THE ENGLISH MAIL.

Interesting Summary of News.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S EXPENSES TO CANADA.

The London correspondent of the Leeds *Mercury* remarks :—"When the news of the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne to the Governor-Generalship of Canada was first promulgated there was a general expression of delight and self-satisfaction on both sides of the Atlantic. The little bill for his Lordship's travelling expenses has now been presented, and the feeling of enthusiasm has been a little modified. The total amount claimed for the voyage is £2,000, and on application for this sum being made to the Treasury, the bill was forwarded to the Colonial Office. That economical department forthwith pointed out that by the regulations of the Colonial Service 'the voyage allowance' of the Viceroy of Canada was fixed at £400, and that it would be creating a dangerous precedent to allow any excess on this rate. The Canadian Government, however, would doubtless have no hesitation in paying for the honour done to that country by the selection of the Queen's son-in-law for the post of Viceroy. The Canadians, however, hardly seemed to view the matter in the same light, and arguing from the fact that they had not applied for a semi-Royal Viceroy, they saw no reason to depart from the custom of allowing the Colonial Office to pay out of the Imperial funds the Governor-General's travelling expenses. Foiled on this tack, the Colonial Office then suggested the Civil contingencies as a convenient source for the supplementary payment, but to this the Treasury had a ready reply in the objection that by so doing the sum might be specifically challenged in the Committee of the House of Commons, and very unpleasant remarks made, whereas if paid out of the Colonial Office vote no further questions could or would be asked."

THE CANADIAN MISSION.

In the House of Commons, on the 19th ult., as already mentioned by cable, Mr. John Bright asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies if it was true that a deputation consisting of members of the Canadian Government was coming to England to ask her Majesty's Government for a loan, or the guarantee of a loan, for the purpose of constructing the Pacific railway; and if so, whether it was coming in consequence of communications between her Majesty's Government and the Government of Canada. Sir M. Hicks-Beach, in reply, said he had received from Lord Lorne a copy of 14 resolutions which had been adopted in the Dominion House of Commons with reference to the Pacific railway. One of those resolutions was to the following effect:—"That in view of the importance of keeping good faith with British Columbia and completing the consolidation of the federation of the provinces of British North America, and for the purpose of extending relief to the unemployed working classes—(hear, hear, from Mr. Bright)—and affording them permanent homes on British soil, and in view of the national character of the undertaking, the Government of Canada is authorised and directed to use their best efforts to secure the co-operation of the Imperial Government in this great undertaking, and obtain their aid, by guarantee or otherwise, in the construction of this great national work." That was all he knew of the matter. The deputation was certainly not coming in consequence of any communication between her Majesty's Government and the Government of Canada, and there had been no correspondence on the subject.

CANADIAN CATTLE.

In reply to Colonel Kingscote's question as to whether thirty-three fat cattle from Canada were taken by rail from Liverpool to Derby, and a portion of them were found to be suffering from foot and mouth disease, and were slaughtered in consequence, Lord George Hamilton said he had to inform the House that this cargo of Canadian cattle was landed at Liverpool on June 6th. The Privy Council had information that there was reason to believe that they were suffering from foot and mouth disease, and directed that an enquiry should be made. From the result of this enquiry it appeared that they were examined on the 8th June by the inspector under the Contagious Diseases (animals) Act, and the inspector of the local authority, when it was found that they were free from disease, and were allowed to be sent to other places. It appears that some of them were again examined at Derby, by order of the local authority, on the 10th June, and it was reported that they were then suffering from foot and mouth disease. The animals affected were slaughtered, together with twenty-four others, which were also reported to be infected. The disease, therefore, must have been contracted between the 6th and 10th of June, because it was ascertained that they had no disease either when put on board in Canada, or when they were inspected at Liverpool, for if they had been diseased the fact could not have failed to be detected. A part of the same cargo were sent on to Nottingham, and part to London, for at the time when they were examined they were not proved to be affected with any disease.

CHILD MURDER AT EXETER.

A case of child murder has been causing considerable excitement at Exeter. Annie Sooke, a widow, was arrested and charged with the crime. At first she denied all knowledge of it, but subsequently she made a full confession. She stated that the child was asleep in the cradle, and she put a pillow on its face and it died without crying once. She then put it in a box, and afterwards cut it up, first cutting its throat with a knife and then using a chopper. In the night she took the body in a parcel to the river, but fancying some one was coming she walked to the mill leat and then threw the body in there. As she threw it in, the parcel came undone, and this was how it was that several limbs were found in different parts of the stream. When shown some knives the prisoner selected one as that with which she cut the child's throat. At the request of the prisoner the chief constable reduced the principal parts of the statement to writing, and the prisoner signed it. Two days after the confession the prisoner told the witness that all she had previously stated was untrue, and that she handed the child over to an unknown woman whom she met in the cathedral yard, and who promised to put the child into the workhouse. The city analyst was called, and proved finding on two of the prisoner's petticoats as well as on a box, a board in the coal-house, a razor and a billhook, granules of starch similar to those found in the feeding-bottle from which the child was last fed. Starch was also discovered on a floor-cloth on which the head was found resting in the stream. The prisoner was committed for trial at the assizes.

