FINDING THE DEAD PRINCE.

HOW HE WAS ABANDONED BY HIS ESCORT AND SLAIN BY THE ZULUS.

The Report of Lieut. Carey and Statements of the Other Survivors—The Lack of Nerve and Cowardice Displayed by the Troopers —No Effort Made to Save the Prince.

From the London Times.

ITELEZI-HILL, June 2.—At 5 o'clock this morning the Lovedie regiment passed through the camp, and the troops turned out soon after daybreak. Two squadrons of the Lancers, under Col. Drury Lowe, and a squadron of Dragoons, under Major Marter, paraded and immediately afterward marched off. It was a relief to be on the road, for the suspense and anxiety suffered by every one since Lieut. Carey's arrival late last night would hardly have been exceeded had he brought news of a second Isandlana.

The expedition in search of the Prince Imperial was under the command of Major-Gen. Marshall, on behalf of Lord Chelmsford. M. Delaage, correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, was with us, and was the only Frenchman of the party.

The kraal itself is situate a few hundred yards up the valley of the Ityotozi. About 200 yards from the kraal is a shallow donga filled with tall, rank grass. As we neared this the Basutos and Volunteers spread out to search. A shout soon apprised us of the fact that something had been discovered. Men speedily gathered round a spot near the crossing. All my apprehensions were confirmed, for there the poor young Prince lay dead. Surgeon-Majors Scott and Robinson were soon present, but their skill was of no avail. Life had been extinct for hours. All they could do was to examine the wounds and find that two, at least, of them would have proved instantaneously fatal. It is probable that one of them was the first received, for the face wore a calm and pleasant expression, not as of one who had died in pain. No bullet had touched him. The wounds, nineteen in number, were all caused by assegais. Beside the Prince were found his spurs, and round his neck a small chain, with locket and charms, which were given into the charge of Capt. Molineux, by him to be handed over to Lord Chelmsford. Strange fatality! Only a few days before, in conversation with Capt. Lane, he had said: "It is no fun being fired at; I want a trial with the assegai. I should like a slight assegai wound."

The kraal where the party had been surprised consisted of six huts, collected round a circular kraal fence. Gardens of mealies and Caffre corn surrounded it on three sides, the fourth being open and facing toward the donga. Night approaches; returned to Itelezi camp at about 2 o'clock.

The report of Lieut. Carey, who accompanied the Prince Imperial on the reconnoissance which led to his melancholy death, is as follows:

"Having learnt that his Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1 to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column and choose a site for the camp of the following day, I suggested that as I had already ridden over the same ground I should accompany him. My request was granted; but at the same time, Col. Harrison, Acting Quartermaster-General, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting I found that no escort was prepared and applied to the Brigade Major of Cavalry. I received the necessary orders and at 9:15 six men of Capt. Bettington's Horse paraded before headquarters. With these and a friendly Zulu we started. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of Basutos scouting. Arrived upon the ridge we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses.

"Col. Harrison then rode up and told us that Gen. Marshall's cavalry was coming up. When he had left I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. He said: 'We are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we met a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond Ityotozi River. I proposed that we should here off-saddle, but the Prince said that he preferred to off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we dismounted to a kraal in a valley below and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighborhood. The Prince was tired, and laid down beside a hut. The men made coffee, and I reconnoitred with my telescope. At 3:35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, 'Wait another ten minutes;' but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it, and then went to fetch my horse from the mealie fields.

"I had saddled and mounted on the home side of the kraal when I heard his Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round, and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the same time I said 'Mount,' and as the words left my lips I saw the Prince in the saddle. I saw the faces of Zulus about twenty yards off, rushing toward us through the mealie fields. They shouted and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the Zulus, I did not expect that any one was injured. I therefore shouted, as we neared the donga: 'We must form upon the other side. See to the retreat of the Prince.' On reaching back I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me: 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and had a last view of the Prince galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the Ityotozi River."

The names of the men were: Sergeant Willis, Corporal Grubb, and Troopers Letoga, Cochrane, Able, and Rogers. Able and Rogers were killed.

