BIRTHS.

At 17 Lynedoch Place, Edinburgh, on 23rd inst., the wife of J. B. BRADMAN, D.Sc., of a son.

At 40 Queen Street, Edinburgh, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Dr N. ALLEN, of York City, of a daughter.

At 29 Great Street, Glasgow, on 21st inst., the wife of Mr R. S. M'KAY, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At 75 Hill Street, Glasgow, on the 23rd inst., by the Rev. John Dobie, D.D., Shamrock Street U.P. Church, assisted by the Rev. W. G. Dickson, Muckart, JOHN BENNIE, stockbroker, Glasgow, to MARGARET HARLEY, eldest daughter of JAMES EADIE, Bank Street, Glasgow.

At 22 Sutherland Terrace, University Avenue, Glasgow, on the 23rd inst., by the Rev. Dr Andrew M'Gill, of St George's Road U.P. Church, JOHN NIBLO, Glasgow, to JESSIE M'LAREN, daughter of the late ALEX. SHEARER, Esq., of Dunipace Mills.

DEATHS.

At 8 Malcolm Street, Dundee, on the 23rd inst., RICHARD STEVEN, aged 54 years—deeply mourned. (American papers please copy.)

At 64 Knoback Street, Dundee, on the 23rd inst., JOHN ALLISON. All friends accept this the only intimation.

At Edinburgh, on the 22nd inst., HELEN AITKEN, wife of the late ROBERT BAIRDGATE, Hallpark, Allos.

At 51 Cockburn Street, Edinburgh, on the 22nd inst., JOHN, eldest son of the late ROBERT BAIRDGATE, Hallpark, Allos.

At 8 Carlton Street, Greenock, on the 22d inst., BARBARA PONTON CUNNINGHAM, wife of GEORGE WILLIAMSON, writer, in her 78th year.

NOTES—MAINLY PERSONAL.

Yesterday was the 72d birthday of **James Anthony Froude.**

Jay Gould is a religious man; he pays £700 a year for pew rent.

It is stated that the Sala-Furnivs libel action comes on for hearing this week.

Her Majesty will probably pay a visit to Heidelberg during her stay at Darmstadt.

Chicago has a thousand lady bicyclists, and without them the accident columns of the local papers would be positively dull.

Great complaint is made in **New York** of the way in which spectators are allowed to buy up the tickets for Irving's performances.

A new cure has been found for lockjaw. The patient, a girl, was left alone in a room with a mouse. She opened her mouth at once.

Mrs Mackay, the Silver King's wife, has perhaps the finest jewels in the world. She has a sapphire worth £20,000, and a pair of solitaires valued at £25,000.

Ellen Terry is not one of those timid nervous, shrinking women. She has been through many slander storms, and never once went and hid herself in the cellar.

"When the devil holds you by a hair," says Victor Hugo, "you must give up to him your whole head." What about the bald man?" asked an irreverent wit.

Is this country a young Brown is born every 30 minutes, a Jones every 40 minutes, and a Robinson every 50th minute. Other Britons come into the world at a more leisurely pace.

Mr Flanagan, the American millionaire who died the other day at Monte Carlo, is to be buried at New York, and his coffin was conveyed on Friday from Monaco to Nice by special train at a cost of £1000.

Mr Labouchere says he never hears Mr Goschen speak without thinking of Mr Disraeli's observation to a friend sitting by him when the present Chancellor of the Exchequer made his first appearance in the House of Commons, "cuttural mediocricy."

An interesting portion of the letters of Sir Robert Peel, which are not being prepared for the press, will consist of the correspondence that surrounded the abortive duel with O'Connell. These letters will show Peel in a perhaps new light. As all events, they will show how terribly in earnest he was, and how ready to meet the Liberator.

Car Driver (to Irish Clergyman)—"An' you're the Dane (i.e., Dean) of St Werburgh's, sor?" Irish Clergyman—"No, he's my brother-in-law." Car Driver—"Ah, well now, I thought I saw the family likeness in some yez." Irish Clergyman—"Indeed! and where is it?" Car Driver—"Why, your reverence, now that I comes to look at it, sure 'tis the noses."

The Wallace Oak, which formerly stood near the West end of Elderslie village, when blown down in 1856 was removed by Mr Spiers to his grounds surrounding Elderslie House, near Renfrew; but, though carefully protected from wind and rain, the trunk of this venerable historic tree is fast decaying, and at no very distant date will probably be only a memory.

The diary of the late distinguished Jewish centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore, has just been published in two volumes. Here are some of the maxims by which he ruled his life:—"Be content with what God has allotted you, and you are rich;" "To learn, listen, to be safe, be silent;" "No man can be happy who does not devote at least five or six hours daily to some useful employment."

