Listowel Standard.

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AROUND THE WORLD.

—For weeks past the mortality of London has been only 20 to the 1,000.

—For early morning walking the fashionable costume is of Indian wool, with an English jacket.

—This habit of ministers kissing female members of their flock may not be wrong, but it's apt to raise fever blisters on the congregation.

—The register of Malhain Tarn Church, England, lately restored, contains the record of a marriage solemnized by Oliver Cromwell as a magistrate.

—In the next fifteen years almost all the Russian railroads now in operation will undergo the process of redemption and become Government property.

—American exports to China for the years 1877 and 1878 were valued at nearly $7,000,000, and the increase in 1879 was rapid and heavy.

—Lord Rosebury's luck is "dead out." He has fifty horses in training, and the most important race he has won this year is the Ashstead Stakes, with Chevronel, who is blind of one eye.

—Mr. Gladstone is a man of great moral ideas, and when he is at home he reads the Scripture lessons in Hawarden church. But in London he goes to see naughty Sara Bernhardt play, and writes gushing letters to her next day.

—The Rev. C. W. Parsons, of Gouverneur, N. Y., sent a notice to the local paper that he would preach to the students of the seminary on the "The Force that Wins," but a printer made it read, "The Horse that Wins," and the parson's congregation was shocked.

—Mr. Jenkins, late M. P. for Dundee, the author of "Ginx's Baby," is out of the House. He was very unpopular there, being overweighted with conceit of self and unendowed with any portion of the essential element to success in life known as tact.

—A pamphlet entitled "Agriculture in the United States and Russia," just issued in St. Petersburg, concludes that unless all the modern appliances of the grain trade and the improved American methods of agriculture are introduced to Russia, Russian prosperity will be seriously endangered.

—The following curious directions to worshippers in the Church of St. Michel and All Angels, at Chiswick, in England, require some explanation: "During prayers all are requested to kneel. The kneelers should be hung on the hooks provided for the purpose by those who have used them."

—A husband overtook his eloping wife at Harvard, Neb., and aimed his pistol at her, instead of attempting to wreak vengeance upon her companion. The belt missed her, but she carried out his design herself by swallowing poison, declaring that she did not desire to live if he wished her dead.

—At Folkestone, England, lately, a married couple, who, only three weeks after marriage had separated, by mutual consent, met on the beach, when the husband ran up to the wife, put his arms around her, and kissed her. She gave him in custody for assault, and he was bound over in $1,000 to keep the peace.

—Mlle. Sara Bernhardt does not look exceedingly strong, but few even of the strongest of her sex could support the labor through which she goes. One Saturday recently, after playing in an afternoon and an evening performance, she rehearsed "Frou Frou" from 12 p. m. until 6 o'clock the next morning.

—An ourang-outang lately exhibited at Munich amazed people by its skill on the violin, until one evening a doubting visitor stuck a penknife into it, and as this had no effect, pulled its tail, which came off, bringing along a piece of hide. The disguise had defied detection for a week. The wearer was the father of the exhibitor of the prodigy.

—The London *Lancet* urges the necessity of supplying seats to shop girls while on duty, and declares its intention to publish lists of the names of those houses which at once furnish seats. These lists will be given to physicians, who will exhibit them in their families, the ladies of which will be asked not to trade at shops that, for want of seats, are "cruel to women."

—The new occupants of the Treasury bench in the House of Commons seem far more reserved and less friendly with one another than their predecessors. Perhaps this is because they have not been so long in official association, but at all events there they sit, silent, isolated, gloomy, very apt reminders of the famous "extinct volcano" smile which Lord Beaconsfield flashed on them.

—By a return of agrarian outrages in Ireland down to Jan. 31, the total was 977, of which Connaught claims 544 and Mayo and Galway alone contribute 400. The other provinces average 140. Of the 977 conviction could only be secured in 69, while in the majority of eight hundred and odd cases the offenders were not even made amenable. The convictions in Connaught were less than five per cent.

—The long projected removal of the headquarters of the Russian Black Sea fleet from from Nicolaieff to Sebastapol is likely to take place this summer. The floating dock at the former place is to be removed next month, and by degrees the machinery in the various workshops of the Nicolaieff dockyard will be shifted to Sebastapol to the workshops that are being constructed there.

—The consumption of malt in the United Kingdom during the year ending 30th of September last was 55,079,786 bushels, as against 58,063,273 bushels in the year 1874-75, showing a decrease in the former year of 5.1 per cent. In England and Wales the decrease was 4.4 per cent., and in Scotland no less than 28 per cent., while as regards Ireland there was a slight increase.

—The Italian parliament is chosen by a little more than half a million electors, and of these hardly a quarter of a million ever come to the polls. The electoral qualification is the payment of direct taxes to the amount of forty lire—or thirty-two shillings of English money—but in a country so very poor this and the apathy of the people keep millions off the electoral list.

