Port, Sherry, Champagne, Madeira, &c., &c.

Very Superior Old Port, 6s. 3d. per bottle.
Hunt & Newman's 4 Diamond do., 5s. 3d. "
Old Madeira do., 5s. 6d. "
Superior Dinner Port, do., 4s. 3d. "
Old Brown & Golden Sherry do., 5s. 3d. "

Jules Munn Champagne, Julian Claret, Ginger Wine, Lime Juice, Temperance Cordials, all kinds, &c., &c., &c.

MACEACHERN & CO.

"Italian Warehouse," Dec. 21 1870.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

FOR 1871.

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

THIS splendid Weekly, greatly enlarged and improved is one of the most useful and interesting journals ever published. Every number is beautifully printed on fine paper, and elegantly illustrated with original engravings, representing

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SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

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37 Park Row, New York.

Dec. 28, 1870.

ALL CURES MADE EASY BY

Holloway's Ointment.

Bad Legs, Ulcerous Sores, Bad Breasts.

No description of wound, sore or ulcer can resist the healing properties of this excellent Ointment. The worst case speedily assumes a healthy appearance wherever this medicament is applied; sound flesh springs up from the bottom of the wound, inflammation of the surrounding skin is arrested and a complete and permanent cure quickly follows the use of the Ointment.

Piles, Fistulas, and Internal Inflammation.

These distressing and weakening diseases may with certainty be cured by the sufferers themselves, if they will use Holloway's Ointment, and closely attend to the printed instructions. It should be well rubbed upon the neighboring parts, when all obnoxious matter will be removed. A poultice of bread and water may sometimes be applied at bed-time with advantage; the most scrupulous cleanliness must be observed. If those who read this paragraph will bring it under the notice of such of their acquaintances whom it may concern, they will render a service that will never be forgotten, as a cure is certain.

Eruptions, Scald Heads, Ringworm and other Skin Diseases.

After fomentation with warm water, the utmost relief and speediest cure can be readily obtained in all complaints affecting the skin and joints, by the simultaneous use of the Ointment and Pills. But it must be remembered that nearly all skin diseases indicate the depravity of the blood and derangement of the liver and stomach; consequently, in many cases time is required to purify the blood, which will be effected by a judicious use of the Pills. The general health will readily be improved, although the eruption may be driven out more freely than before, and which should be promoted; perseverance is necessary. On the appearance of any of these maladies the Ointment should be well rubbed at least three times a day upon the neck and upper part of the chest, so as to penetrate to the glands, as salt is forced into meat: this course will at once remove inflammation and ulceration. The worst cases will yield to this treatment by following the printed directions.

Scrofula or King's Evil and Swelling of the Glands.

This class of cases may be cured by Holloway's purifying Pills and Ointment, as their double action of purifying the blood and strengthening the system renders them more affable than any other remedy for all complaints of a scrofulous nature. As the blood is impure, the liver, stomach and bowels, being much deranged, require purifying medicine to bring about a cure.

Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia.

Nothing has the power of reducing inflammation and subduing pain in these complaints in the same degree as Holloway's cooling Ointment and purifying Pills. When used simultaneously they drive all inflammation and depravities from the system, subdue and remove all enlargement of the joints, and leave the sinews and muscles lax and uncontracted. A cure may always be effected, even under the worst circumstance, if the use of these medicines be persevered in.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Corns (Softs)	Rheumatism
Bad Breasts	Cancers	Scalds
Burns	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Yaws
Bunions	Elephantiasis	Skin-diseases
Bites of Moschetoes and Sand-flies	Fistulas	Sore-nipples
Coco-bay	Gout	Sore-throats
Chilblains	Glandular Swellings	Scurvy
Chiego-foot	Lumbago	Sore-heads
Chap'd Hands	Piles	Tumors
		Ulcers
		Wounds

Sold at the Establishment of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 22s., and 33s. each Pot.

*** There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder affixed to each Pot.

THE HERALD.

