

hands!" said another, violently pulling at the long golden locks of Brennus.

"For every hair of my head that falls to the ground, one of thy number shall fall!" said Brennus in an impressive tone.

For an instant, a deathlike silence pervaded the group, but Caius, burning with the desire to avenge his friend, grasped the hair of Brennus, and threw a handful of the golden strands into the air.

"Let us all fall then!" he cried; I am not afraid of thee, oh! stranger, and thy words fall on frozen ears! To you, my friends, I look for aid to avenge my friend, Lucius Fabius!"

"A Roman!" said a voice in the crowd.

"Yes! and a noble Roman!" cried Caius: "who is it that dares to murmur at a Roman?"

No one answered.

"Let us take him to the Governor!" said the same person who had before advocated this course.

"No! no!" cried fifty voices, as if they had been but one.

"Close the gate and give him a sword!" said Caius.

"We dare not profane the court of the temple thus," said an old man, trying to reach the side of Brennus. His words were thrown away, for already the gates were closed and the thoughts cut from the hands of Brennus.

"It shall not be!" exclaimed the old man.

"Rash young men, forbear! Little do any of thee think what thou art doing. Thou wilt call down upon thyself the anger of the gods! Forbear! forbear! I pray thee, forbear!"

Yet, still the young men heeded him not. A sword was offered to Brennus, but the old man held back his outstretched hand.

"Do not take it, young man! Seest thou not these cruel eyes that look upon thee?—Knowest thou not that there is no hope of escape? They seek to murder thee! If thou shouldst conquer one, two, a dozen, there would still be no hope, for here are fifty others! If they will murder thee, here in the very court of the temple, let them strike an unarmed man—let them do a coward's deed in a coward's way!"

"Thou art right, most noble Aruns!" said Brennus, bending low before the old man. "I will not seek to defend myself; let them strike!"

"Behold! He knows us all, though to us he is a stranger!" said Caius; "give no heed to his words, most noble youths! Stand back, and with my own hand I will shower his life-blood upon these stones!"

"Thou wilt not do this foul wrong!" exclaimed Aruns. "A stranger, and unarmed! Oh! forbear, noble Caius, nor stain thy hand with his blood! Thou canst not! thou shalt not harm him! The gods themselves will interpose to prevent thee?"

"Let thy gods help him, then!" and Caius rushed upon Brennus.

"Forbear!" cried a sweet silvery voice. The sword fell from the hand of Caius.

Coming from the door of the temple, were three of the virgins of Vesta. Their long white garments swept the ground in loose folds, a narrow fillet of gold bound their hair back from the brow, and their hands were full of flowers. Brennus could scarcely suppress a cry of delight as his eyes rested upon the face of Virgilia, for she it was who cried "forbear!"

The fair maiden gave no token that she knew him, and he held his peace.

"What wouldst thou do, men of Clusium? Release the stranger! Why hesitate, Caius? We, servants of Vesta, have the right to release any prisoner we meet on our way from the temple. Release then the stranger, and let him go forth!"

They could not deny her right, the gates were opened, and slowly parting to the right and left, they allowed Brennus to leave the court.

Lucius had only been stunned by the blow, and now sat on one of the stone benches, leaning against his friend.

"Thou hast thwarted me again, Aruns," said Lucius, in a husky voice; "beware how thou dost attempt it a third time!"

"Thy words are mysteries, Lucius. I know not thy meaning," said Aruns.

"Know this, then: 'twas I who robbed thee of thy daughter; ay, look at her! there she stands, clad in the robes of Vesta! Thou hast lost her, and 'twas I who put her here!" said Lucius, in a malicious tone.

"I demand, then, that thou return her to me!" said Aruns, fiercely.

Lucius laughed scornfully.

"Go, old man; go to thy home; I have had my revenge, Go home, old man; I laugh thee to scorn!"

"Thou dost laugh! 'Tis well; may the gods reward thee according to thy deserts," said Aruns, in a solemn tone.

"Thou knowest thy duty, my father!" said Virgilia, in a meaning tone.

"And will do it," replied Aruns, going out of the gate, while Virgilia returned into the temple.

"What meant she!" asked Lucius.

