

Chapel, may have been that built by Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, in the eleventh century; but it probably occupies the very ground where stood the wooden huts of the Irish apostle and his disciples, four or five hundred years before. The nunery would not have been much to his mind; for, like the Russian monastic communities visited by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in the White Sea, the pious sodality of emigrant Celtic Christians shrank with horror from all creatures of the female sex. St. Columba is said (though not so stated in his Grace's book) to have forbidden even a cow to live upon his island, because "where there is a cow there must be a woman; and where there is a woman there must be mischief." Princess Louise will nevertheless be permitted to land there. "Iona," a name of classical sound and look, is but Gaelic, from "I," or "Hy," an island, and a word meaning sacred; the place is sometimes called "I-colum-kil," the Isle of Columba's Mansion. The island is three miles long and one mile broad. It is separated by a very narrow strait from the precipitous headland, with red granite rocks, terminating the Ross of Mull, as the south-west promontory of Mull is named. It commands a magnificent view of all the Inner Hebrides, from Tyree and Coll as far as the mountains of Skye to the north and Jura and Islay to the south. But it was not the wish of St. Columba to enjoy an unbounded prospect. He chose Iona for his residence because it was the first shore he reached where Ireland was out of sight. For he loved his native Donegal but too dearly, and feared he might be tempted to return. The present inhabitants are a few small farmers and cottagers, with "upwards of 200 cows and heifers, 140 younger beasts, about 600 sheep and lambs, twenty-five horses, and some threescore of the pachyderms so dear to all the children of Erin." So the Duke of Argyll is careful to tell us. We suppose he means pigs. The islanders also grow a little corn, and fish for founders, which he says they eat. Murray's Handbook warns us, however, that there is no inn. A St. Columba's Grand Hotel, for summer tourists, with good wines, a billiard-room, baths, and yachts, might appear a speculation not unworthy of this enlightened age. Some limited liability company should take it up, if his Grace's consent were to be expected, which is very doubtful. The Queen and Prince Albert, with the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, visited the Lorne country, and the islands of Mull, Staffa, and Iona, in August 1847, as related in her Majesty's pleasant Journal.

INVERARY CASTLE.

Far up Loch Fyne, an arm of the sea forty miles long, which pierces Western Scotland, its entrance protected from the ocean, moreover, by the lengthy peninsula of Cantire, and by several large islands, is seated the little county town of Argyllshire, with the great house of the Duke, now father-in-law to Princess Louise. Inverary takes its name from the small river Aray, which here, with the Shiray, runs into the loch. The town is not much larger or handsomer than an English village; but it is a notable station for the herring fishery and the "Glasgow magistrates," as the fish brought from Loch Fyne up the Clyde are vulgarly called, have a good marketable reputation. Inverary received its charter as a Royal burgh in 1648 from King Charles I., then a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight. The population numbers about one thousand. Inverary Castle stands close by the town. It will be remembered how, in Scott's "Legend of Montrose," when Captain Dalgety arrives here, with a guide from Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenohr, he sees a terrible sight in the marketplace. "It was a space of irregular width, half-way between the harbour, or pier, and the frowning castle-gate, which terminated, with its gloomy archway, portcullis, and flankers, the upper end of the vista. Midway this space was erected a rude gibbet, on which hung five dead bodies, two of which, from their dress, seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three corpses were muffled in their Highland plaids." These were men condemned as malefactors and put to death by order of the Marquis of Argyll, who had plenary jurisdiction in the county, as the King's Justiciary; but the Highlander's account was that they were "just three gentlemen caterans and two Sassenach bits o' bodies that wadna do something that MacCallum More bade them." Captain Dalgety goes on, and at the gate of the castle, defended by two guns, finds an inclosure, within a stockade or palisade, where he sees a huge block smeared with blood, an axe, likewise bloody, the ground strewn with sawdust, and a human head stuck on a pole. Such were the charms of Inverary in the seventeenth century. The old castle of that time, where Dalgety was thrust into the dark dungeon with poor Randal MacEagh, Son of the Mist, and whence he cleverly escaped by laying hands upon the Marquis, who had ventured alone to speak with them, has long since been demolished. The present mansion was built, about 1750, by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll, brother to John, the second Duke—two of the best and ablest public men Scotland has ever known. It was he, Duke Archibald, who, among other wise and beneficent acts, procured the abolition of those feudal privileges which some of his predecessors had so cruelly used. The architect employed for his building was Adam; this modern castle is a stately but heavy quadrangular structure, of dark slaty stone, with round towers at the angles and a pavilion above. In the great hall is kept a collection of Highland weapons, with the muskets used by the clan Campbell—on King George's side, of course—at the battle of Culloden. The park is beautifully wooded; and the conical hill of Dunaquoich, overlooking the town, Glens Aray and Shiray, and Loch Fyne, commands an extensive landscape.

The General Synod of the Irish Church is summoned to meet on April 13, in Dublin, when the acts of the convention will be reviewed, and final shape given to the new organisation.

