

SIDEGLIMTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

In view of the fact that there are at the present moment in England two men known as Lord Gifford, it may be as well to explain that the Lord Gifford arriving from England in New York for an extended United States visit, is not the elderly peer of that name who won the Victoria Cross by a feat of exceptional heroism while serving under Lord Wolseley in the Ashanti war in 1873, and who has been acting as governor of Western Australia, and also of Gibraltar, but the eldest son and heir of the tenth Marquis of Tweeddale—whose name should be pronounced as if it were spelled "Twiddle." The Victoria Cross Lord Gifford is a member of the House of Lords, in which he sits as a baron; whereas the Lord Gifford visiting America is a commoner in the eyes of the law, and an earl merely by usage and courtesy, thanks to the custom, sanctioned by the crown, according to which the eldest sons of dukes, marquises and earls are allowed to make use of one of the minor titles of their father.

Young Lord Gifford is 26 years of age, unmarried, and has recently retired from his lieutenantancy of the first regiment of Life Guards, on the reserve force of which, however, he is still carried. He is also one of the brightest particular stars of the Bachelors' Club in London, and although he may possibly find during his stay over here some American heiress willing to share his honors, he cannot be looked upon in the light of a fortune hunter, seeing that the entailed estates alone, which will come into his possession on the death of his octogenarian father, extend over 40,000 acres in England and Scotland, in addition to which the present marquis has acquired a considerable fortune by shrewd business ability.

Born as a younger son, the marquis was educated at Haileybury for the civil service in India, in which he served throughout the Indian mutiny with considerable distinction. Before returning home he achieved fame as an explorer of Tibet, which was, in those days, even much more strictly closed to the outside world than it is today. What caused him to retire from the Indian service was the fact that his elder brother, who was in day as quite the shyest man in England, met with sudden death.

Possessed of a very strong business

sense, the marquis was, until a few years ago, president of nearly 50 corporations, including several railroads, banks, and the Anglo-American Telegraph, the Eastern Telegraph, the Australia and China Cable Company, and the Submarine Cable Trust, the latter being the head of the combination which controls the greater part of the telegraph service of the world. The marchioness, the mother of the young Earl of Gifford, is an Italian by birth, though her mother was a Scotch woman. She was a Miss Candida Bartolucci, and many years her husband's junior, is still a very handsome woman, of the Juno type of beauty, tall, well developed, and richly colored with a wealth of black hair, a magnificent contralto voice, and a stately manner and bearing. She is one of the few women who have tried their skill as an engineer, and accompanied the feat of driving the first locomotive across the great Fifth of Forth bridge.

Yester, which will on the death of the aged marquis become the property and chief home of young Lord Gifford, is a wonderful old place, indeed, was already accounted old when King Alexander III, of Scotland, in 1263, visited Sir Hugh de Gifford in his castle of Yester, to take counsel with him how to overthrow the Norwegian invader. This historic interview bore fruit, in the disaster which overtook the Norwegian King Hakon and his army, and Sir Walter Scott has immortalized the interview between Alexander III and Sir Hugh de Gifford in Yester Castle, in his poem "Marmion." This Sir Hugh, from whom Lord Gifford is descended, was celebrated as a necromancer, and is asserted to have created with one stroke of his magic wand, the so-called "Goblin Hall," of the castle of Yester, which, though the remainder of the castle has fallen into ivy-mantled ruin, still exists; a huge stone-vaulted and roomy chamber, with an immense fireplace at the further end, and a well of unfathomable depth, in one sombre corner of the chamber, a portion of which is apparently hewn out of the living rock. Sir Hugh, whom Sir Walter Scott describes in "Marmion" as the dreaded warlock of Gifford, is believed throughout Scotland to have placed a spell upon it, to the effect that any man who dared to interfere with its symmetry in any way, should

come to a violent end. No one ever dared to tamper with it, until the older brother of the present marquis ventured to do so. In the lifetime of his father, and while still known as the Earl of Gifford, he expressed his ridicule for the superstition, and cleared away a number of its steps which led down to the water. Within twelve months afterwards he met with his death in endeavoring to save the life of a laboring man who was about to be crushed by a tree which he was felling in the vicinity of the castle. The man escaped, but the tree killed Lord Gifford.