"I know not, but my heart feels heavy," said Caius; "thou shouldst not have laughed at the old man's grief, Lucius!"

"Ho! woman, as thou art, thou'st not the heart of a chicken!" cried Lucius.

But, let us not linger with these, but follow Aruns as he leaves the gate of the temple. He looked hastily up the street, hoping to see Brennus, but he had disappeared.

"Saw ye the young warrior who came forth just now?" he asked of his slaves, who were awaiting him without.

"Yes, my lord, the stranger hath gone with fleet steps on the way that leads towards our own home."

"Hasten, then, good Coqui, bring hither my lectio, we will turn our faces homeward."

Quick to obey the wishes of their kind master, the slaves soon had his conveyance ready, and in a very few moments they commenced their journey. They had not more than left the noise of the city behind them when Brennus stood in their way.

"Thanks to thee, noble Aruns, thou hast been kind to a stranger."

"Come, walk by my side, young man; I like thy fearless look," said Aruns.

"But looks had been lost in death if thou hadst not interfered," answered Brennus.

"But tell me, how then didst thou know my name?" said Aruns.

"I have heard of thee, and I knew by thy kind words that it could be no other than the good Aruns who spoke."

"Tell me, then, who thou art?" said Aruns, eagerly.

"As thou seest—a stranger!"

"But, thy name? How art thou called?"

"Brennus."

"Brennus!" echoed Aruns, starting from his seat; "where heard I that name before? Where dost thou come, noble Brennus?"

"From Gallia!" answered Brennus, proudly.

"A Gaul!—a—" Aruns paused.

"A barbarian!" said Brennus.

"Nay; I said not so!" exclaimed Aruns.

"But thou didst think it," interrupted Brennus. "And if I did, it does not hurt thee, Brennus; nor do I feel as if thou wert my enemy," said Aruns eagerly.

"Thy enemy! Brennus the enemy of Aruns! The gods forbid! I am thy friend, thy servant, thy slave; 'tis for Aruns to command and Brennus to obey. What wouldst thou, Aruns? Speak! What is the wish nearest thy heart? Thou didst see how Vesta herself sent her virgins forth to save me.—Speak, then, and tell me thy wish."

"Oh! my daughter," cried Aruns, excited by the enthusiastic manner of Brennus, "if thou couldst but restore to me my daughter."

"Thou shalt have her!" said Brennus.

"Nay, do not mock me, young man; thou hast not the power," said Aruns, sadly.

"Mock thee! Never! What, mock the father of Virgilia, the sweet maiden, who but now saved my life? I have a heart, Aruns, barbarian as I am," said Brennus.

"Surely, thou art a child of the gods," said Aruns, looking at his handsome companion; "surely thou art—how else couldst thou be here alone?"

"I am no child of the gods," answered Brennus, smiling; "I am only a strong young warrior, who will devote his life to the service of Aruns and Virgilia. Say but to me, Brennus, my son, bring to me my daughter, and thou shalt have her!"

"Oh! Brennus, my son, bring my child to me, and no reward that thou canst demand will be too great to give thee!" said Aruns, clasping his hands.

"'Tis well," answered Brennus, placing the hands of Aruns on his bowed head; "thou shalt have her; I swear it."

CHAPTER IV.

Aruns was left alone in his grand old house. Brennus had hastily departed, with his last words imparting consolation to the almost broken-hearted father. The days passed wearily away, and the eyes of Aruns and his slaves were almost tired with gazing up the mountain, for the form of Brennus met not their eyes. Their hearts were growing sick with hope deferred, and fear again brooded over them. Still the time passed on; forty times the sun rose and set. Aruns was in despair. During all this time, he had not been idle; appeal after appeal had been made to those who held the power for the restoration of his child. Twice had he been to Clusium, and once to Rome. In vain—all in vain; those hearts of marble were not to be softened by a parent's tears; and now the faint hope that Brennus may yet return, is all that is left to him. On the sixtieth day after the departure of Brennus, Aruns, with his slaves, stood without his door, gazing with the intense longing of despair upon the spot where he had last seen the Gallic warrior. Suddenly Nyda utters a scream of delight.

(To be Continued.)

CLIPPINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

BAZAIN'S LAST SORTIE.

