Listowel Standard.

VOL. II.—NO. 25. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, JULY 18, 1879. HAWKINS & KELLS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Lord Desart has been the first to record in verse England's sorrow at the death of the young Prince Imperial. He sings:—

On Longwood's shore the exile stands,
Despair upon his haughty face;
Behind him clasped his useless hands
That fain would rule the human race.
Victor of many hostile ills,
He falls in peace—to him disgrace.

The iron girdle round Sedan
Grows narrower yet; no man can fly;
He fights for death, that broken man,
Capitulates, and does not die.
Not then—while yet the eagle floats
Above a cause worth fighting for—
But, cast out by his people's votes,
He fades, like his great ancestor.

At Chislehurst an Empress weeps;
Half-mast the flags of England wave;
While far away our soldier sleeps
Securely in a soldier's grave.
Whate'er the name he might have won,
No grander this in victory's breath—
"He of his race achieved alone,
The glorious end—a hero's death."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Hiding From Papa.

Papa's lost his baby!
Searches everywhere,
Under chairs and tables,
With the greatest care!

Pulls aside the curtain,
Peeps behind the door!
Never sees the little heap
Curled up on the floor;
Never hears the whisper,
"Mamma, don't you tell!"
Nor the little laughter,
Muffled, like a bell.

Off he scampers wildly,
Hunting here and there,
Overturning everything,
With the greatest care.
Canary has a visit,
Sitting on his perch,
Mamma's apron pocket
Suffers by the search.

"Now I am so tired—
Elephant at play—
That I must take a rest
A minute by the way.
I'll lay my weary head
On this little rug,"
Under mamma's towel
Lay her darling, snug!

Then the merry scrambling
Papa laughed to see!
"And you didn't fink, now,
That it could be me?"

Elegance of Home.

I never saw a garment too fine for a man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler, or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for the housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather.—*Dr. Holmes.*

Pure Water a Household Necessity.

It is of the most vital importance to health to ascertain the quality of the well water, if the household is wholly dependent upon this source for its supply. Care should be taken that it does not contain the salts of lime in excess, which renders the water hard and unwholesome, or soluble animal matter, either of which may be largely present and the water still be excessively brilliant. If the water curdles soap but slightly it is good, but if the latter separates into flakes the water is injurious to health if drunk without first precipitating the lime salts which it contains, and which, when drunk, are by the heat of the stomach deposited, instead of being taken into the stomach, and poor health, alternate constipation and diarrhœa, premature gray hair and many other disorders, among which may be mentioned dyspepsia in its most aggravated forms, follow. While water that is absolutely pure is not required to perfectly maintain health, it is essential that it should contain no putrefactive matter. The presence of certain animalcule in the water does not injure the system, except when they are dead, and putrid.

Advice to Young Ladies.

Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill for a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful blooming young lady—rosy cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music murdered, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor, more leg-exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as Nature designed.—*Public Opinion.*

A Lesson to All.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a large barn when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon emptied if the tap leaks but a drop a minute; when you mean to save begin with your mouth; many things pass down the red lane. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will stretch, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

The Man at Home.

"What men expect to find in their homes is comfort. After carrying a burden of responsibility on their shoulders all day they look forward with the keenest pleasure to the hours when they can settle down in quiet ease at their own firesides. They want their dinners good and without the bitter sauce of knowing (if such has been the case) that there has been a domestic broil over it. They want to feel and see, rather than hear of it, that there has been a deal of consideration for them; that their slippers are in the right place, papers undisturbed, shirts, collars and cuffs starched and shining, buttons on, stockings darned—in short, they want their home life to be in joyous contrast with the life across the threshold. And all these little things are matters of such serious import that without them the haven of home is transformed into an abode of discord. I know the argument on the other side, about grumbling husbands expecting to scowl the care-worn wives into smiling angels. We are not thinking of such men; their lives are what they make them, as are all our lives to a certain extent. But experience all the world over proves that good men are dependent upon good homes, good dinners and good women for their happiness."

Summer Hats.

A novelty for round hats is the introduction of the white India muslin scarf to be wound around the neck, or else to be drawn over the face when a veil is needed. This is the sheerest cream white muslin, and is very effective on the Scotch turbans that are lately imported. A black English straw turban has the closely rolled brim covered with Scotch plaid velvet, while two full rosettes of myrtle green satin are on the left of the crown. The India muslin scarf is then twined around the crown, and hangs down behind considerably over a yard in length.

