

the wounded, regardless of danger, while shot and shell rained around them.

Within a league of Messigny, the Brothers met troops who were returning from fighting the Germans. At sight of the ambulance flag and stripes, the soldiers applauded vociferously, and drew up on both sides of the way, to open a passage for the soldiers of charity. "There is something to look at!" they exclaimed; "here come men to assist us!—Long live the Brothers!" (*Vivent les Frères.*) Taking off their caps, they saluted them with enthusiasm. From each new company they met, the Brothers received a fresh broadside of praise and acclamation; sharpshooters from the Isère, chasseurs from the Alps, even Garibaldians,—all opened their ranks. "Bravo!" cried the French; "Evviva!" shouted the Italians; it was a triumph. The modest heroes who were its objects, hurried on as fast as they could, confused and embarrassed by the honor shown them. "You will take good care of our wounded," said some; "We have some dead under a hedge," cried others; "put them aside; we will come for them." Others again said: "Take the names of any of ours you may find; you will recognize them by their gray coats." These demands were accompanied by cordial shaking of the hands and patriotic bravos.

Arrived at Messigny, the Brothers hastened to the battlefield. The French wounded had been almost all removed; the inhabitants had taken them into their houses, but they had not dared to touch the Prussians, or to go into the fields, where many of the Uhlans lay.

The Brothers did what they could for the Prussians, and then busied themselves in burying the dead. They also visited the several ambulances, and took the names of all the wounded, so as to be able to answer the inquiries which had

been made of them. When they found the service was duly organized, and, under the care of the Sisters, the patients well attended to, they set out for Dijon, in order to send physicians and other assistance.

Slowly and cautiously they went their way, continually answering the "Who goes there?" of the sentries. Everywhere the lanterns of the patrolling officers, and the bivouac fires of the men gleaming through the darkness—all denoted that the morrow would not pass without fighting.

Battle of Talant (Jan. 22d).

Early in the morning, the Brothers heard Mass and received Holy Communion, so as to be ready for any event; they then set out for Talant.

It had snowed during the night; the cold was piercing; a thick mist prevented seeing beyond a short distance. The enemy were near; they had pillaged some of the village houses nearest the road during the night; it was necessary to move the wounded that remained in the place as soon as possible.

The Brothers hastily finished the loading of some ambulance wagons, which at once started for Dijon. There were still more to take. These they placed with their mattresses on stretchers; but the poor patients were not comfortable, and the bearers greatly fatigued. The Brothers gently put the wounded into a large harvest-cart which happened to be there, yoked themselves to it and set out for Dijon. Carefully avoiding the stones and ruts of the road, they proceeded smoothly enough till they reached the city. Here the rough pavement jarred the soldiers terribly, and they were rejoiced when the Brothers reached the school ambulance and they were transferred to clean, soft beds. Seeing them

comfortably settled, the indefatigable religious returned to the battle field.

The mist had cleared away; the mighty voice of the cannon began to make itself heard. The Prussians occupied two hills of considerable height; one commanded the village of Daix; the other was the hill of Chaumont; the Paris road passes between them. The French artillery was planted on the heights of Talant and Fontaine, right opposite these two, while the space separating the two armies, all planted with vines, was intersected by numerous low walls.

At first, the affair seemed little more than an artillery duel, from which the houses alone were likely to suffer. At length three zouaves and half a score of chasseurs, placing themselves under the leadership of an old veteran, a man of tried courage, glided along the walls unobserved. Arrived at the foot of the declivity, they climbed with gymnastic step, and suddenly appeared on the top before the astonished Prussians, who fled in disorder, supposing themselves attacked by an army of devils. Those brave fellows, calling for help, turned to the left to seize four pieces of artillery; but their comrades did not dare to follow them; this hesitation enabled the Prussians to save their guns. The troops, ashamed of their inactivity, prepared to follow up the bold stroke which had succeeded so well. Those nearest the hill began to climb it; on every side the offensive movement was emphatic. The Brothers marched in the front ranks; there were blood and wounds: bandages and lint were, therefore, in immediate requisition.

The Germans did not remain inactive; from the heights of Daix they opened a well-sustained fire on the French. Whilst the French and Prussian balls were whistling in their ears, the Brothers seated the wounded on a heap of stones, at

the back of a ditch, and, after binding up their wounds, carried them to the wagons, which stood in a sheltered spot a little farther on. They tended the zouave who was the first to climb the heights of Chaumont. Although badly wounded, the brave fellow, contrary to all expectation, was cured, and, after a month's treatment in the ambulance, bore away, as trophies, some large scars, a sabre, a gun, and a helmet taken from the Prussians.

