EUROPE.

DESPATCHES BY MAIL TO AUGUST 20.

War Incidents and Facts from the Battle Fields.

French Sketches of Imperial Commanders.

Heroes of Napoleon's Armies and Navy.

Who They Are and What They Have Done.

The Prussian Pioneer System---Its Men and Their Duties.

National Peculiarities in the Camps and on the March.

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THE BRITISH ARMY---ITS POWER AND GLORY.

From Waterloo to Asia and Africa.

Wellington, the Great Bonaparte and King Theodore.

THE FRENCH COMMANDERS.

Paris Sketches of Army and Naval Heroes—Bourbaki, the "Father of the Children of the Desert"—Frossard, the Scholar Soldier—Felix Douay, the Handsome Commander—Admiral Willaumez, of Senegal and Crimean Fame—Count de Palikao, Who Planted the Flag in Pekin—Forty-two Years' Service and Twenty-eight Campaigns.

By the European mail of the 20th of August we are supplied with the following animated and most exceedingly interesting sketches of the lives and services of the great commanders of France, both army and naval:—

[From the American Register, Paris, August 20.]

General Bourbaki.

General Bourbaki is a type apart in the French army, and partakes less of the characteristics of the modern, erect, buttoned-up, rule-and-compass officer than of the famous soldiers of old. His feats of arms are more worthy to be related in the songs of troubadours than set down in cut and dried despatches. Happily the soldier has composed a refrain that will go down to future ages like "*Marlborough s'en va t'en guerre*," and will be sung by many a camp fire—a refrain that will make the modern Roland de Roncevaux known to the sun-browned regiments of the *élite* in the French ranks. To civilians the song is unknown, so we give the refrain:—

Oh, the charming style
Of the Turco file—
To whom do they owe it?
Why, you all must know it;
To Bourbaki,
To brave Bourbaki.

General Bourbaki is the father of the children of the desert. It was in Africa that he commenced his career, and it was there that he gained his renown. To his initiative the army owes the organization in Africa of those splendid corps of indigenes, the Spahis and the Turcos, that have rendered such immense services to the nation. Full of fire and martial enthusiasm, Bourbaki is especially fitted to lead such troops as those under his command. When as Brigadier General he led his men to the assault at Inkerman his feats of personal prowess astonished his comrades, and infused new ardor into the breasts of his followers. Seeing that the English were on the point of yielding to the sudden attack of the Russians, he hastily rallied round him a few battalions of chasseurs and Zouaves, and, charging at their head, he routed the enemy, who, however, reforming his troops, made a supreme effort to hold his ground by placing himself in a solid square; but in spite of the obstinate courage with which the Russians fought, Bourbaki's repeated charges at length dislodged and finally overthrew them. Seizing a carbine, he whirled it round his head like a battle axe, crying, "Room, room; this is the spot, my men, to gain glory in." Those who witnessed the scene relate that his entire body seemed to be transfigured, that his eyes appeared to dart fire, and that the effect of his example was irresistible. The Greek and Spanish blood that runs in his veins caught flame and showed itself on this occasion. Ever since the African Bourbaki is known by his troops by the name of Inkerman-Bourbaki. It is more than probable that he will, in the coming campaign, exchange this title for one even more glorious.

General Frossard.

Frossard is a soldier and a scholar, a man who has never sought reputation at the cannon's mouth, but who has nevertheless gained it by his intrepid demeanor on the field. A true philosopher, he has never been and can never be intoxicated by any success, however unexpected or brilliant. By force of conquering himself he has conquered others. With a more than ordinarily original mind he prefers to be a good imitator of the great men whose lives serve as examples to humanity than to place implicit confidence in his own qualities. Egotism being one of the prevailing sins of the century General Frossard shines out in bold relief from the selfish mass of the world. The nation ought to be glad to see the education of the Prince Imperial confided to a man whose erudition is in every way equal to his courage. And yet, notwithstanding that General Frossard occupies such a high position at court, he retains his charming simplicity of character. A man with a time of his talent would now be a member of the Academy. At any rate his merit will not be overlooked, we think, and we shall not be surprised to find him in the midst of the literary magnates of the land as soon as the campaign shall have finished.

General Frossard's bearing is more that of an English than a French gentleman. Tall, erect, his air is grave and thoughtful, and his whole appearance indicates that he is sensible of the high duty he has been called on to perform in educating the "hope of the country." He is now about sixty-two years of age. Captain in 1833, it was only during 1858 that he was made general of division. The succeeding year he made the Italian campaign, and was named aide-de-camp to the Emperor. Seven years after he was appointed governor of the Prince Imperial, and never was a happier choice made of a mentor than in this instance. In 1869 General Frossard became President of the Commission of French Fortifications, and in this capacity he has rendered incalculable services to the army. He is now about to put into action the theories that he teaches to his Imperial pupil, and we are sure that on his return he will be able to say with truth:—

Prince—Honor, courage, patriotism, all the noble and elevating qualities of which we have so often spoken together, have been displayed by our army, and I have done my part to prove to you and the country that I can practice as well as theorise.

