however, that the feeling of the province of Ulster is as decidedly in favor of Prussia, though it is by no means so demonstrative. It would appear indeed, that Irish sympathy, divided as it is, is influenced on both sides by religious opinion, for it is a fact that while the Protestants of the North are, to a man, in favor of Prussia, the Catholics of the South are no less decided in their preference for France. There are a large number of Germans resident in the towns of Ulster, who are for the most part engaged in the linen trade, and these, I have no doubt, have done much to influence the Northerners in their favor. By their industry, honesty and general good conduct they have become favorites with the native population, and I have reason to know that the promptitude and alacrity with which they threw up lucrative situations to fight in defence of Fatherland have created a profound sympathy with them and their cause throughout the North.

There is not, I believe, a town in Ulster in which the linen trade is carried on that does not contain several German houses. The Prussians have, indeed, very constant communication with the North of Ireland; but, with the South, they have no intercourse whatever.

The Roman Catholics do not forget that the Prussians were the allies of William of Orange during the Wars of the Revolution, and this is an offence they cannot bring themselves to overlook or forgive. Nor is this the chief cause of their dislike to Prussia. During the rebellion of 1798, several German regiments came over here and fought as mercenaries against the people in their struggle for liberty. Their conduct at that time, if the rumors still current in different parts of the country can be relied on, was most revolting and abominable. Their chief object was to make money, and Ireland in 1798 afforded a fine opportunity for the fulfilment of this design. Day and night they were, it is said, roaming the country, plundering the natives and murdering every honest man who had the courage to oppose them in their career of wickedness. They are still bitterly remembered in many parts of Ireland, and tales of their profligacy and crime may be heard in many parts of the country, particularly in the county of Wexford, where the struggle, in those times, was fiercest and hottest.

MACMAHON.

The French sympathisers in Ireland have very great admiration for Marshal MacMahon, whom they regard as an Irishman, even though he happened to be born in France. They ask, and no doubt with laudable pride, what will England say if, in the coming struggle, the descendant of an Irish exile should meet and vanquish the son-in-law of Queen Victoria?

AN IRISH BRIGADE FOR FRANCE.

It is asserted here that, should England continue to give her moral support to Prussia, an Irish brigade will be formed to aid the French in the present crisis. I do not know that there is any likelihood of this idea being acted upon; all that can be said at present is that the organization of a brigade in the service of France is in contemplation. A certain section of the community are, it seems, rather anxious to embarrass England. They would, I have no doubt, be right well pleased to see her dragged into the present war, in the hope that they might have greater liberty to carry out their own designs. They are anxious to prove to France and the world that the English press does not represent their opinions with regard to the war, but that they differ entirely from England on this question.

TURKEY.

Financial Depression and Money Losses—The War Fever Anxiety—Military Aid from Egypt—Russian Intrigue—Material Progress Slightly in Check.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 27, 1870.

The financial position of the Stamboul market has in no way improved since my last; in fact, it may be said to be at present in a worse state than it was at the onset of the panic; for with the increasing uncertainty as to the ultimate results of the pending conflict between France and Prussia gold tends to become more scarce every day, people are more cautious and credit is gradually diminishing. Many failures must follow if this state of affairs continues, and with such a prospect before us general trade must necessarily suffer. What is worse is that nobody can tell how far the evil may go. At present we are suffering only from the effects of a general panic—effects bad enough, as many already are ruined by it, and others find themselves suddenly deprived of one-third of their fortunes, laid out in government and other national securities. All look round with anxiety and inquire what the result would be if these European complications were to extend as far as the East, and should Turkey herself be drawn in the vortex.

As yet no such eventuality seems in any way imminent, as the Sultan's government has wisely followed the example of the other cabinets of Europe and declared her positive neutrality.

The Viceroy of Egypt has offered 20,000 breech-loaders to the Sultan and also a corps of 30,000 Egyptian troops for the camp of Rustchuk. This offer has been accepted, and unless some untoward event occurs we shall soon have the Egyptian contingent here. Money the Viceroy does not promise; probably he has none to give. He is very popular just at present; and all the efforts of his enemies to bring about an angry feeling against him on the part of the Sultan have failed.

Russian intrigues are very rife in Servia in favor of a panslavish movement. This feeling may certainly be very popular at Belgrade, but it is not so among the Bulgarians, who cordially detest Russia, whatever philo-Russians may say. This, however, does not obviate the necessity of preparing for future difficulties in case of complications in these parts. Consequently we now see a great activity at the arsenal and at the Board of War barracks, which are actively being prepared for the reception of large bodies of troops. In fact, the whole of the fleet is being manned and prepared for sea, and the eight ironclads anchored in the Bosphorus are ready for a cruise and look very efficient and imposing. Along the Danube an army of observation has been formed and placed under the direct command of old Omar Pacha, and will consist of 80,000 men, while another corps of 20,000 men is under orders for the Greek frontiers.

