

## SPAIN EMERGING FROM THE WAR.

Madrid, March 18.—King Alfonso's entry into Madrid is to be made Monday morning. There will be three days of public festivities at the capital. The King will enter at the head of 25,000 troops. A *te deum* will be sung. A triumphal crown will be presented to His Majesty in the afternoon. A dinner will be given to the soldiers, followed by fire works, illuminations, bull fights, and distribution of medals and crosses to the wounded. Masses will be said for those killed in the war.

## TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF ALFONSO.

Madrid, March 21.—King Alfonso and his victorious troops entered Madrid yesterday morning, amid the enthusiastic cheering of immense crowds, and shouts of "Long life to the pacificator King." Cheers were given for Generals Quesada, Campos, Rivero, and the army generally. Quesada and Campos were especially greeted with cries of "Long life to the Defenders of Liberty," and "Down with Fueros." Crowns were thrown from balconies; people crowned the soldiers, as they passed, with wreaths.—It is computed that 140,000 strangers are in the city to witness the festivities. In several cases on Monday \$250 were paid for a balcony on the route of the royal procession. Numbers of sight seers passed the night in the streets. The houses along the line of procession were splendidly decorated and thirty triumphal arches were erected. The entry commenced at 10 a.m.; all of the streets from which a view could be commanded were crowded for hours previously. The King, accompanied by ten generals and fifty other officers, rode at the head of the procession. The first mail train for the French frontier leaves Madrid for Irun to-night.—A decree has been issued establishing a relief fund for invalid and wounded soldiers, and for the families of those killed during the war. One year's service is remitted for all men now in the army. Conscripts of 1871 and 1872 will pass into the reserve; the extraordinary levy of 1876 is disbanded; no conscription will be held this year. It is believed that the army will be reduced by 100,000 men.

## London in a Fog.

The London *Times* of the 12th says: "The dark veil that overhung the city yesterday from morning to night was sufficiently exceptional to merit some kind of notice. It was, in fact, one of the densest and most disagreeable fogs with which London has been visited for many a day, and, combined with a severe frost, it rendered street travelling almost as dangerous as it was difficult. Though late on the previous night there were signs of its coming, the white mist of hoar frost had not changed to the murky cloud with which we are too familiar until after day break. Then, however, it speedily wrapped the city in darkness and extended far away over the surrounding suburbs. By the hour when the activity of business life usually begins all the thoroughfares were shrouded in gloom deeper than that of a moonless night. Where the streets open down to the river fitful rays now and then struggled to assert themselves, but only succeeded in casting a dreary cloud across the prevailing dullness of the sky, like the faint gleam of a dying flame reflected on a column of smoke. Through the streets muffled figures moved like restless shadows, and almost noiselessly, for the fog seemed to deaden sound nearly as much as it obscured the light. It was London by night, without the night-life of London. The people seemed to lose individuality as the

places did, and the impression on the mind was that of a weary succession of similar figures plodding through a monotonous line of thoroughfares without variety. All the marked features had disappeared. The Strand was like Piccadilly; Fleet street like the Strand, and Cheapside like Fleet street—the only difference being that of the increasing roll of traffic, or the deepening shadow, as one exchanged the broad ways of the West for the narrow and devious defiles of the East. Ludgate circus might have been Trafalgar square for all the character that was left in either. Standing at the end of Fleet street and endeavoring to evolve some familiar form out of the darkness, one only got a confused picture of blinking lights relieved against a dull, black wall, and only the appearance and disappearance of these lights marked the difference between the roadway and the houses. In St. Paul's Church yard not a column or a pediment of the great cathedral could be seen at times from the top of Ludgate hill. Standing within a few yards of the pile an hour after noon, you would have looked in vain for a trace of its existence. No gleam of sunlight striking athwart the fog sparkled on the gilded vane; or if it did, the intervening curtain was too dense to let a reflected ray through. From end to end of the city the streets gas was flaring in the shop windows; but it failed to throw a light beyond the pavement, and from the opposite side of the way each window looked as if many thick-nesses of dingy yellow gauze had been drawn across it. How the police managed to regulate traffic from the many quarters that converge in front of the Exchange must remain a mystery. There was little apparent diminution of the incessant stream of vehicles that one may see there at the same hour any day, and yet they fell into their places without confusion, and with no more than the usual number of rough, but harmless collisions. Toward the river side, though the darkness was not so deep, the fog seemed scarcely less dense. Looking over the parapet of London Bridge, one could hardly realize that a broad and rapid river was flowing silently beneath. The eye seemed to be gazing rather into impenetrable and interminable depths of murky vapour. No noise of busy steamboats throbbed on the air, for none could ply in such a fog. Occasionally a barge, rising on the tide, its decks and gunwales white with rime, would flash suddenly out from this vapor, shoot the arch, and then suddenly disappear as if sliding down an unseen plane. With this exception, the river traffic was for a while suspended, while that on land seemed to be going on with little interruption. During the afternoon the fog lifted considerably, and left the city in comparative light, but it had only changed its place. From 4 to 6 o'clock some of the suburbs were enveloped in a curtain of yellow mist, which the straggling street lamps utterly failed to illumine, and as night came on traffic was in many parts entirely stopped, while in others trains and busses could only move at a foot pace."

