THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. OCT. 14, 1870.

and McCracken accordingly issued the following order :---

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"ARMY OF ULSTER-To-morrow, we march on Antrim ;---drive the garrison of Randalstown before you; and haste to form a junction with the Commander-in-Chief.

HENRY JOY MCCRACKEN. First Year of Liberty, 6th day of June, 1798.

His plan was to enter the town with four columns, one from Templepatrick and vicinity, starting from a point two miles south of Mr. Porter's house. This column was to enter Antrim by the Belfast road, The second from Ballynure, and Doagh, to enter by the Carrickfergus road. This column was to join the first contingent at a point called the Scotch quarter. The third was to arrive from Connor, Kells, and Ballymena, and to enter by a place called Paty's The fourth, in which were Cormac Lane. Rogan, John and Peter Mullan, and Pat Dolan and his sons, was from Shane's Castle, Randalstown, and Dunvilty, and was to enter by Bow Lane. The first three were to make their attack at half-past two o'clock, and the fourth, under the command of Orr, to join shortly afterward.

The whole country was now fairly aroused. The British forces in Antrim were not in the best of spirits.

General Nugent, who was in command of the whole of the north of Ireland, issued orders at once for the reinforcement of the garrison,and the scond light battalion, consisting of the 64th regiment, the light companies of the Dublin, Armagh, Monaghan, Tipperary, and Kerry militia, then stationed at Blaris, were ordered to proceed at once to the scene of action. They were joined by one hundred and fifty of the 22nd Light Dragoons, two curriele 6-pounders, and two 51-inch howitzers.

The Belfast cavalry were under Colonel Durham.

The other commanders were Colonel Clavering and Colonel Lumley.

Major Seddon commanded the garrison. and. from the reports which hourly reached him, he felt anything but satisfied with his position.

Cheer after cheer resounded on all sides, as Cormac Rogan gathered his men and put them into order.

Those who had been placed on guard over Mackenzie, found it hard to restrain themselves. now that they saw their comrades under arms.

They accordingly sent word to Cormac to be released from that sort of duty. Cormac, while admiring their ardor, impressed upon them the necessity of strict adherence to their duty.

"Bib-bib-burn th-th-the rascals," shouted Mike Glinty, and the words echoed from mouth to mouth.

"No quarter to the Orangemen and yeos," was repeated on all sides.

Cormac at once communicated with Colonel Orr. The latter had not been made acquainted with the detention of Mackenzie, and not knowing exactly how matters stood, ordered his release.

Cormac told him of McCracken's orders. "I am here in full command," sternly repeated Col. Orr, "I must be obeyed in every particular.'

Cormac assented most unwillingly; but, in order to show to those around him, the necessity of prompt obedience, did not urge the case further.

Small as was this incident, its results were

As the men marched along and as cheer after cheer arose as new squads joined. Cormac's heart was elated with joy and often did he wish that Kate was near to see how proudly waved the "glorious green" in front of his gallant men.

Had he but known it, his wishes were realized. Under the care of Mrs. McQuillan and McLeesh. both Kate and Brigid were enabled to take "a long, sad, lingering look" at that band of Irish loyal hearts, marching forth to meet the enemy of their race.

Kate O'Neill's face was flushed and pale, alternately. She easily distinguished Cormac, in consequence of his position, and for a few minutes her heart was like to break. A thousand feelings rushed through her mind at once. At one moment, she beheld him shot dead on the battle-field, surrounded by enemies who gave no quarter; again, her imagination pictured him leading on his men, and then fancied she heard the loud and ringing cheer of victory as Cormac performed some feat of personal daring in the presence of his men.

She was really sick at heart as the cruel thought passed her mind, that probably she had gazed for the last time on one who had won from her the declaration of her heart's young love.

Brigid failed to obtain even one glance at John. Nevertheless, she endeavored to keep up a cheerful appearance, and to assist Kate in doing so likewise. Her heart was none the less sorrowful, but she was better able to endure than Kate.

"Well, may God bless the poor fellows, and grant them a safe return," said Mrs. McQuillan.