All these naval and military preparations tell heavily on the resources of the Treasury, already very low, and should they continue the Minister of Finance, Sadik Pacha, will find himself at his wits' ends to procure the ways and means. You may imagine how he is likely to fare in the Galata money market should he have to apply for any temporary loan, when I state that private individuals are refused small temporary loans at fifteen per cent against deposit of securities such as consols at thirty, though their quoted price is forty-two.

All matters connected with reorganization improvements naturally suffer from the present state of affairs, and we hear nothing now about railways or steam companies. Army contractors are the busy men in the field now. Some 200 mitrailleuses have been already ordered, and the wants of the artillery will not stop there.

There is also a chance now for some of your ferryboat builders. For many years an American gentleman tried to induce the Bosphorus Company to start a ferryboat between the two shores of the straits. He could not get either them or the government to give their attention to his proposal, and eventually left this in disgust. The Bosphorus Steam Company has now actually brought out a ferryboat from England to convey passengers, carriages and cattle, and, as success is certain, the company will in all probability soon be in want of more boats of the same description.

The Viceroy is here for the summer season and shows no sign of going. Some people say that he will remain here till next September.

So far matters are very quiet in the Danubian and Servian principalities.

The French Ambassador, M. Bourre, left two days ago for France. His successor is expected next Saturday.

THE SCIENCE OF WAR.

Military Surgery and the New Weapons.

The London *Lancet*, writing on the merits of the French and Prussian rifles, says:—

The relative merits of the Chassepot and needle gun have yet to be tested in a general action. The arms themselves, their mechanism and the character of their projectiles are well known; but it appears to be the opinion of military surgeons that the statements as to the gravity and great size of the wounds, especially of the exit wound of the Chassepot as compared with those of the needle gun, have been exaggerated. It will be remembered that the trials with this bullet on horses were some time ago described as causing very large, tearing wounds; but one of our correspondents at Rome, who saw the wounded after the battle of Mentana, did not corroborate these statements. We understand that at an experimental trial with a Montigny mitrailleuse in this country, charged with Chassepot bullets, on a number of dummy soldiers to represent infantry, the effect was not considered very satisfactory in a military sense, for only thirty or forty shots took effect out of the 500 or 600 fired. Of the relative merits of Snider and Henry-Martini weapons there can be no doubt. The latter is vastly superior to the former in respect of its trajectory and consequent accuracy at long ranges. The exit wound of the Snider is often very jagged, owing to the hollow nature of the projectile causing it to flatten when coming in contact with the more solid structures of the body, and, being light in weight and rounded in form, it is apt to go round rather than penetrate a bone. The Henry-Martini has a small solid bullet, and it consequently undergoes little or no flattening; it strikes with much greater momentum and possesses more penetrating power; it is said to go right through bone, pulverizing it, and passing out of the body with a relatively small exit opening. Such at least we are informed have been the results obtained from experiments on the bodies of dead horses.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

Racing During a Week—Magnificent Displays of Jockeyship—Breakdown of a St. Leger Favorite—Sharp Practice by a "Swell"—A Fortunate Purchase—Old Reindeer Still Alive—The Colonel—The Autumn Handicaps.

LONDON, August 6, 1870.

The racing of the week at Brighton and Lewes concludes what is known as the "Sussex" fortnight, and now all the sport of the year is done so far as the south country is concerned, and all we see looming in the future are York, Doncaster and the Newmarket autumn meetings, with, of course, a number of minor fixtures, held in the midland and northern counties, interspersed. At Brighton the experienced sportsman always looks out for squalls, and, even if the weather elsewhere or previously has been of the most beautiful description, fortifies himself with his umbrella or his waterproof, or both. Even if the rain does not come down in buckets, there is nearly always a mist hanging over the hills so dense as to defy the longest vision, and the finest Voigtlander and the oldest turfite cannot make out the colors of the jackets until the horses are within a quarter of a mile from home. Strange to say, on this occasion there was very little to complain of, for there was not a drop of rain, the mist was only partial and the atmosphere was extremely pleasant. The attendance, however, was very poor, and was composed to a large extent of the St. John's Wood and Pimlico Sisterhood, who at this season always assemble in immense force at the great bathing place anxious to pick up a little color for the winter campaign, as well as pursue their avocations in the gay and licentious London-super-Mare. The sport was, taken as a whole, very poor, but it led to some of the most wonderful finishes I ever saw, and to displays of horsemanship which were never surpassed by Robinson, Chifney or Buckle.

