

should be a relief of Derry in the modern sense, and that the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants should be delivered from the violence of faction.—The "maiden city" is in a state of siege at least twice every year, and the people suffer as much anxiety, perhaps, and more fear than their fathers felt, though from a different cause. The *Derry Standard*, a Presbyterian Liberal paper, observes that "what respectable, loyal, and peaceable men of all denominations want is to put down all party displays equally, without favor or affection, or partiality of any kind," and that not only will the peace of the city be overthrown, but its local trade and commerce will be utterly ruined, unless a stop be put to the madness of party. The *Derry Journal*, a Roman Catholic Liberal organ, expresses similar dissatisfaction with the one-sided policy which it attributes to the authorities, and, describing the riot, says:—

"A wilder or more unfortunate day of party rioting has never been seen in Derry. Hundreds of people must have been more or less injured, as stones were flung about in all directions; men were beaten with bludgeons, thrown down and kicked, and a number of hand-to-hand encounters took place, of the most riotous character. If the police and military had not been in town—and all their services were required—the consequences would have been frightful. With all the precautions taken, the anniversary was marked by repeated outrage and unmistakable bloodshed."

It asks whether the Government will allow the demonstration to be repeated in December, and urges that even upon economic grounds alone it ought to be put an end to; the cost of bringing the military and police from all parts of the country to keep order amounting to several thousand pounds. It estimates the cost in December last as £12,000, and thinks that the recent anniversary will be as expensive.—*Times Cor.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Marquis of Bute arrived at Portsmouth in his yacht, from the Mediterranean, on Saturday last; and, on disembarking, repaired at once to Clifton, where he was for three days a guest of the Catholic Clergy, at Bishop's House, Clifton. He was present at all the services in the Convent Chapel.

A contemporary (generally free from bigotry) the *Builder*, in a notice respecting the blessing of bells at Liverpool by Bishop Goss, makes the remark that such proceedings do not harmonize with the 19th century. Well, there are many 19th century customs (baby-farming for instance) which do not quite harmonize with Christianity. The bells (which we may say were made by Murphy, of Dublin) are for Divine service, and why should they not be blessed? Does not a Protestant clergyman bless the colors of a regiment? Surely these 19th century people ought to try and learn a little before they presume to sneer at the holy observances of the Catholic Church.—*London Univers.*

REMARKABLE PROPHECIES.—The prophecies respecting present times, one of which we gave last week, in the pamphlet translated from the French by Mr. Langdon, are very remarkable, and very consistent with each other, one supplying what another omits or only indicates. We will only mention the following, as we hope to review the work next week:—

1. Defeat of the French.—The death of some eminent person (probably Napoleon himself) concealed for three days.
2. Terrible outbreak in France.—Civil war.—Massacres in Paris.—Destruction of the City.
3. Simultaneous outbreak in Italy.—Dechoration of the King.—Persecution of Catholics.—Massacre of priests and religion.
4. Invasion of France.—Prussians and Russians invade Italy, and with Austria fight against the revolutionists.
5. Restoration of the Bourbons and great peace to the Church, &c., &c.

The conversion of Prussia and of England follows; but, according to our prophecy, the conversion of the latter will be preceded by a horrible revolution, for which we shall have prepared the way by secular education. The prophecy concerning Blois is very curious and circumstantial. According to it the defeat of the French will take place at the close of the present month.—*Tabla, Aug. 13th.*

England is likely to have an "Alabama" issue with Prussia. A note almost equivalent to a protest has been received by Earl Granville. It remonstrates against England's disregard of her obligations as a neutral power, and declares that Prussia will not accept equal quibbles of the Law Officers of the Crown, and summons England to fulfil her neutral obligations, or take the consequences. The question is a diplomatic one, the note adds, and must be promptly solved as such.