"Amen !" replied her companions ; " and, as for those who fall, may the Mother of Heaven be beside them, and comfort them in the moment of their agony."

"It is hard, hard, when one thinks of it," said Kate, in a mournful tone, "that so many of our nearest and dearest should be required to imperil their lives, in order to obtain as much freedom for their country as enables them to live in it, and to worship God after the fashion of their fathers before them."

"Not a bit of it, Kate," asserted Brigid, half laughingly, and anxious to keep the brighter side of the picture present to her comrade's mind. "There is nothing hard about it. It curtailed, or, when they are lost to them altogether.'

Brigid then referred to the conversation she and Kate had together, during the pleasant hours when they sat working at the flag for Cormac's corps.

By such gentle means did this true-hearted girl endeavor to lighten the sorrow of others, while she herself felt no less keenly the sorrow of parting from her lover.

CHAPTER XXIV .--- THE BATTLE OF ANTRIM-GALLANT FIGHT OF THE IRISH.

" Brothers, if this day should set,

Another yet must crown our freedom,-That will come with roll of drum,

And trampling files of men to lead them."

According to McCracken's orders, the insurgents entered Antrim at the time and places mentioned.

The difficulty which Colonel Orr experienced with the men placed under his command, in consequence of his conduct in the case of Mackenzie, was no slight obstacle to success That officer did not know his men sufficiently, and many of them believing that a thorough extermination of the Orangemen and Yeomen was part of the general plan in the "rising," scrupled not to leave their ranks, expressing themselves as being deceived at Cormac Rogan not being placed first in command. Although Cormac had dispossessed himself of every feeling on the matter, both John Mullan and Pat Dolan were of the opinion held by many of the men. Their devotion to the cause in which they were embarked, and their personal devotion to Cormac, made them act as he did.

commenced in 1332, and was finished in 1515. The edifice is surmounted by an elegant, spire of open work, 373 feet high. Within the choir are preserved many ancient and

INTERESTING RELICS,

of a by-gone age, among them the stone throne of the early bishops and Charlemagne's mass books. Some of the other churches of the town are very ancient, dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. As a military post, Metz is highly important. One of the largest arsenals in France is here, together with a cannon foundry. In this foundry lies at present an interesting memento of past wars with Germany in the shape of a long cannon, called "Vogel Greif," taken by the French in 1799 from the formidable and lofty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine. There are also in the city an immense military hospital capable of holding 1500 patients, and the great school for the education of officers of the engineers and artillery in France. In the time of the Romans Metz was a place of some importance as a fortified barrier against the trans-Rhenish barbarous tribes. It was known under

THE ROMAN DOMINATION

as Divodorum and Metis. But there are now but few traces of Roman architecture in the town. Metz was for a long time the capital of the kingdom of Austrasia. Under the Emperor Otho it became a free imperial city. It was occupied by the French commander, the Constable de Montmorency, by strategy, in 1552, in the name of Henry II., King of France. It was at that time a strong fortress with a population of 60,000. The Emperor, Charles V. incensed at the act of the Constable, assembled an army of 100,000 men for the purpose of retaking it. The city was defended by the Duc de Guise-who afterwards wrested Calais from the English-and after a siege of ten months, in which the Empcror sustained a loss of 30,000 men, it was abandoned to the possession of the French, and it has since been a city of France. Among the population are more Hebrews in proportion than any other city of France. They have a handsome synagogue. Metz is the native place of the famous General Kellerman, one

of the generals of the first Napoleon. THE FORTIFICATIONS.

