

## Varieties.

**SCOTCH WIT AND HUMOR.**—A young man sitting opposite to a minister in the front of the gallery had been up late on the previous night, and had stuffed the cards with which he had been occupied into his coat pocket. Forgetting the circumstance, he pulled out his handkerchief and the cards all flew about. The minister simply looked at him and remarked—"Eh man, your psalm buik has been ill bund."

The beadle of a country parish is usually called the minister's man, and to one of these who had gone through a long course of such parish official life, a gentleman one day remarked—"John, ye hae been sae lang about the minister's hand that I dare say ye could preach a sermon yerself now." To which John modestly replied—"O na, sir, I couldna preach a sermon, but maybe I could draw an inference." "Well, John," said the gentleman, humoring the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference could ye draw frae this text, 'a wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?'" (Jer. 2: 24.) "Well, sir, I would draw this inference—he wud snuff a long time before he would fatten upon it."

**THE OBITUARY OF 1860.**—Three Bishops have died—those of Rochester and Worcester, and the Archbishop of York; and the popular divine Dr. Croly, and the eminent dissenting minister, Mr. Sortain. Of the Peers, the Dukes of Richmond and Norfolk have died, and Lords Londesborough, Stafford, and Hytesbury. Our statesmen have died fast and some untimely. Besides Mr. Wilson and Sir H. G. Ward, we have lost in our Indian connection, Lord Elphinstone, and the venerable William Butterworth Bailey, of the Indian service. The names of Lord Aberdeen and the Marquis Dalhousie are the most prominent in the mournful list; but Mr. Baines will be long regretted. We cannot place Henry Drummond among the statesmen; but he was missed from his seat in the House by his friends and opponents. A Judge died in Court, as hap-

pened before, not many years since. Baron Watson was presiding at the assizes in Welshpool, when he sank down and died, as Sir T. Talford did within recent memory. The generation of the great Napiers is gone—Sir William, the General, having died in February—and his cousin Charles, the Admiral, in November. Lord Dundonald has died full of years, and, at last, of honors. We may place among the regretted seamen Captain Harrison, the Commander of the Great Eastern, who won high respect, and created great expectation, miserably extinguished by his accidental death in January last. Captain Moorsom, the inventor of the shells called after him, died in February; and in October, Captain Maconochie, known by his efforts—zealous if not very successful—on behalf of the reformation of criminals. Colonel Leake and Colonel Mure are known by their science and literature—the one as a geographer, and the other as a Greek historian, rather than as soldiers. Science, in various applications, has suffered by the mortality of this year, for we have lost Locke and Hartly, the engineers, and Spence the etymologist, and Finlaison, the actuary, and Dr. Alexander, the sanitary reformer of the British army. In art our loss has been heavy—Sir Charles Barry being in himself a national loss; and there have died besides Alfred Chalon and Sir W. Ross, the painters; and Landells the engraver; and George Schary. Among the artists we must include the lamented Albert Smith; and also Jullien, the creator of so much popular pleasure. In literature we have to lament Bunsen whom we had learnt to regard as countryman of our own, from his long residence here, and his friendships with some of our most distinguished citizens. Professor Wilson of Oxford, the Sanscrit scholar, and Professor Baden Powell, the theologian, have died; and Sir Charles Fellows, who opened to us a fresh scene of antiquity in Asia Minor, by his researches and writings; Mr. James, the novelist: Mrs. Jameson, whose province was the