

craft has handed down another doctrine. The Ottoman Empire is regarded as one of the barriers to Russian aggression in the East; and its maintenance as the very key to the balance of power in Europe. Many people remember, with something like dread, the words of the first Napoleon, that "in a hundred years Europe would be either Russian or Cossack;" and these will now see in the present war a powerful helping cause to either one of the alternatives. So far the Republic has won; it has been proclaimed, and has lasted for more than a couple of months, but it cannot be said yet that it has taken root in France. On the other hand, the weakening of France and Prussia—and both are being depleted with fearful rapidity—is a relative gain to Russia, and this gain has been rapidly improved by positive additions to the warlike strength of the Empire. It may be that Russia only fears the possibility of Prussia coming out of the war so strong as to invade her Western Provinces on the plea of completing the "unification" of the German races, but this is hardly a plausible explanation of the reasons which may be presumed to have led the Czar to put his army on a war footing. In England it appears to be generally believed that the "sick man" of Constantinople is again to be the object of his solicitude, and the question now anxiously discussed is whether England should or should not interpose her strength to protect the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. If that Empire should fall, it would undoubtedly be a point gained for the cause of Cossack supremacy, and, perhaps, assist in fulfilling the great Napoleon's prediction. The doctrine of the "balance of power" having become a mere fiction, there seems nothing left to regulate international relations but the law of force:

" \* \* \* The good old rule,  
The ancient plan,  
That he may take who has the power,  
And he may keep who can."

We cannot say that we see much chance for human progress in the way of national development under such a system. There may be other ways for balancing power in Europe than that which was thought the best after the final downfall of the first Napoleon; and doubtless changes in the map of the world will continue to be in the future, as they have been in the past, a very common occurrence. Still it is lamentable that nations should not yet be able to decide ordinary disputes without a resort to arms; and the fault apparently lies less with those who, for considerations of interest or of national pride, become active participants in the quarrel, than with those neutral powers, who, being simply onlookers, could club their strength and effectively forbid a war. Had England, Russia, and Austria, not to mention Italy and other smaller powers, declared with emphasis that their whole strength would be thrown against the first party to the Hohenzollern dispute who made it a cause of war, there would have been peace in Europe to-day. But a cowardly feeling, under the title of "non-intervention," has poisoned the international politics of the world, until no wise man would dare to say where the nations may be led in the mad dance so thoughtlessly and so absurdly begun between France and Prussia in July last, and so likely to end in very serious, if not vital injury to both.

#### THE PRUSSIAN CUIRASSIERS AT MARS-LA-TOUR.

The fight of the 16th of August between Mars-la-Tours and Rezonville formed, it will be remembered, one of the series of engagements which took place in the neighbourhood of Metz, and which terminated in the battle of Gravelotte. The object aimed at by the Prussians in the five day's fighting of the 14th-18th was to prevent the junction of Bazaine's army, encamped among the fortifications around Metz, with McMahon's army, which had retreated, after the battle of Woerth, successively to Nancy, Châlons, Rheims and Reims, and was then marching towards Sedan, on the route to Thionville. The engagements of the 14th and 15th, at Hery, Montoy, and Colombey, were of but minor importance, but that of the 16th, called indifferently the battle of Mars-la-Tour or of Rezonville, though not productive of such great results as the final encounter at Gravelotte, was one of the most fiercely-contested and the bloodiest that have taken place since the beginning of the war, and one which contributed in no small degree to the success obtained by the Prussians on the 18th.