NEW SERIES. VOL 1. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1871. NO. 16.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY

REILLY & Co.,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At their Office, Prince Street, Ch'town.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD:"

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK, FEBRUARY, 1871.

MOON'S PHASES.

FULL MOON, 6th day, 5h. 11m., even., E.
LAST QUARTER, 14th day, 2h. 45m., morn., S.E.
NEW MOON, 20th day, 8h. 20m., morn., N. E.
FIRST QUARTER, 28th day, 8h. 2m., morn., N.E.

DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	MOON SETS	HIGH water	DAY'S length
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Wednesday	7 29	4 59	morn	7 21	9 30
2	Thursday	28	1 4	22	8 17	33
3	Friday	26	2 5	20	9 11	36
4	Saturday	25	3 6	12	10 3	38
5	Sunday	24	4	rises	10 53	40
6	Monday	22	6 5	23	11 38	44
7	Tuesday	21	8 6	32	even	47
8	Wednesday	19	9 7	43	1 4	50
9	Thursday	18	11 8	53	1 47	53
10	Friday	16	13 10	2	2 31	57
11	Saturday	14	15 11	20	3 16	10 0
12	Sunday	12	17	morn	4 5	4
13	Monday	11	18 0	32	5 3	6
14	Tuesday	10	19 1	46	6 7	11
15	Wednesday	9	20 3	1	7 18	15
16	Thursday	7	22 4	10	8 27	18
17	Friday	6	23 5	11	9 31	20
18	Saturday	4	24 6	3	10 28	23
19	Sunday	3	26 6	46	11 19	26
20	Monday	1	27	sets	morn	30
21	Tuesday	6 59	29 6	55	0 1	33
22	Wednesday	58	31 8	1	0 42	36
23	Thursday	56	32 9	4	1 22	39
24	Friday	55	33 10	8	2 1	43
25	Saturday	54	35 11	10	2 39	47
26	Sunday	52	36 morn		3 18	50
27	Monday	50	37 0	12	4 1	51
28	Tuesday	48	38 1	11	4 49	52

PRICES CURRENT.

CH'TOWN, Feb. 10, 1871.

Provisions.	
Beef. (small) per lb.	3½ *a* 8d
Do. by the quarter	4d *a* 6d
Pork (carcass)	4d *a* 6d
Do. (small)	5d *a* 7d
Mutton, per lb.	4d *a* 7d
Veal, per lb.	3d *a* 5d
Ham, per lb.	6d *a* 9d
Butter (fresh)	1s 2d *a* 1s 3d
Do. by the tub	1s 1d *a* 1s 3d
Cheese, per lb.	3d *a* 5d
Do. (new milk)	10d *a* 1s
Tallow, per lb.	7d *a* 9d
Lard, per lb.	9d *a* 1s
Flour, per 100 lbs.	19s *a* 20s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	17s 0d *a* 18s 9d
Buckwheat flour per lb.	1½d *a* 2d
Eggs, per doz.	1s 6d
Grain	
Barley, per bush.	3s 6d *a* 4s 0d
Oats per bush.	2s 6d *a* 2s 7d
Vegetables.	
Green Peas, per quart	
Potatoes, per bush.	1s 6d *a* 2s 0d
Turnips per bush.	10d *a* 1s
Poultry.	
Geese	2s 9d *a* 3s 9d
Turkeys, each	3s 6d *a* 8s
Fowls, each	1s 3d *a* 2s
Chickens, per pair	2s 0d *a* 3s 0d
Ducks	1s 3d *a* 1s 6d
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.	20s *a* 30s
Herrings, per barrel	25s *a* 40s
Mackerel, per doz.	
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton	70s *a* 75s
Straw, per cwt.	1s 6d *a* 2s
Clover Seed, per lb.	
Timothy Seed, per bush.	
Homespun, per yard	4s *a* 6s
Calfskins, per lb.	6d *a* 9d
Hides, per lb.	4½d *a* 5d
Wool	1s *a* 1s 6d
Sheepskins	4s 6d *a* 5s 6d
Apples, per bush.	3s 0d *a* 4s 0d
Partridges	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Banking Notices.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND!

