

richly embossed. Mr. E. K. McGillivray also gives a handsome plated cup, the bowl of which is very richly embossed and supported by a gracefully chased shaft. On the flat base upon which the whole stands are grouped a rifleman resting, a furled banner and stacked rifles. Both these cups are from the stock of E. K. McGillivray, who is also preparing the cup presented by the Military School Cadets of Ottawa. This cup will be of sterling silver, the bowl shaped like a rifle bullet and supported by stacked rifles, the whole standing on a base of silver and ebony. A very handsome drinking cup has also been presented by Messrs. Young and Radford. It is very heavily plated and gilt inside, and is large enough to hold an Imperial pint. A large portion of the outside is covered by an admirable relief, showing a rifle range with a detachment at target practice. This scene is spiritedly executed and most minute in its details. Several other prizes have been handed in and those not given will probably be in the hands of the committee to-day.—*Citizen. 5th.*

FOREIGN MILITARY ITEMS.

Ex-Governor Eyre is at present sojourning in Dover, and has been feted by the officers of the 51st regiment, now quartered in the garrison.

The *Echo de l'Oise* announces that the Emperors Napoleon and Francis Joseph will in the course of the month of October pass a few days at Compiègne.

The Italian government has concluded a treaty with Mr. Colt, of New York, for the supply, in the course of two years, of 100,000 breech loading rifles on Berdan's system.

General Grant in a conversation a few days since with two Republican Congressmen, in replying to a direct question as to the Presidency, said that if it should be the will of Providence and the desire of the American people that he should be President, he would not feel at liberty to resist the one nor disregard the other.

THE ITALIAN ARMY.—The transformation of the firearms in the Italian army has been commenced at Turin. The government has decided that the Bersaglieri shall be the first provided with needle guns; and in order to arrive immediately at a uniformity in the exercise of the new musket, the Minister of War has ordered each of the forty-five battalions of the troops to send an officer and three sergeants to a special school established in the former capital of Italy.

Princess Masalsky has addressed a letter on behalf of the Cretan refugees in Greece to the women of the civilized world generally. She also has a word to say on the condition of women in Turkey. In the course of her remarks on this subject she says: It is very well known in the most obscure harems that the Padishah 'Image of God,' has been obliged to recline himself with due humility before a woman who rules over 150,000,000 of men, scattered over Europe, Asia, America and Australia. Where is the Turkish woman that does not know that one single demonstration of that awe-inspiring nation who considers it as an honor to see Victoria I., hold the glorious scepter of the Elizabeths and the Annes, would be all that is required for the overthrow of the "Commander of the Faithful."

EFFECT OF GEN. BUTLER'S PROPOSITIONS.—The New York *Tribune's* Washington despatch says: "General Butler's recent letters on the public finances are creating a good deal of comment here among the Treasury officials and financial men generally. Secretary McCulloch and Assistant Secretary Chandler have been over-run with parties who are particularly interested, and who are anxious to obtain their views on Butler's ideas. It is stated here on the authority of a prominent Treasury official, that when Gen. Butler had written his first letters he was asked if he did not fear that it would hurt our securities in Europe. He replied that he hoped it would; as he was opposed to the present financial policy of the Government, and he had prepared a bill, taking as his text his two published letters, which he will introduce in Congress early in the next session."

THE NEW RACE OF AMERICAN "SOVEREIGNS."—The New York *World* speaking of the registration of the Southern negroes, says: At the recent election in Richmond some two thousand negroes lost their votes because they did not know the names under which they had registered. At the Memphis election the other day some wag told the negroes who were inquiring where to deposit their ballots, to put them in the letter-box on the lamp-post, which a large number of them did, and departed with great glee. One of the registrars in South Carolina writes as follows of his experience in making citizens of the negroes. Many of them, in fact nearly all of them, had no idea what "registering" meant, and, as a natural consequence, the most ludicrous scenes transpired. Quite a number brought along bags and baskets to "put it in," and in nearly every instance there was a great rush for fear we would not have registration "enough to go round." Some thought it was something to eat; others thought it was something to wear, and quite a number thought it was the distribution of confiscated land under a new name. They were told to come before the registrars "to receive their elective franchise;" hence all the mistakes above mentioned. All were sworn, and several on being asked what was done when they were registered, said that "de gemblin wid de big whisker make me swar to deport (support) de laws of United Souf Carolina."

