

and just treating sacred sentry boxes of all kinds of troops as if they had lived in them all their lives—these things must be seen to be believed. And even then there are the great impossibilities to be credited of private soldiers driving waggons in the prohibited alleys of the park, and of their galloping *ventre à terre*—their own spurs and other men's horses—on the 'Gazon,' which a Versailles eye, in the good time gone by last week, scarce ventured to look upon. There is not a sound in the avenue of St. Cloud now. It is the hour of repose after the mid day meal. A group of Prussian soldiers are standing at a door admiring the tricks of a poodle which is performing at the bidding of a girl on the threshold, who does not seem to care for *la patrie en danger*; a couple of priests are talking to an old gentleman with a red ribbon in his button hole, as gaily as if the Italians were not in places they ought not to be; an orderly with shiny helmet, galloping in a cloud of dust in the alley, scarcely makes any difference in the quiet; on both sides of the broad avenue closed venetians and closed doors, and trees on which the leaves, just 'earning that they must be no longer green, hang tranquilly; and so on in perspective to the barrier, where there is a field battery, horsed and ready to start anywhere at a minute's notice alibet officers, gunners and drivers are sitting or lying extended in the shade."

#### THAT WONDERFUL GUNNER.

The correspondent writes on the 28th:—

"I have seen Paris journals of yesterday. Having read some of them I would, were I a Frenchman, knowing as much as I do of the exact position of affairs on our side, really kill a journalist or commit suicide. There is, for instance, an idiot paragraph about a 'pointeur' in one of the batteries or forts, an Alsatian, who has dismounted God knows how many pieces of the Prussians. I would not be astonished to hear he was made a hero—had a street named after him—had a niche in the Pantheon. But this I will undertake to do—I will eat him, provided he does not object to the consumption—casquette, tunic, buttons, breeches, boots and all—if at the end of the war (I being alive) it can be shown that up to the date of this letter there was over any Prussian or German gun dismounted by him, or any other man at all; and just to complete the matter I will undertake to pay him through your office the weight of every gun in solid silver which he has dismounted by his fire, the fact being that no Prussian guns have yet been put in battery, and that, *ergo*, none have been put out of battery."

#### THE NUT TO BE CRACKED.

"The fall of Strasbourg will liberate a small siege train, and the three strong divisions, and the fall of Toul has left the road open for the conveyance of as many guns as German arsenals can send and German troops can escort; but a bombardment of Paris—of Paris proper—is a great work not to be commenced or ended in a week, or a month (I think), and there is much to be done before the inner *encient* is reached and the guns can be put in position to rain fire on the city proper. All France is outside the Prussian lines of circumvallation. First, there is the kernel of the nut to be cracked—Paris itself—next, the shells of the *enciente* and the fortresses. Outside the crackers in a very strong hand and beyond and outside the crackers stands a power indeterminate force and vigour which may or may not be able to cause the hand to fall and the crackers to open, or which

may be able to cut off the arm at the shoulder or elbow. At present the position is one of preparation on one side and expectancy on the other. The investing army can do nothing but secure its positions. The invested city can add to its defences. It is an elementary principle not to expose an unarméd work to the enemy's guns—not, in fact, to begin any parallel which can be attacked at once before the guns are ready to be unmasked and to be made to reply. There is a popping all around Paris night and day, in which possibly the Chassepot proves that it is better than the needle gun. There are more possibly killed and certainly wounded every night and day, but that has no more to do with the fate of the belligerents than the accidents in the streets or the returns in the bills of mortality. The postal service by balloons will perhaps give the outer world some idea of what occurs inside Paris, but how is the return to be managed? Will the Parisians hear or believe that after a heroic defence Strasbourg has capitulated? It is so much the worse for Paris, indeed, and it removes obstacles which Toul had not quite smoothed away."

