

English Jottings.

The new Governor-General of India, will, I hear, be Lord Lorne, and will go out in October next to relieve the present Viceroy; who returns at his own request.

Princess Louise will go out with Lord Lorne.

An amusing incident occurred in the Lord Mayor's Court on Wednesday, where the Recorder was sitting trying cases. A jury had heard a case, and being unable to agree, retired to deliberate. After a while a note from the jury was handed to the Recorder, who, after perusing it, said, "I must prevent a tragedy; send for the jury." Upon returning into Court the jury were discharged without giving a verdict, as they were still unable to agree. It was afterwards stated that the note to the judge ran:—"Ten of us are agreed; but the other two decline to agree while they have life in their bodies."

Juries take it easy in Queensland. A young man was being tried at Gymie, and when the jurymen retired they saw the bailiff in charge lock up the prisoner and go off for a drink. His example demoralised the jurors, who forthwith climbed out of the window, and betook themselves to an inn, where they were found when the judge was tired of waiting for their verdict. The case had to be tried over again.

Justice Moulvi Syed Amir Ail, one of our native judges in India, has laid it down that by Mohammedan law "the contract of marriage gives the man no power over the woman's person beyond what the law defines, and none whatever upon her goods and property." The Mohammedan husband has no more right to the wages of his wife than an utter stranger.

The Irish servant, Patrick Brennan, who accompanied the Duke of Wellington through the Peninsula campaign to the finish at Waterloo, died at Hurley, Wisconsin, U. S. A., a few days ago aged 103. He has left no fewer than a hundred and four descendants. The Iron Duke had much regard for Brennan, and often referred to his faithful service.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says:—"Another English firm of plush manufacturers has been compelled to leave England and settle in this country, where it will employ American labor, 'all on account of McKinley.' This firm is Smith & Kaufmann. It has already imported a number of looms and has got to work in a building in West One-hundred-and-thirty-second-st. The firm expect to run forty looms and employ from 400 to 500 American hands. The contract-labor law would prevent the importation of foreign skilled labor to work in this establishment."

Sir John Willoughby appears to have acted with great patience and moderation in his relations with the Portuguese. The action of the latter in opening fire on Sir John's ships, and afterward boarding them, is most unjustifiable. It seems utterly impossible to bring the Portuguese to reason: they are as pig-headed and treacherous as any people can be, and their action throughout has been hostile to all who strive to open up the country to commerce, and put a stop to the slave-trade. It is extraordinary that Sir John's expedition carried no arms. Nothing would give us more delight than the news that the traders had combined to drive the stupid Portuguese from their forts by force of arms. British traders in Africa are, as a rule, pretty useful with their weapons, and we have no doubt that they will ultimately settle the question themselves, unless the British Government makes a more determined stand in maintaining their rights.

A concert in aid of a local orphan asylum was given at the Plymouth Guildhall on the 8th inst; there was an orchestra of one hundred and twenty strong, with the Duke of Edinburgh as first violin. Naturally, a huge audience assembled, which included many county magnates, among them being the Earl and Countess of Morley, the Earl and Countess of St. Germans and Sir Richard and Lady Harrison. H. R. H. played on his own matchless "Stradivarius," which is known to nearly every connoisseur in Europe;

there was another "Strad," in the band on this occasion, played by its owner, a young lady of Devonport, and the united value of the two violins was considerably over £2,000.

Once again the life of the Czar has been saved as by a miracle. But it is written the monarch over the largest empire in the world will never die in his bed. The dynasties of the Russ show more tragedies than those of any other country. Poison and the knife rid the earth of many evil rulers, and the knife in the modern sense of science has still its mission. I do not know if even the Casual-wards in dim, drear London ever shelters a more wretched object. He fears the food he eats, the air he breathes, and the people who serve him. He cannot appear in public without elaborate precautions, and his destination is a State secret. His cruel treatment of the Jews has roused the indignation of the civilised world. But after all, he is only one man, great autocrat that he is, and he has only one life to forfeit—one life in return for how many?—the reckoning will tell that. The story of how Nihilism was performed is suggestive. A student returned to his home to find his mother and sister outraged and murdered. Over the pitiful remains vengeance was sworn by him and his companions, a society was founded, which has been carried on ever since defying the law and punishment. One of the latest culprits is a young beautiful woman, now shut up for life in a distant fortress of dread Siberia. The man who was arrested the other day would easily have carried out his purpose of assassination had not the suspicion of a soldier been aroused. As I said, the Czar's time has not yet come. Nations, whether civilised or not, have all a sense of wild justice. Judge Lynch would be a power like as he is in the Far West, but for the strong arm of the law. But the worst of it is that Judge Lynch makes mistakes in an awkward fashion, and ones too which cannot be rectified. It is claimed that the "justice" wreaked on the Italians in New Orleans was a serious mistake, that those who were killed were innocent. But it does not appear so on the face of it. The fact is clear, and that those who fell to mob-law belonged to a secret society of assassination.

A two days' conference of the Salvation Army was opened on Monday at Exeter Hall. The proceedings began at 11 a. m., and were continued at 2.30 and 6.30 p. m., the hall being crowded in every part. General Booth, who was cheerful, but looking worn, spoke with his wonted fervour when he declared "sin to be a poisonous thing," and remarked that "the smile of a Queen or the friendship of a millionaire might be worth a struggle, but the friendship and smile of Jehovah were worth more than all!" He assured his hearers that some of them could not possibly get into Heaven without four or five Salvationists behind them to thrust them through the narrow way. A Cingalese gentleman, described by the General as "Lord Ratna Pala," discoursed with singular felicity in his native language at the afternoon meeting, his views being interpreted by Major Musa Bhai.—On Tuesday night General Booth gave to an enthusiastic gathering some details of his scheme for the rescue of "Darkest England." During the past three months 405,654 meals had been served in the shelters, 65,000 persons had been accommodated under Salvation Army roofs, of whom 238 had been converted. Last month permanent situations were found for 90 of them. In the quarter just ended the number of applications to the Labour Bureau was 1,477, and employment was found for 926. In the Labour Factory 300 men and 30 women are already employed; a farm had been purchased, on which work would be commenced immediately; and a match factory would be opened very shortly, where 90 women would find employment at really decent wages. With respect to the matches, his only fear was that the output would not be sufficient for the demand, in which case they might be called the "Darkest England lights." In the Rescue Homes 400 poor women were now leading virtuous lives, and a laundry had been bought for 60 of them. Many other items of work were detailed, the General's narration of the development of his scheme being greeted with oft-repeated cheering from an immense audience.