

Several weeks ago the Liberal electors of the extreme southern part of Mid-Lothian assembled at Blaw to be addressed by the Right Hon. Mr. Childers in behalf of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. TAYLOR INNES, advocate, moved a vote of thanks to the right hon. gentleman for his able and instructive address. In doing so, Mr. Innes said—Gentlemen, I congratulate you on the presence of the distinguished gentleman who has given lustre to our meeting to-night and on his address to you.

His presence is one more indication of the unprecedented circumstances in which we meet. In the ordinary case we could do little in such an emergency; and when I say we, I do not mean this meeting, or even Mid-Lothian—I mean Scotland as a whole. Once or twice, indeed, it has happened otherwise; but ordinarily, Scotland can do little.

But when I speak of this work being honor and pride, I am not so much thinking of you, the electors, as a mass—I am thinking of you individually, and of how often in time past the giving of a vote for a great man at a great crisis has been a purifying and an ennobling act to him who gave it. For there are two ways of doing everything in this world.

There is the external and unenlightened and common-place and unenthusiastic way. And there is the other way of doing the very same thing—doing it with open eyes and an understanding heart. Now, which way, in this case, do you prefer? (Cheers) I see you have made your choice. And you are right. It makes no difference to the man who counts the votes. But to you individually the difference may simply be immense.

that the foremost representative of Scotland will at all times represent it and not sores it. And in this faith for the future, we come back to the present; and we listen at this crisis to our leader's voice as he shouts to us "from the trench."

### BRITISH CABINET COUNCIL

NEW YORK, October.—The Herald's London special of the 22nd says a Cabinet Council met this afternoon in Downing street, and the question of the settlement with Afghanistan was discussed. I am informed on excellent authority that the plan devised by the Governor-General of India in Council was submitted to it, and met with general approval.

### THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN.

KUSHI, October.—General Gough's brigade has arrived here to succor the force holding the entrenched camp at Shulgardan, the commander of which reports that he is surrounded by thousands of Mongols. He signals that he can hold his own, but from the heavy firing it is clear he is hotly engaged.

CABUL, October.—The Kotwal of Cabul and four others have been hanged for complicity in the massacre of the British Embassy. There has been fighting between Ali Kebaji and the Shulgardan, in which the enemy were defeated with heavy loss. Communications have since been re-opened. The tribes investing Shulgardan have been dispersed.

### Burned to the Water's Edge.

A HAVANA STEAMER ON FIRE. FORTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Captain Diaz, of the Havana steamer Pajaro del Oceano, says at the time the steamer was burned there was on board, in addition to the officers and crew, four merchants, all supposed to be lost, and thirteen soldiers, only one of whom was saved; of the officers, Captain Diaz and the first and second mates were rescued.

### THE RECENT FIASCO.

"Wilkes' Spirit" on the Situation.

The following able editorial from Wilkes' Spirit, the leading sporting paper in the States, shows pretty clearly the opinion held in that country of the recent so-called contest for the championship:—

Courtesy is the most unfortunate of oar-men, and the mere recital of his catalogue of calamities would bring tears from the eyes of a brazen bull. Every chapter of his rowing history bristles with accident, every page is stained with misfortune, every line saturated with suspicion.

With mingled pride and pleasure the Spirit never forgets to trumpet and announce that Mr. Courtney and his friends have both right, that he and his friends have not worked all the mischief, nor has it been done by any other "man, boy, or woman." In the far distant past the princely Courtney quarrelled with the Prince of the Caves of the sea, and that pitiless potentate, never forgetting and never forgiving, visits the sins of fathers on the children of posterity.

Mournful as is this diary of disaster, the worst is still to come. Not content with robbing him of his honor and his reputation, this remorseless demon seems determined to make Courtney's destruction sure by forcing upon him that source of all human trouble commonly known as money.

Under these circumstances Courtney's duty is plain to the British eye. To fight against fate, to quarrel with destiny, to drag in a profession in which Courtney is pursued by a remorseless evil genius—a calling whose prosecution has already made him much less famous than infamous.

A Romeo in this city one night last week went to serenade his best girl, choosing a selection from "Pinafore" as an opening piece. In a voice trembling with emotion and a tendency to split on the high notes, he began: "farewell mi-i love, light of m—"

### ENGLISH COLUMN.

The Fenian organization in Manchester, England, has been entirely broken up through the vigorous action of the Roman Catholic authorities.

The City of Manchester makes gas for the use of its people, and for the year past it has derived a profit therefrom of \$250,000, which is turned over to an improvement fund.

The destruction of Haworth Church was begun three weeks ago. An immense multitude attended the final services. Among them were many devoted admirers of the Bronte family.

Miss Addiscott, who had a sort of baby farm which she called a "Home," was lately sent to prison in London for eighteen months at hard labor for neglect and maltreatment of the poor children under her care.

Bow Bells lighted the cockney heart of London again on Sept. 14, after a year's silence for repairs. Bow Church is so called from fancied resemblance of a part of the church to the bend of a bow. St. Maria de Arcubus is the title in ecclesiastical Latin.

Sir Stafford Northcote's country house had a narrow escape from burning lately. It is a stately mansion called Fynes, three miles from Exeter, where Sir Stafford's family has been seated for several centuries. Sir Stafford is far from rich and has a large family.