(Corner of Great George and King Streets.)

HON. DANIEL BRENAN, President.
WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire, Cashier.

Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

☞ The P. E. Island Saving's Bank is in connection with the Treasurer's Office. Days o. deposit: Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Union Bank of P. E. Island.

(North Side Queen Square.)

CHARLES PALMER, Esquire, President.
JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire, Cashier.

Discount Days—Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Hours Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

Summerside Bank.

Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.

President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esquire.
Cashier—R. McC. STAVERT, Esquire.

Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business—10 a. m. to 13 p. m., and from 1 p. m. to 2 p. m.

Farmers' Bank,

Rustico, - - P. E. Island.

President—JEROME DONOV, Esquire.
Cashier—MARIN J. BLANCHARD, Esquire.
Discount Day—Wednesday in each week.

Business Cards.

J. F. BRINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN,
Surgeon and Accoucheur.

FORMERLY

A partner of Dr. J. T. Jenkins, Charlottetown, may be consulted professionally at his Office, Mt. Stewart Bridge.

Residence - - - The Manse.

Dec. 14, 1870. 3m

REMOVAL.

DR. PADDOCK has removed his residence to the house lately occupied by NORMAN MCLEOD, Esq., near the Half-Way House Georgetown Road, Head of Vernon River.

Dec. 7, 1870. 3m*

HEAD QUARTERS.

THE Subscriber would call attention to the fact, that persons in want of a good

Shave, Hair Cut, or Shampoo,

Would do well to call at Head Quarters, Upper Queen Street, DesBrisay's Block. Not only will he get the above in first-class style, but also OYSTERS, in every variety.

CHAS. O. WINKLER.

Dec. 7, 1870.

RONALD MACDONALD,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUCTIONEER,

—AKD—

COLLECTING AGENT.

Souris, P. E. I., January 2, 1870. 1y

HENRY J. CAFFNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

OFFICE IN

DesBrisay's Block,

(Next Apothecary's Hall)

QUEEN STREET.

RESIDENCE:

North American Hotel.

Charlottetown, August 3, 1870. 1y

OYSTERS. OYSTERS.

Oysters.

IF you want any good Oysters, in shell or by the barrel, just call at the Subscriber's, and he will show you a sample of the above worth looking at.

Having planted down one hundred barrels of the best Cascumpec Oysters, he is prepared to deliver them at his cellar in quantities to suit purchasers.

Private families can be punctually supplied by applying to

JOHN S. O'NEILL,
Proprietor Union House.

Dec. 14, 1870.

A CARD.

Fall Importations.

THE Subscriber is now happy to be able to announce, to his friends and customers, that he has completed his Fall Importations, in each department of his business, and invites their usual Patronage.

DANIEL BRENAN.

N. B.—An early settlement of all accounts over six months due, is expected.

D. BRENAN.

Ch'town, Dec. 14, 1870. p a l e ra sp 3m

Gold and Silver

WATCHES.

GOLD CHAINS!

Wedding, Mourning, and other

GOLD RINGS.

Brooches, Gents' Pins, Clocks, &c., &c.,

Always on hand.

Watches and Clocks repaired at shortest notice. Old gold and silver bought.

ROBERT SNEESTON,
North Side Queen Square, } Jeweler, &c.
Feb. 16, 1870. } 1y

18- NEW STORE. -70.

NEW GOODS!

The Subscriber has opened a New Store on Queen Street, in Dunn's Block, nearly opposite Mr. Watson's Drug Store, where he offers for Sale, a carefully selected Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing Paper Collars, &c.

He, also, calls particular attention to his

TEA.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

A. G. McDOUGALL.

Ch'town, Nov. 9, 1870.

THE WAR.