A correspondent of a German paper gives the following account of the last sortie from Metz before its surrender:

Our troops received the alarm between one and two o'clock in the afternoon that the army of the enemy was again about to make a sortie. The brisk fire from cannon, mitrailleuses, and small arms, which soon began, showed that we were to have this time something more than a mere skirmish between outposts. Strong columns of the enemy had passed over into Maxe, the village burned down on the night of the 27th September, and had, as was natural in such sorties, driven back our outposts, by dint of numbers, at the first assault. The cannonade became every moment livelier, and soon extended along the entire plain next to the Moselle, which stretches to the north of Metz. This plain was, it is well known, avoided by the enemy in his sorties up to the 27th of September. Since then, however, it has been selected as its chief place of encampment. The attack of the enemy was carried on in great force and vigor. In such sorties the enemy have a great advantage in the Chassepot, on account of its great range—2,000 paces. About a quarter to three

mitrailleuses and small arms showed that the combat was going on along the whole line of the Moselle, up to Bellevue. About this time also the batteries of the enemy, which were erected inside the Fort St. Julien, in the wood of Grimont, began to disquiet our camp. The line of fighting was upwards of a mile long. On the right and left of the Moselle a lively contest went on between the artillery on both sides. Immediately after the first alarm had been given, I rode to a height in the village of Argancy, from which you could look down upon the entire field of battle. But, owing to the cloudiness of the weather and the smoke of the powder, I could not clearly perceive single movements. The whole of the plain of the Moselle, in which the fight took place, was covered by one continuous cloud of smoke. Only here and there you could see the blaze of cannon, and the consequent increase in the smoke. About a quarter past three ascended two columns of smoke, which indicated the burning of two villages, probably Ladonchamps and Bellevue. The violence of the shock reminded one of that of the 18th of August—at one time the thunder of the cannon, at another the fire of the small arms, predominant; both never ceased for a

moment. The direction of the latter, which at a quarter to four was towards the south-east, showed that the enemy was retreating. Scarcely, however, did the conflict show more symptoms of cessation in one place than it broke out with greater violence in another. As far as could be seen in the confusion, the small arms of the enemy and the confusion of the Prussians were most actively employed. Our batteries were again erected in the semi-circle stretching from the village of Norroy over Fere, Semoourt, Muzoreau, Argancy, Oly, Melroy, and Charly were in constant operation, alternately discharging single shots and whole salvos on the columns of the enemy. Altogether from 120 to 150 cannon were employed on our side. The batteries in the neighbourhood of the villages of Argancy and Oly were especially active on account of the situation. The position to the south of the village of Oly was, about five o'clock, strengthened by the arrival of two new batteries. On the side of the enemy, the mitrailleuses and the cannon on Fort St. Julien were most remarkable. These fired shots to a distance of three-quarters of a mile; so that they not only reached several places occupied by us—Faily, Charly, Melroy and Oly—but even went beyond them. A great many of their grenades fell on the height which is bounded on the north by the villages of Argancy and Chastilly, and on the south by the villages of Oly, Melroy and Charly. Fortunately, the greater part of these terrible projectiles missed their aim, which was apparently our batteries erected in that region. The shells which fell in the village of Oly did but little damage. Between five and six o'clock, when darkness began to approach, the combat once more

RAGED WITH REMARKABLE VIOLENCE.

The peculiar rattling sound of the mitrailleuse was again heard. About six o'clock the battle seemed to be at an end, and I therefore returned to headquarters. Scarcely had I arrived there, when I heard once more—it was now about half-past six—the firing renewed. Then silence succeeded until seven o'clock, when fighting recommenced. Repeated and continuous firing from small arms and cannons lasted until near nine, after the moon had begun to shine. The latter conflicts had been induced by our army, in order to compel the enemy to quit a strongly defended position in the neighborhood of St. Remy and Ladonchamps, which he had gained at the commencement of the fight. In this our troops succeeded. The result of this battle, the severest and most important which has taken place before Metz since the 1st of Sept., is alas! a negative one for both sides. Both have lost many men without gaining any advantages. In the peculiar position of our army, it is quite impossible to follow up the victory by penetrating into the immediate vicinity of the fortress. However bravely, therefore, the attacks of the enemy may have been repulsed, the successes gained cannot satisfy the victor. I have not ascertained the exact amount of the losses. Ours alone must amount to several hundreds. On our side the principal brunt of the battle was borne by the 10th Army Corps and the Landwehr division Von Kummer, which is now under command of General Von Coigths Rhetz.

