ENGLISH COLUMN.

A man was lately sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, in London, for stealing a piece of paper valued at 1s., and of no value to anybody but the owner.

Fifty thousand dollars' worth of American meat was recently seized and destroyed at Smithfield Market. It was spoiled in consequence of a delay of ten days in shipping.

Whistler, the artist, has turned over all his property to his creditors, and they have privately agreed to the liquidation of all claims and to his final discharge.

The Washington Hotel, a temperance establishment, was recently opened in Liverpool with a banquet and speech making, in which Mr. Packard, the American Consul, took part.

There is a "salvation army" in Manchester, England, some of whose captains and other prominent officers were lately arrested for obstructing the streets and creating disturbances.

Mr. Henry Smart, an English composer, well known for his organ music, and his authorship of "King Rene's Daughter," and other pieces, has been put on the pension list for £100 a year.

"Nemo" suggests that, all things considered, it would not be amiss if the Conservatives were to alter the chorus of their party song as follows:

"We don't want to fight, for, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got no men, but only boys—and they are precious few."

Mr. J. B. Gough, the temperance orator, laid the foundation stone of a coffee palace at Sandgate on June 2. Notwithstanding the pouring rain, the event was a great success and was witnessed by hundreds of spectators. A public luncheon followed, at which Mr. Gough spoke at some length. Sandgate is Mr. Gough's birthplace, which he left fifty years ago.

On the 6th June the House of Lords sat as a Committee of Privileges to investigate the claim of Mr. Hope-Johnstone to the Annandale peerage. The House had decided in 1844 against the grandfather of the present claimant; and their Lordships now held that the judgment then arrived at ought not to be disturbed upon the evidence which had been produced.

According to *Iron*, the Post-office authorities have warned their officials that spurious sovereigns, made of platinum and electroplated with gold, are again in circulation. Their ring is like that of a shilling, but they are deficient in weight. They can, however, be manufactured at a considerable profit, for platinum is only from a quarter to a third the value of gold.

The report presented on the 3rd June to the annual meeting of the Home for Female Inebriates, London, showed some very satisfactory results. It was stated that 72 per cent. had been reclaimed, whereas in America the highest average reached was 40 per cent. Fifty-one of the inmates were kept free of charge. The balance-sheet showed that the expenditure during the past year was over $10,000.

A conference of the National Liberal Federation was held at Gloucester recently, when a large number of delegates attended, chiefly from the West of England and South Wales. A resolution in favor of the Birmingham principle of political organizations was adopted, and also a second resolution in favor of an effort to increase the strength of the party and secure a better system of representation in the counties.

An extraordinary discovery was made in Birmingham lately. A police constable had his attention called to a house in No. 5 Court, Beach street, where, in a bed-room occupied by a woman named Hannah Hincks, he found the bodies of two children in a box. A surgeon expressed his opinion that the children had been in the box for several years. Hannah Hincks, the occupier of the house, has been taken into custody on a charge of concealment of birth.

The inhabitants of Alnwick complain that the Duke of Northumberland is buying up houses, until now tenanted by the poorer classes, and pulling them down, and that in consequence of this houses pronounced uninhabitable by the Medical Officer cannot be pulled down by the Local Board, as they do not like to face the responsibility of turning people into the street. The Duke should build new houses, and let them at a reasonable rent, so as to house those whom his "improvements" have rendered homeless.

The Princess of Wales has been riding in the Row lately, accompanied by her brother Prince Waldemar, and attended by Sir William Knollys and Sir Dighton Probyn. It was curious to notice by how very few among the promenaders she was recognized. H. R. H. sometimes rides a small bay hack, sometimes a chestnut, both pretty, but lacking in substance. A well-known baronet, one of the best riders and judges of horseflesh in England, has been asked to look out for a suitable animal for the Princess.

Lord Derby, who is President this year of the Botanical Society, Manchester, recently visited that city for the purpose of opening the annual show of the Society. Subsequently his lordship attended the opening of a coffee tavern, and expressed his faith in the success and beneficial results of these institutions. In the evening he presided over the annual dinner of the Botanical Society. Replying to the toast of his health, the noble earl said he had never found Downing street the Elysium some people thought it.

A good story is told of the late Mr. James Grant. By way of illustrating the difficulties of an editor who worked under the supervision of a committee of John Barleycorns, he said that a worthy member of the conclave once got up and gravely delivered himself to this effect: "Mr. Chairman, the 'Tiser (the Licensed Victuallers' paper in Fleet street, London), is nothing if it is not impartial; and as Mr. Grant has now written twelve able articles in support of Sir Charles Napier's candidature for Parliament, I beg to move that he be instructed to write twelve more, equally able, in support of Sir Charles' opponent!"

The Rev. C. R. J. Loxley, curate of St. Edmund's, Northampton, lecturing before the Church of England Working Men's Society on the Sabbatarian question, expressed his opinion that much harm had been done by puritanical views concerning the observance of the seventh day. Not only should museums, picture galleries, etc., be thrown open on Sunday, but people might profitably indulge on that day in various outdoor recreations, such as skating, cricketing, boating or what not. If by these and similar means people were given a reasonable idea of the way to spend Sunday they would be more likely to go to church.

At the anniversary dinner of the United Law Clerks' Society, London, Earl Cairns, who presided, proposed the toast of "The Ladies." In doing so he alluded to the recent resolution of the House of Commons in favor of abolishing actions for breach of promise of marriage. His Lordship expressed himself as horrified that such a resolution should have been brought forward by a lawyer and carried by an assembly of men, as he always regarded the right to bring such an action as almost as sacred as Magna Charta. The remedy which he suggested was in procedure—that the trial should be by a jury of matrons.

Lord Cranbrook attended a meeting of the Sheffield Conservative Association on 5th June and made a long speech in defence of the foreign policy of the Government, who, he said, came into power with moderate professions, every one of which had been fulfilled. With respect to the Eastern Question, they had desired to support only that which they conceived to be an ending settlement of the difficulty. He took credit for the manner in which the war in Afghanistan had been conducted; and, with regard to South Africa, said they had no desire for aggression. He did not despair of India, and, in conclusion, said he did not contemplate the rejection of the Government by the country.

Mr. Lefroy, County Court Judge, has given a solemn warning to the *Western Gazette*. Sitting in Court he thus delivered himself: "A very impertinent paragraph has appeared in one of the papers. I warn the editor of that paper that if anything of the kind again appears he shall appear in the Court of Queen's Bench. The braying of a donkey causes a nuisance sometimes. If a Judge decide according to law and common sense and justice, fools and rogues disapprove of it, and I warn him that if he does it again he shall appear before the Court of Queen's Bench; and I question now whether I won't fyle a criminal information against him if he does not apologise. It will cost him £50 if I bring him before the Court of Queen's Bench."