THE PREMIER'S TRAGEDY.

"Count Alarcos," a tragedy written by Lord Beaconsfield in 1839 was produced at the Crystal Palace on the 19th ult., with the author's special sanction. It was well received by the audience, but the London papers severely criticize it. Strange to say the Conservative *Standard* is the harshest of all. It says :—"There is one extraordinary circumstance about the production of Lord Beaconsfield's tragedy, and that is the fact that it should have been produced at all. When *Alarcos* was written the author was much younger than he is at present—the work bears date 1839; but young as he was, it might have been supposed that he was old enough to know better than to publish and put his name to such a composition as this. In admiration of Lord Beaconsfield's novels we yield to none; but this turgid and tawdry play affords one more proof that a man may write very good and very bad dramas. There is a powerfully dramatic idea underlying the story, it must be admitted. On the other hand, it must not be denied that with this Lord Beaconsfield cannot be credited. His tragedy is founded on a poem. To this he is indebted for the very few striking scenes and situations which dot the diluted surface of *Alarcos*. For the rest his Lordship has cut up long lengths of most indifferent blank verse into pieces, and labelled the result a tragedy."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

At the annual meeting of the Catholic Union, the Duke of Norfolk, who presided, read a letter from Cardinal Howard stating that the Pope was greatly pleased at the reception which the elevation of Dr. Newman to the Cardinalate had met with in England. Cardinal Newman also had written to the Duke, thanking the members of the Union for their manifestations of sympathy. At the same meeting, the Union resolved to petition the Holy See for the canonisation of several distinguished "martyrs," including Sir Thomas More, who were executed by that zealous theologian, Henry VIII. The Duke of Norfolk complained that there was still an "immense amount of deep-rooted prejudice handed down from father to son against the Catholics in England."

HORRIBLE MURDER IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

A dreadful murder has been committed at Evington, a small village about four miles from Leicester. A man walking along an unfrequented lane found what he thought was a drunken woman lying in the ditch and passed on, but meeting another man they turned back to the spot. On raising the woman from the ditch, they found the head was nearly severed from the body. The police were speedily communicated with, and a minute investigation of the surroundings made. Blood was found scattered about the vicinity, and traces of a desperate struggle, commencing in the centre of the road and terminating in the ditch were noticeable. There were indications that after the deed the body was pitched into the ditch. It was ascertained that the womanis name was Mary Ann Bromarch. An inquest was opened on her body, and a man named Briggs was apprehended at six o'clock in the evening by two railway porters at Great Wagston, who, seeing him loitering about, recognised him from a description which had been sent over of the man last seen with the woman. When they had told him what he was wanted for, Briggs replied, "You have got the right man."

THE VICTORIAN DIFFICULTY.

In regard to the political difficulty in Victoria, Mr. Arthur Mills, member for Exeter, has given notice of the following resolution :—"That in the opinion of this House imperial intervention in the constitution of Colonies possessing representative government is undesirable, and inconsistent with the rights of self-government granted to these Colonies, unless such intervention is officially solicited by both branches of the Colonial Legislature."

ITEMS.

Hannah Dobbs has been committed for trial for the murder of Miss Hacker in a house in Euston square.

The temperance people are vigorously agitating in favour of a bill now before Parliament for closing public houses on Sunday.

Summons have been applied for at the instance of the Home Office against certain of the directors and officers of the late West of England Bank.

It has been decided to close Cooper's Hill College, which was established for the training of engineering students for the Department of Public Works in India.

Colonel Burnaby, author of the "Ride to Khiva," is about to retire from the Grenadier Guards, and will succeed Sir A. D. Hayter, M.P., in command of the London Rifle Brigade.

The engagement is announced of the Hon. Robert Milnes, only son of Lord Houghton, to Miss Sybil Graham, sister of the Duchess of Montrose, and daughter of Sir Frederick Graham, of Netherley.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Coroners (England) Bill has determined to recommend that in future medical men shall be disqualified from holding the office of coroner.

Subscriptions are invited for Selwyn College, Cambridge, which is intended to prepare sons of the clergy of the Church of England for all professions, though specially for missionary work.

Forged Bank of England notes are said to have been recently put into wide circulation in Paris and on the Continent generally by a gang of English sharpers, some of whom have been arrested by the Paris police.

There is a man at present in Portadown, named John Taylor, says the Armagh *Guardian*, who has attained the extraordinary age of 110 years. He was born on the 1st July, 1769, at Grange, a few miles from Portadown.

William Gourlay, clerk of Oswaldwistle Local Board, has been discovered in defalcations amounting to $200,000, and extending over a period of twelve years. He is a Scotchman and was at one time editor of the Blackburn *Standard*.