The Fayal straw round the hats for out-of-town use are very daintily trimmed with shirred foulard inside the brim, and a grenadine scarf around the crown; field-flower clusters are under the brim on the left side and behind. But this straw is very frail, and in its place the Rough-and-Ready of the Mackinaw straws are preferred, with stiff brims, and in creamy yellow, brown, or black. Very stylish black rough straw hats have the straight stiff brim lined with black satin, on which three rows of gold braid are laid near the edge. Around the crown is a wide satin scarf; a red and black wing is stuck in the left side. Others, of rough yellow straw, shade the forehead, and are short behind without being turned up. These are trimmed with rosettes of raveled satin in two alternate colors, such as cream and red, or yellow with bottle green; the rosettes are around the crown, and there is a large Alsacian bow on top made of black velvet, or of satin striped dark green ribbon. Sometimes a white muslin scarf trims such hats, and still others have wide silk scarfs in stripes of blue and old gold, or red with green. Regular flats of rough straw have alternate pleatings of black and of white Breton lace around the crown, and partly covering the brim. Poppy buds, green wheat, oats, or bluettes with long stems, tied in a bunch, are then set on the back to lean forward on the crown. This is very pretty on black straws with the brim lined with buff foulard laid in pleats from the edge toward the middle. Shirred hats of ecru batiste are made to match suits, and are trimmed with a scarf of Algerienne silk in bright Oriental hues. The most dressy round hat for the gay toilets to be worn at Saratoga and Newport remains the Leghorn flat, with the brim pinched in to make two or three curves, and the spaces filled in with bows of satin ribbon and flowers. The favorite trimmings are creamy white ostrich plumes, Breton lace, and cream or gold satin ribbon.

The Women of To-day.

"Atlas" respectfully suggests to the ladies that they should effect the most important revolution of modern times by abandoning the bonnet forever, and suggests as a substitute the Milanese veil of black lace, which is very warm when made of thick silk, and very cool when composed of Chantilly.

A cooking school, which was started at Torquay for the benefit of persons of all classes and ages, has been very successful, and it is expected that others will be established at other watering places in England.

It is quite the fashion in Paris for parties of ladies to make engagements with the photographer for a sitting on the nights that they are going to a ball or opera, and so can be photographed in full toilet without the trouble of being specially dressed during the daytime. And the electric light has, of course, this advantage over the sun, that it can be raised or lowered, or shifted around to suit the sitter's or the operator's ideas.

An East Bridgeport, Conn., woman, who is insane over the loss of her child, dressed up a cat and carried it about as though it were a baby.

Jenny Lind sang in the chorus at the first concert last season of the Beach Society of London.

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

Thirty-eight ladies have received degrees in France as doctors and bachelors of art.

Out-door Games.

Pysical exercise can be and often is carried to excess; but everyone should practice it with reasonable limits. A gentleman should not only know how to fence, to box, to ride, to shoot, to swim and to play at billiards, he must also know how to carry himself, and how to dance if he would enjoy life to the uttermost. A good carriage is only obtained by the help of a drilling master, and boxing must also be scientifically taught. A man should make himself able to defend himself from ruffians, and to defend women from them also. What fencing and drilling are to a man, dancing and calisthenic exercises are to a young woman. Every lady should know how to dance, whether she intends to dance in society or not; the better the physical training, the more graceful and self-possessed she will be. Swimming, skating, archery, or games of lawn-tennis and croquet, riding and driving, all help to strengthen the muscles, and to take the young out into the open air, which makes these games desirable. The subject is one that too much cannot be said of by parents, teachers and educational reformers. Such training should commence in childhood.

The Women of To-day.

Mrs. Laura Fair, the California murderess has invented a baby carriage and sold the patent for $14,000.

At a recent drawing-room in London, Mrs. Hector Vandelear wore a dress entirely trimmed with large sunflowers.

The Grecian ladies count their age from the date of their marriage, and not from their birth.

Two female physicians risiding in Chicago realize from their practice $12,000 and $15,000 a year respectively.

A woman is candidate for the office of State Librarian of Kentucky. Michigan is ahead, for she has had a lady librarian for several years.

Mrs. Martha Marett, of New Haven, left an estate of $167,000, and among her legacies was $500 to John Carroll, a newsboy, who did her a service once when her house was on fire.