Perhaps the most important event of the week was the breakdown of Mr. Joseph Dawson's horse King o' Scots, who was a strong favorite for the Derby, in which he performed very indifferently, but who, of late, has run so well that he was quoted at the comparatively short price of 100 to 8 for the St. Leger. It was in his race for the Champagne Stakes on Tuesday that all his hopes of carrying the great northern three-year old stake to Doncaster was dissipated. He had three opponents:—Mr. Cranford's four-year-old mare Heather Bell; Sir Joseph Hawley's four-year old horse Rosicrucian, and Mr. Graham's well-known three-year old Sabinus. There were some fears on the part of the stable about King o' Scots' fore legs, which have always been dicky, and which ran a greater risk than usual from the course being down hill. They were therefore somewhat hesitating in their support of him, while the public, on seeing his legs wrapped up in bandages, were also somewhat suspicious. The consequence was that he started only a slightly better favorite than Rosicrucian, the two figuring at seventy to forty and seventy-five to forty respectively; but the chances of Sabinus and Heather Bell were considered so hopeless that five to one was laid against each. Mr. Graham's horse could not make the semblance of a fight when Rosicrucian challenged him, and the favorite was also hopelessly "out of it" at the foot of the hill, having, indeed, as was afterwards ascertained, broken down. The race then seemed to be at the mercy of Sir Joseph Hawley's horse, but Chaloner, giving Heather Bell a dig with the spurs as they approached the post, brought her on level terms with Rosicrucian. The struggle which ensued was one of the most magnificent ever witnessed on an English race course; for while the animals fought it out with a desperate resolution the jockeys assisted them with all their strength and all their skill. Heather Bell and Chaloner, however, always had slightly the best of it, and Rosicrucian and Wells were just beaten by the shortest of heads.

The race was followed by a bit of sharp practice on the part of one of the "swells," which shows that "blue blood" is not inconsistent with the possession of a fine eye to business. King o' Scots did not betray any symptoms of having broken down till after he had passed the post, a part of the course at which the horses cannot be seen by the members of the ring, but can by the occupants of the steward's stand. Immediately after the race Sir Charles Legard turned round and shouted "forty fifties against King o' Scots"—for the St. Leger, of course. "Done," cried Bob Lee, the bookmaker, and down went the bet. But an enterprising brother of the pencil having been to see the state of affairs remarking "You're done, Bob; the King has broken down," Lee had to lay 2,000 to 30 and 2,000 to 20 "to get out."

Sir Charles Legard is a highly popular follower of the sport on which he has "wasted his substance" to such an extent that he is said to be "hard up," though he still keeps a few horses in training, it may be with assistance. No one, therefore, grudged him the couple of races secured for him this week by his four year old Border Knight, who has proved himself one of the best animals of that age in England. He was made favorite for the Brighton stakes, which he won, ridden by Custance, after an interesting race with Lord St. Vincent's representative, Violet; but the field was far from being a good one. Next day, however, in the Brighton Cup he opened the eyes of spectators by fairly beating one of the best three year olds of the season, Kennington, at the very post. The result was wholly due to the magnificent horsemanship of Custance, whose powerful arm fairly lifted the horse forward in the last two strides and enabled him to beat his opponent by about the breadth of a man's hand. Half a dozen yards from the post the race was Kennington's, and half a dozen yards beyond it the race was Kennington's; but at the post, solely by that timely lift of the great jockey, it was given to Border Knight. Of course such exertions as these unfitted the horse for subsequent work, and I regret that Sir Charles Legard did not let well alone; but he had "tasted blood" and could give the gallant Knight no rest. He brought him out once more on Friday to oppose Sir Joseph Hawley's famous four year old Siderolite, who, at even weights, beat him by many lengths, a fact which was no doubt due to Border Knight being overworked, while Siderolite had not run since he won the Goodwood Cup.

Reindeer, the wonderful old horse, whose age to three-fourths of the present race of sporting men is unknown, but who is really twelve years old, appeared at Brighton after it was supposed that he had retired into "private life." With the exception of a brief interval of rest, earned by his being knocked all to pieces, he has been hard at work since he was two years of age, and if he could speak might tell a tale which would astonish most of us. He is generally brought out at Brighton, where he never fails to win a race or two, the ground being apparently admirably suited to his constitution or his style of going. On this occasion he maintained his reputation, for he won a couple of races very easily, and, strange to say, the same animal, Bonnie Katie, who is extremely fast at half a mile, but cannot go a yard further, was second to him in both races. It is to be hoped that Mr. Savile, who trains his horses off their legs, will give the old fellow a rest until the next Brighton meeting twelve months hence, when he may be again successful.

Four years ago the Steward's Cup, at Goodwood, was fairly run away with by a horse called Tibthorpe, who had a few weeks before "taken an airing;" that is, had been deliberately "roped" for the purpose of making his chance appear hopeless at an obscure meeting at Hayling Island. For a long time afterwards nothing was heard of him, and when he did reappear he ran so indifferently that he was thought to be a "duffer." At the last Epsom spring meeting, accordingly, he was entered for a selling race, which he won, and was thereupon claimed by Prince Soltzkoff for £100. Since that time he has won no fewer than eight races—three of them this week—of the aggregate value of £1,365, to say nothing whatever of bets. He is simply the best animal at six furlongs in England, and perhaps in the world, and, but for the fact that you do not care for short races, I should like to see him matched against your best "sprit" runners. In his races at Brighton and Lewes this week he almost "lost" his opponents, some of them very smart animals.

