

ten cows, and ten horses, and twenty sheep forewent it. I'll let the born villain into a saicret, before long, that'll make him hop like a lame duck. But whist! It's an odd saying, if them's his feet I hear on the gravel, that talk of the devil (Lord save us!) and he's surely at hand."

"A good-even to you, Nora. I've been watching you all the way up from the gate, and faith it did my heart good to see you looking so happy like, an' the red light shinning about you ashore, as it will some better day in glory," said a weary-sounding voice at the door.

"Come in, Dennis Byrne, and don't stand there jabbering at the door-sill to disturb Mrs. Halloran," she replied, without looking up, although she was half tempted to do so, and was ready to burst into tears; for there was something so unusually sad in Dennis Byrne's voice, that she felt at once that something had happened.

"It's a poor welcome you give me, Nora, after a heavy day's work, an' a sore tramp from Kildare," he said, still leaning against the door. "Come in and rest yourself. No one hinders you," was her ungracious reply.

"You saw the sogsors go past to-day?" he said, taking a chair near her.

"It's like enough I'd leave my ironing and plaiting to run down to the road to stare at sogsors! I can't afford to lose the time that some does," she replied, with a toss of her head.

"S'pose then, head, they come thundering up here to Glendariff and ordered you at the point of their bayonets to sew a button on every man's coat of 'em?"

"And if they did," she replied, while her eyes flashed, "if they did, I wouldn't. I'd try to make some of 'em wish they'd never had such a thing as a button was invented. But what do you mean, man alive? You look as if you had been dead and buried."

"Oh, nothing very particular, only I've been shoeing horses since ten o'clock this morning, with a cocked pistol aimed at my head, and all I got for my pains was curses and hard knocks. An' I'll tell you, Nora bhán ashore, I heard some things said about Glendariff an' Mister Halloran that it would be well enough to make him acquainted with."

"It's mighty strange, Dennis, they should talk out before you?" said Nora, fixing her black eyes with an anxious expression on his.

"Faith, then, it's not so mighty strange, seein' I never let a word of English out of my jaws, but nonplussed 'em with a little Kerry lingo, that set 'em half wild," he said, while a flash of merriment danced over his face.

"Now tell me, Dennis dear, what it all means," said Nora, laying her hand on his shoulder, while tears gathered in her eyes.

"Whist, Nora, ma colleen," he whispered; "there's a rebellion afoot, an' Mister Halloran's one of the chiefs of it. And they're going to station sogsors at Glendariff, and set spies on him, and take him up to Dublin if they catch him."

"And what if he's taken?" gasped Nora.

"He'll be hung or transported."

"Oh, Jesus!" exclaimed Nora, with a cry of bitter anguish.

"Hist, Nora ashore! hist! I hear footsteps on the gravel."

"The Holy Virgin grant it may be Mister Halloran!" said Nora. "I expect they'll want lights now, and I'll step in with the candelabra." The massive silver candelabrum, supporting wax candles, stood in a closet all ready. She hastily took it out, and, lighting the trimmed and oiled wicks, went into the drawing-room with it. She soon returned, and, resuming her seat, with a crimson flush dyed her cheeks, she said, "No, it's not Mister Halloran; it's that bad, black Donald, that I'll put some trouble on yet, if he don't keep his dirty hands to himself."

"What's that you're saying, Nora?" asked Dennis Byrne.

"Nothing—nothing. Mind your own business, Dennis, man," said Mister Halloran, who had not come yet, she replied, bustling over her work-basket.

So it was. Mrs. Halloran had heard the footsteps, and sprang toward the door to meet her husband, but, when she saw her dark kinsman, always an unwelcome guest, she drew back with a loud cry of disappointment. He held out his hand, and said,—

"I hope, my lady cousin, I am not intruding."

"No, no," she said, hurriedly; "I only thought it was John—"

"Halloran, out, eh? I came up to see him on business. Do you expect him in soon?" he said, with a dark and sinister look.

"Every moment. I hope to see him come in every instant," she replied, hurriedly.

