds as a tocsin. The Parisians, as children of the entire of France, are about to mount the ramparts; they have not fallen from the virtue of their fathers, who from the heights of Sainte Genevieve, and under her auspices, repulsed, in other days, the Normans. They will be worthy of those who intrepidly resist at Metz, at Verdun, at Toul, at Strasbourg. For myself, who cannot accompany them, but with my most ardent sympathies, I will not cease, at least, to pray for them, for France, for her dear children, for her wounded, her widows, her orphans, her soldiers, and her volunteers, in this ancient French city of Orleans, which preserves the liberating Standard of Joan of Arc. Accept, &c.

FELIX, Bishop of Orleans.

LIFE IN PARIS BESIEGED.

The London Sunday Observer publishes from its special correspondent in Paris an interesting letter, which it announces as having been transmitted by "mail balloon" to Tours, and thence, of course, by ordinary mail. He writes—

"We have been for a week entirely cut off from the world, and living in the midst of all the sights and sounds of war. The investiture of Paris has scarcely affected us as yet, otherwise than in this respect. The restaurants and their dinners and wines are as good as ever. There is nothing in the whole category of the cuisine they will not supply, and they cannot be blamed if they charge a little more than in ordinary times for *huitres d'Ostende* and fresh soles, which cannot, under the circumstances, be less than a week old. The climate is as delightful as it was when the Huns fought on the plains of Champagne to get to Paris. Clear elastic air and bright sun all day with a little striking freshness at night, to remind us that the winter is coming on. The shops are resplendent with costly stuffs, objects of art, and knick-knacks of every description, including, perhaps, an exceptional large show of weapons, attack proof-coats of mail which have been tried with a Chassepot at ten paces. The streets are filled from morning till night with merry laughing men in half uniform, and elegantly dressed women, who merely recognize a state of siege by going home early to avoid unpleasant mistakes which the Garde Nationale might make in their nightly battue of the over-facile. When the night has closed in the cafes are brilliantly lit up and fringed with crowds of coffee-sipping idlers who have come to hear and to talk over the news of the day, till the fatal hour of half-past ten arrives, when all shops are closed and everybody goes home wondering to find how soon they have learned the lesson that it is possible to go to bed at eleven o'clock.

Paris may be taken to be just now at its worst possible state, and yet it is still the most pleasant place in the world. The social freedom of intercourse, always one of the most pleasant features of French society to Englishmen accustomed to the freezing atmosphere of society in their own country, is now more strongly marked than ever, for people feel that in this hour of common peril, it would be ridiculous to insist in any degree upon the strict maintenance of any system involving a recognition of inequalities. We are all upon a footing, and we find ourselves none the worse, but a great deal the better for it, and the quite novel tone of kindness between man and man is most marked. The shopkeeper receives the peasant who has been taken from his village and made into a Garde Mobile as his own, lodges him, feeds him, and passes the evening with him in mutual encouragement and warlike instruction. The millionaire fights in the ranks beside his own servant, and is very likely to be commanded by his own butcher, and all classes have but learned the more to love and to appreciate each other from being so brought together. Even more extraordinary than this is the total cessation of those party struggles which have hitherto been as the daily bread of French politicians. Orleanists, Legitimists, Republicans, and Socialists, have sworn a truce till the enemy has been vanquished, they have observed it with remarkable exactness. Every attempt to create disunion in any way is sternly repressed by common accord, and even Gustave Fleurens, the ultra rouge and hair-brained Republican, has announced that he will shoot any one of his battalion who violates their discipline or the order imposed by a government which in any other times he would the first to attack. If the war continues much longer, and is brought to an honorable termination, which I believe it will, it will have done much to remedy that demoralization of French public men, which is the greatest injury the Empire inflicted, for it will have taught them to do what they have never yet been able to learn—to sink minor differences in order to work together for a great common object. Meantime the Prussians have been duly tightening the circle in which they have bound us, and a gentleman who has just returned from an attempt to penetrate the Prussian lines, and who was sent back after being most hospitably entertained by the staff of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, tells me they make quite sure of entering Paris within a week or two. I am convinced, however, that they little know the spirit of the Parisians, and still less suspect the reception that will await them when the final attempt is made. Every day adds to the confidence of the army in and about these walls, and every day adds to the determination to resist to the last. The Petit Moblot has improved under one's eyes, and

their bearing and attitude, as well as their conduct under fire, are now equal to anything trained soldiers can show. The same kind of commendation in, perhaps, a slightly less degree, is to be given to the Garde Nationale, and as these two corps form the main portion of the garrison of Paris, it is upon an estimate formed of them that any opinion as to the final result must be formed. On the one side we have an army of men who have been trained from their youth up to the very highest attainable point of military perfection till they have become one huge machine, moving surely and readily to every thought of the ablest generals in Europe. On the other side a crowd of half-drilled peasants and shopkeepers, citizen-soldiers, fighting for their homes—discipline and habit overcome mere courage and patriotism?—that is the question which this siege will solve—for Prussia has now made every Frenchman desperate with the desperation that sent forth the armies of the first Republic to conquer Europe.

