

years ago he succeeded in excommunicating the Prince from the Councils at Chiselhurst, and since then, as was to be expected, Jerome and the ex Vice-Emperor have had no friendly feelings towards each other. Unless the Prince shall astonish his friends by an exhibition of the Christian grace of forgiveness, M. Rouher will be allowed an opportunity for seeking the rest he so eagerly desires.

HERE is a wonderful specimen of fine cool writing. It occurred in a despatch to the *Witness*, telling of the sad disaster to the S. S. "State of Virginia." "Leaving Halifax at 3:30 on Friday, she reached the Island at 3 on Saturday without any loss of time. All the passengers and a part of the crew, making a total of seventy-nine, embarked. Among the number was Quarter-Master John Stewart, who had his hand smashed between two boats. This was the *only mishap beyond the sad loss of nine lives, resulting from the capsizing of the surf boat.*"

To my untrained but interested eyes the game of Lacrosse played last Saturday between the Montreal and Shamrock teams was a brilliant affair. The skill and endurance of all the players were simply wonderful. But there were some faults very apparent. First of all, the members of the Montreal Club seemed—with one or two exceptions—to be afraid of their opponents. Probably they have not yet forgotten the old days of Shamrock roughness, and expected to encounter it again; but all that is changed. The Shamrocks play a fair game, and they should have credit for it. After the second game the Montrealers shook off their nervousness, and showed that they had a right to expect the Championship. On the whole, they seemed to me the best men at the game. Another fault—I still speak as one who knows but a little of the game—the Montrealers seemed to lack that confidence in each other which must be needful to success. The Shamrocks trusted each other, and played into each other's hands; but their opponents appeared to trust each to himself alone, and the team was consequently weakened.

But why need certain gentlemen mar the general harmony and enjoyment by offensive displays of bad taste and worse temper? The game of lacrosse is among the most interesting of our athletic sports, and is well countenanced by the peaceful and respectable in the community. But that will soon cease to be the case if we are subjected to many such disgraceful proceedings as those thrust upon our eyes and ears last Saturday. I am not questioning the decision of the referee in the dispute which occurred during the last game, for I am not competent to give so much as an opinion; and I am bound to accept Mr. Barney's statement that he was not financially interested in the success of the Shamrocks; but when an official places himself before the grand stand, and talks loudly and offensively of his "solid wealth," and shakes his bank-notes in the faces of the spectators, with vulgar offers to bet on the result of the play, it is not too much to say that such conduct can only bring the game into disrepute, and keep away those who are interested in such displays of athletic skill, but will not pay the price incurred by mixing with such questionable characters. Still worse was it when the captain of the Shamrock Club so far lost control of himself as to use disgraceful language, and to challenge a general crowd to step down and fight him. The Shamrocks need no such championship as that, and it can only breed bad blood and violence. Why should this villainous betting come into it at all? The game is a fine and manly one—many of us are glad of the excitement and relaxation the sight of it affords; but why should this devil of gambling be allowed to shadow us all the time? Any official offering to back his side with money should be dismissed by the Committee of the Club, and the members and the public should persistently frown the evil custom down.

The Shamrocks must redeem themselves from the imputations under which they suffer on account of the habit their umpires seem to have contracted of disputing the game. I would suggest that in future championship matches there be two umpires and a referee at each end, and a general or deciding referee as now. That would certainly simplify matters and give confidence to the players and the public.

The Court of Enquiry into the circumstances of the death of Prince Louis Napoleon has concluded its work, and says:—

"The Court is of opinion that Lieutenant Carey did not understand the position in which he stood to the Prince, and in consequence failed to estimate aright the responsibility which fell to his lot. Quartermaster-General Harrison states in evidence that Lieutenant Carey was in charge of the escort, while Lieutenant Carey, alluding to the escort, says: 'I do not consider that I had any authority over it after the precise and careful instructions of Lord Chelmsford, stating, as he did, the position the Prince held, and that he was invariably to be accompanied by an escort in charge of an officer.' The Court considers that such difference of opinion should not have existed between officers of the same department.

"Secondly, the Court is of opinion that Lieutenant Carey is much to blame in having proceeded on duty with part of the escort detailed by the Quartermaster-General. The Court cannot admit the plea of irresponsibility on Lieutenant Carey's part, inasmuch as he himself took steps to obtain the escort, and failed. Moreover, the fact that the Quartermaster-General was present on Itelezi Ridge gave Lieutenant Carey the opportunity of consulting him on the matter, of which he failed to avail himself.

"Thirdly, the Court is of opinion that the selection of the kraal where the halt was made, surrounded as it was by a cover for the enemy, and the adjacent difficult ground, showed lamentable want of military prudence.

"Fourthly, the Court deeply regrets that no effort was made to rally the escort and show a front to the enemy, where, by possibly aiding those who had failed to make good their retreat, the enemy might have been ascertained."

I do verily believe that a more imbecile "finding" was never published by a court-martial. Quarter-master General Harrison considered that Lieut. Carey was in charge of the escort; while Carey considered himself as under the command of the Prince. The reports of the sad event come in there as evidence; who actually commanded? Clearly the Prince Imperial. He commanded the halt, having selected the kraal; he gave the word to saddle the horses—prepare to mount, and was in fact the officer in charge of the reconnoitring party. Common sense and fair play will acquit Lieut. Carey of any direct responsibility for a disaster which all deplore, but which will be in no way lessened by bringing false and preposterous charges against an innocent man.

Telegrams say that Dr. Talmage will remain in England if he can get a call, for he has discovered that Mr. Spurgeon is growing feeble, and is losing power with the masses, and in consequence England is *ripe* for such a preacher as Dr. Talmage. Change the word *ripe* into the word *rotten* and I could believe the statement.

EDMUND YATES, of the *World*, is not very exact in the manner in which he communicates news to his readers—for Sir John is still in Canada—but Edmund is a man of a fine fancy, as my readers will see from the following:—

"Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Prime Minister, who has just arrived in town, is likely to create a good deal of sensation in society, for reasons other than any connected with his mission. The Canadian Premier supplies a likeness to Lord Beaconsfield which is almost bewildering in its exactitude. If Sir John, having nearly observed our Premier's dress, were to possess himself of a costume of the same make, and were to walk into the House of Lords, none of the doorkeepers would think of stopping him, whilst the Marquis of Salisbury might be expected gently to press the hand of his dear friend and enquire after the gout. Consciously or unconsciously, Sir John assists nature with a few touches of art. He wears his hair precisely as Lord Beaconsfield wears his, or rather as the Premier wore his when he was about eight years younger. His face is closely shaven, and its whole shape, colour, and expression are phenomenally like Lord Beaconsfield. Nor is the similitude confined to physical features. Sir John Macdonald has many of the social and political qualities of Lord Beaconsfield. He is witty and graceful in conversation, epigrammatic in Parliament, and audacious in politics."

AT last we have some cheerful news from the Cape. Lord Chelmsford has found his way to King Cetewayo's principal kraal, killed a thousand of his braves at the expense of a dozen Europeans, and sent fourteen thousand Zulus flying. By all accounts it was a great fight, and will cover Lord Chelmsford with glory. It looks as if the Zulus had lost their hearts and their assegais, still—it was a great fight, and King Cetewayo has paid the penalty of daring to defend his territory against the sacred cause of British aggression. Now for a general election, and glory to the Earl of Beaconsfield. EDITOR.