DR. SHORTHOUSE AGAIN IN TROUBLE.

Mr. Graham, the owner of Sabinus, has been the object of much suspicion of late, on account of his management of that famous horse, and there are many who believe that in the races which he has lost he has been run to lose. Now, it is somewhat curious that this animal is raced in the name of a Mr. Hessey, and that others of Mr. Graham's stud are run in the name of a Mr. Jones, but nobody has ever seen either the one gentleman or the other; in fact, there is good ground for believing that each is a "Mrs. Harris." After Sabinus, with five to four on him, lost the Goodwood Cup, Dr. Shorthouse was exceedingly wroth, and wrote in his paper an article, the purport of which was that the horse had not tried, and that his owner had laid against him. Thereupon Mr. Graham wrote to two of the sporting papers, denying emphatically that he had bet against Sabinus in the races which he had lost, or that he had authorized any one to do so; and in reference to the insinuations about Rowell, the jockey who rode the horse every time he won, not riding him when he lost, he gave explanations which effectually disposed of them. But, further, he threatened Dr. Shorthouse with a criminal prosecution for libel, and swore that he would give him what Sir Joseph Hawley had given him—three months' imprisonment. I am, however, inclined to believe that the action will never come off; for I do not think Mr. Graham is vindictive enough to maintain it, and if he were, Dr. Shorthouse has such a healthy horror of prison fare that he would "eat" any quantity of "leeks" to avoid another experience of it.

LATEST STORY OF THE COLONEL.

The latest intelligence we have of the Colonel, the winner of the last two grand national steeple chases, is to the effect that he had been offered by Mr. Andre, his new owner, who is a devoted German, to the King of Prussia, to be used as a field charger. Everybody here is rejoiced to learn that this is not to be the fate of the gallant horse; for the King has found that he is not "up to his weight," and that, moreover, he is afflicted with "staggers." Since he went to the Continent the Colonel appears to have gone all to pieces, and has been twice beaten by Jury-man, an animal who it was supposed could not hold a candle to him in England; but still it would be rather hard lines, after all he has done, to be turned into a war horse.

COUNT BATTHYANY,

who is one of the most enlightened and liberal of the supporters of the English turf, has, by the death of a relative, become a Prince of the holy Roman empire, and has acquired vast possessions abroad. He deserves every honor and emolument he may attain.

THE AUTUMN HANDICAPS,

the entries for which have just been published, prove incontestably that, if the turf is at present somewhat dull, commercially the sport was never more prosperous or on a healthier basis. In the case of each of these handicaps there is an important increase in the entries of the past few years; and taking the largest subscriptions of recent date, those of 1865, which was the height of the "plunging" period, we find that with regard to the Great Eastern handicap there are now ten more entries; October handicap nine fewer; Cesarewitch stakes twenty-four more, and Cambridgeshire stakes thirty-two more—a striking proof of the fact that the turf is recovering rapidly from the baneful effects of overtrading, and is in even a better financial position than during its continuance. The entries for the Cesarewitch are 206 and for the Cambridgeshire 236.

SCOTTISH GAMES.

The Brooklyn Caledonian Club—A Gala Day at Myrtle Avenue Park.

The Brooklyn Caledonian Club had a gala day yesterday at the Myrtle Avenue Park, and as it was well known there would be an exhibition of more than ordinary athletic skill, a large number of the admirers of the Scottish games gathered at an early hour. The club, headed by half a dozen pipers, arrived on the ground about eleven o'clock. There was naturally considerable excitement among the contestants for the prizes, each expecting to excel his competitor. The men who were to contest for the prizes in the various games entered the enclosure set apart for them. The judges were Messrs. J. Donaldson, of Boston; Thomas Sinclair, of Newark; John McGinness, Alexander Robinson, and Robert Anderson, of Hoboken.

The games commenced shortly after eleven o'clock, and were a continual source of merriment and excitement. The celebrated champion of athletes of Great Britain took part in the games, but did not compete for the prizes, or he would have carried off all from his amateur brethren.

1. Putting the heavy stone, 24 pounds—D. Dinnie, 34 feet 7 inches; William Laird, first prize, 26.1; John Reed, second prize, 25.7½.
2. Putting the light stone—Dinnie, 43.7; William Laird, first prize, 32.5; C. Kennedy, second prize, 32.5, a "tie," won by former.
3. Standing jump—A. McAllister, first prize, 8.9¾; Robert Forfar, second prize, 8.8½.
4. Throwing the heavy hammer, 18 pounds—D. Dinnie, 94 feet; C. Kennedy, first prize, 64.5; A. Robertson, second prize, 64.5, a tie, won by former.
5. Throwing the light hammer—D. Dinnie, 120.1; C. Kennedy, first prize, 85.8; J. Kennedy, second prize, 78.8.
6. Running jump—D. Keiller, first prize, 14.8; A. Mitchell, second prize, 15.7.
7. Broadsword dance—J. Kennedy, first prize; J. Forfar, second prize.
8. Short race, 140 yards—D. Robinson, first prize; D. Keiller, second prize.
9. Running high leap—D. Keiller, first prize, 4.7; R. Forfar, second prize, 4.6.