The Navy.—We understand that the Lords of the Admiralty have decided upon making some valuable additions to the iron-clad navy, and have called upon the leading shipbuilding firms in the United Kingdom to tender for the construction of four vessels of the Scourge class. It is also intended, we believe, to build two other ships similar to the *Cerberus*.—We have reason to believe that even if the war now being waged on the Continent has an early termination, the Flying Squadron, which was to have left our shores in October, will not now be despatched. Public confidence has received a shock, and cannot be easily restored.—In a trial of sailing last week the *Repulse* showed that she had the heels of the whole Constangard Squadron, beating the *Achilles*, which has obtained a celebrity as having beaten the fastest iron-clad under-sail of the former Channel Squadron.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

We need expend no words of our own upon the inconsistency of those who laugh at and deny the doctrine of Infallibility, who strain at a gnat while they swallow a camel. We may leave this to our Protestant contemporary, the *Spectator*, which last week contained the following pertinent remarks:—

"But the most remarkable specimen of inconsistent criticism is presented by those who laugh at the doctrine of Papal Infallibility and yet believe in the High Church doctrine of clerical ordination. It is, no doubt, a marvellous theory that an elderly gentleman in the Vatican should have power to determine with infallible accuracy what is right or what is wrong in matters of faith or morals; but the marvel becomes absolutely insignificant when compared with the marvel of the stupendous doctrine that, by the act of canonical ordination, every clergyman is gifted with the power of working an indefinite number of 'invisible miracles' in the dispensation of the Sacraments. In comparison with that indefinitely multiplied and self-perpetuating miracle, the standing still of Joshua's sun at Ajalon was a trifling occurrence, and the fact of Papal Infallibility is scarcely worthy of notice. That educated men should rudely believe the Pope or the meanness of the priesthood to be capable of transubstantiating bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, and yet hold it absurd to believe him capable of infallibly distinguishing theological truth from error, shows how unguided are the mass even of educated men by the rudimentary processes of logical thought."

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes:—"A clergyman in a suburban church, said last Sunday evening in his sermon, 'I am sorry to see that among those appointed to revise the translation of the Bible there is a Socinian. I wonder they did not ask Satan himself to join them!'"

WITHDRAWAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES ACT REPEAL BILL.—By a piece of unprecedented bigotry, which the Tory party in the House of Lords could alone perpetrate, the bill of the Government to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was withdrawn at the

instance of Lord Cairns, because the Commons had refused to sanction the insolent and mischievous amendments of the Lords. The result is that after the 1st of January next any Anglican prelate that may be appointed will be liable to a penalty of £100 for calling himself a bishop.—*Correspondent of Freeman.*

Lured by the genius of the first Napoleon, victory marched almost constantly at the head of the French legions, until that fatal hour when he laid sacrilegious hands on the possessions of the Pope. Despite the brilliancy which grew but the brighter from the contrast of surrounding misfortune, the finger of God was upon him, and each bold effort to stem the tide that carried him down, only hastened the final catastrophe which left the imperious dominator of Europe to perish obscurely on a dot of land in the far Atlantic. Under the second Empire, now overwhelmed by terrible misfortune, and driven by bitter disaster to the verge of ruin, Napoleon III., who has raised France by the cunning of state-craft and force of diplomatic skill to a position which his uncle had vainly attempted, even with the conquerors of Europe at his back, may revert to the period when, with some inscrutable design, he strengthened the hands of the enemies of the Papacy, by making common cause with the free lancers of Italy. He may also recall how in the eleventh hour he has withdrawn his army of occupation, rendered necessary by his own past policy, and left the Pope with his handful of subjects to resist the advance of eager and unscrupulous enemies from without, and he may then perhaps realize how the penalty awarded to the sin of the former generation may be also deservedly endured in this.—*Catholic Opinion.*