A woman reformer is exerting her energy in Massachusetts toward procuring protection for working women against fraud and injustice from their employers. It is a reform much needed in the larg cities.

Mrs. Florence Nightingale is now 60 years old and lives in London almost a prisoner to her room. She wrote lately in a letter to a friend; "Overworked as I am, my health is necessarily bad. Thank God for still giving me work to do."

In the tombs of ancient Egypt women's shoes have been discovered having soles of wood, to which are affixed four round props—a sort of stool fixed to the feet, and raising the wearer about a foot in height. The shoes were laced in front.

Mrs. Butler, formerly Miss Elizabeth Thompson, has, in the London Royal Academy this year, a pathetic picture of the arrival at Jellalabad of the one survivor of the British army of 16,000 men slain by the Afghans in the Khyber Pass in 1842.

Mrs. Julian Hawthorne is a beautiful women with refined and artistic tastes. The house is filled with specimens of her dainty handicraft by brush, pencil and needle. She has three lovely children, the baby of which is named Gwendoline in compliment to George Eliot's heroine in "Daniel Deronda."

Lady Dudley's children's "May party" in London is said to have been one of the prettiest sights ever seen. The Princess of Wales was there with her two little girls. The dance was led by the hostess' eldest son, Lord Ednam, and the Princess of Wales' daughter, who is named after her grandma, Victoria.

Miss Josie Baker, daughter of Prof. Baker, of Illinois, is a tutor of the Greek language at Simpson College, in that place. She is only 16 years of age, but reads and writes Greek fluently. She is also equally proficient in mathematics and Latin, and more or less familiar with French and German. This proves that all the smart children do not die young.

To Prevent Chimneys from Taking Fire

It is always a source of dread when a chimney takes fire, and although it is not often that roofs ignite from this cause, yet they sometimes do. Therefore it is well to guard against all possible danger from this source. The following prescription is said to be effectual in preventing a chimney from taking fire: "In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the interconrses of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture from the atmosphere every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp, falls down in the fireplace."

Recipes and Hints by Aunt Kate.

TO DESTROY RED ANTS.—Take a white china plate and spread a thin covering of common lard over it, and place it on the floor or shelf infested by these insects, and you will be pleased with the result. Stir them up every morning is all that is necessary to set the trap again. A young friend from the country sends this recipe, having used it with great success.

CEMENT FOR BEEHIVES.—A mixture of three-fourths rosin and one-fourth beeswax, melted and kept at the right temperature in a tin dish, over a kerosene lamp, will be found excellent to cement the corners of hives and combs into frames and boxes.

BOTTLING CHERRIES.—Take the common sour cherry, stone them, and fill any bottle you may have. Set them in warm water on the stove, and gradually increase the heat until the air is expelled from the bottles. It will be necessary to have some reserved cherries to fill the bottles, as they shrink very much, and there must be no space between the cherries and the cork. Put in the corks while the bottles are in the hot water and seal immediately.

FROSTED CURRANTS.—Pick fine, even bunches, and dip them one at a time into a mixture of frothed white of an egg and a very little cold water. Drain them and roll in pulverized sugar; repeat the dip in the sugar two or three times and lay them upon white paper to dry. They make a beautiful garnish for jellies and charlottes, and look well mixed with other fruits, and if kept free from moisture will keep for a long time.

CINNAMON WAFFLES.—One cup of sugar scant, half a cup of butter, six tablespoonfuls of milk, two scant teaspoons of baking powder, and flour enough to roll out, have them as soft as you can conveniently handle them. Bake in a quick oven.

NORTHWEST DIFFICULTIES.

Canadian and American Indians in Conflict over Game—A Serious Row Anticipated.

A dispatch from Washington says: "General Miles has been instructed by the War Department to proceed at once with sufficient force to repel the invasion of British Indians who have crossed our border in pursuit of buffalo, and are now menacing the Gros Ventres, Assiniboines and other tribes located in the northern part of Montana. Information of this invasion was received at the Interior Department yesterday afternoon, and the War Department was properly notified of the necessity of acting at once to prevent further trouble, the news received being to the effect that the British Indians were well armed and had already made attacks upon the American Indians, driving the latter southward. The report received from the Indian agent at the Gros Ventres Agency, Montana, under date of June 16th, was that invaders had already killed a number of buffalo, and that the American Indians, in their effort to protect their own game, had had several skirmishes, with loss of life on both sides.