General Felix Douay.

This is one of the most distinguished and at the same time one of the youngest generals of division in the French army, being now but fifty-two years of age. His features are very fine and regular, his brow expansive, his glance penetrating and his voice sonorous in the extreme. Sitting in the saddle he remains unmoved, even during the hottest fire, and never bows before the balls, however thick they may fall around his head. This is a peculiarity; for all, even the greatest veterans, are subject to this involuntary movement during the deadly hail fall. Pelissier used to make a horizontal, and Bugeaud a vertical movement when they found the bullets whistling round their heads. But Douay remains inflexible, undinching and his *sang froid* is in every respect equal to his courage. However great may appear to be his excitement in the heat of battle he never loses, not for an instant, his presence of mind, and he never allows his clear eagle glance to be clouded by the smoke of battle. An officer speaking the other day of Douay said, "He has the fire of Bourbaki, the martial bearing of MacMahon and the tone of voice of the republican advocate, Emmanuel Arago. Let Douay but cry 'Forward,' on the banks of the Rhine, and they will be sure to hear him at Rastadt, nay, even in the depths of the Black Forest." Of course this portrait was drawn by a loving hand, for throughout the entire army General Douay is a favorite; but still, in the main, it is an accurate one. As a sharpshooter he has not got his match in any regiment, and he handles the carbine and Chassepot as he does the sword. Like Marshal Bazaine Felix Douay rose from the ranks. He entered the infantry of marine in the quality of full private, nothing more, and that, too, in a corps that is not very highly favored nor supposed to be in anywise a crack one. Nevertheless, the talents of the man made themselves known, and soon we find him rivalling in reputation his superior officers, who had their military training and a few of their military grades in the State College. We find him bearing the rank of lieutenant colonel of the Twentieth regiment of the line at the Crimea, one of the first at the taking of Malakoff and one of the first also to enter Sebastopol. In recognition of his services and his bravery he was put at the head of a regiment of Voltigeurs de la Garde. During the Italian campaign he fought like a lion at Magenta, and was made general of brigade on the field of battle. At Mexico likewise his military capacity was remarked, and after this unfortunate expedition returned he was named general of division. Rome, Sebastopol, Magenta, Mexico, in all of these campaigns General Douay distinguished himself, and undoubtedly we may look forward to see him bring back successfully the eagles of France from this campaign of the Rhine, which service may bring with it to him the baton of Marshal, of which he is in every way worthy.

Count de Palikao.

Charles Guillaume Cousin Montauban, Count de Palikao, upon whose shoulders has devolved the task of forming a new Ministry, is a man especially suited for the arduous task confided to him by the country. Energy, tact and rapidity of action are the qualities needed at this moment, and Palikao has already given very strong proofs that he possesses them. Born on January 23, 1796, his natural disposition inclined him to the army at a very early age, and it was not long after being admitted to the service that he distinguished himself highly in the Algerian campaign as a cavalry officer. Named Chef d'Escadron of the Spahis on the 4th of September, 1836, he was raised to the grade of lieutenant colonel on the 7th of May, 1843, and to that of colonel two years after. On the 21st of September, 1851, he was named brigadier general, and was put in command of the Tlemcen division. Appointed general of the Constantine division four years after. Recalled to France some time after, he was placed at the head of the Twenty-first military division, having its headquarters at Limoges.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." So said the poet, and certainly nowhere is the truth of this affirmation so clearly exemplified as in the life of the present Minister of War. The year 1860 saw him at the head of the expedition sent out to China to act in conjunction with the English, and ever since that time Palikao has had a hold on the popular mind as being *un homme capable* in every sense of the word. He had the signal honor of planting the French flag in the capital of the Celestial Empire, and thus imposing respect, for the moment at least, upon the inhabitants of that unhospital land. The capture of the forts of Takou, at the mouth of the Pei-ho, the great victory of Pa-li-kao (from which he takes his title), were the principal exploits which have rendered him famous. After he had concluded the treaty which opened the gates of the Celestial Empire to Europeans the General went to Japan, visiting several places on his way, and returning to France in the month of July, 1861. He had already been raised to the dignity of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor (26th of December, 1860), and immediately on arriving at Paris he was made Senator. On the 22d of January, 1862, he received the title of count, and a proposition was made in the Corps Législatif that he should receive a good service pension from the country, which, however, met with some opposition. The General himself requested that the proposition should be withdrawn, but the Emperor, knowing and appreciating the immense services he had rendered to the country, refused to accede, and finally the Chamber voted the measure with an amendment. On the 22d of June, 1865, Palikao was appointed to replace Canrobert at the headquarters of the troops at Lyons.

In the year 1860 he had already counted forty-two years of active service, during which he had served in twenty-eight campaigns, from which he issued a conqueror, with but one wound of any importance.