An enormous French battery was constructed on Mont Avron, outside the circle of forts. The French resorted to the tactics of the Russians during the siege of Sebastopool, and pushed their defences out against the investing works. Mont Avron was one of these advanced batteries. Its front was some 300 yards long; and was armed with forty-two guns. The Prussians brought 74 to bear on it. After severe fighting the French were compelled to evacuate it. The correspondent of the *Daily News* gives the following account of the scene inside the fort after its bombardment:—

He says the French had certainly been very fond of Avron What between barricades, entrenchments, rifle pits, and loopholed houses, many a stout Teuton would have gone down before that position would have been forcibly carried, over which we passed so peaceably in the silent moonlight. Once inside, there met our eyes one of the weirdest scenes that imagination could conjure up; ground ploughed with shells, embrasures stove in, parallels all but obliterated, and yet not a single cannon left behind. But if the French have removed their cannon they have left their dead. One slides and stumbles over a little ice puddle, the ice blushes up red in his face; it is frozen human blood. Behind the batteries and inside the breastworks the dead lie thick. No man who has long followed this war but must be so familiar with the aspect of slain men that the original thrill and turn of the blood at the sight, is a memory of the past, at which he all but smiles. But the terrible ghastliness of these dead transcends anything I have ever seen, or even dreamt of in the shuddering nightmare after my first battle-field. Remember how they were slain—not with the nimble bullet of the needle gun that drills a minute hole through a man and leaves him undisfigured, unless it has chanced to strike his face, not with the trenchant sabre cut of the dragoon, not with the sharp stab of the bayonet, but slaughtered with missiles of terrible weight, shattered into fragments by the explosions of many pounds of powder, mangled torn by massive fragments of iron. There lay behind one of the embrasures a form utterly headless. I suppose the shell had struck the hapless being fully in the face, and carried head and throat before it in its fierce rush. The guillotine could not have performed the operation more cleanly. Behind the batteries were found many evidences of the precipitation with which the French had evacuated the position. There were lots of wine. We drank some of it standing there among the dead and piles of bones, which the Saxon soldiers skewered on their bayonets. There were blankets too, and military saddles both in and about the camp. Lying further back there was a considerable quantity of rice, and also many blankets, shoes and soldiers' knapsacks, lumps of horseflesh lay about or hung on cross-sticks. Investigations amongst the forts and new huts brought to light bottles of rum and bags of peas. The ground was strewn with Chassepots, and behind the batteries, as well as in the battery magazines, were gunpowder bags containing each a charge, as well as many projectiles. The camp, and indeed the whole of the plateau bore numerous traces of lengthened occupation. The French are the beastliest campaigners in the world, and they seem to have been exceptionally beastly in Mont Avron. There was not a sign of life on all the plateau except a lurking cur who gnawed something under a waggon. What it was there were reasons to prevent me from investigating too closely. It surprises me much looking at the abundant evidences of the precipitation visible that the French should have removed all their cannon, and still more so, looking at the evidences of our fire that they should have been able to do so. It seems to me that the infantry men must have skeddadled in a panic, and that the artillery men, fearing an assault from the infantry, which they had not the means of resistance, had removed their guns before an absolute necessity existed fore vacuation from the strength of the German fire. They were wise if this were their reckoning.

What the state of Paris was previous to the capitulation may be gathered from the following extracts:—

A correspondent inside Paris writes: On Christmas Day the desolation and mournfulness of Paris could not fail to seem doubly, trebly striking, nor is it the very poor who are the chief sufferers, for they are, to some extent, fed, warmed and clothed, through public or private charity, insufficiently of course, for wood is scarce, and bread forms their only diet, but they have the advantage of being more habituated to privations than the classes placed a little above them in the social scale. It is the latter that most excite my pity and rouse my sympathies. Out of twelve lower or middle class households one may enter, nine or ten are wholly without fire. Probably for the first time during such bitter weather the empty stove is more felt than the empty larder for a mother can live and feed her little ones on bread, with a little wine; but how can she warm the poor shivering, ill-fed bodies, with the thermometer ten degrees below the freezing point, and no fuel to be anywhere or anyhow obtained? We are assured by the Government that shortly wood will be more plentiful and cheap, but, in the meanwhile, the mortality among children is painfully high, more especially among those of very tender years; and meal is so scarce, so bad and so dear, that in many cases where the mother is unable to nourish her offspring, the new-born baby may be said to die literally of hunger. A walk along the roads leading to the principal cemeteries gives sufficient evidences o the terrible harvest death is reaping among those who are unfortunate enough to make their *debut* in the world during the siege of Paris. I have seldom witnessed a more touching spectacle than the long procession of tiny white covered coffins, the little occupants of which have been as surely killed through the war as those who met their death on the battle field. The absence of the mothers amongst the mourners is a mute testimony to the fact that most of the early deaths have taken place during the first month of existence. On Christmas Night many of the soldiers were literally frozen to death, and a still greater number were brought into Paris, in ambulance waggons, with hands or feet frostbitten.