The battle commenced at ten in the morning and raged until nightfall. The French had taken up a strong position on the west of Metz on the hills on the right bank of the Moselle. The Prussians could only advance very slowly, as the whole front of the French position was protected by woods, large and thick, the country also being very hilly, and consequently unsuited for artillery. After between two and three hours' skirmishing, during which they gradually fought their way through the woods which covered the front of the French position, the Prussians found themselves on the open ground which stretched from the woodlands above Gorze to the villages of Rezonville and Gravelotte. This open ground, which was the scene of the most serious and deadly fighting there has yet been in this campaign, is some two miles in length by one in depth. Behind the Prussian position were the woods they had gained, and in front of them the ground rose slightly for half a mile long the sides of the road leading to Rezonville. There was not a house or obstruction of any kind to shelter skirmishers except one small cottage, about 1,000 yards from the woods on the road to Rezonville. On the left were two valleys—the first a deep one, leading towards the village, and the second not so deep, on the extreme left. Above this

last the ground rises again, and here the French had thrown up a slight entrenchment to protect their right flank. Their left was partly protected by the woods which ran forward on that side. Before the Prussians quitted the woods a halt was made and General Steinmetz rode to the rising ground on the Prussian left to observe the French position. Two regiments—the 7th Cuirassiers and the 16th Uhlans—under Major-Gen. Von Bredow, were ordered to advance against the centre of the French line. A battery of eight guns received their attack with a deadly hail of grape and shrapnel, while a body of infantry poured upon their left a sharp fire from their Chassepots. Unhesitatingly the Germans advanced, leaving behind them a track of dead and wounded that spoke but too plainly of the losses they were undergoing. The Uhlans directed their attack upon the infantry to the left, while the Cuirassiers made straight for the battery, which, after leaving two-thirds their number on the field, they succeeded in capturing. The French fire on the left wing of the Germans having thus been silenced, the 38th brigade of infantry advanced upon the French line occupying the heights to the north-east of Mars-la-Tour, but, being opposed to superior numbers, were about to yield when they were reinforced by a regiment of dragoons. The opportune arrival of the cavalry turned the fortune of the day, and the French right, after a desperate resistance, were compelled to fall back upon Gravelotte. In the meantime the French left had obstinately held their position, but were at last driven back, having been outflanked by a division of cavalry detailed for the purpose. Towards evening the French made a last and unavailing attempt to regain their position. A sharp fire was opened the whole length of their line, but after a brilliant charge of the 6th cavalry-division they were utterly put to rout and retreated upon Gravelotte.

#### THE FRENCH BALTIC SQUADRON AND THE "GRILLE."

When the French Emperor, yielding to the uncontrollable desire of the nation for war, and deceived by the falsified reports of the resources at his command, was induced to declare war against his "good cousin," the King of Prussia, it was fully expected by the majority of French sympathisers that, while the army marched from the west upon Berlin, the fleet, which had already achieved so much in the Black Sea and the Baltic, would make a vigorous and determined attack upon the seaboard, and complete the subjugation of Germany commenced by the land forces. Even those who sided with Prussia in the great international quarrel, were not without fears that, though affairs should go in the best manner possible for their cause, the powerful French fleet, against which it would be hopeless to expect the few war vessels of North Germany to cope, would be able to create a powerful *divertissement* on the coast, and to counteract, in great measure, any successes with which the German arms might meet in the interior. So when it was announced that the French fleet had actually arrived in the Baltic, news was daily expected of the bombardment of Hamburg, and the blockade of Stralsund and Dantzic. Every preparation had been made by the German authorities to protect their seaboard. An army was kept in the north expressly for the purpose of opposing any invasion that might be made on the coast, the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser were strongly and vigilantly guarded, lightships and buoys were removed, torpedoes were placed in the various channels, and, in a word, everything was done to make the cruise of the hostile vessels both difficult and dangerous. Still the French fleet made no hostile demonstration. Two or three vessels appeared, in turn, before Swinemunde, Dantzic, Pillau, and Memel, and declared these ports in a state of blockade. But there was no bombarding, no landing of troops on the coast to ravage the surrounding country and march upon Berlin. The French fleet continued to cruise about, jealously guarding the entrance to the Baltic, and snapping up such small fry, in the shape of merchant-vessels, as came in their way, until at last the German fleet, that had hitherto judiciously kept under cover, took upon itself to make the first move. On the 16th of August, accordingly, the royal yacht "Grille," accompanied by the gunboats "Drache," "Blitz," and "Salamander," started from the harbour of Stralsund. They came across the French squadron, consisting of four iron-clads, a corvette, and a despatch boat, in the Bay of Hiddensee, to the west of the Island of Rugen. An engagement ensued, in which but little damage was done, though the "Grille," from the peculiarity of her build, her lightness, and her extreme swiftness, considerably harassed the unwieldy iron-clads, and after doing some injury to their rigging, returned into port. The only loss sustained during the engagement was that of 18 of the crew of one of the iron-clads, who were killed by the explosion of a shell.