Senor Castellar, who had expected to be in England and to dine with the Cobden Club at Greenwich on the 21st ult., wrote to Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., explaining the causes which detained him in Madrid. He promises to visit England in June next year.

Lord Portarlington contradicts the report that he intended to remit for four years 15 per cent. of the rent due to him from his Queen's County tenantry. Though such a reduction might be necessary in England, it is not, says his Lordship, called for in that part of the kingdom.

Mr. Alma Tadema has been elected a Royal academician in place of the late Mr. E. M. Ward, and Messrs. G. H. Broughton and Hubert Herkomer have been made associates. Mrs. Butler, *nee* Miss Thompson, painter of "The Roll Call," was a candidate for the latter position, and was nearly elected.

Lord Winmarleigh and Mr. Birley have, by desire of the Government, postponed their question with respect to the proposed Northern University. A formal petition is to be presented by the authorities of Owens College to the Queen, and the Manchester *Courier* says there is every reason to believe that the charter will be granted.

There seems to have been a plague of bad meat in the Potteries district, and the Stipendiary has done his best to render the traffic in it as unprofitable as possible. The fines and costs imposed by the Magistrate in one week for trafficking in unsound meat amounted to nearly £170, a sum which it is said was quite unprecedented.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland has promised to submit the question of the propriety of branding Irish butter to the Royal Agricultural Society for Ireland. Mr. Errington, the member for Longford county, has given notice of a bill to establish a Government brand for Irish butter, which he says has greatly deteriorated in quality and price lately.

Mr. Jas. Payne, a well-known pyrotechnist, who delights the patrons of the Alexandra Palace, Crystal Palace, and other places with fireworks displays, is coming to America. Among the engagements he has entered into on this side of the Atlantic is one for lighting up the Falls of Niagara by a simultaneous discharge of a thousand "Bengal lights," kindled by electricity.

Commencing on July 1st, the charge for patterns or samples of merchandise, as well as for commercial papers, addressed to any of the countries or British Colonies comprised in the Postal Union is the same as the charge for printed papers; but with the proviso that the lowest charge for a pattern or sample packet will be 1d, and that the lowest charge for a packet of commercial will be 2½d.

Mr. Heap, in charge of the United States Legation at Constantinople, in his last despatch to the Department of State, announced the arrival at that port of Joseph T. Clarke and Francis H. Bacon, in the Dorion, a boat of only two tons, from Boston. A voyage across the Atlantic in so small a vessel excited great wonder in Constantinople. They had encountered a severe storm, in which Mr. Clarke nearly lost his life.

At a gathering of Welsh members in one of the rooms of the House of Commons it was unanimously agreed to support a motion of which Mr. Hussey Vivian had given notice in regard to a State endowment for a Welsh University. Mr. Gladstone, who was present, expressed his belief that the time had come when the Welsh people had a distinct claim upon the Government for the establishment of such an institution.

Lord John Manners referred to the agricultural depression at the annual meeting of the Tithe Redemption Trust, remarking that it opened out a serious future for the clergy. He thought those who were dependent on glebes which they either farmed or let on lease were even in a more unsatisfactory position than those who had tithes, and that for the sake of the clergy every effort should be made to recover tithes now alienated.

Regarding the Zulu war Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., has given notice of a question as to whether the Secretary for the Colonies has seen it stated that Major Bengough and Captain Billington "made a simultaneous raid last Tuesday into the enemy's country, destroyed a number of kraals, and captured some women;" and whether it is the intention of Her Majesty's Government to propose any special distinction for that class of exploits.

The conference of miners at Birmingham before adjourning, passed a resolution to the effect that the best thing to prevent a recurrence of wage reductions was for all districts to unite together and ask for an advance in wages, and it was decided to seek the co-operation of the National Union of Miners. It was further decided that a conference should be held in conjunction with the National Union in two months' time. Another resolution advocated the principal of fair and impartial arbitration in the settlement of wages disputes.

At a consistory held at Ripon, the Bishop granted a faculty for the demolition of Haworth church, which has been endeared to thousands by the genius and character of the Bronte sisters. Powerful protests had been made against what to many is an act of vandalism, but without effect, and in a short time the unpretending building where Mr. Bronte was long incumbent, and within whose shadow the remains of the creator of "Jane Eyre" now repose, will be replaced by another structure.

English and American Faces.

When I landed in England, one of the very few differences that I observed between the people whom I had left and those among whom I had come was a calmer and serener expression of countenance. This in the descending scale of intelligence became a stolid look, the outward sign of mental sluggishness. But, higher or lower, in degree or in kind, there it was—placidity instead of a look of intentness and anxiety. Now to suppose that this difference is caused by less thoughtfulness, less real anxiety, less laboriousness on the part of the Englishman is to draw a conclusion directly in face of the facts. The toil of the struggle of life is harder in England than it is here; poor men are more driven by necessity; rich men think more; among all classes, except the frivolous part of the aristocracy (not a large class), there is more mental strain, more real anxiety, than there is here, where all the material conditions of life are easier, and where there is less care for political and social matters.

