

A SAXON ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF KONIGGRATZ, OR SADOW

In the new volume of the "Report of the Saxon General Staff" on the campaign of 1866, we find an account of the battle of Koniggratz. The strength of the allied troops is stated as having been:—Austrians, 156,654 infantry, 21,224 cavalry and 712 pieces of cannon; Saxons, 18,248 infantry, 2,574 cavalry and 58 cannon. The Prussian army amounted altogether to 220,982, men. Though the report of the Saxon staff shows on the whole much more consideration for the quondam allies than might have been expected in some places it returns with usuary the accusations of the official Austrian work. The account of the retreat from the battle field of Koniggratz is well described. The following are a few passages: "To render the catastrophe complete, orders had been given to close the gates of Koniggratz, while the trenches and outworks of the fortress were being filled with water. Embarrassed in a labyrinth of canals and unacquainted with the localities, the troops, could neither advance nor move in a lateral direction, while the pressure from behind put all thoughts of returning quite out of the question. A number of waggons were overturned and fell into the waters, one of them filled with wounded Saxon souldiers; several horsemen pressed to the edge of the trenches, tumbled in and perished horse and man. In this desperate situation many attempted to scale the palisading and outworks others tried to pass the trenches, which were every instant becoming deeper, and some even plunged into the Elbe, hoping to cross it. A good many were successful in their efforts, but a great number were drowned. Terror prevailed everywhere, and the universal confusion reached its highest pitch when the Austrians, who had first arrived at the trenches of the fortress, began to discharge their pieces, and in so doing, not only wounded several soldiers, but for a moment spread a belief through the retreating ranks that the enemy, having already reached the opposite bank of the Elbe, was firing on the town, or was even perhaps already in possession of it. In such a disheartening position it is not to be wondered at that the order which had hitherto been observed, and the cohesion of the Saxon divisions could no longer be maintained, and that considerable losses of war material became inevitable. It must, however, be said to the credit of the troops that notwithstanding this temporary disorganization, when the gates of the fortress were at last opened at 11 o'clock at night, they at once began to form again in corps and columns; two days later (5th July) their reorganization was nearly effected, and on the 7th July the divisions were all again assembled under their respective standards." The report closes the account of the retreat with the following description from the Journal of a Saxon officer:—"The battalion marched, as we descended into the plain towards Rossnitz, in close ranks and excellent order but the march was not to remain long unmolested. After passing the wood of Breschicsa, we were joined by the Austrian columns of all weapons retreating in the same direction as ourselves, but without the order which we observed. There immediately arose a thronging and pressing at one time from the right, at another from the left, and sometimes from both sides simultaneously, which made it no easy matter to hold the men together, and rendered it physically impossible to advance with the broad front of the close column, so that we were constrained to forego all the ad-

vantages of this formation and adopt the flank march instead. The situation grew worse with every step. The mass of fugitive Austrians continually increased, and the disorder of their march grew every moment more irremediable. Here and there villages encroached on the road and the crowds rushed through the narrow streets, or made the best of their way through hedges and over gardens. Swarms of straggling Austrians filled every available space, discipline and command were forgotten, but still worse was behind. A loud and confused noise mingled with the report of cannon was suddenly heard, and a column of Austrian cavalry threw itself on us as it might have done on an enemy. The horsemen broke through the infantry columns wherever they could, carrying with them confusion and dismay, and when they could find no opening they made one by force. The flight became still wilder. We were tossed about in a sea of men, horses and field pieces, and expected every moment to sink in the animated, surging tide and be trampled under foot. The thunder of the cannon at no great distance behind us reminded us continually that the enemy was close at our heels, and every instant we expected to see a shower of shells fall amidst this dense, devoted mass and the Prussian cavalry follow to complete the work the deadly explosive missiles had begun. We had not utterly lost hope, but it was a terrible situation. At one instant our company was crushed or dragged into a long line, at another it was gathered in a broad, compact cluster, but the firmness and fidelity of our men made them always obedient to the voice of the officers, and they continued to form a connected whole in the midst of the indescribable confusion and utter disorganization which prevailed all around." The report concludes with the following list of losses:—Saxons—24 officers and 400 men killed; 32 officers and 1,002 men wounded; 3 officers, and 87 men prisoners; together, 59 officers and 1,486 men. Austrians—330 officers, 5,328 men and 2,443 horses killed; 431 officers, 8,143 men and 729 horses wounded; 43 officers, 7,143 men and 2,149 horses missing; 905 officers, 21,661 men 349 horses taken; together, 1,313 officers, 41,499 men, and 6,010 horses. Prussians—100 officers and 1,835 men killed; 260 officers and 6,699 men wounded; 268 men missing; together, 360 officers, 8,812 men and 939 horses.