A correspondent in Paris of the *Daily News* says that, owing to the intense severity of the weather, no fewer that fifty sentinels have been frozen to death at the outposts, and that there are more than 1,200 cases of severe frostbite in the military hospitals, many of which cases are likely to prove fatal. The sufferings of the people are also very great. Typhoid fever is on the increase, especially among the families from the suburbs, who are huddled together in close rooms amid a stifling atmosphere that breeds pestilence. There had been 172 deaths from bronchitis in the previous week, and 147 from pneumonia. Fuel was running short, but little other food was left than bread and horseflesh. With all this there was not a murmur to be heard. The people submit, the correspondent adds, to their hard fate, to cold and hunger, and long dark nights, void of amusements, with a cheerfulness which is sublime. They make no complaints about their miseries, and accept them with an unpretending fortitude which no people in the world could surpass.

A GERMAN PANIC AT GRAVELOTTE.

What I saw of the war is an account published by the Hon. Mr. Winn, of his wanderings with the German army of the Moselle. He attached himself to the 33d regiment, one that shared in the bloodiest combats, and he therefore saw a great deal of really hard fighting. Those who have been so accustomed to hear that the French invariably gave way under the assaults of the Germans, and that the latter never flinched from their work, will be surprised to learn from Mr. Winn, that while the French fought at Gravelotte with signal gallantry, and only yielded to superior numbers, the Prussians were seized with a panic The *Times*, in its critique on Mr. Winn's book, says:—

What we specially like about him is his evident impartiality, an impartiality very creditable to a man who was the object of so many attentions and civilities on the part of the winning side. He lauds the courage with which the French soldiers fought, lauds it extravagantly, we would say, considering the positions they were forced from and the actual results of the engagements. It is true, he attributes a great superiority of numbers to the Germans on certain occasions, on other authority, we should imagine, than that of his German friends. At least, we have heard very different estimates from the German Staff officials who fought at Gorze and Gravelotte, At the latter battle Mr. Winn sketches a scene, which we should have unquestionably refused all credence to, had he not assured us he was in the thick of it. Towards dusk, the Germans were descending into a valley towards the French positions on the opposite slope, when, of a sudden, the enemy opened fire from a line of rifle pits some 600 yards off. Forthwith there was a panic, and the Germans "ran like hares." "Such a stampe I never saw before, and I should think few military men had. Artillery, foot soldiers, baggage waggons, ambulances, every species of troop conceivable in our immediate neighborhood were rushing pell-mell to the rear. The words 'the cavalry are coming,' were on every Prussian's lip, except the officers, who shouted themselves hoarse, with summoning the flying soldiers to halt." We have understood from an Englishman who was well forward with the Prussian 49th all through those engagements, that the Germans by no means exhibited on every occasion all the steadiness the world gave them credit for. But of anything like an exhibition of panic, or even a disorderly movement in retreat without orders, we never heard. On the contrary, we have been assured their tenacity on the whole was marvellous; that the ground they took they held, only falling back when their own bugles sounded the retreat.