Metz is considered—as indeed it has proven itself to be-one of the strongest fortresses in France. It forms the centre of the French defenses on the side of Germany between the Meuse and the Rhine. The fortifications, like those of Strasbourg and other fortified French towns, were planned by the great Vauban, and were continued by Marshal de Bellesle. The most important works consist of three forts, called respectively Fort Belle-Croix, Fort Mo-selle, and Fort La Double-Couroune. The two first are chefs-d' autre of military construction, and were begun in 1731; the last is surrounded by a triple ditch filled with water. In addition to these defenses, there is to the southwest of the town a redoubt of considerable strength called le Pate, so contrived is just what every man, and every nation of and arranged that at will it may be converted into men should do, either when their liberties are an island by closing the sluices of the River Seille, a small stream that enters into the Moselle near Metz, whose waters may be raised twenty-four feet, so as to form a lake more than six miles in extent. It was a knowledge of this fact, doubtless, that a few weeks ago the rumor was current in Paris that Marshal Bazaine had flooded the environs of Metz, and had thus drowned a whole corps of Prussian soldiers.

> The Emperor's aides-de-camp, the Prince de la Moskowa, M. Castlencau, M. Waubert, Count Rielle, and Viscount Pajol, have written a letter to the Independence Belge, in reply to the imputations on his conduct at Sedan. They state that on the Emperor being informed that the troops were repulsed, dispersed, and partially driven back into the town, he sent the commandants to General Wimpffen to acquaint him with the facts. The General, at the same moment, sent two officers of his staff with a letter, proposing that the Emperor should save himself by placing himself in the middle of a strong column and trying with it to reach Carignan. The Emperor refused to sacrifice a large number of soldiers to save himself, and added, "Carignan is occupied by the Prussians, but if the General thinks he can save some part of the army, let him make the attempt." General Wimpfien also imparted to General Lebrun his project of collecting 2,000 or himself at their head 3.000 troops, putting and breaking through the Prussian lines, The latter replied that the scheme would fail, and would only add to the loss of life, and General Wimpffen shortly afterwards admitted that it was impracticable, and that capitulation was unavoidable. He thought it hard, however, that, having taken the command only par interim, he should have to sign such an agreement, and tendered his resignation, which the Emperor refused to accept, it being necessary that the commander should secure as far as possible the safety of the rest of the army, and the General thereupon withdrew his request. The General was not thwarted in any way by the Emperor, whose only communication with him was between 9 and 10 a.m. The Emperor then asked him how things were going at Balan. He replied that they were going as well as possible, and that the French were gaining ground. On the Emperor remarking that a considerable corps was approaching the French left, General Wimpfien replied, "So much the better, we must let them do as they like, we will throw them into the Meuse, and gain the victory." There was not the least altercation between the General and

as we can expect. What a rich and powerful organi-stion! Theve never before encountered a sick per-son so patient as the Marshal. Although for the bast eight days he has been compelled to keep in one position, so that it has been impossible to make his bed—which has no hair mattress—yet never a mur-mur has escaped him. He has been cut and hewn in the most frightful manner in his wound, which traverses the whole of the hip, and in which a child of ten years old could easily insert the finger, yet never a groan. Whatever one gives him, whatever one does, it is always "Very well, dear sister "-never a murmur against the cause or effects of our misfortunes. He has done what he could, and believes that the others have done the same. As soon as he is sufficiently recovered to support the voyage without danger, he will take his departure for Prussia to rejoin his unfortunate soldiers. He says the commander ought to set a good example. The Marshal and his wife are goodness itself. I am buisly employed in preparing linen and "charpie " for the poor wounded because the good Marshal wishes that all who are near him should be attended to just the same as himself.

THE TEMPER OF THE POPULATION.

The following extracts from a letter just received from Paris, written by a person who is neither journalist nor public functionary, but simply an honest tradesman, show the state of feeling in that city :----Our position is very terrible at Paris; under arms, no business, our wives and our daughters unwillingly separated from us, our sons in the army; and we do not know whether they are dead or alive. Great God! what errors have been committed by our government, but at last Paris is well armed and determined. If the Prussians ever enter, nota single one will leave again. The example of Strasbourg has produced an enthusiasm which I never believed possible. It is a history which each Parisian is ready to imitate. If you saw Paris at this moment you would be convinced that no Prussian would ever set out either from Paris or from France itself. The Parisians will pursue them to Berlin. It is frightful, but at the same time it is a beautiful sight to look at. Excuse this rambling ; I write to you in presence of my Gardes Mobiles of Bazieres-most determined fellows. When their train arrived at Juvisy, in hearing of the Prus-sian fusillade, it was well that they had not their cartouches, for they all wished to pursue with the bayonet. This would certainly have happened if the engineer had been killed. At this moment 40,000 Mobiles are passing without arms, with only hatchets and saws, to cut down the Bois de Boulogne, leaving the trunks standing one metre out of the ground, fixed with iron spikes, to prevent the cavalry of the invaders advancing. The wood is provided with snares which will explode at a given time.

