

each manufacturer had been met and re-met, and the doctor had pronounced an eloquent plea in favor of the extreme accuracy of his watch, which, as he said, was now old enough to have no irregularities, the umpire decided that the timekeeper's watch should be regarded as infallible which, dogma although complained against, was accepted. Our citizen friend desired to take a part, but as all were filled, he concluded to imagine himself a correspondent of New York papers. He interviewed all concerned, and having thus published, as he said, the earliest and most reliable news, he continued the delusion, and felicitated himself on his enterprise for about forty issues of his paper. When the campaign really commenced he at regular intervals chose to imagine that he was expelled from the lines, and would retire to an adjoining room, from which he would return in such increased excitement that it was finally concluded to send him off, with a faithful African as a guide, to search for Livingstone.

The seat of war was that so ably described by Lieutenant Costigan. At nine p. m. both generals appeared with their armies in their hands. Each having made a prolonged investigation of the seat of war, General O'Dwyer was sent into the next room. The impartial Costigan first announced that the beginning or ending of a manoeuvre or series of them should be marked by the word "Time." O'Dwyer having retired, and the umpire having satisfied himself that the whole defensive army was in the doctor's pocket, gave a preliminary hem! and observed, "Now, General, I have to inform you that reliable information has arrived that the invading army camped last night at the Mansion House at Charlotte. It is reported that they will move at eight a. m. to seize Cherryville. According to the scale agreed upon, you have four minutes and forty-two seconds to dispose your army. I'll give the words, and when I say 'Time' the second time the devil a millimetre must you move. D'ye mind? Time!"

The anxious doctor rapidly put his army into position. As he was sliding a squadron of cavalry out to the broad River the umpire called time. "My watch gives me fifteen and a quarter more seconds," said the baffled doctor, "and I conceived that I could push the reconnoitring party out in that time." "The timekeeper's watch says time's up," rejoined the umpire. "My watch is correct, sir," said the doctor. "The timekeeper's has been agreed upon," replied Costigan. This dispute appeared to be about to destroy the game; and in the mean time, O'Dwyer, who was realistic, exclaimed that this army were all getting drunk at Charlotte; that he hadn't allowed enough for the more rapid effect of the corn whiskey, and if he stayed there ten seconds longer his command would be demoralized. Upon this the umpire sternly ordered the instant acquiescence in the correctness of the standard watch, or "he'd quit, and where the devil would the Kriegsspiel be then without an umpire?" This settled the matter. This bandanna of the umpire was thrown over the doctor's army, and the active O'Dwyer entered. Five and a quarter minutes were allowed him. He put in a plea for fifteen seconds longer to allow his army to get sober, saying that at drill that morning nine-tenths of them were drunk. "Ef they had been drunk on duty" said Costigan, "I would cheerfully give you the delay; but as it has been decided that drill is not a duty, but an exercise, the claim is dish-allowed. You will procede—'Time!" The main body of the invading army was rapidly pushed forward to near

Cherryville. A light-armed cavalry force was despatched to seize the town of Shelby. A powerful expedition was sent to seize the Western railway at Morganton. Choosing to imagine that the enemy were going to endeavor to crush this force he sent all his disposable cavalry across the country to its assistance. At this juncture it was decided that an agreeable variety might be introduced and a realistic character given to things if two brigades of cavalry should take the wrong road. To this Costigan strenuously objected. Time was permitted to discuss this question. "Ef I understand this game at all, it is a Prooshian game; ef such is the case, things must be done like the Prooshians do. Now, I'd like to know whin the Prooshians ever lost the road?" But O'Dwyer, remarked that it was the common practice during the late war for such things to occur, and that if some wanted to be Dutchmen, he didn't, proceeded to do as suggested. So much time was therefore occupied in bringing this force back to the right road that just as it was crossing a deep stream the umpire called Time! "But the brigades are in the river," said O'Dwyer "So I persave," cuttly replied the offended Costigan. "Am I to lave my cavalry in the water?" asked O'Dwyer. "Ov coorse ye have, my boy; as ye have made your bed, you can lie in it. The whole idee of this inganious amusement is to larn the vally of time. Ould Von Steinmetz would nivir have got his cavalry in such a box, whatever ye used to do during the war." "But if the horses remain there they'll all be drowned," said the literal O'Dwyer. "It is very likely," said the umpire, "and, by the powers, I think by this time they've all gone up. Look into Appandix XX, and see how long it takes horses to drown in a river runing at four miles an hour. By jabers it is just as I said—they'er drowned. O'Dwyer, my man, thim Prooshians that ye laugh at so would have known the exact depth of the river, and the force of the current, and they would have known the exact number of logs required to repair the bridge, I'll bet you the drinks that they've got all that information nately recorded in Berlin now. Fish out your cavalry, man, for they're all dead by this." "Well! I suppose it is the form of the game," remarked the disconsolate general, as he walked out of the room with his ruined cavalry.

