

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

The Alleged Poem—A Few are Frightened by It—Pronounced a Forgery and a Modern Fraud.

A house of glass shall come to pass
In England; but, alas!
War will follow, with the work
In the land of the Pagan and Turk,
And state and state in fierce strife
Will seek each other's life.
But when the North shall divide the South,
An Eagle shall build in the Lion's mouth.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe;
Primrose Hill in London shall be,
And in its centre a bishop's see;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, yet shall be true;
The world upside down shall be,
And gold found at the root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse nor ass be by his side;
Under the water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall creep, shall talk;
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.

Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat;
Gold shall be found 'mid stone
In a land that's now not known;
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew;
The Jew that was held in scorn
Shall of a Christian be borne and born.
Three times three shall be France
Be led to dance a bloody dance
Before her people shall be free;
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;
Three times the people rule shall be;
Three times the people's hope is gone;
Three rulers in succession see,
Each spring from different dynasty;
Then shall the worse fight be done,
England and France shall be as one.

All England's sons that plough the land
Shall be seen back in hand;
Learning shall so ebb and flow,
The poor shall most wisdom know.

The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

A good many people have been credulous enough to pin their faith to the statement of the last couplet, but it will nevertheless interest them to learn that the greater part of the alleged poem was never written by the inmate of "Mother Shipton's Cave." This ancient lady seems to have gained a great deal more notoriety than her witchcraft or prophetic powers entitled her to. It has been said that Mother Shipton lived at Knarlesboro', in Yorkshire, in a cave beside the river, for a long time, and thence uttered her sage sayings. The place is known as the "Long Walk." A few feet from the mouth of the cave is the famous Dripping well, the water of which has power to petrify articles hung in it in the space of three to six months. Gloves, stuffed birds, hats, etc., are regularly petrified there and sold to curious visitors.

Into the whole matter Sidney Hall, of England, instituted a thorough search at the British Museum and gives the following result of his inquiries: "Some sixteen years since much excitement was caused by the publication of some so-called prophecies, alleged to have been given to the world by a certain 'Mother Shipton' upwards of 400 years ago. It is gravely asserted that Mother Shipton's prophecies were first published in a printed book in 1448, which book is now in the library of the British Museum. Of course this cannot be true, as the first printed book is the Nazarine Bible, dated from 1450-55. This falsehood being exposed, another has been resorted to. The printed book became a manuscript. The existence of such a manuscript is altogether fabulous. The truth is that not till the year 1641 were any of Mother Shipton's prophecies given to the world in print or in writing. This book the British Museum does possess, but there is not to be found in it any of those anticipations of the steam engine, the balloon, railways, the Crystal Palace, etc., which have so startled the credulous.

"In 1863 a Mr. Charles Hindley, of Brighton, published 'an edition' of Mother Shipton's Prophecies, and here for the first time were given the rhymes which contain these pretended predictions of things which had already happened. This book aroused a controversy about the existence, life and prophecies of Mother Shipton, which was continued from time to time in 'notes and queries,' and in series IV., vol. XI., the editor announces that Mr. Hindley has acknowledged that he is the author of the prophetic rhymes."

It is also believed that Hindley interpolated some lines of his own. The lines: Carriages without horses shall go,
Iron shall on the water float,
England shall at last admit a Jew,
are given as samples of these; but it has not yet been shown that the prediction regarding 1881 was one of these interpolations.

AN ALASKAN ELDORADO.

A Gold Fever at Sitka—Discovery of Quartz Yielding \$3,000 to the Ton.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 9.—The steamer California, thirteen days from Sitka, brings sensational news that Alaska is afflicted with a gold fever. Some two months ago genuine quartz croppings were discovered near the Token River, about eighty miles north of Sitka. The indications were so strong that the discovery created excitement which has increased with every breath of news from Eldorado. The specimens of quartz brought by Captain Carroll have assayed as high as \$3,000 to the ton. It is a whitish-yellow, profusely sprinkled with sulphur rock, and rich enough if found in large quantities to make bonanza princes of every man in Sitka. As no means of transportation can be furnished until the California returns, the excited merchants will have to remain in Sitka at present. According to the best authenticated reports they are pulling down their stores and packing their mining implements for a trip to the Token district, and when the California goes back she will transform this lonely district into busy mining camps. At present there are fifty men in the gold field, though Capt. Carroll says but eleven claims have been located. The miners cannot work before the end of March, but while waiting for the snow to melt, the adventurers will lay out their town. The California will take back all the lumber she can carry.