#### ARMY LIFE AT VERSAILLES.

The correspondent, writing on the 29th, says:—

"A considerable movement of troops, infantry and artillery, has been going on up the Avenue de Paris from the direction of the capital, but it is probably only a relief of troops, sending them to another quarter. I rather think the Crown Prince has ordered the troops to be shifted every one or two days. In this way officers and men become well acquainted with the country, and the monotony of quarters is varied, the regiments keep up their powers of marching and mobility. The marches being moderate, the men are not fatigued. The Versailles folks, seeing the same regiments and batteries pass and re-pass, are becoming impressed with the idea that they are being treated to a sort of stage strategem familiar to the generals of supernumeraries, whereby their numbers are magnified exceedingly in processions, military representations and pageantries. 'There they go again! Ah! these Prussians, full of ruses.' I've seen these very horses and men twice this week already. *Bah! Allez!*"

"When the army of the Loire comes up the trick will be exposed. There is at times such a profound silence at my end of the Avenue that it is a relief to hear the rattle of the flat little unbraced drums, and the very ear piercing fife of the battalions. For half an hour or more there is not a carriage or vehicle along the road, and the leaves as they fall seem to make a whack on the ground, and a chestnut tumbling is quite a sensation. At other moments guns and many feet rattle and patter—Staff officers gallop by, Generals and aides go up or drive, patrols of gendarmie creep along in the shade of the trees. There go two soldiers with a man in blouse, very like a peasant, his hands fastened behind his back, towards the Commandant's office here, comes a knot of country folk, men, women and children, laden with heavy bundles, and going to the towns as if they were quitting their homes in some danger menaced village near Paris. The roads are declared open for people bringing in produce, and the result is that butter, eggs and milk are to be had, as well as butcher's meat, bread, poultry, but at very high prices. The hotels are not faring badly, nor are guests. There is a report that an action occurred somewhere or other along the lines, but no one at headquarters knows anything of it. All

that is known for sure is that the Bavarians prepared for an attack and sortie, and that there was a movement of troops near Vanvres and Montrogue indicative of a sortie. It did not come off. The fact is that the troops in the forts appear to be changed, and the *Chevaux de fer de Octure* is seen engaged in discharging and taking them up and thus creates an *alerte* along the line. The weather continues to be exquisitely fine. A small batch of French prisoners came in to day. A Prussian detachment passing them carried arms, but the Frenchmen took no notice of the compliment. There is an agitation among the people here because a rumour has gone abroad of a forced contribution, and also of a demand for a number of men."

SUCCESSFUL MINING IN CANADA.—The *Detroit Free Press* says: "The Lake Superior silver mines continue to 'pan out.' in a way eminently satisfactory to the owners. On Saturday evening the propeller Northern Light brought down sixty two barrels of ore, valued at about \$50,000, and more is expected to day." This result is from the mine near Thunder Bay, that was recently acquired from the Montreal Mining Company by some Detroit and New York capitalists. The *New York Times*, speaking of silver mining generally, has the following allusion to the same enterprise. It says: "While all this activity and rapid development is going on in the heart of the Continent, the Lake Superior region, which of late has been comparatively neglected, is again receiving attention. A mine has recently been opened on Silver Islet, near Fort William, from which great things are expected, and considerable returns are said to have been already realized. The vein is what is called quartz bearing and runs under the water to, it is affirmed, an immeasurable extent. Several Detroit capitalists are interested in the enterprise, and experienced mining engineers express high hopes of it. This is but one of the many like undertakings in the same section, soon to be energetically pushed. It is not to be supposed these Lake Superior mines will rival Washoe or the Great Dunderberg Mine of Castle Peak; but the nearness to market, and needful supplies, will make the Lake Superior mines, when productive at all, highly profitable."

An episode from the battle field of Saarbrücken is very affecting. A man who had two sons killed in one regiment, took his waggon to go and look for them. He had already put five very severely wounded men on his waggon; he had room for one more. He then found a Hauptmann upon Winterfeld. But scarcely had he placed him in the waggon when the old veteran said, almost choking from weakness and pain: Just seek my sergeant—a brave man; I will not leave him alone here. The waggoner declared it would be impossible to find the wounded sergeant. Then put me down again, was the answer; for I will die where my sergeant dies. With the aid of matches the man was at last found and taken to the city. On the following day both friends were dead.

There is much talk of a young Parisian—an artilleryman, named Christmann, aged 22—who is such a good shot that he has dismounted forty seven Prussian guns from the fort of St. Dennis, where he is now stationed. The balloon accounts say that the Prussians cannot establish a battery at any point within range of him, and he alone is worth an army.