Count Louis Edouard Bouet-Willaumez.

This officer, the present commander of the French Baltic squadron, was born the 24th of April, 1808, and entered the Royal Naval School in 1823. An ensign in 1829, he was promoted to a lieutenancy six years after, being then attached to the naval station of La Plata. Afterwards he took prominent part in the bombardment of Mogador, and in 1838 he received an order from Rear Admiral Montagnies de la Roque to make a plan of the coasts of Western Africa, which work was inserted in the *Annales Maritimes*, and subsequently in a separate form under the title, of "A Nautical Description of the Coast Line between Senegal and the Equator." A short while after his nomination as captain of a vessel (September 17, 1844) he was appointed Governor of the French possessions in Senegal, from whence he returned to France during 1847, receiving, two years later, as a reward for his services, the dignity of Commander of the Legion of Honor. Named Rear Admiral (August 12, 1854), he took part in the Crimean expedition, under the orders of Admiral Hamelin. At the conclusion of that war he was entrusted with the post of Maritime Prefect at Cherbourg, from whence he was promoted (March 4, 1861) to the same position at Toulon, but not before he had been named Vice Admiral (July 9, 1860) and had been in command of the Mediterranean squadron. On the 5th of August, 1865, Bouet-Willaumez was raised to the dignity of Senator, and used all his powers to get the marine artillery completely remodelled, but the commission appointed to report on the subject rejected his proposition. However, some concessions were afterwards made in consequence of the combined efforts and representations of Bouet-Willaumez and Rigault de Genouilly, and great improvements lately effected in the French fleet are entirely owing to the indefatigable and untiring exertions of these two sapient salts. Bouet-Willaumez did not disdain to enlighten the public on his views, and thus bring them on his side. His publications, "Expedition to the Western Coasts of Africa," "The French Fleet and the Colonies," "Battles by Land and Sea," "Supplementary Treatise for the Use of those Serving in Iron-clads," are all remarkable for their clear and succinct style. Vice Admiral Bouet-Willaumez is likely now to have a fine field for his abilities, and we wish him success.

General Changarnier and the Emperor.

Figaro describes the arrival at Metz of General Changarnier in the following manner:—

An aged man, dressed in gray trousers, with straps, and a closely buttoned great coat, his hat sunk in his shoulders, crossed the anxious and disturbed town of Metz, and coming from the railway station, bent his course towards the prefecture. A steady rain came down towards nightfall and drove the spy-hunters into their houses, otherwise the individual in question would scarcely have reached his destination without hindrance. On arriving at the prefecture he entered the courtyard, ascended the steps, and found himself before a Cent Garde, of whom he inquired for the usher. The soldier looked at the old man, so wet and muddy. Perhaps he would have refused him admittance had he not experienced that impression well known to soldiers by which those who are accustomed to obey recognize those accustomed to command.

The usher was now sent for by the orderly, who, when he saw the visitor, obeyed him with even greater readiness, so that in a few seconds General Reille was informed that General Changarnier wished to speak to the Emperor.

This name had a magical effect; the Emperor, who was alone, ordered the General to be immediately admitted. These two men, who had not spoken to each other for nineteen years, were now face to face.

"Sire," said the General, "France is in danger; I am an old soldier, I come to offer you my experience and my sword. My sword is, perhaps, not worth much, for I am seventy-eight years of age, but I think my head is still good."

The door was shut, and the interview lasted two hours. When it again opened the Emperor spoke. "Get dinner for the General," said he, "he has not eaten since this morning. * * Also tell the Count d'Aure to choose horses for the General; he belongs to us, gentlemen; let his apartment be prepared."

Since then the Emperor and the General have been inseparable; the old soldier, having come straight off on hearing of the disaster, had nothing with him; linen and clothes had to be found for him. The Emperor is delighted, and the presence of this glory of the past has had a good effect upon the officers who saw Changarnier with the Emperor at Faulquemont.

Count Bismarck on French Tactics.

Count Bismarck's report of the victories of Saarbruck and Woerth concludes thus:—"The French will concentrate their armies towards their rear, and the decisive battle will therefore have to be fought in the interior of France. But the inhumanity and incendiarism of their warfare in setting fire to an open town like Saarbruck, before relinquishing it, cries to heaven still more than the aim of their warlike expedition, which was nothing but the forcible spoliation of our peaceable Fatherland, and Heaven will punish them by the arm of our warriors, inflamed to increased indignation and wrath by this act of violence.

THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE.

The Suppressed Paris Newspapers and the State of Siege.

In the French Legislature August 18 M. JULES FERRY said:—I have a question to put to the Cabinet. (Various movements.) The President has been advised of it, and he believes that he has the right to reply in the name of the whole Cabinet. My question is concerning the use which the Cabinet intend to make of the powers conferred on the government by the state of siege. (Interruptions from several benches.)

From THE LEFT—Excellent! excellent!

