

An official conveyed him by train to Perth; but when the prisoner reached the gaol he said that he would now pay the fine. The governor found that he would have to take it. "And now," said the cobbler, "I want my fare home." The governor demurred, made inquiries, and discovered that there was no alternative; the prisoner must be sent at the public expense to the place he had been brought from. So our canny cobbler got the 2s. 8½d. which represented his fare, did his business, and went home triumphant: twopence halfpenny and a railway ride the better for his offence.

A CURIOUS scene was lately witnessed in Westminster Abbey. About five hundred persons, principally ladies, clothed, it is stated, in "sombre attire," made a pilgrimage to the Abbey, where they knelt around the tomb of King Edward the Confessor, and there engaged for some time in prayer, during which the customary devotional exercise of the Rosary was recited. The reason of this unusual proceeding was that the 13th of October is the date of the translation of the remains of this monarch of pious reputation from the old to his new shrine in the Abbey, and is therefore observed as the Feast of St. Edward. The pilgrimage passed off without any untoward incident, and seems altogether to have been a success. It is to be hoped, however, that pilgrimages to Westminster Abbey will not become the fashion. Nothing could be more easy than for a dynamite conspirator to obtain entrance to the Abbey in the rôle of a pilgrim and, while apparently praying over the tomb of Edward the Confessor or some other pious notability, to carry out his nefarious design of laying the Abbey in ruins.

It is a strange story that comes from the Scotch Highlands; and fain would we hope that it may be proved untrue. According to a dark report, a Dissenting minister up there, who was once respected with the best of them, has fallen a victim to the passion for tobacco. Even on week-days a minister of the Free Kirk might find something to do better than smoke; but, so long as he confines himself to poisoning the atmosphere of his back-garden only with his tobacco, a free and liberal congregation would leave him alone. This rash clergyman, however, is said to have gone further than that. His infatuation for the baneful weed has tempted him to a furtive pipe on Sundays; and with success he has become overbold. The wild rumour has gone like wildfire through his congregation that on Sunday nights when they are supposed to be safe in bed, the misguided man may be seen sitting at an open window in the manse puffing exultingly at a small clay pipe. He can only be seen from the top of the back-garden wall; and it is said that on Sunday nights a row of black heads may now be observed peering over it. It is the kirk-session collecting evidence.

THE Speaker has been telling us that the work of the House of Commons breaks down legislators before their time. Yet our leading statesmen average between sixty and seventy for the most part, and seem to enjoy splendid health—much better health than those youngsters of forty or so who are coming up to take their place. In fact, for an unhealthy pursuit, politics carries off its victims with merciful slowness. It is the same with war. The late Lord Strathnairn had knocked about in all sorts of climates, and done hard work of all kinds. He had sunstroke, too; yet he managed to live on to the age of eighty-three. It is more than thirty years since he attained the rank of a general officer, and getting on for seventy since he first received his Majesty's commission. He was a representative of the old order of English officers, which is now rapidly passing away. He did not greatly believe in improving the English soldier on the Prussian model. He thought that the army which had gone through the Sikh campaigns, the Indian Mutiny, and the Crimean War, was not greatly in need of instruction from abroad—an excusable even if it was an erroneous opinion.

CHARLES LAMB took Sir Thomas Hanbury for Sheridan for several years; and when a friend happened one day to open his eyes to his delusion, Lamb bitterly upbraided him for having stolen his Sheridan from him. The discovery of a new and, as it appears, perfectly authentic portrait of Beethoven threatens to rob us of the old Beethoven with whom we are all familiar in bust and picture, and substitute another and decidedly less majestic Beethoven for him. The portrait just discovered at Fribourg was painted by Machier at Vienna in 1815—just twelve years before the composer's death. The likeness conforms much more closely than the accepted presentment of the master's lineaments to the ordinary German physiognomical type, which will hardly be considered an improvement. It is said to correspond accurately with the descriptions of Beethoven's appearance which his biographers have given us, and which are by no means of the most flattering character. But as Lamb refused to accept his friend's correction, and declared that the person whom he had mistaken for Sheridan should always be Sheridan to him, so the world will probably refuse to give up the Olympian for the German Beethoven.