Emperor William is now growing thin in his body, and his legs have diminished in rotundity; his military coats are thickly padded and his trousers are cut very large. The old man's strength is evidently failing, but he boasts that he is as active as ever.

DOWN WITH A CRASH!

Fearful Disaster at Buffalo.

COLLAPSE OF THE N. Y. C. STATION.

Two Trains Enveloped in the Ruins.

SEVERAL PERSONS INSTANTLY KILLED.

Miraculous Escape of Many Others.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Shortly after 9 o'clock this morning the roof of the Central railway depot fell in and reports said that many persons were buried in the ruins. The streets were filled with people at the time and in twenty minutes 5,000 or 6,000 persons surrounded the big depot and struggled for admission. The whole eastern half of the long arch, excepting two short spans next the new part, had given way under the weight of melting snow and fallen, burying a passenger train partly filled with passengers, and two or more men who were outside the cars. A Lake Shore train (No. 21) lay in the depot waiting for the connecting Central train, which was late. The number of passengers on board could only be approximated, and no one seemed to be able to tell with any definiteness whether any of these were missing or not. The eastern end appeared to have given way first, as the entire building fell in that direction, but the rest fell almost simultaneously. The bystanders at the time heard one loud crash and the building was in ruins. The debris presented to the eye a huge mangled mass of bricks, snow and portions of roofing; loosened bricks dropped occasionally, and great masses of the walls seemed ready to topple at any moment. At the southeastern corner two New York Central cars had been crushed to smithereens and lay half buried with bricks. On the next track lay the buried Lake Shore train. It was completely hidden except where a corner of one of the four cars peeped through the overarching wreckage, but strange to say none of the cars were materially damaged.

THE TERRIFIED PASSENGERS

managed to get through to the end of the train and so escaped within less than an hour. After the accident occurred a force of over one hundred men were put to work on the ruins in searching everywhere for the bodies of persons supposed to be under the debris. The first result of the search was a horribly mangled corpse of a man, which was immediately removed to the waiting-room. He lay extended on the floor—a sickening sight. His face was of a leaden hue and his hair was matted with blood. Both legs were broken, the left being completely shattered. His chest was crushed in and the back of his skull fractured and clots of blood were settled in each ear. He was soon after recognized as John W. Byrnes, properly a Buffalonian, but who had of late been at Erie, superintending the construction of the tug Annie P. Dorr, and was probably about to return. His apparent age is from 35 to 40 years. Shortly after 11 o'clock a rush of firemen and police in the direction of Byron King's office heralded some new discovery, and a cry arose that another body had been found. Beneath a pile of debris, within eight feet of the depot master's office, lay the body of Henry Waters. The man rested partly on his left side, and across him lay a huge rafter, which in falling had evidently pinned him firmly to the earth. The face of the dead man was much disfigured, the nose having been crushed flat with his face. The unfortunate man was private clerk to Superintendent Tillinghast and was one of the most popular men in the company's employ. He was about 43 years of age and unmarried. At the time the accident occurred he was standing near switch engine No. 136 talking to Coroner Scott and Passenger Agent Smith. When the roof began to crumble and fall they all ran toward the depot master's office. Mr. Smith barely succeeded in reaching the office when the whole roof fell in, and Waters, who was a few feet behind him, was entombed in the ruins. Shortly after the body of Waters had been discovered a portion of the wall which had remained standing fell in, and several of the firemen narrowly escaped being killed amid the falling mass of bricks and mortar. In fact the condition of a large portion of the depot is exceedingly dangerous. Up to this hour it is only known positively that two lives are lost, but rumors still prevail that several more are in the ruins. Five or six persons are said to be missing and until they are found or the debris is entirely removed, this cannot be verified or disproved.