MARSHAL BAZAINE AND HIS ACCUSERS.

The conduct of Marshal Bazaine while commanding the army of the Rhine has been the subject of several communications to the French and Belgian journals. The case of his accusers is placed in its most authoritative form in a report dated October 28, and addressed to the French Government by E. de Valcourt, an officer of the Mobile Guard, attache at the general headquarters of the army of the Rhine. This report is divided into two parts, the first relating to the military, and the second to the political question.

The following is an extract from the second part:

"As early as the 20th of October an order of the day was read to the officers, announcing to them that a treaty of peace was about to be concluded between France and Prussia; that the Empress Regent was to be restored to power, and would join the army with her son; lastly, that the army itself would be ordered to march on rebellious cities, and would subdue them, and protect the meeting of the former Chambers at Toulouse; and that these Chambers would ratify the treaty of peace concluded with the Prussians—a treaty the conditions of which, as will be readily understood, was not communicated to the soldiers.

"Unfortunately for Bazaine's plan, the adhesion of King William's Government was less certain than it was at first believed to be. Bazaine—wishing to surrender the army and not the fortress, over which he had only a restricted power Gen. Coffinieres being then the superior commander—Prince Frederick Charles declared at last that he declined all arrangement on such terms, and that he only would accept a double capitulation, comprising both the Army of the Rhine, that is 100,000 men ready for immediate action, and the city and fortress of Metz.

"On the 21st the news arrived of the failure of the *pourparlers*; on the morning of the next day Marshal Bazaine attempted, for the first time, to communicate with the government of the National Defense, the existence of which until then he had never acknowledged.

"The conclusions of the report are these:

"To recapitulate Marshal Bazaine's conduct during the two months and half which have elapsed from the battle of the 18th of August (Saint Privat) till now, founding our statements on the above-mentioned facts, we shall say:

"1. That the Marshal, since 18th of Aug., never attempted any sortie of a serious character and that his attempts to attack the Prussian lines were made only in order that they might afterward serve to his country and in history as excuses for his conduct.

"2. That the Marshal would not attempt a supreme effort which, even in case of a success, would have greatly disorganized his splendid army, and which would no longer have allowed him, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine, to be the arbitrator of the political destinies of France.

"3. These considerations also explain why the Marshal never consented to recognise the Government of the National Defense, and sought, up to the very last, to collect the remnants of the Bonapartist power, with the view of establishing a Third Empire.

"4. Once convinced that he could only bring France and the Prussians also to adopt ideas of a Bonapartist restoration by adding the disaster of the capitulation of Metz to the other misfortunes which were already weighing down our unhappy country, the Marshal made it his business to hasten the hour of surrender.

"To do this he refused to diminish in good time the forage rations, thus suddenly leaving the 29,000 horses, which composed his cavalry and horsed his artillery, without any kind of food, instead of taking measures for making the resources he had still in hand on the 1st of September, when he made his final great sortie, last as long as possible. Also, after many delays, did he consent to lessen the food rations, and that, too, at a time when this measure could be of very slight use, as the quantity of provisions to which it could be applied was very small.

"5. In fact, Marshal Bazaine acted in every way with one sole object—namely, to be and to remain, the master of the political situation in France; and believing that he could make use of the Prussians to assist him in the execution of his ambitious designs, he wittingly gave up to them the fortress of Metz, as well as the French Army—100,000 men—encamped within the entrenchments."

"VIVA LA! THE NEW BRIGADE."

The news that an exclusively Irish Regiment now forms a portion of the regular French Army will send a thrill of pride and pleasure through the hearts of Irishmen. It touches a chord which awakens old and glorious memories, and vibrates in harmony with their present feelings and aspirations.