—Moses Box deserted the girl whom he had long courted, at New Albany, Ind., and married another. The bride's parents had lately died. The deserted girl declared that Box had murdered them, because they opposed his suit, and she sat about collecting evidence against him. Though unaided in her detective work at first, she has made out a case strong enough to justify his indictment.

—In addition to matters of national interest the Congress of French Geographical Societies, which is to meet at Nancy early in August, is to discuss several questions of commercial and scientific geography, among which will be the adoption of a prime meridian common to all countries. It will also consider the best means for advancing the interests of French colonies, the promotion of exploration, etc.

—The author of a recent work on Portugal says:—"The Portuguese are neither an Oriental people nor a purely Northern nor a purely Southern nation, but a race blending the character with the blood of the North and the South—a nation educated in its youth by Moors and Arabs. Their dances partake of their lineage and of their training. They dance a jig and are a little absurd; they dance a *bolero* and are interesting."

—The Paris *Figaro* says: "Do not waste your orange peel, but make an incision round it midway, and remove carefully in two halves. Take the two cups and place them hollow downward, one on the grass and the other among the plants or vegetables. At the end of a few days you will be rid of all slugs, black or gray. Every morning you will find that they have taken refuge under the cups of orange peel, and can be destroyed."

—China's immense coal fields are at last being developed, the superstition of the people having been overcome. In a district near Tchang, on the Upper Yangtse-Kiang, a productive area extending over seventy five square miles has been tapped. At Wotze-how ten beds were discovered, and one of them, lying only a hundred feet below the surface, is being worked. At least twelve hundred tons of anthracite are said to have been exposed.

—The ceremonial proceedings attending the laying the first stone of Truro Cathedral, England, were largely Free Masonic. The mallet used by the Prince of Wales in laying the Masonic foundation stone bears the following inscription:—"This plate has been affixed to the mallet to commemorate that this being the mallet with which his Majesty King Charles II. laid the foundation stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was presented to the Lodge of Antiquity by Sir Christopher Wren."

—Hugo's new poem, in the opinion of the *Athenæum*, is an emphatic, not to say a violent, answer to two different systems of poetic religion, each of which is itself at war with the other—the system of Dante and the system of Milton. Without hell Dante would never have been able to write a line of the "Inferno," and without the devil Milton would have been in a condition equally forlorn. Yet M. Hugo's book is an attack upon both these venerable beliefs and also upon the positivists who were trying to undermine them.

—According to the latest official statistics there are in Russia, all told, twelve thousand five hundred doctors (against over 60,000 in the United States), affording one Æsculapius to every 7,200 inhabitants (against 600 in the United States). As a village has not sufficient population to secure the services of a doctor, each district, comprising a number of of villages, employs one of the corps of female nurses, who study their profession for three years, and are officially recognized as being able to prescribe in ordinary cases of sickness.

—Mr. Sharon Turner has prepared the following statement of the progress of Christianity. At the close of each century the number of believers is given:—First century, about 500,000; second, 2,000,000; third, 5,000,000; fourth, 10,000,000; fifth, 15,000,000; sixth, 20,000,000; seventh, 24,000,000; eighth, 30,000,000; ninth, 40,000,000; tenth, 50,000,000; eleventh, 70,000,000; twelfth, 80,000,000; thirteenth, 75,000,000; fourteenth, 80,000,000; fifteenth, 100,000,000; sixteenth, 125,000,000; seventeenth, 155,000,000; eighteenth, 200,000,000. During the present century it is estimated that the Church has doubled its communicants.

—It would be unfair and premature, says the London *World*, to assert that the traditional gallantry of the British officer is on the wane. Yet an uncomfortable misgiving gains ground that it is not nowadays exactly what it was. No doubt many bright instances of individual prowess are to be found in the records of our most recent campaigns. As exponents of personal daring, lion-hearted contempt for danger, such names as those of Buller, Beresford, Wood, Gifford, Hamilton and many more stand forth as proudly preeminent as any who have gone before. Deterioration may not have gone far, but there are not wanting symptoms that it has already set in.

—The London *Lancet* says: "The heat incites to the use of ice as a component part of our daily diet. It will be well to take the precautions necessary to avoid the consumption of filthy frozen water under that name. The difficulty lies in the fact that the freezing process has a tendency to destroy or disguise the familiar tokens of dirt, and, as we know well, the worst forms of filth, namely, the products and propagating materials of disease, are the least recognizable. For purposes of general cleanliness ice should be tested by a strong transmitted light at an oblique angle to the cleavage or stratified structure of the mass. Some specimens thus inspected will be found to bear the appearance of a highly colored Cape diamond, and will be readily eschewed."