Willis mentions that when the native who accompanied them returned to the kraal with the horses, which he had been sent to bring out of the mealie field whither they had strayed, he told them he had seen a Zulu. He continues:

"We saddled as quickly as possible. All mounted, and left the kraal except Rogers, who was trying to cut a spare horse he was leading. I heard a volley fired, and saw Rogers fall against a hut. I saw two men fall from their horses. The Zulus followed us for about 200 yards from the spot. They numbered about fifty. Grubb states that the kraal was about 100 yards from the Imbezane River, and that when they entered it they saw some dogs and signs of Zulus having lately been there. The native told them that he saw a Zulu go over the hill on the other side of the river. I heard a volley, and the Zulus rushing forward shouting, 'Usuk nanka umogwana abaimgu.' ('Here are the Engleesh towards.') As I rode off I saw Rogers, who was then mounted, behind a hut, beside the ridge we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses.

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Cochrane says:

"I was next to the Prince. He did not mount. At the shots of the Zulus our horses were frightened, and we could not hold them. After passing the donga I looked back, and saw the Prince in the midst of a dozen Zulus, all armed with guns and assegais, who were following and within three yards of him. His horse was galloping away. *No order was given to rally. We never help the Prince.* We galloped for two miles without stopping. *Nothing was said about the Prince.*"

Letoga says:

"The Prince asked the question, 'Are you all ready?' We answered, 'Yes, sir.' He then said, 'Mount.' When the volley was fired I dropped my carbine, and dismounted to pick it up. I then began to get into the saddle, for my horse was frightened and galloped away with me, my left foot being in the stirrup and my stomach across the saddle. My horse followed the others. I was unable to stop him as I passed the Prince, who had hold of the stirrup leather, and in the attempting to mount. *Dispatches vous, s'il vous plait, Monsieur, de monter.* He did not answer. He had not hold of the reins. I saw him fall down; his horse trampled on him. Carey was leading, and we galloped two or three miles. Noticing that Grubb and Able could not keep up, I advised Carey to wait for them. He said, 'We will cross the spruit, and then go on the high ground and wait.' *No order was given to rally, halt, fire, or try to save the Prince. All Lieut. Carey said was, 'Let us go quick; let us make haste.'*"

Capt. Bettington, to whom, in the presence of Capt. Shaughnessy, the evidence was taken, says that the escort was selected from the best men of his corps, and that their evidence, especially that of Grubb and Letoga, who are particularly well and steady, may be relied upon. Grubb and Letoga may be particularly cool and steady, but they have an odd manner of relating these matters, and of the evidence of the escort is not more trustworthy than their boldness the less said about it the better. Lieut. Carey has a reputation for coolness and nerve, but on this occasion he seems entirely to have lost his presence of mind. The fact is patent that no one thought of attempt to assist the unfortunate Prince, whereas if only one man had waited to see him mounted and held his horse's head for him he might have been saved. It is a general opinion that the numbers of the attacking party have been exaggerated.

The question on whom the blame is to rest is a grave one. Lord Chelmsford, who is too apt to trust to others, gave a general verbal order to Col. Harrison, in whose department and under whose authority the Prince Imperial immediately was, not to allow him to go on any expedition without a fitting escort, and in any case not to permit him to incur danger. He knew nothing of the Prince's movements, and was not aware he had quitted the column. Col. Harrison evidently disobeyed orders; the escort deserted its duty. In the whole event there is not one redeeming feature.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Lost Ship Heard From—Mutiny of Her Crew and Murder.

From the Victoria Colonist.

It will be well remembered by many in this community that several years ago the ship Alaska left Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, for China with a cargo of lumber. She arrived at her destination in safety, and was announced to have sailed again for this port to receive a second cargo. Time rolled on, and at the expiration of the usual number of days allowed for the passages from China the good ship Alaska was announced as "due." She failed, however, to put in an appearance; but this was not considered at all extraordinary, as voyages from China vary in duration as much as voyages to or from any other place. But the days she was overdue gradually crept into weeks and the weeks into months, and after she had been reported "missing" for a long time the conclusion arrived at was that she had doubtless foundered or had become the victim of foul play.

Years passed by and no word came of the rescue of any one who had been on board the ill-fated ship, and at last the faint glimmer of hope, which had sustained the hearts of the friends of officers and crew, died out. The wife of the supercargo of the vessel who had been watching and waiting for many years, succumbed to the effects of the terrible suspense, and was quickly followed by her only child.