Mr Henniker Heaton, M.P., issued invitations to the "Gentlemen of the Lobby" to dine with him at St Stephen's Club yesterday evening. Mr Heaton is a *persona grata* amongst pressmen, and his attention to the "Chevaliers of the Pen" attached to the House of Commons has been remarked. The Lobby list is not as heavy as it was before the evictions, due to the dynamite panic, yet it is sufficient to fill a good-sized dining-room.

The fine library of the late Sir Edward Sullivan, Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, will be sold at Sotheby's on the 19th of next month. Among a large number of interesting manuscripts there is a holograph of Burns—a treasure which hundreds who are neither literati nor bibliophiles will ardently covet, this being the original autograph MS. of "Scots wha hae," accompanied by a signed account of the battle of Bannockburn in the poet's handwriting.

For the first time in the history of the office the Lord Mayor of London has arranged to cross the Scotch border on an official visit. About the middle of June Sir Henry Isaacs, accompanied by Alderman and Sheriff Kiell, Mr Sheriff Harris, and Sir John Monckton, the Town Clerk, will go to Edinburgh in connection with the International Exhibition now in progress there, which is under the invitation of the Lord Provost and Corporation, will include much sight-seeing and banqueting.

The new dry dock at Mr Reed's yard, Isle of Wight, Reed (the son of the late Chief Constructor to the Navy), whose freshly comic drawings in the pages of *Punch* attracted considerable attention, has been promoted to the regular staff and attendance at the weekly dinner. This is another and well-earned promotion, and for Mr Reed has only had to wait about as many months as his fellow artists had to wait years. We congratulate him his good fortune, as he is highly popular with his eminent colleagues.

The late Mr Cossham is reported to have been in an unusually cheerful mood yesterday morning. His friends were not aware that his health was in a precarious state. On Sunday he delivered lectures to a class which meets every week in a schoolroom specially erected for their accommodation at the bottom of his garden. On Tuesday evening he was one of the speakers on the Budget resolutions. The deceased was a Nonconformist. He was a Radical, but no family. Mr Cossham was a great employer of labour. He was a proprietor of Bristol and Bath, owning a number of collieries. As an owner he had as many as twelve votes. His eloquence was not of the Parliamentary order, but was nevertheless very effective on a popular platform, consisting largely of Biblical allusions dressed up in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's fashion of humour. He was a good speaker; his voice robust.

Mr Lambie, the name a member for the Carnarvon Boroughs, is the son not of a schoolmaster but of a working village cobbler. Upon the death of his father the boy and his younger brother were taken charge of by their uncle at Criccieth, who in his turn was a self-made man. Originally a weaver, he left his former trade to establish first a night school for the benefit of the grown-up cobblers and colliers of the locality. Then he gave up the practice of his handicraft and started a day school, and, having acquired a knowledge of shorthand, he speedily found a large clientèle amongst the seafaring population. Half the shipowners of the neighbourhood owe their rank to his coaching. Young Lloyd George, the present member, is a practised speaker, as he may well be, considering that at the age of fourteen he became an active member of the sect of Baptists who called themselves Christian Brethren, another name for them being Campbellite Baptists. At fifteen he took to outdoor preaching, and has continued ever since to hold forth" on Nonconformist occasions, both upon religious topics and as an advocate of temperance.

ANSWERED.

Her—"Would it make you very sad if I told you I was going to marry some one else?"

She (who doesn't show the desired anxiety about accepting him)—"It would, Jack, if the girl were a very near and dear friend of mine."

ST JACOBS OIL
CURES MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.
CURES MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.
CURES MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.
CURES MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.
CURES MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.
ST JACOBS OIL
CURES RHEUMATIC GOUT.
CURES RHEUMATIC GOUT.
CURES RHEUMATIC GOUT.
CURES RHEUMATIC GOUT.
CURES RHEUMATIC GOUT.
ST JACOBS OIL
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
Rub the Aching Pains with St Jacobs Oil and be happy. It costs but 2s 6d per bottle, and is worth its weight in gold. 7

LONDON GOSSIP.

(From Truth.)

There is not a particle of foundation for a statement which has appeared in a number of French newspapers that Sir Theodore Martin is writing a pamphlet on the latter part of Prince Bismarck's public career, under the guidance of the Queen and of the Empress Frederick, the Prince being represented from a thoroughly unfavourable point of view. The whole story (including the promise of wonderful "revelations") is a stupid and mischievous fabrication.

It is likely that the plans for the summer of the Empress Frederick will be entirely changed, as the Duchess of Sparta's accouchement is expected at the end of July, and her mother is going to Athens to be with her when the event takes place.