—An anti-dueling association has been formed in South Carolina, with ex-Judge Kershaw as President. "We intend," the resolutions say, "to train, educate and organize the public opinion and moral sense of the people to a true perception of the criminality of this wicked and pernicious practice; to take proper measures to procure an adjustment of all personal difficulties which might tend to involve any of our fellow citizens in a duel; to use and enforce all legal means of preventing any of our fellow citizens from engaging in a duel; to enforce the laws against duelling in every case of their violation hereafter occurring, whether the same shall consist of sending, accepting, or bearing a challenge of the fighting of a duel, or the counselling, aiding or abetting any of these offences."

—The last connecting link in the route across Australia from east to west, has lately been completed by a traveller from the side of Queensland. He started from Mulligan River, which is not attracting much attention, and after travelling some distance to the north struck into the South Australian territory, and crossed Mr. H. Vere Barclay's route in 1878 from Alice Springs, on the overland telegraph line, toward the Queensland border. During the journey some very good country was discovered, which, no doubt, will be more fully explored before long. It is also interesting to record that the exploration of the extreme North of Queensland is proceeding rapidly, and quite lately a promising auriferous tract of country is reported to have been discovered on the western side of Cape York Peninsula.

—Signor Bellachini, the renowned German prestidigitateur, one morning recently visited the Emperor William, with whom he is a great favorite, at his study overlooking the Linden avenue, and asked to be appointed "Royal Court Artist." "I will do it, Bellachini, if you will perform some extraordinary clever trick, worthy of the favor you ask," replied the Emperor. Bellachini immediately took up a pen, and handing it with some paper on the table to the Emperor, requested him to write, "Bellachini can do nothing at all." Neither pen nor ink would be persuaded to perform its functions. "Now then, sire, will you try with the same to write, "Bellachini is the Emperor's Court Artist?" The second attempt was as successful as the first had been the contrary, and Bellachini was at once, under the Emperor's own hand, made "Royal Court Artist."

—In the event of the whole of the German army, including the Bavarian contingent, being mobilized, and assuming that, as would probably be the case, fourth battalions were at once organized in each regiment of infantry, a total number of 35,230 officers would be required. According to the last military estimates, there are at the present time 31,275 officers immediately available, while, in addition to these, a large number of men belonging to the lately created rank of feldwebel-lieutenant, and also a certain number of vice-feldwebels, would be ready to do duty as officers in case of mobilization. Altogether, therefore, the German military authorities would, it is calculated, be able to dispose of the services of over 40,000 officers; a number sufficient not only to supply a full complement of officers for all already existing bodies of troops, but also to furnish the cadres for fifth battalions, should it be deemed advisable to create these latter also.

—An English town missionary relates the following incident: There was a lodging house in his district which he long desired to visit, but was deterred by his friends, who feared that his life would be endangered. He became so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences. One day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in reply to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same time a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away. "Let him come in, and let us see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and, bowing to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said, "I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read to and talk with the people about good things. I have passed by your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and your lodgers." "Are you what is called a town missionary?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; but if you do not answer me right, we will tear your clothes off your back and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now, what do you say to that, for I am a man of my word?" The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said, "I will take you." "Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word 'girl' in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question." "Well, sir, the word 'girl' is in the Bible," said the missionary, "but only once, and may be found in Joel iii., 3. The words are, 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'" "Well," replied the man, "I am dead beat; I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told." "And I could not have told you yesterday," said the visitor. "This very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word 'girl,' and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not."

—A young lady who is studying French lately wrote to her parents that she was invited to a *dejeuner* the day before and was going to a *fete champetre* the next day. The professor of the college was surprised to receive a dispatch from the "old man" a day or two after saying: "If you don't keep my daughter away from these menageries and side shows, I shall come down and see what ails her."

FOREIGN ECHOES.

—Aberdeen is to have a new museum of science and art.

—Indian taxation has at no period been lighter than at present.

—There are nearly 20,000 Roman Catholics in Japan.

—The hours of labor are much longer in France than in England.

—Dundee, in Scotland, has been bequeathed $30,000 for the erection of a House of Refuge.

—A French writer thinks that Alsace and Lorraine are as little Germanized now as they were ten years ago.

—In the opinion of the *Saturday Review* the diplomacy of the United States is always aggresive and pugnacious, if not litigious.

—The Book of Common Prayer has been translated into more than sixty languages, and a million copies of it are printed every year.

—The first delivery of letters in London does not take place until between half past eight and a quarter to nine in the morning.

—According to the *Pen*, Mr. Tennyson, for his poem "De Profundis," was paid £300. Not an inconsiderable sum for sixty-five lines of verse.

—At the beginning of the present century there were 3,000,000 copies of the Bible in existence; since then 116,000,000 more have been printed.