The fact that during the time which would be necessary for the Alaska to make the passage to this port there had been no heavy winds or storms was the main reason for the suspicions of foul play; and among those who entertained them was a gentleman who happened to meet a drunken sailor in a saloon in Japan. The old adage in vino veritas was again verified (as will subsequently seen) for the sailor quickly began to give a disjointed narrative of mutiny and bloodshed. The gentleman kept the narrative in his memory, and, following up his determination to unravel the mystery surrounding the fate of the ship, encompassed the arrest of several sailors who had been incriminated by their drunken companion. One of these sailors admitted that he had belonged to the crew of the Alaska, and made a full confession of the circumstances concerning her loss. He stated that when but a few days out from Hong Kong, sailing under a light breeze off the coast of Japan, the crew mutinied and, without a moment's warning, threw overboard the second mate, who was the only officer on deck at the time. Hearing a commotion, the Captain and first officer rushed up and were immediately murdered and given to the sea. The supercargo, Mr. Thorndike, brother of the owner of the ship, who had $5,000 in coin on board, shared the same fate as the other officers, and the crew, having secured the money and everything else of value that could be readily moved, set fire to the vessel, and, taking to the boats, pulled for the coast of Japan. Having landed in safety, they divided the spoils, cherishing the hope that every trace of their foul deed had been obliterated. But time, the certain avenger of crime, has proved that their hope was fallacious, as, following closely on the confession above referred to, the arrest of all but two of the criminals was effected, and they will, in all probability, quickly be called on to pay the penalty demanded by justice.

From the San Francisco Call.

A reporter met Capt. J. K. Thorndike, at present residing in this city, who owned the Alaska at the time she was lost, and despatched her from Shanghai for Victoria, B. C., on the 16th day of December, 1869. Since that time, up to seeing the account of her loss in the *Call*, he had never heard tidings of his vessel, but had always supposed that she had gone down at sea with all on board. The Alaska was a ship of 1,400 tons burden, built on Puget Sound in 1869, and had a cargo capacity for 1,000,000 feet of lumber. She had been fitted up as a troop ship, and had six boats, capable of carrying fifty men each. She had been recuppered and thoroughly overhauled just previous to her departure from Shanghai, and was in excellent condition. She was valued at $70,000, and insured. She sailed from Shanghai under command of Capt. Charles Cavanaugh. Frederick Thorndike, a brother of Capt. Thorndike, the owner, went out as supercargo, and had in his possession a letter of credit for $20,000, with which to purchase a cargo on the arrival of the ship at Puget Sound. Capt. Thorndike states that the report as to there being $50,000 in gold on board was an error. It is very probable, however, that the mutineers supposed that the funds for the purchase of a return cargo were in coin, and if so, it would prove an incentive to the outrage. Two days after the Alaska had sailed a rumor was prevalent in Shanghai that her Captain and officers had been thrown overboard and the ship taken possession of by the mutineers. The commander of the United States steamship Asuelot, which was in the harbor at the time, proposed to go out to sea, regain possession of the ship, and tow her into port; but Capt. Thorndike, upon tracing the matter, was unable to find real foundation for it, so no search was made for the ship at that time. He ascertained, however, that there were eleven stowaways on board, who were among the very worst characters in Shanghai—discharged sailors of different nationalities, who would not hesitate to knock a man on the head or slit his throat for the coin in his pocket. This, however, gave Capt. Thorndike little hope, as he believed they had got tired of hanging about Shanghai and took this method of reaching America, where they might gain good wages with easy work, and thought that, as usual in such cases, they would come out on deck and show themselves when the ship got a safe distance from shore.

Including the stowaways, there were forty souls on board, several passengers being among the number. Of the latter Capt. Thorndike remembers specially two—an old man and his wife—who were going back to Victoria, where they had children residing. The old man came to him and told him that he had but $70, but he hoped he would allow him to go for that. Capt. Thorndike told him to keep his money, but that he should have a passage for himself and wife anyway. Capt. Thorndike confirms the report of the death of his brother's wife from a broken heart. Deferred hope, too, carried off one of his daughters, and the other, the last of the family, is now gradually pining away.