RECEPTION BY KING WILLIAM OF THE GERMAN DEPUTATION.—Dr. Russel sends to the London *Times* a graphic description of the reception by King William of the deputation of the German Reichstag who went to Versailles to propose that he should assume the title of Emperor of Germany:—

The King went to attend divine service at ten o'clock in the chapel of Louis XIV. in the palace. There was somewhat more state and much more interest shown in the event than usual. Great personages began to arrive. The Grand Duke of Coburg, in cuirassier helmet and jack boots, attended by his side; Prince Charles of Prussia, Prince Walnermar of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke and Hereditary Prince of Saxe Weimar, and others. On entering the chapel before the arrival of the King I found two or three ladies already seated on the crimson velvet seats, on which were pinned pieces of paper with the number of the Psalms for the day. The aisles and galleries were filled with private seldiers; in the centre passage between the rows of seats, stood wrapped in a fur-lined coat Dr. Simson, President of the Bund Parliament. At 10. 15 the doors of the chapel, which had been closed were flung open, and the King appeared. He was in his usual uniform, and his commanding figure was draped in a long military cloak. His Majesty walked with quick, firm strides up the centre, and took his place in a high-backed chair on the right facing the altar. He was alone, and for some seconds his Staff remained behind, and then came in and sat behind the King; the Prince Carl, Prince Adalebrt, the Duke of Baden, and the young Prince of Bavaria being near and on the right. The Crown Prince arrived two minutes later and took his chair on the left hand-side, facing the altar, and the Generals and staff, members of the Delegation, and officers soon filled the vacant places. Among them Count Bismark was conspicuous by his absence. General von Roon, General von Moltke, the Russian General de Guern, and many a stout captain and subile councillor were there, as well as the rank and file officers.

The preacher entered—the brother-in law of Von Roon—a man who bore some resemblance to Martin Luther's portraiture, dressed in a plain black cassock, with bands; and turning towards the altar he prayed for a moment before he began the simple service, without any assistants or clerks, the congregation joining in the rare responses and in the hymns, in which the band assisted with voice and instrument. The sermon which followed was very appropriate and eloquent. The preacher said the Lord was there, and His power dwelt among them. Here in the city were they about to consummate the work which realized the aspirations of toiling millions, and in which the voice of the German people was raised to offer to the leader of their armies the Crown which was the emblem of their union, had been concocted those treaties which were meant to disintegrate and ruin the national life of Germany. They were assembled in the city in which were devised the treaties of Utrecht, of Ryswick, and Nimeguen. Let them recognize in these things the workings of the divine will, and let them bow the knee in gratitude and praise. The preacher concluded his fervent address by a homily on holy living and dying, and after a short prayer and hymn, and a benediction the service was ended, and the King, followed by his heir and his generals, went out and repaired to the Prefecture, from the flagstaff of which floated a flag of purple and gold, the Standard of the Royal House of Hohenzollern Before two o'clock the Princes began to arrive at the Prefecture, in full uniform in carriages, shut and open, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Saxe Weimar, Coburg Gotha, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and members of the second Staff, Count Bismarck, by himself, in an open carriage, in his invariable cuirassier undress cap, frock, and overalls. The sentries were in a perpetual state of "present arms"; aides-de-camp of the King, and equerries, in full uniform, appeared at the windows of the Prefecture; generals and staff officers, with clanking swords and spurs, made way through the crowd, and there was much of that heel clashing and saluting which marks the out-door greetings of officers who at table are exceedingly social and unaffected. Before two, the Crown Prince, in his uniform as Field-Marshal, attended by General Von Blumenthal, drove up in an open carriage, and, to judge from his looks, he was exceedingly happy. His Royal Highness was followed by most of the members of his staff. At two o'clock the door closed on the last of the delegation. "And now it is done! Old Barbarossa may go to sleep now," exclaimed one officer. "Thank God!" "Amen!" answered a grave bescarred old Colonel, "it is his work, and I can sing *Nunc dimittis.*" Presently there appeared on the steps witnesses of what had passed within; they were deeply moved—some with tears, not in their eyes alone but on their cheeks. But they were tears of joy. The words of those favored ones were eagerly listened to by the officers outside. They spoke of the King's emotion—of the joy that could only find vent in sobs among the veteran generals who stood around him as he strove to conquer his tongue and give his Royal answer.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* with the Saxon Army dined the other day with the deputation who went to offer the Imperial Crown of Germany to King William. They told me, he writes, with much feeling, how the tears had trickled down King William's cheeks when the grandest proffer of the age was made to him. They expressed with hearty warmth their pleasure that when the time came that William's son should reign in his stead, the Princess Royal of England should be Empress of Germany; and before Herr Director came to say that the train was ready one toast was drunk, and in that all the room joined with acclamation—'Prosperity to Germany and England: may they ever be friendly." Baron Nordeck it was who gave the toast. And then "the house adjourned" into the snug first-class carriages, "honorable members," not a few of them, showing from their pockets what one might have taken to be pistols designed for protection against Franc-tireurs, but which in reality were the necks of wine bottles. I could not help being amused at the gentleman who was charged with the duty of settling the reckoning. It was stiff, unquestionably—16¼ thalers for a simple cold luncheon for thirty-one persons. No doubt the casino keeper would have replied to a complaint to the same effect as a Scotch change-house keeper is reported to have used to James VI. "Ye dinna come this gate ilka day, your Majesty." Certainly it is not often that a Lagny market-tender gets a chance of cutting into the purse of the German Reichstag.