GEN. DOYLE ON LOYALTY.

Lieutenant Governor, Major General Sir Hastings Doyle took occasion, at the opening of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Nova Scotia, on Wednesday, to express himself pretty freely with regard to the discontented faction who continue to give trouble and annoyance to the loyal people in that Province. The General, it will be remembered, brought Attorney General Wilkins to book for certain disloyal sentiments said to have been uttered by him on the floor of the House of Assembly, and the Provincial Premier was only too glad of an opportunity to retract what he had said, for, if he had not, the gallant veteran would very soon have sent the entire Cabinet to the right about. Since then the repealers have been less bold and defiant, but still they find occasion to vent disloyalty, as witness the language used by Mr. Alfred Jones, at Halifax, the other day, when he declared he would gladly take off his hat when the British flag was hauled down at the Citadel Hill, and replaced by another, Mr. Jones, less than a year ago, was one of the most obsequious

followers of the Dominion Premier, and affected to be brimful of loyalty, but for some fancied slight or other he has become the most outspoken of traitors. It was well, therefore, that Major-General Sir Hastings Doyle spoke plainly last Wednesday, and gave such people to understand that their absence would be preferable to their company, so long as they persist in their disloyal course. He said:

"We are far away from the din of war and the atmosphere of politics. I do not intend to recede from the position in which I have taken, that we ought not to talk politically here, but I am called upon, being now here in the western part of the country, to offer an explanation—no political harangue, but an explanation merely. When I was recently at Digby, I received a loyal address to which I responded as best I could. In answer to that address I made use of certain expressions, to the effect that I was particularly anxious to get rid of disloyal and discontented people. Some persons have thought I was anxious to get rid of those who differ from me in politics—God forbid. (Cheers.) A fair opposition is always essential to good government. I do not pretend any disrespect to the United States, I have been all over their country. I admired their men, and especially the General who is now their President, and I trust in God that we may forever be at peace with their country. Do not let it be understood that in the remarks I made, intended any disrespect to the United States. I repeat now what I said at Digby, that I do wish that everybody who does not desire to live under the British flag should move out of this Province. (Loud and repeated cheers.) I thank you gentlemen for those cheers. I knew that I was in the midst of loyal spirits I have been told that I am too loyal. Well, gentlemen, I imbibed loyalty with my mother's milk, it is my bones and marrow, and any one who desires to cure me of that complaint will have to proceed to extremities. A good deal of blood letting will have to be done, and I will only be cured of my loyalty when I part with the last drop of blood. I do not wish to see those who differ from me in politics leave the Province, but I do wish to see every disloyal man out of it." (Cheers.)

SLIGHTLY PERSONAL.

In following the complimentary fashion does Brick Pomeroy, of the New York Democrat, serve up the defeated Republican candidates for Tennessee:

Stokes, the perjured traitor, has met his political doom, and now he can rot in the stench of his famous record.

First instigator of rebellion and an inciter to treason—for a long time an enemy to the Government which once protected the people, for a price paid and a position given by Brownlow, the concentrated fever of hell's most rotten selfishness, he betrayed those who thought him honest, and like the serpent who was a God compared to him, stung the ones who had warmed his rottenness to political life.

He basked in the smiles of an infamous power. He lived on and by wanton robberies of rights. He fastened himself like a wen of nastiness to the rump of Brownlow, whose cheap tool of a cheap master he was—he dived deep into infamy, tyranny, injustice, corruption, extravagance and wrong and now floats on the dead black pool of Tennessee's damned and dishonored politics, an ebony-tinted cowardly mass of political infamy and corruption it were a compliment to dignify with the name of dog.

Farewell Stokes. All hail Tennessee.