Another superstition of Yester pertains to one of those ancestral "lucks" which are occasionally to be found in the oldest families of Europe, like the glass goblet sung by Longfellow as "The Luck of Edin' Hall," the silver nixon cup of the lords of Manchester, and the Lee Penny of the Lockharts, which Sir Walter Scott made the theme of one of his most popular novels, namely, "The Talsman." The Yester Luck is known as "The Colstoun Pear."

There were many alliances between the Giffords and the Hays, and when the necromancer, Sir Hugh's, granddaughter, Jean Hay, married George Broun of Colstoun, her grandfather plucked a pear from his orchard at Yester, and gave it to the young couple, with the assurance that as long as it was kept intact their descendants would prosper. In Charles I's reign, one of the women of Colstoun, bit a piece out of the pear, with the result that her family got into terrible litigation, and had to sell all the best farms of the estate in order to pay the law expenses. The pear is now entirely fossilized, but, as revealed by Sir Walter Scott, who in his "Diary" describes having seen and handled the talsman at Dalhousie Castle in 1829, it still shows the marks of the lady's teeth.

IMPROVED IRELAND.

Perhaps the most notable improvement seen by the writer was in the dwellings of the farm laborers. In bygone days this class of the population lived in miserable wooden cabins, the like of which were to be found as human habitations nowhere in the civilized world. Today the farm laborer is housed in a well-built, comfortable cottage, and he is lord of an acre of land on which to raise the vegetables needed for his own table, with some left over, if he is a good farmer, for the market. For this cottage and land, he pays to the urban or the district council a small sum in American money, and of these cheery-looking cottages throughout the country was a most pleasing feature of the landscape.

And if the condition of the farm laborer has improved, that of the farmer himself has been bettered also. In fact, the Irish farmer, as I saw him, was the most contented and independent man. The only grievance he seemed to have was the present dearth of labor. There is no doubt whatever, as I am stating what I heard from men on the spot, but that the land purchase act, which has been a great boon to the Irish farmer, has been a great boon to the English statesmanlike piece of legislation so far as Ireland's relation to England is concerned. With the settlement of this problem of land ownership Irish discontent is no longer so keen or so pressing as in the past. The Irish farmer has become a contented man, and his government guaranteeing him the possession of his farm after a certain number of years' purchase, he is no longer, as formerly, "agin the Government."—Boston Transcript.

ANGELIC PRIMATE DISCUSSES SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Archbishop of York Addresses
British Scientists—Sir Oliver
Lodge on a Congenial Theme
—The Soul of the Race.

On Sept. 4, the members of the British Association, many of them wearing their Academic gowns and hoods, together with the lord mayor, the mace bearer, and other civic dignitaries, walked in procession through the streets of the city of York, where the Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang.

The primate read a thoughtful and carefully phrased sermon, based on the words: "Wisdom in all ages entering into the holy souls maketh them friends of God." His subject was the friendship of religion and science. "Of late years," he said, "there has been a striking change in the relations between science and religion, and today it is only the camp followers on both sides who are apt to break out. The best men in science and religion are conscious of the need for a truce of God, in order that they may think out their positions more clearly and understand the relation of those who differ from them with more sympathy. Science has become aware of its limitations. It no longer declares there is nothing outside its own boundaries. It is more impressed with the mysteries that still enfold the origin of life and of the human spirit. A true Agnosticism, recognizing the limits of scientific knowledge, has taken the place of a false Agnosticism declaring that outside its limits nothing can be known."

"Moreover, religion has learned to reconsider its own conceptions of God in accordance with a conception that belongs to a fuller and more primitive religion than ours. God is dwelling in this world over all, and in all religions, and theology proclaims that He, and no mere blind energy, is the worker, and we wait for science to tell the way in which He works. Thus there is the chance of a true friendship between religion and science."

The True Unity.
"The cause of the old quarrel was a desire for uniformity; the reconciliation is through the desire for union. The domains of science and faith are distinct. 'Woe to him who lets them trespass upon one another,' said Pas-

AMAZING SERVICE IN OLD LAND

An Inhibited Vicar Holds It in
the Open Air.