Secretary Schurz says that for some time there have been apprehensions of such an invasion. For some time these Indians have encroached upon our territory pursuing game which could not be found within the limits of British territory. Canadian officials, it is understood, have anticipated these troubles, but the mounted police employed in keeping the peace have confined their labors to patrolling the line between the white settlements and the Indian reservation. The same difficulties which have been experienced in the management of our Indians now beset the Canadians, who have already sought advice and reports through agents sent to Washington to ascertain the methods employed by our Indian Bureau. The appropriations made by Congress for feeding the Northern tribes is so small as to compel them to seek support by hunting, and if the already fast disappearing herds of buffalo are to be depended upon for subsistence the importance of protecting the hunting grounds of our Indians will be readily understood. By those who are thoroughly informed of the situation it is said that the Canadians are just beginning to experience the troubles the United States has had in subjecting the wild and roving tribes.

The force of invaders is said to be fifty lodges of British Indians and 100 lodges of half-breeds, all well armed and wholly reckless as to the manner in which they pursue their game or provoke resistance from the peaceable Indians on our territory.

HARLEY ROSS IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

The Cowansville *Observer* has the following in its issue of Thursday last:

A report was current last evening to the effect that a boy answering identically to the description of the long-lost Charley Ross was discovered to be living with a French family by the name of Guertin, about three miles north of East Farnham. The boy says he was brought there from New York by two men, a long time ago, and that his name in the States was Charley Ross. The man with whom the little fellow is stopping speaks no English, and from his account one would not judge him to be French, though he claims to be. He is very reticent and sullen about answering questions relative to himself or the boy. He says he does not know who the supposed boy Ross is, nor does he care. One hundred and twenty dollars are paid him for board every year, semi-annually in advance, and thirty dollars for clothes. The drafts are sent him by mail from New York, signed Edward Pierson, and payable at Molson's Bank, Montreal. A telegram was sent to Mr. Ross yesterday, and later an answer was received to keep the boy, and a messenger would be here on Thursday to investigate the affair. Considerable excitement prevails in the vicinity.

THE AMERICAN PASSION.

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes: Louis Blanc, in a recent speech at Troyes, told this story: "Two Americans called on me at Versailles before the sitting of the chamber, and asked me to point out to them Gambetta's seat. I pointed it out to them. They, one after the other, coldly, deliberately, methodically, with compressed lips, grave look, fixed eyes, looking every inch like men ordered to execute a grave task which required accuracy, sat in Gambetta's seat, rose, sat in it again, one after the other, as if they were ascertaining its solidity. Stupefied, I puzzled myself to comprehend this singular manner of visiting the Chamber of Deputies, when one of the Yankees said to me: 'Monsieur Louis Blanc, will you be good enough to show us your seat, too?' Inquisitive to see their behavior at sight of my seat, I led them to it. When we reached it they, without saying one word, sat down in the seat each in turn, sat in it a second time, like two gymnasts executing some feat. At last they drew from the pocket of their jacket a memoranda book, and each wrote: 'Chamber of Deputies, Versailles, sat in the seats of the Honorables Gambetta and Louis Blanc, Deputies.'"

—At Battleford, N. W. T., flour is plentiful at $6 a bag.

—"'Tis sweet to forget," sings some poet in a current number of one of our magazines. This sentiment will be appreciated more keenly by no one than by the small boy who recently went over an orchard fence with a dog annexed to his trowsers.

—The ugly girls never get married, and the common young men die old bachelors. No matter who is married, the bride in the report is always "beautiful and accomplished," and the sheepish groom is invariably "the son of one of our best families."

—It is always the young man at the picnic whose rear suspender-buttons are endowed with the weakest spinal column, who is selected by the young ladies to climb a tree and put up a swing,—provided a young man with white trousers is not on the ground.

—The boy that to his mother says,
As he the pantry passes,
And sighs the tempting syrup-cup,
"Oh! gimme some molasses!"
Advanced to riper years, still cries,
When wean-ed from his classes,
And lounging at some wat'ring place,
"Oh! give me summer lasses!"

—Swinburne sings, "I hid my head in a nest of roses." Did you, Algernon, did you? That was wise in you to hide it among the roses. Now, if you had covered it up in a nest of cabbages, when you came to pick it out again you could not have told, for the life of you, which head was yours. Stick to the roses, old boy, every time.

—Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Where the lazy little brooklets run
Through the meadow, swings an idle bird,
Chirps the faintest carol ever heard,
Twitter-ing through the tinkle of the rill—
Then the nest is still.