The accouchement of the Duchess of Sparta is anticipated with very great interest, for if she has a son it is unconstitutional that King George is to abdicate in favour of the Duke of Sparta. King George has for some time been anxious to get rid of his kingdom, and he recently purchased a fine palace at Copenhagen, which he intends to make his principal residence in future; and, what with excursions to the German baths and visits to his relations in Russia and in England (with whom he is a great favourite), his time will no doubt be passed very pleasantly.

It is a curious fact that the Prince of Orange (*Citrus*) would probably have married Princess Alice but for an unhappy affair which settled at the Tuileries in 1869. A good and clever wife would have been salvation to him, and if he had never gone to Paris when he was on his way to England to pay his addresses, he would have married such a one, and things would have been very different now in our Royal Family in many respects, and also in Holland.

The Duchess of Portland, who has been very unwell, is now convalescent, and has been ordered to start for some sea-side place. Constant entertainments are being carried out at Welbeck, but that place is too far from London at this season, as the Duke has to attend the Levée and Court Receptions, so he has taken a villa at Bracknell, near Ascot, for a few weeks.

The Emperor William has recently described Frederick the Great as his "ancestor," thereby committing the same mistake as did the Queen when she talked to Macaulay of "my ancestor James II.," and the historian reminded Her Majesty that James was "a relation of her predecessor." The Emperor on another occasion has referred to Frederick as "my ancestor," a sufficiently absurd manner of describing a man who has been in his grave for more than a century.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

Mrs Cooper, wife of the jailor of Hare, Mich., prison, opened the door of her cell and let eight of the prisoners more light. James Waldron, who is awaiting trial for forgery, imagined he had a good chance to escape, as he struck Mrs Cooper two vicious blows on the head with a club, cutting a deep gash in the scalp. He felled her to the floor, but when he attempted to tie her Mrs Cooper grasped him by the leg and threw him heavily to the stone floor. Both were on their feet in an instant. Mrs Cooper is a powerful woman, and desperate prisoner recovered his stick, but before he could strike another blow Mrs Cooper had with her clenched fist under the chin and knocked him sprawling on the floor. Then she quickly shut the door and locked it. Waldron's determination would have made their escape from the jail if Waldron's scheme had been a success.

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

An inquest was held at Dover yesterday on the body of Amelia Challis, the wife of a carpenter, of Bow. The woman and her husband belonged to the sect known as the Peculiar People, and the wife had been ill for some months, but had resolutely refused to have a doctor. The husband boldly announced his belief, and stated that the Lord looked after His people. The jury, however, held that one of them by which a limb was broken, the Lord would heal it. A medical witness stated that deceased was in a condition which a doctor being called in. Several witnesses stated that the deceased woman refused to see a doctor, as her husband was willing for her to have one. The woman died from cancerous disease, and a doctor's care might have made their escape from the jail if Waldron's scheme had been a success.

A ROMANCE OF HYPNOTISM.

A young engineer in Pittsburg has just sought a divorce from his wife, whom he married under the influence of hypnotism. In 1887 he became bitten with the hypnotism mania, and tried the novel experience of self-hypnotization. The result was entirely successful, and the criminal of a young woman appeared again and again to him. So vivid and natural did she seem that the engineer, who is a fine artist, was able to make a sketch of her in water-colours, and had a number of photographs of her taken. He was convinced that the lady existed somewhere in the flesh, and for the purpose of discovering her, had the photos exhibited. In time the search result, however, and in May 1887 he came to London on mining business. Here he had the photographs exhibited in different districts. Meaning he was astonished on one receiving a note from a Miss Norton, asking him where he had obtained her photos. He went to the engineer told his story, and in a month later they were married, and on their way to America. "Jealousy and hot temper" on the wife's part are the causes of the divorce.

WHO "DISCOVERED" IRVING.

Bateman did not discover Irving, for Irving discovered himself, says Mr Clement Scott in the *Illustrated London News*. Bateman was a failure, and they were at their wits' end what to do, when Irving suggested a play that was in his possession, entitled "The Bells." The Bells," translated from the French by a friend of Irving, Leopold Lewis, a literary solicitor and "free lance," who edited a clever paper called the *Mask* with Alfred Thompson. "The Bells" was put up at the Lyceum, and the rest is history, and in it but Irving. He understood his strength better than his friends did. I shall never forget the first night, or the first week, when Irving played on a scanty audience. Even Dutton Cook, who was not given to enthusiasm, was loud in his commendation. For my own part, I remember, I "let myself out," feeling that what we had seen was very much out of the common, and that most certainly and strongly impress the public. But I got into a little scrape in the first flush of enthusiasm. I was sent for by my editor, and best friend that man ever had, and asked if it was wise to write in that strain of praise in the case of a comparatively unknown actor. Some playgoers were very conservative in those days. "Who is this Mr Irving?" I was asked; "and what has he done?" To tell you the truth, I have never heard of him."

