

The result of the inquiry, whatever it may be, will certainly cause intense excitement. When such grave issues depend upon the inquiry, it is meet that silence should be kept in the Court, which is the whole Empire; and we trust party-organs on both sides will observe such silence, and not import agitation into a judicial process."

Scotch Notes.

THE Parnell defence fund has been taken up spiritedly in Scotland. The Liberal Associations of the country, beginning with that at Bridgton, are showing themselves particularly active in the matter. Nothing more than this proves the sincerity of the sympathy so generally expressed towards the Home Rule movement, and the conviction that prevails as to the falsehood of the accusations brought against the Irish National leaders.

The Franciscan Fathers have opened a fine new school in Glasgow, where they have for some years had a flourishing community and contributed much towards the advancement of religion in the city. Indeed the state of Catholic education in the diocese generally is in a very sound and satisfactory condition, reflecting great credit on the Archbishop and the clergy, by whom it is directed, and on the Catholic people by whom it is sustained. In 152 schools 28,030 children were lately examined with most encouraging results.

A minister of Stonehaven has come forward in a very striking manner to rebuke the back-sliding of the times. He classes together and denounces as the twofold evil of the Kirk, "whisky and moderation. His special object of horror is what he calls "the kirk-going child of the devil," and, what is worse, he seems to think the whole class of regular attendants at the kirk are represented by this ill-favoured individual. The spirit of the Free Church he declares, with an engaging alliteration, to be "sly, sleeky, and slimy," and nothing, he says, can be looked forward to but night, "dark, dense, starless, eternal." Is this the progress made in righteousness by a country nourished for over three hundred years on the pure milk of the Word? Either the Rev. John Robertson, for so is this minister named, speaks at random, or the milk has become sour in the course of time, having perhaps had some element of corruption in it from the beginning. The Rev. John's remarkable utterance, however, has given rise to a good deal of argument, and caused something of a sensation.

The reports of the Scotch fisheries for the year show a decided improvement on last year. During the eight months just ended, the balance in favour of this year has been a sum of £72,035—the total value of the take on both East and West coasts amounting to £1,094,574. From the lakes and rivers the returns have been of a similar kind. The total catch of trout in Loch Leven, for example, was 23,516, or a weight of 21,074lb; as against 17,892, with a weight of 17,464lb, last year. The salmon fisheries, again, owned by the town of Aberdeen produced this year a sum of £7,554, as against £5,706 last year. The number of salmon taken in nets on the Tweed, meantime, was less than that taken last year, but the average weight was much higher.—The returns from the moors have also been encouraging to those interested in them. Sir Charles Mordaunt, for example, shot sixteen stags in two days at Glenfeshie Forest, Inverness-shire. The Comtesse de Paris, however, eclipses by the fame of her shot all the sportsmen who have appeared either on moor or in forest. The gillies who were in attendance on her do not cease to sound her praises and their own astonishment. It would be interesting to see how a successful course of grouse-shooting in Scotland would fit a Queen of France to encounter a revolution in Paris. Would she also slink away as plain Mrs. Smith?—Meantime, the strictness with which the game laws are maintained has had an exemplification in the case of two unfortunate wights sentenced the other day each to sixty days' imprisonment for killing a rabbit. This is hardly likely to recommend the sports of the moors and forests to those who have no part in them—but who have still a right to a voice in making the laws, and, perhaps, also some claim to aid in deciding as to the disposal of the soil.

The Scottish Liberal Association has inaugurated a series of addresses on the Irish question, to be delivered in every part of the country. The undertaking, which has already met with an abundant promise of success, is looked upon as certain to complete whatever is wanting in winning over the sympathy of Scotland. The speakers, including two members of the Irish Parliamentary party, have been well received wherever they made their appearance.

Mr. Balfour, although he is not exactly a Cincinnatus, still varies his invaluable services to his country, by taking part also in bucolic pursuits. In this connection, the right hon. gentleman has just obtained the highest price given for a ram at the Lothian annual sale. Meantime, a fellow countryman of his, speaking of the combined farmer, philosopher, and statesman at Edinburgh the other day, stigmatised him as the Curse of Ireland—an appropriate title, he said, for a relative, as Mr. Balfour is, of that Lauderdale family, one of whose members had been known of old as the Curse of Scotland. Mr. Balfour, meantime, gives evidence of occupying no very blessed position, as well in Scotland as in Ireland. In walking through Peebles, for example, the other day, he is described as guarded by two strong, stalwart, constables. Such are the bliss and bravery of this bucolic philosopher.

An indignation meeting has been held at Laing, Sutherlandshire, to denounce the impiety of some unfortunate sinners who dared to break the Sabbath by taking a sail on Loch Shin. It may be doubted, therefore, as to whether the Rev. John Robertson, of Stonehaven is quite correct in coupling whisky and moderation together as the com-

bined curse of the Kirk.—The whisky may be there, perhaps, but the where-abouts of the moderation seems doubtful. The superstition of the Scotch Sabbath, however, after the fashion of superstitions, is one that will probably survive all other vestiges of the religion of the country.