Meanwhile, the French continued their flanking movement; the enemy, fearful of being surrounded, effected his retreat.

The Brothers, prosecuting their charitable work, were informed by a Garibaldian major that the Haute Ville (upper town) ambulance inmates had been massacred that very night by the savage Germans. They afterwards learned the details of this horrible butchery from one of the victims, who only escaped death by keeping himself motionless for twelve hours between a bed and a wall.

The Brothers, by their generous devotedness, won the admiration of all. An officer, intending to compliment them, said: "Well! gentlemen, you are certainly doing your duty this time." Another, standing by, quickly retorted: "Lieutenant, these gentlemen always do their duty." The Brothers smiled and went on with their work.

Having crossed the field of battle, they reached the Changey farm; the road was slippery; the horse that drew the Brothers' vehicle seemed likely to fall at every step. Below Talant they met Ricciotti, at the head of a Garibaldian column. The crowd cried out: "Long live Garibaldi!" But the fugitive of Mentana had not appeared all day. The true hero of the battle was the poor zouave who lay tossing in delirium on his bed of pain, and of whom no one was thinking, so vain and blind is human glory.

Battle of Pouilly (January 23d).

On the morning of the 23d of January, the Brothers of Dijon set out again to pick up the French dead still remaining on the field of battle. The mobiles of Aveyron had paid a large tribute; the road was strewn with their bodies as far as the heights of Bonvau. The Brothers were joined by some benevolent men. When the ambulance wagon was full, they started for the city, all besmeared with blood; their hands they washed in the snow, but their clothes remained covered with large red spots.

They were near the Changey farm, when the cry arose: "Save himself who can! haste! haste!" The alarm was given by the scouts, who had caught a distant view of the Uhlans. Each one fled as fast as he could. The Brothers alone continued their march; the overladen horse could go no faster. Several times they looked back to make sure the enemy was not in pursuit, and only breathed freely when they got below Talant. There they covered the bodies with straw, and soon after entered the city with their dismal load.

Again they set out, in the direction of Fontaine. Cannon thundered on the right; they betook themselves to the Langres road. The battle had commenced. The guns of Fontaine, of Montchapel, and of Montmusard were doing wonders, the Prussian artillery making vigorous answer. Garibaldi had established his headquarters in the castle of Pouilly, three kilometres from the city; Ricciotti, with some sharpshooters, occupied the bone-black factory midway between the castle and Dijon; the mobiles lined the railroad embankment. A provisional ambulance had been organized in one of the nearest houses. Two priests from Notre Dame par-

ish were there, administering to the wounded the last rites of the Church, and also assisting in the dressing of the wounds. The principal ambulance was somewhat farther on, in what was called the Capuchin barracks. The Brothers had already taken up some wounded, when from every side was heard the cry: "Fly! fly! save himself who can!" There was the wildest confusion. Pieces of cannon limbered up with the greatest difficulty, and took up a position at a trifling distance from the first houses of the city. A troop of cavalry were seen dashing past, sweeping away all before them; in their midst was seen Garibaldi reclining at his ease in a comfortable carriage. Finding himself no longer safe in the castle of Pouilly, he was hastening to put his precious person under cover, thus throwing the whole army into trouble and discouragement. The mobiles abandoned the railroad embankment. The Prussians, taking advantage of the disturbance, moved forward; they seized the castle deserted by Garibaldi, and there burned several prisoners, amongst whom was a captain of sharpshooters. The French troops were losing ground everywhere; desertion was assuming frightful proportions, when the cavalry, having placed the hero of Aspromonte in a place of safety, re-appeared on the scene and occupied all the exits. The cavalrymen hastened, revolver in hand, to bring back the fugitives, and ruthlessly shot down those who would not obey. These heroic measures succeeded: forced to remain under fire, and receiving at the same time some re-enforcements, the soldiers again resumed their courage. A fearful roll of musketry was heard; the fire, forming a continuous line, was seen advancing or receding according to the evolutions of the fight; the sharp sound of the mitrailleuses broke in on the hoarse rattle of the musketry; the sullen roar of the cannon form-

ed the bass of this dreadful concert. There was half an hour of terrible anxiety; no one knew which side was gaining the advantage.

The Brothers did not take a moment's rest; no sooner had they carried off one wounded soldier, than they hastened for another; thus incessantly coming and going. Balls whistled about them; shells fell within a few paces of their position, and were seen tearing up the ploughed earth, where, happily, few of them exploded. They did not hope to escape, but, addressing fervent prayers to heaven, they continued their work of charity, undaunted by the fear of death.

