

**THE FOUR BEST RIFLES IN THE WORLD**—There are now four breech-loading rifles in the world which are proven by experiment to be far ahead of any others which have hitherto been made, viz: the Martini-Henry and Snider, of England; the needle-gun of Prussia, and the chassepot, of France. The first named is immeasurably the best weapon. It will fire a round every two seconds with double the accuracy that the improved chassepot can fire at the rate of one round each five seconds. Its ball is one-third heavier, and its manipulation vastly more simple. The Snider is greatly ahead of the Prussian needle gun—friendly contests in the Mediterranean, between English and Prussian sailors, resulted in favor of the rapidity and accuracy of the Snider as 13 to 5 over the needle-gun. A party of six English sailors fired 77 shots in ten minutes at a target six feet by four feet, and made 134 points; whereas under the same circumstances six Prussian sailors fired only 58 shots, and made but 52 points, the range in both instances being 200 yards. The Snider rifle has likewise been compared with the chassepot, and came out many degrees in advance. Both the English guns excel their competitors in strength and safety of ammunition, accuracy, depth of range, flatness of the trajectory, penetrative power, safety strength, simplicity of construction and rapidity of fire. The bullet of a Martini Henry smashes to powder the bone of its victim, making amputation necessary, and it is absolutely irresistible within the range of half a mile. The bullet of the Snider is almost as destructive as an explosive shell—its peculiar shape making it open out like a mushroom in passing through flesh. At the point of entrance the wound is small and round, but where it comes out the hole is big enough to insert a large rule barrel, and jagged and cut in terrible style.

**VALUE OF FORTS.**—For two hundred years France and Germany have exhausted all the resources of military science, and spent millions of treasure in the erection of elaborate fortresses on their frontiers. Their great engineers have made the defence of the boundary the study and glory of a lifetime, and in no part of the world, probably, has the art of fortification been more elaborately and ingeniously applied than in the Rhine Provinces of Germany, and the districts of Alsace and Lorraine in France. Triple, quadruple lines have been established on both sides, and to the superficial student of war it seemed as if none of these lines could be passed without the reduction of formidable strongholds, and the peril of sieges and assaults. But here is the campaign, only a few weeks old, and in the face of the whole French army, King William has marched past fortress after fortress, taken place after place without a blow, driven the French away from their first line, penetrated and broken their second, swept the whole Alsace, placed the strong city of Strasbourg in such straits that the surrender is apparently only a question of a few days, and practically thrown the French back upon Paris, where alone there is likely to be even the semblance of a siege, supposing the war to last long enough for King William to get there. The whole system of fortifications has collapsed after two battles in the open field. Saarbruck, where Von Steinmetz assailed Fossard, is not a fortified place, and the lines of Wiessenburg, where McMahon was beaten by the Crown Prince, were abandoned some years ago as having no strategical importance. And yet a Prussian victory at each of these two points has thrown the whole of North

Eastern France, and may prove to have even uncovered Paris. It is demonstrated that powerful armies led by good Generals can afford to despise the most elaborate of permanent fortifications, and that no defense is to be trusted except a large force in the open field.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### THE LATE MARSHAL McMAHON.

#### THE CONQUERED HERO.

Now for the first time associated with defeat though doubled in honor by his heroic valor and soldierly conduct in the hour of disasters, is too well known to require much recapitulation. He fought in Algeria where he was among the bravest of the brave. His very name is a trumpet call descended as he is from the old Irish Kings. In the Crimea to him it devolved to assault the Malakoff, Todleben's great earthwork, which was the key of the Russian position. McMahon at the head of his Zouaves, marched to the assault, and was among the first up in the storming party. By some accident he was left unsupported, but having gained the summit, he withstood every effort of the Russians, and held his ground until the supporting division came to his assistance. In Italy it was his brilliant assault that saved the French army from the jaws of defeat, and won the battle of Magenta. McMahon has been not less remarkable for his personal *bonhomme* than for his brilliant bravery. After Magenta, when he made his triumphal entrance into Milan, a charming little miss of six years tendered him a bouquet. He leaned down to take it and bent his nodding plume over the baby to kiss her. "I should like to ride with you," said the little girl. "So you shall then, my pet," and so saying he sat her before him on his war horse, and the noble animal, proud of his double burden, stepped daintily through the city along the road to the cathedral. In Paris, too, when the troops came in McMahon's genial face and jovial smile, with his renown, procured him any amount of compliment and congratulation. He was fairly smothered with bouquets and wreaths. In Algeria when he turned his attention to government affairs and military colonization he was found efficient in the cabinet as he had been in the field. He endeavoured to institute a variety of local reforms and useful arrangements which would have told for the permanent welfare of the people entrusted to their care, but the genius of French people is not in favor of free colonization, besides which the local difficulties are almost insurmountable. The last act of his administration was the repression, in 1869, of a revolt by a turbulent native tribe. After Magenuau he was twenty five hours in the saddle, and like his own men reduced to the last shifts of hunger and exhaustion. His parting with one of his comrades on that terrible day is touching. The Cuirassiers were ordered to charge. "It is death, my general," said the Colonel commanding. "That is true," was the reply, "but what can we do? Let us embrace, my friend." They did so. The Cuirassiers charged. The charge was only to cover the retreat. It was cavalry against infantry in line, unbroken, in rough ground, hop-gardens, timber, and so forth. They bore through the obstacles and charged; they were picked off leisurely by the terrible needle gun as they went through to get at the Prussians. Once, twice, thrice they charged. Of that magnificent array, three thousand strong, only ninety-seven came out of action; of that ninety-seven only five were unwounded. McMahon wept. What could he do more?

The Annual Rifle Match of the Sixth Brigade Rifle Association is to take place at Bowmanville on Tuesday next, the 13th instant.



#### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under signed, endorsed "Tenders for work at Coteau Landing," will be received at this office until the evening of the 20th September next, for the construction of a Mooring Pier at Coteau Landing.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Friday, the 2nd day of September, where printed forms of tender and other information can also be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

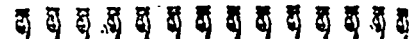
This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 29th Aug., 1870.



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