—As a good deal of speculation has arisen as to the meaning of Bend Or—"Bend" is an heraldic bearing and "Or" its color as being golden.

—It is stated that the inhabitant Thrace, Macedonia and Epirus are being incited by Russian agents to send petitions to the East Roumelian Commisson.

—The Dutch States General have passed a bill adopting the British postal savings bank system, and similar measures are pending in France, Austria and Germany.

—An African committee has recently been formed at Naples to promote the exploration of East Central Africa by Italians, and to protect national interests in that region.

—The appropriations for the French theatres the coming year are as follows:—L'Opera, $160,000; Le Theatre Francais, $48,000; L'Opera-Comique, $60,000; L'Odeon, $20,000.

—The London *Examiner* hopes that something may be speedily done to give England a fleet of powerful cruisers capable of encountering any squadron which Russia may despatch to distant seas.

—Archæological researches in a mound near Sandefiord, Norway, have brought to light a boat sixty feet long. It is believed to be a Viking's ship, used for piratical expeditions 1,000 years ago.

—A French engineer, M. Falies, proposes to provide all the great arteries of Paris with elevated railways. He proposes to try the scheme first of all along the grand boulevards, from the Bastille to the Madeleine.

—The Bishop of Durham, England, recently characterized co-operation as a development of liberty and free trade, a harmonizer of differences between capital and labor and a potent aid to moral and political progress.

—The new iron bridge across the Golden horn is 1,600 feet long and its width is 48 feet. It has a central opening for shipping of 170 feet. The bridge has been tested by the imposition of 400 kilogrammes per square yard.

—In Norway there are no nobility; in Sweden they swarm, and in Denmark, owing to the prevalence of the German custom of every count and baron's son being count and baron, the multitude of titles is bewildering.

—No less than thirty pearl divers in the Persian Gulf fell victims to the sharks during the last year. The fact that some £300,000 worth of pearls were found in 1879 explains how it is that men can be found to engage in this perilous occupation.

—The number of female exhibitors in the annual Salon goes on increasing every year. In 1874 there were 286 ladies represented in the Palais de l'Industrie; in 1875, 312; in 1876, 446; in 1877, 648; in 1878, 762; in 1879, 876, and lastly, in 1880, 1,081.

—The Burmese believe that every tree, plant, stream, mountain has its own guardian gnat, also that cities and villages have theirs. These gnats must be propitiated by sacrifices, for disease and disaster are due to their vengeance on those who neglect them.

—The next meeting of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations will take place at Berne on August 24, when international commercial questions, principally relating to negotiable securities and banking laws, will be considered.

—The total value of the live animals, dead meat, breadstuffs, dairy produce and eggs imported into England during the first four months of the present year amounte to £32,135,698. For the corresponding period of last year the total value was only £26,783,556.

—The splendid villa inhabited by Rossini at Passy was put up for sale recently. In accordance with the wishes of the late Mme. Rossini the vast domain was divided in three parts. The hotel, with its outer premises and garden, forming the first lot, was knocked down for 200,000f.

—The Irish population at the end of May was 5,363,590, having been reduced again during the last three months by emigration. This brings it back almost to the numbers of 1803—5,216,329, since which time it had continued to increase. The lowest recorded total, however, was in 1875, or 5,309,494.

—This year the opium crop in China will, the Bombay *Gazette* believes, be *nil* or next to that, while Central India promises 50,000 chests, though, as usual, the astute Marwarees have been loudly proclaiming a tenanna crop. But the fact is that new opium is coming this year in increased quantities.

—Victor Hugo has written one of his epigrammatic epistles to the committee of Nolay charged with erecting a statute to Carnot. "You are doing a noble action. The erection of a monument to Carnot is the glorification of the French Revolution. The French Revolution is a new world. Victor Hugo."

—A writer in the London *Times* states that Russian exiles in Siberia are very much better off than is generally supposed. Each one receives daily four pounds of bread, a pound of meat and plenty of tea; their clothing is suitable and sufficient, while their children are well cared for and educated in schools.

—According to certain statistics collected by the director of an asylum for drunkards in Germany, the number of suicides is increasing in every country in Europe except Norway. The decrease in the latter country is attributed to the stringent regulations against drunkenness which are in force there.

—Mr. Spurgeon says:—"I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre, that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into a great sewer to improve its aroma."

—The new Post Office notes to be shortly introduced in England are in reality bank notes for sums from half a crown up to £1. The reason for their issue is the unproductive character of the ordinary Post Office order. I believe the new notes will be liked, but is there no danger in this step toward substituting paper for the smaller metallic currency?

The French government has allotted the necessary sums for the following missions:—M. Homolle, for the continuation of the excavations which he has undertaken at Delos, with M. Nenot, in his capacity of architect, and M. Kellien, to collect the traces of the ancient Breton poems, the text of which has been published by MM. de la Villemarque and Luzel.