M. JULES FERRY—The Chamber has just set a splendid exam ple of patriotic union. I regret to say that that union is disturbed by repressive measures, the character of which is not in accord with the importance of the present crisis. (New interruptions.) The old government suppressed the *Reveil* yesterday (August 9); the new government, following the evil precedent set it, has just suppressed the *Rappel*. I ask the President of the Council of State if that is so? I carry the question further, and ask the Cabinet whether it thinks it necessary or becoming, in the present grave and exciting situation, to maintain the state of siege. (Murmurs.) The state of siege, gentlemen—and I meet these murmurs by saying so—is not the state of war. The difference is this——

A MEMBER OF THE RIGHT.—We know it perfectly. ("No, no," from the Left.)

M. DE JOUVENCEL—I certainly don't, and I wish to learn what it is.

Count KERATRY—The state of siege is a measure directed against our own citizens.

M. DUCUE DE LA FAUCONNERIE—Against domestic enemies.

M. EUGENE PELLETAN—They are our domestic enemies who give France up to the foreigner and refuse to arm the city.

M. JULES FERRY—The state of war gives the military authorities all rights and powers needful for military defence. I need not go through the provisions to secure that object. But, gentlemen, what is the state of siege?

M. LE COMPTE DE LA TOUR—We cannot discuss that.

M. JULES FERRY—Is it one of the varieties of war? Do not believe it, gentlemen. A state of siege is the suspension of the most essential liberties—it is the right of delivering up citizens to a military tribunal, and denying them their natural judges—it is the right of unlimited visits and unlimited arrests—("No, no," from the Right)—the right of suppressing journals—in a word, it is the dictatorship against insurrection. Well, I know we are at present engaged in war, and in a great war, but I defy any one to say, after the events of the last few days, that we are in a state of insurrection. (Great applause from the Left.) If any one should say so I would appeal to those who saw Paris and the approaches of the Legislative body yesterday. (Oh, oh!)

L. LE COMTE DE LA TOUR—Is not a part of Prussia in a state of siege?

M. JULES FERRY—Let any one dare to say that he has heard rising from the great crowd, which is animated at this time by a single thought, a mad delirium—the delirium of patriotism—("Excellent! excellent!" from near the Speaker; murmurs from the Right) a single seditious cry, a solitary insurrectionary appeal.

M. THE PRESIDENT SCHNEIDER—I remind M. Jules Ferry that he has demanded to be allowed to speak in order to put a question, and that he must not diverge from it. (Many members from the Left—"It is the question itself!")

M. GAMBETTA—The Chamber is listening, M. President.

M. JULES FERRY—I said, gentlemen, and I affirm, that from this immense crowd of Parisians, which you do not know, no cry rose except the patriotic and generous one, "To arms! To arms!" I saw, gentlemen, as others saw, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers walking on foot among the crowd, and all these brave men round about him, pressing his hands, touching his clothes, and demanding from him arms! arms! (Murmurs from the Right.)

M. le Baron ESCHASSERIAUX—They insulted the Chamber at the close of the session.

M. GAMBETTA—It is the population of Paris which would be your best defence.

M. JULES FERRY—Gentlemen, the situation is too serious to permit of oratorical artifices and useless words. I tell you this, on my honor and conscience, that Parisian populace, which I know better than you, has but one voice, one wish—arms, arms to repel the foreigner. (Enough, enough.) If, then, Paris is not in insurrection, what is the use of a state of siege? Of what use are those regiments which would be so much better at the frontier? (Excellent; applause from the Left.) Well, gentlemen, the enemy has repulsed one of our armies, and you keep here 25,000 men to satisfy your false and foolish fears! Very well; let me tell you in conclusion that those fears are something very like treason to your country. (Fresh applause from the Left.)

VOICE TO THE RIGHT—The order of the day! the order of the day!

M. the Minister of the Council of State rose to speak. (Do not reply! Do not reply! Pass to the order of the day! The order of the day!)

M. THE PRESIDENT—The order of the day is demanded. (Yes, yes.) I shall consult the Chamber.

M. JULES FERRY—I demand to be heard against closing the discussion.

M. THE PRESIDENT SCHNEIDER—I have put the question.

The order of the day was put to the vote and carried.

M. JULES FERRY—I protest.

M. GARNIER-PAGES—They will not reply to us, because they cannot.

M. HOUANE DE CHOISEUL—It is a Ministry of execution.

BONAPARTE'S STAR.

Its Brilliancy and Eclipse.

[M. About's Letter from Saverne of August 8.]

In the auspicious reign of the Third Napoleon (*Napoleone Tertio felicitor Imperante*, as the official inscriptions say), I have enjoyed a spectacle which my father and grandfather saw twice, in 1814 and 1815, and of which they never spoke without shame and rage.

You are born in happier days, said these good people to me, with a little envy in their tones; you will never have such an experience as we have had.