THE PAINTER CORNERED BY A MASTIFF.

Some years ago the late Mr Herbert lived opposite Landseer, and early one morning he called on Sir Edwin to ask him to sit to Herbert as a model. Landseer said he would lend him willingly, but he did not like to take the responsibility, as the brute was very savage. "But, by my dear friend," cried Mr Herbert; "I fear him not. I can manage him." "Well, you may try," said Sir Edwin, "but remember I have warned you." "All right, then," said the greater painter "take him, and welcome." He took him. At about four o'clock in the afternoon Mrs Herbert, quite accustomed to her husband was there, as she had seen nothing of him, and, most unusual for him, he had not been in to lunch. "Isn't he in his study?" asked Sir Edwin. Mrs Herbert replied that she had been to see, but he was not there. Landseer, not a little alarmed, accompanied Mrs Herbert back to the house, and began a search. At last, in an upper room, they found the missing painter seated on the top of an oak wardrobe. He looked like a monument, as, smiling at"—the mastiff, which was standing movable, watching Mr Herbert with hungry eyes. "Why, my friend," said the latter, exhausted tones, "I am glad you are come; for six hours have I waited here—and no one has listened to my cries! It is well that the friendly artist did not attempt best-quelling any more.

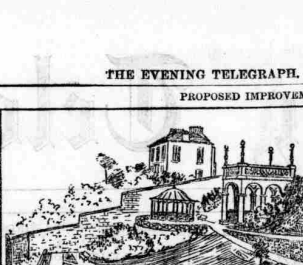
A THEATRICAL RESCUE FROM DROWNING.

REALISM ON THE SURREY STAGE.

Miss Hetty Leroy, who has played some hundreds of times in America as the heroine of "A Dark Secret," now running at the Surrey Theatre, gives an interesting account of her experiences in the Suburban house. The realism is carried out in the play. The villain of the piece throws her into the Thames, which for stage purposes is about three feet deep, and she is rescued by the hero, who opportunely arrives in a boat, and dives after her. "When I am in the water," she says, "I support myself on one arm while I fitfully beat about with the other, shrieking meanwhile. Slowly I work my way out till I am directly over the little tank, which is sunk in the centre of the stage, and, after an additional depth of six feet. I reach down, grasp a cross-bar, and draw myself under water." After this the situation grows exciting for actress as well as audience. "Seeing nothing, hearing nothing, I hold on like grim death, and await the shock which I know is coming. The leading man, who has dived from the boat above, shoots through the water and drives his head into my shoulder with a force that knocks the final breath out of me, and sends me down to the bottom of the tank. We come to the top, and the shock of the applause, bursting suddenly upon my ears, nearly deafens me, while the dazzling lights seem to blister my eyes. The men in the boat grab us by the hair and hold us up in the calcium light. Pictures—Reclining figures, drawn, as if dead, by dapper, and slow curtain. All dripping and drenched as I am, I take my curtain calls in my dressing-room, where ten minutes of rubbing by an expert from the Turkish bath, joined with a red hot limonada, restores my normal condition, and does away with the danger of taking cold." The dress worn for this remarkable performance was "all flannel and as little of it as possible."

Great excitement was caused on Sittingbourne yesterday by the successful effort of the bargemen on strike to prevent the departure of some barges for London, the first that had been loaded for nearly two months.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT AT SEABRAES.



The Dundee Police Commissioners have recently been negotiating with the Caledonian Railway Company to acquire a piece of ground at Seabraes. This open space at the foot of Airlie Place is the only spot on the line of the Newport and Perth Road where a view is had of the river, and it is felt that it would be a misfortune were it built upon. If secured for the town, the ground would be laid out in terrace, with bowling and other green, &c., somewhat in the manner suggested by our artist.

THE NEW ALBANY CLUB AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

A LUXURIOUS RESORT.