Nid-nid-nodding in the sun,
Droop the heavy grasses every one,
Kissing down the drowsy laddie's eye—
Croons a locust from the field close by—
Lost in dells of dream-land, cool and deep,
He is fast asleep.

THE ZULU WAR.

Terrible Scenes Among the Dead at Isandula—A Visit to the Scene of the British Disaster—The Worst Place for a Camp in all Africa.

(From the London Daily News.)

At the top of the ascent, beyond the Bashee, 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 of the track, along which the head of the column passed at a trot with small detachments of Natal Carbineers 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 wagons. 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 encampment, 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, discolored 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 disemboweled. 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 wagon, 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 stores 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 wagons, 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 battle-field; 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 wagons, 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 to-morrow or long after the to-morrow 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 head and mouth a foot into the ground. There lay a form that seemed cosily curled in calm sleep, turned almost on its face, but seven assegai stabs have pierced the back. Most, however, lay flat on the back, with the arms stretched widely out and hands clenched. I noticed one man dead under a wagon, 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 on his face. Captain Shepstone recognized him at once, and identified him yet further by rings on the finger and a knife with his 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 a the Colonel's feet. Around him, almost in a ring, lay about a dozen dead men, half being Natal Carbineers, 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 had 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 of 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 the 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 Gen. Newdigate. Gen. 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 wagons. 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 wagons.

MEMENTOS OF A DISASTER.

Wandering about the desolate camp, amid the sour odor 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. Colonel Harness was busily engaged collecting his own belongings. Colonel Glyn found a letter from himself to Lieutenant Melvill, dated the day before the fight. The ground was strewn with brushes, toilet bags, pickle bottles and unbroken tins of perserved meats and milk. Forges and bellows remaining standing ready for the recommencement of work. The wagons 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 firearms. 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 wagons 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 cannot 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 wagons, and construct a redoubt in the neighborhood 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.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

A Machine that Runs Continuously Without Attention.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* tells of a wonderful invention made by a man in Yorkshire, which he describes as follows:

It had been reported to me that Mr. Binns, a practical inventor and designer, had come as near to the attainment of perpetual motion as had yet been reached. He had constructed machinery which could be set at work at the beginning of the week and would go ahead until the end without being touched, so long as the steam engine continued to work; that the operation of manufacturing proceeded continuously without tending; that the owner locked up his mill at night, and went to bed, while the machines maintained their busy revolutions, turning out miles of silk cords, fringes, trimmings and other things; that, whereas he used to employ scores of hands, he now only needed a stoker, a book keeper, and a few cleaners and packers to put up the produce of his automatic mill. "But supposing there is a breakage of the yarn?" I asked. "The machine pauses, mends the break, and goes on again," was the answer.

The next day I inspected the mill. I found in the principal apartment fifteen machines at work quite unattended. They were making silk and woollen cords of all kinds and in many colors, combinations of silk and woollen, and in many varieties and designs. Large bobbins, charged with material and feeding themselves from endless rolls, revolved round each other upon a large rotating disk of slower movement. It was almost like an astronomical model of a sun, with a planetary system in motion. Between them travelled yarn in course of working, and this was clothed in many hues and designs by revolving silk. The old method of manufacture was to make the cords in lengths longwise. Binns's principle is rotary and endless, almost literally without beginning and without end. "Except for cleaning, says the inventor, standing by one of the machines as he spoke, "this would go on forever until it was worn out; but let us put it at a week. It will go on from Monday morning till Saturday night without touching; it is self-feeding, self-taking up, self-acting." He broke a thread, the machine mended the breakage, and went on again. "The machines run at the rate of 17,000 revolutions a minute," he said; "that can be increased, and they require no heald, reed, or harness to the warp-threads. The cords are developed and used in any new silk trimming goods, which are woven in combination with the cord, and at this work a girl, at $4 a week, can in that time produce this class of goods of $500 in value; in the endless window-cord, $540; chain or sash line, $1,300; and this same girl, at $4 a week, in the silk, cotton and wool yarn goods, can earn $5,000; for, with the newest machine, just mentioned, she is simply a cleaner and collector.

Binns is a man of medium height, somewhat spare in figure. His hair is brown. He has sanguine blue-gray eyes, a little brown whisker and beard, an unwrinkled forehead, indicating greater perceptive faculties than intellectual. You can tell at once that the inventor is not an educated man, in the ordinary meaning of the term; and, as I said before, he speaks with a strong north-country accent, as many inventors have done before him.