A number of other games were indulged in, when the men of muscle retired amid the plaudits of those who had witnessed the feats.

OLD WORLD ITEMS.

On the first receipt of the news that France had declared war against Prussia General Prim wished to send 80,000 men to the Spanish frontier.

The republicans of Spain are all on the *qui vive* at the war crisis, and, in their Central Junta, have determined to push their cause with the utmost diligence.

The annual expenses of the federal army of Germany, on a peace footing, are 66,856,674 thalers, or something over $50,000,000.

Prussia now has military control of 38,000,000 people, or only about 2,000,000 less than France. With the Germans in Austria added to her standard she would have 7,000,000 more than France.

At Berlin and at Paris there are announcements already placarded of splendid illustrated albums of the existing war.

A very violent and persistent propaganda is going on against the French in Spain.

The "Chant du Depart," the famous popular song which almost rivals the "Marseillaise" in France, has been expurgated for present use so as to omit the words "kings" and "tyrants," where the people call them to tremble and to decend into the tomb.

Our French exchanges make frequent mention of crowds shouting "Vive la Republique!" in the leading cities of France.

A kind fraternal trait is narrated to illustrate the spirit of the young French soldiery recently summoned to the army. A young conscript, recently married, expressed regret at leaving his wife, and also at being compelled to go without having given the last touch to his employer's vineyard. The next morning a score of his village comrades were seen hurrying to the fields with various implements, and singing the "Chant du Depart" as they went. At night they announced to the young soldier that the work which would have taken him a fortnight to complete was finished. Such men are worthy of a better fate than to serve for powder food.

Switzerland is very distrustful of the Prussians, but has taken the most stringent measures to protect her neutrality. A Baden soldier, who came too near the frontier at Leopoldhohe, was shot dead by a Swiss sentinel, and German officers who come over unarmed to Basle and drink too much beer are roughly handled.

The Masonic lodges all over Europe are taking up contributions in aid of the wounded and disabled victims of the war.

The correspondents of the Paris papers report from Metz that when the French army was concentrating there the smallpox was raging in the place.

A piece entitled "Marching on Paris" is now performed at a leading theatre in Berlin. The first act represents "Peace and quiet;" the second "The people rise and the struggle begins;" the third "The passage of the Rhine," and the fourth "On to Paris," with songs and ballet dancing.

Alexandre Dumas is sojourning near the Rhine and the scene of hostilities. Hence literature may expect another picturesque book on the war.

The manual labor performed in turning the cranks of the French mitrailleuses has been confided entirely to the Turcos, from Algeria, who speak very little French and are consequently less noisy and talkative than any other corps in the army.

The interpretation in English of the names of the German commanders is sufficiently curious. For instance, Steinmetz means a stone cutter; Falkenstein, the falcon rock; and Hence Vogel von Falkenstein—the bird of the falcon rock; Manteufel, man devil, and Eulenburg, the castle of owls. These names are Gothic enough for the dark ages.

Prince Napoleon recently told Leopold III., of Belgium, that Bismarck, in his secret negotiations with France, had offered Belgium to that Power "as a servant offers a plate of refreshments to a guest."

It is believed that the Prussian campaign will do away with many absurdities of French military costume. In Italy the buckskin gloves, aprons, &c., were laid aside, and such will be the fate, at this time, of the ponderous, suffocating bearskin bonnets of the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard.

The seat of government of Baden has been removed from Carlsruhe to the small town of Wertheim, on the Bavarian frontier, because of the exposed situation of the former place.

THE FINE ARTS.

Art Progress and Public Curiosity—The Paris Galleries as Affected by the War—Rude Shock to the March of Refinement—Life Scenes from the Palace to the Cottage—Subjects for New Pictures—Caricaturists and Dramatists in Luck—The Opera and the Pantheon.

PARIS, August 2, 1870.

It is a very universal belief that Apollo and Bellona are about to tear 350,000 Prussians from each other, and that a moat of human blood lies between the temple of art and the field of Mars. Consequently, my sympathetic friends, the painters, have given themselves up to the "Marseillaise," with their felt hats punched in a little worse than usual. Instead of improving the present occasion, it is to be all *fur niente* until peace is proclaimed, and even art critics are put down as insane for attempting to amuse or divert subscribers by letters on the ideal and the beautiful. If ever the mission of art correspondents was considered an essential feature in our dailies, how much more so in time of war, when the mind loves to turn away from scenes of strife, and to rest on less hideous instruments than the mitrailleuse, or, as one of the French generals calls it, the "gleaner," because it does bring down five hundred living beings at a single trial! Besides, who will gainsay that we have in daily life, within our homes, *salons* and streets, subjects for the brush and palette such as the most vivid imagination could scarcely depict?