ENGLAND AND PRUSSIA.—The *Morning Advertiser* thus adverts to the position of England:—

We have more than once directed serious attention to the combination of dangers that threatens England. It would be superfluous now to revert to the recent prosecution of the war by Germany in order to be convinced that Prussia's aim is to conquer supermacy in Europe—to become the one Power paramount to which all others must be subservient. Not only have we a proof of the correctness of this conclusion in the language of the Prussian press, and of Prussian political writers, but public men in all the German states give utterance to the same idea, and it is as distinctly reproduced in the published opinions of German *savans*—men who are looked upon as the most intelligent, and whose minds have long been described as the most enlightened in the whole country. From all these quarters we learn this arrogant command of Germany—"England, France, Italy, prepare to obey me!"

To acquire for herself this supreme power, Prussia does not appeal to reason or to moral power, but only to material force. She attests her strength by devastation, by mercilessly crushing a nation which has always marched in the van of civilization, and been the home and focus of liberal and renova ing thought What Prussia is now doing against France she will not shrink from doing against any other nation that crosses her path. Each in its turn will have to endure the horrors of a barbarian invasion, unless it submits beforehand to the despotic behests of Prussian sway. Prussian policy not only contemplates the extension of the German frontier into the very heart of France, but it has a goal beyond even this, and it will not rest satisfied until Prussian ascendancy has asserted itself to the very extremity of Denmark, and until the coasts of the the northern ocean on one side, and on the other have been subjugated by her; while, in conjunction with Russia, she hopes to see her flag floating proudly over the waters of the Mediterranean.

England was foremost in resisting the ambitious ruler of France when he was in the zenith of his power. When Napoleon I. had let loose his victorious armies on Europe, and had brought under his yoke nearly all its peoples, England still stood firm against him; and just as he was on the eve of invading her territory, the struggle began which ended in his overthrow and ruin. Why should she not do the same now, when injustice and violence are represented by a sovereign who seems disposed to inflict upon Europe a repetition of the career of the First Napoleon? The foe of right and humanity has only changed name. Instead of Napoleon I. it is William, Emperor of Germany. Yet this foe is not so formidable. Though taken by surprise and at a disadvantage he has met in the French a more courageous, stubborn resistance than ever Napoleon encountered from the Germans. Do not let us wait, therefore, until he has grown as strong as was his predecessor in his sanguinary career.

