the Sultan to cruise in the waters where the dangerous rock lay hidden, the locality of the rock being, it is said, perfectly well known, although it is not marked on any chart. On the other hand, it is denied that the Duke is to blame in any way, and asserted that he is assailed simply because he is a member of the royal There seems to be a strong family. tendency among the English peo-ple to assume that the royal family obtain and hold their positions in the public service in spite of their The case notorious incompetency. of Prince Albert furnishes a good example. For years and years the press continually ridiculed and attacked him. Everything he did was presented to the people in the most unfavorable light. The great journals declared he was trying to Germanize England, that he was a quarrelsome intermeddler, that he wanted to be king, etc. All this is but the faintest echo of the almost universal tone of the press toward him. The world now knows that it was the reverse of the truth. Prince Albert was anxious above all things to promote the welfare of England. He was exceedingly modest and re-tiring in his nature; and no public man of his time was gifted more sagacity or foresight. Reparation was never made to him during his life, and it is not of very much use to offer it over a grave.

In like manner we are now told that the Duke of Cambridge knows nothing about the army, and is only commander-in-clief because he is the cousin of the Queen. Yet it is a fact that during the last few years he has appeared before several parliamentary committees, the members of which were by no means predisposed in his favor, and he has invariably made a profound impression upon them, as a man who is thoroughly familiar with every detail of his business, from the smallest to the greatest, and who would obviously put the army in a sound and effective condition if he were commander-in-chief in fact, instead of simply in name. Recollecting these things, it may be well to pause before accepting as truth all that is said against the Duke of Edinburgh. He is not very popular, as all are aware, but that is no proof that he caused the loss of the

Sultan.

At the present moment there is a vague feeling of unrest pervading the minds of many in Europe. From one end of it to the other Europe fairly bristles with unsettled questions, some more, some less acute, but all liable to be awakened into activity by some sudden turn of events. The latest addition to these emergencies is the revival of the Armenian question. The Russian ambassador has addressed a note to the Porte calling attention to the condition of Armenia, and asking that the reforms shall be carried out as provided in the 61st Article of the Treaty of Berlin. To jog the memory of the Turk regarding these unexecuted provisions may well be

called the Duke of Edinburgh, on account of the loss of the war ship Sultan. He is blamed for allowing the Sultan to cruise in the waters where the dangerous rock lay hidden, the locality of the rock being, it is said, perfectly well known, although it is not marked on any chart. On the other hand, it is denied that the Duke is to blame in any way, and is sufficiently below.

That standing source of uneasiness, the situation in the Balkan provinces, is not likely to improve. The Servian imbroglio seems to grow more vexed with every month that passes or has passed since the abdication of King Milan. The latest dispatches from Vienna indicate that unless some change soon takes place in regard to the treatment of Austrian claims by the Regents at Belgrade the Vienna government will consider it a cause of war.

A little further to the east lies another "unsettled question." Prince Ferdinand's usurpation of the throne of Bulgaria is considered a perpetual challenge to the Czar and his government, and which may be taken up at any moment when it may suit the ends of Russian policy

to do so.

At the present moment it would seem that the relations between Germany and Switzerland are a "little strained," as the diplomats would say. But why they should be so is not so very clear. Some time ago the Swiss officials in the Canton of Argovia arrested a German police agent who was looking after some fugitive German socialists. Subsequently the Federal government at Berne inquired into the matter and released the agent from prison, but at the same time it ordered him to leave Swiss territory, which he accordingly did. German government thought that its agent was badly treated and called upon the Swiss Federal government to reprimand the authorities of Argovia. The Swiss govern-ment declined to do this, whereupon some of the semi-official German journals threaten Switzerland with condign punishment. These newspapers recommend their goverament to put Switzerland quarantine, and to inaugurate a regime similar to that now existing on Alsace-Lorraine frontier. German newspaper insists that the minister at Berne should be recalled, and it adds: "This recall will be all the more significant as all the European powers have not an equal interest in the neutrality of the Helvetian Confederation and the indivisibility of its territory." easy to perceive that in the event of war, either Germany or France might not hesitate to violate Swiss neutrality.

Mr. Henry George, of New York, is now in Paris ventilating his land theories, but so far with but little success. In France, as in other countries, there are always to be found a number of persons ready to listen to a rehash of old and exploded doctrines; but in France the soil is mostly owned by peasant proprietors, and Mr. George is badly mistaken if he imagines that his

agrarian nonsense will be received by Frenchmen generally otherwise than with a wild burst of laughter.

As the exhibition season wears on the theatrical managers of Paris seem more and more discontented. In fact, the evening entertainments on the Champs de Mars seem to be the great attraction for the people. This is especially the case with the Annamite theatre lately opened on the Esplanade des Invalides. yellow race must be passionately fond of theatricals, for it is said they have more than thirty theatres in the Annam capital. No one need now go to the far east to study the Annamite drama. The little building on the Esplauade des Invalides is picturesquely Oriental. There is no moveable scenery, but pictures by native artists have been painted at the back of the stage. The actors and actresses are nine in number, and it is their happiness to respond to such names as Tho, Cho, Phung, Wang, Dang, etc. Between the acts a band of musicians seated upon a platform produce wonderful sounds that could not fail to charm -bees. One of their pieces is the story of an Oriental Lear, with variations upon Shakespeare. In the last act all the traitors have their heads cut off.

Among the ten thousand objects that American genius and skill have contributed to the exposition, none excites so much curiosity as the latest improved Edison's phonograph. A meek-looking little instrument not much over a foot square, resembling a hand sewing-machine, but with capabilities nearer akin to an entity of mind and brain than anything yet—"created" shall I say? for "invented" seems a word beneath its dignity. How strange it seems to sit in Europe and hear the "fac-simile" of the living voices of friends we have known and words they spake five thous and miles away—to hear the exact words and tones of our national hymn as it was sung by a sweet voice in our native land be-

yond the ocean.

Who has not read or heard that quaint poem of Whittier's, "Telling the Bees," in which he so beautifully describes an old New England custom, or rather superstition? Well, this same custom prevails along the banks of the Rhine in southern Germany and in the province of Alsace at the present time. A short time ago an occurrence of this kind took place at Colmar, in Alsace. A rich farmer died, and as soon as his death was announced his widow went to the hives of the bees and tapping each hive gently three times she gravely told them that the master was dead.

Whittier has a wonderful knack of bringing back the old-time memories, and by the light of this recent occurrence we can better under-

stand his beautiful lines:

"Trembling I listened to the accents low, For I knew she was telling the hees of me. Gone on the journey we all must go! And the song she was stuging ever since In my ear sounded on:—
"Stay at home pretty hees, fly not hence! Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

J. H. WARD. EUROPE, June 24th, 1889.