#### A SAXON OUTPOST BEFORE PARIS.

Our illustration gives a view of the encampment of one of the numerous German outposts that lie in advance of the line encircling Paris. The Saxons, who occupy the neighbourhood of the Forest of Bondy, to the north-east of the capital, have in front of their entrenchments, the forts of Nogent, Rosny, Noisy, Romainville, and Aubervilliers, and in the vicinity of each of these is posted a strong detachment for the purpose of observing the movements of the different garrisons. The detachment shown in the illustration is that posted on the road from Pantin to Villemouble, opposite the Fort of Noisy, on the extreme edge of the forest. The men not immediately employed as vedettes are bivouacked in a ravine on the roadside, sheltered from the fire of the fort by a small country-house, and by the high ground immediately in front of them. On the other side of the valley, as shown to the left of the illustration, is Fort Noisy, with the camp of the French outpost on the slope in front; in the centre background are the village and fort of Romainville, while to the right, between the trees, is visible the suburb of Pantin, of which so much was heard a year ago in connection with the atrocious murders committed there by Traupmann.

It appears that the Admiralty are considering a proposal to raise the "Captain." At all events they will probably try to ascertain the position of the wreck, the nature of the bottom, and the depth of the water at the point where she is lying. As yet the estimate of the depth, which has been stated as 90 feet, is pure speculation. One engineer says that modern science will enable us to examine the vessel, even were she a mile under water, and this at a very small cost; but not surely during the present equinoctial gales.—*Court Journal*.

#### ALL ABOUT NOTHING.

Patti, la Diva. We remember, years ago, when she first appeared in La Somnambula, in New York. She was so young, such a mite of a body, that people wondered how M. Strakosch could have the audacity to bring her out on the boards of the Academy of Music. But out she came, only fifteen years of age. We remember well the dreadful havoc she created with those black, electric, luminous eyes of hers. Her voice, it was like the warbling of the young lark sending its first notes towards the skies, which, charmed with its own sweet music, rises again and catching the divine inspiration warbles on richer and more delicious in its notes at each succeeding effort. So Patti, from her first infantile effort so crowned with success, has risen to delight the musical world with her wondrous song. But the voice was her jewel of price, and she warbled on through Europe to gain a price for it. The Czar of all the Russias gave her diamonds; the Emperor of France (that was) brilliants of equal value; Austria's Emperor followed suit; the nobility of England showered innumerable favours on her; ladies smiled jealously on her; young fashionable aristocrats swore by her; milliners made fortunes by the Patti this and the Patti that; German Barons offered her marriage, but they were too cheap; even a German Prince of some minor State offered his princely hand. Rumour was wild with all sorts of imaginary matrimonial engagements, for she was the little goddess of song, the beautiful syren that enthralled, night after night, the votaries that offered incense at her shrine. But her love was chaste, her virtue was snow-clad, no sun of passion could melt it. Five years of European triumphs, of continued and increased successes, and then she surrenders her heart and hand to the Equerry of an Emperor. Her wondrous song has gained her a French coronet, and an English Prince and Princess are witnesses of her new triumph. But, alas! from Patti we hear sad news, the songstress must sing on, the Marchioness must still continue to charm the public, for she must be Patti again. The Marquis has gambled away her sweetly earned savings, and dame rumour has even pawned her coronet to pander to his gambling proclivities. An Equerry no longer, a Marquis without estates, and a Marchioness without a coronet, are a sorry picture to contemplate. Well, what is Patti's loss will be the public gain, she will not seek the retirement of the lakes of Geneva, so we say, with our hats off:—*viva la Diva!*