LE PRECERSEUR.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

Among the many during the past few weeks who, from circumstance or position, have been prominently before the public mind, there is one preeminently deserving of sympathy and condo-lence. In all the whirl and crash of events which have astonished and horrified the world, the name of the Empress Eugenie shines forth like the sad and solemn starlight through the gloom and terror of the midnight tempest. She alone has passed through the terrible ordeal by which gallant France is for the moment depressed, without censure or reproach. The Empress—the wift, the mother—now a fugitive in a remote English town, passes from the stage of Empire into the privacy of retirement, without a breath to whisper a censure on her name in the exalted position which she has occupied in the eyes of Europe and the world. The first lady in Europe-the centre round which the refinement and civilization of the world revolvedthe name in whose honour but two short months since, 10,000 swords would have flashed in the sunlight, and millions of hearts have defended with their best blood, is now an exile at Hastings, attended by one or two faithful domestics and a few friends to whom she was endeared by the charm, grace, and kindness which rendered her more beloved for her own sake than courted for her position. to avert the catastrophe which has shattered the holy instinct of maternity alone to comfort her on earth, she followed in the footsteps of her fugitive son. All the pomp and parade inseparable from her position was cast aside, and the simple but sublime nobility of the woman at once revealed itself. In exile, as in the palace, a pious dignity and glory attaches to her name. Like the Roman mother, her offspring was to her the dearest of treasures; and, having joined him, her first impulse was to telegraph to the Emperor he was safe, and that she was with him in England. The mother forgot all things but the child, and with him prepared to meet the circumstances of her new state with a heroic dignity which reflects no less honour on her name than the thousand acts of charity which distinguished her when clothed in the Imperial purple-she flung aside the trappings of distinction and state and descended to the haunts of suffering and sorrow to whisper benediction or dispense succour to the afflicted. Whatever be the fate of France, the name of the Empress Eugenie will long live in the hearts of the people-a synonym of all that is virtuous and noble, beneficent and good. Whether the Emperor found a place in the affections of the people or not, there she reigned secure. Her goodness and charity conquered all hearts. Save to bless her, her name was seldom mentioned. Even the frivolous slander of Paris spared her name, and offered its tribute to her many virtues by chastening its own tone. Her name, like a visible presence, was known and felt throughout France. From the day, when Napoleon despising the beggarly royalty of Europe, chose the noble Spanish beauty for the partner of his throne, her every act has been directed to endear herself to the French people, and shame the royalty of Europe into goodness by the lustre of her example and the beauty of her charity. She sought not distinctica, but the glory which blows goodness accompanied her as a blessing. Her praise was ' in all the Churches;" the lips of the poor and the suffering blessed her name. When the sick and wounded lay in the hospitals; when the cholera desolated the towns, she was found by the bedside of the suffering, soothing them in their afflictions or consoling them in their last agonies. The poor and the suffering were her especial proteges; she shrank not from the breath of pestilence to soothe and comfort misery. She did not run from danger; she sought it when seeking it made the afflicted happy. To the Catholics of France she was an example and a mirror; and even the scoffing infidel felt the influence of her example. Her spirit permeated the whole sphere of French society, and though she could notchange, she purified and ennobled it. Up to the eve of the war she was the good genius which checked the destiny impending over her husband. To her, more than to any other, the Christian Church is indebted for averting the evil which now threatens the centre of European civilization. The pious Empress was the silent patroness of the natrimony of the faithful; and till the hour when the evil destiny hanging over the family of her husband impelled him into the war which has wrought her ruin, she fulfilled her sacred 'trust' with fervor and fidelity. When the worst came, and France in her arony cried out for the aid of all her children, she was the first to incite to union and furnish the example, in her own person: The heroism of her soul ว โอวสอร์ที่ วิวิ (ว่าดีสู้อยุ ม.)