Poor France! She has permitted everything and forgiven everything to the man who once said to her, "The empire is peace," and who afterwards said, "The empire is glory and victory, the revision of shameful treaties, the rectification of frontiers, the war of principles, a war of interest, a war of adventure, but a war invariably successful, raising the name and fame of France higher day by day."

France believed what she was told, believed in her master's star, as she believed in the disinterestedness of Morny, in the austerity of Troplong, in the genius of Rouher, in the liberalism of Ollivier. What an awakening! To-day the empire means defeat through the incapacity of its chief; it means panics in the generals; it means invasion with all its train of wretchedness and misery; it means the Prussian soldier strutting about as master through three or four departments after a campaign of eight days.

About two o'clock it was easy to see the scouts on every little hillock, or coming round about slowly, one by one, or two by two, along our roads.

At last, at half-past four o'clock, a movement of the people in the main street announced to me the final result. Almost immediately I saw two hussars go slowly up to the height of the Casino, where the authorities of the town were assembled. Behind them, 100 paces off, three more were seen, and these five risked themselves in the midst of 5,331 souls, if the guide book tells the truth.

One of the two first, whom I never lost sight of, was a simple cavalry man, with a very short and stumpy musket; the other must have been a sub-lieutenant, from the strips on his sleeve. His only weapon was a sword. Both of them seemed young, and were rather good looking than otherwise. They went slowly forward, looking to left, to right and behind them, with a distrustful but haughty and conquering air. Their eyes said, "We are conquerors; the people here may kill us, but if we leave our skins here, there is an army of 150,000 men a little bit off who will avenge us."

The Mayor came down from the Casino, and asked them in German what they wanted.

The officer, in a sharp, harsh voice, asked, "Are there soldiers here?" At the same time the soldier covered the chest of the excellent Advocate and Mayor Ostermann with his weapon.

The Mayor put the uncomfortable looking thing aside and said, "If you wouldn't cover me in that way I could talk more at my ease."

The officer asked drily a second time, "Have you soldiers?"

"No, sir; I am the Mayor of the town ——"

"That is nothing to me."

"I shall tell you everything you wish if you will come with me to the Town Hall."

"We have no time. Have you any wounded?"

"Yes, a few in the ambulance."

"Much wounded or not?"

"Some much, some little."

"Have you any troopers' horses?"

"None."

"I saw some in the plain of Monxvilier."

"They are all either runaways or sick, which is why our soldiers abandoned them."

"Very well!"

The officer then turns his horse's head, his orderly follows him. The three other hussars, who had meanwhile bought some wine and some sausages, grin, pay for what they have had and disappear.

Twenty more came back at a quarter past seven. Their leader went to the Mayor and said:—

"We must have, at ten to-morrow morning, 20,000 loaves of six pounds each; or, if not, we must have 100,000 francs down."

"We shall do everything that is possible."

"Good evening."

After that they disappear in every direction, wander through the streets, gather together again, and go off, to come back in greater number to-morrow. Our enemy is like a prudent player, risking little first, then more, then a good deal, but always safely. Would that our leaders would profit by the example, and get into the way of feeling about a little before putting their last sixpence down on the table.

I don't know how the Mayor of Saverne means to manage with these gentlemen. The people are just as incapable of paying 100,000 francs in a day as they are of improvising sixty tons of loaves in a night. They are not rich here. Manufactures are stopped, and the workmen, living almost from day to day, have hardly any savings. The crops, too, have been very middling. The burning shame which chokes us to-day will soon mingle with the miseries that accompany it. *Ave, Cæsar.* It is a lucky thing that the imperial responsibility was maintained in the Ollivier constitution.

THE SPIRITUAL COLUMN.

Charity and Religion in Practical Union.

[Saarbrücken (August 10) correspondence of the London Times.]

The sanitary and spiritual columns give almost a religious aspect to the warlike procession, which, as it moves away over the hills looks, here and there, when the red crosses of the *Krankentrager* and the black and white dresses of the *Barmherzigen Schwestern* strike the eye, more like a procession of pilgrims approaching a holy shrine than of soldiers invading a hostile country. Of the *Krankentrager*, some are men of the landwehr, wearing uniform; others are students from the hospitals or universities, in plain clothes. All exhibit the red cross, worked or stamped on white cloth, which is tied upon the left arm.

Besides the Sisters in black and white there is a corps of sisters who wear dark slate colored dresses and white hoods with butterfly wings, and, like the *Krankentrager*, display round the left arm the red cross on a white ground. These admirable women have already done excellent service. They were on the field of battle on the night of the 6th, before the firing had ceased, and this morning, as the clock struck five, I saw a party of them walking through the streets on their way towards Forbach, beyond which town there will soon be more work for them to do. All the Sisters march on foot, each little company preceded by a priest or a pastor. Most of the *Krankentrager* go also on foot; but a few of them ride in wagons in charge of the litters and medical stores. The litters are of two kinds, some portable—pieces of canvas, six or seven feet by two, stretched over a couple of slender poles—others on large, light wheels and furnished with a hood like a Bath chair, with cushions for the head and shoulders and holes for the heels. These elongated Bath chairs are so light that they may be lifted with ease over ditches or carried by two men, one before, one behind, over heavy ground.

