

while on the other the English flag invited them. The first regiment that marched forward was the Royal regiment, fourteen hundred strong. Fourteen hundred, all but seven, volunteered for the French service. The face of Ginckle sank with mortification as he watched them. The next regiment moved off to a man to the English side. Thus, as the regiments marched past, were the two armies recruited which were to meet on many a European field. About fourteen thousand soldiers that day entered the service of France, while one thousand became soldiers of William. Some, about two thousand, went to their homes.

Two days after the treaty a large French expedition sailed up the Shannon, bringing supplies of men, and officers, and ammunition. It was a strong temptation. However, the aid was rejected. "Too late," sighed Sarsfield. "The treaty is signed, our honor is pledged—the honor of Ireland. Though a hundred thousand Frenchmen promised to aid us now we must keep our plighted troth." There is one more scene to witness. Sarsfield has gathered his men for embarkation at Cork. Lord Macaulay has painted the scene:

"After the soldiers had embarked room was found for the families of many, but still there remained on the water side a great multitude clamoring piteously to be taken on board. As the last boats put off there was a rush into the surf. Some women caught hold of the ropes, clung till their fingers were cut through, and perished in the waves. The ships began to move. A wild and terrible wail rose from the shore, and excited unwonted compassion in hearts steeled by hatred of the Irish race and of the Romish faith. Even the stern Cromwellian, now at length after a desperate struggle of three years, left the undisputed lord of the blood-stained and devastated island, could not hear unmoved that bitter cry in which was poured forth all the rage and all the sorrow of a conquered nation." That wail which went up from the shore struck upon the hearts of those expatriated warriors. It haunted their memories when the last glimpse of their home had faded from their straining sight. It never departed from them more. It rose and fell with the waves; it was the burden of the winds. Everywhere did they hear "the women's pining cry;" but nowhere were they maddened by its sound as on the battle-field, front to front with their English foes. There, above the roar and din of strife, rose to them a loud clamorous appealing for revenge. It beat against their ears, and swelled into their hearts, and lashed their souls to fury. Then death gleamed in their eyes and leapt from their swords, as with whirlwind's rush they sped to give the vengeance due. So it was at Steinkirk. At Steinkirk lay the French troops under Luxemburg. About six miles away, at Lambegne, were the headquarters of William and the allied powers. The allies were England, Spain, and the United Provinces, and the Empire. Around the French position the country was intersected by numerous hedges and ditches, and was crossed only from Lambegne by narrow defiles. Luxemburg received regular intelligence of the operations of the allies. Relying on the security of his position and the accuracy of his informer, he never dreamt of surprise. But William had contrived one. In the early dawn all the passes were choked by horse, and foot, and artillery pressing on to the French outposts. The surprise was complete. The first brunt of attack was borne by the Bourbonnais. Panic-stricken they fled. Confusion was spread through all the French ranks. In hot haste they had risen from their slumbers. One division was flying, and none was prepared for action. In a short time, however, Luxemburg had marshalled his forces and a bloody carnage raged throughout the field. Foremost in the fight were the household troops of King Louis, "the most renowned body of fighting men in Europe," and among them, holding high rank, was Sarsfield and some brave exiles.

The front of the allies was taken by the British, under Solmes. The Swiss, who were distinguished soldiers, received the first division of these, Mackay's division, and were cut to pieces. So close was the struggle that muskets crossed. Eighteen hundred of the brave Swiss fell. A great emergency was to be met by extraordinary means. The household troops were ordered to charge. They rushed on to the attack, muskets flung aside, and the cry rang through the ranks, "Sword in hand; sword in hand. No firing; do it with the cold steel." What could be greater glory to Sarsfield than such a charge? "No firing, sword in hand,"—ay, and sword in heart of Ireland's foe.

Steinkirk was won by the French, and lost by the allies. Luxemburg, in his despatch, remembered the exploits of Sarsfield.

It was at Landen that Sarsfield and the Irish Brigade were again to confront King William. The Landen is a little stream that runs near the village of Neerwinden. William had the odds against him in point of numbers, but he had with consummate skill raised up defences, and entrenched himself so strongly as at first to make the French pause. At length the battle began. Neerwinden was the key to the English position, and was, therefore, attacked by the French. The left wing led the attack, under Montchevreuil and the Duke of Berwick, who had risen to great eminence as a soldier. The attack was unsuccessful, though the Duke penetrated into the village, and it was while he was gallantly rallying his flying troops that he was surrounded by foes, and taken prisoner. A second time the French forced an entrance into the village, and a second time were they beaten back in confusion. The conflict had extended meanwhile along the whole line of the entrenchments.

William still bravely and successfully held his own. The French were baffled and discomfited. They determined on a final attack of the village.