While the automatic machines were speeding out, and girls were carrying off the produce to the warehouse below, Mr. Binns, under my interrogations, told me the story of his life. "I have been at this business," he said, "working out the endless-band principle, for thirty years. I am now forty-one. The idea first occurred to me when I was nine years old, at Queensborough, in Yorkshire, when I worked for Foster & Co., alpaca manufacturers. My father was a worsted manufacturer. He died when I was a lad, and Foster took me into the works out of kindness to my mother. I was a spinner, and my experience as a lad of the trouble of knots in the bands led me to think of one that should have no knot or joint. I got the master's permission to be employed in the designing-room. I did odd jobs for the designers, ran errands, and attended to little matters for them. At night, when I got home, I used to try and do what I had seen the designers do. I worked in an attic, sometimes nearly all night, and after two years I showed what I could do. The masters and designers wouldn't believe it was my work, but I soon proved that. I am self-educated. I have taught myself everything I know. At the age of fifteen I left Queensborough, competent to manage a concern as designer and head man over weavers. I took a situation in that capacity at Sutcliffe's, near Bradford. In six months I left there and went to one of the largest silk mills in England, at Manchester, in connection with the weaving of silk damask, trimmings and table-covers. After twelve months I returned to Bradford and took a situation at Hargreaves & Shipley's as designer and manager. They are the leading people in the worsted trade. I stayed there eighteen months and then set up as a public designer, but it was not long before I commenced to manufacture fancy goods on my own account. I established a business, and then I began to work out my youthful ideas, the notions I had when a mere boy."

ARE THE POLAR REGIONS HABITABLE.

At the reception given the other day by the San Francisco Academy of Sciences to the members of the Bennett Exploring Expedition to the North Pole, Mr. Charles Wolcott Brooks discussed the questions of the existence of an Arctic Continent, and the probability of its being inhabited. If we carefully examine, says Mr. Brooks, the almost universal features of all land known to us, we find a prevailing form wherever we turn. Each territorial area of magnitude seems to have an appendage trending southward. If we apply this rule, by turning the North Pole of a globe toward us, may bear to an unknown Arctic Continent the same relation that South America does to North America, or Africa to Europe. Hence it is perfectly logical to infer, by the great analogy of nature, that an Arctic Continent exists beneath the North Pole, extending three and a half to four degrees south from the northern axis of the earth. As previous Arctic expeditions have advanced to 83° 26' north latitude—or within 394 miles of the Pole—the distance thence to such a continent would not exceed about 150 to 180 miles. This intervening space, however, is difficult to traverse, as it presents a very rough surface. If the sea during the height of a gale, when waves ran mountains high, were instantly frozen, it would present much the appearance here encountered. For ethnologists, the question is, Can an Arctic Continent be inhabited, should one exist? This may be met by the well known fact, that the latitude of 78° is about the point of lowest mean temperature. The earth is about thirty-seven miles greater in diameter at the equator than from pole to pole, having enlarged at one point and flattened at another because of its revolving motion. Now, it is well known that lower temperatures are encountered as we ascend high altitudes, and the depression at the poles may, by lessening the distance to the surface from the earth's centre, afforded a warmer temperature, which will enable the hardy Esquimaux, Ainos or some Hyperborean race, to exist upon an Arctic Continent.

—"How did I get it?" is the title of a new novel. We don't know positively, but we rather think you stole it. This brings the question fairly before the house, so now go on with the debate.

NEWSPAPER DETECTIVES.

A Boston reporter got in his work handsomely by causing the arrest of the murderer of Mrs. Hull, a case which the entire New York force had undertaken without success and with every prospect of letting it drift the same way the noted Nathan tragedy went. Pittsburg newspaper men respond to the Bostonian reporter to-day in an unmistakable way, which shows that they propose to "hold their end up," not by catching a criminal by "intuition" or long after the offence was committed but right red-handed in the act.

