

Steamers.	Number.	Guns.
Ironclads	13	216
Screw steamers	27	645
Paddle steamers	23	820
Gunboats	12	28
Transport	55	52
Sailing Vessels.		
Ships of the line and frigates	17	100
Smaller vessels	8	32
Transports	28	34

Total 163 2283

The Turkish navy has been entirely reconstructed since the last Russian war, when the greater part of it was destroyed. The largest ironclad in the navy is the Osman Ghazy, armed with 24 guns. The next two powerful vessels are clad in heavy armor of an average thickness of 5½ inches, and carry four 12-ton rifle Armstrong guns in a central battery.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH FREEMASON AND HOW HIS LIFE WAS SAVED

[From the London Times.]

This present war has been prolific in illustrations of the value of Freemasonry in dangerous emergencies, and the anecdotes are endless of the lives saved by its means. Among the cart loads of wounded of both nations which arrived from Sedan were two men whose consideration for each other was so marked as to occasion inquiry. They were the Prussian and the French uniform respectively, and though neither could understand a word of the others' language they shared their rations, and seemed to be interchanging signals of amity all day long. Their story was a very simple one. The Prussian, who is an officer, and a man of 35 or so, with a stern, gray face, and a heavy overhanging moustache, had met the Frenchman, who is at least a dozen years his junior, on the battle field, the latter being supported by a couple of comrades.

Twice did the wave of the conflict bring these men in contact, and the last occasion the Prussian, who was himself badly wounded in the chest, pressed the young Frenchman hard, and had indeed his sword uplifted to administer a *coup de grace*, when the latter, who was faint from the loss of blood, made a hasty sign to his victor, which caused the latter to stay his hand. Parley was impossible, both from the exigencies of language and the turmoil of battle; and besides, both men lost consciousness and fell at each other's side. It turned out that the young Frenchman had been made a Freemason a few months before the outbreak of the war, and that he had instinctively made the sign by which the members of the fraternity are taught to ask their brethren for help. The Prussian who was an old Mason, who recognized it instantly, and who as instinctively paused, and before there was time for consideration, both men fainted away. When consciousness was restored, they found themselves side by side, and with the dead, and dying around them.

By a strange coincidence, their wounds were such that each could give the other some slight relief, and the late enemies employed their weary hours, in which they lay disabled and untended, in rendering little kindnesses to each other, and in thus cementing the friendship which had begun so strangely. When help came they petitioned to be permitted to keep together, telling their story with considerable effusiveness to the doctor, who after some time came to them on the field. This

gentleman, who was not a military surgeon, but a member of the blessed society which dates from Geneva, raised his hands in pious astonishment at the tale he heard; and at once showed himself to be a Freemason too; so that three brethren of the mystic tie were to be seen wondering over the strange change which chance had thrown them together.

The wounded men were supremely satisfied at the result, and their story has given them quite a celebrity among their fellow-sufferers. At Iges, where the French prisoners were placed after the capitulation of Sedan, and where, it is but too true, they were all but starving, some of their numbers contrived to make it known to their captors that they were Masons, and though this was ineffectual in many instances the sturdy and uninitiated Prussians laughing at Masonic gestures to scorn, wherever it succeeded the men obtained little comforts which were priceless. A stout trooper was seen handing a warm frieze coat to one prisoner, and giving part of his rations to another; and explained his conduct to an enquirer with a sheepish smile which spoke volumes. "They are my brothers, though I have fought with them, and they are hungry and cold, and must be helped. They would do it for me." These are mere typical cases. But it is impossible to mix much with the troops, particularly after a battle, without hearing of kindred instances of Masonic usefulness.

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED TORPEDO BOAT.

[From the Houston Telegraph.]

During the American war a great deal of ingenuity has been expended by the Confederates upon torpedoes and torpedo boats. The most remarkable of these was constructed in Mobile by Messrs. Hundley & McClintock, and launched in 1861.