Why, then, this difference of look? I am inclined to think that it is due, in a great measure, to difference of climate—not to such effect of climate upon organization as makes a difference in the physical man, but to a result of climate which is almost mechanical, and which operates directly upon each individual. Briefly, I think that an expression of anxiety is given to the "American" face by an effort to resist the irritating effect of our sun and wind. Watch the people as they pass before you on a bright windy day, and you will see that their brows are contracted, their eyes half closed, and their faces set to resist the glare of the sun and the flare of the wind; and besides, in winter they are stung with the cold, in summer scorched with the heat. For about three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five they undergo this irritation, and brace themselves to meet it. Now, a scowling brow, half-closed eyes, and a set face, unite to make an anxious, disturbed, struggling expression of countenance, whether the man is really anxious, disturbed, and struggling, or not. By the experience of years this look becomes more or less fixed in the majority of "American" faces.

In England, on the contrary, there is comparatively no glare of the sun, and little wind. The former assertion will be received without question by those who have been in both countries; but the latter may be doubted, and may be regarded as strange, coming from a man who before he had been on English land forty-eight hours was almost blown bodily off Chester walls, and came near being wrecked in the Mersey. In fact, there are not unfrequently in England wind storms of a severity which, if not unknown, are of the greatest rarity in the United States, or in Canada. We have records of such storms in England in the past, we read announcements of them at the present day. I had experience of one there more severe than any that I remember here, and heard little or nothing said about it. But in England, when a storm is over, the wind goes down. Here, on the contrary, our "clearing up" after a storm is ushered by the setting in of a north-west wind, against which one is at first toilsome to walk, and which continues to blow out of a cloudless sky for days, with a virulence quite diabolical. Because it does not rain or snow, people call the weather fine, and delude themselves with the notion that the wind is "bracing;" but nevertheless they go about with scowling brows, watery eyes, and set faces, as they brace *themselves* up to endure it. On my return this wind met me nearly two hundred miles at sea. It was something, the like of which I had not felt once while out of reach of American shores. The air was as clear as a diamond, the sky was as blue as sapphire, and as hard as steel, the moon, about fifty thousand miles higher than it was in England, blazed with a cold, cheerless light; life seemed made up of bright points; and the wind blew from the north-west, not tempestuously or in gusts, but with a steady, overbearing persistence for which nothing in nature affords any simile; it is itself alone. I knew that I was near home. There is nothing of this kind in England. Not only did I not find it in my brief experience, but I never heard of it, nor, if it is there, is there any record. The absence of it there and the presence of it here may, I think, be reasonably regarded as a very important influence in the fashioning the facial habit of the people of the two countries. All the more does this seem probable, because I have observed that Americans who reside in England for a few years generally lose, in a great measure, if not entirely, the look in question, and on their return to their own shores soon acquire it again. Of course there are numerous exceptions to these remarks in both countries.—*Richard Grant White in July Atlantic.*

Heavy rains have been prevalent in Manitoba during the past few weeks.

AVOID all strong purgative pills, which only exhaust the mucous secretions and wear out nature. PERISTALTIC LOZENGES are just the opposite; they restore the digestion, quicken the liver, and tone up the whole system; thus curing *Dyspepsia, Headache, Dizziness, Piles* and all other results of HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, the chief cause of ill-health, especially among women. See advertisement in another column.

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN we firmly believe "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" will more surely quicken the blood, and heal—whether taken internally or applied externally, and thereby more certainly relieve pain, whether chronic or acute—than any other pain alleviator. It is warranted double the strength of any other medicine for similar uses. Sold by all dealers in medicine. 25 cents a bottle.

THE DEAD PRINCE.

Breaking the News to the Bereaved Empress.

Account of an Eye-Witness to the Death Scene.

News concerning the death of the ex-Prince Imperial of France, says the New York *Herald*, forms the great topic discussed in the English newspapers of the 20th and 21st of June. It is a sad story, and as more details arrive the interest grows all the more absorbing. The scenes at Camden House are described in glimpses. "Thanks to the foresight of her Majesty the Queen," says a correspondent, "the sad news did not come suddenly and unexpectedly on the bereaved lady, the Empress. Precautions were taken to prevent the newspapers, as was usually the custom, being sent to Camden House; and the servants were warned, in case they heard anything, to keep their lips closed. So well were the directions observed that when Lord Sydney—who is the lord of the manor of Chiselhurst, and the lord chamberlain in the government—arrived at Camden House at ten o'clock, a. m., by special direction of the Queen, he was enabled in the most touching and appropriate words to impart the news which made the Empress Eugénie not only a widow, but childless. The effect of the terrible information can be better imagined than described. The bewildered mother, who had been looking forward to receiving a letter by this mail, could not at first believe the intelligence, but Lord Sydney had to back up his communication by the official telegrams received at the War and Colonial Offices, and, above all, a message of condolence from Lady Frere. These proofs were too numerous. The Empress at once fell into a swoon and lay unconscious all day." Since then the cable has informed us of the terrible sufferings which the bereaved mother has undergone. The Right Rev. Mgr. Goddard, the Roman Catholic priest at Chiselhurst, who had an audience with the Empress, says that not since the Emperor's death had he seen her in such a condition. The little church at Chiselhurst, dedicated to the Virgin, where the Prince's body will rest, had been gayly decorated for the Whitsuntide festival but was at once denuded of flowers and decorations and afterward draped in black.

