

the Duke of Athol; and the Marquis of Bute. Lord Rosebery's grandfather, whom he succeeded in the Earldom, and his great-grandfather, the third Earl, were both Knights of the Thistle. The distinction is limited to the Sovereign and sixteen Knights, and is therefore the rarest Order. The ex-Primer of Great Britain now shares with the Duke of Argyle, the very rare distinction of being both a K. G., and a K. T. The only other man, not of Royal blood, who held both dignities, was the fourth Duke of Hamilton, who figures in Thackeray's "Esmond." What more can his Lordships want? He married the richest heiress in England, he was prime minister of Great Britain, (for how long is not material,) he has twice won the Derby; and he is a K. T. and a K. G. Yet if rumour be true he is now ambitious to marry a Princess.

Appropos to the comments occasioned by the death of the late Duke of Hamilton, who, it must be said, was no credit to his ancient lineage, is the tradition that has always lingered in Scotland that the holder of this title is the nearest heir to the throne. The tradition is founded, but does not rest on fact, the connection with the Royal Family being now of the remotest kind.

The first Lord Hamilton married a daughter of James the Second, and his descendant, the Earl of Arran, was expressly declared by Act of the Scottish Parliament to be the heir to the throne in case Queen Mary died without issue. That eventuality never occurred, and the whole of the numerous descendants of Mary's son now stand between the Hamiltons and whatever claim to the throne they ever had. The Duke of Hamilton, however, can claim one distinction—he is the Premier Duke of Scotland

Although they have no order of nobility in the United States, they have some of high birth. The highest born of these, so far as is known, is a child born, on May 12, to a family living on Pike's Peak, Colorado, at an altitude of twelve thousand feet above sea-level. The father is the foreman of the mountain cog-railway.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for July, there is an article by F. M. F. Skene, which is brimful of personal reminiscences of van-

ished celebrities, from Sir Walter Scott to Canon Liddon. Those who study the lives of literary heroes will remember the pathetic dignity and nobility with which the gifted author of "Waverley" accepted the ruin which reached him, through no fault of his own, after years of literary toil; and how the aged author, broken in health and enfeebled in imagination, bravely set himself to retrieve as far as possible his scattered fortune. It was at this period in his career that the sympathetic writer in *Blackwood's* first saw Sir Walter Scott, and one of her earliest recollections was one dull, depressing day under Scottish skies, when she shared the easy chair in which her father's dearest friend reposed, with his kind arm thrown round the little girl who nestled by his side—an elderly man, with grey hair falling over his prominent forehead, thick bushy eyebrows, almost hiding the eyes that were at that moment dim and sad, but capable of gleaming with fiery enthusiasm on subjects immortalised by his genius. "His countenance then wore a sombre expression; for it was a marked and mournful day in the life of Sir Walter Scott—almost the darkest he had ever known—since the blow which had struck him the evening before, when he returned home from a gay dinner party in our house, announced the total wreck of his fortunes, the loss of many years of arduous labour, and the necessity of recommencing yet more strenuous and painful toil if he was to save any portion of the lands at Abbotsford that were so dear to his heart. Sir Walter, addressing me with the gentle 'dearie' he was wont to apply to little children, told me that he did not wish to speak himself at all, but he would be glad to listen to some fairy stories if I had any to tell him. Nothing was easier to me, as fairies and hobgoblins were the constant companions of my thoughts at that period of my existence, and I plunged at once into a wild invention, to all of which he listened patiently for a long time, and often laughed out heartily in spite of his overhanging gloom."

MARRIAGE AND CRIME.

Crime is more common in single life than in married. In the former thirty-three in every one hundred thousand are guilty, while only eleven married men of the same number have gravely broken the laws.