—The fashion of mediævalism, the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks, is rapidly growing beyond endurance. It is disagreeable for any one who has the least respect for the Middle Ages to make use of a ball programme of a "hand-wove" paper, falsely so called, with the "Pinafore" quadrilles, spelled in very doubtful early English. But the matter has reached an intolerable stage when from an apparently innocent envelope emerges a "mediæval" circular on the orthodox rough paper, with wood cut borders, wherein it is to be "ryghte well knowne" to us that a firm of upholsters have a "very greate stock of ye" best Brussels carpets "in rare and artistick Coloures, at Prices so low as we have never knowne before;" that they have "imprynted a goodlie Stock of chintzes in quaint and tasteful Coloures, such as we delight to use for wall hangings;" and so they "beg ye kindlie favour of a Call."

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

It was in October of the year 1839 that the two young Coburg princes came to England. They brought with them a letter from King Leopold, which ran as follows:

"My Dearest Victoria,—Your cousins will themselves be the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to you. They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness—not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite at their ease with you."

The young men arrived. Their cousin, no longer the little girl of Kensington in the homely, old-fashioned house, but a great Queen, received them at the top of the royal staircase amidst all the magnificence of Windsor Castle, as if the two wandering knights had been emperors. But after this grand reception the commonest of incidents brings back the princely travellers and the royal circle into the sympathy of homlier life. Their portmanteaus, it is to be supposed, had gone astray, as happens to so many of us—or at least did not arrive in time—and the dinner hour was near. "Their clothes not having arrived," the Queen writes in her journal, "they could not appear at dinner, but came in after it, in spite of their morning clothes." There was a circle of visitors assembled, and no doubt some little tremor in the air—wonderings and whisperings, and close watchings of all the looks and words interchanged between the cousins. Prince Albert was now full grown, in all the freshness of twenty, the age at which a handsome youth is handsomest, before any of the bloom has been rubbed off. "There was in his countenance a gentleness of expression, and a peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought, and high intelligence in his clear blue eyes and expansive forehead that added a charm to the effect he produced in those who saw him, far beyond that derived from mere regularity or beauty of features." He was as good as he was handsome, full of high purpose and the most delicate conscientiousness.

And the life in the beautiful old castle in those mellow autumn days was gay and bright as heart could desire. The head of the house was young and light-hearted, the visitors all proud and happy to contribute to her amusement, and to keep the palace gay. The way of life in Windsor during the stay of the princes was much as follows: "The Queen breakfasted in her own room, they afterward paid her a visit there, and at two o'clock had luncheon with her and the Duchess of Kent. In the afternoon they all rode, the Queen and Duchess and the two Princes, with Lord Melbourne and most of the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, forming a large cavalcade. There was a great dinner every evening, with a dance after it three times a week." This pleasant reaction went on for a week. The brothers had arrived on the 8th, Prince Albert and Queen Victoria being then both of a mind (to believe their own statements) that the tacit understanding between them was over, and they would not marry—not they—for years to come. But before the 15th had come, something had changed the notions of the young pair. Yet the wooing was not all easy and plain before them, as before other pairs. These were not the days in which any noble knight, even a prince, would address a queen. What had to be said must be said by her, not by him—a strange necessity. But no doubt it seems a more difficult matter in talking of it than it was in the doing of it. When the young Prince was summoned alone to the young sovereign's presence, no doubt the first glance, the first word, was enough to tell him that his cause was won. "After a few minutes' conversation the Queen told him why she had sent for him." A happy mist falls over all that was said and done. When the young pair emerge from it, and are seen again of ordinary men, there is a maze of gladness about them which finds expression in the same words all unawares. "These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write, but I do feel very happy," writes the Queen to her uncle—he to whom this good news would be so welcome. And, "More I can't write to you, for at this moment I am too bewildered," says the Prince on his side, striking, as became him, a bolder note, and throwing his rapture and happiness into the words of the poet:

"Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwimmt das Herz in Seligkeit."
"Upon me once more heaven opens bright,
The heart is flooded with delight."

All this charming little idyl is told to us by the chief actor in it, the Queen herself, in the fulness of her heart; and the wonderful humility and simplicity with which she throughout puts herself in the secondary place is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of womanly nature that ever was revealed to the world. "How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made!" she says in her journal, noting down the events of that wonderful day. "I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it."—*Mrs. Oliphant, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

THE REV. DONALD MACRAE.