A new Club has been opened at Kingston-on-Thames. The Committee includes amongst other well-known names those of Right Hon. Lord Loughborough, Lord Marcus Beresford, Right Hon. Lord Louth, Right Hon. Lord Headley, Major F. E. Appleyard, C.B., J.P., Mr Henry Labouchere, M.P. It is a non-political social Club, founded on a similar basis to the-clean London Clubs. The Club-house was formerly the beautiful old mansion of the late Sir Charles Pratt, Bart., known as Bank Grove, situated in its own majestically timbered grounds of three acres, having a river frontage of 420 feet with lovely views, and is within twelve miles of Charing Cross. The Club-house contains noble entrance halls, dining, drawing, library, morning, billiard, card and smoking and private dining-rooms, commanding splendid views both up and down the river. It is proposed to hold monthly house dinners, a limited number of afternoon garden parties, and drawing-room receptions; it is intended to construct racquet as well as tennis courts. There will be a landing-stage direct from the river to the grounds, with boats for the use of members, and stabling for 40 horses. There is also to be a Club boathouse for the use of members at "Henley" and other *fates*. The suite of three dining-rooms is handsomely furnished with comfortable stuffed-back chairs in claret, morocco, and velvet, Axminster carpets. The library contains walnut furniture upholstered in Royal blue Russia leather. The reading, card, and private dining rooms are all furnished in the most luxurious and comfortable manner. The billiard room contains a full-size table by Messrs Burroughes & Watts. The drawing-room, with its rich Saxony velvet carpet, is furnished with copper-coloured silk plush curtains, with dados of costly Aubusson tapestry and beautiful inlaid mahogany furniture of the most modern style. Bronze, timepieces, and artistic ornaments are placed in suitable positions throughout the Club. The entire furnishing has been executed by Messrs Ostzmann & Co., of Hampstead Road.

drawn from photo by Hayward Litleton.

The unveiling of the bronze equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort—the women's Jubilee offering to the Queen—will take place in Windsor Great Park on May 12, and the ceremony will be attended by Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family.

"THE BISHOP WEPT LIKE A CHILD."

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—There was a strange and impressive scene at the opening session of the London Diocesan Conference, held yesterday in the Lecture Hall of King's College. The bishop, in his address from the chair, spoke at some length on the education question, and his words on the future to the progress of Church work in the diocese. As he dwelt upon the unfurnanced condition of many of the parishes it was evident he was speaking under strong emotion. He hesitated and halted as though he were struggling with the familiar "lump in the throat," until at last, to the consternation of the assembly, he fairly broke down. "People tell me," he faltered, "that I am overworked"—a statement that brought a sympathetic cheer from the audience. "But," he proceeded, "when I think of my poor overburdened clergy I am ashamed." The rest of the sentence was not audible, and for a moment or two the bishop wept like a child. This unexpected incident made a great sensation, and was the one topic of conversation during the luncheon hour.

"THE ELEPHANT MAN."

Above is a portrait of the "Elephant Man," who died a few days ago in a London hospital. The Princess of Wales took a great interest in the poor deformed fellow.

ACQUAINTED WITH THE SEX.

Mrs Slogan (at a railway station)—"Don't you ever trust a man as long as you live. They're all fiends, every one of 'em."

Daughter—"Why, ma? All?"

"Every one—no exception at all. Look at that man near the bookstall. The brute!"

"Why, he looks the very picture of gentleness and refinement."

"Oh, yes; but he's standing there pacing at a pat poison pace, all the same. I feel certain his wife has a pet poodle."

NORTHERN DISTILLERS AND INCREASED WHISKEY DUTY.

A meeting of the North of Scotland Malt Distillers' Association was held in Elgin yesterday—Mr W. C. Newbigging, Brackla Distillery, Nairn, presiding—for the purpose of considering the increase on the whisky duty. The attendance was large and representative, and several letters were read from prominent members of the trade containing adverse criticisms on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposals. The meeting was strongly of opinion that active steps should be taken towards influencing Mr Goschen to withdraw his proposals, and with this view of doing this it was agreed to confer with kindred associations towards getting a deputation appointed to wait upon the right hon. gentleman.

THE DOG DIFFICULTY.

While our governing authorities are exercising their minds as to the best means of dealing with the dog difficulty, a very happy and practical idea has been put into execution by the proprietor of Hudson's Soap, who has issued a compliment, tastefully designed water-trough constructed, bearing upon it in the simple legend, "Drink, puppy, drink." These troughs will be placed in suitable positions in all the principal cities and towns, offer considerable attraction especially to dogs of every degree. With plenty of pure water at command, dogs are not likely to suffer in health or to cause annoyance to much people; and the dogs lover especially—owe Mr Hudson a debt of gratitude for his thoughtful consideration in the matter. The invitation to all and sundry to use Hudson's Soap will not be any less welcome for being conveyed through the medium of these useful troughs.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND THE TEA CONTROVERSY.

In regard to the reference to Indian tea made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech, Mr T. J. Lipton wrote to the right hon. gentleman, observing that they had recently possessed all the higher properties of the Indian article, but had come to be recognised and sold as a tea quite distinct from that of Ceylon. In this account, it was stated, serious harm might be occasioned by the remarks in the speech, which were very apt to be taken as making a distinction between Ceylon and Indian tea, and as being detrimental to the latter. A reply has been received from Mr Goschen, in which he states that his remarks were intended to include Ceylon as well as Indian tea. He regrets that there should have been any misunderstanding on this point, and hopes to find an early opportunity of explaining his meaning to the House of Commons.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A SCOTTISH DOCTOR AT THE CAPE.