The London *Times* writes as follows on the naval resources of England:—

Inverting the order of recent discussions, let us speak first of our Navy. We still enjoy the advantage to an extent rarely experienced since the days of the first Napoleon. At no period within recent times has the British Navy been for certain purposes so powerful as at present. It is scarcely to be imagined that any existing fleet or combination of fleets could cope with us in our waters, for instance, of the Mediterranean. We could even despatch across the Atlantic a squadron far stronger than any which could be sent across the Atlantic against us. In fact, as regards general actionsat sea, after the old fashion, our Navy would find no match. No ships yet afloat could stand against our ironclads in line of battle, for they were built, and successfully built, to beat the French ships, and the French ships were then the strongest in the world. But this, it will be easily seen, represents only one function of a great Navy. The truth is for twenty years together we simply ran a race with France. Our fleet was measured against the French fleet year after year, not only in popular imagination, but in Ministerial statements, and we thought we had done all that was necessary when our force was raised to the standard thus indicated. We resolved at all costs to keep the command of the Channel and the ascendancy in the Mediterranean, and at these two points England is mistress of the seas.

Excepting, however, with some special design, it is improbable that any Power would attempt to complete with us on the conditions implied. The immediate duties of our Navy, in the event of war, would be of a different character. Our first-rate ironclads would answer for the defence of our shores, and we have, or shall shortly have, ships which, as their constructor tells us, would be able to make an eight or ten days run to any menaced point, fight an action, and return to port. These vessels are most formidable—far surpassing both in armor and armament, any others afloat They are designed to combine up to a certain point, the qualifications of floating batteries and sea-going ships. In weight, strength, and power, they will exceed the strongest known specemens of the former class; for a given length of time they will be as movable as the fleetest cruisers. This provides us with special means of offence as well as defence, but even then the provisions of a limited kind. All the ships we have spoken of are large, ponderous, and in some degree unwieldy vessels, calculated to encounter ships of their own class. Again, however, it must be observed that it is doubtful whether the chance of such encounters would ever be offered to us. Our enemies would be well aware of our points of strength, and would decline the attack. Their assaults would be more likely to be directed against our commerce, our colonial possessions, and out lying dependencies, while we, on the other hand, should require ships for offensive operations on foreign coasts and against foreign harbors. We should want vessels capable of forcing an entrance into a hostile port, and destroying ships sheltered under its guns, and, above all, we should need such a fleet of swift and powerful cruisers as would render privateering a desperate adventure.

At these points we are deficient, nor are we quite sure that our deficiencies are properly recognized. Out of a score or more of ships now building, we have only three frigates of the class required, while we have nine heavy turret ships or rams, and twelve gunboats—proportions which show clearly enough the views hitherto prevailing at the Admiralty. But the career of a swift corvette or a nimble, well armed privateer is not to be checked by a steam ram or a turret vessel; and though the gunboats would doubtless prove the greatest service in our own waters, they could not perform the duties of ocean cruisers. In point of fact we have kept one obligation too exclusively before us, exactly as the Americans did. They built ironclads to encounter the Confederate ironclads, and to penetrate the rivers and harbors of the South. When the Civil War ended they found themselves with a fleet of these vessels—well designed for special service, but not available for general purposes. We built fleets to overpower the French fleets, and we, in like manner, now find ourselves with a Navy composed, to a great extent, of a special class of ships, and deficient in others which, under the altered circumstances of the times, are more likely to be wanted. Here, however, we possess a most valuable advantage. Government has only to give the word, and all our defects could be supplied—not, indeed, instantaneously, but with a rapidity which could not be approached in any other country. In our public and private yards we have matchless resources, and the ocean could be covered with our cruisers before any other power could send its ships to sea.

The following is a list of dispossessed sovereigns still living:—Prince Gustavus Vasa of Sweden (1809), Comte de Chambord (1830), Duke Charles of Brunswick (1830), Comte de Paris (1848), Duke Robert of Parma (1859), Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany (1859), Duke Francis of Modena (1859), Francis II., King of Naples (1861), Duke Adolphus of Nassau (1866), King George of Hanover (1866), Elector of Hesse (1866), Isabella, Queen of Spain (1869), Emperor Napoleon (1870.

A man in Minnesota had got all ready to be married, when he received a letter from his wife in Maine, which reminded him that he was already in the holy estate. He had entirely forgotten the circumstance.