## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.-JAN. 20, 1871.

dream was over, and she had become an aban- you and help you to prepare for death.' doned toy. She was now sick and dying, and, full of remorse and shame, besought the forgiveness of her father and mother before she died.

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Sheer had a strong feeling of the disgrace that had come upon them, and blamed his wife for it.

"When I was from home," said he, "most of my time, carning for them, of course I could not mind the children's ways: and when I have tried to check her extravagance and excessive indulgence, she would not let the children attend to me. Thus I had no comfort in any of them, and the second girl, I am sure, will follow the way Bessy has gone, and my boys are ter. no better. I have been driven to drink," he cried, "because I could not bear the misery of my house."

"Alas !" interposed Brady, "when there is no religion to restrain or support, we cannot wonder that families are thus sinful and miserable. But whatever faults your wife had, they would not excuse you. If husbands finds their it. wives weak and foolish, they should only be the more firm and determined in the right. Ay, and even send the children from them, rather than allow a mother to bring them up badly. You had better go with Mary and seek her out, and forgive this poor lost one; and, ere it is too late reform your own ways, and try and save your other children from ruin .---This trouble may open your wife's eyes to see the error of her life : but you must be patient, as you yourself are far from blameless."

Speaking thus, and persuading Sheer the next morning to return home. Brady accompanied him to his cottage, where Mary had preceded them. They found the unfortunate woman very ill. She had been wandering in her head during the night, calling out the name | raised to Heaven imploringly, but not now of her daughter, moaning sadly, and at times muttering accusations against herself. As they came in she was speaking to herself .-"Yes, yes, I know I have done it; he says so; what? the devil has her! Yes, yes, there. I see him dragging her down. And me, too; see, see; help, help! save us!" she shrieked, and grasping the bed-clothes, awoke. Mary and another female stood up to calm and soothe her; but pressing her hand on her forehead, she cried out, "Is it true? or was it only a dream? Let me go, let me go." And she attempted to get out of bed; but in the effort, fell back exhausted.

"You see you are too weak to stir," said Mary. "Now take this cooling drink, and try and compose yourself to sleep. I will go and seek her, if you will promise to keep quiet till I return.

" Oh. God bless you ; tell her I forgive her, for I know my own foolishness has done it all, I took too much pride in her and gave her her own way too much; woe to me for it."

Mary then went down to the kitchen as Brady brought Sheer in ; and telling them she was ready to accompany them they set off.

A long walk brought them to the miscrable suburb which had been pointed out as the retreat of this poor outcast. Wretched abodes and filthy lanes led to it, where Mary shivered as her eye caught sight of women with faces that had lost all expression of womanliness, and whom demons had seemingly taken possession

of. Her ears were assailed by language that

anything of what had happened till their child's boundless; let me bring Father Smith to see

beside her, "it is frightful to think of death when one has not led a Christian life. Oh, begin at once, and make them all at home reform their ways, and think of God's commands. If I had been kept to my duty as a child, I should not so easily have gone astray. Promise me, father, that you will give up drink and become a religious man for the rest of Count Bismarck said that if the present Governyour life. My soul won't rest if you don't

promise me.' "I do promise you. May God forgive me for your sin; I should have guarded you bet-

Meantime, Mary had slipped away, and, with the greatest speed, had sent a messenger for Father Smith; and, ere long, he arrived, entering about the same time as the doctor. The opinion of the latter was that she might live he added, with a laugh; then, turning to Herr von over the night, but not more; it would be no | Hatzfeld, "By-the-bye, I have just received a teleuse moving her, she was too exhausted to bear gram ; he is coming to-morrow." The individual

The girl heard the word move, and immediately made a sign against it. "Let me die here," she said; "it is too good for such a sinner. Leave me now with God's servant, but let father wait outside, and come in again and stay with me till the last." They then are fare as much as possible, so as to make left the room, Sheer and Mary sitting on the her unable for a long time to disturb the general stairs.