"I thank the Lord that I am not as other men are, or even as those low Irish," is the every day boast of the average Protestant Englishman. And this in spite of all our police and assize reports, in spite of our Dunham and Chelsea murders, in spite of recent exposures of commercial fraud and wickedness whose name must not even be mentioned.—This we continue to assert as well on paper as in conversation. Indeed, our newspapers are the worst offenders in this respect, because, as they have the best means of knowing to the contrary, so their unrighteousness in keeping back the truth, and making the worse appear the better cause, is all the more glaring. With a few exceptions, there are none of our metropolitan or provincial papers to which these remarks do not refer. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, during its occasional fits of morality, tears its hair as it testifies to the enormity of English crime in general, and that of London in particular; but presently a landlord is shot in Ireland, or some Fenian talks rather largely, or Orangemen and Catholics spend a day or two in mutual skull-cracking, and then, with Mr. Trevelyan's "Realities of Irish Life" to fall back on as a text book, all the usual changes are rung as to "savagery," "blood-thirstiness," "inmate ferocity," and the like, in utter (we fear, wilfully) forgetfulness of the fact that a few days before nothing bad enough could be predicated of their highly favored England. We are moved to these remarks by what goes on round about us. A few weeks ago a "colonial bishop," who, by the way, seemed to have abdicated his orders for the nonce, and, like the priest and Levite in a certain Scriptural passage, to have passed by on the other side, wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (we think) a letter in which he feelingly described the brutal ill-treatment to which a poor but respectable woman was subjected by a dock of roughs in Regent street in broad daylight, the police, of course, being nowhere. A day or two after we read of a London ruffian who first made an outrageous attack on his own sister, and then on the two constables who interfered to protect her. The brute had been nineteen times convicted, and had "gone gradually on in crime, assaulting his mother and sister, and about one-tenth of the Division of police, and civilians innumerable." Another day's reports tell us of more savage assaults on constables, and on ladies by creatures who are put down in the police-sheets as "gentlemen." A few days ago a correspondent, writing to the *Daily News*, mentions how he witnessed a performance, which, as we ourselves can vouch for, is by no means of uncommon occurrence in the alleys of London, namely, a pugilistic encounter, conducted on the most scientific principles, between two Oxford-street bullies, and gazed at with admiring eyes by an eager and miscellaneous crowd of some two or three hundred men, women, and children. The details are too horrible for our columns, but the conclusion of "P. R.'s" letter will serve to point our moral:—

"What gave great zest to this public fight was that you could hear the roar of Oxford street all the time it was going on, and that if you chose to turn your head between the rounds the outside passengers on the stream of homeward bound omnibuses were clearly discernible. This union of the sights and sounds of our every day London life with the facilities given in it to pugilism, make Gees'-court a very fascinating place; and in common fairness to the heroes of the prize-ring and the patrons of the noble art, I ask you to let me inform them of the highly convenient pitch I hit upon by accident last night. Gees'-court, I should add, is only a three penny ride from Whitechapel, and omnibuses pass its entrance every two minutes through the day."

That the police conveniently keep out of the way is no wonder. No Indian Thug is worse or more ferocious than the typical London rough, and it requires a stronger hand than that of the ordinary policeman to grapple with the evil. As a contemporary says of the animal:—

"He is a nuisance in the parks, where the people go to enjoy themselves, a trouble, an eyesore, and an encumbrance at every place of open-amusement within walking distance of the city. He takes a horrible delight in pouring out curse after curse to the disgust of decent pedestrians who may have to pass by one of the hums which form the local exchanges of the roughs."

The rookeries which they most affect are not by any means in the lowest parts of London or any of our great towns, but are situated in the closest proximity to the most fashionable localities. Close to Belgrave-square, and within hearing of Buckingham Palace, is a belt of savagery which would put to shame that of the South Sea Islands, and the same may be asserted of another colony in the immediate vicinity of May-fair. In each place lurks iniquity enough to corrupt a nation; and these feldens are haunted by a crew in comparison with whom those of the Cities of the plain were of a superior order.

And what may be predicated of London may be safely asserted of England in general. Go where we may the same story is told. On excursion days the Crystal Palace is at times flooded by the waters of ruffianism. Horse-play, athletics, obscenity in word and deed, drunkenness and fighting, are the order of the day, and our constant wonder is that the directors do not take strong and efficient means to check it. The Earl of Shrewsbury is one of our most liberal noblemen in the way of allowing the use of his grounds for the enjoyment of our hard-working iron-workers in the Black Country; yet, even he has been obliged not only to protest against the frequent abuse of this kindness, but has also been compelled to close his parks against them for the season. He observes of a set who the other day inflicted their presence on him from Wednesday:—

"I am sorry to say that many of them were half drunk when they came, and finished the day in a state of intoxication." And this being the second offence, he closes his grounds against the people of Wednesday for the remainder of the season."

How, then, does this speak for our superior morality? Where do we ever hear of such occurrences taking place in Ireland? We do not hold the Irish up as perfect, but in comparison with these details of English ruffianism they are saints in presence of

fiends. Why, then, does the "Pharisee of nations" still persist in her iniquitous self-righteousness? Her eye is hidden because of the beam that prevents her from seeing aught but the mote that is in her brother's eye, and her ears are waxed gross through the pride that possesses her heart. We would beg her seriously to ask herself why she is so bad. Yet she causes not to revile her neighbours, and to shut her eyes to those crimes and iniquities which she knows not how, nor cares to correct. Let her beware lest her pride have a fall, and she become like to Tyre and Sidon, or even to that Sodom and that Gomorrah whose sins she reprobrates only to imitate.—*London Weekly Register.*