She was built of boiler iron, impervious to water or air. In general contour she resembled a cigar, sharp at both ends. She was propelled by a screw, and turned by the manual force of eight men. She was provided with water tight compartments, by filling or emptying which she would sink or rise, and enable her to rise instantly her ballasting of railroad bar was placed on her bottom, outside her hull, and by means of keys accessible to her crew could be detached in a moment, so that she would rise quickly to the surface.

To prepare for action a floating torpedo was secured to her stern by a line more than one hundred feet long, and her crew having embarked the water tanks were filled until the boat was "in equilibrio," and almost submerged. The hatchway was closed, the men revolved the shaft, the captain or pilot, standing under the hatch, steered the boat, regulating at the same time, by the action of her lateral fins, the depth at which she would move.

Her greatest speed did not exceed four knots. She could remain submerged for half an hour, without any great inconvenience to her crew—and on one occasion has been known to remain under water two hours without actual injury to them, although no means were provided for procuring fresh air, and from the moment the hatch was closed they inhaled and exhaled continuously the atmosphere enclosed with them.

The plan of attack was to dive beneath the keel of an enemy's ship, hauling the torpedo after her. Its triggers or sensitive primers would thus press against the ship's

bottom, explode the torpedo and inevitably sink the ship.

Gen. Beauregard's call upon the Confederate fleet for volunteers to man this dangerous craft was promptly answered by Lieut. Payne, a Virginian, and eight sailors. They were soon ready; and on the evening set for their expedition, the torpedo boat was lying alongside the steamer from which the crew had embarked; she was submerged until the combing of her hatch alone was visible above the water. Her commander, Payne, was standing in the hatchway, in the act of ordering her to be cast off, when the swell of a passing steamer rolled over her and sunk her instantly, with her eight men, in several fathoms of water. Lieut. Payne sprang out as the boat sank, and he alone was left alive.

In a few days she was raised and again made ready. Again Payne volunteered, and eight men with him. The embarkation was made from Fort Sumpter, and as before, all having been made ready, Payne ordered the hawser to be cast off—when the boat careened and sunk instantly. Payne sprang out; two of the men followed him; the other six perished.

Again the boat was raised, and Captain Hundley took her for an experimental trip into the Stone river, where, after going through her usual evolutions she dived in deep water, and for hours, and for days, the return of poor Hundley and his crew was looked for in vain.

After a week's search she was found inclining at an angle of forty degrees, her nozzle driven deep into the soft mud of the bottom. Her crew of nine dead men were standing, sitting, lying about in her hold asphyxiated. Hundley was standing at his post, a candle in one hand, while the other had grown stiff with death in his vain efforts to unchain the hatch. Others had been working at the keys of the ballast, but the inclination at which the boat had gone down had jammed the keys so that the men could not cast off the heavy weight which held them down. Their deaths had been hard and lingering.

Again this fateful vessel was made ready, and Lieut. Dixon, Twenty-first Alabama Volunteers, a native of Mobile, and eight men volunteered. The new and powerful war ship Housatonic was selected for attack, and on a quiet night, the crew set out from Charlestown.

We all know the fate of the Housatonic. Bravo Dixon guided the torpedo fairly against her, the explosion tore up the great war-ship's sides, so that she went down with nearly all her crew within two minutes. The torpedo vessel also disappeared forever from mortal view.

Within a few weeks past divers in submarine armour have visited the wreck of the Housatonic, and they have found the little vessel lying by her huge victim, and within her are the bones of the most devoted and daring men who ever went to war.

The Vice-Admiralty Court here has condemned the American fishing schooner *Ezzie E. Torr*, captured by *La Canadienne* for trespass, to be sold by auction to-morrow.

The half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the Great Western Railway (Canada), was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate street, yesterday. The old Board of Directors were re-elected. The agreement for amalgamation with the Canada Air Line, from Glencoe to Buffalo, was completed.