The terrible arch of fire grew narrower and narrower; the artillery, annoyed by the fog, could not support their troops effectively. On the left, decisive work was going on. Ricciotti held his ground in the factory, which the Prussians had completely surrounded; through the windows, through the apertures in the outer wall, a fearful fire lit up the ranks of the assailants, but nowise diminished their ardor; some even, hoisted by their comrades, had scaled the wall and jumped into the enclosure, where they were quickly pierced with bullets. The Isère sharpshooters and other companies, understanding that the moment was decisive, darted forward simultaneously, crossed the walls, and fell with their bayonets on the Germans. The latter, unable to sustain this shock, fled precipitately, leaving the colors of their (61st) regiment. They were hotly pursued; on every side the trumpets were heard sounding the charge: "Forward! forward!" cried the French; "charge bayonets!" The Prussians fled still more rapidly, and were pursued as far as the heights, where the French took up a strong position. The Brothers, with the stretchers on their shoulders, had follow-

ed every incident of the fight; never quailing for an instant, they were almost alone in lending aid to the poor wounded. Soldiers who were able to walk, dragged themselves to the ambulance, others placed themselves, or were placed, on the stretchers; some died on the way, and were laid as corpses on the ambulance bed.

"Several," writes Brother Marcellian, "arrived safe; and, notwithstanding their excruciating sufferings, thanked us for bringing them to a place of safety. At their wish, we got a priest for them, so that they could receive the last rites of the Church before death, to which, with a firm trust in God, they bowed in humble resignation.

"The moment of danger was past; doctors and nurses arrived in numbers. It was time, for our strength was exhausted, and we bent our steps to our community. During the following days, we went out to take up the French dead. Then it was that Garibaldi issued his famous, or rather infamous, proclamation, in which, boasting he had vanquished the proud Germans, he held up priests and religious to public contempt and execration! This was the reward of our service; the only one we could expect from the excommunicated Italian. We revenged ourselves by redoubling our care of the numerous Garibaldians in our ambulance, and who, for the most part, gave us consolation."

Vengeance rests with God. The glory which the enemies of God and religion assumed to themselves, was of the shortest possible duration: the placards had scarcely been posted up, when it became known that all these attacks on Dijon were mere stratagems of war. It had been expedient to keep the fifty thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon of Garibaldi's army engaged, whilst Manteuffel's troops were crossing the difficult passes, and, falling on Dôle,

were at one stroke cutting off the retreat and provisioning of Bourbaki's army.

Then Garibaldi fled in all haste, leaving the city, as a last memento, the contribution of a million of francs, in ready money, to Manteuffel.

Pontarlier.

On the 24th of January, there remained but one way open to Bourbaki's army, that of Pontarlier, through the Jura Mountains, and even that was threatened on the flank by Manteuffel. General Clinchant succeeded Bourbaki. On the 27th of January, the heads of his columns reached Pontarlier, while the Prussians were already seeking to cut off that single line of retreat. On the 28th, the whole army was in the neighborhood of that town. On the 29th, the enemy attacked them at Chaffois, at Sombacourt, and Planches. On the 31st, General Clinchant addressed his soldiers in these terms:—

"Soldiers of the army of the East:

"Even a few hours since, I had a hope of saving you for the national defence. Our passage to Lyons through the Jura Mountains was safe.

"A fatal error has placed us in a position, the danger of which I will not conceal from you.

"Whilst our faith in the armistice, which had been announced and confirmed to us by our government, bound us to remain inactive, the hostile columns continued their march, took possession of the passes that had been ours, and so cut off our retreat. It is now too late to accomplish the work so interrupted; we are surrounded by superior forces, but I will not give up to Prussia either a man or a gun.

"We are going to ask from Swiss neutrality the protection of its flag; but in this retreat towards the frontier I count on a final effort on your part. Let us, foot by foot, defend the last slopes of our mountains; let us protect the retreat of our artillery, and only retire to a hospitable soil after we shall have saved our stores, ammunition and cannon.

"Soldiers, I count on your energy, your firmness; the country must know that we have all done our duty to the last, and that fate alone compels us to lay down our arms.

"CLINCHANT."