A beautiful piece of plate, subscribed for by a long list of officers and others, has been presented to Colonel Roche, late Assistant Adjutant-General and Inspector of Reserve Forces for the North-Western District.

It appears from a Parliamentary return that the number of insane paupers in England and Wales on Jan. 1, 1870, so far as returned, was 46,548, of whom 20,829 were males and 25,719 females. Thus 4.3 per cent of the pauperism on Jan. 1, 1870, is ascribable to insanity. The 46,548 insane paupers were distributed as follows—26,634 in county or borough lunatic asylums; 1589 in registered hospitals or licensed houses; 11,243 in unions or parish workhouses; 883 in lodgings, or boarded out; and 6199 residing with relatives.

News has arrived from the Republic of Chili that the Government of Valparaiso has communicated to the Chilean Minister in London that it is its desire to offer a tribute to the memory of Lord Cochrane by erecting a statue. The proposal was met by the population of Chili, and especially by that of Valparaiso, with such spontaneous welcome that 9000 dols. were quickly subscribed. At the same time the Government prayed the Minister to give instructions for a statue of Lord Cochrane to be sent from England as soon as one can be completed.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

In the "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," which her Majesty has kindly and wisely published for her loving people to read, and which has increased the esteem for her and her late husband in the minds of all judicious and generous readers, we find an account of the Royal visit to Inverary. "Our reception," writes the Queen, "was in the true Highland fashion. The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán' scarf, and Highland bonnet." Let us be permitted to follow this quotation from the Royal mother's journal, with an extract from the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of Aug. 28, 1847, about which time we gave a series of Illustrations of her tour, with the Prince Consort and her two eldest children, in the Western Highlands and Islands. They came to Inverary, where they stayed two or three hours. "The Queen, on ascending the steps," we then remarked, "recognised the little Marquis of Lorne, a graceful child, about three years old, in Highland costume; when her Majesty stepped down and took the little fellow by the hand, and lifted him up and kissed him." The Queen's daughter Louise was not born till May, 1848, about nine months after this pretty incident; and her Majesty could not have had the slightest notion of that bright Scottish boy as her future son-in-law. We are happy to be the means of bringing her maternal kiss to remembrance upon the joyful occasion of the present week.

The Right Honourable John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, styled by courtesy Marquis of Lorne, was born at Stafford House, close to St. James's Palace, Aug. 6, 1845. He is the eldest son and heir of the present Duke of Argyll, the Right Hon. George John Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke, tenth or eleventh Marquis, and eighteenth Earl of Argyll (since 1457), Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowall, Viscount of Lochow and Glenila, Baron Campbell by writ in 1445, Baron of Lorne, 1470, Baron of Inverary, Morven, Mull, and Tyree, all in the Peerage of Scotland; Baron Sundridge, of Coomb Bank, Kent, and Baron Hamilton, of Hambleton, Leicestershire, in the Peerage of England; hereditary Master of the Queen's Household; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland; Admiral of the Western Isles; Keeper of Dunoon, Dunstaffnage, and Carrick Castles; heritable Lord Lieutenant and Sheriff of Argyllshire; thirty-second Knight of Lochow. The Marquis of Lorne, now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, has four younger brothers—Archibald, born in 1846, Walter, George, and Colin, the last born in 1853; he has seven sisters, the eldest of whom is wife to Earl Percy, M.P., son and heir to the Duke of Northumberland. His mother, the Duchess of Argyll, was Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Sutherland Leveson-Gower, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and late Mistress of the Robes.

He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected M.P. for the shire of Argyll, in 1868, and has since acted as private secretary to the Duke, his father, in his office of Secretary of State for India. He is a captain of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, and of the 4th Sutherlandshire Rifle Volunteers.