Capt. Thorndike has always been of the opinion that the Alaska had met with a fate similar to that which has overtaken many other vessels sailing from Chinese and Japanese ports to ports upon this coast. The Alaska was the sixth ship sailing from Shanghai within five or six years that never more heard of afterward. In 1861, it will be remembered, the ship Black Prince and the fine clipper ship Romance of the Seas were also lost, all sailing the same route—along the great Japanese stream to latitude about 50° north, at which southing and easting is made. In September last the schooners Cygnet, Ocean Pearl, and Sarah Louise were also lost, all sailing toward the same route. And now the ship Black Hawk, owned by George Howes & Co., is seventy-eight days out from Hong Kong, and anxiety is expressed in regard to her.

WHERE PART OF THE MONEY GOES.

Alleged Benevolent Homes that Gobble Congressional Appropriations.

From the Hartford Times.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Soon after the war closed, some of the truly kind conceived the idea of starting a Freedman's Bank, where the confiding colored brother could place his savings when he got any. Every one knows what became of these savings since. The Freedmen's Bureau was another means of enriching some white rascals at the expense of the colored man. While all this was going on about the colored brother, the heart of Mrs. Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, the wife of "Subsidy Pom.," or Senator Dolworthy, as Mark Twain calls him, was touched in regard to the condition of the colored sister, and in a short time an appropriation for a "National Association for the Relief of Colored Women and Children" was asked for in Congress.

I know that this "association" has been receiving an annual appropriation of from $20,000 to $10,000 ever since; and although I know a great deal about things in this city, I am forced to confess I don't know where the Home (or building) used by this association is located—and I don't believe that one person in any five hundred in the city does. Neither do I know for a dead certainty that it has any building, or that it has ever spent a single dollar of its appropriation to relieve a colored woman or colored child, or any other woman or child. But this I do know: A suit was entered in our courts a couple of days since by the "association" against a Mrs. Crandall, who holds the position of Treasurer of the association, charging her with grabbing up over $6,000 of the last $10,000 appropriated by Congress for the association. Mrs. Crandall, in her answer, denies that she has given the money away or lost it, though she says she has loaned her husband $4,000 of it, and he is as sound as old wheat, and that she holds his note for it, fully secured. The case will come up for trial in October.

First Save the Dog.

From the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.

Mr. S. E. Tate, the gentleman referred to in previously printed accounts of the explosion of the steamer May Queen as the person who was instrumental in rescuing several persons from the wreck, furnished our reporter the following account of the catastrophe. His search among the debris resulted in discovering a lady imprisoned in the rear cabin in the only portion of the boat that was not blown almost to atoms. Some six feet of the stern was left unimpaired and the roof above had been driven down and in here the lady was found. As soon as Mr. Tate discovered her condition he put his boat up to the only remaining window, and after some perseverance and the exercise of a little necessary force, he induced her to crawl through the aperture into the boat. Her first ejaculation after being rescued was "Oh! my poor dog; see if you can't find him." Mr. Tate had other business to attend to just at that time, and so informed her, but at her earnest solicitation looked in front for that dog, but without success. Imagine his surprise when, a minute later, the lady pointed to a gentleman, who, half in the water and half out of it, was clinging to a floating cushion or to a large piece of the wreck that was floating in the vicinity, and screamed out: "Oh! my poor husband!" Sure enough, it was her husband, and, fortunately, but little injured. The dog's corpse floated to the surface a few minutes after the passengers reached the shore.

The Boast of a Convict Guard.

From the Brenham Banner.

The wanton killing of convicts (in Texas) is a gross outrage upon humanity, and should undergo a real and searching examination, in order that the murderous guards may be brought to a halt. It is reported that one of the guards in Wood County boasts of having killed twenty-seven convicts, and laughs about it as an excellent joke.

THE DISASTER AT VIRGINIA.

SEARCHING FOR DEAD BODIES IN THE DEPTHS OF A SILVER MINE.

Fighting Against Foul Gases and Almost Intolerable Heat—How the Miners Had Died —The Work of Recovering the Bodies.

From the Virginia City Chronicle.

Yesterday morning the bodies of the three men suffocated in the Bullion Mine on Tuesday night were found by Superintendent Schultz and his party. It was four days from the time the fire alarm sounded to the time when the bodies of the dead were reached. During this period Superintendent Schultz had been indefatigable in his work of subduing the fire and locking for the dead.