The Rev. Donald Macrae, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, was born at the East River of Picton, Nova Scotia, where his father was, for seventeen years, a minister in connection with the Church of Scotland. In 1846 the family went to Scotland, where, in 1848, at the age of twelve, Mr. Macrae matriculated in the University and King's College, Aberdeen. There he studied during seven sessions, and spent one additional year of college life in Edinburgh. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Aberdeen in 1856, and ordained during the same year by the Presbytery of Leeds as a missionary to Nova Scotia. Returning to that Province immediately after his ordination he became pastor soon after his arrival of his father's former charge. In 1858 he went to St. John's, Newfoundland, and continued there twelve years. He then returned to the East River of Pictou, and, after laboring there four years, was called in 1874 to St. Stephen's church, in St. John, New Brunswick, where he has been settled during the last six years. Mr. Macrae took an active part in the negotiations which resulted in the Presbyterian Union of 1874.

—There has just been a new sensation in St. Petersburg. A young widow, left penniless, tried her utmost to make a living, but failed; she then resorted to a strategy. Assuming the name of her deceased husband, she changed her dress for that of a man, procured employment in a factory, and worked there for years, undiscovered and contented. By and by she met a young woman who was maltreated by her parents, and, in order to save her from further persecution, proposed marriage, after having informed her of her own sex. The wedding ceremony was duly performed in a church of St. Petersburg, and the pair lived happily until the facts were discovered and exposed. The pair were arrested and committed to trial; but the judges were puzzled by a case which had not been foreseen by Russian law, and it has been sent to the Senate for decision.

—Guelph *Herald*: "Somebody has been giving taffy to the Dundas *Standard* man. He professes to be of opinion that that the Princess Louise, when she looked down from the G. W. R., when passing Dundas, said that it was the "most romantically beatuiful scenery she had seen since leaving Ottawa." What the Princess really did say, when she saw the alleged town, was: "Oh, my! what an awfully awful charming site for a village! I wonder somebody don't build one here!"

—A Michigan negro named Adams is raking in $5 bills from his African friends in Canada as a reward for initiating them into the secrets of Masonry. He has them pinch their noses as a grand hailing sign.

IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.

A Scotch Editor's Experiences in Guelph, Lucknow and Kincardine.

[Celtic Magazine]

Having on my return from Woodville spent a few days more in Toronto, and having seen old and made new friends there, I started by the Grand Trunk Railway to Guelph, the Capital of the county of Wellington, some 48 miles further west. On the way, leaving Lake Ontario on the left, I passed through a very fine and most interesting country. In about a couple of hours the train pulled up at Guelph, and I at once made for the Wellington Hotel, a capitally-conducted house, well furnished and very comfortable, the charges being only a dollar and a half (or about 6s 3d) per day for bed, board, and attendance of a very superior kind. Having engaged my room and partaken of food and refreshment, I enquired as to the whereabouts of a gentleman to whom I was fortunate enough, as the sequel proved, to have a letter of introduction—Mr. James Innes, proprietor and editor of the Guelph *Mercury*, a capitally-conducted and influential daily paper, with a weekly edition, published in the city. He lived, I was told, within two hundred yards of the hotel, and having sent him my card, he i a very short time made his appearance. He was on his way to a meeting of the St. Andrew Society held that evening for the election of office-bearers, and I must accompany him. Nothing could have pleased me better. There I met a fine coterie of patriotic Scots—Highland and Lowland, all imbued with the genuine patriotic spirit which I had been so pleased to find among all our countrymen on that side, while all were at the same time, none the less enthusiastic Canadians. Indeed, generally speaking, the two will be found together—a warm feeling for the old country, with a corresponding glow in favor of their adopted Canada. The man who is willing to forget his native country, its history, and the race from which he sprang, will as a rule make a poor citizen of the Dominion. Selfishness will be found to occupy the seat of the nobler sentiment, and this kind of citizen is not the type best calculated to adorn his country—native or adopted—or to benefit materially or mentally his fellow-countrymen. The members of the St. Andrew's Society of Guelph combine the two elements, and I was particularly pleased to have had an opportunity of spending some little time in their company at, and after their meeting—when we had the opportunity of enjoying some excellently sung Scotch songs, Scotch whiskey, and Scotch sentiment

Among the other gentlemen whom I had the pleasure of meeting here were John Mackenzie, from Lochbroom, Ross-shire, a gentleman who has been very successful in business; J. C. Maclagan, Hugh A. Stewart, a native of Tain, and an old pupil of the Royal Academy, Inverness, who is doing a good business as a lawyer and estate agent. Donald Maclean, born at Fluke street, Inverness, holds a leading position in the Inland Revenue; while William Stewart, and G. B. Fraser, both of whom served their apprenticeship on the banks of the Ness, are the two leading drapers in the city; and another Invernessian, Evan Macdonald, is a prosperous farmer close to the city. Another enthusiastic Highlander whom I had the pleasure of meeting here was J. P. Macmillan, barrister, a native of Glengarry (Canada). E. F. B. Johnston, Chief of the St. Andrew's Society, a genuine, warm-hearted Scot, with a literary turn and considerable ability, I found to be a general favorite as much among his Highland confreres of Guelph, as among his own more particular friends from the south of Scotland.