THE MANNER OF THE PRINCE'S DEATH.

The cable has given us the facts connected with the death of the Prince, but some very interesting details are contained in the despatches from South Africa. The Prince, who was always desirous to be actively employed, was anxious to join Lieutenant Carey, of the Ninety-eight, who was starting with six men of Bettington's Horse on a reconnoitering expedition. The staff objected to his going, but he laughingly overruled their wishes and started. Lieutenant Carey, the leader of the reconnoitering party, gave the following account of th expedition :—

"We left Koppie Allein at half-past seven, rode to Itelezi and waited for the Basutos. The Prince being impatient at their non-arrival we rode on without them to a hill seven miles and a half this side of Inhlawani Hill; reconnoitering with telescopes for one hour, but saw no one; descended to a deserted kraal in the valley below, off-saddled and rested one hour. I reminded the Prince of the time. He said, 'Wait ten minutes.' At length, as we were about to re-saddle our horses I saw the black faces of Zulus peering out between the maize stalks all round. The Prince, looking aside, said, 'I see them too.' We leaped upon our horses and rode for amid a sudden volley of musketry from the Zulus, who, as soon as they saw us mounting, rushed forth on all sides from the maize. All rode off. On crossing the donga, 200 yards away, we noticed the Prince's horse following, riderless. I expect the Prince had been killed in the kraal. Two of the escort were killed."

From all accounts it appears that Lieut. Carey and the troopers only saved themselves ran away at the first sight of the Zulus and left the young Prince, who had some difficulty in mounting from the tearing of the saddle flaps, to his fate. Later accounts say that Lieut. Carey galloped five miles without stopping after the scare.

ENGLISH PUBLIC OPINION.

The subject of the Prince's death was referred to in the discussion of the English Parliament. Sir R. Peel made an inquiry which seemed to reflect on Bord Chelmsford's care of his charge. To this Colonel Stanley said that he knew nothing of the precise position held by Prince Louis Napoleon, and could only repeat that Lord Chelmsford was in complete ignorance of the fact that the young volunteer had been sent on the mysterious mission which proved so sadly fatal. "Officials," says a London correspondent, "no less than the independent members, condemn in fierce terms the foolhardiness of sending young men from the camp, and their fatal folly of smoking cigarettes in a meahe field in an enemy's country. Lord Beaconsfield attributes it to the same mistaken self-confidence that lost us Isandula." Another correspondent says :—"Part of the sympathy turns to indignation at the manner in which a war is being conducted which from Isandula to the death of Prince Louis has been a series of surprises for our side. The same message which records the death of the heir of the Napoleons tells also of another surprise in Basutoland leading to the massacring of our men in their tents. It would seem as if everybody in South Africa were taking things so lightly and leasurely and contemptuously as to omit the few precautions which are absolutely necessary. The only battle which was not a surprise was Gingihovo, and the relief of Ekowe is the only matter for English satisfaction that has occurred since war was declared. If this sort of thing goes on much longer we shall be sending out officers and men to simple butchery."

Anecdotes of the Late Prince Imperial.

The Prince was slender, and had a mild, pleasing countenance; his ears were rather too large, and on this account the Parisians (for whom nothing is sacred, and who always find a nickname for everybody), called him "Prince Oreillard." His christening by Cardinal Patrizi, as representing Pope Pius IX., was a gorgeous court display. The Empress showed herself a real mother to the boy, often spending her entire days and nights beside his cradle, in spite of court etiquette and the Emperor's remonstrances. She had her reward in the boundless affection that the child learned to feel for her—a love which has known no diminution.

His father, though he loved the boy very dearly, rarely petted him save in public. One day the boy, then perhaps 5 years old, was crying with the toothache. The Emperor scolded him, saying that the future Emperor of France should be above all such weaknesses. "But it hurts me awfully, papa," replied the boy. "No matter," sternly rejoined the hero of Sedan; "stop up your ears with your fingers, and you will not feel the pain." The boy glanced at him in amazement, but followed his father's advice, and ten minutes later announced that the pain was over.