LATER.—It is reported, but too late for verification, that five bodies have been taken from the ruins. The roof which collapsed was of iron plates and supposed to be very strong, but here and there new plates have been put in place of those which were found to be weak. Work has been going on at an extension of the building for sometime, which would make it one of the largest railway stations on the continent.—*En. Times.*

BUFFALO, Feb. 8.—In addition to the two bodies recovered from the ruins of the New York Central railway depot (as telegraphed you yesterday afternoon), two more bodies were shortly afterwards recovered. The body of D. W. Wells was found about half-past 1. His legs were broken and his head was frightfully mangled. One eye has been crushed out and one side of his head looked as if it had been torn open with a hook. Wells was about 17 years old and was employed as clerk to Mr. Home, foreman of the car shops, who speaks very highly of him. Another body was found soon after near that of Mr. Wells. It was crushed so that it was almost impossible to recognize the features. The skull was crushed almost flat back, and both legs were broken. When taken up his arms were thrown across his face as though to protect it. The body has been identified as that of L. S. Hunting. He was employed as a clerk in the office of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad, and was the sole support of a widowed mother.

—Tailors ought to be good lovers—they best know how to press a suit.

ECCLIESIASTIC STRAIT-JACKET.

Dr. Talmage Discourses Further on the Subject of Amusements.

"I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical strait-jackets," said Dr. Talmage in his sermon yesterday morning. "If you will show me the style of a man's amusements and recreations, I will tell you what his prospects for this world and the world to come. I think one of the ghastliest mistakes ever made by Christian men is the attempt to put down the sportfulness of youth. I have known men of such a morbid state and of such twisted theology that they were opposed to ball playing, hated charades and tableaux, and cried 'away with all parlor amusements;' and when young people, full of exuberance and vitality, ask 'what shall we do for recreation?' I have answered, 'prayer meetings.' (Laughter.) I have noticed, however, that people who do not know how to play do not know how to work. I have noticed that the mightiest men in the Church of God in all ages have joined in hilarities and recreation. William Wilberforce trundled hoops with his children. Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree. Thomas Chalmers fled kites with his children. Those amusements are to be shunned that disgust one with everyday life. All amusements are bad that are calculated to pull us down in moral and physical health. I want you to avoid all amusements that are beyond your means. How many tables have been robbed to pay for club champagne? The corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. There are excursions of a day that make a tour clear round a month's wages. There are ladies whose life business it is to go shopping. Some of these recreations have their echo in bankruptcy. A shake in the money market is echoed with a stagger across the richly furnished and carpeted mansion, and the whooping of bloated sons come home to break poor old mothers' hearts. How often are we ministers asked to go over to New York and beg off young men who have made false entries or taken money from the drawer. Many a young man is wrecked by amusements that are beyond his means. 'Then I charge you not to make amusements your life-time business. Life is a serious business, whether you were born in a palace or a hovel. Alas for the man who has nothing to do in this world, where there is so much for ourselves and for others. Alas for the man who spends his life in laborious doing nothing. After evil men have destroyed a man, body and soul, what will they do? They will chuckle over your damnation. Look at that young man with good impulses and bad associations. He is a ship, full-winged, crashing into the breakers. I knew such a young man, and the men who came and sat unmoved at his funeral gazed at the coffin as hearts they had ripped out.'—N. Y. Sun of Monday.

Personnel.

The Prince of Wales likes to skate. A despatch from Shanghai says that Commander Horatio Nelson Hood died on Monday.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris have lost their youngest child, Prince Jacques, born nine months ago.

Mr. Samuel Woods, M.A., of Kingston, who has been appointed classical master of Stratford high school gets \$1,000 salary.

Mr. Grant, clerk of London township, was on Monday presented by the Council with a \$20 buffalo robe as a mark of appreciation of his services.

The Dowager Lady Baynes, who died a few days ago in London at the age of 83, was the first European woman who ventured out openly in Canton.

The late Frank Buckland left his widow but poorly provided for, the London World says, and at the same time he bequeathed to the nation his Fish Culture Museum, valued at four or five thousand pounds.

Rev. Principal McVicar, LL.D., formerly of Guelph and now of the Montreal Presbyterian College, has just received the diploma of the Athenae Oriental, of Paris, having been unanimously elected a member of that society.