There are some signs, I am told (says a London correspondent), of a change of feeling in the Court party. To the eyes that look upon affairs from the highest position in this country things do not seem so satisfactory as they might, and it is whispered that there is a tendency to think that the Ministerial policy in relation to the matters abroad has not quite justified itself. A little while ago people who are in the way of seeing things were remarking that the ex-Premier had not been receiving that consideration from high quarters that was due to him. There can be no doubt that the gossip was well founded; but I am told that now all that is changed, and that the member for Greenwich has met with many little acts of attention and regard from members of the Royal family and from those under Royal influence. These are tokens of the times.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., addressed a meeting of the West Cumberland Liberal Association at Dearham, and moved a resolution strongly condemning the foreign policy of the Government. He held that the Ministry had boldly and avowedly set at nought the doctrine that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right. In the Cabinet they considered themselves at liberty to break the Ten Commandments and to despise the laws which govern international intercourse. People might judge from the statements of the Government to Parliament whether in their corporate capacity they had borne false witness. They were told, "Thou shalt not steal," and they had stolen a scientific frontier which would cost a million and a half to the starving people of India. They were told, "Thou shalt not kill," yet they were engaged in taking the lives of thousands in Africa for no other offence than that of defending their country. Lord Beaconsfield and Salisbury went to Berlin to make a good bargain, and they brought back fever-stricken Cyprus, which was worse than the gross of green spectacles bought a bargain by the stupid lad in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

The report of the Select Committee on parliamentary reporting contains, as an appendix, a very interesting letter from Mr. Arnold White to the Speaker, proposing a plan for the supersession of ordinary reporters altogether by the use of telephonic communication from the House to the offices of the various London journals and to a central office in London of the provincial press. Mr. White's plan, which it seems the *Times* is about to adopt, is to have a staff of telephonists in the gallery, who will repeat a speaker's words into the instrument as fast as they are uttered. When the message arrives at its destination, it will not have to be written out, but will, at the *Times* office, be at once set up by a printer working a type-writing machine. If this experiment turns out successful the amount of time gained will be very considerable, and in the end an entire change would probably be made in the present system of reporting. For the service of the country press Mr. White proposes that a room should be engaged—say, at Charing Cross—and placed in telephonic communication with the House. In this room the reporters would sit and listen to the repetition of the telephonists of the debates, and would take down each so much of the speeches as he required, afterwards transmitting them by telegraph to his journal. No doubt there are very serious difficulties to be overcome, but if the House is minded to give the *Times* permission to make the experiment, the plan seems perfectly feasible, and one likely, if not altogether to change the present system of reporting, at least to modify it to a considerable extent, especially as far as the London papers are concerned.

Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., the merchant sailors' friend, who has lost his right eye through severe inflammation, is as well as could be expected. Although both eyes were affected, no further mishap is anticipated.

According to late estimates, Great Britain is not the wealthiest country on earth, as has been believed. France values her private property, real and personal, at $43,110,600,000, and her navy, palaces, public buildings and other public property, excepting highways, at $1,475,000,000, making $44,585,600,000. The aggregate estimate for England, Scotland and Ireland, without reckoning public highways, is $42,500,000,000. Real estate in France greatly exceeds in area that of England, while in the latter there is a great excess of personal property over the former.

The Root of the Evil.

(Toronto Mail.)

For weeks past the papers have been curiously filled with details of violence, assaults, maimings, murder. Some of these cases reveal with startling vividness the hideous blackness of the moral condition of a part of our own population. It is a very melancholy fact that in the districts remote from cities and far from the madding crowd, crime gets at its worst occasionally; but of course it is in the cities that we find the greatest crop of crime and the most revolting surroundings. The Montreal murder case which has filled the papers for some days, has probably never been surpassed in the dismal depravity of all its details. All the four persons concerned, Mears or Meyers, his wife (the supposed murderess), Flanagan and the murdered woman, were about as low in the social and moral state as human beings could get. There was once a terribly suggestive picture in *Punch*. Two shivering wretches of women, dirty, clad in rags, emaciated and repulsive, stood under a lamp post, and one said to the other: "How long is it since you have been *gay*?" What a horrible satire it was! Well, these wretches in Montreal were leading the *gay* life. The murdered woman, married, was a drunken street-walker. The man who picked her up was a drunken loafer. The woman who is suspected of murdering her was a drunken virago. And the husband was apparently a besotted brute, without one honest human emotion. It does not appear that he was the same kind of drunkard as the rest—there is something grimly humorous in his detestation of whiskey drinking and his preference for the less exciting intoxication of beer. The ease with which they all found houses to resort to, "liquor to drink and opportunity to enjoy" themselves, shows plainly how much help the procuresses of hell afford in our great cities to their victims. But at the bottom of all the trouble, all the crime, all the vice, all the poverty, dirt, idleness and degradation, there was one familiar spirit, the Devil of Drink. With the woman who had sold herself to him for his paltry pennies lying murdered on the floor, Flanagan swears that he had to go out to get a drink. With drunkenness and vice before his eyes, lying on his bed, or sleeping on his floor, and possibly with blood and murder staring him in the face, Jacob Meyers goes to his pot-house, brings home his beer and consumes it. And in the midst of it all there is—murder! Even after the murder there seems to have been no remorse. Meyers was as cool as a cucumber or a clod. He steps round the murdered woman as if she were only a poisoned rat. Flanagan thinks no more of her than if she were a dog who had once followed him. Her husband is plainly relieved at her taking off. Her alleged murderess is reported as treating the case with a levity which reveals a deeper depth in the gulf of crime.

Can anything be more terrible? Can anything be more suggestive? The cases are not isolated at all. They are typical. If all four of them had been murdered they would not have been missed out of the mass of miserable beings who are living lives like theirs, to end in deaths as dismal as that dead woman's, though not perhaps by murder. Any visitor in the dangerous localities of our great cities, knows how large the area of drunken degradation is. Any chance passer in the streets may any night in any of our great cities see Flanagan leading his street-walker, can follow them to their haunts, can witness their debauchery, can shudder at their language and grow pale at their quarrels and curses, and dread to think that humanity made in the likeness of God and destined for happiness, could come to a state like that. And it is all, or mostly, the fault of the one great curse of this continent—drink! The destruction of character; the breaking up of good habits; the loss of health; the acquiring of bad habits, of lying, stealing, and treachery; the ruin of home; the degradation of wives; the poverty and filth of children; the descent into the hell of the living—damned with the Meyers and Flanagans—all is due to drink. And yet human ingenuity fails to provide a remedy for an evil which aims at the ruin of humanity. Examples such as are given have no effect at all upon the class which produces them. The details of each bloody tragedy are told in tavern parlors, and the lips that tell them are thick with drink. The names of the wretched creatures are bandied about in haunts like theirs, and made household words among creatures engaged in like dissipations. And in every room in which they pigged together, others will follow their lives and pursue their pleasures. And what are we all going to do about it?

IMPORTANT TO KNOW.—An exchange says a man drew a note promising to pay one hundred dollars. He used a printed form and did not close up the blank devoted to dollars, and after passing it as negotiable paper somebody inserted "and fifty" after the one hundred and before the printed dollars. The note thus altered got into the hands of an innocent party, who presented it to the drawer, and the Supreme Court decided the maker of the note was liable for its face, because through negligence he did not draw a line between the word "hundred" and the printed word "dollars." Any testimony that the drawer might offer to establish the fact that he gave the note for one hundred dollars must go for nothing, as there was nothing on the face of the note showing that it had been altered. Evidence of any alteration on the face of the note would have changed the case. Let this be a lesson to all drawers of promissory notes. No one can be too careful in such matters.