The friends of Dr E. Ben. Glaeser, who left Edinburgh towards the end of last year for the Cape of Good Hope, with bright hopes of prosecuting a professional career, will (writes a correspondent of the *Scotsman*) learn with regret that he has been overtaken by a bad accident. The doctor had commenced medical practice at Worcester, and was called out one evening to an urgent case, which necessitated a drive of two and a half hours. He was accompanied by another medical gentleman, and in the course of the journey the latter incurred to the vehicle, which, in overturning, struck Dr Glaeser between the shoulders, by which he sustained most serious injury. He was taken to a farm house, where he lay for nearly three weeks, until able to be removed to New Somerset Hospital, Cape Town, where he now lies in a critical condition. Dr Glaeser was for a considerable time an assistant in the Royal Infirmary, where, by his skill, kindly disposition, and interest in the patients, he made many friends.

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DEATH OF A GLASGOW JOURNALIST.

Mr William M'Connachie, for many years a Police Court reporter on the *Evening Citizen* newspaper, died yesterday morning at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr Robert A. M'Connachie, 103 Glebe Street, Glasgow. Mr M'Connachie, who was the oldest living reporter on the Glasgow press, was a native of Newtownstewart, Tyrone. He was born in 1815. Originally a working weaver, he early showed a superior taste and ability for literary work, and joined the staff of the *Morning Journal* when first started in Glasgow over 30 years ago. Mr M'Connachie was well known in the East End, where he lived for over a quarter of a century, and the weavers of Dalmarnock always found in him a ready and kindly helper in any literary work connected with their trade disputes, or the formation of local branches of their Trades Societies. A man of modest speech, but fine genius and feeling, Mr M'Connachie was much and warmly respected by all the younger members of the Glasgow press. He had been ailing for some two months back, chronic bronchitis being the immediate cause of death. He will be interred in Sighthill Cemetery to-morrow (Friday) afternoon at four o'clock.

BURNING HER HUSBAND'S CLOTHES TO KEEP HIM AT HOME.

At Falkirk yesterday Mary Conroy, wife of John Monteith, blacksmith, Grangemouth, pleaded guilty to assaulting his wife with a walking stick. It was stated by Mr Gibson, solicitor, on his behalf, that the accused had been under the impression that by his wife sending his little girl to his workshop with a parcel containing burnt shreds of his clothes, which, it was supposed, had been destroyed to prevent him going to a place she disapproved of. The wife (who was Dowsil Conroy) Yes, he keeps clothes in his mother's to go and see other women in." Mr Gibson further stated that this was not the first occasion when Mrs Monteith had resorted to this, as previously she had destroyed a black suit belonging to accused. The Sheriff, taking into consideration the provocation received, imposed a modified penalty of 20s, or fourteen days.

A STARTLING INNOVATION.

A New York young lady, by name Mabe Jonnes (says a London correspondent), has started the fashion of riding on the cross-saddle. She wears the conventional coat, bodice, showing the usual skirt and habit. The right limb instead of her attire is divided with strict impartiality between her two legs, just covering the stirrup.

A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR SPORTING DOGS.

A new sport has been inaugurated at Leeds, where the other day a pair of fox-terriers were "articled for £25 a-side to pick up and return a ball thrown 51 times over a mark 50 yards away, the one completing the task in the shortest time to be declared the winner." One of the dogs did the business in 2 minutes 1 4-5th seconds, but the other beat him in 17 minutes 42 2-5th seconds.

IMPORTANT NEW SURGICAL DISCOVERY.

Professor Sittig, of Strasburg, has made the important discovery that pyocianin, an aniline derivate, is an absolute destroyer of pus in any quantity. His new medicine is looked upon as an ideal curer of wounds, suppurations ulcers, and skin affections, and is totally harmless. It is also highly diffusible, and has an immense sphere of utility. Taken internally, it is a remedy notably for pleurisy and phthisis. Professor Merck, of Darmstadt, has prepared all his surgical dressing material with this new discovery.

WOMEN AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

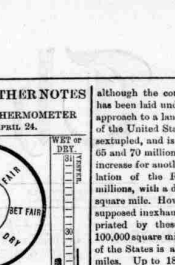
It is not generally known that a department has been recently opened at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, which is presided over entirely by women. Four ex-Newnham students, at the head of whom is Miss Clerke, are the staff, and as four young resident in Manchester, are engaged in daily work at the Observatory. Their employment includes exact measurements from photographs, as well as actual photography and night observations. The arrangement is said to be quite a success, and if Miss Clerke and her associates succeed in making themselves useful the Women's Department will doubtless become a permanent institution.