Let your readers follow me. Yesterday at St. Cloud, a lovely woman, a woman acknowledged to be the most graceful sovereign of Europe, stood over her son, handing to her servant the scissors with which all the curly locks her fingers have so often run through were to be clipped short in order to make room for the military kepi. There, on a chair by her side, stood the valise packed by her own hands with every article that maternal forethought could devise and the regulations, which are applied to all alike, would allow of. Or, let them gather round the entrance of the park on the following morning, and see her wish Napoleon III. "goodby;" then press their only son to her bosom, saying, without a tear, "Go, child, and do your duty." But there are other scenes. There is that old gentleman in uniform, who went to the frontier last week, General Frossard, the uncompromising, the inexorable governor of the Prince, and by no means a courtier. Master and disciple both were parting. "Prince," said General Frossard, "I have taught you implicit obedience to a laid-down law; I have reared you so far in military discipline, and now I thank God that He has kept me to show you I can practise what I have taught." If I turn to another general, the major in command, Marshal Lebœuf, I see him refusing to lie down on the spring bed prepared for his colossal stature at Strasbourg. "A camp stool stretched out is all I shall rest on as long as one of my men is on the ground," was his reply. Still he instantly gave orders for "proper" beds for his officers.

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

If a man at all gifted with an artist's eye can find no matter for a picture in the incidents we have now witnessed for a fortnight there is no hope for him. I should have liked to hold such a one at the corner of the Rue de la Banque on Wednesday last, the 27th ult. A small olive green coupe drew up. There was no armorial bearing on the door, and the driver wore no livery. A lady with fair hair, attended by another, came out, and both were accompanied by a youth in a plain dark suit.

"Wait here till I return," said the fairest and and tallest of the two females to the coachman. Then the three hastily turned the corner on foot and stood before the church known as "Our Lady of Victory." A blind beggar was crouching at the entrance, in whose hand fell a golden coin.

"Pray for the victory of France," said the tall lady, whose veil hid her features; but when she knelt before the altar she threw it back, and there bent Eugenie of France. As unostentatiously as she came in did she depart with her son, recognized by very few. A few hours later she was at her usual place presiding over the Emperor's luncheon table.

News from the army now at Metz, Nancy and Strasbourg furnishes all with novel thought, and the writer would be dull indeed whose wits made nothing of stray booty.

The great artists of the French fighting army are the Zouaves and Turcos. The latter have already terrified the Prussians considerably with samples of their cunning at stealing poultry. Unto these quick, fire and water proof blacks, with the Moor and devil in their veins, has been confided the working of the mitrailleuses. One of them, a trumpeter, had taught a hawk with untiring perseverance for a few months the art of uttering "to Berlin" (*a Berlin*). This was at the last expedition at Morocco under General Marmier, and among other accomplishments acquired by the sagacious bird was that also of pouncing down on small birds for its master's fleshpot. When the Turcos had to leave Algiers the trumpeter had to leave his hawk behind, which he did with sincere sorrow, for he had become attached to it, as Turcos do to all animals they take a pride in for proficiency in the arts they have mastered. Three days elapsed, and the Turco was scarcely yet comforted, when the regiment being camped at Ben-Chicao a cloudy something appeared to gather above. It came down lower and lower, then turned in a large circle, and lo! it was the hawk, which at length majestically settled on the trumpeter's shoulder, hoarsely uttering, "*A Berlin! Ber-r-r-lin!*" Since then there has been no more parting, and the last seen of the hawk was in sweet companionship with the Turcos at Joliette.

A very lively picture has been drawn of the confusion caused at Munich by a telegraphic correspondence between the King of Prussia and the King of Bavaria, who is the Mycene of our times. The opening telegram was a call of seventeen Bavarian regiments to arms. The answer, we are assured by a diplomatist, was that all the soldiers were just then out of socks and a delay was urgent. "Where were the men's socks?" "At the wash." "Why couldn't the washerwoman of the army get them ready?" "She had been busy over making out the music of the future."

DRAMATIC HINTS.

This for a caricaturist, and the following intelligence for dramatists. Alexandre Dumas (the elder) has left Paris for a pleasure trip, as he styles it, down the Rhine; and, *apropos*, a furious manifestation about the Rhine took place at the opera on Wednesday night. Faure had played in the "Muette de Portici" and sung the "Marseillaise" as he did on the preceding Monday—namely, most splendidly—when the public asked for the "German Rhine;" words written by Alfred de Musset, and the music by Delioux. That very same evening it had been settled by the manager and orchestra that this song was to be rehearsed as soon as the opera was over for the following Friday. The public had prematurely determined to have it directly, however, and the house would not accept any excuse. Faure was to come forward and sing it without rehearsal. The lessee stepped forward and explained. The audience would not listen to him, and sent him off with cries of "Not you! Faure! Faure! the 'German Rhine!'" M. de Girardin gesticulated up in his box, telegraphing that it was a shame not to satisfy the public. Then he asked whether it was going to take longer for Faure to learn the "Rhine" than for the army to conquer it. Some sturdy voices up in the gallery rhymed the name of Mr. "Perrin" with the "Rhin," saying:—

Monsieur Perrin,
Nous aurons le Rhin.