The Sultan of Zanzibar will visit Europe next summer.

IRISH COLUMN.

An attempt is to be made from Liverpool to establish a trade in American cattle between America and Dublin.

The vacant chair of modern languages at Cork College has been filled by a Tipperary man, Mr. Owen O'Ryan.

The salmon supply for the present year at Waterford market has been the smallest for many years.

The Duke of Leinster has presented to the Mechanics' Institute, Dublin, a collection of 500 valuable books.

Although the weather still continues extremely variable, agricultural prospects have improved in County Cork.

The National Life-boat Institution has just sent three fine new life-boats to be stationed on the Irish coast—at Kingston, Drogheda and Tralee.

Owing to the coldness of the season and the wet weather, vegetation has been greatly retarded, and the crops in the North are in a very backward state.

On May 29, a large number of American immigrants arrived in Belfast by the steamer Magnetic from Liverpool. Some of them had been as long as forty years in the United States, and some for twenty years.

A large whale, measuring sixty-two feet, was captured at Carrowkeel, a village situated on Lough Foyle, half way between Moville and Derry, on June 2nd. The animal had been injured by coming into collision with one of the cross-channel steamers.

The body of Mr. Fleming, a magistrate for the King's and Queen's counties, and the agent of Sir Roger Palmer, Bart., was found in the Grand Canal, Dublin, on June 4th. No violence is suggested, as valuables were found on his person.

A desperate murder was recently committed at a place named Curragh, within six miles of Athlone. The victim is Patrick Cutler. It appears that he had a dispute with a neighbor named Patrick Connor, who has absconded and for whose arrest the constabulary are scouring the country. The man was hacked with a knife and his skull was also fractured.

Mr. C. H. Campion, official secretary to the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons, has forwarded a telegram stating that the petition by the Dublin Corporation praying the House of Commons to pass into law this session the O'Conor Don's University Bill will be received at the Bar of the House. The petition was to be presented in state by the Lord Mayor, attended by the civic officers.

Twenty-six new—we had almost said amateur—doctors were turned loose upon an unprotected Londonderry community this week, and yet people wonder at the depreciation of real estate in this vicinity. Perhaps facts like these will afford new light as to the cause of the constant increase of suicides on this coast. In these hard times it is every way cheaper to kill one's self.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* says the long and bitter dispute between the Rev. Robert O'Keeffe, P.P., and his ecclesiastical superiors and others has been settled. The rev. gentleman handed over the chapel house at Callan (which had been wrecked on a memorable occasion), the garden, and other concerns attached, to trustees acting for Dr. Moran, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory. An allowance of £100 a year has been made to the Rev. Mr. O'Keeffe.

A Mrs. Elliott, a laborer's wife on the estate of Sir Victor Brooke, Bart., was lately confined of three living children, two boys and a girl. Being a poor woman, the usual application was made to Her Majesty the Queen, whose welcome bounty has just been received. This is the third time this unusual freak of nature has occurred in the Brookeborough dispensary district within the past three years and three months.

In the Southern Divisional Police Court, Dublin, a laborer named Christopher Kearney has been charged with murdering his mother by throwing her out of a window, and thus causing her to fall a distance of between twenty and twenty-five feet. The mother and son were quarrelling and sounds of scuffling near the window were heard. The body of the deceased was seen to fall into the street, and the prisoner stated that she had thrown herself out of the window.

The outrage reported near Kanturk turns out to be of an agrarian character. A man named John Curtin was living on bad terms with his family in consequence of his father having cut him off and given a large farm to his son-in-law named Sullivan. Sullivan and his sister-in-law were returning home from a fair, when they were fired at from behind a fence and afterwards attacked with a billhook by John Curtin, who, after leaving them terribly wounded on the road, decamped. They are now in a precarious state. Curtin has been arrested fourteen miles from the scene of the outrage.

The Executive of the Home Rule Confederation has issued a circular of instructions to the Home Rule Associations in English and Scotch constituencies. The following question is to be put to all candidates: "Will you, if elected to Parliament, support and vote for a motion for enquiring into the nature, extent and grounds of the demand made by the Irish people for the restoration of an Irish Parliament?" In case all the candidates refuse or all consent to support such a motion, the Irish electors are to refer the question to Mr. Parnell. No candidate directly opposed to the enquiry is to be supported.

The remains of Frank Dounlin, a Trafalgar veteran, who died recently at Killybegs, were interred in Fresses burying-ground, in presence of a large and respectable funeral *cortege*. The deceased was a native of Galway, where he joined the navy early in the present century. He was present at the battle of Trafalgar in 1795, and passed through the whole of the Peninsular campaign. After serving a number of years in the navy, he entered the coastguard service, and was stationed at Galway, in Kerry, and Dooran, County Donegal, from which place he was superannuated. He was altogether forty years in active service, under four sovereigns of England.

"Freckles."

"Your wife going to the country?" asked Green as he met Brown on Woodward avenue yesterday.

"I guess not. I offered her $50 to get ready, but she declares right up and down that she won't go."

"Have you worked the ill-health dodge?"

"Well, I tried to; but she has gained thirteen pounds since last January, and never looked better than now."

"Can't you make her believe her nerves are relaxing? That generally works pretty well."

"Can't do it. She sleeps like a brick, and her nerves were never stronger."

"And she doesn't want to see her mother?"

"Her mother is dead."

"Digestion good?"

"Splendid. She eats everything, from a radish to limburger cheese, and I can't talk change of diet to her."

Green fell to musing, and by and by continued:

"Mr. Brown, you have been a good friend to me."

"Well, I hope so."

"Yes, you have stood by me like a brother, and now I'll do you a favor. My wife left for her mother's yesterday, to be gone ten weeks. I tried every dodge I could think of, but she was bound to stay home. At last I hit it. She has freckles."

"Ah! Egad! So has mine."

"Nothing but the country air in June will start freckles."

"True—true. Peels 'em right off in from four to eight weeks, leaving the complexion as fair as a babe's, and without injury to the most delicate eye brows."

"You see——"

"Mr. Green, I see it all. I shall never forget your kindness. In less than a week my freckled wife will be in Berrien County, and you and I will stay out till two o'clock in the morning, and then go to my house and sleep in the best bed with our boots on! Mr. Green, Lor' bless you—shake! Any time you want a favor you may rout me up at midnight and command!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Farce of So-called Independent Journalism.

In the following vigorous words, Whitelaw Reid describes what he considers to be true independence in journalism: "I may claim to have been one of the apostles of independent journalism, but the zeal of the new converts has quite left me among the old fogies. It never occurred to me that in refusing to obey blindly every behest of a party it was necessary to keep aloof from party—to shut off one's self from the sole agency through which, among a free people, lasting political results can be obtained. A government like ours without party is impossible. Of all the puerile follies that have masqueraded before high heaven in the guise of reform, the most childish has been the idea that the editor could vindicate his independence only by sitting on the fence and throwing stones with impartial vigor alike at friend and foe."

Several Vassar school girls were found fencing in the gymnasium with broomsticks. A professor told them that such an accomplishment would not help them to secure husbands.