Prince Bismarck has taken his son Count Herbert Bismarck to be his private secretary. The young man looks exceedingly like his father, and is said to be uncommonly gifted, giving just hopes of future greatness. Possibly he will continue the prince's iron rule.

The Prince and Princess of Wales stayed five days at Lord Aveland's country-seat not long ago, and during that time 4,000 head of game fell to the guns of the host and his party of guests. The destruction of produce in rearing and feeding this game is estimated at \$50,000.

Mr. Longfellow, the poet, is too old and good a man to be misrepresented. Some of the papers have said that he once went into a kitchen and helped a lady to peel a pumpkin. The lady now comes forward and denies the story. Longfellow did not peel a pumpkin. It was a squash!

Stillman B. Allen, of Boston, has just distributed \$300 in prizes to Maine boys under 18 years of age who have raised the most Indian corn on one-eighth of an acre in the past season. More than 600 boys in all parts of the state competed, and the first prize, \$200, was awarded to Frank E. Small, of Stockton, who raised 2,246 pounds.

Count Von Moltke is a man of nerve still, in spite of his venerable years. When the building of the general staff in Berlin, wherein he lives, was burning the other evening, he calmly quitted his rubber of whist, attended to the removal of official papers, and then went placidly to look at the conflagration.

Miss Marianne North, a pretty English artist, is making a tour of the world with very high credentials, for the purpose of painting the distinctive flowers that grow wild. Sir Joseph Hooker, director of the Botanical Gardens at Kew, vouches for her artistic powers, her botanical knowledge and her intrepidity as an explorer.

A WIFE'S KISS THAT WAS HER DEATH.—A coroner's inquest on Saturday in the case of Mrs. Emma E. Careless, the woman who shot herself after her husband had died from small-pox, resulted in a verdict of death from blood-poisoning. Evidence was adduced showing that the woman had contracted the fatal disease by kissing the corpse of her husband, to whom she was greatly devoted.—Philadelphia Press.

MINING CATASTROPHE.

Several Men Killed and Wounded in the Explosion—The Accident the Result of a Miner's Carelessness—Strange Incidents and Sad Scenes.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 10.—A frightful explosion occurred at Monz & Co.'s coal mine at Robbins, accompanied by appalling loss of life. The scene of the explosion is a few miles south of Salem. A man named Smith disobeyed his orders and attempted to pass through a forbidden room containing fire damp with a lighted lamp in his hand. Immediately a terrific explosion occurred, and a hole was blown through the fifteen feet of earth composing the roof. About twenty men were at work, of whom six were killed and a number dangerously wounded. A mule and eight cars were shot out of the main entrance as if from a cannon. Another mule drawing a car in which a man was seated was blown on top of the car, killing the driver. A dog was also blown out of the mine. Jackson Leek, who had just entered, was blown over a high railroad embankment into a creek and badly hurt. The men not disabled or killed escaped through a shaft to the open air. The killed are James Logan and his son, Jas. Mehan, Wm. Haley, George Henshilwood, and Edward Smith. The man who caused the explosion is badly mutilated, his body being burned to a crisp. The wounded are James Crouch, Robert Haley, Edward Creighton, J. Aiken, Peter Wilson, and his two brothers. Nearly all are badly hurt. Some will die. Mrs. Griffith had gone to the door of the mine to call her son when the explosion occurred. She saw the mule shoot out of the mine, and found her son uninjured. George Henshilwood died in his wife's arms. The scenes are heart-rending in the extreme. A corps of physicians have been summoned to the assistance of the wounded.

DO MEN GROW?

Or Do They Stop Growing before They are 30?

(London Post, January 19.)