A cry of indignation and shame has run through the people at the idea of such terms being so much as mentioned as those which Bismarck had the coolness to propose to Jules Favre. The eloquent and mournful letter in which the Foreign Minister has recorded his two interviews with King William's Minister at Headquarters, has touched a chord which will not cease to vibrate. The week has been on the whole encouraging to the French arms. Small engagements have taken place every day, and all day long between the outposts, and every night is broken by the booming of the cannon. The French division under General Maudhuy has, it appears, certainly taken, and still holds the village of Villo Neuve, and the plateau of Nantes Brugettes, two important positions on the southern side of the capital, and there is no doubt that from those positions, they inflicted during their night of Thursday and the evening of yesterday very considerable losses upon the Prussians. On the St. Denis side also a sortie was made with success, and the reconnaissance for the sake of which it was effected is said to have been eminently satisfactory. Thus far the war has been conducted according to ordinary rules; but if the Prussians advance nearer to the walls they will find themselves exposed to engines of destruction of quite as novel, of a most terrible character, such as is dreadful only to think of, for science has been called in to assist in the defence, and has produced arms which, should they be resorted to, as in the last extremity they will be, will fire the world with astonishment and horror. Communication with the outside is difficult but not impossible, as we believe, and this letter will itself, I hope, show. A regular service of balloons is a strange notion, but we have here something very like it in course of organization. To get out of the town itself in any other way, much less to get through the Prussian lines, is next to impossible, for the spy mania is as strong as ever, and there is the greatest possible difficulty in moving about. The authorities here will give correspondents no facilities whatever, so I have been at last obliged to conclude, after repeated applications in every kind of quarter that seemed to offer a chance of success. General Trochu has a strong dislike for journalists, and as he has issued an order that nobody whatsoever shall be allowed to enter or to go out of the gates, it seems hopeless to expect to see anything. Meantime, there are no bombs falling inside the walls, and those who wish to see the actual fighting of the siege appear to be doomed to disappointment.

The Daily News also publishes a continuation of a diary of a besieged resident in Paris, under date, September 21. He writes that barricades had been erected everywhere, and they are even stronger than the outward fortifications. They are, too, some agreeable little chemical surprises for the Prussians if ever they get into the town.

PARIS AS SEEN BY CORRESPONDENT OF TIMES.

General Schleich, like most Bavarian officers, was very kind in the long run, and gave us leave to go in single file, one by one, to the ridge, where stands a little summer-house, surrounded by trees, like a small pagoda, or Swiss cottage—a Parisian *gazebo*, in fact. Mr. Landells and I went first, and at the far edge of the wood, where an abattis has been erected, we looked over. Paris lay at our feet in marvellous beauty. We were engaged in making out places through our glasses when from Montrouge flew out a puff of smoke and the two bangs which come close together when a shell is fired at and bursts in a line with you warned us that either the French were keeping a very bright look out, or that they saw something else disagreeably close to us to vex them, but the explosion and fragments were quite near enough to serve as a notice to quit, and we retreated to the tower, but not till we had a good look all over Paris from Mont Parnasse, Pere la Chaise, Notre Dame, the Invalides, with its newly-gilt dome, the Tuileries, Pantheon, to the Arc de Triomphe, and could see the people and soldiers inside the works, and in the streets behind Issy. Our other friend and Dr. Hassell appeared, guided by Captain Brix-Forster, of the Staff, and we mounted the tower, or *gazebo*, which consisted of several stories, with glass windows, and had many traces of occupancy by French soldiery, and at every stage the view of the city became more beautiful and entrancing, for it was a sunny, though not a very clear, day, owing to the dust raised by a strong east wind. This same wind induced the French to send up a balloon—some say Godard's—which was captured by the Prussians, with important despatches, but how or where I do not know. I do not suppose there was a chase and combat in the sky. Words cannot describe the charm of the spectacle. As I was peering through my glass I saw at the salient of Vauvres an officer with a glass to his eye standing on the embrasure and giving directions to the gunners. He was looking straight at the tower. Workmen rested on their spades in the ditch below, and looked up too. My companions had already descended, and when I got down I told them what was occurring, and just as I was speaking the report was heard, the shell burst in the wood on the left, and I do not hesitate to say I kept close to the tower as it came along, and in another second bang again, and the iron fragments hummed through the air beyond. The Bavaria officer standing by the tower explained the position and told off the forts, related how surprising the sight of Paris was at night, and then cautioning us to walk singly about 100 yards apart, proceeded from the shelter of the little plantation towards the fort. Whizz came a round shot, this time right over the work. "The French are waking up," he said. "They have had their dinner and are in good spirits." Dr. Hassell went next, and as he turned towards a covered way a shell, which seemed to my somewhat tutored ear to be making right at the top of my head, came from Vauvres or Montrouge, and so I politely bowed to give it free way, and was glad that it went on its way rejoicing, and burst down among the vines on the far slope of the hill. The interior of the reduit was well worth the trouble, and presented a scene of such activity that before this letter reaches you the French may fire away to their hearts content, but cannot hurt it. The fosse is broad and deep, with fine scarp and counterscarp—palisades in the bottom—and the casemates and bombproofs give promise of fine construction. But Paris—that was the sight of all! And to see it thus.

There is reason to believe that the statistics of this terrible war will, when ultimately ascertained, present one satisfactory feature. The numbers of the killed and wounded are, indeed, enormous but the number of those who survive their wounds promises to be extraordinary also. Never before, to the best of our information, has the proportion of recovered,