RECRUITING IN ENGLAND.—The business of recruiting throughout England has been carried on recently with considerable success. We learn that up to Saturday last 5,000 men had passed the medical inspectors at the various depots; while, as a proof of the increasing popularity of the service, we are informed that more than six times the number had offered to enlist, but had been rejected on different scores of incapacity. Amongst the latter were included a proportion of tramps and vagabonds; but the agricultural and navy classes were represented, though not largely. The latter were taken for cavalry regiments. We believe that as soon as the new terms of enlistment, which have been just published by the Horse Guards, are widely distributed and understood, an improvement in both the quality and the quantity of the recruits will be rapidly observable. Under the Army Enlistment Act of 1870 a man can enter for long or for short service.—The long service consists of twelve years in the regular army, and at the expiration of this period he can re-engage, if he wishes, for nine years further, to complete the twenty-one years which entitles him to a pension for life. He has, again, at the start the option of enlisting for six years in the regular army, and then of falling into the first-class reserve for six years more. During the last six years he receives 4d. a day, being occasionally called for drill, but is liable, of course, to active service in cases of emergency.—*Daily News.*

Father Nugent's offer to take out with him on his preliminary voyage, a number of Catholic children has been unanimously agreed to by the Liverpool Select Vestry. Indeed we were surprised at the amount of goodwill, and positive encouragement shown to him by that body. Some few years ago, we are afraid, such a proposition would scarcely have met with like treatment. We are heartily glad of the change, and, as Catholics as well as journalists congratulate the members of the Select Vestry on their conduct in the affair. We have no doubt but that the sanguine expectation, to which Father Nugent gave utterance, that the children he may take out with him will be provided for within three days of their arrival at Montreal will be fulfilled. But, for all that, we are not disposed to overlook the great obstacles which must be encountered and overcome in the early days of such an enterprise. Considerable funds will be wanted and the Catholics of England are already heavily burdened. The selection of proper candidates will also be a matter of some difficulty. We cannot look for help or encouragement from the state. Our poor are by far the most numerous, our means the least abundant; and in many quarters, it is probably, prejudice will for some time prevent us from obtaining non-Catholic aid. Happily we may expect to be relieved from all active opposition, and that in itself, is no small gain. Further, we must remember that, if the expense of sending out our poor children to a kinder land and a happier career does fall somewhat heavily on us at first, every child so disposed of is a permanent relief to the poor's rates, and to our overcrowding orphanages; whilst the greater the number we are able to send out, the greater will be the chance of an honest living for those who remain behind.—*Catholic Times.*

NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

Desperate Valor of the French.

FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.

The following detailed account of the great battle of Gravelotte, on Thursday, Aug. 18, was received by telegraph from the special correspondent of the *Tribune*, who witnessed the battle at the Prussian headquarters:—

The first realization we had at Pont-a-Mousson—where I found myself on the 17th—of the extent to which fighting had been going on at the front, on Sunday and Tuesday, was from the coming in of wounded men. At first it was surmised that these had been wounded in skirmishes. But, on the 16th, late in the evening, there were signs that the work was becoming warm. On that evening soldiers with ghastly wounds walked about the market-place in Pont-a-Mousson, surrounded by eager groups of their newly-arrived comrades, and told a story of disaster. Poor fellows! It surely was disaster to them, home away as they had been from the field without having heard of any result. I stood among these groups, and the narratives of the men all amounted to this: that they had been sent to confront a much larger force than their own, and that their division had been dealt a heavy blow, on the 14th, and that the Tenth Division, though it had an available organization been demoralized, had sold its life dearly.

It was now at least evident that the struggle was very serious at the front. At midnight of the 17th, or a little after, all the trumpets for miles around began to sound. This was the first time we had been startled by such wild music. Trumpet answered to trumpet through all the bivouacs around the little city.

The troops had been passing through almost continually for several days previously; but now the tramp through every street and by-way made between midnight and dawn a perpetual roar. Hastily dressing, I ran out into the darkness, and managed to get a seat on a wagon that was going in the direction of the front, now understood to be a mile or two beyond the village of Gorze, some twelve miles from Pont-a-Mousson. The way was so blocked with wagons that I finally concluded I could better do the six or seven miles remaining on foot. So I got out of my wagon, and began to walk and run swiftly ahead. At Mouviert, on the Moselle, about half way to Metz, I found vast bodies of cavalry—Uhlans and Hussars—crossing the river by a pontoon bridge, and hurrying at the top of their speed towards Gorze. Quickening my own steps, I first heard the thunder of the cannonade, seemingly coming from the heart of a range of hills on the right. Passing through the village and ascending the high plain beyond, I found myself suddenly in a battle-field, strewn thickly as far as my eye could reach, with dead bodies.