Four bulkheads had been put in, and on Thursday Mr. Schultz, with a gang of men, went down the Imperial shaft to reach the Bullion incline and put in the last bulkhead. The route from the Imperial to the Bullion incline lay along the 1,840 drift of the Bullion, a distance of 2,700 feet. The drift for a long time had only been used for ventilation, and was in a bad state of repair. When the men started they knew full well what their errand was, and calculated the chances of their never coming back alive. They took with them several pails of water, and about one hundred pounds of ice. In addition to this each man was provided with a small bottle of ammonia and a sponge. The sponges were placed in their mouths and noses the wearer is in proximity to foul gases, and are saturated with ice water. If a miner feels faint from inhaling the gases, the ammonia revives him. A sudden cave was looked upon as liable to spread the gas. The journey through the 1,840 drift was fearful. The mud and water was knee deep in many places, and the bottom of the drift was strewn with loose rock, old pipes, broken timbers, and dismantled bulkheads. The weight of the rocks had forced the timbers out of place, and their jagged edges came down nearly half way to the floor. The sides were crushed in in a similar manner, and as the men advanced they stumbled over the obstructions, floundered through the mud, and crawled on their hands and knees.

The incline was finally reached. At the station was an air compressor run by steam, but of course the engine had been abandoned. By leaning over the platform the smell of the gas was plainly discoverable, and a faint trace of smoke was swept up by the draft. The men placed sponges over their faces and lowered themselves down. Instantly their candles were extinguished by the foul air; again and again the lanterns were lowered and went out instantly. The next thing done was to order the men back on the platform and disconnect the air pipes. Two pipes passed that point, and after considerable labor they were disconnected, and this gave a fresh supply of air. While this was being done the men worked with the sponges over their mouths, and these were kept saturated with ice water. Some placed pieces of ice the size of their fists in the hollows of the sponges and sucked them. Part of the time they were in the incline, and the sponges becoming impregnated with the gases had to be wrung out every five minutes. The men drank two gallons of ice water in half an hour.

After about an hour's work the gas in the incline seemed to be increasing, and the men were frightful. Orders were finally given to leave the place and go back to the Imperial cooling station. The men availed themselves of the order at once, and returning to the Imperial remained there an hour, and after recuperating returned again to the station with timbers and canvas for the bulkhead. This bulkhead was constructed only with great labor, and was finished at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Two compartments had to be bulkheaded, and timbers were barely kept together by wedges in the floor of the station. These were covered with canvas and clay thrown over the canvas. The heat was so intense that the clay had to be kept wet with a hose. After everything was tight about the bulkhead the gas still escaped, and a spray hose was then turned through the bulkhead. The shower of water from this kept back the gas, and in half an hour the atmosphere was comparatively pure. This took until nearly 3 o'clock in the morning, and when the incline was considered safe two men were sent up and found 1,600 feet of air.

At this point the naked body of a man was seen crouched down under the end of an air pipe. It was swollen to twice its natural size and discolored here and there from decomposition. It was the body of young Donahue. In his belt was found the flag which he had placed in the end of the air pipes when they are not in use. His dinner bucket was by his side. This indicated that he was in the station cooling off when the deadly rush of gas came from below, otherwise he would have left his bucket at some point lower down the incline, and he would be fighting for his life. He had taken off his overalls, as men sometimes do in a cooling station, to wring them out. It had been supposed that any one in the cooling station at the time of the first rush of the gas could have lived there at least twenty-four hours with the fresh air from pipe. His death was easily explained. Either from neglect or inability he had not turned the damper in the pipe. It was just beyond his hand, and the supposition is that he was so suddenly overcome that he could not reach it. A piece of thread was once seen up from the 1,840, and the body was sewed up in it and left at the station until a car could be sent down the incline.

A gang of six men were next sent down the Bullion shaft at 7 o'clock in the morning. In penetrating the first section of the mine, on the 800 level, they found the body of Perry. It was lying on the last sill, and within seven feet of a cooling station. He was evidently trying to reach this station when he was overtaken by the gas. His lantern was found about one hundred feet behind him, and the body was much swollen and discolored. It was sewed up in a canvas sack until the car could be sent down the incline.

Search was next made for the body of Crocker. It was found thirty-five feet below the 1,200 level. The dead miner's back was surprised by a centre post, and his legs were resting in one of the sills. He appeared as if he had been struck and fallen as found. The body was placed in a canvas sack.

During the past four days the men about the Bullion Mine have worked ceaselessly in the recovering of their comrades' bodies. Henry Blight, J. J. Brooks, and A. N. Baker worked twenty-four hours each on a stretch in getting out the bodies. Foreman Mennyfreed did double duty nearly all of the time.