"Yes, I hope so too. The country is in a very troubled state, and I believe government is on the alert to arrest every one whose conduct is at all suspicious. John is the leading man in his district; and the law expects him, of course, to keep order among his tenants."

"Of course—yes, of course. John has always endeavored to keep order among our people. He has made them his friends, Cousin Donald, by promoting in every way their interests and comfort and morals. I don't think we shall have trouble with our people," she said, anxiously.

"I hope not. John's Quaker blood ought to preach and plead for peace. By-the-by, Cousin Mary, you know I was in France when you got married, and I'm not well acquainted with Halloran's antecedents. What is the family history? There ought to be some legends connected with an old place like Glendariff."

"There are none," she said, quietly. "John's family, as far back as we can trace them, have been Quakers and the proprietors of Glendariff. He, you know, is the last of his name, and the inheritor of their wealth."

"But Halloran is a Catholic; that is strange."

"Yes, thank God, John is a good and sincere Catholic. He became one a few years before our marriage, at Rome."

"Hum—ahem—and you met him—?"

"In Dublin. We frequented the same circles."

"But—pardon me, my lady cousin, for interrupting you again—a rumor came to me over the water that the beautiful Mary O'More, the last of the lineal descendants of the McCarthy More, was about mating with the Earl of Rathlin, the wealthiest of our Irish peers."

"Mary O'More had enough of the pride of the princes of Munster left in her not to mate with a man who, if famous for his riches and power, was still more notorious for his vices. She preferred the noble and unsullied heart she has chosen, who, if he has no rank to boast of, can show an ancestry without stain or reproach, whose virtues he inherits and whose fair name he honors," exclaimed Mrs. Halloran, rousing herself, and speaking proudly.

"Yes," drawled Donald, well named the Black, with an insufferably supercilious air; "yes, I heard he was a clever person. It would be a pity, though—"

"What would be a pity?" she inquired, haughtily.

"It would be a great pity if Halloran should get mixed up in these secret organizations which are on foot. It would be a pity for this fine old property to be involved."

"John Halloran is one who scorns all anticipated pity, being sufficient in his own resources for whatever may befall him. But why should Donald More suggest such things?" she said, with dignity.

"Well," he said, "the times suggest them—not I. Every man ought to be on his guard who has landed interests at stake, and children to inherit them."

Just then a quick step bounded through the hall, and the next moment Mary Halloran lay sobbing on the bosom of her husband.

"Ha, More! I'm glad to see you," he said, supporting his wife in one arm, while he held his hand out to her kinsman.

"Mary, darling, you have moped yourself to death, and are nervous. By-and-by we shall be more together; my business is almost completed. But *supper*, where is supper? Nora! Nora Brady, let us have tea and a cold fowl, and any other nice thing you may have," said Mr. Halloran, calling to Nora in cheerful tones.

"I wonder you are not more careful, Halloran," said Donald More, as John Halloran threw himself on the sofa beside his wife; "outrages are fearfully common—burnings and murders by the score."

"It's the old song, and a convenient and most plausible excuse for new exactions—new oppressions," he replied, carelessly. "I know something about these matters. I know how, insulted and trodden on, exasperated and maddened, my poor countrymen sometimes turn like worms and sting the heels that crush them. Then come the outcry and the death-cry together, and the huge hand of oppression, armed with a thousand scourges, falls heavily far and wide. No, I am not afraid; and once it would have been a marvel to hear one of the McCarthy Mores talk of fear."

"That's very fine—a very fine sentiment; but I suppose the Mores are degenerating with the rest of mankind; besides, you know, I am a lateral branch, and my mother was an Englishwoman, so I'm sworn in from my birth, and all my natural proclivities are for the Union," said Donald More, laughing sarcastically.

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE PARISIANS AND THE HOMBARDMENT.