It is satisfactory to see that the art of solacing the wounded in some measure keeps pace with that of maiming the sound. It took just two hours for all the troops who had passed the night of the 5th in Saarbruck to get out of the town this morning. At half-past ten the streets were empty, deserted. The villagers had come to market as usual, and, Tuesday being market day, the market, as usual, was held. Waiters in the hotels suggested breakfast, which, until then, they had declared themselves utterly unable to serve; business went on as usual, and the town, which had been partially bombarded a week before, and which three days before had been agitated by the musketry and artillery accompaniment of a battle as bloody as that of Inkerman, was as quiet as Reading or Guildford. What is still more extraordinary is that some 15,000 troops, with a most abundant train, had scarcely yet quitted the town, from which they moved without music, without drums, almost without a word of command being heard. No shouting, no hurrying, no confusion of any kind. All was rapidity and regularity—a few necessary, not unforeseen, stoppages, but no blocks. When the troops had fairly left the place I followed them to the hills and watched them joined by other troops from neighboring encampments, as, in an unbroken line, the main body made its way towards Forbach.

THE RED CROSS.

From Holland for the Hospitals.

Twenty Dutch subjects, fourteen men and six ladies, wearing the badge of a red cross on a white ground, of the International Association for Assisting the Wounded, passed through Liege two days back, on their way to the seat of war. They were followed by two wagons full of linen and articles of clothing.

The Dutch have also sent on to the Rhine a steamer fitted up to receive one hundred sufferers.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Her Majesty's Care for the Wounded—English Humanitarianism.

[From the London Telegraph.]

Lord Shaftesbury writes:—

This extract was taken from your impression of this morning:—

BERLIN, August 12, 1870.

The Queen of Prussia is personally devoting special care to the French wounded. She has caused shirts and other small articles to be distributed among the French officers. Refreshments, cigars, &c., are distributed among the French prisoners, as well as among the Prussian troops passing through Berlin, by the Ladies' Committee. German ladies may be seen at the railway stations acting as secretaries to the prisoners desirous of writing home.

If the war is to be carried on by both sides after this fashion it will go further to civilize mankind and put an end to wars altogether than all the schemes of force or arbitration that have as yet been propounded. It is a noble effort to bring humanity and religion to abate these unspeakable atrocities. But may I ask you to employ the pages of your wide-spread journal in an exhortation to English men and women not to be behind the Germans in the endeavor to mitigate the amount of human suffering? Both the contending parties are our allies, and we earnestly pray that they may continue so; and there will be no better way of effecting it than by showing them sympathy in an hour of distress. Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, M. P., has formed a committee, which has its office at No. 8 St. Martin's place, Trafalgar square, where all donations may be sent. May I hope that you will give this letter a place in your columns?

NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

How the French and Germans Deport Themselves After Battle.

[Forbach (August 10) correspondence of the London Times.]

The heights taken by the French on the 2d are in Germany. The heights taken by the Germans on the 6th are in France; and both battles fought between Saarbrücken and Forbach were fought across the frontier, which is marked only on the high road by a milestone. Ever since the morning of the 7th troops have been passing in one unbroken stream through Saarbrücken towards Forbach and St. Avold. The soldiers believe the outposts to be in the immediate neighborhood of Metz, and are counting the number of days that it will take them to get to Paris. But, in spite of their marvellous success, the Prussians are still a long distance from the French capital—I forget how many marches, and then there are obstacles in the way which may or may not prove formidable. The first person I saw on entering the enemy's country was that disconsolate woman who sat moaning on the threshold of her ruined inn. I hope the state of this poor woman is not to be looked upon as typical of that of all France. As to the people of Forbach I can say nothing, they having for the most part left the town. The shops are shut, most of the cafés and hotels are turned into hospitals, and there are no French, except prisoners under escort, to be seen in the streets.

The behavior of the Prussians in such inns and hotels as are still kept open, and still devoted to their ordinary purpose, is studiously courteous; but we are still only seven miles from Saarbrucken, and Forbach has only been in the hands of the Prussians for the last three days. Already I hear of a French peasant having fired at a Prussian soldier, and a proclamation in the usual form, signed by General Zastrow, has been issued, warning the French of the penalty with which such offences, and all offences of a lesser degree, but of the same kind, will be visited. Troops are still pouring in, as they have been doing incessantly since Monday.

But for the admirable organization of the Prussians there would be a famine both here and at Saarbrucken. But at Saarbrücken everything can be had; and Forbach, now that troops have passed through the city by tens of thousands, by myriads, has only been exhausted of Seltzer water and cigars. The army carries its own provisions, and I observe that in some cases the provisions carry the clothes. The military butchers in charge of oxen have folded their great coats, after the regulation method, and hung them, like horse collars, over the necks of the unhappy beasts. *Sic vos non vobis*, indeed!