SCOTCH COLUMN.

The Messrs. Longman announce that *Fraser's Magazine* will, from the beginning of July, be under the editorship of Dr. Tulloch, Principal of St. Andrew's University.

The new Free Church in Comrie, provided for in a legacy of £9,000 by the late Miss McFarlane, is to be erected between the public road leading to St. Filland and the River Earn.

Mr. W. Irving Bishop, who recently created considerable excitement in Edinburgh and Glasgow by his exposure of Spiritualism, has gone to India to study the tricks of Eastern jugglers.

In the Badenoch district, Inverness-shire, the young broods of grouse average from six to eight birds, and the keepers think it a pretty good number, taking the severe winter into consideration.

Her Majesty, since her arrival at Balmoral has presented the whole of the tenantry and servants on the royal estates a souvenir of the late Princess Alice, in the shape of a portrait of Her Royal Highness, who was a universal favorite on Deeside.

The annual meeting of the Association for Founding Gaelic Bursaries in connection with the Church of Scotland was held in Edinburgh—Prof. McPherson presiding. The Chairman stated that the bursaries were now in a very satisfactory position.

On May 27 Mr. Henry Lambeth's choir went from Glasgow to Balmoral Castle, and sang a selection of music in the ball room before Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold and the Princesses Louise and Maud of Wales.

On May 31, there was a very large turn-out of visitors in the Botanic Gardens, Glasgow, attracted by the fine collection of Scotch music in the programme, and the popularity of the splendid band and fine pipers of the 79th Highlanders, who appeared on the grounds for the last time previous to leaving Glasgow for foreign service.

The Master of Blantyre is deservedly popular in Sutherlandshire, and his large-hearted generosity to many of the Sutherlandshire crofters during the past winter and spring—money and provendor being scarce with many of the crofters—will be long remembered.

On May 29, the heir of Mr. Macleod, of Cadboll, attained his majority, and the event was celebrated on the extensive family estate. The Cadboll property consists of about 12,000 acres, and contains several of the finest farms in Ross-shire, the total rental being about £12,000.

Mr. John Dunn, the Scotch ex-confidential Minister of King Cetewayo and now interpreter on the staff of Lord Chelmsford, married his seventeenth wife when about to start on the expedition for the relief of Ekowe. He bought her for ten cows. Many of his other wives he cannily got for nothing as presents from Zulu chiefs.

The Prince of Wales has consented to lend for a few months to the Corporation of Glasgow his collection of Indian presents. They will reach Glasgow in October, to be exhibited in the corporation galleries gratuitously five days in the week.

The Edinburgh Liberal Association has given instructions to the Managing Committee to arrange for a national demonstration of Scottish Liberals on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Edinburgh in prosecution of his candidature for Midlothian.

They had some extraordinary samples of weather in Scotland on 3rd June. Over central Perthshire a heavy thunderstorm prevailed, with torrents of rain. In Forfarshire large quantities of snow and hail fell, the ground near Forfar being covered with hail to the depth of an inch. In Kincardineshire the fields were quite white with snow, which was melted by heavy falls of rain, which were followed by brilliant sunshine. The atmosphere continued extremely cold.

The Marquis of Bute is showing Greek Church proclivities and clerical experts say that he may try a little Russian orthodoxy before long. The Catholic Bishops never thought much of "Lothair." Archbishop Eyre, the Scotch Papal Legate, looked upon him as a feeble specimen of Ritualism; and there were several occasions on which his interference in Roman Church affairs was resented with crushing sarcasm.

For about a year the Town Council of Arbroath have been carrying out considerable improvements in the immediate neighborhood of the Abbey of Arbroath, partly with the object of opening up the ruins to view better than was the case formerly, and partly to extend the Abbey green, which adjoins the ruins and the churchyard, into a public garden or park.

The bi-centenary of the battle of Drumclog, which was fought on Sunday, June 1, 1679, between Graham, of Claverhouse, and the Covenanters, led by the "godly Mr. Hamilton," was celebrated on Sunday, June 1, by an appropriate sermon preached on the Moor by the Rev. Dr. Easton, of Dravel. Upwards of 2,000 people, many of whom had come from a considerable distance, assembled on the occasion.

The tenant of a house in Glasgow has recovered damages from his landlord on the ground that he was unable to live in the place owing to its being overrun with rats. The vermin swarmed in such numbers that even a professional rat killer, with cages, weasels, and terriers, was baffled in his attempt to clear them out. They attacked the clothing of the family, tore up the bed and table linen, and, in short, drove the unfortunate man and his wife and children from their home.

Overtures were taken up from the Presbyteries of Edinburgh and St. Andrews anent centenary of Dr. Thomas Chalmers. Chalmers was born on 17th of March, 1780, and the Presbyteries in question overtured the Assembly to adopt adequate measures for having the centenary of his birth in 1880 attended to with that manifestation of thankfulness to God which the raising up of such an advocate of Christian truth was fitted to call forth. The Assembly voted to appoint the necessary committee to carry out the idea of the overtures.

The amount of work completed on the Clyde during the month of May has been considerable, nearly 20,000 tons having been put into the water by the various builders. This amount is in excess of the preceding month, and compares favorably with former periods, but includes nearly 6,000 tons completed by the firms in Greenock and Port Glasgow, and the launching of two large steamers, each over 3,000 tons, in the upper district. The number of orders booked during the month is insufficient to fill the vacancies caused by the launches, and trade is far from being in a healthy state.

A good story is told of one of the new school of Scotch parsons who was recently preaching in a strange church in Ayrshire. Fearing his hair was not properly parted in the middle, or that he had a smudge on his nose, he quietly and insignificantly said to the beadle (there being no mirror in the vestry) "John, could you get me a glass?" John disappeared, and, after a few minutes returned with a parcel underneath his coat, which, to the astonishment of the parson, he produced in the form of a lemonade bottle with a gill of whiskey, saying—"Ye maunna let on aboot it, minister, for I got it as a great favor, and I widna hae got it ava if I hadna said it was for you!"

On May 29, an event took place unparalleled in the history of the Braemar Highlands, namely, the cutting of the snow on Cairnwell with the view of opening up the road, which had been blocked for seven months. Cairnwell is a mountain, over 3,000 feet high, about five miles north of Spital of Glenshee. It stands between the two counties of Aberdeen and Perth, and as the great road between Braemar and Blairgowrie passes over its shoulder, the importance of these operations will be understood. The snow lay in hard-frozen wreaths to a depth of from three to five feet, while at some of the worst levels it was as deep as seven feet, and the labor of cutting it was an extremely arduous one. The work was done by men from the estates of Lord Fife and Col. Farquharson.

Statistics show that during 1878 in Scotland, in a population of 3,593,929 there were 126,707 births, 76 775 deaths, and 24,333 marriages. The birth rate was higher than the average of the ten immediately preceding years, whilst the death rate kept well within the average of former years; but, as might have been anticipated, the marriage rate underwent a sudden and notable diminution. In spite of the increase of the population the number of marriages was very little higher last year than in 1869, and lower than those in any year since that date. This, of course, can only be attributed to the general dullness of trade, to the great fall in wages that took place during the year, and to the financial collapse which followed the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. The result is evident throughout the whole of Scotland, although it is naturally most marked amongst the large centres of population.