In about an hour, the good father called them in, and told Mary to arrange things and give her some restorative till he ran home for the last sacraments. When they approached the bed the poor penitent was calm; the expression of fear and anguish which her countenance had previously worn had given place to a look of hope and comfort. Her eyes were despairingly, and when Mary knelt down to read some appropriate prayers for her, she joined her voice here and there audibly, and Mary saw that the Father of peace, the Father of all goodness and mercy, had shown His mercy to this, His poor, erring, but penitent creature.

The girl motioned her to come close, and whispered, ---- Don't let father go, trouble may drive him to more drink; don't lose sight of him when all is over, but take him home, and ah, then continue to help and advise him. Tell mother to turn more to God, and that I die truly sorry for my sins and forgiving all that have injured me."

"I will not lose sight of your father, and will fulfill all your wishes," said Mary.

"May God reward you. Tell my sister also to become good and religious; if she does not, she will be led astray as I have been .-Oh! what is like the fear of God to keep us from wron\_-loing ?'

Father Smith now returned with the Blessed Sacrament, and they knelt down as he entered the door. Mary began the "Confiteor."

## (To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR. A DINNER AT VERSAILLES WITH THE PRUSSIAN CHAN-

> CELLOR. (From the Pull Mall Gazette.)

A member of the Spanish Embassy in Paris, M. Angel de Miranda, who left the city during the siege, and afterwards dined at Count Bismarck's house at Versailles, has just published a pamphlet in which he makes some very curious revelations of the conversation he had with the Count while they sat together, atter dinner, over their wine. M. du Miranda's story, however, must not be taken too literally. "The house," he says, "is in one of the darkest streets of dark Versailles; it is humble in appearance, and almost bare. The heat in the anteroom was stiffing ; huge military cloaks and enormous boots littered the floor; and in a corner there were a dozen clerks sorting papers." On entering with his escort, a Prussian lieutenant of hussars, he was received by Herr Hatzfeld, the head of the Chancellor's Cabinet, at whose appearance the lieutenant assumed that attitude of stiff submission which Heine once said "makes Prussian officers look as if they had swallowed the stick with which they had been beaten. The room in which Count Bismarck received M. de Miranda was full of smoke, and even hotter than the ante-room. Two candles stuck into bottles were burning on the mantlepiece ; in the middle was a rickety table, on which were placed a jug of beer and four silver tankards. The Count, after closely cross-examining his visitor as to the state in which he left Paris and the manner in which he crossed the Prussian lines, asked him to remain to dinner, adding that he had already dined himself, and begged M. de Miranda to excuse his being absent, as he had some pressing work to do. After dinner the Chancellor came in, and, scating himself astride on a chair opposite his guest, called for some Burgundy. Eight bottles were brought in. Count Bismarck tasted the first; it was Nuits, and he did not like it. A second bottle was opened, and the Count after tasting it exclaimed : "Excellent! That's Romance." M. de Miranda then complimented the Chancellor on his cellar; but the latter assured him that the wine came from the Hotel des Reservoirs, as he paid religiously for all he consumed, and refused on principle to take anything on requisition. The conversation next turned on the state of Paris. M. de Miranda having observed that the Parisians were determined to resist to the last, the Count said he did not believe they would hold out long, as it was merely the self-love of the Parisians which prevents them from surrendering. "In any case," he added, "we will wait, if necessary, but we will enter Paris. The King has quite made up his mind, although he wants to spare the Parisians as much as possible, not to sign peace except at the Tuilleries." M. de Miranda then asked whether the Count had no fears of a European intervention. "None whatever," was the reply; "the neutrals are at least as much our friends as those of France . . . besides which," he added, significantly, "each of them will, I think, have enough to do to look after its own affairs before long." As to M. Thiers's mission, the Count said. " its real object was much less to make peace than to bring a restoration of the house of Orleans." "I don't think," rejoined M. de Miranda, "that people in Paris thought so. In any case it was said that Russia and England agreed to interfere." This idea seemed supremely ridiculous to Count Bis-"Russia and England agree!" he exmarck. Alas, alas! all I have thought of was to please claimed; at the same time laughing loudly, with a myself, and I gave up all the religion that I glance full of meaning at Count Hatzfeld. "And you, Spaniards, are you also going to enter into this | the straw of the mattress upon which I have been terrible coalition against us? I expected that in this war you would have been our allies.