My friend of the *Mercury*, whom I found to be a fine specimen of the Aberdonian type of the shrewd and clear-headed Scot, insisted upon my becoming his guest during my stay in the district, and I shall always remember with no small degree of pleasure the few days I spent in his comfortable house—so unpretentiously, but so kindly and hospitably entertained by his better half, a fine specimen of the Scotch lady, and a native of Huntly. The history of this couple is most interesting, especially the hard struggles and ultimate success of Scotch pluck, perseverance, and natural ability in the person of this shrewd Aberdonian; who, unaided, has made for himself such a good position, and one in which he wields no small amount of influence and pewer for good. The history of his career and success would very well bear telling, and that very much to his credit. With his struggles against a thousand difficulties I strongly sympathised, and most heartily do I congratulate him upon his well-earned success. He was one of the chosen few for representing his county in Parliament at the last general election for the Province of Ontario, and only missed being chosen as the Liberal candidate by four votes in favor of Mr. Laidlaw, M.P., who know holds that honorable position, whom Mr. Innes afterwards loyally supported, and with whom I had several agreeable chats at Guelph, and afterwards at Woodstock, where his son is proprietor and editor of an excellently conducted weekly newspaper.

Guelph is in the centre of a very rich district of country, and is a rapidly progressing city with a population of about 10,000. It is built on several hills with a small river running through it, altogether a very fine and commanding site. It contains several fine shops, mills, and two woollen factories—one of the latter the property of Captain MacCrae, a native of Ayrshire, whose ancestors, he told me came originally from the ancient habitat of the Macraes, in Kintail, but who, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, in which his ancestors took a distinguished part, settled down in Ayrshire, and adopted the above mode of spelling their name. The goods mainly manufactured by him are ladies' and gentlemen's underclothing of a very superior class. At the time I was in the city 110 hands were employed outside finishing, and in other departments of manufacture. In addition to the *Mercury* Guelph supports another daily and two weekly papers—a number out of all proportion to the population, if we are to judge it by the same rule as at home; but the same happy state of things prevails throughout the whole Dominion, where every one, almost from the cradle to the grave, reads his newspaper.

The Ontario School of Agriculture is in the immediate neighborhood of Guelph, but as I have already described it, its management and great advantages to the Province of Ontario, and even to the agricultural interests of the entire Dominion, in the *Free Press*, it must now be passed over. The first tree was cut in the forest on the site of the future city so recent as 1827, by Galt, the novelist—a fact almost incredible to any one visiting the city at the present day, with its fine buildings, large stores, innumerable mills and factories, and all the other evidences of advancement and civilization. Here, perhaps as much as anywhere, I felt the depressing effect of parting with a lot of good friends, newly made, to push on alone into fresh fields and pastures new, again to meet strange faces in a strange land; but in my case it seemed always hitherto to be a parting with one set of good, warm-hearted friends, only to meet, if possible, others possessing the same good feeling in a more intense degree, according to me a warmer welcome than ever. Somewhat thus depressed, I left my friends at Guelph to visit a large colony of Highlanders, which, I had been informed, settled down in