The coroner's inquest on the body of the infant found in a house in the north end of Halifax, N. S., on Thursday, resulted in a verdict that the child came to its death from fractures of the skull, but how they were received there was no evidence to show, and that the girl, named Ann Jollimore, is guilty of concealment of birth of her child.

THE LAST OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THE FUNERAL RITES.

CHISELHURST, England.—All is now over, and the body of the Prince Imperial rests at the side of the ashes of his father. Trains from London this morning brought vast numbers of people anxious to witness the funeral ceremonies, and the tidal trains from Boulogne and the regular train from Dover brought over additional numbers of Frenchmen and women anxious to pay this last tribute to the Imperial Prince. From a very early hour in the morning the grounds of Camden House and common, extending outside the walls of these grounds to the Church of St. Mary, were densely thronged with people.

Queen Victoria arrived at Chiselhurst station in a special train at 8.30, and, entering her carriage, which stood in readiness for her, drove rapidly to Camden House, where she was received in the private room of the Empress, and the two ladies remained together during the whole of the morning. Neither of them accompanied the body of the Prince to church.

The Empress had passed a large portion of the night in the room where the body of her son reposed, sometimes convulsed with agony, but having occasional moments of repose and resignation.

All being at last arranged the coffin was finally closed and hermetically sealed, and was then borne from the room through the main door of the Camden House, and out of the great gate into the road leading to the church. The chief mourners were the Prince of Wales, Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Connaught, Duke of Cambridge, Prince Jerome Napoleon, his two sons, and the Prince of Monaco. The groom led before the coffin the favorite horse of the Prince. A double line of Metropolitan police and a strong detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery lined the passage way from Camden House to the church. As the funeral *cortege* passed every head in the vast concourse was uncovered and subdued exclamations of sympathy and sorrow were heard on every hand. The minute guns were fired by a battery of Royal Artillery during the passage of the *cortege*, and as the body was borne into the church three volleys of musketry were fired. The seats in church, with the exception of those reserved for the chief mourners, were already filled with the most distinguished members of the Bonapartist party from France, and with a large number of the nobility and gentry of England. The church was heavily draped in black, and a handsome but simple catafalque in front of the altar had been prepared to receive the coffin. The funeral mass was said by the Right Rev. James Daniell, Bishop of Southwark, with Mons. Goddard as deacon and a French priest as sub deacon. At the conclusion of the mass, the spectators slowly withdrew, leaving the body in front of the altar in custody of the members of the religious order, who watch over it until this evening, when it will be removed to the temporary resting place assigned for it by the Emperor's tomb.

It is stated that ex Empress Eugenie did not visit the coffin until three o'clock this morning. She remained over it in agony of grief until seven, when she fell asleep and was removed to her chamber.

The favorite horse of the Prince Imperial was led after the coffin. At the conclusion of the services in the church the members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies in attendance and deputations of workmen filed round the coffin, sprinkling it with holy water and immortelles.

FULL PARTICULARS OF HIS DEATH.

The *Times'* correspondent at Itelezi Hill telegraphs: Shortly given, the report of Lieutenant Carey, who accompanied the Prince Imperial on the reconnaissance which led to his melancholy death, is as follows:

"Having learned that His Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1 to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column and choose a site for the camp of the following day, I suggested that as I had already ridden over the same ground I should accompany him. My request was granted; but at the same time Colonel Harrison, Acting Quartermaster-General, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting, I found that no escort was prepared, and I applied to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry. I received the necessary orders and at 9.15 six men of Captain Bettington's Horse paraded before headquarters. With these and a friendly Zulu, provided by the Hon. Mr. Drummond, we started. Six Basutos of Captain Shepstone's Corps were also under orders to proceed with us, and before crossing the Blood River I sent on to him to ask for them. The messenger returned to say that they would meet us on the ridge between the Incenzi and Itelezi Hills. I again sent the man with orders to bring the escort back with him. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of Basutos scouting. Arrived upon the ridge we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses. Colonel Harrison then rode up and told us that General Marshall's Cavalry was coming up. When he had left I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. 'Oh, no; we are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we ascended a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond Hyotozi River. I proposed that we should bare off saddle, but the Prince said that he preferred to off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we descended to a kraal in a valley below and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighborhood. The Prince was tired and lay down beside a hut. The men made coffee and I reconnoitred with my telescope. At 3 35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, 'Wait another ten minutes,' but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it and then went to fetch my horse from the mealie fields. I had saddled and mounted on the home side of the kraal when I heard His Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the sametime I said, 'Mount,' and as the men vaulted into the saddles I saw the black faces of Zulus about twenty yards off, rushing towards us through the mealie fields. They shouted and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and, knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded, I judged it better to clear the long grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the Zulus, I did not expect that any one was injured. I therefore shouted, as we neared the donga, 'We must form up on the other side. See to the retreat of every one.' On looking back I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and, seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the Tombocto River."

The above, though not a copy of the report, is framed from notes taken from it. To avoid repetition, I append only such points of the evidence of the surviving members of the escort as differ from the report of Lieutenant Carey or throw fresh light on the subject. The names of the men were Sergeant Willis, Corporal Grubb, and Troopers Letoga, Cochrane, Able and Rogers. Able and Rogers were killed. Willis mentions that when the native who accompanied them returned to the kraal with the horses, which he had been sent to bring out of the mealie field whither they had strayed, he told them he had seen a Zulu. He continues:

"We saddled as quickly as possible. All mounted and left the kraal except Rogers, who was trying to catch a spare horse he was leading. I heard a volley fired, and saw Rogers fall against a hut. I saw too men fall from their horses. The Zulus followed us for about 200 yards from the spot. I should say they numbered about 50. Grubb states that the kraal was 100 yards from the Imbezane River, and that when they entered it they saw some dogs and signs of Zulus having lately been there. The native told them that he saw a Zulu go over the hill on the other side of the river. He further says, 'I hear a volley, and the Zulus rushing forward shouting, 'Usux nanka umgroara abalmaga" ("Here are the English cowards.") As I rode off I saw Rogers, who was dismounted behind a hut, level his carbine. On nearing the donga I saw Able, who was just before him, struck below the bandolier by a bullet. From its whiz I could tell that it was a Martini. Letoga now passed me, crying, 'Put spurs to your horse, boy. The Prince is down.' I looked and saw the Prince clinging to the stirrup and underneath his horse. The horse galloped a few lengths, and then the Prince fell and was trampled upon. I turned and tried to fire, but my horse tumbled into the donga, and in striving to keep my seat I dropped my carbine. I saw Lieutenant Carey put spurs to his horse. We all did the same, and followed him."

Cochrane in his statement says:

"I was next to the Prince. He did not mount. At the shots of the Zulus our horses were frightened, and we could not hold them. After I crossed the donga I looked back and saw the Prince running. About a dozen Zulus, all armed with guns and assegais, were following and within three yards of him. His horse was galloping away. No order was given to rally, fire, or help the Prince. We galloped for two miles without stopping. Nothing was said about the Prince."