A BURGOO IN THE BLUE GRASS.

Something About the Famous Dish of the Central Part of Kentucky.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

GEORGETOWN, Ky., July 5.—The "Burgoo" is a plant that flourishes only in the blue grass regions of Kentucky, and it may be a few remarks upon its constitution and general application might not be out of order. It is a species of soup cooked in a kettle over an open fire, and should be, when made *en regle*, founded upon squirrel flesh. The other component parts may be left to the whole, depend upon the engineer in charge of the works, and are as various and complicated as any mathematical problem. The dish, however, when ready to be served, is a most palatable one, and a hungry man, with a chance at it, will not be irritated if disturbed while he was operating on it. The practical workings of a pot of burgoo, though, are generally in the way of an apology. It serves as the excuse for the convocation of a circle of personal friends, who meet for social enjoyment. It is also at times used with wider-reaching results, and many a candidate for high office has had his goose cooked in the same pot that boiled the squirrel meat.

The Georgetown Club is composed of gentlemen of high social standing. For some years past they have given a "burgoo" on the Fourth of July, to which they invite a small circle of friends from different parts of the State. On yesterday the trysting place was in a beautiful woods pasture, about a mile and a half from town, near the residence of Victor Gross, and celebrated as one of the most elegant dwelling houses in the interior of Kentucky. There were some forty persons present, and beneath the trees tables were spread, upon some of which lay the history of the four kings, and parties were seated around resulting lessons from the book. Again there were tables which bore evidence of communication with the spirit world, and by making a little combination with pie, sugar, sprigs of mint, nutmegs, raspberries and other auxiliaries, the presiding medium soon placed you in close and agreeable communion with almost any spirit you might call for. The one which appeared to be in the greatest demand was John Barleycorn. Again there were tables spread which had solid comfort on them for the inner man, and you were not compelled to wait for the edge of expected appetite with barbarous imagination of a feast. A barbecued lamb and shoat were contributions to the general make up. But beyond and above all in the enjoyment of the occasion was the generous hospitality with which everything was dispensed.

Snubbing Two Young Snobs.

From the London Telegraph.

Lina Morgenstern, the founder of the "Kindergartens," attended the Court ball in the Berlin Palace, in celebration of the Princess's golden wedding. Royal pages, gorgeous in scarlet and white favors, were in attendance at the doorways of the throne room to spread train for the Princesses, and some ladies privileged to appear before the presence, and perform the homage of curtsies prescribed by etiquette. These high born youths executed their functions with admirable stolidity, but when Fräulein Morgenstern happened to be ambassadresses, peeresses, or even members of the numerous untitled aristocracy, but when a lady of the middle class presented herself at their post, they were observed to hang back.

When Lina Morgenstern's turn came to enter the throne room she passed by the pages, unassisted by the assistance she had afforded to her predecessor a Countess, but in vain. Turning sharply round upon the pages who disdained to notice her, she addressed them "Who are you, young gentlemen?" "I am Prince H——." "I am Count K——." "Well, then, Prince H—— and Count K——, be so good as to arrange my train properly." With flushed as red as their liveries, the youthful nobles hastily did their office.

Twin Goslings and Chicks.

From the La Cygne Journal.

North Carolina claims to have a goose that has hatched twin goslings. Linn County, Kansas, can beat that. Joseph Smith of Centreville township has a hen that, last spring, hatched fifteen chickens from thirteen eggs, two of the eggs producing two chickens each.

NIAGARA SENSATIONS.

Sam Patch's Leap. Blondin's Tight Rope Pedestrianism, and Peer's Jump.

From the Globe-Democrat.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 8.—In April last—I think it was on the 21st—a Canadian, named Harmon Peer, took his stand upon a platform jutting out from the centre of the foot and carriage bridge at this point, and prepared himself for a drop into the river, which rushes along with such mad fury nearly 200 feet below. In order to prevent suffocation or suspension of respiration inseparable from the rapid passing through the air of his descending body, Harmon fastened a sponge over his mouth and nose. He then sprang boldly into the air, and in four seconds from the time he left the platform disappeared below the surface of the river. He was picked up, uninjured, by one of the boats which were waiting for him after his hazardous descent.