THE MAJESTIC'S EASTWARD VOYAGE.

The first Eastward passage of the White Star steamship Majestic, which arrived at Queenstown yesterday morning from New York, was made in 6 days 8 hours 58 minutes, about two hours shorter than her outward trip. The Duchess of Marlborough was a passenger. The following is an abstract from her log:—17th, wind South, light, weather fine, 342 miles; 18th, wind W.N.W., fresh, rain, 334 miles; 19th, wind N.W. to N.E., fresh, rain, 431 miles; 20th, wind N.N.W., fresh, weather fine, 403 miles; 21st, wind N.W., fresh, squally, 438 miles; 22d, wind W.N.W., light, 442 miles; 23d, wind W., 346 miles—total, 2886.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The German Emperor's handwriting, says the Paris correspondent of *Truth*, betokens a nervous and impulsive character. I asked one (not M. Jules Simon) who has been seeing a good deal of the German Emperor, as to whether his character may rely, what he thought of his Majesty. The answer was—"He has come to the throne twenty years too soon. I tremble to think what may happen while he is learning in the school of experience. The Emperor is well informed, and understands what he has learned. But he fancies that his ominous are thoughts. There are discrepancies in his intellect. Which goes may harmonise. He talks continually and not badly. But he can listen. Yes, I think I may say he can."



WEATHER AND OTHER NOTES

BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER AT 12 NOON, APRIL 24.

FORTY YEARS OF CRICKET,

BY

DR W. G. GRACE.

BRILLIANT SERIES OF PAPERS.

"EVENING TELEGRAPH"

EVERY SATURDAY.

The Evening Telegraph

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1890.

A more fit selection than that of Mr Morley as the subject of Rochdale politics past and present could not have been made. Mr Morley can claim to be in sympathy with not only Mr Potter, the present member of the co-operative town, but with Mr Corden, and with a now forgotten representative who claimed justice for Ireland long before Mr Butt or Mr Parnell was heard of as the advocate of Home Rule. Reference to the Manchester school of politics was inevitable on a place for which Mr Cobden sat, and where John Bright lived and died. To speak of that school as played out is futile. Its great distinguishing principles live and are embedded in the fundamental polity of the United Kingdom. And, although Free Trade has not commended itself to the world at large, the beauty and justice of the principle are universally recognised, and in the long run will ensure its complete acceptance by the nations. Even in the matter of our Colonial relations time may be trusted to show that there Corden's clear-sightedness was not at fault. Wherein he erred, if it can be called an error in one who taught principles rather than expediency, was in assuming a preparedness for the gospel of a manly individualism—not in any way hostile to co-operation — for which we have still to wait. To this lack of sympathy with individual weakness and national self-interest must be ascribed whatever was defective in the views of Mr Morley's opposed State Socialism, and forsaw the virtual independence of the British Colonies. If they pushed their dogmas to an extreme, it must be remembered that the time was not favourable, as it now is, for discriminating nicely between the politically right and the politically expedient. It was a time for the establishment of principles in the popular mind, rather than for a minute analysis of circumstances by which the application of these principles may rightly be modified. Mr Morley's warning against the opposite extreme—that of rushing to the Legislature for everything that sounds pleasant and, for the moment, expedient—was never more opportune than at this moment.

At a meeting of Advanced Liberals Mr Morley did not avoid touching on the Land Purchase Bill. The half-dozen objections to the measure which he formulated might have been reduced by half. For every practical purpose the vital defect of the Bill was exhibited in his reply to the charge of inconsistency brought against him as opposing what he aforetime supported. The Bill of 1886 was an essential part of a scheme intended to settle the unending feud between the two islands. As such, independent of its intrinsic merits, it demanded the support of Home Rulers. The present Bill is brought forward not to aid but to prevent any such settlement, and by the fact must be opposed to the death. Assuming the effect of Mr Balfour's scheme to correspond with the expectations of its author, the reply to the charge of inconsistency is complete. Intimately connected with this fundamental aspect of the case is the financial soundness of the two schemes. This is a point which appeals to every taxpayer, whether Liberal or Tory, Unionist or Home Ruler. Mr Morley's proposition is that repayment of the advance to be made from the Imperial Treasury can be ensured only by a scheme which carries with it the assent of the people and the endorsement of the people's representatives. In no other country enjoying constitutional government would it be possible to challenge this view. But as a matter of fact, it is odd, hoped, and a far-reaching experiment entailing pecuniary responsibilities of enormous weight is based upon the assumption that it is absolutely false. In a word, Mr Balfour assumes that Home Rule means repudiation and Imperial control repayment, in flat contradiction to Mr Morley's assumption that Home Rule means repayment and Imperial Rule repudiation. It is little use going beyond this vital issue in a criticism of the present Bill, or a comparison of its features with that of 1886. That apart, the difference between the rival principles is roughly that, while Mr Gladstone in case of default reserved the right of forcibly impounding taxes collected with the sanction of the Irish Legislature, Mr Balfour proposes to withhold subsidies voted by the Imperial Parliament. A disadvantage obvious in the latter scheme is that the administration of Poor Relief and of Education would be interrupted in the districts repudiating, leading, as Lord R. Churchill puts it, to a state not far removed from anarchy. But the point really at issue is whether a Land Purchase Bill shall be an aid to, or a substitute for, Home Rule.