Letoga says:

"The Prince asked the question, 'Are you all ready?' We answered, 'Yes, sir.' He then said, 'Mount.' When the volley was fired I dropped my carbine, and dismounted to pick it up. I could not again get into the saddle, for my horse was frightened and galloped away with me, my left foot being in the stirrup and my stomach across the saddle. My horse followed the others. I was unable to stop him as I passed the Prince, who had hold of the stirrup leather and was attempting to mount. I said, 'Depechez-vous, s'il vous plait, Monsieur, de monter.' He did not answer. He had not hold of the reins. I saw him fall down; his horse trampled on him. Carey was leading and we galloped two or three miles. Noticing that Grubb and Willis could not catch us up, I advised Carey to wait for them. He said, 'We will cross the spruit, and then go on to the high ground and wait.' No order was given to rally, halt, fire or try to save the Prince. All Lieutenant Carey said was, 'Let us go quick; let us make haste.'"

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

Describing the finding of the body the correspondent says:

Men speedily gathered round a spot near the crossing; their uncovered heads told that one of the dead had been found. All my apprehensions were confirmed, for there the poor young Prince lay dead. Surgeon-Majors Scott and Robinson were soon present, but their skill was of no avail. Life had been extinct for hours. All they could do was to examine the wounds and find that two, at least, of them would have proved instantaneously fatal. It is probable that one of them was the first that he received, for the face wore a calm and pleasant expression, not as of one who had died in pain. No bullet had touched him. The wounds, nineteen in number, were all caused by assegais. Beside the Prince was found his spurs and round his neck a small chain with locket and charms. These were given into the charge of Captain Molyneux, by him to be handed over to Lord Chelmsford. It was a mournful sight, and no one regarded it with unconcern. At the Prince's head his old soldier-servant knelt and wept; and grief like his, exhibited by one who had served him only a short time, spoke well for the private character of his master. Strange fatality! Only a few days before, in conversation with Captain Lane, he had said, "It is no fun to be fired at; I want a trial with the assegai. I should like a slight assegai wound." By General Marshall's orders a stretcher was formed of lances and a blanket; and, wrapped in another blanket, the corpse was borne to meet the ambulance by the General himself, Colonel Drury Lowe, Major Stewart, Captain Molyneux and officers of the 17th Lancers. The kraal where the party had been surprised consisted of six huts, collected round a circular stone cattle fence. Gardens of mealies and Caffre corn surrounded it on three sides, the fourth being open and facing towards the donga.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

The funeral service is thus described: The ambulance returned to Itelezi Camp at about two o'clock. A funeral parade was ordered to take place within a few hours, and on the morrow it has been decided to send the body under escort to Landman's Drift. M. Deleage will accompany it to England. As the afternoon drew to a close and early evening approached, the troops marched silently away to an open space without the camp. The 21st, 58th, 91st, the Artillerymen dismounted, Dragoons and Lancers carrying their lances, wheeled regiment after regiment into line until three sides of a great oblong square were formed; and as the gun carriage bringing the covered body of Prince Louis Napoleon, preceded by artillerymen with reversed carbines, moved slowly into the centre, the gloom that had pervaded the camp since the mournful news was received grew deeper and sterner. The dull murmur of voices was hushed. Amid us, simply wrapped and stretched upon a gun-carriage, was the Prince's dead body, pierced by nineteen assegai wounds. The Catholic priest read out the funeral service, and his words increased the universal gloom. Beyond the ranked soldiers and bareheaded multitude was a strange sky; dull, leaden clouds hung about, and the near mountains seemed dark and distant in mist. Just about them, in a small space, lingered the intense after gloom of setting sun, drawing slowly down cloud-curtains in the west.

Old Editions of the Bible.

Queer titles have been given to some old editions of the Bible. The "Bug" Bible was printed in London, in 1551; and received its nickname from the fact that Psalm xci. 5, was translated, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid for any *Bugges* by night," instead of, as in our version, "Afraid for the *terror* by night."

The "Breeches" Bible was printed in Geneva, in 1560; and is so called from Gen. iii.7, being translated, "they sewed figleaves together, and made themselves *breeches*," instead of *aprons*, as in our version.

The "Treacle" Bible was printed in 1568; and in it Jeremiah viii. 22 reads, "Is there no *treacle* in Gilead," etc., instead of *balm*. In 1609, this word was changed to "Rosin," and so came the name of the "Rosin" Bible; and in 1611, this last word was changed for "balm," as now.

The "He" Bible, printed in 1611, takes its name from an error in Ruth iii. 15," he measured six measures of barley and laid it on her, and *he* went into the city," when the word should have been "*she* went into the city,"etc.

The "Wicked" Bible was printed in 1631, and was so named from its omitting the word "not" from the seventh commandment, making it read "Thou *shalt* commit adultery;" and this extraordinary omission occurred again in a German edition of 1732; so that there was a wicked Bible in each language.

The "Vinegar" Bible was printed in 1707, and is so called from the headline of Luke xx., which, in it, is made to read, "The parable of the vinegar," instead of "The parable of the vineyard." The printer of this edition was one John Basket, of Oxford, and from its many errors in spelling and punctuation, it was sometimes called, "A basket full of errors."

The "Eel-pot" Bible was the edition translated by Eliot for the Indians. Describing, by the sign of crossing his fingers, what he thought would represent the "lattice work" through which the mother of Sisera cried (Judges v. 28), he asked the Indians for the proper word for it, and they gave him one, which he inserted in his translation, supposing, of course, it was right. But when he became more fully acquainted with their language, he found he had made the passage read, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the eel-pots," instead of "lattice."

Beating the Boat.

The other day one of the ferry-boat captains found aboard of his craft a cadaverous looking chap who had beaten his way to and fro so often that patience was no longer a virtue. When it was found that he had no ticket the Captain roared out:—

"What did I tell you the last time I passed you over?"

"You said you'd throw me into the river next time I tried to beat my way across," was the calm reply.

"And now——!" yelled the Captain, as he started to pull of his coat.

"And now you won't. You are a good-hearted man, and I don't want you to get into trouble on my account. I will go overboard on my own hook."

He stepped to the gangway and made a dive before any one could prevent. The boat was stopped, life-preservers thrown out, and after hard work the man was hauled aboard. The Captain seized him, braced him against the cabin, and, shaking his fist under the beat's nose, exclaimed;

"Look-a here, you miserable, sinful man, I've been put to ten dollars' trouble trying to collect your five cent fare! After this it is understood that you are always to ride free, and if you offer to pay fare I'll lick you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bodie despatch reports a terrible explosion of a San Francisco powder magazine near the old standard incline. The works were blown to atoms, and everything near them levelled to the ground. The Summit Works, a short distance off, were shattered to pieces. Many men were killed; the number is not yet known, but twenty wounded men have been found thus far. It is not known how many have been injured in the shaft and underground works. The top of the shaft in the old incline is now on fire, but can surely be put out.

PHILADELPHIA.

Congress a Nuisance—Party Struggles—Points of Interest—The Immortal Penn and His Treaty—Notable Buildings—Lavish Expenditures, Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1st, 1879.