The departure of the army for Switzerland took place on February 1st. About two o'clock in the afternoon, its rear-guard was attacked in the pass of La Cluse; the firing was at twenty paces; the Germans sustained considerable losses about Pontarlier and on the heights. The French, surrounded on every side, overwhelmed by numbers, fell back, exhausted by fatigue, hunger and cold. But they made their retreat murderous to the enemy; the ground was strewn with Prussian corpses and broken weapons: the snow, red with human blood. During the engagements, the French continued their dismal retreat, which the reserve had the honor of covering.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the nurses of the fourth international ambulance, accompanied by eight Brothers furnished with stretchers, repaired to the scene of the conflict, and took up French and Germans, whom they brought to the Christian School, about two kilometres distant. This charitable and painful mission was not finished till ten o'clock at night, when the cold was 30 or 40 degrees below zero.

Ham.

On December 9th, at six o'clock in the evening, General Lecomte, commander of the first division of the twenty-second corps, arrived at Ham. Here another engagement took place, in which the Prussians capitulated, leaving with the French two hundred and seventy-five prisoners, of whom twelve were officers or engineers. The Brothers of the Christian Schools removed the wounded, and did ambulance duty for ten days.

Bombardment of Beauregard (Thionville).

"It was the 22d of November," writes the Brother Director of the boarding-school of Beauregard, "about seven o'clock in the morning: from eighty to one hundred pieces of cannon, posted on all the heights around the square of Thionville, concentrated their fire on that town and threw the population into terror and dismay. Some poor families having no cellars in which to shelter themselves from the bombshells coming in the direction of Beauregard, I had them retire to the cellars of our establishment. These were some fifty in number; beds were taken there, a stove put up, and, till after the surrender of the place, we furnished them with all the necessities of life. The Holy Sacrament was exposed in one of the cellars, where, from time to time, prayers were offered up for the welfare of all. No more touching sight could be imagined than that priest, those religious, those old people, those children, all united in spirit, in presence of Jesus Christ lovingly with them there in that poor place, dimly lit by the sanctuary lamp. A hundred voices thundered fearfully around; shells whistled above our heads, bringing fire and death to the doomed town. We were reminded of Bethlehem and the Catacombs, and at the

same time had before us a faint yet dreadful image of what the Last Day is to be. It was not hard to recollect one's self: prayer escaped from the lips, or rather from the soul, as a natural and irresistible outpouring, giving comfort and serenity to afflicted, terror-stricken hearts.

"We were in this situation for two days and a half, and two nights. On the morning of the third day (November 25th), perceiving that the fire of the besieging party redoubled its violence, it occurred to us to make application to General Von Kamecke, commander-in-chief of the German army. I spoke to the chaplain about the matter, and it was agreed that we should both go to his headquarters, furnished with a white flag, and escorted by German soldiers. We sent to the General-in-chief the following letter:—

"TO THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE ARMY BEFORE
THIONVILLE.

"GENERAL:

"We, the minister of a God of charity, and a religious vowed to the practice of that virtue, venture to beg of your Excellency permission to offer in the class-rooms of the school-house of Beauregard, an asylum to the women and children of the town of Thionville.

"Recalling to mind the words of your sovereign, 'I make war on the Emperor and his soldiers, and not on the people,' we hope that you will have compassion on these innocent victims, who can only weep and die.

"Please to accept, general, etc.

"ALTMAYER, *Chaplain.*

"BROTHER ATHANASIOS, *Director.*'

"The general received the flag-bearers very courteously, but declared he could not accede to their request; he understood such a step on the part of a priest and a religious, but the necessities of war did not permit him to gratify wishes which he fully shared.