The desire to bear arms under the flag of France would seem to be almost a part of the Irish nature. In the columns of this journal for years we have been answering at frequent intervals inquiries addressed to us by young Irishmen desirous of taking service with the French Army. We had in all cases to reply that only in the ranks of the Foreign Legion, which was retained almost constantly in Algeria; and in which they would be mixed up with men of many countries, could such service be had by Irishmen. This was not the sort of thing our young countrymen wished for; they wished to have a chance of active service, with its opportunities of personal advancement and of winning credit for themselves and their country. Now those opportunities are fully presented to them, and we think it not at all unlikely that many of our countrymen will show themselves quite alive to the fact. The 2nd Regiment des Etrangers, whose headquarters at present are at Casen, and the ranks of which are not yet quite filled up, is intended to be composed solely of Irishmen. The nationality of the Regiment will be recognized and preserved by the French authorities. It is indicated in the uniform of the men, which is the same as that of the French Line, but with the addition of green facings and a gilt harp worn on the front of the kepi. It is probable that the "immortal green" will also have a place in the banner which is to float over their heads.

We can interpret those facts only as a compliment to Ireland. It certainly is not owing to any want of brave sons of her own that France thus opens the ranks of her defenders to Irishmen and gives them a special welcome. No, the act is one of friendship; it is a recognition of the generous sympathies for France which have been shown by Ireland at all times, and especially since the outbreak of the present war—a recognition, too, of the well-established character of Irishmen for valor and daring—for France would not entrust her colors and her arms to men in whose bravery she had not full confidence. We believe the Franco-Irish Regiment will nobly fulfil the trust reposed in them, and prove themselves worthy descendants of the men who fought at Cremona and Fontenoy.

Letters which have reached us from members of the Corps, and which we publish in another column, convey to us the gratifying intelligence that the Franco-Irish Regiment has already attained a remarkable proficiency in drill, and that the best possible spirit prevails among the men. Their discipline—that essential quality of true soldiers—leaves nothing to be desired; they are prompt and cheerful in the discharge of their various duties, and they are attached to their officers, who well deserve their respect and affection. In Colonel Dyer they have a commander of experience, skill, and bravery; and in Captain Kirwan they have an officer after their own heart—a true Irish patriot, an educated and accomplished gentleman, and as gallant and fearless a soldier as ever wore a sword by his side. He comes of a family of soldiers and of patriots, and the name he bears has ever had a place in the annals of Ireland's military connection with France. In other grades of the present corps also there are Irishmen of the right stamp, men of ability and courage, who are certain to win for themselves honor and distinction. Ireland should rejoice that her old military relations with France are thus being renewed and sustained, for the circumstances is in every respect gratifying, creditable, and hopeful. We are glad to learn that the strength of the corps is every day receiving large acquisition, and we should not be surprised if before long it developed from a Regiment into a Brigade.

We salute, with all our heart, our gallant countrymen now enrolled under the flag of France. We honor, and Ireland will honor, chivalry and patriotism. They deserve the grateful regard and affectionate remembrance of their country, for in freely giving their aid to France they are faithfully interpreting the feelings of sympathy and friendship for that noble and kindred nation which fill the heart of Ireland. We wish them a glorious career, worthy of the fellow-countrymen of the MacMahons, Dillon, MacCarthy, O'Brines, and O'Mahonys, whose names shine bright in Franco-Irish military annals. We have made arrangements which will enable us to record their movements, and they may feel certain that their countrymen all over the world will follow their fortunes with the liveliest regard and the deepest possible sympathy. May they prove in every way worthy of the two nations interested in their future—France and Ireland.—*Dublin Visitor*, Nov. 5.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

Every one who has passed a hot summer day amid the unbragous recesses of beautiful Fontainebleau will have been heartily sorry to read the telegram announcing the havoc which fire has been making among its splendid trees.

The town of Fontainebleau, which stands forty-two miles south-south-east of Paris, owes its existence to the castle, which, not less famous than Compiègne, has been mentioned in history since the thirteenth century, but dates its prominence from the time of Francis the First, who remodelled it. Since then it has been added to and altered by half the sovereigns who have sat upon the French throne. Its venerable walls have seen a great many curious and remarkable people.