SIR,—To-day hope springs up afresh in the American mind. Congress promises to adjourn. The wearied debates of the past two months are to come to an end, with but a very small modicum of that triumph to the Democratic party which its leaders so vauntingly and so foolishly predicted at the commencement of this extra session. The appropriations for carrying on the Government are made—saving those for the Deputy Marshals—and this without the political riders so fiercely combated by the Republicans. The schemes of the silver maniacs have been given their quietus till the December session, and all business men, of the North at least, of both parties, heave a sigh of relief that no more legislation is possible for six months. The Democrats would have the world believe that their opponents were fighting but men of straw, that their proposed legislation was only in the interest of fair elections. But the truth seems to be that the Democrats were really endeavoring to win by legislation some of those State rights that they lost by the war. Whichever side was right, the gallant and successful fight made by the Republicans shows what may be done by a persistent minority led by skilful chiefs. Differences in the rules that govern the Legislatures of the United States and Canada may prevent Mr. Mackenzie's small band from checking the crude protective and other unwise schemes of their opponents; but the same general system of tactics so successfully used by Messrs. Blain & Co. has at least given Mr. Mackenzie and his followers such a full hearing as has thrown ridicule upon the "National Policy."

Let comparisons be as odious as they may, we "Canucks" cannot help feeling proud of the decent observance—outwardly at least—of the laws against liquor selling across the line as compared with what one sees here. It would be amusing, if it were not disgraceful, to note what a thin veil of outward observance serves to hide from the watchful police the breaking of the law here against the Sunday liquor traffic. Eating houses and cigar stores are the usual covers; but one can see all day long a steady set of a tide of rather unsteady-looking customers towards side and back doors of saloons; while at night a full blaze of gas shows that business of some kind goes on within.

But I promised to visit with your readers some of the numerous points of interest in and about the city and I do not know one of greater general interest than the spot, now marked by a small obelisk, where stood the elm tree under which Penn's famous treaty with the Indians was made and ratified—"the only treaty not ratified by an oath and the only one never broken," as was said by some celebrity. It—the stone I mean—stands not far from the river and nearly a mile from what is now the centre of the city. Whether Penn made a treaty with the Indians or not, there is no doubt that people here believe that a man of that name once lived here, for, look where you will, you will find Penn banks, Penn insurance companies, statues, hospitals, hotels, etc. And this reminds me that at No. 10 Letitia street is a low, old fashioned building, now occupied as a lager beer saloon, and called the William Penn Hotel, which was William Penn's first American dwelling, and the date of its erection (1682) is marked on it, and his portrait serves for its sign. "*Sic transit*," etc.

Another old building—though some fifty years the junior of the last mentioned—is the old "Independence Hall." This building was formally opened in 1735, with a formal banquet to Governor Penn. In it the first Colonial Congress met. In it the Declaration of Independence was debated and finally signed one hundred and three years ago last Friday. Though far from being decrepid—in fact still a strong, substantial building—it has been superannuated by the nation and now enjoys, in dignified repose, a sound, hearty old age. Its old animosities forgotten, here mingle as guests the faces of George, "the Tyrant," and George, "the Rebel;" King William and "Penn" William; Queens Mary and Anne, and a number of the queens of New World society. Here you may see an original stamp of the issue of 1765 that helped to bring about the Revolution, and here, too, you may see specimens of the Continental money raised to carry on the war. Hundreds of old time relics—letters, crockery and furniture—are well preserved and may be seen by the public without money or price.

Another object of general interest is the grave of Benjamin Franklin and of Deborah, his wife, in Christ Church burying ground on the corner of Arch and Fifth streets. The plain old tablets erected to their memory are nearly worn away by wind and weather. Opposite the graveyard is the "Apprentices' Library," founded and endowed by Quaker friends of apprentices in 1820. Though originally intended for *only* that class, any respectable person may draw books from the library without a deposit, or even a recommendation. The librarian informed me that they rarely lost a book. The idea may be worthy of imitation. There are many other ancient buildings revered by the American people for the old associations connected with them, which, however, do not so much interest the general public, and we will pass on to something of a more modern date and more general interest.

One cannot pay even a flying visit to Philadelphia without seeing Girard College. In fact it is so widely known that I suppose I ought to apologize for attempting to describe it. It is the result of a bequest of the late Stephen Girard who commenced business in this city as a junk dealer, and ended by becoming a millionaire, who, dying in 1831, left two millions of dollars for a free home and plain education for orphan boys of Philadelphia. Whether from personal ill usage at the hands of clergymen generally during his lifetime, or from their neglect of him, his will directed that no minister of any sect should ever be admitted to the premises for any purpose, even as a visitor. The principal structure is of white marble and represents a Grecian temple supported by thirty-six marble columns, and stands upon an enclosure of about forty acres. There are about 600 inmates at present. The name "Girard" is almost as widely used by Philadelphians as "Penn," and there are banks and avenues and markets and bridges all named after the old junk dealer. The University of Pennsylvania is a very fine pile of buildings—its charter dating from 1779. The buildings at present occupied are new and of brown stone, presenting a very stately appearance, but they occupy a mere 7 x 9 bit of ground, entirely disproportioned to their size.

Americans boast that the Custom House is the best imitation of the Parthenon of Athens ever constructed and yet, in these days of Republican degeneracy, so plain and massive a building is quite unsatisfactory and a new Post-office and Custom House are being erected at the corner of 9th and Chestnut streets, which for gorgeousness are not to be eclipsed. They are to be of granite and to cost, exclusive of stealings, $6,000,000. Among the beautiful buildings of the city is that of the Young Men's Christian Association, corner Fifteenth and Chestnut. It is 230 x 72, five storeys high, mansard roof, is highly ornamented and topped with a tower 95 feet high. A model of convenience and comfort, with large rooms beautifully furnished, and, besides, the lecture room for ordinary occasions, the most commodious, well arranged and elegant hall for state occasions I ever saw. Earnest Christian men are at the helm, and the amount of good done is incalculable. Every Sunday morning during the winter its President, John Wanamaker, and a few other devoted men, gave a substantial breakfast to all comers in one of the poorer wards of the city, and when all had been served spoke plainly and kindly of the folly of sinful courses and the comfort and happiness of a Christian life. Their guests were generally more than five hundred. This kind of Christianity tells. Americans have the reputation of worshipping the Golden Calf, but I do not believe there is a country in the world where the almighty dollar after it is made and secured is given away with more freedom than there. The Y. M. C. A. building cost about $500,000. Among the grand buildings of the city I should sooner have spoken of the new city buildings now and for the past six years in course of erection. This immense pile covers, exclusive of the court yard, four and a half acres nearly. The north and south fronts measure 470 feet, and the east and west 486½ feet with an interior court yard. It is designed in the spirit of the French school and profusely ornamented. But I am talking like a guide book, and will only add that the contract price for the superstructure is $5,300,000, and that its entire cost is computed at $10,000,000, (I hope I am not using up your supply of cyphers.)