Probably no more amazing spectacle has been witnessed in England since the Restoration period than that which was enacted at Sutton, Cheshire, England, on the 28th of August.

All roads in South Leicestershire and North Warwickshire seemed to lead to Sutton Cheney, Hinckley and Nuneaton hostlers, Harwell shoemakers, Leicester artisans, factory lasses and lads, agricultural laborers, all dressed in Sunday best, made for the parish of which Rev. E. C. Hudson is still vicar. He had been inhibited from preaching in the church because he had married a second time while his first wife—who deserted him for another man—was still living. Most people went on cycles, but there were also many traps and a few motor cars. Some of the young women present carried Prayer Books, for use at the announced "service." Scores of cameras were to be seen in use, one enterprising operator propping himself up in a tree. The couple of public houses which serve the village did "roaring" trade during the prohibited hours of licensing act, for the customers were "bona fide travellers."

The parish church bell chimed for 11 a.m. service, and a small congregation trooped in for the service. The interest of the 3,000 strangers was not there, however, but in the appearance of Mr. Hudson, and particularly, perhaps, of the French lady, who, it was announced, would join him today, "if the state of her health permitted." The promised bands of music did not come. When from the vicarage there emerged the vicar, his son, and the second Mrs. Hudson, there was some clapping of hands, and gold medals were sock, college cap, and gold medal of the London Orphan Asylum, where in his day he was top boy. The lady, a slim person, in large hat trimmed with roses and leaves, and wearing also a long grey cloak, hung on his arm.

Past the west end of the church, and into the main road, the procession moved, and among the interested spectators was a legal gentleman understood to have an official position in the consistory court proceedings. But instead of turning into the paddock adjoining the churchyard, which was the scene of the previous Sunday's proceedings, the procession moved on through the village. The owner of the field, a private gentleman, who had not been again used, but a local publican came to the aid of the demonstrators and offered his meadow. In the middle were two chairs. On one mounted the vicar, he commenced the proceedings by giving out the hymn, "and he sang the psalm of the name," which the congregation sang with gusto. This was followed by "New every morning is the love." Next Mr. Hudson read a part of Genesis, and then, in reverse, which gives an account of the marriage of our first parents, and on this he delivered a short address—listened to without interruption and with the most audible signs of approval. What he said was a plea for a truce for liberty on the part of husband or wife when incompatibility of temperament has made the union no longer congenial to one or the other, and a criticism of the old civil law of the English and Roman Churches relating to the indissolubility of marriage. He read from Milton's "Treatise on Divorce," and later from an essay of Martin Bucer on the same subject.

"Let us pray," said the vicar, and he proceeded to pronounce the benediction, and while he did so the cameras clicked again. Then someone started the dogology, and, as a last chance, the photographers pushed their way to the front of the lady. She had her head bowed down, but now she pulled the brim of her hat over her face.

The procession reformed and wended its way back to the vicarage.

ed to children than to adults. In childhood each individual passes rapidly through the history of the race. Whatever is suited to the childhood of the world is suited to individual childhood. You have not to argue children into a belief in God. It is there already. In like manner the Old Testament starts with God and feels on familiar terms with deity. Childhood views are no term of reproach. Children are nearer to the kingdom of heaven than we are.

"In this age of science objective truth is the end and aim, but no formula can cover the whole truth. There is truth of science and a truth of literature. They are parts of a large whole, and if there is to be a choice between them the advantage lies with literature. A great drama or a great poem may be a world of emotion in as what is true in scientific textbooks is what must pass out of date. Only the great landmarks remain. Poetry is the only thing every age will recognize as true because your attitude to the ancients' science, on one hand, with your attitude to their art and drama on the other. The one is curative; the other eternal. Beauty is how things are from the inside; science is the apotheosis of truth. Materialism, the scepticism emphasizes only one side of things. Its assertions may be true. Its denials are often absurd. There may be a world of emotion in as what is true in scientific textbooks is what must pass out of date. Only the great landmarks remain. 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