What is called the *galerie de cerfe* was in 1657 the scene of a horrid affair, when Christina of Sweden, who was then on a visit to Louis XIII., subjected her chamberlain, the Marquis Moudouche, an Italian, to a sort of mock trial, and then had him executed.

Here Pope Pius VII. lived for eighteen months when forced to be a visitor by the first Napoleon, who desired to wring from him a resignation of his temporal power.

Those who have read those brilliant sketches edited by one of the Napoleons, entitled, "Lights and Shadows of Military Life," will recall the scene between the old man and his imperial jailer, in which, to induce him to give way, the Emperor first flew into a furious passion, only to evoke from his companion one word, softly pronounced, "Tragedy!" And then taking the other turn began to wheedle and joke, when his Holiness spoke one word more, "Comedy!"

Another visitor, who also would much rather have been elsewhere, was Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., who sought a refuge at Fontainebleau when the Royal cause became hopeless in England in 1644. The Emperor Charles V. was entertained here in 1539. At Fontainebleau Louis XVI. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here the treaty between France and Spain was signed in 1807, and a few years later Napoleon first resigned the imperial dignity within these same walls.

The derivation of the name is uncertain. It has been commonly supposed to be *Fontaine-belleau*, but in some old works it has been termed *Fons Bleuendi*. This has led to the conclusion that it was named after a favorite dog of Louis VII., who discovered the spring.

Fontainebleau has been the cradle of many kings of France. The forest which surrounds it is of great extent, between twenty and thirty thousand acres, and has long been especially remarkable for its superb oak trees which, we hope, have not been much injured. The forest is entered, by the traveller who approaches by the Paris road, five miles from the town; only a small portion is occupied by full-grown trees. Much of the ground is hilly, rocky, and exceedingly picturesque.

At a point where four roads meet is an obelisk which goes by the name of "The Cross of the Great

Huntman," and there is a legend that a spectral sportsman haunts the ground, who appeared to Henry IV. shortly before his assassination.

The castle was splendidly and judiciously restored by Louis Philippe. In the midst of the court of entrance Napoleon took leave of the Old Guard prior to his departure for Elba. The room known as the Queen's boudoir was fitted up by Louis XVI. for Marie Antoinette, and the window bolts are said to be the work of that monarch, whose delight in metal work is well known.

STRASBOURG AS IT IS.

At present the citizens are not present on their pavements. These have been taken possession of by an army of visitors from all parts of the Fatherland, all yearning to give their blessing to their long-lost son—the Benjamin of the German household. As yet there are not half enough fatted calves available. Butter and milk give out very early at all the hotels; but this is compensated a hundred-fold by the contemplation of the bright panoramas of the streets. Whatever ravages the hamlets of Alsace have undergone the Sunday wardrobes have been spared, and are being aired in all the main thoroughfares. The centre of attraction is the glorious Minister. The recovery of this flower of German art, is an evident source of pride, with which it is impossible not to sympathize. To-day the interior is alive with peasantry, the men in long black velvet coats and smalls, the women in black silk gowns and broad-brimmed straw hats, upon which a shower of russet apples appear to have descended. The shops overflow with German soldiery, all demanding plans of Strasbourg, photographs of the Cathedral, Baedeker's *Guides to Paris*. Most of my time I haunt the bookshops, and this incessant stream of soldiery, buying books, maps, and engravings, is a phenomenon. In England the thing would be impossible, in France most improbable, but here they all gravitate to the libraries. One cannot help respecting this brave, sober, stalwart, studious army. The German armies now have moved away, marching off to Paris. All the gates and squares and public places are in their possession, and every now and again the tramp of their steady legions is encountered; but none of the trumpeting of the French regiments precede these silent wedges of steel. No stimulant is required to brace up the nerves of the German soldiers. There are many of the French garrison left. One sees Turcos, Zouaves, and Cavalry officers sunning themselves at the gateways of the numerous hospitals. When Strasbourg surrendered there was an abundance of wine in the cellars, but all the beer was drunk out. It is a source of serious discomfort to the thousands of thirsty German visitors. The famous brewery of the Dauphin gives no sign, but the Taverne Alsacienne is so crowded that they have to close their doors the greater part of the day. Here on Sunday I saw the garrison fraternizing with their conquerors. Zouaves singing *gaidrioles* to the German soldiery, while some Turcos, black as ebony, marked the time with snapping fingers. The re-germanization of Alsace is a problem full of interest. No sign of a conquered city is visible, no knots of gloomy patriots "looking daggers, but using none." The besiegers have been the friends, neighbours, relatives of the Strasbourg citizens, and now one cannot enter a shop but presently a Baden or Wurtemberg soldier comes in, and straightway there is a kissing and embracing of an old acquaintance.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF ORLEANS.—BY AN IRISH SOLDIER.