A PATCHED HERO.

The extent to which modern surgical science is sometimes able to repair the ravages of war, by contrivances almost as alarming as war, is amusingly illustrated by a story told by M. Henri Monnier concerning the adventures of a Breton at the Hotel des Invalides. The youth in question had returned to his duties, after a *conge* of six months passed with his family at the remote regions of Cape Finisterre. He came all the way to Paris on foot, and arrived at the hotel almost exhausted with fatigue, wishing for nothing else than to eat his supper and get to bed. But his comrades had detected the clinking of some silver in his pocket, and was resolved that the return of the invalid should be celebrated by a supper given at his expense.

At supper the toasts did not fail to follow

each other in rapid succession, the health of the Emperor, of the commandant of the Invalides, of all the hierarchy of officers, of all their companions, &c., until at the end of a couple of hours the purse of the victim was pretty well emptied and his brain considerably bewildered. At this juncture the corporal of the service rose, drew out his watch and said to the Breton:

"Well, my boy, enough of gayety and amusement. It is time to think of the duties of the service."

"The service!" piteously repeated the poor *infirmier*.

"Certainly," repeated the corporal, in a tone of command. "You are not here to do nothing, I suppose, my friend. Durand, conduct this man immediately to the captain. It will be your business, *infirmier* Parveck, to undress this officer, assist him to bed, and then sleep yourself beside him on a mattress, in case he need you in the night. Enough! Be off! You will find that it is no killing matter, and that you are treated considerably on account of your youth, your fatigue and your good sentiments for the government. To your duty!"

Upon this his companions led the Breton from the scene of the festivities to a great parlor of the Hotel des Invalides, where, seated on an immense sofa near the fireplace, sat the captain. He received the man ungraciously enough, swearing and scolding in a voice at once shrill and sonorous, and demanding what they meant by keeping him waiting so long. When he had sufficiently vented his spleen he ordered them to put him to bed immediately. The Breton took hold of one arm, his companion of the other, and the three slowly climbed the immense staircase, to the officer's bedroom. There the Breton was left alone with his charge.

The captain, still in a bad humor, began by throwing his hat on the table, removed his wig, and ordered Parveck to put on his night cap. Then, with his left hand, the invalid unfastened a leather strap concealed under his uniform, and held out his right arm to the poor youth, who stood astonished, and hardly knew what to do. The arm fell noisily on the floor, and its fall provoked a new fit of indignation on the part of the irritable captain.

"Well, Loony," he exclaimed, after a series of walks, and at the same time unfastening a new strap, "I suppose you will do the same for my leg?" and he handed his left leg to the *infirmier*.

"Now put me to bed," said the old man, passing his arm round the neck of his attendant, who, lifting the officer to lay him upon the bed, found himself close to his face, and noticed that the nose seemed to shine like metal.

"Fill my glass and my basin with water!" When this order was executed he detached one of his eyes and repeated, "Put that in the glass;" and as Parveck obeyed, the invalid put his hand in his mouth and withdrew a silver apparatus which served him for a palate, and to which a nose of the same metal was attached, and handed both to the Breton.

But he, overwhelmed, terrified, his head bewildered by his rather copious libations, began to believe he had to do with Satan. He uttered a cry of horror, crossed himself, and rushed into the neighboring dormitory, pale and trembling. An immense burst of laughter received him, and he fell in a swoon. A week's fever and delirium was the consequence of his fright.