A notice of the new Masonic Temple may be interesting to the craft, and here again nothing but superlative adjectives and high toned figures can be used. Like the first Masonic Temple, that of Solomon, it was "builded without noise," the massive blocks of granite having been dressed and prepared at Quincy, Mass. It is 250 x 150, with a 240-foot tower, and was more than five years building. The main wall is 20 feet wide and runs the entire length of the building. The main rooms are the Banqueting Hall, magnificently ornamented with flowers, fruit and game, seating 500 guests; the Oriental Hall, so called from its style of architecture, decoration and furniture, capable of seating 200 persons; the Grand Lodge-room, pure Corinthian style, seating 800 persons; the Grand Chapter Hall, 90 feet long, 50 feet wide and 50 high, with a seating capacity of 600; and the Commandery Rooms, Gothic, with seats for 500. Offices, regalia-rooms, etc., make up the rest of this magnificent temple. It cost $1,540,000.

I am loath to leave off, and still I have said nothing of the mint, the bridges, libraries, hospitals, stock exchange, shipping, coal and iron trade, etc. A mere outline even of the second city of the Union, with a population of nearly 900,000, cannot be given in a few paragraphs.

One is surprised and pleased to find so many relics of the mother country clinging to the institutions of a people who pride themselves upon having shaken off the dust of the old sod from their feet. I was in Morrisburg, a town about twenty miles from the city, and found that it was spoken of as neither a town or city. It was a borough and its chief magistrate was—what do you think? A Burgess.

Yours,
H. V. A.

The Queen at Balmoral.

The last number of *Harper's Bazar* has a most interesting article on the British Royal Family. We make room for the following extract:—One day last autumn it so chanced that the writer was given the opportunity of seeing the Queen of England under circumstances peculiarly favorable for a critical survey of Her Majesty. In the *role* of lookers-on we watched her greeting some old friends, and going through certain formal introductions, and the general impression conveyed was of dignity with just a touch of hauteur, affability that had not the least trace of condescension, a good-humored distinct voice, English in its modulation, and a frank, gentle speech, in which there was more unconsciousness and naturalness than could be expected of one whose semi-private utterances are always so quickly made public. Personally, the Queen to-day bears little resemblance to the well known picture stamped on all the coins of the realm—the slight, lithe girl of eighteen, upon whose brow the crown of three kingdoms was laid in 1837. Our first impression is probably one of disappointment as to her stature. She seems a short, stout little lady, with a face that flushes somewhat as she speaks, with soft brown hair, and the Guelph outline of features which is seen in the prominent noses and full, slightly retreating chins of so many of the British Royal family. Time, of course, has taken away all the bloom that once was part of her prettiness, but her smile is still charming, and redeems her face from heaviness.

At Balmoral the daily life of the Court might be most pleasantly chronicled, for there Her Majesty seems happiest, and from this Scotch palace come the most genial stories of her Court. The household is admirably managed; there are two housekeepers, besides the official functionaries, and the Queen knows personally every servant who is engaged in her service, either in Scotland or England. A large number of the household domestics are Scotch, for the Queen cherishes the same liking which the late Prince Consort used to have for Highland character, and likes to have them about her. To these humble inferiors she is always extremely affable—a true lady, in fact, who knows that kindness to a dependent is never a sacrifice of dignity. Passing the humblest house maid at work in a corridor, the Queen frequently stops for a kindly word or two; and very often the private griefs of her servants are brought personally to her ears, and though Her Majesty has a reputation, not wholly undeserved, for closeness, she never fails to help those among her dependents who are in distress. At Balmoral, as at Osborne, and elsewhere, the Queen has, of course, her own private appartments, which even her own daughters enter with some formality. A story was told the writer, by a lady personally present, of the way in which the Princess Royal went to her mother's boudoir to receive the maternal sanction of her engagement with "Fritz." Being sent for by the Queen, the young girl advanced alone to the door of the room, where she knocked timidly, not even on such an occasion presuming to enter unbidden. The Queen's private rooms wear an air of very simple home comfort; her personal belongings, books, writing materials, photographs of the Royal Family, some fine painted portraits and some picturesque *souvenirs* of her happy journeyings giving them character. There is less "high art" in Her Majesty's apartments than in those of the Princess of Wales, where every available space has its decoration in dainty bric-a-brac or water-color, but the draperies are rich and the furnishings ample and home-like, while in her country residences the Queen's private windows look out on landscapes such as no painter ever laid upon his canvas. The daily life of Her Majesty is so simple and uneventful that the monotonous bulletins of the *Court Circular* include nearly all its important details. There is a semi-informal breakfast at nine, at which the Princess Beatrice, her mother's constant companion, and some lady specially in waiting, usually join the Queen; occasionally, however, Her Majesty's breakfast is served in her private dining-room. After which the more personal duties of her writing table are attended to; letters are read and written, some special audiences are given, and the morning is varied with a walk or drive, with one of the princesses or a lady-in-waiting in attendance. The afternoon's routine includes many of the ordinary employments of any lady of rank. Visitors are usually ushered into the royal presence with a great degree of formality, the amount of freedom of intercourse during the visit depending entirely upon the Queen's intimacy with her visitor. In some instances, such as the visits of Tennyson to Windsor, Her Majesty places herself at once in the humbler position, for no one has ever recognized the claims of talent to social superiority more readily than the Queen of Britain. Dinner parties at court are of almost daily occurrence, and the frequent accompaniment of some picturesque ceremonials, good music and the sumptuous dress of servants and officials, give them almost theatrical brilliancy. The dinner hour is invariably eight, and throughout England the upper ten follows the royal lead in these matters.

The Queen's servants are notably devoted to her. It is well known that her favorite attendant is John Brown. Whatever idle tales were told of this faithful servant's devotion, British dignity and the common-sense of nations have long since flung to the winds; those nearest the Queen know Brown's usefulness. Beginning life as a lad at Balmoral, he has worked his way, by faithful discharge of duty and shrewdness in all emergencies, to the post he now holds—that of confidential servant. He has a curious faculty for managing those under him, and a fund of "canny" sense and observation, which are not the least part of any domestic service.

Not long ago a private photograph was taken at Balmoral which represents the Queen and Princess Beatrice together on the lawn—a pretty, home-like picture, more *real* than those in the London shop windows, and therefore more attractive; but a friend of the writer, seeing it, was struck by the "smartness" of Her Majesty's bonnet—a phenomenon of which she afterwards heard an amusing explanation. It seems that when the photographer arrived, and the Queen and Princess were seated, some hesitation was evident in his manner. Brown was hovering about uneasily, and whispered to Mr. ——, "You don't like Her Majesty's *bunnet*?" "No," returned Mr. ——; "it is too dark." And so it was—a heavy black patch in the morning sunshine. Brown, not at all discouraged, approached the Queen, and touching his cap, said, respectfully, "Your Majesty, Mr. —— thinks the bunnet won't take well. Could I fetch the one with the white *flours*?" And the Queen good-naturedly consenting, Brown disappeared, returning followed by an attendant with the "smart" bonnet in which Her Majesty is photographed.

The following was a New Haven colony law in 1669: "Whosoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maide or maide-servant, either to himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offence 40s., the second £4, for the third shall be imprisoned or corporeously punished." An old record has just been found showing that under this law Jacobeth Murtine and Sarah Tuttle got into trouble by "setting down on a chestle together, his arme around her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

Throughout Ancaster and West Flamboro' townships the crops are looking magnificent, and we are assured that of the other parts of the country the same can be said.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.