Northern peoples that the future belongs, and they have only just commenced to play the glorious part which they are destined to fulfil for the good of humanity." "These words," says M. de Miranda, were spoken with an animation which seemed to exclude all idea of mystification or duplicity. The Chancellor spoke as if he were hink. ing alend." Then, resuming the subject of the war, ment still refused to treat after the capture of Paris. the Germans will occupy Paris and France "as long as may be necessary." "We will find a Goverament that will treat at last, even if it were that of Robert Macaire. The principal thing we want is

can say that the Emperor will not return-or, at least, his dynasty? . . . I should not be surprised to see the majority of the nation recall . Petit bonhomme vit encore !" him. here alluded to M. de Miranda afterwards found to be General Boyer, the emissary of Marshal Bazaine. "Whatever may be our conditions of peace," Count Bismarck proceeded, "France is too vain ever to forgive us for her defeats. She would, in any case, make war again as soon as she was strong enough Our policy, in the interest both of Germany and of all Europe, must therefore be to diminish the terripeace," The Count added, alluding to the proposed annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, that it was the will of the King, and this was enough. "The French accustomed to be the plaything of political adventurers, cannot understand our respect for the monarchy. In our country there is no sovereign will but that of the King. . . . I am only the instrument of his political will, as the generals are the instruments of his military will. When his Majesty expresses a wish, it is my duty to propose the means of realizing it, and it is my glory sometimes to succeed in this task. At this moment, however, my actions are absolutely subordinate to those of the military leaders, who are not always of my opinion." This closed the conversation, which

"How is it the French do not break out ?" I am asked the question very often. The best answer to it is conveyed in another question-" What good would it do them if they did?" For if they could not raise the siege of Paris and rout the Prussian army their mere fracture of the iron circle would not help them much. If there were an army to join outside the matter would wear a different aspect. To ignorant persons, as most of us are who are not favoured with hebdomadal revelations of the truth on all earthly affairs, it would seem very easy to break out, and there is an old military maxim paraded which leads men astray very much in reference to the proportion between the besieged and besiegers. To very many persons who have not studied the subject, even if they be professional soldiers, it might appear strange too that the French had not raised the siege by a great sortie. And if they saw the lines and travelled round Paris they would, perhaps, be still more impressed by the want of energy and enterprise of the besieged. But a thorough soldier would very soon appreciate the great difficulties of a sortio against an army in intrenched positions, which can at any one point bring 70,000 to 80,000 men to bear in a short time on the deploying columns. It is almost alarming to a civilian to travel along inside the Prussian lines. He may go for miles and scarcely meet or see 500 men. In some places he will find none at all. And there is Paris always in view and always near. But if he examines the position of such deserted places on the map he will find good reason for the apparent neglect in the absence of all means of access to them by an Army Corps without causing such alarm as would give time to the investing force to concentrate large forces to encoun

had lasted three hours.

and her ruin. The parents had not known not like us; His mercy and goodness are send us. I was much surprised to see him with- with furtive step, and something evidently concealed boundless; let me bring Father Smith to see you and help you to prepare for death." "Death! yes, death is near, and oh, where shall I go when I leave this world? Oh, father," she said turning to the sobbing man father, " it is frightful to think of death under his blouse, Watching him closely I perceived him draw stealthily from beneath an old sabre, which would not be compromised by my silence.

> I have written already of some effects on character produced by this war-on individual as well as national character. What think you of a Princea Christian gentleman-the administrator of a great charity-an officer of State, who, being asked as to the means of communicating with the wounded officers of the enemy's army who might be in his hospitals, said "I know nothing about them. They give us quite trouble enough as it is. I wish they were all dead!" Well! There is a British officer who has stated he heard this Christian Prince use these words, and it was a British officer who repeated them to me. And a German gentleman, speaking of some things he had witnessed, declared he could not have believed had he not seen with his own eyes, that Germans could be so violent, so unscrupulous, and so dishonest. He spoke but of common soldiers of acts of plunder and wrong on their part; it would be monstrously unjust to affix the stigma to a large part of the army. But in the politics of the conquering race the taint will be apt to spread. Germans for instance, see nothing but what is natural and right in the annexation of Luxemburg. And in a short time they may conceive it is of the very highest equity and morality to seize on Holland, For the thought is ventilated and the words are on men's lips. And who are we who have Gibraltar and Malta and the Isles of the Sea, they will ask, that we pretend to see in such a natural and wholesome addition of sea coast any wrong doing? If the Dutch do not like it so much the worse for them.