As I hurried on a splendid regiment of cavalry came up from behind me, and when they reached the brow of the hill they all broke out with a wild hurrah and dashed forward. A few more steps and I gained the summit, and saw the scene which had evoked their cry, and seemed to thrill even their horses.

It would be difficult to imagine a grander battle-field. From the hill to which I had been directed by good authority to come, the entire sweep of the Prussian and French centers could be seen, and a considerable part of their wings. The spot where I stood was fearful. It was amid ghastly corpses, and the air was burdened with the stench of dead horses, of which there were great numbers. I was standing on the battle-field of the 16th—the Prussian side

thereof. On the left stretched like a silver thread the road to Verdun—to Paris also—for the possession of which this series of battles had begun. It was between the lines of poplars which stood against the horizon on my left; and on, as far as the eye could reach, towards Metz, with military regularity, strung on this road like beads, were the pretty villages, each with its church tower, all of which are really only a hundred yards apart, although they have separate names—Mar-la-Tour, Flavigny, a little south of the road, Vionville, Rezonville, and Gravelotte, which is divided into Great and Little Gravelotte. On my right were the thickly wooded hills behind which lies the most important village of the neighborhood, which I had just left—Gorze. So environed was the foreground of the battle, which should, one would say, be called the battle of Gravelotte, for it was mainly over and around that devoted little town that it raged. The area I have indicated is perhaps four miles square.

I arrived just as the battle waxed warm. It was about noon of the 18th. The headquarters of the King of Prussia were then at the spot which I have described. Lieutenant Sheridan of the United States army was also present. At the moment the French were making a most desperate effort to hold on to the last bit of the Verdun road—that between Rezonville and Gravelotte, or that part of Gravelotte which in some maps is called St. Marcel. The struggle was desperate but unavailing, for every man in the French army had to cope with, and their line was already beginning to waver. Soon it was plain that this wing, the French right, was withdrawing to a new position. This was swiftly taken up under cover of a continuous fire of their artillery from the heights beyond the village. The movement was reached in good order, and the position, which was reached at one o'clock and thirty minutes, would, I believe, have been pronounced impregnable by nine o'clock of ten military men. When once this movement had been effected, the French retreating from the pressure of the Prussian artillery fire, and the Prussians as rapidly advancing, the battle-field was no longer about Rezonville, but had been transferred and pushed forward to Gravelotte, the junction of the two branching roads to Verdun. The fields in front of that village were completely covered by the Prussian reserves, and interminable lines of soldiers were steadily marching onward, disappearing into the village, and emerging on the other side of it with burning volleys.

This second battle-field was less extensive than the first, and brought the opposing forces into fearfully close quarters. The peculiarity of it is that it consists of two heights, intersected by a deep ravine. This woody ravine is over 100 feet deep and at the top some 200 yards wide. The side of the chasm next to Gravelotte, where the Prussians stood, is much lower than the other side, which gradually ascends to a great height. From their commanding eminence the French held their enemies fairly beneath them, and poured upon them a scorching fire. The French guns were in position far up by the Metz road, hidden and covered among the trees. There was not an instant's cessation of the roar. Easily distinguishable amid all was the curious grunting roll of the *Mitaille*. The Prussian artillery was posted to the north and south of the village, the guns on the latter side being necessarily raised for an awkward, half vertical fire.

The French stood their ground and died—the Prussians stood their ground and died—both by hundreds, I had almost said thousands. This, for an hour or two that seemed ages, so constant was the slaughter. The hill where I stood commanded chiefly the conflict behind the village and to the south of it. The Prussian reinforcements, coming up to their right, filed out of the Bois des Ognons; and it was at that point as they marched on to the field that one could perhaps get the best idea of the magnitude of this invading army now in the heart of France. There was no break for four hours in the march of men out of that wood. It seemed almost as if all the killed and wounded revived and came back and marched forth again. Birumo Wood advancing to Damsimane Hill was not a more ominous sight to Maebeth than these men of Gen. Goben's army to Bazaine, shielded as they were by the woods till they were fairly within range and reach of their enemies' guns. So the French must have felt; for, between 4 and 5 o'clock, they concentrated upon that spot their heaviest fire, mowing all available guns, and shelling the woods unrelentingly. Their fire reached the Prussian lines and tore through them; and though the men were steady, it was a test to which no General cares to subject his troops long. They presently swerved a little from that line of advance, and there was no longer a continuous column of infantry pouring out of those woods.