The falls of Niagara are among the most sublime of spectacles. Americans long ago selected these falls, the rapids preceding the river's heading leap, and the whirlpool below, as scenes for the exhibition by man of daring athletic feats. It is just fifty years ago since that intrepid swimmer, Sam Patch, undertook to leap from a ladder, suspended at the foot of a precipice, upon Goat Island, into the boisterous and whirling waters below.

"Ah! yes," says a descriptive reporter of that day, "Sam Patch reached the pinnacle from which his plunge was to be made, and, clothed from head to foot in white, sat for a moment like a seagull upon a cloud. Having made his tremendous leap amid the breathless silence of those who attended him with little expectation that they would ever see him again, the bold adventurer sank into the seething cauldron, which closed over him and hid him from their sight. A boat was at hand to pick him up, but nothing was seen of him until he was discovered clinging up the rocks on the river's bank, some hundreds of feet below the falls. He sustained no sort of injury, although it is said that among those who have been carried by accident over the falls, no survivor ever escaped instantaneous death."

Then came Blondin, who twenty years or so ago was the hero of Niagara. He electrified a vast concourse of spectators by walking across the turbulent and boiling river upon a single rope, stretched above the abyss from bank to bank. To one who has studied the falls under the full light of the noonday sun, or beneath the moon's pale beams, these senseless exhibitions are strangely out of harmony with the surroundings. No one can possibly describe the overpowering sensation produced upon his mind by the appearance of the river which affords a vent for the fifth part of the fresh water lakes of the world, as they discharge their overflow through the awful gorge of Niagara into the fifth lake which connects them with the St. Lawrence River. Americans yield to no people in love of honest out-door sports, but they must be legitimate sports to receive their support. Sam Patch jumps, like the one this fellow Peer is about to repeat, or like that of the Roman who climbed the Tarquin rock and thence threw an immortal flagellon into eternity.

There is a well-authenticated story of an Indian chief who once caught sight in his canoe while paddling across the rapid river above the falls, and before he was aware of it the vortex of the descending stream sucked him in. Folding his arms with the characteristic imperturbability of his race, he was carried over the brink, and his dead body was picked up in the whirlpool some two or three miles below, where the river is twisted at right angles in its hurried course toward Lake Ontario. The canoe in which the hapless Sachem made the plunge was torn into a thousand fragments, attesting the irresistible force and fury of the cataract, which has often tempted men weary of life to plunge into the devouring abyss as a means of committing suicide.

Many years ago the Buffalo *Advertiser* printed a sensational story to the effect that "the falls of Niagara, the unmatched phenomenon of nature, the centralization of power, grandeur and beauty, the theme of poesy and the inspiration of the traveller, the resort of the enauyu and the delight of the tourist, are no more." It was represented that the "bastion of Goat Island" had fallen into the stream below, and that the supporting fabric of the great cataract had perished under the ceaseless battery of the tremendous body of water carried over its edge. The Rapids above Goat Island, on the side of the American side were said to have disappeared; and for many weeks geologists and scientific men in all parts of the world exhausted themselves in speculations upon the causes which had led to this prodigious convulsion.

But the marvellous contrast still exists, surrounded by natural features of so sublime and magnificent a character that it is in contemplation to create a park or pleasure ground upon both sides of the stream. Such an international park would do away with the money-making fellows who now charge for everything under the sun.

A SHARK IN BALTIMORE HARBOR.

The Lazy Monster that Ate Up an Excursion Party's Lunch.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

A young shark, about five feet in length, made its appearance in the harbor yesterday and caused considerable consternation. The shark was of a light color, and resembled the species found in abundance in the waters of the West Indies. It was first seen about 5 o'clock in the morning in the neighborhood of Lazaretto light by a party of young men who were on their way down the river in a small yacht. The shark was then swimming lazily along with its sides and back out of the water, occasionally turning over on its back to seize some morsel of food which had been cast overboard by some passing vessel. A piece of meat thrown from the dinner basket of one of the party drew the fish close to the boat. A general opening of the lunch baskets followed, and as each succeeding piece was eagerly seized and devoured by the fish, the party had ample opportunity to study the architecture of its capacious mouth, which measured fully twenty-four inches. As soon as the distribution of lunch ceased the shark left the vicinity of the boat and started on a tour of discovery around Fort McHenry, not, however, until one of the occupants of the boat had made an ineffectual lunge at him with a boat hook. In doing so the young man lost his balance and fell over the side of the boat. He was quickly pulled out, and as he was hauled over the side he heard the vicious snap of the shark's teeth, as the ponderous jaws came together in unpleasant proximity to his foot.