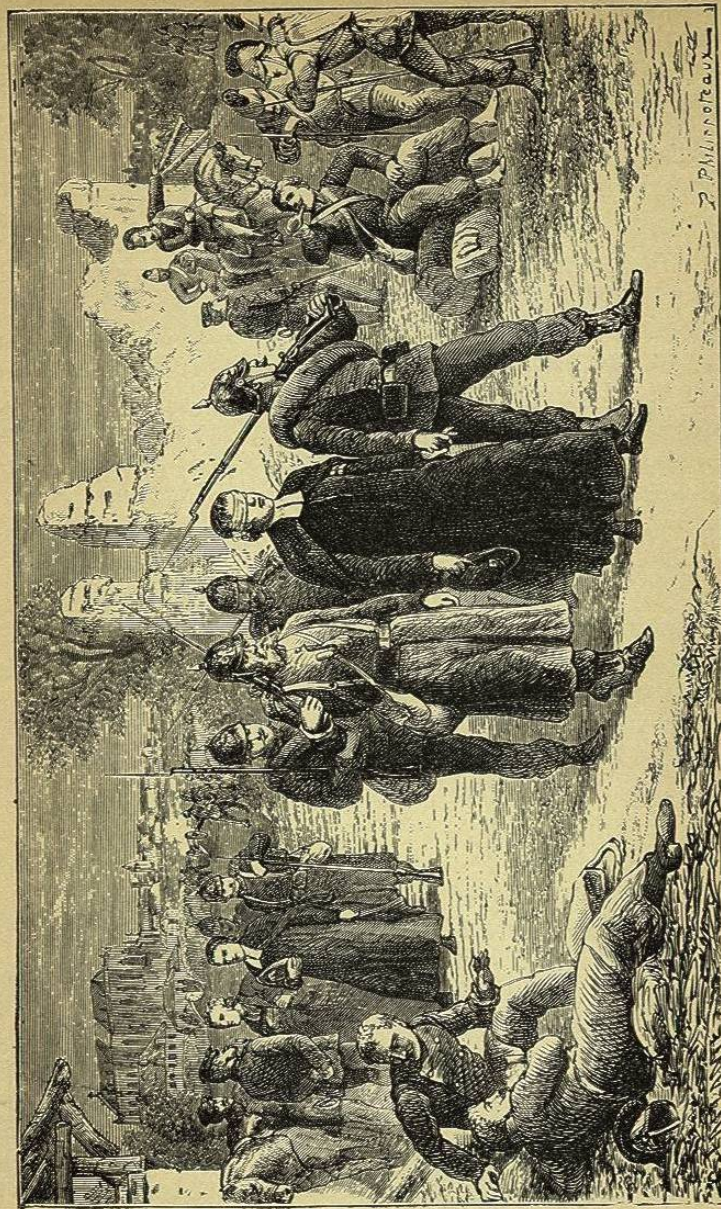
"A great number of the houses had been destroyed, and many others were quite uninhabitable. As soon as the town was open, I wrote to the mayor, offering our class-rooms to those whose houses had been burned. I sent a similar letter to General Von Kamecke, who, by the surrender of the place, had become the only recognized authority.

"The general sent his adjutant the same evening, to commend our generosity, and to say that I might arrange next day with the Prussian officer in command for the execution of my project.

"The mayor and the whole population of Thionville testified the liveliest gratitude. They gladly availed themselves of our offer. The sub-préfet asked to stay at our house while he remained in Thionville. Two families gave us their furniture in charge. Eight others installed themselves in our house, bringing with them what they had been able to snatch from the flames. Finally, some fifty poor persons were sent us, who had lost their all. We provided them with food and what clothing they needed."

Péronne.

On the 1st of December, a company of 100 mobiles took possession of the Brothers' house in Péronne. The classes had been closed by order of the authorities. The orphans of the establishment were with difficulty sent to Epehy. The bombardment of the town commenced on the 28th of December and continued till the 10th of January. Nine field



THE BROTHER DIRECTOR OF BEAUREGARD GOING TO PLEAD WITH THE PRUSSIAN GENERAL IN BEHALF OF THE INHABITANTS OF THIONVILLE

batteries, under the command of Colonel Von Kamecke, were employed in that attack. The brunt was concentrated on the dwellings of the town, neglecting the suburbs and the ramparts: during the first day the fire was extremely violent, and aimed directly at the church, the hospital, and the municipal buildings. The saving of the sick from the hospital was effected under a rain of fire, thanks to the courage of the nuns and a few of the townspeople.

Two recruits were mortally wounded in one of the Brothers' class-rooms. All the others, in terror, sought refuge in the cellar, which was too small to contain them without great crowding.

On the 31st of December, the firing suddenly ceased. Next day there was a suspension of hostilities; the army of the North was marching towards Bapaume: the Prussians had gone to fight them.

January 2d, at ten o'clock in the morning, the bombardment was resumed with renewed fury, and continued without intermission. Every one sought a place of safety. Many took refuge in the casemates of the castle. There, as in the Brothers' cellar, the space was limited. Pressed closely together, men could neither stretch their limbs nor lie down. This martyrdom lasted nine days and a half. Charged with supplying food and drink to more than four hundred persons, the Brothers were obliged to cross a large court-yard twelve or fifteen times a day. When the whistling of a shell was heard, they stretched themselves on the ground and were thus saved from any accident. On the 10th of January, the town capitulated; seventy houses had been completely destroyed, five or six hundred were rendered more or less uninhabitable; some few remained almost uninjured; that of the Brothers was among the fortunate number.