At a meeting of the Statistical Society last evening a paper on "Statistical observations on the growth of the human body (males) in height and weight, from 18 to 30 years of age, as illustrated by the records of the Borough Jail of Liverpool," by Mr. J. T. Danson, was read. He said: "About 20 years ago I had occasion to visit the Borough Jail at Liverpool. Having got access to the jail records, I found them, on examination, quite worth the labor to be given to them, and selected the figures relating to the years 1857 and 1858 as likely to afford a fair sample of the new material thus made available. From these figures I found that only one inference of any value could with any degree of certainty be deduced; that being that the men thus passed under examination did not on an average attain their full height or their full weight much, if at all, before 30 years of age. A certain persistent irregularity induced me to refer, with some hope of an explanation, to a suggestion made some years before by M. Millot, a French statistic. After a careful examination of the figures resulting during a long series of years from the measurement of the annual draft of conscripts in that country, he had observed that the men of the same age, brought forward in successive years, differed considerably in their average height, and on a comparison of these returns with those of the annual price of corn in the localities in which these men were born and reared he observed some coincidence of deficient height in the conscripts with high prices in the years of their gestation and infancy. This led him to the conclusion that wherever a deficiency occurred it might be due to early want of sufficient nutriment and thence to defective harvests. The prisoner on entering the jail is taken to a room kept for this purpose and is there registered. As part of the process he is put on a broad metal plate near the level of the floor. As he depresses the plate his weight is indicated on a lever and a projecting arm, sliding on a metal bar behind him till it touches his head marks his height on the bar. The weights are taken to pounds and the heights to quarters of an inch and are at once, with other particulars, recorded in a book close at hand. Until January, 1878, the prisoners were measured in their foot-clothing, whatever that might happen to be. At that date the practice was changed by taking off their boots and shoes while being measured. So much for the probable accuracy of what we are told as to the height and weight of these men. Tables were then given of the heights and weights taken between 1857 and 1878. But it seems now to be well understood among those best acquainted with the subject that mere height and weight in a soldier, as in others working in open air, is of less consequence than maturity. The late Dr. Parks, in his 'Manual of Practical Hygiene,' drew the attention of our naval and military authorities to some important details in the final growth of the bones and muscles of the human body, whence it is to be inferred that the men of this and other European countries do not, in fact, arrive at physical maturity till they are about 30 years of age; and so do not, before that age, acquire their full capacity for exertion and endurance. The figures laid before the meeting, imperfect as they are in other respects, certainly lead directly to the same conclusion. But this widely differs from the popular notion. That has long and widely consecrated the age of 21 or thereabouts as the age of maturity. The armies of the world, in accordance with the popular notion, have long been and still are composed mainly of men much under thirty years of age. Our own recruits are accepted at less. Yet the marches, the privations and the exposure of a campaign have always strewed the roadsides and filled the hospitals mainly with the younger men. Now, it can hardly be doubted that, for all severe physical exertion or endurance, the conditions are the same, and if this be so, we have for lack of sound statistics long been practicing with most precious material a most unsound economy.

—A Grand Haven (Mich.) despatch says that two tugs have started in search of the City of Ludington, reported twenty-five miles from Ludington on Friday. It is two weeks since the Ludington left Milwaukee to cross the lake.

HOW REPORTERS ARE BORED.

A Leaf from the Diary of one of the Fraternity.

The following leaf, evidently dropped from the diary of a young reporter, was picked up by the "devil" the other day, and is printed in the hope that the loser may be able to reclaim his property:

Saturday, p. m.—Well, another week has gone by in about the same old way. I've been wondering lately why some people don't know any more than they do; why they will persist in talking 'shop' to one of us fellows every time they meet us in society. Now, I am not ashamed of my business, which I think, requires a considerable amount of brains. The other night I went out for a little while to a sort of social gathering, and I hadn't got into the parlor before a young lady simpered, 'O, Mr.—, you ain't going to put us in the paper, are you?' I had a big notion to say something bad, but I didn't. Then I go to some public exhibition, and every acquaintance I meet says: 'Well, are you getting it all down?' or, 'Got something big to write up now, haven't you?' or, 'I s'pose you fellows get to go to all these things for nothing?' or some equally flat remark. Everywhere it's the same way. Go to church, which some reporters do, because they enjoy it, and you are met with the facetious remark: 'Well you have to be pious once in a while, don't you?' Meet a man on a street car, and he asks you if there is any sensation afloat. People don't seem to think that we fellows ever knew anything but 'shop.' Why don't they ask a lawyer, out in society, if he is looking for a case, or a doctor whether he expects somebody will be sick before he leaves; or a bank cashier what the highest per cent. is upon first-mortgage loans. I can't understand it. We are just like other folks, and there are times, rare, it is sadly true, when we are not on duty, and feel that we would be glad to enjoy social life just as other people do. But I suppose it always was so and always will be, and I'm too tired and sleepy to try to understand why.—Cleveland Leader.