A Westphalian artilleryman, writing from the neighborhood of Chatillon-sur-Seine, writes :---" Soon after leaving Toul the region becomes very wild and exceedingly dangerous for marching troops. Bands of France-Tireurs can here do much mischief without being got at themselves, especially in this season of the year. In those valleys and woody defiles the boldest among us might be uncasy if he knew that the district was not entirely free from them, or considered how little he could do against bands lurking in the hills and woods. We find the people on our further advance into France more friendly than in Lorraine. They hate Garibaldi and his band more than us, and have a wholesome horror of Francs-Tireurs, knowing well that entire villages are heavily punished if such people show themselves within their limits. I was even assured in several villages that the mayors would not allow Francs-Tircurs to return in their districts, not wishing that their houses should be burnt down. The war, nevertheless, is assuming a more and more cruel and barbarous character. Two days ago, for instance, Nogent, between Chaumont and Langres, was burnt by us Our troops had been fired on from several houses and on a larger band being sent to punish this by a contribution, it was also fired on and driven from the place. A terrible revenge speedily followed, Yesterday six Francs-Tircurs were brought in at Chateau Villain, who had fired on our outposts and even killed a soldier from an ambush. The fellows were not in uniform, and looked quite wild; they will be shot, as also the 12 taken two days ago in the large wood which extends from Chateau Villain to Langres. The fortross of Langres is still occupied by the French, and gives a certain basis of opera tions to the bands which are constantly threatening our stopping stations up to Chatillon. It is said that Langres is occupied by 15,000 Mobiles, many of them from this region. The inhabitants here states that 10,000 regulars are there. People call the Mobils soldats de papier, and the peasants do not scruple to confess that many of themselves from these villages have descried from Langres and returned home. They are of opinion that only the French soldier by profession is bound to defend the country. The rural population desire peace, and at any price. I have never found Republicans among them. They and the pricets wish for a king, and are divided as to the person, the Comte de Paris and the Prince de Joinville being always, however, spoken of. The people here supply us with everything we

want, and even more than is required. I believe the

made a first class medæval priest, alike great in the pulpit, the confessional (the Archibishop was con-fessor to the Empress), and in the field ready to preach in mail armour or, at a pinch fight in a cas sock. In these degenerate days his best though inade. gunte, sphere in time of war is, perhaps the com. mand of our Ambulance, which he leads ad. mana of our Andersuch a General - con. apicuous from the contrast felicitously characteristic, between his ecclusiastical dress and his top. boots-we were all proud to go to the Prussian avant postes, though we did not expect that the Arch. bishop would have any further opportunity of in. dulging his unarchiepiscopal propensity for being fired at. After crossing the Marne we halted to take up a body of Frees des Ecoles Chretinnes, of whom I have spoken in a previous letter. I am told that yesterday they again greatly distinguished themselves by their coolness in going under fire to bring off the wounded, exciting the enthusiastic ad. miration of General Ducrot-no bad judge of cour. age-who took off his cap with a profound bow, and kept it in his hand as some of them came up to him and talked to him. With their long black robes darkening the white, frosty moonlight, they helped to make our procession very picturesque as we all alighted from the carriages at the last French barricades-the extreme outposts. A short halt to consult, and then Monseigneur-accompanied by a trompette, M. Gramond, Mr. Bower, and Mr. Elliott Bower, the estafettes-rode forward towards the Prussians, some of whom I afterwards heard were concealed in the houses almost within a few yards of us, crouching forward with trigger-finger all ready on the needle-gun, to guard against a surprise. Those left behind carried on an animated discussion with French vivacity on all possible subjects but chiefly on the chance of our being permitted to go on the battle-field. Twice or thrice the stillness of the night was broken by the sharp crack of a rifle from some ill-conditioned sentinel-a churlish