Mild and amiable as he was, he occasionally yielded to temper when his playmates, the sons of Dr. Conneau and Gens. Fleury and Espinasse, were not ready to obey his whims. "I am a Napoleon," he said one day to young Espinasse, who had refused to race with him; "woe to him that will not obey." His father overheard him, and the boy was condemned to bread and water twenty-four hours. The young prince, when a little boy, could not be induced to mount a pony until he had been threatened with the severest punishments, so much did he fear a tumble. Afterward he became a fine horseman. His favourite pastime was to listen to the music that the band of the Imperial Guard played daily in the court of the Tuileries. He took such a strong liking for the cornet player of the band, Dufour, that he would not consent to the latter's retiring with the others. Often when all the others had gone, the colossal M. Dufour was seen either standing before the diminutive prince to play the cornet, or carrying him around in his arms for hours and hours in succession. One day the Empress was talking with some of her ladies of honour about a certain marriage which had recently taken place. "I, too, will get married," said the boy; "I will marry M. Dufour." Young Louis was frequently requested by his tutor, General Froissard, to be prudent; "a prince," he was told, "should never commit himself one way or the other." A short while after he had been reminded of this duty the son of General Fleury asked him whether he was hungry. "I would not like to express any opinion on the subject," young Louis gravely replied.

As he grew older he manifested uncommon talent and a strong taste for books, as well as for military drill. His favourite study was history, in which he became proficient rather through his own exertions than those of General Froissard. He had a wonderful memory for dates and names, and at the age of 10 he could tell the exact day on which any important battle had taken place, and the names of the generals engaged in it. One day, at the Paris exhibition of 1867, the Emperor and family happened to pass through the outside gallery of the Prussian department, where the immense Krupp gun was exhibited. It weighed 3,000 tons, and was mounted on a massive gun carriage about eighteen feet in height. The Emperor was obliged to pass under it, and cast a stealthy glance at the monster without raising his head. The Prince Imperial, with boyish insistence, sought to attract his father's attention to the gun by pulling the skirt of his frock coat. The Emperor gave him a jerk, and the party moved along. But the boy was not satisfied, and in a subdued tone, almost timidly, asked :—"Why have you not a bigger one, papa?" "I do not want war, child," the Emperor replied aloud. Applause greeted his words, but perhaps those of the boy were worthier of consideration.—*New York Sun.*

PARISIENNES AT THE RACES.

How French Women Conduct Themselves at Longchamps.

The Paris correspondent of *Truth* describing a race day at Longchamps, says:

French ladies at a race-course take leave of any small sense of equity natural to them or induced by education. One observes their want of justice in the manner they conduct themselves on the chairs in front of the stand, or in the tribunes. The Parisienne has no faith in beauty unadorned, and immense faith in the power of dress as a means to the extension of her empire. Her great object at Longchamps is to detach her toilet, which is a work of art, and as an agreeable "arrangement," to be preferred to Mr. Whistler's pictures. Juxta-position to other elegant "harmonies" spoils the one to produce which she has gone to a world of trouble and prodigal expense. So on a fine day she enthrones herself in the space before the stand on a rush-bottomed chair provided gratis for the first-class spectators. Another chair, planted a few yards away, and fastened to her throne by a ribbon she has purposely brought, is the depositary of her bouquet. A card-case is laid on a third, a field-glass on a fourth, a wrap on a fifth, a racing card on a sixth, and a seventh is thrown down, and, under the pretext of using it as a footstool, made to lend itself to the display of Louis Quinze shoes and silk stockings. No Frenchman of her monde, would, though dropping with fatigue or suffering from tight boots, dare to make a breach in the entrenchment which the leader of fashion has constructed round her train, until the moment when the horses are rushing up to the winning post. Then there is a violent surge forward of human beings toward the paling which separates the gravelled space below the tribunes from the course. Polite conventions are forgotten. Each rushes ahead to see the victorious horse, and excited curiosity enables the monopolizer of the seven chairs to bear the invasion with good temper.

But if invaded between the races, she is spiteful as an angry crabfish, and appeals to a wretched male bearing a cloak and loafing about near her to protect her against the intruders. Should the aggressor be a lone lady the poor manle-bearer is courageous. Should the fair foe have in attendance a bearded pard, the loafing male tries to effect a compromise. When he is a person of bellicose humour he resorts to high words, which frighten the invaded lady and her invader out of their wits, and the former puts a stop to the quarrel by yielding a chair. She has no more pity for one of her sex "expecting to be ill" than Queen Isabella or the Marechale MacMahon. In the tribunes the *elegante* Parisienne spreads out on the bench each side of her a wrap and other portable articles she has with her. She generally brings a couple of paletots, to each of which a place is given, and then she seats herself with her fan in action, and looking to the right and left in detached glory. The moment a new comer approaches she extends her fan as far as she is able towards him or her (if a lady) and in a decided tone says: "Monsieur," or "Madame," "*toutes ces places sont prises.*" I have witnessed ugly squabbles between Parisiennes of refined manners, who abused each other as far as it was possible in drawing-room French; and I have seen exchanges of cards which feminine feuds about the undue monopoly of seats brought about. The life of a gentleman serving as an escort to an elegantly-dressed French lady at Longchamps on Grand Prix days is in serious danger.