A prominent London publisher recently received from the Treasury a document informing him that the Paymaster General was authorized to pay him \$200,000, the sum of 2s 6d. for copyright duties collected in the colonies on his behalf during the years 1876, 1877, and 1878.

It is a curious coincidence, says a London society journal, that by the deaths of two officers—one in the Cabul, the other in the Zulu campaign—the Catholics have gained two peerages. These were Lord Oulton and the Hon. E. Wyatt-Edgell.

In the Tranmore baby-farming case, before the Birkenhead stipendiary the other day, a letter was read, in which the accused undertook, for the sum of £40, to provide a "kind, Christian home" for a little orphan and to bring it up as "one of Christ's little ones."

The other day the Claimant was visited in Portsmouth Convict Prison by Dr. Kenaly, M. P., Mr. Guilford Onslow and Mr. Helaby, of Southampton. The Claimant, who looks very well, continues to express satisfaction at the manner in which he is treated by the officials and is glad to hear that the efforts for his release are being continued.

A discussion in the London newspapers about domestic favorites brings out many interesting anecdotes. There is a gander called Jack that runs about Drury Lane like a dog and answers his master's call. He is eclipsed by a cockatoo belonging to a publican in St. Giles'. This bird plays on the sly in perfect time, and holds a lighted splinter in its talons while a customer is enkindling his cigar.

Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, one of the aldermen of London, and the next in rotation to fill the office of Lord Mayor, was recently tried on a charge of libel. He was accused of sending to the prosecutor an anonymous postal card bearing the words: "Excuse an old friend writing to you to put you on your guard that you are being watched by the police."

In certain sequestered parts of England an official called the ale taster is still continued as a relic of last century's laws. He tastes all kinds of malt liquor sold in the neighborhood with a view of ascertaining whether it contains objectionable ingredients. In old times the use of sugar in ale was condemned, and the taster had a primitive way of discovering its presence.

The probabilities are that, in the event of a return of the Liberal party to power, Mr. Gladstone will be raised to the peerage and lead in the upper, while Lord Hartington will lead in the lower, House. Mr. Gladstone is now seventy, and it may perhaps be safely asserted, has done as much brain work as any man of his time. How materially his duties as a Minister would be diminished by going up to the Lords may be estimated by the fact that last session the Lords sat 206, against 1,010 hours in the Commons; in fact, a peer can 99 nights out of 100 be in bed by twelve o'clock, so far as legislation is concerned.

A farmer and his shepherd were together in a field near Rowyn, Merionethshire, in Wales, looking after a large flock of sheep. Suddenly a peevish crackling sound caused them to lift up their heads, when to their astonishment they perceived the sheaves in an adjoining wheat field being whirled about by some invisible agency.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the schools about 200 boys and girls.

An extraordinary adventure befel a boy named Garston on Wednesday morning week on the Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway. He played truant from school on the preceding day, and it is surmised dared not go home at night. He managed to get into the station yard at Chorley with the intention of passing the night in one of the passenger carriages, but he failed to gain access through the doors being locked.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Examiner professes to have found out that "the Californian presentation to the Premier was nothing more than an elaborate joke." "Nobody on the deputation which presented the casket," he says, "had anything to do with California, nor did anybody in California subscribe toward the box. The fact was that a lady of an enthusiastic temperament asked people in San Francisco to sign an address to Lord Beaconsfield, and, to humor her, they did so.

A "Medical Man" reports to the Liverpool Courier the following incident which came under his own observation—"I was called the other night to see a man in the agonies of cholera cramp, apparently the result of drinking freely on the occasion of his niece's marriage. I found not less than a dozen persons, mostly young women, in a room with full glasses before them, a three gallon jar of strong ale on the table and several bottles of whiskey. The latter had been replenished over and over again. The revels were kept up for five days, and I have been assured by the uncle of the bride that 'the drink' alone cost them the sum of £20. Sundry young fellows had been 'saving up' for weeks previously, so as to have a regular spree with their sweethearts on the occasion of their friend's marriage.

Although literature in England had a brief golden age in the shape of pensions, places, and flattering recognition in high places, in the time of Anne, it was not until near a hundred and thirty years later that it met with evidence of royal favor in the shape of a title. George III. was very gracious to Dr. Johnson during that memorable interview in the library at "the Queen's House," as Buckingham Palace was then called; but, although he was wont to knight successful tallow chandlers who rose to civic honors, it probably never entered his head or that of his advisers that he should lay his sword on the shoulder of "the great lexicographer" and say "Kise, Sir Samuel Johnson!" yet Rubens, Vandykke, Lely and Reynolds had been thus honored. It was reserved for George IV. to take the initiative in this respect, and, by conferring a baronetcy on the author of "Waverley," to perform one of the very few popular acts of his life.

### A ROGUS VIRGIN MARY.

The correctional tribunal of Ansee, in France, has given a decision which nips in the bud the growth of a miracle such as that which has made the fortune of the Town of Lourdes. Jacqueline Besse, a girl employed by a farmer to watch his sheep upon the hillsides, arrived in a great state of excitement about six weeks ago at her master's house and informed him that while she was looking after the sheep a man had taken her into a wood and shown her a light burning in a fire tree, and that she had there received a visit from the Blessed Virgin. Little attention was at first paid to her story; but she repeated it with slight variations, and said that the Virgin had enjoined her to ask for money to build a chapel on the spot where she had first manifested her presence.

People who give tons to society rarely give anything else.