PRUSSIAN SCOUTS.

A French Guerilla System.

We should regret, says the Brussels *Nord*, to see the populations of Alsace and Lorraine follow literally the counsels of the *Patrie*. Our peasants, says that journal on the subject of the last proclamation of the King of Prussia, do not require the permission of King William to repulse the foreign invasion, and we specially recommend the uhlans to them. Every time that they encounter these robbers separately let them be struck down without mercy. Fear will render the Prussian scouts less enterprising, and the enemy will be plunged into uncertainty with respect to our movements, which circumstance cannot but be advantageous to the French. Courage, then! Let these bold horsemen know that behind every bush, at the bottom of every hollow, death lies in wait for them, and our peasants, at the same time that they withdraw themselves from the enemy's depredations, will contribute to the deliverance of the country.

WHAT THE FRENCH LEAVE IN CAMP.

After Scenes at Spicheren—"Needle Gun Plants."

[Saarbrücken (August 10) correspondence of London Times.]

The heights commanding the town, which the French had occupied for some days after the affair of the 2d, look now like the scene of a recent picnic. Here a bottle, there a piece of paper which might have enveloped sandwiches or the *butterbrod* of the country; there the remains of a wood fire, there the lid of a tin pot. Then more remains of wood fires, more lids of tin pots, and broken bottles innumerable. The sort of débris that one sees on a racecourse the day after the race—an idea which is again suggested by a number of sticks still remaining in the ground at a distance of fifty or sixty yards ahead on the way to the Spicheren heights.

These are not sticks, however, they are needle-guns; and, approaching them, I pass from false indications of peace to true indications of war. Where these five needle-guns are planted in the earth (with bayonets for roots) five Prussian soldiers have fallen. The men are buried; but their arms, for this day at least, are to be left here. A few yards ahead there are three more of these needle-plants; then nine, then a dozen; then close to a ridge, where the Prussian assailants had thought they would find cover, but failed to do so, twenty-seven. Passing this ridge, and climbing, not without difficulty, up the steep ascent, I find knapsacks lying torn open on the ground, broken accoutrements, battered helmets, blood-stained clothes, and bodies rigid in the convulsions of death. Prussians alone are to be seen here, and looking down into the plain I observe three different paths of ascent marked, as if to show how difficult they were, with needle-guns stuck in the turf. Every man who owned one of these muskets either died close to where his weapon stands as a sign, or, at least, fell unable any longer to use it.

The military geology of the Spicheren heights can be clearly understood. After the first needle-gun region, the region of Prussian knapsacks and accoutrements; then the region of the Prussian dead whom the "dead hunters," under the direction of the "sick tenders," have not yet been able to remove; then the first line of French dead, lying thick behind the natural and artificial intrenchments which to the last moment protected them as they shot down or drove back regiment after regiment of the advancing, surprising Prussians; then Prussians and French lying mingled together on the summit of the mount; then more French than Prussians, the French alone lying across a ridge in the wood crowning the heights, whose shelter a portion at least must have sought, and often sought in vain; then on the left side of the battle field, looking from Saarbrücken, nothing but graves. "Hier ruhen in Gott," says one inscription, "28 Preussen, 69 Franzosen. Grab No. 4."

"Here rest friends and foes together," says another inscription, "6 Prussians, 11 Frenchmen." I observed that the words "and foes" had by some charitable or philosophical person been marked out.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

What England Can Do for War—What She Has Done in Europe, Asia and Africa—From Waterloo to the Indian Mutinies and Magdala.

[From the London Times, August 27.]

All the country is now crying out that while Europe is in a blaze we, a great European Power, with European duties now confessed, are utterly unprepared for those contests into which we may at any day be drawn. Nevertheless, it is no exaggeration, but the simple truth, to say that for nearly a quarter of a century—that is, for a period as long as that of the great French Revolution and its wars—we have been busied without intermission on those very preparations which are still supposed to be wanting. It was in January, 1847, that the first note of alarm was sounded by the famous letter of the late Duke of Wellington. Twelve months afterwards came a new revolution in Paris; then the great Sikh wars, then the war in the Crimea, then the Indian mutiny, and, later still, the Abyssinian campaign. Thus, under impulse after impulse, we have for nearly five and-twenty years together been laboring to complete those preparations for which it is now said we may look in vain. How far is that saying true? The answer is not the least wonderful part of the story, and, that we may give it distinctly, we shall place a few broad figures before the reader's eye. In the year 1845, just before our preparations began, we had, as an old return before us states, an army of some one hundred thousand men. As the army, however, in those days did not, for statistical purposes, comprise artillery or engineers, which were provided for under separate estimates, we must make a little addition to the total. It will not be much, for the entire strength of the artillery in that year was but 7,590, and that of the engineers 1,288. We may say, therefore, that England possessed for service in India, in the colonies and at home about one hundred and twenty thousand troops, all told.

