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English Jottings.

The Archbishop of York told a good story the other day *apropos* of the ancient rivalry between York and Canterbury. Once upon a time, when the warfare was at its height, the two Archbishops chanced to enter a room together. The Archbishop of Canterbury, more agile than he of York, sprang forward and seated himself in the chair of state. His Grace of York, thereupon, having ascertained that there was in the room no other seat of equal dignity, deliberately seated himself on the knees of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and insisted upon remaining there, in spite of the frantic struggles of his rival, until the said rival relinquished the chair. Among the old records of Canterbury, to this day there is extant a decree of major excommunication—not a thing to be trifled with in mediæval communication—pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury against any person in his diocese who furnished a meal of meat to his brother of York and his chaplain, when they travelled southwards.

A curious story says *Modern Society* was told the other night at one of our most fashionable West-end clubs concerning the origin of the fortune of one of the best-known money-lenders of London. It appears that some eight or nine and twenty years ago, this enterprising Jew was a very poor man, travelling about the country dealing in cheap and imitation jewellery, which he would sell to servant girls and soldiers, and policemen, and people of that class. Luck, or as some would say fate, led him one day to certain barracks in Ireland where the regiment commanded by the daring, dauntless, devil-may-care, violent hero of Balaclava, the late Lord Cardigan, happened to be quartered.

The poor little Jew had not been long in the barrack-yard, peddling and hawking his wares to the private soldiers, when the commanding officer dashed in at full gallop, and swinging himself off his horse evidently in a terrible fury, strode toward the stone steps leading to the officers' quarters and sat down on them, frowning, as was his wont when angry, knitting his brows in a most fearful fashion, which no one who ever saw it can possibly forget—and assuming an expression which made his handsome face for the time being seem almost diabolical.

Not only his men, but his brother officers knew Lord Cardigan's Sheol-like temper too well to think of speaking to him while his face showed the danger flag, but the little Jew advanced to where his lordship sat glaring, and began: "I beg your pardon, my Lord, but—" Before he could get any further Lord Cardigan broke out into a torrent of invectives, calling him every horrible name, asking him if he knew the blank blank who the blank he had the blank audacity to speak to, and telling him if he did not clear out of the yard without any blank delay, he would blank well have him blankly kicked out.

The Jew waited until this terrible tempest had spent itself, and then he began again: "I beg your Lordship's pardon, but—" and then again he was interrupted, this time by Lord Cardigan calling for two soldiers to turn the audacious and impertinent hawker out of the barrack-yard neck and crop. The soldiers had seized the Jew by the arms and were about to drag him away, when the little man turned to Lord Cardigan and at last succeeded in having his say: "I beg your pardon, my Lord; but what I wanted to say was this, that it is little short of madness for anyone in such a heated condition as your lordship is to sit down upon those cold stones."

"Good God! exclaimed Lord Cardigan, delighted not only with the man's commonsense, but more especially with his pluck and dogged determination to have his say *quand meme*—" Good God! you're right! I'm blanked if you're not! And you're a simple man and a blank plucky one, too. What's your name, and what are you doing here?" And thus speaking, Lord Cardigan arose and motioned to the soldiers to release the captive Hebrew. That wily worthy took good care to make the most of the situation, told Lord Cardigan all about himself; and, in fact, so improved the shining hour that the Balaclava hero bought out there and then all his stock in trade for the soldiers, took his name and address, and gave him the needed first start in life. Now, this imitation jewellery peddler, turned usurer, has grown so strong and powerful and rich, that he can easily give you a cheque for a quarter of a million in return for your simple I O U.

I always looked on the Civil Service examinations as being more or less a solemn and useless farce, and am confirmed in my idea when I hear that the united erudition of the Lincoln Post Office returned a letter addressed "A Monsieur L'Eveque de Lincoln" to the dead letter office with the endorsement "Not known. No person named Eveque resident here."

When Lord Jersey arrived in New South Wales, he underwent a peculiar experience. No sooner was he in Government House than he heard the well-known voice of Lord Carrington, his predecessor—whom he knew to be some thousands of miles away—bidding him a hearty welcome. Lady Carrington's voice, too, added a few graceful kindly words to her husband's greeting; and she was followed by the Earl of Hopetoun and the Countess of Kintore. Before leaving New South Wales, the ex-Governor and his friends had all spoken their welcomes into a phonograph, in which they had been carefully preserved.

One of the greatest cases ever tried in the English Courts will be that which has risen in connection with the acquisition of Manica by the South African Company. The territory, which is admittedly rich in gold, is claimed by the Mozambique Company, and they are assured by Sir Henry James that they have a good case. It seems a little strange that judges sitting in London should be called on to adjudicate concerning the ownership of a kingdom in Africa. That a great deal of time and money will be wasted is quite certain, but whether the Queen's writs run in the distant lands dealt with is extremely uncertain; even granting that the Mozambique Company obtain a verdict, how are they going to give it effect? A little war between the armed mercenaries of the rival companies could not be tolerated, and the British taxpayer might kick at the notion of sending out an expensive expedition to keep the peace between them. Meantime the British taxpayer will certainly grumble at the time of our overcrowded Courts of Justice being wasted on the disputes of two trading concerns, concerning a country which the Portuguese assert does not belong to us. Surely this ought to be a question for diplomacy first the litigation afterwards.

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