Another party of excursionists, in which there were several young ladies, was coming down from the direction of the Spring Gardens and encountered the shark, which approached quite near the boat. The young men in the boat began striking at it with the oars, and in doing so nearly overturned the boat. The shark then began to swim around the boat, and would swim around the boat, disappearing occasionally but again reappearing, always, however, taking care to keep out of the reach of the oars. The smaller missiles it did not seem to mind much, and a German newspaper, a piece of umbrella handle, a small tin box, and several other "trifles" were swallowed apparently with great relish. The ladies finally becoming frightened, the boat was rowed rapidly toward shore and the shark disappeared.

Toward dusk a shark, supposed to be the same, made his appearance near Canton. Several boys were out in a boat rowing, and one of them, Henry Jackson, living in South Baltimore, was sitting over the bow of the boat splashing his feet in the water, when the fish came up suddenly. Before the affrighted boy had time to recover from the scare the shark had bitten off the big toe of the right foot and lacerated several others. The fish was also seen at intervals during the day by other persons, and came up near a party of swimmers off the Lazaretto, but was frightened off. It was also seen following a steamer out of the river, picking up the remnants of the steward's room which were cast overboard. The last seen of it was when it was making for the Spring Gardens, where its appearance in these waters exercised considerable surprise among seafaring men, and it is thought by some to have become detached from a school and followed a vessel in from sea.

Game to the Last.

From the Dallas Herald.

On Thursday last a fatal encounter occurred near Alvarado, Johnson County, Texas, between two men named Boyles and James, in which the former was killed. They had a misunderstanding about a business transaction, and Boyles went to James's grocery and told him he intended to kill him as soon as he could catch him outside. James shortly afterward went to the door of his store, where Boyles met him on the spot and fired at the head. He fired the second time, the ball going near the intended mark, and then James returned the fire, his bullet severing the femoral artery, and causing death in a few minutes. Game to the last, Boyles fired three more shots at James after he was wounded, but without avail. Boyles was a silversmith, and was said to be engaged to a widow here in Dallas.

Bitten by a Copperhead.

From the Oil City Derrick.

Wednesday evening a little boy, named Mishler, whose parents reside in the lower end of the Third Ward, in what is known as Fishtown, was bitten by a copperhead snake. He was playing at the corner of the house when bitten, and ran to his mother at once. He told her a snake had bitten him, and then jumped over his head. The lad showed a small red spot on his ankle where he said the bite was. The mother thought it was only a bee sting, and paid no attention to it until the wound began to swell. Then the Doctor was sent for, who pronounced it a snake bite, and gave remedies at once. The boy was then carried to where he said he had been bitten, when the snake was found there coiled about a burlock plant. He was an ugly looking repute, and was killed and despatched with a hoe.

The boy was doing quite well last night, and there are hopes of his recovery.

Stung by a Scorpion.

From the Raleigh Advertiser.

The little daughter of Thomas C. Cain of Bastrop County, Texas, was stung by a scorpion on hand by a servant. Mr. Cain applied scrits of ammonia, and administered a strong toddy. For an hour her suferings were intense, but after a night's rest scarcely any sign of the sting remained.

From the Hartford Courant.

Daniel Carter of Waterbury, Conn., killed a rattlesnake on the rocks near Jericho Brook, one day last week, which had thirteen rattles. This makes the third one killed near this place this season.

Rattlesnakes as Bedfellows.

From the News in Enterprise.

Rattlesnakes are said to be quite numerous on Shaw's Mountain, Idaho. Walter Coffin found one in his bed a few nights ago, which had crawled into the bed and across the sleeping occupant before it was discovered.

FIGHTING A BONDED DEBT.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN A KENTUCKY TOWN AND NEW YORK BANKERS.

Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s Long Litigation—Elizabethtown Without a City Government for Years—Compromise Proposed.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

ELIZABETHTOWN, July 6.—A mass meeting of the citizens of this place was held in the court house last night to consider some plan by which a final settlement of the town's bonded indebtedness in aid of the Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad could be effected. To properly understand the predicament in which the town is situated it will be necess