The correspondent of the Times inside Paris, writing on the 23rd Jan., says:—I stepped into a cabaret to ask a few questions over a "bock" of beer. The place was full, almost crowded, with *ouverts* and their wives, eating and drinking, or talking in knots—a quiet, orderly set; in the centre, under a great skylight, a few billiards playing. Still, the shots followed each other in quick succession with a monotony that was painful, and I could not but reflect how dreadful would be the consequences should a projectile see fit to penetrate that flimsy edifice and explode in our midst. Experience shows of how little use are mere walls of brick and mortar as a protection against shells; for houses are riddled through and through with small round holes, piercing beams and floors from roof to cellar to an extent that is incredible. I ventured to suggest to my hostess that her position was a precarious one—urging her to close her shutters, and take refuge in a safer place. "Que voulez-vous?" she said, with a quiet smile; "my husband will not move, monsieur, and where am I to go? We sleep, myself and the little one, in the cellar below; if we are killed, so much the better, there will be an end to our sufferings." It seemed a courage engendered by despair; and this I fancy to be the true reading of the people's attitude at the present juncture. Standing by her side was a little boy, about ten years of age—a sharp little fellow, who looked out at me wonderingly with large brown eyes. As soon as his shyness wore off he became talkative, displaying all the typical shrewdness of the *gamin de Paris*. He described a scene which had taken place a few hours before in a restaurant *lud*—how a young officer and his wife had been dining in the first-floor *salon* when a shell fell through the house entering by a garret window, and quietly thrumming like a ball out of the front door without bursting, traversing the building through floors and ceilings, and neatly shaving off the top of the young soldier's head in its course. The little *imp* narrated the episode with sparkling eyes, and, seizing me by the coat-tail, dangled me off with him to go through an elaborate pantomime on the very spot where the sad event occurred. "Here, monsieur, is the table; he was sitting, mark you, thus—with a knife and a fork in either hand, so—when in came the enemy without alarm or sound of trumpet. He never stirred, *mon bon monsieur*, but his head sank low upon his breast, and the blood trickled into his plate." And then the child mimed his wondering eyes and his wide little face to mine, saying, "And, do you know, the lady was taken ill!" The house was a wreck indeed, the shell in the transit having made seven large holes, tearing up the boards and shattering the furniture by mere concussion.

DIARY OF THE "BESIEGED RESIDENT."

PARIS, Feb. 1.

Paris is grave. We have collapsed morally and physically. We are utterly disgusted with ourselves and with everyone else. The reaction is overwhelming. Everyone washes his hands of all that has passed, by reviling everyone except himself. A captain in the navy has really blown out his brains in despair. Many citizens have threatened to do so,

but have been dissuaded by their friends, who tell them that they ought to live for the sake of their country; and this they have consented to do. "Our heroic population is thrilling with grief and indignation," say the newspapers. In point of fact they are doing no such thing. Of course, they are sorry that they have been obliged to yield; but nineteenth-century hearts are not so tender, and comfort themselves with the thoughts that the Prussians are in forts, indeed, but not in Paris.

The city is perfectly quiet. There are no longer even the usual groups in the streets discussing politics and strategy. The elections hardly attract any notice. Each citizen of Paris has to choose forty-three representatives, and he is in no humour to care who they are, as it is not clear yet whether the Assembly is to be a *Constituante*. M. Dufaure, an ex-Orleanist, is at the head of the principal electoral committee. His rallying cry is France. His theoretical programme is a strong, but moderate, Republicanism; and he intends to include in his list of candidates men of all parties. The Republic is in bad odour, because it has failed to be victorious; the Bonapartists are already active; and neither the Emperor nor his son have a chance as regards Paris. There is a strong feeling in favour of the Orleans family. It is feared, however, that the Count de Paris is not enough of a man. Were the Duc d'Anjou the head of the family, he would be King of the French within a year. Many suggest electing him President. Next to him, M. Thiers has the greatest number of supporters.

The Government of National Defence has almost disappeared from notice. It has become a committee to preside over public order. The world may censure us, they said in a proclamation the other day. It would be impossible, replied the newspapers. Trochu and Gambetta, once the idols of the Parisians, are now the best abused men in France. Trochu (a friend of his till he to-day) deserted by all, makes speeches in the bosom of his family. No more speeches; no more lawyers; is the cry of the journals. And then they spin out phrases of exaggerated Spartaism by the yard, and suggest some lawyer as the rising hope of the country.