Faure at last came before the infuriated public to announce he had not rehearsed the Rhin, but he was going to that same evening after the opera, and he was worn out with the piece and the Marseillaise. This made matters worse, but a champion rose up for the singer in the pit. "We paid to hear the Muette," he said, "we have not paid for the Rhine."

"A Prussian among us!" shrieked the galleries. "Out, out!"

At this sensational moment one of the police authorities, with a tricolored scarf round his waist, came to the footlights and wished to recommence explanations. "No, no, no, Perrin to Cologne?" cried the public, and M. de Girardin encouraged the turbulent audience, laughingly saying, "We are not going to be conquered before we fight."

Down again falls the curtain, and the storming began worse than before. Some of the celebrities in high life took part in it.

"Good heavens! give us the Muette!" cried one who was deafened by the din.

"Let the Muette sing the Rhine," responded another.

Up for the fifth time went the curtain. All the operatic company stood in a circle behind Faure. He was in front, holding a sheet of music.

"Gentlemen and ladies," spoke the lessee, "as you insist upon having the 'Rhine' the company will rehearse it before you." Faure did rehearse truly, but as other men sing after a few weeks of rehearsal, and the ovation which followed can only be compared in intensity to the thundering noise, which, before the demand of the public was complied with, lasted one hour and a half.

As I announced in a preceding letter, all the works of art which have been purchased by the government on the occasion of this year's Salon are now exhibited gratis. It is quite a gallery and museum of itself, the paintings, four hundred in number, filling the entrance of the Palais, the so-called Salon Carre and two others right and left of this central room. This large investment of the funds of the State is a speaking encouragement unto artists of all nations and it is greatly due to M. Maurice Richard.

THE PANTHEON—ITS USES.

The Pantheon is, we are told, to be used at length for the purpose first intended when built. The names of those who fall on the battle field are here to be commemorated on slabs of marble and in gilt letters. Tombs and statues will be erected for the *elite* of the army. "Dedicated to all great men by our grateful country" says the inscription on the edifice.

Great indeed are all who die for their country; great the obscure soldier who is led on to the field because of the ambition of two rival nations; great the peasant who leaves his plough, not because he has a personal quarrel with the Prussian, but he has been told the Prussian is an enemy; great the marshals and generals too, who trust that this fatal, mighty struggle will secure peace unto their children's children; and finally, great unto all is the sacrifice which peace will cost. It is well to linger over the words "*aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*"

THE LADIES.

The attitude of French women is the last feature in the tableau. They are self-contained in the midst of afflicting scenes, almost sublime with their dry eyes and defiant mien; it is evident to so old an observer of human nature as myself that they are readier to cry out "*Vive la guerre!*" than depress the eager son of France tearing away, and neither do they weep when the men have gone, but rush to hear the "Marseillaise," joining in at the chorus as did two of our Cabinet Ministers on the first day it was sung at the opera.

WATERING PLACE NOTES.

Among the prominent recent arrivals and persons at Newport are Lady Franklin, the Austrian and Turkish Ministers, Baron Lederer and Count Batizzi; General Van Alen, Count Colobrano, Secretary of the Italian Legation; Baron Alresleben, Secretary of the Prussian Legation, and Governor Jewell, of Hartford. Miss Mehlig and Madame Gazzaniga, assisted by Signori Bini and Rudolphi, gave a concert and a matinée recently.

Mrs. Laura C. Bullard, editor of the *Revolution*, has gone to the White Mountains.

Miss Anna Manning, M. D., of this city, and Miss Emily Manning, M. D., of Norwich, are at Niagara Falls.

A number of Philadelphia gentlemen provided the fashionable guests of Cape May with a series of comical amusements on the lawn of Congress Hall last week. There were foot races, races with wheelbarrows, blindfolded, and climbing a greasy pole. These attractions drew a larger assembly than any hop or other amusement given this season, not less than 3,000 persons being upon the lawn, piazzas and balconies as spectators. Several purses were contended for and everybody present was delighted.

"Big Bone Springs" is the pretty name of a summer resort in Kentucky. It is derived from the huge fossil bones which have been disinterred in great numbers from the bank of a creek flowing near the springs. Many collections of these bones have been made, and the supply seems inexhaustible. The springs are situated in a circular valley. Three of them have been fitted up for the public. At one of them the water, which is sufficiently disagreeable in taste to cure every known disease, is barrelled for shipment. Another pours its water through an upright hollow log twelve or fifteen feet in length. It is so clear that a silver coin at the bottom is plainly visible. A curious claim for these waters, and one particularly effective in Kentucky and the West, is that they are an antidote of intoxication.