misanthrope one would have liked to cudgel, for passing Champigny we had driven through dense rows of recumbent figures, trying, despite the cold, to snatch some brief repose, that they might recover a little from the hard labours of the day before they were called on to face those of the next. Here the general buzz of conversation suddenly stopped, and there was a solemn hush ra four priests support, the encoded of the second process requested passage through our group for a figure covered with a cloak and carried on a braward. A young captain of Mobiles had indiscrettly exposed himself at the barricades, and been shot dead a few minutes before we arrived. The sight was too common to attract more than a moment's notice, and conversation buzzed on again until the Archbishop's return. He had seen, as I understood him, a Prussian officer, who told him where five bodies were to be found, but who sent him to another post, in a different direction, for further instructions.

Before we again went forward, the Archbishop ordered the trompette to sound the quate appels to inform the Prussians that a parlementaire was about to approach them. It was sounded loudly and distinctly, and, through the stillness of the night, ought to have been heard far into the Prussian lines. The moonlight was, moreover, clear enough to enable their sentincls to see the waving of the parlementaire flag; yet a few seconds afterwards we heard shots from the direction in which the Archbishop had advanced, and, returning, he told us that this unlucky incident left us nothing to do but to go home.

There is another man-I regret I don't know his name-whom, from Sedan to the field before Paris, I have continually seen on the track of the wounded. He has neither carriage nor horse, but, staff in hand, follows in the wake of battle, and, with the polish of a highly-bred gentleman and the gentleness of a woman, brings consolation to the dying. He is a French Benedictine priest. I cannot tell how often I have met him on his mission of charity. The other morning he suddenly came upon me close to the battle-field, and asked me where were the wounded. He had walked about 20 miles that morning. He is paid by no Government-he is a volunteer in the best sense of the word. Every one who witnesses his exertions joins in the hope that God will give him his reward. He is in the prime of life, handsome, and distingue-looking enough to be a prince,

MEAT V. BREAD .- On the subject of horses a curidispute has arisen in Paris. Forage is so scarce that a great many valuable animals are now being fed upon bread, and this, when made known, was pronounced scandalous. But if you slay your horses at once you destroy your chances of fresh meat for the future. A horse, on the other hand, cats about as much bread in a day as would support ten citizens, and therefore it is asked whether it is worth while to keep him a month in order to enjoy a few hundred kilogrammes of fresh meat at the end of that period? There has been a good deal of arithmetic done upon this question, and citizens, horses, and bread have been multiplied, divided, subtracted. and added up till the Ministry are quite perplexed, and we believe no decision has yet been taken .-- Pal Mall Gazette. If the German batteries were to bombard the city it could only be after having reduced all the forts within easy range, otherwise the batteries firing against the city would be exposed to bombardment in their turn from permanent forts with bomb-proof cover at a comparatively short range. To reduce one fort might be easy if the fort stood alone; but each supports, and is in turn supported by others, so that were one to fall no large force could march through the gap, without being exposed to the concentrated fire of such guns as have never been used in war until now, if we except the isolated rounds fired from the Affondatore during the battle of Lissa. The forts are armed with heavy ship guns, breechloading, all of cast iron, and strengthened by steelhoops. The guns are rather untrustworthy in strength, but there is time enough to take any precautions that may be thought advisable. So far as known, the gun of highest calibre in Paris has a bore more than ten and a half inches across its diameter. The projectile weighs little short of 500lb., but a comparatively large charge cannot be used on account of the danger of bursting, unless the Russian plan of burying the piece in the earth be tried, as men say it has been lately. There are remore of a wonderful new gun of huge dimensions found accidentally in Paris, and soon to be used against Ver sailles. There is no doubt that a gun has been made in England, capable of such work. The nearest approach to Versailles from the French side has been made by a gunboat, which has come close up to the bridge at Sevres. The dis-tance as the shot flics is less than five miles-about 8,500 yards. The distance between the French gur. boat and the Royal Quarters at Versailles, has been more than attained over and over again by English guns, and, I believe, lately by French guns from the forts. The reverses to which the French have had to submit are already bearing good fruit. Evidence of the most reliable character is forthcoming, of the religious spirit that is springing up among the men. Of the Pontifical Zouaves it is said that they have all the picty of fervent Christians; and, their chaplain writes, these are the most determined soldiers. If France is to be saved, it must be by men animated like these, by a spirit of faith and of love of duty. "But France will not be saved till she has recognised the necessity of extirpation of blasphemy, especially the blasphemy of bad books, of the observance of the Sunday, and a general protest against the invasion of Rome." Can it be wondered that the simple-hearted Bretons, even in their extremity refused the assistance of the "Red Shirts," who have sacked a house of the Marists and one of the Jeruits? These men, true followers of their leader, bum