To-day I made an excursion into the Forest of Bondy, which up to yesterday was very dangerous ground. Chancespot bullets had a very unpleasant fashion of whizzing through the trees there when one least expected them. Epping Forest never was more free of any such dangerous missiles than Bondy to-day, and the sentinels at hitherto dangerous posts seemed as much at their ease as if they were mounting guard at the King's Palace at Dresden. But I had proceeded only a short way into the forest when I perceived armed Saxons conducting a small body of French troops. When we met I thought there could be no harm in my "intervening" the Frenchmen. Turning my horse's head I found the procession on its way to Clichy, and addressing them I asked whether they were prisoners. All were most anxious to acquaint me with the state of affairs. They told me that there was an Armistice of 21 days, in order that a National Assembly might be convoked, and they believed no one could doubt that Peace would be the result. I interrupted by saying, "Then you are all convinced that Paris can do no more?" There was a unanimous "Certainement, tout est fini!" Continuing their story, they told me that, believing the Armistice made them free to come within the Saxon lines, they had gone so merely to gather vegetables; and one of them, opening his cartouche box, showed me that it was full of roots of some kind. I asked them from what point they had come out, and they told me Neuilly. They had entered within the Saxon lines at Lagny, and had there been arrested. They asked me whether it was not very hard treatment. I explained to them that the outposts had orders to arrest all persons coming within the lines, but I thought they had nothing to fear. The General commanding the Division to which their captors belonged would see that no injustice was done them. We had now arrived at Livry, and one of the Frenchmen told me he had lived in that village up to the time of the investment. "I have never seen it since," he said; "and now I am led into it a prisoner." "Where are they going to take you?" I asked. "To Clichy," answered one of them. "That is close by." I remarked, "Oh, Sir," observed another, "we are all from the neighbourhood. I myself live in Clichy." I learnt further from them that they were all National Guards, and not mobilized. Their uniforms were good, and they appeared to be well nourished; but the fact of their having come out to dig for vegetables within the enemy's lines shows that they must have been in want of food. They asked me whether I had heard that Gambetta had blown his brains out, and Garibaldi had run away.

Two of the officers of Prince George's Staff, Hauptmann Minkwitz and Ober-Lieutenant Arnim, rode to an outpost to-day and had a conversation with some French officers. Ober-Lieutenant Arnim is the tallest man in the Saxon service. He stands seven feet high at least, and is large in proportion. He belongs to the 1st Lanciers, which regiment wears a uniform of light blue, with silver epaulettes. One of the French officers said to him, "May I ask, Sir, to what branch of the German service you belong?" "I am a Uhlan," replied the Ober-Lieutenant. "My God!" rejoined the French officer, "we have heard much of the Uhlans. Are they all such men as you?" Nothing is more extraordinary than the child-like terror with which the name of "Uhlans" inspires the French; and a Uhlans is nothing more than a lancer, and from my experience of many of them I can say that, though brave and efficient, they are not at all ferocious warriors.

The highest military honours will probably be conferred upon General von Werder for the very good service he rendered the other day in front of Belfort. To take up the position in which he was to ward off Bismarck's attack he had to march some 80 miles in three days. After relieving this pedestrian feat his 40,000 stood the assault of 140,000 French for another three days. At Hericourt, the key of the position, five German battalions four times received the charge of 23 battalions of the enemy, repulsing them each time. The combat is not only remarkable as an extraordinary military exploit, but also as a specimen of the relative efficiency of the two armies when the Germans are allowed to stand on the defensive. In nearly all the preceding engagements of the campaign the Germans attacked, the French defended. In the present instance the numerical inferiority of the former did not permit of the same tactics. All they could hope to effect was to prevent the enemy from relieving Belfort, and by a short cut pouring into Alsace and imperilling the very frontiers of Germany. To accomplish this they chose a strong position on the top and along the slope of a range of hills protected by small rivers in front. In other words, they selected ground as advantageous as the French have held in nearly every previous encounter in the war. The result is known. It was certainly influenced by the Germans being mostly of raw recruits, snatched away from their homes only a few weeks ago. Still, making every allowance for this accidental inferiority, the plain truth seems to be that if the French have to dislodge an enemy armed with breechloaders and placed on vantage ground, they find it more difficult to acquire themselves of this critical task than their adversaries, who have solved the problem so often in the past six months. There is a sustained steadiness required for the work, in which the sober Teuton excels the impetuous Gaul. There is no putting down a breechloading battalion at a dash. A force armed with Brown Bess might be got rid of by a sudden charge. One armed with a far and fast shoot-