Here is an illustration. This morning as Mr. McLaughlin, of the *Chronicle*, was passing in the vicinity of Sixth avenue and Wood street, his detective bump (phrenologically speaking), without which no newspaper man is complete, told him a couple of young fellows in sight were gazing at sundry groups of ladies with other thoughts than admiration. He took a strategetic position in a doorway, and riveting both eyes on the game soon saw them follow several ladies, all of whom were rigged out in the latest style of "temptation pockets," to Trinity Church, where the Bishop Bowman Institute Commencement exercises were being held. Mr. McLaughlin pursued with the tact of Vidocq, and the nonchalance of a cucumber just out of an ice chest, reaching the church entrance close up with the party. Then it was he got the two suspicious chaps into that peculiarly unpleasant fix expressed in detective nomenclature as "dead to rights." One of them moved his hand gently but swiftly into the "temptation pocket" nearest him, deftly withdrawing therefrom a Russian leather portemonnaie, and was about to add it to his own department of wealth when—tableau not on the Commencement programme—Mr. McLaughlin advanced his best foot foremost, tapped the pickpocket on the shoulder in that inviting manner which only the detective of the rarest perfection acquires, and remarked:

"You are wanted."

These mystic words form a combination of sound which causes the heart of the professional thief to drop plumb and lead-like into the appertaining boots. He responded to the call amicably; the other, however, hurried from the church as though pursued by the forty secondly of a sermon, but alas for his liberty, it was a newspaper man who was working up his particular case. As is always the way when wanted, a second newspaper man was within hail—Mr. Lightner, of the *Dispatch*—and he was signalled to chase down the runaway. He dropped to the emergency in a manner that would make the reputation of a detective, but not at all surprising in a newspaper writer. It is hardly necessary to relate that they marched the prisoners to the Mayor's office and turned them in for a hearing. At the Central Station they gave their names as John Quinn and James Kelley. An investigation will be made to-day. Citizens robbed, murdered or otherwise imposed upon unlawfully who are desirous of having the ends of justice victorious should drop in at the nearest newspaper office for consultation and advice. Giving cases to the detectives may result in defeating the ends of justice.—*Tillsbury Chronicle.*

THE HUNTINGTON COPPER MINE

Some Hard Hits at the Late Postmaster-General.

The report of the Huntington Copper and Sulphur Company was adopted on the 25th at a meeting of the shareholders in Glasgow. The chairman stated that operations at the works had been reduced as much as possible in consequence of the condition of the copper market. The case in the Court of Sessions raised against the late directors had been compromised by the transfer of 4,000 shares and payment of £800 from each director, together with certain promoters' money.

The Glasgow *Herald* says: "The Huntington Company being now in funds is prepared to make good its claim upon the vendor, Mr. Huntington, the Postmaster-General of Canada, for 150,000. As for the works in Canada, they are kept going at a loss of £1,200 a year, the expenditure being £1,600 and the income £400; but it is cheaper to sustain this loss than to allow the works to lie idle. The chairman, however, frankly acknowledged that Mr. Huntington is the richest prize the company has in the Dominion. In the meantime, and till the great prize is reached, the company is looking out for investments for its spare capital. The Company has £12,800 in cash on hand, the Canadian property is valued at £20,000, and the stocks are worth between £3,000 and £4,000, so that the total amount of its assets is about £36,000. All this is independent of the claim the Company has upon Mr. Huntington. If a large portion of the purchase money is wrung out of that astute Canadian statesman, the last state of the Huntington Copper and Sulphur Company (limited) will be better than its first, and it may yet have a flourishing career, or, if not, a comfortable amount of legal spoil to divide among its shareholders. After all, the singular histories of the Emma and Huntington companies must afford some consolation to those who grieved bitterly over the wholesale knavery that seemed at one time to triumph in the transfer into innocent hands of comparatively worthless properties at enormous amounts. Nemesis had not forgotten her duty. Slowly but surely the day of reckoning came for many of the offenders. It is to be hoped that the greatest offenders of all will not escape, but that outraged honesty will be avenged on them too."

PRINCE LEOPOLD AS A MASON.

Prince Leopold was installed Master of the Lodge of Antiquity on the 25th ult. The lodge itself is, with the exception of the Kilwinning, the oldest in the craft, and acts from immemorial antiquity. The Prince's great-uncle, the Duke of Sussex, was master of the lodge for thirty-four years, and among the curiosities belonging to it are the trowels used by the Duke when laying foundation-stones, among them being that of the Caledonian Asylum. Other relics date still further back. The mallet used was presented to the lodge by Sir Christopher Wren, who was master of the lodge during 18 years, and who initiated William the Third into Freemasonary. This mallet was used by Charles the Second to lay the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was made out of a wood of old St. Paul's. Another is a piece of stone dug up when laying the foundation