France," she said, " but a single flag—the flag of our national honor. I come in your midst, faithful to "ny mission and to my duty. You will see me first, where danger awaits, to defend the flag of France." Spoken truly like an Empress whose heart was with the nation; but the heroism was of no avail. In-competence in high places scaled the fate of the Empire; and when the noblest soldier of the nation fell wounded at the head of his columns before Sedan, her mission on French soil was accomplished, and the heroism of the Empress was superseded by the holy instincts of the Mother.

Whatever be the destiny of France ; whatever the evils which led to her present disasters, she stands apart from the ranks of the blameworthy, free from condemnation and reproach. Like a true and brave woman she has been faithful to her duty in exaltation and sorrow, in joy and suffering. In few have goodness and greatness been so happily combined as in her who, at the moment of her departure from the Capital, where she had reigned superior to any crowned head in Europe, would not permit violence to the citizens who were rising in revolt against the throne from which she had just descended. Preferring " pity to hatred," she departed in silence and sorrow from the land of her love and her hopes, to join in exile the son who in the pride of her aspirations, she had hoped to see the first monarch of the earth. In her exalted position as Empress, wife, and mother she had fulfilled her duty. In sorrow and suffering she fulfilled her mission with the same elevated and pious dignity. The anguish of her heart found no voice, for the heroism of resignation was there-the Empress was fallen, but the Christian reigned.

History may condemn the Emperor. France may heap maledictions on the head of those who humbled her at the feet of the insolent foreigner. But the historic conscience of mankind, the truth and chivalry of France will never fail to render justice to the noble lady who, even in her affliction, reflects honor on the nation. The Empire may depart, but her name, durable as brass, will remain graven in the affectionate remembrance of the poople whom she loved and served. Her gentle spirit and heroic soul will long be the theme of the historian and the bard; and the influence of her example live in the mind of the people when other men in other times mould the destinies of France in its progress through the civilization of the ages .- Werford People.

MARSHAL M'MAHON'S POSITION-WHO CAUSED THE DISASTER AT SEDAN.

The following letter from the able military correspondent of the Irish Times (" Redan Massey,") gives us, at last, the true inside view of the campaign which ended at Sedan so disastrously for France; and shows, as we have already anticipated, that the position was forced upon Marshal MacMahon against his advice and better judgment ; and that the Minister of War, Count Palikao, acting under the inspiration of Napoleon, is responsible for the plan of campaign which threw the last great army of France into the very hands of the Prussians, while the want of everything necessary to insure rapidity of movement and action took away from its gallant leader all chance of saving either his country or the soldiers under his command :---

PARIS, Monday, Sept. 12.

Whilst the journals of Paris and London and Brussels and even yours, most circumstantially as to day and date and hour, were informing the public of the death of Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, I took the liberty, from certain private and family information, of doubting the truth of the sad intelligence. I am happy to say I was quite right, and that the most illustrious of French soldiers is still alive. The Duchess of Magenta is long since at his bedside, and found her husband weak in body, writhing occasionally in agony, but with the strong mind suppressing physical weakness; and the predeminent feeling of that mind-anger. Why is Marshal MacMahon, above all things, in-