ing rifle must be determinately attacked over and over again at a terrible loss if it holds vantage ground and consists of calm and fearless men. If this can be regarded as a novel military fact established in this war, it is one of great political significance. The Germans mean to stand on the defensive in the next war against the French, and they will draw the new frontier line with an eye to this end.—Times Cor.

Discipline.—Not from Prussians, but from neutrals and even from Frenchmen, are to be heard numerous stories against the discipline of the army of the Loire. The men do not obey their officers implicitly and what discipline there is comes only from constant fear of the heaviest military punishment, even death itself being not at all uncommon. There is no country whose children become soldiers more readily than France, and M. Gambetta cannot be accused of deficiency in energy or severity when needed. But surely this war has shown that armies cannot be made fit to take the field in a few weeks. Guns may be cast, rifles made or imported, and men drilled quite sufficiently to march and manoeuvre, but solidity cannot be manufactured—it must grow, nor can officers be created in the course of three or four months.

The discipline of the German armies is of a totally different character. The punishments are severe but the real steady principle is the knowledge that the officers know the business of war thoroughly. In punishments, as in other matters connected with the service, much confidence is reposed in officers of junior grades. A Captain can give seven days' solitary confinement on bread and water, even in peace, without bringing the culprit before the commanding officer of the battalion. The Company of 250 men thus learns to look upon the Captain as a great man, and responsibility is brought down to the officer who really knows the men, and who is associated with them in the daily drills and duties. Each man has the right to appeal if he feels aggrieved in any respect, but where intelligence prevails, neither punishments nor appeals are likely to be frequent.

It would be wrong, however, to speak of intelligence and never of morality of the soldier. It is often said in England, "the Prussians profess to have universal military service, but if so, their army would be larger in time of peace, while the men are being trained." But from the total must be deducted all under a certain height, all suffering from such disease as incapacitates them for war, and all who have committed disgraceful actions, such as theft. During the pressure of war some of these, even of the latter category, may be called out, but they are not allowed the honour of being led against the enemy, nor permitted to wear the King's colours on their caps. Thus is character cultivated together with intelligence, and thus are men taught that the military service of their country is one of the greatest honours which can be conferred on any member of the community.

Another feature of Prussian morality is their love of the family. You will not be quartered long in company with the ordinary Prussian officer before he shows you the photograph of a girl whom he simply says he loves, and will marry when he can. They are proud of having large families, and look to education and energy for the future support of their children, who will wander abroad if they cannot find work at home.—Times Cor.

The confidence expressed by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen in their ultimate success is marvellous, and would be admirable were it not based on the most enormous self-deception. This very day the people of Le Mans are talking together of a great defeat sustained before Combe two days ago by the Prussians. It is painful to deceive them, yet what is to be gained by blindness to plain truth? They will not see that their cause is desperate.

Neither will the Prussians see what stores of eternal hatred they are accumulating against themselves by their passion for Provinces entirely indisposed to their rule. I am quartered upon an elderly lady, who comes trembling to me whenever the rough, loud voices of Germans are heard below seeking shelter or food. Madame Perrinelle, whose daughter in England will be glad to hear that her mother suffers no worse fate than to have an English gentleman in her house who respects her grey hairs, is a delicate French lady, nervous and terrified at the rude manhood of these rough, burly Germans. She lives alone, tended only by two servants, and is just one of those people whom one would wish to keep always from as much as a rude breath of wind. But if I speak to her of the necessity for peace she turns the subject adroitly, shewing that she thinks me under the influence of Prussian ideas. A French gentleman with whom I talked to-day said that if the Prussians would but resign their claim to Alsace and Lorraine, France would rest satisfied with the endurance of her children and the heroic resistance of Paris, would let Germany go in peace, and would sheathe her sword without any intention of drawing it again. He added—

"But if Germany robs us of our territory I will leave all my fortune to my children only on the condition that they swear vengeance against the Prussians, and carry out the legacy which I transmit to them. In ten or 20 years, it matters not how long, France will be strong again, and Germany will have to answer for all she has now done."