made her dart along as if she could have rushed into any abyss sooner than hear it again. The men by her side, too, felt a portion of the horror she showed at this fearful scene, and swiftly they sped on till they came to an old, dilapidated house, which was entered by a little garden. After various inquiries, they found that the object of their search was in a room at the top of the dark and broken staircase which they saw before them on entering.

Mary begged the poor father to remain outside the door, till she prepared his daughter for his coming. She then entered a small low, dark room. It was some minutes before she could discern the different objects within, but the hard breathing of a human being indicated the corner to turn to. There, on a straw bed on the floor, lay a panting, suffocating girl. Mary knelt down and spoke a few kind words, asking her how she felt. A burst of hysterical weeping was her answer; at length she sobbid out, "Oh, would they not come? I'm dying !"

"Yes, yes, if you will not excite yourself. Your father waited without till I had time to tell you. Your mother is not able to come to-

day." Thereupon Mary gently led in the father to his sinful child.

"Oh, father, father, forgive me before I die," she cried out; "you were a good father to me, and what disgrace I have brought on you !"

Sheer could not speak; his eye darkened, and he hissed out between his teeth,-" Curses on him that has done this. I'll seek him out, and make him pay dearly for it."

"Oh, no, no, father, it is all my own fault; no one could have harmed me if I had withstood sin myself. I see it all now, since God has stricken me; I came to this wretched corner to hide myself, and you should never have known of my miscry, nor my sister of my bad example, but that the doctor says I have not long to live, and I could not die without your forgiveness."

The broken-down father was now weeping onvulsively.

Mary whispered to the dying girl,-"Is there not ONE, above parents on earth, whose forgiveness you should first ask ?"

"Oh, yes, I know how I have sinned, and how idle and thoughtless my life has been, even before this great sin; but how can I expect God to turn to me now, when I have done nothing but offend Him during my short life? had."

"Lose not, then, these precious moments," said Mary, " but implore God's mercy. He is so much so that the day after war was declared, I stowed away in it for safety. The other day I saw

ter and fall upon it.

The villages, villas, and country houses which are part of Paris outside the walls have not only given shelter to the Germans, and often stores of wine and food, but have been invaluable places of defence. There is a girdle of barricades round the city, and every wall is loopholed, so that an assailing force once out of artillery cover has really to carry intrenched positions one after the other, each stronger as it opens heavier fire in proportion to the increased trength of the defenders. Artillery cannot move easily over the open at this time of year, and columns must deploy. The Seine and the Marne, much as they conduce to the defence of Paris, are great obstacles to the ready evolutions of large sorties, because the bridges are destroyed, and pontoons can only be laid where the fire of the forts cover the pontoneers. The system of signals used by the German Armics is quite sufficient for all purposes of warning. Posts are established near the outlying pickets, where a few poles, on which to run up flags by day and burn beacons at night, are erected to notify a coming attack. The electric wires connect every command and run to Head-Quarters. Every house with a good view is turned into an "Observatorium," from which the French are watched through powerful glasses, and are obliged to undergo strict scrutiny, every day being divided into periods for observation and reports thereupon .- Times' Cor.