The attack of the Prussians in the center was clearly checked. About 5 o'clock, however, a brigade of fresh infantry was again formed in the wood and emerged from its cover. Once out from under the trees, they advanced at double-quick. I watched their movement. The French guns had not lost the range of the wood, nor of the ground in front. Seen at a distance, through a powerful glass, the brigade was a huge serpent bending with the undulations of the field. But it left a dark track behind it, and the glass resolved the dark track into falling and dying and dead men. As the horrid significance of that path, so traced, came upon me, I gazed on more intently. Many of those who had fallen leaped up again, and ran forward a little way, striving still to go on with their comrades. Of these who went backward instead of forward there were few, though many fell as they painfully endeavored to follow the advance.

I do not know whether, after the vain effort of that brigade, another movement was attempted from within the wood. But half an hour afterwards great numbers of troops began to march over the hill where I was standing, and moved forward toward the field where so hard a struggle had been so long protracted. These also were, I think, a portion of Gen. Goben's troops, who had been directed upon a less dangerous route.

The battle from this point on the Prussian left became so fierce that it was soon lost to us, or nearly lost, by reason of the smoke. Now and then the thick cloud would open a little and drift away on the wind, and then we could see the French sorely tried. To get a better view of this part of the field, I went forward about half a mile, and from this new stand-point, found myself not far from Mulmuison. The French line on the hills was still unbroken, and to all appearances they were having the best of the battle. But this appearance was due, perhaps, to the fact that the French were more clearly visible in their broad height, and fighting with such singular obstinacy. They plainly silenced a Prussian battery now and then. But the Prussian line also was strengthened by degrees on this northern point. Infantry and artillery were brought up, and from far in the rear, away seemingly in the direction of Verneville, shot and shell began reaching the French ranks. These were the men and these were the guns of Steinmetz, who there and then effected his junction with the army of Prince Frederick Charles, and completed the investment of Metz to the northwest.

With reinforcements for the Prussians thus continually arriving on both sides of the field, the battle grew more and more obstinate. There could be no doubt that the French well understood the meaning of the new movements of the Prussians, and of their line to the north.

Steinmetz was able to extend his line gradually further until the French were outflanked and began to be threatened, as it appeared, with an attack on the rear of their extreme right wing. So long as the smoke from the Prussian guns hovered only over their front, the French clung to their position. I know not how long the French held out, nor at

what precise moment the Prussian onset became irresistible. What I saw was this: The puffs of smoke from the French guns, mingled with the flashes, brightening as the darkness increased, receded gradually. The pillars of cloud and flame from the North as gradually and steadily approached. With that advance the French fire every moment grew more slack. It was not far from 9 o'clock when the ground was yielded finally on the North, and the last shots fired on that terrible evening were heard in that direction.

A little after 4 o'clock a strange episode occurred. From the region where Steinmetz was supposed to be, a magnificent regiment of cavalry galloped out. They passed a moment at the point where the Cavalry road joins that to Metz. Then they dashed up the road toward Metz. This road, between Gravelotte and St. Hubert, is cut through the hill, and on each side of it rise cliffs from 40 to 50 feet high, except at the point where it traverses the deep ravine behind the village. When it is remembered that at the time the culminating point to which that road ascends was held by the French, it will not be wondered at that only half of the regiment survived.—What the survivors accomplished I do not know, nor could I learn the name and number of this regiment.

