

house of lords; while for every half dozen court ceremonials in vogue during the time of Elizabeth that have been discarded, any person of intelligence can point out a score, equally antique, curious, and some might insist ridiculous, which have been dauntlessly retained.

As I have previously shown in these articles, English villages and village life are in most particulars as charming and characterful as they were any time at or beyond a century ago. The customs remain with these practically the same; and the change in essentials is largely in the imagination of those who remove to the cities, and who are themselves subject to such radical change that their former provincial environment seems mean and deformed from the new and wonderful view. But coming directly to the most important and effective illustration that can be made, take life in and about the great English, or for that matter Scottish and Irish, noblemen's estates. As British institutions and sociology go, these provide the highest possible example. With few exceptions—such as the discontinuance of homebrewing of ale, and the provision of a servants' hall in place of the common table—the entire regime of these splendid places remains the same as in the time when the old robber barons' fortified stone barrels with ditches around them were transformed into princely Elizabethan castle or hall.

In nearly every detail of relations between lord and tenant; between tenant and hind; in the management of the home demesne; in the force of retainers and their duties—from steward or agent, down past head forester and under foresters, head gamekeeper, helpers and "beaters," head gardener and under gardeners, lodge keepers, and all house servants—there remains, strong and fixed and seemingly unchangeable, every olden custom, observance, duty, gratuity and pleasant or unpleasant association of master and man that have, for nearly a quarter of a thousand years, provided the most interesting pages of English literature and secured the almost unshaken admiration, if not always affection, of those who have, despite all political turmoil, held the British nation together; all of which is not in defense of a system, but the statement of a historic fact and practical illustration of a most interesting sociological spectacle.

Generalizing, there are innumerable ancient customs and observances remaining in England peculiar to its people which are almost as unconscious as fadeless. The greatest host of these are of a half religious and half social nature, solely the outgrowth of the influence of the Church of England, which are so much a part of national and individual life, even among dissenters, that their existence is almost unrecognizable among the people themselves. The single instance that the ancient caudle and christening feasts and ceremonies are greatly revived, and often more extravagant than in former times, is sufficiently illustrative. I have heard the town crier announcing the arrival of the coach at old Warwick town, and grotesquely uniformed Sergeants at Mace—"robin red-breasts" they are locally called—stride about within the walls of ancient Londonderry precisely as they did before the long siege. Derby Day, the memorable movable feast and outing, and the statutory feast of the

Twelfth of August, are religiously kept. Parliament always adjourns for the first, and nothing but impending national calamity could tempt it to meet at the time dedicated to the opening slaughter of grouse.

Nearly all the old university and English public school observances and customs are intact. Everybody knows that Guy Fawkes is annually officially and literally searched for in the cellars of parliament house before the opening of parliament. The ancient custom of "doleing" food and clothing to the poor is still observed on St. Thomas Day in Kent. That unimpeachable custom of universal guzzling which, in 1874 alone, brought the national treasury a revenue of £31,000,000, seems to bravely hold its olden own. Over at great Yarmouth by the sea you will still find in general use the famous ancient two-wheeled "Yarmouth cart," little, narrow and low and with shafts as long as a Cuban *volante's*. At Coventry the town council meets in St. Mary's Hall, a structure built for this self-same purpose 600 years ago, and many of the oldest ceremonies are preserved, while every year brings its Lady Godiva processions upon which Peeping Toms, with wooden heads and leering eyes look down. English lovers still run away to get married after the ancient Scotch fashion of consent before witnesses at Gretna Green.

Over in Derbyshire is still splendidly alive the ancient and beautiful ceremony of "well-dressing," and in the heart of Wordsworth's Land, beside the very spot where the grand old singer lies, may be annually seen that sweetest of all pious pastoral customs, "rushbearing," a ceremony perhaps a thousand years older than Christianity itself. There are more "hot cross buns" now sold every Good Friday in England than were ever disposed of on that day before the Reformation. Who can close his eyes or his pocket to that hoary English custom of "tipping" which holds the classes and masses so firmly together? That glorious fountain of childish pleasure, the Punch and Judy show, flourishes everywhere and in blessed youth perennial. There is a hundred times the cross country riding that there was a century ago. Some time since I figured out from reliable data that the rentals of shooting and fishing privileges in Scotland alone annually exceeded £469,612, or \$2,300,000! What must they be for the three kingdoms, and who can truly say that the most ancient and inspiring of British sports are falling into decay? What would the boys and youth of England say to the assertion that "hare-and-hounds," football, cricket and even wrestling and "putting the stone" were not immeasurably more universal and manfully now done than of yore? And last—because one has to stop somewhere in a recital which, briefly made, would fill every column of this paper—it would not be a venturesome thing for one who had tramped the length and breadth of the British Isles, as I have done, to express the firm belief that, two to one, there is today more ringing clatter of better hoof, more jingling of better harness, more rattling of superb coaches and merrier notes from bugle and horn, and this, too, every whit for pleasure, along the grand hedge-bordered highways of Saxons, Gaels and Celts, than were ever known in Britain's palmiest olden coaching days!

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## JOINT BUILDING MUDDLE.

The joint city and county building committee held a long and important executive session last evening in the Mayor's office prior to the council meeting. What was done in detail the members of the committee refused to disclose. The following resolution, however, was passed, Lofthouse alone voting in the negative:

Resolved, That the argument recommended in a report by a sub-committee of the joint committee of the city and county building regarding estimates of the architects and the mode of paying the same, adopted by the joint committee and accepted in writing by J. H. Bowman, contractor, May 12, 1893, be and the same is hereby terminated, provision for such termination having been made in said report, and that the said Bowman be notified by the clerk of the joint committee of the action of said joint committee regarding the termination of said arrangement.

This will result in throwing Mr. Bowman on his own resources, compelling him to make all payments for labor and material. In case he shall be unable to do this the committee declares the city must finish the work but as the latter is without funds there are more prospective complications.

## AMONG THE BEES.

MANTI, Sanpete Co., Utah, July 14. —Up to the 1st of July, this year, the prospects of bee-keepers was very discouraging on account of the backward spring. In Salt Lake county more than one half of the bees died long before June. The cold, rainy weather with occasional fine days, occasioned a great dwindling and weakening of the bee colonies, which caused the depleted swarms to perish. This was not the only reason of bee failure in Salt Lake county, but foul brood has in many cases completely destroyed entire colonies. As many as 70 colonies of last fall are not now remaining to swell the honey harvest that July is producing. Some of the beekeepers now have no bees to gather the honey which is so abundantly secreted in the sweet clover, white clover, red clover, lucern and other blossoms.

Here in Manti one bee master, one of the most successful I have found in Utah, with the aid of his family, yesterday extracted 1020 pounds of honey, and in addition to the extracted honey he took 150 pounds of comb honey, making a total of 1170 pounds. Mr. Wm. Braithwait is the successful beekeeper. He has 300 colonies and scarcely ever loses his bees in wintering them. I expect to have him write on the subject for the benefit of others not so successful.

The honey harvest is coming in now. On the 5th inst. in Salt Lake county the writer took 75 pounds of honey from a few hives of bees—among the first fruits of the season—Mr. Braithwait's 300 colonies, with the excellent flow of honey capable of storing at least 1000 pounds of honey daily.

EDWARD STEVENSON

The state board of pardons of Nevada on Tuesday received and considered fourteen applications for pardon, but not one was granted.