The Germans are perfectly alive to this legacy of hatred to be treasured up against them. The military aristocracy which rules in Prussia, educated and trained entirely with a view to success in war, regard peace as hurtful to their interests and likely to destroy the manhood of the nation. "What does it matter if our children have to fight again? That will be their business." You will agree that such a sentiment is worthy of the Middle Ages, but it exists. From a military point of view the Prussian, now the German, organization is terribly efficient, but it affords the facility of carrying the whole nation into war at any moment, when the interests of a class demand it. Even to a soldier the military atmosphere of the Prussian army is oppressive, and it is very doubtful whether the machine lately set going can be stopped as soon as its present work is done.—Times Cor.

MITRAILLEUSE.

To arrive at the true value of the mitrailleuse it is necessary to leave the charm-d'arcle of Headquarters and ask questions among the men who have to use it. It is also necessary to take into consideration its bad service by the French gunners, who are too hot and thoughtless to make perfect artillerymen. But there is a mass of evidence to prove that the Germans would rather face a large number of infantry than half-a-dozen mitrailleuses. They try to disguise their feelings under the appearance of jocularity, as when they say, "If we are to be killed it matters little whether we are killed very much or not." But I find among the fighting men a general agreement that the mitrailleuse, especially when behind a little cover, is very dangerous. A bold dash against the infantry causes the Chassepot to be fired at random, or even in the air. The mitrailleuse, once hid, shoots steadily, for it has no nerves. I was told yesterday by a General that the Germans will certainly adopt the new weapon in some form or other, after the war, for positions in the field, and I observe that there is more triumph over one mitrailleuse taken from the enemy than over many guns. The instrument is capable of much development, and it should not be mounted on such heavy carriages as those of the French. All the reverses of that strange nation have not yet taken the habit of boasting and exaggeration out of them. The Gatling was destructive enough in the two days' fighting at Change, but when French soldiers talked of sweeping whole battalions away they were drawing heavily on their imagination. What it takes to feed the German army in France

may be inferred from the following:—In the space of twenty-four hours each *corps d'armee* consumes 18,000 loaves, weighing 3 lbs. each; 120 cwt. of bacon, 18 cwt. of salt, 30 cwt. of coffee, 12 cwt. of oats, 3 cwt. of lye, 3,506 quarts of spirits, and 3,500 ounces of orange essence, or some other bitter extract taken with the spirits. To this gigantic figure add 60 cwt. of tobacco, 1,100,000 ordinary cigars, and 50,000 officers' cigars for each ten days. If you multiply these figures by 24, or perhaps 25, you have the sum total of the consumption of a single day, or, as regards tobacco of ten days, of the troops in the field.

After dinner last evening there was produced at Headquarters a massive album, as large as a quarto edition of the Bible, and elaborately bound in embossed leather. In the centre of the cover were the arms of Saxony; on the four corners the insignia of the Iron Cross. The officers stood round the table as the album was opened, and I thought it contained scenes in the war; but on the pictures being exhibited I saw that each was a large-sized photograph, and I was informed that it was the likeness of a Saxon officer killed during present campaign. Portrait after portrait was taken out for a quarter of an hour. It was a sad sight. Most of the originals were very young men when they fell, and had been the comrades of the officers who were now, and more than one of them with wet eyes, gazing on the portraits. I expressed my surprise at the number of these mortuary photographs, and was told that they represented only one-half the officers who had fallen. Another such volume would be filled before the sad series would have been completed up to the present time. Short of seeing the dead bodies of all these victims, nothing could have brought home to one's mind with more painful vividness the widespread mourning which this war must be causing in Germany. Be it remembered that these gentlemen were all commissioned officers in a single Army Corps. What if we had the portraits of all the rank and file killed in this same Corps? What a lesson might be learnt from such a gallery! In this enlightened age we certainly have made great strides in the art of killing.—Times Correspondent.