Who's Who in England in 1881?

(London Times.)

The oldest member of Her Majesty's Privy Council is the Right Hon. Sir John Macpherson Macleod, K. C. S. I., aged 88; the youngest, H. R. H. Prince Leopold, aged 27. The oldest duke is the Duke of Cleveland, aged 77; the youngest, the Duke of Newcastle (a minor), aged 16. The oldest marquis is the Marquis of Donegal, K. P., G. C. H., aged 83; the youngest, the Marquis Camden (a minor), aged 8. The oldest earl is the Earl of Buckinghamshire, aged 86; the youngest is Earl Russell (a minor), aged 15. The oldest viscount is Lord Eversley, aged 86; the youngest, Viscount Southwell (a minor), aged 7. The oldest baron is Lord Mostyn, aged 86; the youngest, Lord Southampton (a minor), aged 13. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Mr. William Bulkeley Hughes, M.P. for the borough of Carnarvon, aged 83; the youngest, Mr. James Dickson, M.P. for Dungannon, aged 22. The oldest judge in England is Vice-Chancellor the Hon. Sir James Bacon, also chief judge in bankruptcy, aged 82; the youngest, the Hon. Sir Charles S. C. Bowen, of the Queen's Bench Division, aged 44. The oldest judge in Ireland is the Hon. James O'Brien, of the Court of Queen's Bench, aged 74; the youngest, the Right Hon. Gerald Fitzgibbon, Judge of Appeal, aged 46. The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is the Right Hon. John Inglis (Lord Glenconner), Lord Justice-General, 70; the youngest, Alexander Burns Shand (Lord Shand), aged 51. The oldest prelate of the Church of England is the Right Rev. Alfred Olivant, Bishop of Llandaff, aged 82; the youngest, the Right Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, aged 44. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. John Robert Darley, Bishop of Kilmora, aged 80; the youngest, the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 46. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross (Primus), aged 76; the youngest, the Right Rev. George Richard Mackarnes, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged 57. The oldest baronet is Sir Moses Montefiore, aged 96; the youngest Sir Thomas Lewis Hugh Neave (a minor), aged 6. The oldest knight is General Sir Duncan MacGregor, K. C. B., aged 93; the youngest, Sir Ludlow Cotter, aged 27.

Col. Ingersoll Accused of Blasphemy.

WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 9.—At the opening of the February term of the Criminal Court, Chief Justice Comey, in charging the grand jury, called their attention to the recent address of Col. Ingersoll in this city, saying it was blasphemous, and was worthy the attention of the jury as coming under the law of blasphemy.

Mr. Vennor is at it again. He states that the entry of February of last year (1880) was fully as severe as has been that of the present month, and that the December of 1879 was much more severe than the December of this season. January of 1880, however, was a mild month and the very opposite of the January of 1881. Upon the principle of general compensation and from the fact of our having now had in succession two months of severe weather, Mr. Vennor is strongly of the opinion that the present month will give us the thaw predicted in his almanac. In this he alludes to a rapid disappearance of snow and sleighing over a very large area, and a return of winter and of stormy weather towards the latter portion of this month and the fore part of March. He thinks another "blizzard" and cold term will travel over the United States shortly after the entry of March, and that destructive gales will visit New York, Boston and other points during the last quarter of the present month.

Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel's youngest son, Arthur, has resigned the Under Secretaryship of the Home Department on account of bad health. None of Sir Robert's sons have made much mark as men of talent. Albert, the eldest, has made much noise in the world in his time. The most promising, Sir William, died in active service. The second, Frederick, has been a safe, plodding official. The late Sir Robert, mindful of his eldest son's irregularities, tied up his property as tightly as he could. A memorable clause in his will prohibited any investment in Irish real estate.