In came the Doctor. The affair was now becoming exciting, and the umpire reduced him to three minutes and a half. Assuming a certain small, black button to be an intelligent contraband, the doctor learned of the now critical position of the O'Dwyer forces. Hastily assembling all his cavalry he struck by a mountain road to destroy it before it could receive reinforcement. His force was two corps of cavalry and three of infantry, with its appropriate artillery. Flushed with the anticipation of ending the campaign by a master-stroke, he had already got three brigades of cavalry through a narrow pass in the mountain, and was permitted to see the O'Dwyer troops occupying an extremely dangerous position. The first battery of horse artillery was being moved up to pass the gap when the umpire called "Shtop! Shtop!" "What's the matter now?" said the surprised doctor. "I have, at least, seventy seconds left." "Thru for you, Ganeral; but am I to understand this is the narrow gap?" "Yes," replied the doctor. "Thin, all I have to say is that prior to this campaign I particularly exmined thim 3-inch guns of yours, and compared thim wid the scale. I find that these wheels are twenty-four feet apart,

and that this gap is only fourteen and a half wide. It would same, therefore, that you have made some mistake in reducing feet and inches to the metric system. You will therefore please to halt where you are, and either devise method of increasing the width of the gap or one of decreasing that of the axlerteas. I furthermore observe that there are no engineer officers, pioneers, nor materials wid this column, so that, wid what shovels, pickaxes, etc., you will be able to obtain in this log cabin here you will be unable to widen the gap for at least sixteen minutes and twenty-two second. You must either do that, retrace your steps, or carry your artillery through piecemeal. If I recollect rightly, this battery had been recently organized. Twenty-four per cent must be added to the time allowed on that account. It was presumed, sir, that your staff was provided wid an accurate map of this locality, wid calculations as to the exact kind of materials and amount require to make the place available for artillery passage. If it is not so, you are not up to the thure Prooshian standard; if it is, there are no staff officers perceived, except that one aide-de-camp at the rear of the column, who, I observe, is occupying himself wid the farmer's daughter, instead of being wid the general. All that remains is, therefore, either to go back or whittle down your artillery."

This was a staggere to the unfortunate doctor. He was compelled, by the inexorable Kriegsspielian laws to go back to a blacksmith and wheelwright's shop to fix up his artillery. The aide-de-camp was presumed to be interrogated as to the exact contents of said shop, and to make is replies—the said interrigatorie and replies being made by the doctor. Such, however, was his confusion arising from the above incident that he was unable to recapitulate, as he should have done, a single one of the tools in the shops. Instead of being a properly posted Americano-Prusso officer, thoroughly conversant with the whole interior economy of the establishment, he failed on what ought to have been at his tongue's eud. Our citizen friend, in his reportorial capacity, immediately produced a stinging letter on the subject, and was incontinently and for the last time expelled from the lines. Every one expected that O'Dwyer would triumphantly close the campaign; but on coming in he announced that the loss of his cavalry had so crippled him that he was compelled to retreat. The military spirit of the doctor was crushed also, and he went off muttering something about the line and the staff, and thus ended our first Kriegsspiel. We have had many since, however, and

— Thrice we've routed all our foes,
And thrice we've slain the slain.

We are now all competent to command armies, and confidently expect such assignment as soon as the American Battle of Dorking becomes imminent.

London, Nov. 7.—Sergeant Bales, the American pedestrian, has made a wager that he can travel on foot through England without molestation, having the banner of the United States unfurled.—He set out from Glasgow on Tuesday mourning, and carrying the flag on a short staff, he proceeded to Kendell, whence he will walk to Lancaster. His route from the starting point will be through Preston, Bolton, Manchester, Mecclesfield, Birminham, Warwick and Oxford, to London, where his trip is to end.