dignant? It is desirable that the country of his fathers should know the real state of the case, and that the charges of incapacity insinuated by the English journals against the illustrious commander Having endeavoured by all possible means in Paris should be met and rebutted by a few simple statements which come from MacMahon's own mouth .-gallant MacMahon had failed to retrieve the disas-ters prepared by others—and the Emperor himself was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, with the holy instinct of maternity along to comfort the the hands of the enemy and the enemy with the hands of the enemy with the enemy with the hands of the enemy with the hands of the enemy with the energy with the enemy with the enemy with the energy with You will recollect that when the correspondent who Chalons to Rheims, to which latter city I followed the army, was a puzzle to every one who had studied military strategy. For my part, I could not at first believe it anything but a movement to get at the unmolested line of railway for a retreat on Paris ----This is the plan which the Marshal himself po-posed. It is the plan and the only one, which General Trochu thought conducive to the safety of the capital. But the majority of the Committee of Defence, and especially the Minister of War, General Palikao, sent a direct order to MacMahon to march northward and fight the Prussians. Probably General Palikao did this on pressure from the Emperor, who was sanguine to the last, and unwilling personally to move down towards Paris. His Majesty at all events, commanded MacMahon to obey the positive orders received from the Minister of War; and the Marshal took his measures accordingly, but with a heavy heart. A gradual retreat, slow and in good order, was positively necessary for this army at the time. MacMahon had but a few thousand men preserved of his old Algerian veterans. The rest vere new troops, freshly raised battalions, men who had come disorganized and undrilled from Paris .--No other man but himself would have marched with such a force to battle. Palikao, who had given him his decisive order from Paris, took no measures to sustain the victim he had pushed forward, other than sending up, occasionally, troops still more raw than those in the main corps. He left the Marshal almost without material or provision, other than he could collect through an exhausted country. All the marching and countermarching, all the slowness of advance (fatal to every chance of success), were caused by constant actual want of food. The men were frequently twenty-fours without a morsel ! It is also desirable to state, in justice to the Duke of Magenta, that he is in no way directly answerable for the immediate results and consequences of the great battle of the 1st of September and its renewal next morning. It was as early as six o'clock on the morning of the first day when he was wounded. He was not subsequently in a position to give any military order, and his successor asked no advice from him. He is not answerable for the capitulation of the army : and indeed, from his hot and determined character, he was likely, had he lost the battle of Sedan, as Wimpffen did, to have made a desperate attempt to cut his way through. These are particuars which will be before the public on high authority in a few weeks. The Marshal has authentic documents to prove that his position was forced upon him and that his own plans were rejected. He is now at Pourre-aux-Bois and is free to return to Paris on parole, but refuses to separate himself from the captivity of his soldiers. In fact the great majority of French officers have taken the same resolution, and only about 1,200 are returning to France. The following letter from the Marshal to the Minister of War, 'received yesterday,' will show his' determination and, still better, will delight his friends in proving that his wounds are not of serious conseauence :----, MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE-I have the honor to inform you that I have obtained permission from the Prussian authorities to get myself carried to a little vil-lage called Pourre-aux-Bois, situated a few leagues You behold me a prisoner, and a very happy pris-oner, I can assure you, Marshal MacMahon is as well tion,"" Let there be but a single party, that of prisoner of war, I bannot according to the terms of

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fatal. Col. Orr had wasted time which was all-precious, and what was worse, his mistaken notions of humanity actually aroused a feeling of bitterness toward himself personally.

The men over whom he was placed had suffered and bled in consequence of Mackenzie's treatment of them and theirs. These people looked on their Colonel's interference as partaking of pity and sympathy with their enemies, and consequently many of them refused to fight under such a commander.

Matters were brought to a climax by the report that Mackenzie and his men had escaped !

It required no small nerve on the part of Cormac and his friends, to restrain their indignation on receipt of this intelligence.

It was not that he cared so much for the fate of the villain Mackenzie, but he dreaded the effect of anything having a tendency to dishearten his men.

He soon assumed a cheerful appearance, and endeavored, for the moment, to forget what had transpired.

By order of Major Seddon, the drums beat to arms, and the loyal inhabitants of Antrim were called out to join the King's forces and save the town. There were about four hundred capable of bearing arms; but when the moment of danger arrived, not more than half of them were forthcoming at the time.

Antrim town consists chiefly of one main street, about a mile and a half long. It is, in fact, but a continuation of the Belfast road, leading on to Randalstown. At the end of the town is Massareene Castle, with a massive gate, in a wall about sixteen feet high, towards the street, and four feet high in the inside, thus forming an excellent breastwork.