Once more, as at Steinkirk, were the household troops brought into action. They flung themselves in one mass on Neerwinden, and took it. William made a terrific charge on the invincible troops, and they were broken and driven back. After some little time they rallied, and renewed the attack. The decisive blow was struck—victorious for the French, fatal for the English. The whole English line gave way. A bloody slaughter raged, in which some of the most renowned fell. William behaved as became a soldier. He was in the thickest fight, wherever danger pressed,

encouraging his men, and leading them on; but all his bravery and skill could not check confusion and flight. He sustained at Landen a crushing defeat, while to the French was won a glorious victory—a victory, however, which cost them a melancholy tribute of brave lives. Among the victims of that day was Sarsfield. Struck down by a ball, he fell. He put his hand to his breast to staunch the wound. Then, gazing upon it covered with his blood, he murmured, "Oh! that this were for Ireland;" and his great heart stood still in death.

FRENCH AND GERMANS.

A FRENCH periodical gives the following extract from a Russian review, the 'Oletchest vennie Zapiski.' It is a comparison between the Frenchman and the German, and, coming from a Russian source, it is not without significance at the present moment:

"The French and the Germans have hated each other for a long time, but there is no resemblance in the manifestation of their mutual hatred. It is not a characteristic of the Frenchman to hate with enduring, unbroken energy. He hates by fits and starts, occasionally. When wounded to the quick, he loses all self-possession, goes ahead, strikes, ravages, and kills; but when the first outburst is over he soon recovers his equanimity, and cares no more for the German than if the latter were not of this world. Not that he forgets him or his hatred; no, but he does not notice him. He will not forget that the German is a barbarian, a sort of wild beast, but he does not notice him. He says: 'Let him go to the devil! Let him live as he chooses!'

"Quite different is the hatred of the German. He hates without respite—systematically. He is for ever anxious to play on the Erbfeind some underhand, wily trick, to oust him from his place, and put himself into it. The Frenchman's hatred is a flame—that of the German an inextinguishable passion. With a Frenchman it is a gushing stream—with the German relentless malice.

"Whence comes his malice, and at what does it aim? He never confesses it. Ask him why he hates the French, and he will recapitulate the wars of the first empire, the tyranny of the first empire, the sufferings and humiliations endured by Germany. 'Very well,' you say, 'but you have revenged yourself; you are even. Why do you still hate the Frenchman?' 'Because he wants to steal our Rhenish provinces,' the German used to say before the war of 1870. 'If it were not so, what do those tremendous fortresses of Metz, Strasbourg, and Belfort mean?' 'But you also have fortresses—Mayence, Rastadt, Urm, and many others!' Ah! with us it is quite a different thing,' he answered drily; 'we only mean to defend ourselves if attacked.'

"To-day the German has taken Alsace, Metz, and Strasbourg; he has secured an open route to Paris, and he continues to cry: 'We only want to defend ourselves in case we are assailed.' In the meantime he thinks: 'If only they would assault us! We would not be as generous as we have been in the first instance. Champaign would then be ours, and we should then get a foothold in Burgundy.'

"It clear that all the complaints of the Germans about French ambition are so many fables and falsehoods. It is not the warlike ambition of the French which now prevents the German from sleeping in peace, any more than it was formerly the tremendous fortresses of Metz, Strasbourg, and Belfort. This is not the source of his hatred. No; it is envy. The German envies the French, and this is what makes him so thoroughly miserable and his hatred so bitter.

"The Germans have never forgiven France for being crowned with glory in the sight of Europe. They enquire: 'How did the French come to win an unfounded admiration? Are we not more learned than they? Have we not a higher moral sense? We are neither a frivolous nor a bragging people—whence does it come that it is not we who have the supremacy? All this is manifestly a misunderstanding. Europe does not know the French; let us unmask them.' And on that plea they go on impeaching France and bringing her to trial. The procedure dates from the empire, and they carry it through the whole century. They logically prove that the French are ignorant, frivolous, and braggarts—that there is nothing substantial in them. In morality, that they are the most corrupt people in Europe; as to their capital, that it is the soil on which all vices are grafted. It is Babylon!

"Europe listens, and while seeming to agree with Germany, continues to subsist as before on the heart and mind of France. Europe reads the brilliant and light French literature, leaving German literature to specialists and scholars. It is French wit which has the lead in every European stage. The modern French Babylon remains as ever, the queen of taste and of fashion, the fountain-head of new ideas, the great centre of motion, the place where the whole world, without excepting the mortal enemies of France, looks for life and pleasure. In this respect the depraved Babylon has always worked miracles. It is said that in 1815 the Duke of Wellington went to Paris with the firm purpose of giving these Parisians some good lessons in morals; but that hard and unbending promoter of morality spent three millions during six weeks' stay in Paris. Blücher spent four in one month, and some of the Allies even more.

"But some people will ask, how is it that this frivolous, ignorant, and immoral Frenchman exerts such bewitchery on foreigners? The cause of it is obvious. The Frenchman is a man with a soul. He has a loving heart; he is loyal, amiable, benevolent, cheerful. Foreigners are involuntarily charmed by qualities which they do not find elsewhere, and, flying from the weariness which weighs them down in other countries of Europe, they go to recruit among the gleeful, jolly, mocking people of France, among the *peuple-femme*."

A DESTRUCTIVE fire at Port Chalmers is acting as a spur to the consideration of the Port Chalmers, whether a Fire Brigade be formed there.