New York is represented at Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, by the following, who are there for the season:—Mrs. George N. Dusenbury, the family of H. J. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Johnson, S. L. Cole, Jr., Miss Mary E. Peck, and Miss Shepard. Brooklyn sends Mrs. and Miss Joost; Baltimore, Mr. A. Burt and family; Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. Copeland; Savannah, C. B. Austin; Cincinnati, E. R. Cunningham and wife; Lockport, T. E. Ellsworth; Syracuse, W. Trueswell and wife; Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown. The season at Niagara Falls continues through October and November. Those months are the most delightful for a tour, and travellers seem to have discovered that fact.

The trip from Montreal down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay river to Ha Ha Bay is 370 miles in length. Of this distance sixty-four miles is on the Saguenay. A citizen of Springfield, who recently made this tour, writes that in a genuine Indian birch bark village opposite the mouth of the Saguenay, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, he met an Indian girl with flaxen hair.

Patrick S. Gilmore is at the Minot House, Cohasset.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the water color artist, is at North Conway, N. H. She has a summer studio in a barn, which she has made, it is said, a very charming resort. Mr. Murray, her husband, the British Consul at Portland, has been passing a short vacation with her.

Greenport, on the eastern end of Long Island, at the terminus of the Long Island Railroad, is nearly filled this season with families from Brooklyn and New York. Most of the private houses in the place, as well as the hotels, contain boarders. There is no surf bathing, but the still water bathing is excellent. Rowing, sailing and croquet playing are the amusements. The bay at Greenport is a favorite resort of the New York and Brooklyn Yacht Clubs.

The distinguished *litterateur*, Mr. Morris Phillips, is stopping a few days at Lake George. He is shortly expected at Saratoga.

At Richfield, N. Y., are the Misses Goulds, the Misses McIntyre, of Forty-sixth street; the Pikes—the Misses Nettie, Hansie and Miss Alice, the charming singer from Twenty-third street; Miss Kate Goulding, from Forty-second street; Miss Taylor, of the Coleman House; Miss May Fullerton, of Thirty-seventh street; Miss Jenny Newcombe and Miss Trowbridge, from Twenty-fifth street; the "rich man," Asa Packer, and daughter, from Pennsylvania, and Mr. McCormic.

At the International, Niagara, the following gentlemen, with their families, are there for the summer:—Messrs. C. Washburn, J. H. Boyce and H. M. Isaacson, of New Orleans; W. A. Gaylord, of Cincinnati; O. M. Flint, of Mobile; Dr. Ramsay, of New York; R. J. Anderson, of Vicksburg; Miss and Mrs. Wetmore and family, of East Twenty-eighth street, New York.

The season at the White Mountains is now at its height, and visitors are coming and going in the most lively manner. At the Crawford House the arrivals average a hundred a day, and have done so for the past two weeks. The weather, which elsewhere has been so intolerable, has here been the most delightful ever known for a season. On Mount Washington on the 12th instant there was a slight snow storm, and the thermometer stood at forty degrees.

The popularity of Manchester, Vt., a delightful resort, continues unabated, and the hotels are kept constantly full by fresh arrivals. Among those most recent of New Yorkers at the Equinox House are Aug. Schell, Horace F. Clark, J. C. Buckhout, H. K. Corning, wife and daughter; E. L. Corning, J. Wendell, Julius Wadsworth, C. A. Spear, William L. Skidmore, Miss Minnie Hastings and Rev. Dr. Canfield, of Brooklyn. The Equinox Amateur Club is still giving its entertainments, much to the delight and satisfaction of its refined and critical audiences.

Among the many distinguished persons visiting Williamstown, Mass. (delightful spot), we notice Rev. William Tatlock and family, of Stamford, Conn., John Adriance and family, Charles D. Sabin, of this city, and Lieutenant Jack McClellan, U. S. A. The Alpine Club, headed and commanded by Professor Hopkins, have immortalized themselves by their feats of mountain climbing.

There was a regular literary sensation on August 6 at the Clifton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls. It took place in the concert hall, a large room connected with the Clifton House, and used for public entertainments. The sensation was caused by a Mr. Walter Montgomery, who announced some "Royal Recitals," meaning a series of recitations selected from Shakespeare, Hood, Poe and other poets. Mr. Montgomery is a very master in his art, possessing a wonderfully fine voice, capable of imitating a weak, young child, or a gruff old man, and changing quickly from one to the other with the greatest ease. More than this, however, he has fine descriptive powers, portraying character and scene with singular vividness and reality. His rendering of Poe's "Bells" was loudly and deservedly applauded. His audience was not a large one, but it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. Among Mr. Montgomery's most attentive listeners were Sir John Young, Governor General of Canada, and Lady Young, under whose especial patronage the "Royal Recitals" were given.

The maneuvring mammas have a hard time of it this summer, as there is a great dearth of gentlemen everywhere, and those who make their appearance are all very young.

Some young men at the Branch think that if they