Signs of the Times in England.

(Whitehall Review, June 19.)

The dulness of trade and commerce has made itself sensibly felt during the past twelvemonth even at Eton, where the numbers of the school have fallen off to the extent of about fifty from the total announced in the school lists on the "Fourth of June" and "Election Saturday" last year. As one cause of this decrease I am informed that the parents of no less than ten or twelve boys were obliged to pass through one or other variety of "insolvency," or "liquidation," or "compromise with creditors." Another similar "sign of the times" is to be read in the long list of "Homes and Haunts for Sale" advertised every Saturday in the *Times*.

A Smart Dog.

From Nature.

A few months ago I made the acquaintance of a dog, which, I think, is worthy of a place among the dogs and cats and rats and mules that are helping the pages of *Nature* to determine the degree and kind of animal intelligence. "Priest's" is a hotel on the way from the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees to the Yosemite. In former years, on the arrival of the stage, the landlady would send the dog to the poultry-yard to catch chickens for the tourists' dinner. Now, the dog "takes time by the forelock." The stage is due at 6 o'clock. About 5 o'clock the dog saunters leisurely down the road till he meets the stage, he then bounds back to the poultry-yard, catches chickens, bites their heads off, and takes them to the cook! The number of chickens he kills bears a relation to the number of passengers he saw in the stage. A gentleman who was stopping at the hotel for a few days went into the woods one afternoon with a gun. When he returned, the dog came to him in much excitement to see what game he had taken. Finding his hands and his bag empty, the dog ran into the forest and returned in less than an hour with a bird, which he gave, with an air of compassion, to the unskilled hunter.

A company has been formed for the construction and working of tramways, or street railroads, in the principal cities of Germany. It begins with Hanover and Dresden.

THE ISANDULA SLAIN.

A Visit To The Scene Of The Disaster.

(From the London Daily News.)

At the top of the ascent, beyond the Basbee, which the Dragoon Guards crowned in dashing style, we saw on our left front, rising above the surrounding country, the steep, isolated and almost inaccessible hill, or rather crag, of Isandula, the contour of its rugged crest strangely resembling a side view of a couchant lion. On the lower neck of the high ground on its right were clearly visible up against the sky line the abandoned waggons of the destroyed column. No Zulus were seen. Flanking parties covered the hills on either side the track, along which the head of the column passed at a trot with small detachments of Natal Carabineers in front of the Dragoon Guards. Now we were down in the last dip, had crossed the rocky bed of the little stream, and were cantering up the slope that stretched up to the crest on which were the waggons. Already tokens of the combat and bootless flight were apparent. The line of retreat toward Fugitive's Drift, along which, through a clink in the Zulu environment, our unfortunate comrades who thus far survived tried to escape, lay athwart a rocky slope to our right front, with a precipitous ravine at its base. In this ravine dead men lay thick—mere bones, with toughened, discoloured skin, like leather, covering them and clinging tight to them, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly dismembered, heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces, with their blackened features and beards blanched by rain and sun. Every man had been disembowelled. Some were scalped and others subjected to yet ghastlier mutilation. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced by the ghastly token of dead men the fitful line of flight. Most of the men hereabout were infantry of the Twenty-fourth. It was like a long string with knots in it, the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead, where, as it seemed, little groups might have gathered to make a hopeless gallant stand and die. I came on a gully with a gun limber jammed on its edge, and the horses, their hides scored with assegai stabs, hanging in their harness down the steep face of the ravine. A little further on was a broken and battered ambulance waggon, with its team of mules mouldering in their harness, and around lay the corpses of soldiers, poor helpless wretches, dragged out of an intercepted vehicle, and done to death without a chance for life.

THE REPOSE OF DEATH.

Still following the trail of bodies through long rank grass and among stones, I approached the crest. Here the slaughtered ones lay very thick, so that the string became a broad belt. Many hereabouts wore the uniform of the Natal police. On the bare ground, on the crest itself, among the waggons, the dead were less thick, but on the slope beyond, on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was the saddest, and more full of weird desolation than any I had yet gazed upon. There was none of the stark, blood-curdling horror of a recent battlefield; no pool of yet wet blood; no raw, gaping wounds; no torn red flesh that seems yet quivering. Nothing of all that makes the scene of yesterday's battle so rampantly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange, dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature; grain had grown luxuriantly round the waggons, sprouting from the seed that dropped from the loads, falling in soil fertilized by the life-blood of gallant men. So long in most places had grown the grass, that it mercifully shrouded the dead whom four long months thereafter we have left unburied. As one strayed aimlessly about, one stumbled in the grass over skeletons that rattled to the touch. Here lay a corpse with a bayonet jammed into the mouth up to the socket, transfixing the heart and mouth a foot into the ground. There lay a form that seemed costly curled in calm sleep, turned almost down to Gordon's Needle, which arises from large portions of the back. Most, having been shot on the back, with the arms stretched widely out and the hands clenched. I noticed one dead man under a waggon, with his head on a saddle for a pillow and a tarpaulin drawn over him, as if he had gone to sleep and died so.