As a man of facts and figures Mr Giffen of the Board of Trade, has frequent occasion to knock popular beliefs on the head. His latest public service in this vocation disposes of the assumption that the field for emigration from Europe, and especially from Northern Europe, is practically unlimited. The way in which, as Mr Giffen puts it, the unoccupied area of the world is getting filled up, bids fair to send pessimistic philosophers back to a study of the temporarily discredited principles of population as interpreted by Mr Malthus. A generation ago the resources of the Mississippi Valley alone were reckoned good for centuries against any possible invasion from Europe. To-day, although the continent West of the Rockies has been laid under contribution, there is an approach to a land famine. The population of the United States has in the last 70 years sextupled, and is now estimated at between 65 and 70 millions. Given the same rate of increase for another century, and the population of the Republic will be over 1000 millions, with a density of 500 persons per square mile. How much of the heritage once supposed inexhaustible remains to be appropriated by those coming myriads? Just 100,000 square miles. The total habitable area of the States is about two millions of square miles. Up to 1882 there were appropriated upwards of one and a half millions, since then over a quarter of a million miles have been taken up, and the fragment referred to is all that remains to satisfy the ever-increasing throng of claimants. The addition of another 500 millions to the population will, according to Mr Giffen, see the territory of the United States fully settled, and that is a matter of only 25 years or so. What of Australia and the Dominion of Canada, either of them bigger than the United States? Mr Giffen does not reckon them as other than practical purposes. He excludes a large portion of Australia as entirely worthless or unsuitable for Anglo-Saxon colonisation, and thus reduces the available territory to half a million square miles. Manitoba and British Columbia remain with an additional 400,000—in all, 900,000 square miles. What are these, Mr Giffen asks, among so many? With a view that Mr Giffen says as to the growing comfort of the population at home and the impossibility of organising large schemes of colonisation we entirely agree. But a survey of the emigration field which excludes South Africa, the Plate Republics, Queensland, and Western Australia, takes too little account of the adaptability of Anglo-Saxons to variety of climate.

Prince Bismarck, if persistent rumour may be trusted, has no intention of retiring from public life. Although no longer official pilot of the State bark, he believes he can be of use as a critic and weather prophet to the more sanguine and less experienced navigators who have taken the helm. Assuming the accuracy of the information supplied on this head, the Prince is quite within his right in declining to rest and be thankful in dignified retirement at Friedrichsruhe or elsewhere. Although no longer Chancellor and Minister-President, he is still a Prussian with a seat in the Upper House, and a Deputy in the Reichstag. He is credited with a determination to make full use of his opportunities, and there would be nothing inconsistent with what is known of the Prince were he to form a new party charged with the preservation of German unity from dangers invited by the "inordinate zeal" of the new régime. Opinion may differ as to the propriety and dignity of this course, but of that the ex-Chancellor must be allowed to judge. He knows the Emperor's aspirations better than any of his critics can, and his unequalled knowledge of the shoals and currents of European diplomacy enables him to judge with a sagacity to which few can lay claim of the risks and dangers which new departures in policy. Notwithstanding his confident prediction that the Emperor would be glad to see him again, he may have a shrewd suspicion that if at all his help may not be invited until too late. In determining to remain in public life he therefore secures to himself full opportunity to give advice unasked without loss of dignity or loss of self-respect. Less can be said in defence of the display of irritation in which the Prince is said to have indulged when recently hobnobbing with a crowd of sympathisers at Friedrichsruhe. There is nothing improbable in the suggestion that officials interfered to limit the publication may have intrigued against him, if by that is meant that they readily fell in with arrangements to his hurt and their own advantage. But intrigue is a thing with which the ex-Chancellor must be tolerably familiar, and that he himself should be a sufferer from it scarcely warrants the surprise and indignation which, as reported by report, gave free expression. That the *dopes* of modern diplomacy should have been hoist with his own petard, as he declares he was by the Windthorst interview, may be mortifying, but hardly a thing to enlarge upon in the circumstances. A man of the Prince's experience, if he must have a confidant, might have chosen better than pour his wo