

A STORY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The fatal gun accident at Gunton Park, writes a correspondent of the *Guardian*, must be fresh in the memory of your readers. It occurred in the month of November last, when Captain Buckley, of the Rifle Brigade, lost his life. The melancholy event produced a most painful sensation at the time, the deceased having been a general favourite and a cherished friend of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The gallant captain came direct from a visit at Sandringham to Lord Suffield, on whose estate the calamitous casualty happened. His Lordship was so affected by the disaster that he is said to have determined never again to have a shooting party at Gunton Park. The accident seems to have made an indelible impression on the mind of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; a token thereof was given a few days ago. When the report of the accident reached the ears of Mrs. Homfray of Stradishall, sister of the deceased, she happened to be in a critical state. On receiving intelligence of the sudden death of her almost idolised brother she sank into a stupor, and very prejudicial consequences were apprehended for her as well as for her yet unborn babe. The Prince heard of it, and manifested great concern for the bereaved sister's welfare. His Royal Highness expressed a wish, should Providence deal kindly by mother and child, that the latter should bear his name. Mrs. Homfray gave birth to a daughter; the event was communicated to the Royal traveller, and about a fortnight ago a letter was received from the Rev. W. L. Onslow, now travelling with his Royal Highness as chaplain, written by desire of the Prince, which, amongst other condescending communications, contains the following:—"Please tell Mrs. Homfray how thankful myself and the Princess are that she is safe, and we make it our special request that her child should bear both our names, in memory of the great affection and esteem we both felt for her late brother." The child was baptized last Sunday, the 11th instant, at the afternoon service, in the little picturesque church of Stradishall, Suffolk.

A REAL HERO—A SCENE AT SEA.

Two weeks ago, on board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the 4th day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object of being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of slow ways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's

persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to exculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragged him to the fore, told him that unless he confessed the truth in five minutes from that time he would hang him from the yard arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that he had ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to tell the truth and save his life; but he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling, like a reed with the wind. And here all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

THE ALLIANCE.

The rumor published in the American papers concerning an alliance between England, France, and Spain against the United States is thus commented upon by the *Boston Traveller*:—

"The cable brings the announcement, that the initial steps have been taken for an alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, France, and Spain against the United States. This, if true, is neither strange nor alarming; no more than Mr. Sumner's speech, or the rejection of the Alabama treaty should be to England. The alliance would be the corollary of the speech and of the action of our Senate. If, says England, war is intended, we must be prepared. If all this is merely for the sake of bullying us, and driving us to other and more humiliating concessions, still there is nothing better than an alliance with France. She is, of course, bound equally with England, to resent any violent, retaliatory measures against the country, on account of the course pursued towards the United States during the Confederate war; being essentially in the same condemnation with England. As to Spain, she is of no great account; but Cuba would afford an admirable base for warlike operations against the United States, and the sooner the Americans see our vantage ground, the sooner they will cease their bullying. Thus, it is likely, that English statesmen would reason. And this alliance would, therefore, be a very natural and proper thing for England to secure at once.

And so far as this country is concerned, we see no special cause to deprecate such an alliance. It would greatly diminish the probability of a war with England.

It would be clearly impossible for mere politicians to drive the country into a war

with England, when backed by such an alliance as France and Spain would afford her. We can never have a war under these circumstances, unless the nation demands it, and is eager to sustain the war. And that time, we fancy, is a long way off the present."

THE PRESIDENT AS A MAN.—The correspondents say that the President is becoming crusty, suspicious, morose and chronically unhappy. His body and mind are both suffering. He finds the Presidency too large for him. That is the whole matter. His health is not good. He has had to shut up shop six times already in as many weeks. He is losing flesh. Visitors complain of his brusqueness, and many of them of temper. Every day at 4 o'clock he runs off for a ride and a smoke, and he has wholly stopped receiving visitors at nights. These he spends with his household in the private family rooms of the Executive Mansion. The few admitted there speak of him as having the appearance of being thoroughly fagged out by each day's round of work. He smokes incessantly and sits for hours with his little girl's hand in his own, not saying a word, and never rallying unless his wife makes it a point that he shall. Mrs. Grant is universally regarded as a plain, sweet, dutiful woman, whose head isn't a bit turned. She is widely respected, and can certainly do more with her husband than any one else can.

THE FRENCH FRONTIER FORTRESSES.—A letter in the *Journal de Liege*, dated from Longwy, says,—“We hear much of the conveyance of troops, arms and munitions of war by the Eastern Railway. I can speak as to the fortress of Longwy. The effective strength of the garrison has never been so small—only two companies of infantry and about a score each of artillery and cavalry. But on the other hand the magazines are crammed with stores. The old stock of powder has been renewed, and nearly 6,000 kilogrammes of fresh powder have been received within a month, the old guns have been replaced by rifled cannon on the newest system, the loopholes for musketry, closed for many years, have been re-opened, and the number of guns, which was five in each bastion, has been increased. Vast stores of freshly made biscuit have been accumulated, and the works on the ramparts are being pushed on with the greatest activity. With Metz and the other frontier fortresses it is the same.”

THE CHALONER CASE.—The Chaloner family publish the following:—1st. Chaloner's father sought redress in the courts, and after thorough investigation, found that the law was powerless to give him redress. 2nd. Long before the Chaloner family knew anything of Whittaker's conduct under their roof, he and his brother officers had at their mess table and in houses of ill-fame publicly boasted that he ruined Miss Chaloner, and intended that she should become an inmate of one of those dens. 3rd. Whittaker constantly carried fire arms on his person, and boasted that he intended chastising a young gentleman of this city for insults offered to a brother officer. The pistol was carried in case he was overmatched. In interviews with Chaloner he was always armed."

The Editor has been requested by the Colonel and Officers of the 53rd Regiment to state that the language attributed to the late Ensign Whittaker and his brother officers, at their mess-table and elsewhere, by a correspondent in the *Quebec Chronicle* of the 13th instant, is an unqualified falsehood.