Mr. Leonard received the following account of the engagement at Orleans from Mr. McEvers, and forwarded it for publication to the *Cork Examiner*.

Since last I wrote home great changes have taken place, viz.: On Monday, the 16th inst., we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed that night for Orleans. Maurice, self, and sixteen other Irish marched in the best of spirits with the rest of the 1,500 for the station, and started by the 9 p.m. train. We arrived at Orleans at 7:30 a.m., were drawn up before the station and marched immediately along the principal boulevards of the town; halted there about half a mile off, got out our culinary utensils and commenced to prepare our morning meal. While it was getting ready an Irish-American friend named Waite and I took a stroll to look at the town. We were gone about two or three hours when the bugle sounded the assembly, and, to our great surprise, we had to fall in (without having touched food of any description since the previous day) with loaded chassepots, canteen boxes open, furnished with ninety rounds of cartridges, and were marched direct to the scene of action.

Our Legion, eight-hundred companies, consisting of 137 men each, were the first to start. It was a sad and glorious sight to see us cheered and encouraged by shouts from the people of Vive la Legion Etrangere; ladies waving handkerchiefs from balconies as we passed, all of us in good spirits and eager for the fray. Maurice Moriarty belonged to No. 1 Company, which being in front was the first engaged, and as he passed we could not leave the ranks to shake each other's hands, but from our positions shouted, I fear, a last farewell. He, poor fellow, is either shot or taken prisoner (I trust in God the latter), as he has not turned up since the battle. We had not proceeded two hundred yards outside the city of Orleans when we heard the Prussian bullets whizzing past us from their mitrailleuses and needle-guns. Our comrades fell fast on all sides. Wade, an Irish-American, Donnellan and I were together for the first few minutes, but soon lost each other in the heat of action. You have not the remotest idea of the sensation that creeps over one when meeting death face to face for the first time, nor is it in my power to describe it. Suffice to say I made up my mind for the worst in the shortest space of time possible (about half the time it takes to write it). I saw nothing of Maurice during the battle, as his company held a different position from ours. Portion of our Company (the 3rd) were engaged in a vineyard sharp-shooting. Not knowing the position of the enemy, we advanced to within one hundred yards of their skirmishers, when they suddenly opened fire upon us, which we partially avoided by lying flat on our faces. After a little while we succeeded in creeping behind a windmill close by, when our men, who were some distance in the rear, being unable to distinguish us from the enemy owing to thickness of the vines, mistook us for the foe and fired a volley which almost decimated us. Our lieutenant (a young but efficient officer) called loudly for the bugler to sound "cease firing," but, to his astonishment, found that in our eagerness to get at the foe we entirely forgot the necessity of having one. Finding this the case, he ordered myself and friends who happened to be next him, to place our caps on the tops of our chassepots, get into a conspicuous position, and shout at the top of our voices, "Legion Etrangere—cease le feu," which we did, notwithstanding the continual fire that was kept up the whole time. Thanks to the special Providence that watched over us we received no injury, although others in executing the same order were shot down before us. In the din and confusion of battle our cry passed unnoticed and we were obliged to retreat "tout de suite," firing a stray shot at the enemy. We had scarcely reached our comrades in the street when the enemy directed their cannon at the mill, which for the previous few minutes afforded its friendly protection, and in less time than it takes to relate I witnessed the sad sight of its destruction. Out of the 80 or 100 men that entered the vineyard, only six or eight reached the street. Amongst them were Wade, myself and Donnellan. As we entered the Prussians had advanced some considerable distance, and we could distinctly see them as they directed their mitrailleuses with such good effect that hundreds of our