There is another high wall near the gate, commanding Bow Lane, where a body of the insurgents were to enter the town. Half-way up the main street, to the right, is a church standing on a piece of elevated ground.

These positions, remarkable for their strength, were all occupied by the British troops, and especially by the artillery and cava'ry.

The British commanders had thus secured the strongest and best posts in which to meet the attack of the insurgents. The latter were full of heart and in excellent spirits.

Orr's cclumn of men-thanks to Cormac Rogan, Pat Dolan, and their brave, dauntless comrades—gave all the appearance of good training. They were quite of a military stamp. Even those only armed with the pike presented a soldierly appearance, and elicited from all who saw them the highest meed of praise. The colors presented by Kate and Brigid were intrusted to young Phil Dolan, and right gallantly did the standard-bearer fulfil his duty.

As the insurgents entered the town, the soldiers discovered some fire-arms concealed in the thatch of a house. They at once set the house in flames; and this being seen by a large num-ber of Orr's men, the latter interpreted what they witnessed to mean the triumph of the the Emperor, and when they separated the Emperor royal forces, who, they believed, were setting warmly embraced him. fire to the town.

Many desertions took place in consequence. Cormac was not slow to perceive how critical the situation was becoming, and immediately applied to Orr to join the forces of insurgents which he observed hastening into Antrim.

Orr at once consented; and Cormac, turning to those he led, informed them of the conse-

quences likely to follow on any delay. "As many as wish to follow me," he said, grasping the colors from Phil Dolan's hand, this is their way;" and he pointed to a route across a field by which they could join their brethren in arms.

A cheer, sudden and sharp, like the fire of musketry, was the answer he received, and pike and musket were flourished in the air, as over two hundred and fifty of his own brave fellows dashed on to the point he indicated.

(To be Continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE STRONGHOLD OF METZ.

METZ, known as the Maiden City, is the principal town of the Department of Moselle, in France, and famous at this juncture because of the "trapping" of Marshal Bazaine's army within its walls by the Prussian troops under Prince Frederic Charles, is a handsome and strongly fortified city of 55,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the River Moselle, and is important as a manufacturing centre. Like all the towns of that part of France, the streets are narrow and the houses lofty. Along the streets lining the river are fine open quays, and the Moselle in its course through the town, together with its different branches, is crossed by no less than fifteen bridges. Many handsome public gardens adorn the city, and the city has been much resorted to by tourits. The principal architectural feature of Metz is its fine old Gothic cathedral. It was

The Times makes the following very noteworthy statement respecting the "large fortune' which the Emperor Napoleon is supposed to have accumulated during his reign.

Unless we are misinformed, the Empcror Napoleon, who has been the Chief of the French State for nearly twenty-two years, and its almost absolute master for nearly eighteen, retains no private property but a small cottage which came to him from his mother. Call it rashness, call it overweening confidence, or call it generous recklessness, it is proved by the event that he did not devote his reign to the accumulation of money. Whatever he has received from France he has spent in the country, in accordance with the social system which was established with the empire. That system was, no doubt, extravagant in the extreme. No contemporary Sovereign has held such a court. The Czar, who owns vast domains as his private property, besides ignoring the limi-tations of a civil list in dealing with the puble treasury, could not maintain such splendor. The Sultan may squander his millions, but his oriental magnificence has been mere shahbiness by the side of Paris. What our own court is we all see, and, as we know its cost, we may, when we compare it with that of the French Emperor, form some judgment of his expenses. Napoleon III will leave his German place of captivity at the end of the war almost as poor a man as he was when he entered France in 1848. The Empress has, indeed, her jewels, gifts at her marriage and on her fete days; but these are her private property, the State jewels being now in the hands of the French government at Tours. She has besides an hereditary property in Spain, and the Prince Imperial has a house which has been bequeathed to him near Trieste. This we belive, is all that remains to the family which lately were supreme in France. es par az

THE WOUNDED MARSHAL.

L'Union publishes the following letter which bears the signature of a "Sister of Charity" who was attend-ing upon Marshal MacMahon at Pourre, aux Bois :---