The crofters of Skye are rejoicing at the change in the ownership of two estates, which is attended with a promise of better things for the tenantry. The one is that of Kilmuir, which has been purchased by Mr. Baird, of Sticell; the other that of Strathaird, whose purchaser is Mr. McKinnon, of Ballinakill—both purchasers enjoy the reputation of being humane and liberal landlords, and the crofters look forward to an ameliorated condition, much needed, under their control. Indeed reductions have already been made in the case of the Kilmuir tenants.

The fashionable world has been all agog because of the wedding, at long last, of Miss Hamilton Nisbet, of Biel, an heiress of twenty-five years standing, and who is reported to have refused suitors almost of royal standing. She has now married a younger son, and a relative of her own—that is Henry, son of Sir John Ogilvy, who, however, is suitable in years to be her husband. The devotees of Jenny Geddes have been horrified at the celebration of the marriage, which was, so far as possible, an imitation Mass, conducted in accordance with the proceedings of extreme Ritualism. The Anglican Bishop of Edinburgh, who officiated, attended by acolytes, and vested in Episcopal robes that might have edified King Edward VI. himself, by the practices of whose reign such garments are understood to be authorised, made use in the ceremony of the prayer-book used by Archbishop Secker at the marriage of King George III. We are left to surmise, however, what that paternal and No-Popery monarch would have said could he have foreseen the accompaniments among which the book, after whose text he had repeated his vows to his sober little Lutheran Charlotte—not as yet, we may believe, to be viewed in a snuffy light—was made use of on this occasion. King George most probably would have put in his claim to be head of the Church in some practical manner. It need not be added that the dress of the bride was magnificent in the highest degree. It was all that could be expected, even for a lady who had waited for so many years for the great event of her life, and whose powers of tasteful adornment had been allowed fully to mature. The Secker prayer-book, it may be added, has been the medium of tying up several royal couples, beginning with King George III. and Queen Charlotte, and ending with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. But let us hope that if royalty does not prove infectious, matrimonial happiness may at least do so. The royal couples, of course, are all continually delighted with one another, and so may Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvy be also.

Those who are interested in the preservation of historical monuments are congratulating themselves on the restoration now completed at Doune Castle by Lord Moray. The restoration of ancient buildings is always a difficult matter, as in carrying it out there is danger of destroying ancient associations, and thus doing more harm than good. That alluded to, however, has been very carefully performed, and it is said to be in every respect successful. The castle is one of the most interesting monuments of by-gone ages remaining in Scotland—and is celebrated as well in romance as in history.

Parisian Notes.

THE author of *La France Juive* will doubtless find confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ of all he has advanced in the fact that the mansion in the *rue Laffitte* of the founders of the Rothschild family in France is about to be opened to the public in the shape of a museum as a perpetual monument of the family. The matter is made somewhat more remarkable because the house, apart from its connection with the Rothschilds, has a history that some people might consider to entitle it to become monumental in another point of view. It was built in the reign of King Louis XV. for a financier of renown at that time, and subsequently passed into the hands of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and it was there that the late Emperor Napoleon III. was born, in 1808. We always hold out for the third Napoleon and the third empire, because we count it mean, now that they have fallen, to round upon them and stigmatise them as second only, a thing that was never done while they were in existence. And, besides, if there was another empire to-morrow it would certainly be the fourth. And nobody knows what may yet occur in France. Nobody, perhaps, cares, if a Comte de Paris, or a Plon-Plon, *père* or *fils* be the alternative proposed. But *revenons à nos moutons*; not, however, that we would compare any millionaire of the house of Rothschild to a sheep. That house belongs to those who shear and not to those who are shorn, though let it be left to M. Drumont to hint at the sheep's most fabled enemy. Some appearance of arrogance, therefore, may be borne by this establishment of a Rothschild museum in the house of the *rue Laffitte*. Still what could be done? The mansion, notwithstanding its traditions, was no longer suitable to the family whose purse is said to be the true arbiter of European affairs, and the members of the family had taken up their quarters in more splendid abodes. The Rothschild museum, therefore, is about to be opened in order to dispose of the old house in an honourable way. Possibly it will be the first time that a monument has been openly erected to wealth alone and with hardly any pretence of being anything else.

Dr. Desprès continues to deal candidly with the laicisation of the hospitals. The doctor's politics, which are republican, do not obscure his sentiments as a doctor, which are humanitarian. He proclaims that nothing but mischief has followed on the expulsion of the nuns, and their being replaced by lay nurses—picked up anywhere, girls from the lowest public houses and the drudges of private