The Times correspondent with Prince Frederick Charles writes:—Not only in the grand operations, but even in such details as riding and carrying messages and endurance of fatigue, the Prussians are accustomed to do hard work well and cheerfully. The Ninth corps made a march last month which is certainly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, achievement of the kind in history. It has been reiterated from so many quarters that it would be absurd not to believe it. During twenty-four hours of the 16th and 17th of December this corps marched twelve Prussian miles, or about fifty-four English. Twenty-five miles a day for a whole corps—infantry, cavalry and artillery—have been frequently marched, and there is not the slightest sign of wearing out in the army. I repeat that men and horses are in first rate condition. They are so well that they would be positively fit for the daily exercise. No doubt many weak ones have been killed off, but that does not alter the fact that there exists a German army which can undergo all these fatigues and remain stronger than ever; that it is in the highest possible state of discipline, and is led by men of good family, yet not generally rich enough to make any other career than that of arms.

A letter from Perronne in the *Cologne Gazette* says:—The cathedral, with its tower reared like a sieve, the rows of houses converted into heaps of ruins, the town-hall, damaged from top to bottom, presented an appearance with which the most terrible disaster we have seen in the six months' campaign could not in the least compare. Not a house had been spared, not a window was unbroken, furniture and store had, of course, all been dragged out into the street, for the reign of grenades seldom allowed a thought even of extinguishing the flames. The people could only take refuge in the cellars and were forced to sleep there, as the bombardment did not cease at night. While we were standing in the square opposite the town-hall some drunken Mobiles roared about the still smoking ruins, exciting great laughter among the degraded French public. A number of glaziers from the surrounding villages followed the German soldiers into the town, in the expectation of finding plenty of business." Another correspondent states that the commandant, an officer released at Metz on his promise not to serve again in the war, shot himself finding that the place could hold out no longer. He could, of course, have expected no mercy from the enemy. A new commandant had, therefore, to conclude the capitulation. The besiegers found all the shops empty or closed, and their trembling owners exclaimed, "Nis! tabak du tout, du tout, du tout!"

How "THE TIMES" WAS SENT TO PARIS.—Attempts to establish a ready communication between the beleaguered inhabitants of Paris and their relatives and friends beyond the German lines have given rise to many contrivances which are not unlikely to make a new era in the history both of aeronautics and photography. Among them may be mentioned the ingenious device by which the matter of two whole pages of *The Times* has been transmitted from London to Paris. This has been accomplished by photography. Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris, were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions there could be seen by the naked eye only two legible words, "The Times," and six narrow brown bands representing the six columns of printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces became legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bouleaux for transmission thence by carrier pigeon to Paris. When received there they were magnified, by the aid of the magic lantern, to a large size and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisements. The success of this experiment gives rise to the hope that the new art of compressing printed matter into a small compass will not stop here. If a page of *The Times* can be compressed into a space little larger than that occupied by a postage stamp, the matter of an octavo volume might be made to cover not more than two of its own pages, and a library could be reduced to the dimensions of the smallest prayer book. What a relief it would be to the learned persons who frequent the Library of the British Museum, if instead of having to make fatiguing journeys from letter A to letter B of the ponderous catalogue of books, they had their many hundred volumes reduced to a space a yard square, over which a microscope could be hurriedly passed. Such suggestions are now occupying the thoughts of photographers.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On January 24, says a correspondent of the *Irishman*, the grave closed over his kind and warm-hearted priest as ever Clara nurtured. The Rev. Michael O'Connor, P. P., Clara Castle, died at the age of sixty-six, after an energetic life spent in the vineyard of Christ. He loved God's poor and his country, and gave striking illustration of it on several occasions. Father O'Connor was as patriotic as he was benevolent. When the bones of M'Manus were brought to Ireland, some patriotic priests in Clara wished to offer a High Mass for him in Ennis, and being refused admittance to the church by an old Government priest, they were invited by Father O'Connor to