Lucknow, a small town in the county of Bruce, 93 miles from Guelph, on the Wellington, Gray and Bruce Railway, and 13 miles from Kincardine on Lake Huron, having a population of about 1,400. The county of Bruce is one of the most Celtic, or Highland, counties in the whole Dominion; and before introducing the reader to my enthusiastic friends of Lucknow and Kincardine, it may be well to give a few particulars regarding this rich territory, nearly all of which has been reclaimed by Highlanders from the north of Scotland and the Western Isles. The county is 100 miles long by 35 wide, with an area of considerably over a million acres of the most fertile land in Canada. A white man settled in it for the first time so recent as the year 1847, only 38 years ago. In 1852 the total assessed value of the county was only two thousand dollars. In 1870 it rose to about eight million, while the population was nearly fifty thousand, and in 1879 the assessment amounted to the almost incredible amount of twenty-four and a-half million dollars. It is governed by a Council of thirty-seven members, presided over by a Warden, Robert Baird, Esq., who kindly supplied me with these figures. The population is almost entirely Scotch, and mainly Highland. In the township of Huron they are nearly all from the Island of Lewis, where they have named the principal town Dingwall. Most of those in the Township of Kincardine came from Cape Breton, while those occupying a fine settlement near Tiverton came almost entirely from the Island of Tiree, and are doing remarkably well. In fact the county is more distinctly Celtic in everything, except in their great comfort and affluence, than any part of the Highlands of Scotland at the present day. I am informed that the same may almost be said of the neighboring county of Goderich, a district which I much regret I have been unable to visit though within a few hours distance of it. But to return to Lucknow. While in the County of Glengarry some three weeks earlier, I received a letter, addressed to me at random, from Dr. MacCrimmon, Chief of the Caledonian Society of Lucknow, requesting me to visit that place, and to deliver my lecture on "Flora Macdonald," regarding which and myself they had seen some notices in the newspapers. At the time I could make no promise, but on this Saturday I telegraphed from Guelph that I would be there on the following Monday, for about a day, but that a lecture (in consequence of the short time at my disposal) was out of the question. Having passed through a rich country still exhibiting unmistakable signs of having been brought under the plough in recent years, the train pulled up at Lucknow station, where I was accosted by a stalwart, powerful-looking man, in broad Balmoral bonnet with red and white checked border, considerably over six feet high, who at once accosted me and asked me if I was "Mr. Mackenzie from Inverness." I pleaded guilty, whereupon I received a good shake of his powerful fist, and a most hearty salutation from this Hercules, who was no other man than the Chief of the Caledonia Society of Lucknow, admittedly the first society of its kind, in all respects, in the whole Dominion. He had his own conveyance waiting for me, and we drove to his own residence, where a few genial spirits met us at tea; after which we had to go to the Caledonia Hall, where the members of the society were to meet, and, as I was now told, march to the hotel, led by the Society's piper, where it had been arranged, even upon such short notice as they had, to entertain the flying visitor from the Old Country to supper. This was a unexpected but a highly appreciated honor. Having met at the hall, and having been introduced to the members of the Society, we followed the *Piob-mhor* to the hotel, where we were soon enjoying ourselves to an excellently provided feast, under the presidency of the stalwart Chief of the Society, supported by the Reeve, or Mayor, and ex-Reeve, as well as by the leading citizens and merchants, most of whom were Highlanders. The local paper—the Lucknow *Sentinel*—devoted more than three columns to a report of our happy meeting. I took the opportunity presented of referring to my grievance about the want of encouragement extended to poor Highlanders emigrating to the Dominion, and on this point Dr. MacCrimmon remarked that, "It was something he could not understand how the poorer classes in the Old Country should continue to submit tamely to their treatment and present position while such a magnificent country as Canada was so ready and willing to receive them and so much needing emigrants. Instead of their government filling up the North-west and giving special encouragement to Mennonites and Icelanders, they should secure and encourage, for emigrants, their own countrymen—Scotch, English, Irish; and especially Highlanders, who were so loyal and brave, and who would always be ready to fight bravely and patriotically for their adopted country. The present system, if allowed to continue, would be ruinous to the country. He strongly denounced the land system now in vogue, and which only encouraged settlers able to bring with them 400 or 500 dollars. Hundreds of such came to the country penniless in the past, who were now their most prosperous and influential citizens, and why could not others do the same?" These wise sentiments were enthusiastically received and echoed by all present, and I trust they will yet, and before long, permeate even to, and influence the Emigration Department at Ottawa; and if this, they will not permit their countrymen to be neglected in such a fashion without making their influence felt in their behalf at the polls at the first general election for the Dominion Parliament. The land in the district was only sold in 1854, and Malcolm Campbell, already mentioned, was the first man who built a house in Lucknow. His father had the farm of Dell, near Kingussie, in the county of Inverness, for three consecutive leases of nineteen years. The son emigrated with very small means. He is now in a large way of business and in excellent circumstances. Ewen Macpherson, from Laggan, in the same district, and David Hutcheson, from Caithness, lay in the bush for a week, on their arrival, before they obtained a covering from the elements, but they now possess farms of 400 acres, worth, with the stock upon them, about thirty thousand dollars. The Macintyres, of whom there are here three brothers, came originally from Knapdale, their father being quite poor. His own farm sold at his death for eight thousand dollars, in addition to which the stock brought a large sum. He was able to leave several sons a farm of a hundred acres each. They are all in good circumstances, three of them being successful merchants in Lucknow. The Macdonalds above-mentioned only left the county of Inverness a few years ago, and I was glad to learn that they also were succeeding admirably. The village banker, D. E. Cameron, I found to be a Locharber man, and there were MacHardys from Aberdeenshire, Connells, Smiths, and others from the Old Country in a prosperous condition, an acquisition to their adopted country, while they were all still proud of, and an honor to their native land. After meeting a few friends at Mr. Macintyre's hospitable table the following evening, and bidding farewell to Dr. MacCrimmon's family, where I had the pleasure of finding his two handsome boys dressed in superb Highland costumes, with complete solid silver and Cairgorm mounted ornaments, and finding that I had nothing to pay at the hotel, where rooms had been placed at my disposal at the request and expense of the Society, I