Now for the comparison. At this moment we possess close upon 500,000 men. Looking to home service alone we had in 1845, according to the Duke of Wellington's reckoning, an available body of 5,000 men. We have now at least 400,000. Of artillery, instead of 7,000, we have upwards of 50,000 at home and abroad, the regular artillery alone being nearly 30,000 strong. In short, if we take 90,000 as the strength of the regular army at home, and then add the numbers of the militia, volunteers and other reserve forces, we shall find that at the present moment we have within these islands a larger military force than that with which Prussia, four years ago, entered the list against Austria, consolidated Germany, and raised herself to that eminence which has provoked the present war. If, then, all this prodigious increase has actually been achieved by our twenty-five years' preparation, how can we be said to be unprepared? We answer that if we have got the men, and, indeed, the material of war, we have got nothing else. Of that machinery which makes an effective army out of a multitude of men we have hardly a trace. Our militia is nearly 100,000 strong, not merely on paper, but on parade. Our volunteers, with the impulse which this new alarm will give to the movement, may be reckoned at 200,000. These 300,000 men are there, and they are as good men as the Prussians who won the battles of Wissembourg and Woerth. They have seen, indeed, almost as much service, for those Germans of the first line were young conscripts enrolled since the campaign of Sadowa. But the Germans had a complete military organization, while we have none. Every regiment of those young troops had its full and sufficient complement of skilled and disciplined officers, trained to service on the best and most rigorous of systems. Every regiment had its own brigade, every brigade its division, and all these divisions and brigades their full quotas of commanders, with commissariat, hospital and all other services in perfect efficiency. From the General-in-Chief to the lowest drummer-boy every man knew his place in that mighty army, and every man was found in it. Here lies the difference between England and Germany. Our militia is not half officered, and of its few officers not half are trained. Our volunteer officers have no knowledge but what, in spite of difficulties, they have contrived to pick up themselves. For neither force is there anything like staff, administration, commissariat or other supports. The result is that on the first alarm we perceive the deficiency, and, instead of relying upon this enormous mass of national strength, we hastily pour a few thousand men into the line.

The Prussian army of 400,000 men was, in the space of a fortnight, despatched to the frontier as completely equipped, supplied and supported in all respects as the flying column of 5,000 men which we occasionally contrive to send out of Aldershott. Within three weeks after the declaration of war that army had already fought three bloody battles and won as many victories. It is now clear to what this success was due. As a purely military caste the Prussian soldiers were not the equals of the French soldiers. Less of their lives had been spent in barracks or camps; they had more of the civilian element among them, and they went to war not so much in the way of trade as in that of exceptional and temporary duty. In other words, they resembled our own volunteers in character and composition, but there, unfortunately for ourselves, the resemblance ceases. Accomplished officers took these levies into battle, and a masterly organization gave them the full advantage of their numerical superiority at every point of attack. No troops in the world, it is now plain from our own correspondence, could have fought better than the French, but they were everywhere outnumbered and in the end overpowered. The citizen soldier has beaten the professional soldier, but only because he was led by professional officers and sustained by the most admirable professional organization. Our citizen soldiers have no such machinery to render their strength effective. As to being "unprepared," there are many degrees of preparation. It is utterly impossible that we should hold ourselves absolutely ready for war at any moment of peace. The strongest military monarchies are not prepared in that sense. France, with all her astonishing aptitudes, and what we have always supposed to be her incessant preparation, was "unprepared" in 1866, and, indeed, as the fact seems to show, at this very crisis. Prussia herself was "unprepared" in so far as her frontier fortresses were unarmed and unprovisioned, and her army required a fortnight before it could take the field. But our preparations are far in arrear of such standards. If the alarm sounded in reality, we could call out the militia certainly, and the militia would come, but without officers and without as much organization as would enable it to keep the field. It would be the same with the volunteers; and our authorities know it, and show that they know it. The only branch of our land forces with any semblance of organization is the regular army, and so when the emergency arrives we augment that army as rapidly as possible. The militia, our real army of reserve, is only regarded as a nursery for the line, and as for volunteers, no military man can tell how to employ them. Yet this unutilized, and therefore half useless, force represents nothing less *than 200,000 British soldiers*, the very pith and marrow of the nation, as well educated, as courageous and as apt for duty as the best Germans who crossed the Rhine.

CRYING FOR HOME.

German Industry Against War Glory.

[M. E. About, from Saverne, August 11.]

It is remarkable that all these German victors are much inclined to cry. My gardener told me just now that passing near an advanced sentinel he was rather afraid. The German said to him, "Comrade, are you afraid of me?"

"By Jove, a little!"

"You are quite wrong, for two reasons—first, because we are not allowed to make use of our arms when we are on observation; and, next, because I do not wish any ill to the French."

"What do you want, then?"

"What I want, and should like, is to go back to my country and see my wife and children." Then tears.

In every house where the enemy's soldiers have eaten or