## The Prince of Wales at Gwalior.

An English paper of the 11th February says:—

"Exactly a month from to-day the Prince of Wales is expected to leave Bombay for England, and another month from that date the Royal traveller may be looked for at home. His return to our shores will, without doubt, be the occasion for an outburst of popular enthusiasm second only to the hearty welcome he received after his well-

nigh fatal illness. The past week, owing to many reasons, will be long remembered by the Prince. His journey of seventy-two miles from Agra to Gwalior was posted in six hours. A half-way halt was made at Dholepore, where the Prince lunched in a splendid palace, erected expressly for his brief use by the youthful Maharajah. The entertainment of His Royal Highness at Gwalior by Scindia equalled, if it did not surpass, the Oriental display of the Maharajah of Calcutta. By the magnificent reception he accorded the Prince, Scindia has a third time merited the thanks of the British nation. He was our faithful ally during the Mutiny, and quite recently handed to justice the impostor whom he believed to be the notorious Nana Sahib. The palace which he has erected at Gwalior, his capital, where his illustrious guest was entertained, cost £130,000. It is built of stone, and the drawing room, says the *Times* correspondent, is one of the finest saloons in the world, hung with wonderful chandeliers and decorated with enormous mirrors. The Prince's bedstead, washing service, and bath were of solid silver. At a grand review, the following day, Scindia, whose head dress and tunic were covered with precious stones, rode out to meet the Prince, as he did on his entry into Gwalior. The usual durbar, or reception, was held in a large tent, into which were gathered the native nobles from the surrounding country. Scindia led the Prince to the dais, and at his approach the gorgeously attired throng rose to their feet, and gave utterance to Maharatta cries equivalent to 'Long live the Queen.' Scindia here publicly expressed his gratitude for the honor done him by the Prince's brief sojourn within his capital. Scindias before him, he said, had been honored, but none like him. He was grateful, and hoped when the Prince saw the Queen he would tell her that Scindia was her faithful servant for ever. Saying these words he descended, and stood in an attitude of reverence described as being 'wonderfully dramatic.' Among the costly presents displayed for the Prince's acceptance was a necklace for the Princess, containing 2,000 pearls, with rubies and diamonds. When His Royal Highness left next day, the ruler of Gwalior, taking his hand, said, 'It has been much to see your face. I can hardly hope to see you again; but sometimes in England turn a good thought to me. All I have is yours.' The Prince who was much struck with Scindia's kindness, replied that he would never forget Gwalior and his friend."

## CHILI.

## A DELUGE AT VALPARAISO.

Chilean papers give particulars of the terrible deluge of rain which fell upon the city of Valparaiso on the 10th of December last. Early in the afternoon thunder claps commenced to shake the heavens, as it seemed, and the skies looked black and fallen as if brooding a fearful tempest. Soon the rains commenced to fall in torrents, pouring down with immense force. It seemed as if the clouds could not contain the force within them, and they literally burst over the city. It was a tremendous waterpout striking us at one fell blow. The gulches around the city were instantaneously turned into rivers, which over flowed themselves, sending fright into the hearts of the people and carrying away all obstacles. From 4 to 5 o'clock Valparaiso appeared to be a city floating on a red sea. The principal streets looked like natural courses of rivers, and could be navigated. This was actually the case on Cock-