When the Prince of Wales was travelling in America we all know his love for balls, but perhaps our readers are not aware what an excellent pedigree he possesses. In Cincinnati, called Porkopolis, a ball was given in honour of the Prince, during which one of his partners happened to be the daughter of a lady of great wealth, but rather Western in ignorance. After the dance and the agitation to the mother's feelings consequent upon the honour conferred upon her daughter, a gentleman, who had been accompanying the Prince in a literary capacity, approached the lady and requested the pleasure of her daughter's hand in the next dance. The fond mother, gently swaying to and fro the gorgeous fan which she held in her hand, and nodding her plumed head in acquiescence, said, "Certainly, you may dance with Augusta. I suppose you know she has just danced with the Prince of Wales, and they do say he's of such a good family!" I think our readers will agree with her that "he's of such a good family."

Did any of our readers ever get sentimental over Harrison's singing of "When other lips and other hearts." Ah! that "Bohemian Girl" immortalized Balfe; what a charming composer he was. England never produced his equal. He is dead! They are all passing away—these men identified with our recollection. Only a few months since, before departing from England, the writer was taking a last look at the wonders of London, and, of course, bent his footsteps towards Westminster Abbey. He entered that wondrous temple, passing by the newly erected statue of Palmerston on the right; he gazed next on the splendid monument to the great Duke of Newcastle, and at the equally grand one that recorded the virtues of a Duchess of Newcastle; he reflected a moment on the terrible downfall of that once great name—in the person of the present Duke; but forward, by all and over the mighty dead of England, he approached the Poets' Corner, and then he halted, for there was a respectful crowd gathered round a space roped off; he approached nearer, and behold there was a pile of bouquets of single blossoms and of *immortelles*. He watched the faces of those present,—there were no words spoken,—he could not read their thoughts, for he knew that they, like him, were dwelling on all that Charles Dickens had done to amuse a world with pathetic stories. Author of Little Dorrit, and creator of genial, kind-hearted Pickwick, and of Little Emily, of David Copperfield,—those are touching tributes paid to thy memory; better than the minute gun, the solemn peal of the organ, or the Dead March in Saul, are those pure, those sweet, those gentle offerings,—showers of fresh flowers; the very spirit which thy works evoked have come back in thy own pure way of teaching!

There will be plenty of books to make genial the winter evenings. All sorts of people are publishing all sorts of books. The author of "Guy Livingstone" has written a new novel, now in press. So has Whyte Melville, Lady Wood, W. G. Crown, Mrs. Brookfield, and Mr. Edward Yates. The Poet Laureate is about to issue twelve brief poems, which are connected by a love story. Mr. Disraeli, Coningsby Disraeli, Lothair Disraeli, is about to be delivered of another,—its character is conjectural. The New Yorkers must be very sorry to think that Nilsson is indisposed; what a calamity to that artist. I wonder whether she has had any tuition of Sims Reeves, that sweet-voiced but conceited and irascible tenor.

Schneider, La Grande Duchesse Schneider, the only Schneider, has been compelled to leave Paris. She was opposed to having *entrées de cheval* for her dinner, disgusted with the vulgarity of the *Garde Moïe*, and frightened out of her wits at the idea of one of Krupp's shells bursting in her boudoir. Schneider has, therefore, gone to delight the Pasha of Egypt, whose very existence seems to have been ostracised the past few months. Happy Pasha! Happy Schneider.

What do all the world of beauty, loveliness, and fashion in the Dominion say to the marriage of Princess Louise? Isn't it delightful to talk about? Have not all the fairy tales come true? A Royal Princess—a live one in her own person—is about to give her hand and heart, and with her tongue has