I must record also what seemed an inexplicable thing. The army of Prince Frederick Charles was fighting hard, and suffering, it was only too plain, heavily. From this army, division after division had been taken and vainly sent against the French center. A portion of the Prince's numerous reserves had been diminished to an important extent in the engagements of the 14th and 16th ult. Moreover, a considerable part of his army required rest, and two divisions—some certainly—were in need of organization before they could again become efficient on a field of battle. Yet, at one time, it seemed that every division and brigade and regiment was likely to be called into action. The losses in the center and the massing of great forces for a fresh attack on the French right flank, left the Verdun road itself at one time almost uncovered—the very road for possession of which the Prussians were fighting. At a moment that for these reasons seemed critical, there appeared in the field, occupying ground before held by the forces of Prince Frederick Charles, a large body of troops. The moved into position under the eyes of the King, yet neither the King nor any of his staff could account for their appearance. They passed the point which in the morning had been the Royal Headquarters. Their march was begun at the time I have mentioned, and their advance did not cease till dark. But the mystery that hung over them was not dispelled. Where was this new army? Whence did it come? The Staff insisted that at the point whence it moved there were, or at any rate ought to be, no troops of the armies of either Steinmetz or Prince Frederick Charles. The rumor began and spread among the groups who surrounded the King, that this fresh, mysterious force was a part of the army of the Crown Prince, and that a new junction had been effected. I know of no reason to suppose this true. Doubtless the Staff soon cleared up the matter to their own satisfaction, but it happened that I was away in another part of the field before the riddle was solved.

In any event it cannot be doubted that the presence of that large body of men made itself felt upon the fortunes of the field. They were visible to the French as well as to us. Here was another example of the moral effect that may be, and so often is, exerted so in battle by masses of men whose presence is known to the enemy, but who may not fire a shot in the actual conflict. From the line of march, it is clear that the divisions were finally posted a little in the rear and on the left of the Prussian center at the time when the attacks so long directed against the key of the French lines had ceased—in fact had failed for the time. It was possible that the French, having suffered far less in holding their ground than the Prussians in attacking, might have advanced in their turn and have undertaken a vigorous offensive movement. If they had any such purpose, it is not unlikely that they abandoned it on sight of the Prussian reinforcements.

Instead of advancing, the French now contented themselves with the mere occupation of the ground to which earlier in the day they had been driven back. At no time did they seriously strive to regain the westernmost line of hills which had been theirs in the morning. At no time did they recover by any vigorous forward movement to the junction of the roads at Gravelotte. From 7 to 8 the weight of the battle tended more and more to the north of the road. There was a lull, the meaning of which the French failed apparently to interpret. By 7 they may have believed themselves partly victorious.—They were still perhaps in condition to renew on the morrow the struggle that had gone on all day for that fatal road from Metz to Verdun. If they had not gained the road or the battle they had not clearly lost the latter. Two hours later they had lost both.

As evening fell the movements of the troops could be followed now by the line of fire that ran flickering along the front of a regiment as it went into action. Tongues of fire pierced through and illuminated the smoke out of the cannons' mouths, and the fuses of the shells left long trains of fire like falling stars. No general likes fighting by night in ordinary circumstances, for chance takes the place of skill; but the thinking movement on the French right had been resolved on by daylight, and it was the necessity of moving troops to a great distance over difficult ground which delayed its execution and brought about what seemed a renewal of the battle after the day was done.

To leave the French in their positions during the night, would have been to imperil the plan on which the Prussian commander had resolved. So from 8, or 8½ to 9, the decisive blow was struck. When the battle of Gravelotte had actually ended, we knew that Prussians held the strong heights beyond the Bois de Vaux, which command the surrounding country to the limits of artillery range from Metz, we knew that two great Prussian armies lay across the road by which Bazaine could march to Paris for his relief, or for his own escape; we knew that a victory greater than that of Sunday, and more decisive than the triumph of Tuesday, had been won. We believed that the French army, which had fought as valiantly and as vainly as before, was now hopelessly shut up in its fortress.

As I went back to the village of Gorze to pass the night, I turned at the last point to gaze upon the battle-field. It was a long earth-bound cloud, with two vast fires of burning at either end. The day had been beautiful so far as nature had been concerned, and the stars now looked down in splendor upon a work of agony and death such as no one could ever wish to see again.

General Decaen of the French army is kind to his men, but inflexible on the point of discipline. In his division there are, of course, some loafers and laggards who drop their gun in the first ditch, and after the action quietly report with a cool "I have lost my arms." Now these fellows reckon it up: "The loss of a musket, well that means one or two years in prison. The war will last all that time. Better be in a prison and save my skin." General Decaen went one better. He issued an order of the day. "Every soldier losing his musket will be sent to the advance post without arms. No issue of arms shall be made to him until he brings in a full equipment from the enemy." Three or four men were actually sent to the front, and no one reports loss of arms now.

Somebody says that the cream upon milk is the only article that has not risen of late.