## FAD SIGRTS.

A correspondent with the German Army of the Loire remarks :- It is sad to see, as we enter French villages, whole families, with all the worldly goods they an manage to carry on their backs, flitting from one to the other, the women in tears, leading little children scarcely able to keep up with them through the deep mud, either going back to villages which they deserted when they became contested points upon the battle field, or trying to avoid the invading hosts, whose appearance is supposed to presage all sorts of violence and disaster. For a long time les Prussiens have been the hughear held up to naughty children to make them good, and now, when they actually appear, there is often a general squalling on the part of this portion of the population. It is significant that les Allemands do not seem to exist. No matter whether they are Bavarians, Saxons, or Badeners, they are known by no other name than that of Prussians. Sometimes a whole family is valiant enough to brave the horrors of a bombardment or a hot infantry fight in the streets-hiding in the cellars while it lasts, and emerging the moment the dropping shots fewer and further between indicate the close of the struggle. There may be seen little children gazing wonderingly at the dead and dying men lying at the thresholds of the familiar doorways, poking their little fingers into the bullet-holes in the walls, and their heads through the breaches made by the shot and shell. Then old women and girls run to and fro with mattresses and coverlets, and find their houses turned into temporary hospitals and themselves into the street to seek shelter as best they may, until the wounded have been attended to. In the cottage in which I find myself at present are only two women, and they are at this moment engaged in rummaging sleeping for the most valuable articles of clothing and the few winkets they possessed, which they had

motive for this is simply terror."

There is something appalling in the continuance day after day of this slaughter, and it is earnestly to be hoped that I may not have another battle to chronicle to-morrow. Since the beginning of the war there has been nothing so terrible as this nightly camping among frozen bodies with comparatively nothing to eat, and rising (if people can be said to rise who never go to bed) to new deeds of violence. To-day, when I was at the village of Messas, a man was brought in perfectly uncenscious, who had been a day and two nights lying with a fractured thigh on the battle-field. The blood, which clotted his wound and clothes, was frozen into solid ice, and yet the man was restored and able to give an account of his sufferings, which I did not stay to hear. Again, each day's fight involves the burning of houses, and it is melancholy to see the innocent peasantry, when the tide of battle has swept past them, wandering disconsolately among the ruins of their homes.

The Times' correspondent is pleased to be witty after this fashion :- We started in carriages for the Prussian posts, led by Monseigneur Bauer, Archbishop of Saracuse, one of the most active and prinipal officers of the Ambulances de la Presse. His history and character are so remarkable that you must allow me to say a few words about them. He was for ten years, I am told, in the order of the 'Carmes Dechauseses," who claim, conspicuously among other duties and privileges, those of going about barefooted and living on bread and water. Brother Bauer successfully discharged the first duty of going barefooted-though the Archbishop is now usually to be seen in top-boots and spurs, as he is an indefatigable horseman-but he quite failed in the second, for instead of living upon bread and water he nearly died of it. He was so near death that Extreme Unction was administered to him. He rallied, to life in this world, and Pope Pio Nono was good enough not only to recognize the brother's temporal existence, but even volunteered to absolve him from the vows which had so nearly sent him prematurely to heaven, with much useful work on earth still undone. The Archbishop, though he drinks only water at the dinner table, now shrinks from no sort of solid food, and is in consequence healthy, full of physical energy, and altogether as valuable a member of society as a man of his un-usual capacity ought to be. I am told he is a great orator, and though I am still to have the pleasure of hearing him in public, I can easily imagine it from his ready wit and unusual command, in private conversation, of language at once copious and choice Although, however, I have not heard him in the pulpit, I have seen him in action on the field, and have no hesitation in saying that he has all the qualities of a first-rate cavalry officer, except that for general he is too foud of going under fire, and that without excuse, since the Division more especially under his command, the Freres des Ecoles Chretiennes, are in this respect anything but young troops that require leading. One of his estafettes, Mr. El-liott Bower, told me that for nearly two hours yesterday Monseigneur kept him riding about under the Prussian bombs, an occupation not uninteresting, perhaps, and certainly exciting, but soarcely what one counted upon in volunteering to escort an Archbishop. One might as well be an aide-de-camp to General Ducrot, and be killed off at once in leading a charge. Altogether, Monseigneur would have