DURNFORD'S FINAL RESTING PLACE.

In a patch of long grass, near the right flank of the camp, lay Durnford's body, the long mustache still clinging to the withered skin of the face. Captain Shepstone recognized him at once, and identified him yet further by rings on the finger and a knife with the name on it in the pocket, which relics were brought away. Durnford had died hard—a central figure of a knot of brave men who had fought it out around their chief to the bitter end. A stalwart Zulu, covered by his shield, lay at the Colonel's feet. Around him, almost in a ring, lay about a dozen dead men, half being Natal Carabineers, riddled by assegai stabs. These gallant fellows were easily identified by their comrades who accompanied the column. Poor Lieutenant Scott was hardly at all decayed. Clearly they had rallied round Durnford in a last despairing attempt to cover the flank of the camp, and stood fast from choice, when they might have essayed to fly for their horses. Close beside the dead at the picket line a gully traverses the ground in front of the camp. About four hundred paces beyond this was the ground of the battle before the troops broke from their formation, and on both sides this gully the dead lie very thickly. In one place nearly fifty of the Twenty-fourth lie almost touching, as if they had fallen in rallying square. The line of straggling rush back to camp is clearly marked by the skeletons all along the front. Durnford's body was wrapped in a tarpaulin and buried under a heap of stones. The Natal Carbineers buried their dead comrades roughly. The gunners did the same by theirs. Efforts were made at least to conceal all the bodies of the men who had not belonged to the Twenty-fourth Regiment. These were left untouched by special orders from General Newdigate. General Marshall had nourished a natural and seemly wish to give interment to all our dead who so long have lain bleaching at Isandula, but it appears that the Twenty-fourth wish to perform this office themselves, thinking it right that both battalions should be represented, and that the ceremony should be postponed till the end of the campaign. In vain Marshall offered to convey a burial party of the regiments, with tools, from Rorke's Drift in waggons. One has sympathy with the claim of the regiment to bury its own dead, but why postpone the interment till only a few loose bones can be gathered? As the matter stands the Zulus, who have carefully buried their own dead, who do not appear to have been very numerous, will come back to-morrow to find that we visited the place, not to bury our dead, but to remove a batch of waggons.

MEMENTOES OF A DISASTER.

Wandering about the desolate camp, amid the sour odour of stale death, was sickening. I chanced on many sad relics—letters from home, photographs, journals, blood-stained books, packs of cards. Lord Chelmsford's copying book, containing an impression of his correspondence with the Horse Guards, was found in one of his portmanteaus and identified in a kraal two miles off. Col. Harness was busily engaged collecting his own belongings. Col. Glyn found a letter from himself to Lieut. Melvill, dated the day before the fight. The ground was strewn with brushes, toilet bags, pickle bottles, and unbroken tins of preserved meats and milk. Forges and bellows remained standing ready for the recommencement of work. The waggons in every case had been emptied and the contents rifled. Bran lay spilt in heaps. Scarcely any arms were found and no ammunition. There were a few stray bayonets and assegais, rusted with blood. No fire-arms. I shall offer few comments on the Isandula position. Had the world been searched for a position offering the easiest facilities for being surprised none could have been well found to surpass it. The position seems to offer a premium on disaster, and asks to be attacked. In the rear laagered waggons would have discounted its defects; but the camp was more defenceless than an English village. Systematic scouting could alone have justified such a position, and this too clearly could not have been carried out. I much wish we had remained on the ground long enough to remove every evidence of the combat, bring back or destroy all the waggons, and construct a redoubt in the neighbourhood to be held permanently by a strong detachment of infantry. The moral effect of this would, I think, have been great, and I should have been pleased had a cavalry brigade carried out a more extended operation and at least have chevied the Zulus out of the Umquoto Mountain, but Marshall was under engagement with Newdigate to risk little and to join him early in anticipation of a speedy advance.

EUROPEAN JOTTINGS.

At the marriage lately of Lord Durham's second son, eight of the eleven bridesmaids were the bride's sisters.

A wealthy silk manufacturer in Staffordshire, England, has been sent to prison for refusing to maintain his wife and children.

An English clergyman who kept cows and accommodated some of his parishioners with fresh milk was recently fined for not being registered as a dealer.

Lord Elcho said lately in the House of Commons that he did not believe that British troops had ever fought so physically brave a race as the Zulus.

It is stated that the phylloxèra threatens the utter extinction of the vineyards of Charentes, whence the finest brandy comes, and those of Portugal as well.

A man was lately senten