AN AMERICAN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE conditions which made, and make, Westminster Abbey are wholly lacking in this country, and will be forever lacking. In the first place we ought to have a single London, instead of six or seven, each vociferously claiming to be the only original genuine London, the one bright particular spot upon which the national mausoleum should be erected. In the second place, such an institution should be under the ægis of a great established church, in default of which our Pantheon would ultimately become the receptacle of extinct pugilists and those local statesmen who prepare themselves behind bar-room counters for the toils (and spoils) of public life. With each change of the administration there would be a revolution in the

management of the Pantheon, and a cry of "Turn the rascals out!" With the straight Republicans in office, no horrible Mugwump, however distinguished, would be allowed sanctuary there; with the Democrats in power, the gates would be pitilessly slammed on the noses of defunct "offensive partisans." In the third place, the tomb at Mount Vernon and the romancer's grave on the hillside in Sleepy Hollow (to mention no other shrines) are very well where they are, and no sensible person wants them removed. In regard to celebrities who may hereafter pass away—and here comes in a perplexing contingency—it is by no means certain that their families would look with favour on the Pantheon. They might prefer some baseball-ground, or Jones's Wood, or the Point of Pines.

There is something very impressive and touching in the idea of a Post's Corner, where the sweet singers and sober historians and realistic novelists are peacefully brought together (however little they may have agreed with one another in the flesh), and flattered with statues and mural tablets; but if the nation really wishes to honour that class of its unprotected but faithful children, and at the same time do honour to itself, let the nation make an equitable copyright treaty with England, and the literary fellers will provide their own headstones. Such a treaty would cost less than an attempt at an American Westminster Abbey, and would be greatly preferable to that amusing but, fortunately, impracticable piece of architecture.

A man of letters wants so many things before he wants to be buried—a comfortable income while living is so much more satisfactory to him than a sculptured monument when dead—that this talk about a national Pantheon, in the absence of an international copyright law, is, so far as he is concerned, a little exasperating. It falls coldly on his ear when he reflects how he is pillaged by foreign publishers, and that even his native land gives him only a few years' proprietorship in the work of his own hand and brain.—*November Atlantic.*

MRS. FOSTER AND THE SCOTT ACT.

FREDERICTON people were very much pleased with the platform ability displayed by Mrs. Foster, the lady temperance lecturer, from Iowa, who filled the City Hall every time she spoke. Mrs. Foster says many original things on the temperance question, and says them very eloquently, but although we listened to her attentively, we failed to hear her give any substantial reason why the Scott Act, as at present enforced, should be continued in this city. Nobody can deny the existence of the terrible evils arising from intemperance, so eloquently described by Mrs. Foster, and if she had been able to show that the Scott Act had, to the smallest degree, restricted these evils, then indeed, would she have placed a strong case before the people. It is all nonsense for any speaker to assert on a Fredericton platform that drinkers are compelled to dodge into alleyways, and through back entrances, for the grog they swallow. People who go around with their eyes open can count a dozen saloons just as attractive, and where the entrance is just as public, as they would be under the license system. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the fact remains that the Scott Act has not restricted the sale of liquor in Fredericton, and those who assert otherwise either do not know what they are talking about, or they shut their eyes to the real state of affairs. The *Farmer* does not propose to enter into the campaign, either for or against the Scott Act. We state what we know to be true concerning its failure. The law, as enforced, is a farce, good only to fee the lawyers. The temperance people themselves have given it the cold shoulder. Where is the monster Reform Club that existed when the Act was adopted? If the temperance party are in earnest, why do they allow their zeal to flag in the good cause? We scarcely hear of the subject from a public platform, except during a Scott Act campaign.—*Maritime Farmer, Fredericton.*

CAPTAIN PALLISER, whose enthusiasm on Canada's behalf seems on the increase rather than the wane as his stay in the country is prolonged, writes to a Canadian contemporary, expressing gratification that at the recent Convention of Young Liberals at Toronto the questions of annexation and independence were voted down. Writing "as a parent and a soldier," Captain Palliser expresses his belief that Canada's youth "must be aware of the cost of the military and naval preparations essential to the position of independence which alone can command respect. They are wiser than their would-be instructors, for they know their country is not yet prepared for these exertions and sacrifices. I believe Canada's destiny is to become a nation, and an example to the people of the United States in those solid, wise and patient qualities which distinguish a superior race." Captain Palliser seems to us right in urging that there can be no better antidote to what might be termed provincialism than a full acquaintance with the great resources of the Dominion. "The great North-West should be visited, and a tour in the Switzerland of Canada—British Columbia—would do much to enlarge ideas which could not otherwise take in the future of these splendid regions, which are their country as much as the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are."—*Canadian Gazette.*

MR. CLEVELAND apparently believes that the business of a President is to supervise the administration of the Federal Government, and not to "run" State elections. The White House has seldom had an incumbent who paid such close attention to the proper duties of an Executive, and who was so prompt to exercise his prerogatives when occasion required. There is something refreshing about the summary way in which he brought to book one of his appointees in New Mexico last week. A few months ago the President was persuaded, upon the strength of hearty endorsements, to make William A. Vincent Chief Justice of New Mexico, although it afterward came out that Vincent was concerned in a land controversy in that Territory some time ago, in the course of which he was imprisoned