The Marquis of Lorne made himself favourably known to the English reading public, in 1867, by a volume called "A Trip to the Tropics," in which he gave an account of his visit to the West Indies and the United States. It was in January, 1866, that he went out, in company with Mr. Arthur Strutt. He stayed nine days in Haiti, a month in Jamaica, and looked in at Havana. The inquiry then going on with regard to the alleged cruelty and iniquity of the Colonial Government in the suppression of the negro revolt at Morant Bay led him to see more of the country, and to hear more of its actual condition, than he might otherwise have done. He met Governor Eyre, whose motives he esteemed good; but he found cause to believe that the negro peasantry suffered from a bad administration, and he could not approve of the illegal severities practised under martial law. Writing, as he did, before the report of the Royal Commission, the opinions formed by this young nobleman, amidst conflicting reports of excited partisans, were such as did credit to his judgment and to his candid desire of truth. It is interesting to observe that the slightly contemptuous tone in which thoughtful Englishmen are apt to speak of the coloured races, as "niggers," and so forth, though it might have been encouraged by witnessing the wretched state of Haiti, was corrected by his interview with an educated black gentleman such as President Geffard. Lord Lorne "made his own reflections," a few days afterwards, upon meeting a party of "haw-haw" British officers, who said to him, "Fancy a black republic! Haw, haw! I always feel inclined to knock a nigger down when he's impudent; and what they must be when they're free, like that, I'm sure I don't know." The Marquis, on hearing this sensible remark, confesses that he "remembered the courtesy and refinement of President Geffard's conversation." There are many similar traits of a just and generous spirit in his book, without any enthusiastic delusion of philanthropy and universal liberty, but exempt from the prejudices and groundless antipathies in which some of our youth grow up. He was, even at the age of twenty-one, a sounder Liberal than Mr. Anthony Trollope; but was disposed, when in the United States, a twelvemonth after the close of the Civil War, to recommend a conciliatory treatment of the South, to respect the patriotism of its defeated leaders, and to look hopefully on the prospect of the country after emancipation. Yet he deals more in reports of what was said to him by good local informants than in theories or conjectures of his own; and he was freely admitted, of course, to the best American society, both in the South and in the North. Ten days at New York, and the same time at Boston, with a visit to Harvard University, the acquaintance of Everett and Longfellow, and a lecture from Emerson, were followed by an equal sojourn at Washington, the sight of Congress in Session, an introduction to President Johnson, and instructive talk with General Grant, Mr. Seward, and other chief politicians of the Union. He then made a tour in Virginia, found the city of Richmond still in ruins, heard many anecdotes and expressions of feeling on the Confederate side, accepted the hospitality of planters and saw the habits of the negroes, the immediate effects of their release from slavery, the schools and other beneficial agencies established by the Freedmen's Bureau. His affability and wish to gather knowledge of mankind are proved by talks with fellow-passengers on steam-boats, with dusky-skinned labourers in the fields of the South, with hosts of rustic inns, and even with Irish waiters in the hotel at New York, whom he slyly provoked to discuss their hopes of the Fenian conspiracy, while assuring them it could never succeed. A short stay in Baltimore, where he listened, by a lady's pianoforte, to the Secession song "My Maryland," was the last of his tour in the States; and it would be advantageous were all our countrymen, whether of the aristocratic, the commercial, or the professional and literary class, to see both Massachusetts and Virginia with the same friendly eyes. The Marquis did not see the Great West, but hastened by

Niagara to the British provinces, of which he tells us little, only touching upon the outward aspects of Toronto, Kingston, and Ottawa. His narrative, which is neatly compiled from letters sent home during his journey, ends rather abruptly with the Fenian invasion of Canada, in June of that year. The title "A Trip to the Tropics," gives a wrong notion of the contents of this agreeable book, for it is more than half filled with descriptions of the great English-American Republic; and the West Indian islands he visited, though just within the tropical line of geography, are scarcely a true sample of the equatorial region. But it is very likely that the publisher, and not the Marquis of Lorne, invented this word-catching title. We are not aware of any second edition now forthcoming; the events and controversies which occupied the young tourist's attention belong to the past, and five years since have allowed their importance to dwindle away. But it is as an exhibition of his mind and temper, which all the Queen's subjects or friends of the Royal family must be pleased to observe, that a re-perusal of the book will be interesting at the present time. It displays no remarkable cleverness, but much good sense and good feeling; the observant shrewdness of a Scotchman, a sober judgment of men and things, and a lively sense of humour. With these mental endowments, the Marquis of Lorne had so early gained a respectable position in the literary world.

"GRANDMOTHER'S BRIDAL CROWN."

We often think of southern climates as favourable to love as to song. But this impression may well be challenged as a popular illusion. It is questionable whether northern lands are not equally rich in both—whether, with a more active and robust physique, the affections, including true love, as distinguished from passion, are not stronger, deeper, and more lasting, and the imagination more soaring and fertile. Surely, love is sung in strains as tender and touching, if in sounds less soft, in the lands of sagas and eddas and leids, as in climes of stanza and canzone and minstrel romance. Be this as it may, the ceremonies with which betrothal and marriage are celebrated among Northern, and particularly Scandinavian, nations, are, in general, of a more expressive and elaborate kind—the observances partake more of the nature of a religious rite—than among the peoples of the "sunny south."

We are reminded of this fact by the picture we have engraved—an admirable work by Tidemand, the Norwegian master, who is very deservedly famous as one of the very greatest modern painters of native manners. The incident represented refers indirectly to the singular custom in Norway and Sweden of the bride wearing a handsome crown at her wedding. The idea thus symbolised must be regarded as beautiful, and one well calculated to awaken reverent associations. The marriage rite is made a ceremony of highest honour; the bride becomes a peeress among her sex, a queen to her lord. The bridal crown is the most precious relic of the family; it is a heirloom which descends from mother to daughter often for several generations. These crowns are always more or less elaborate and rich in their ornamentation; in wealthier families they are sometimes very costly; not infrequently, indeed, they are of pure gold; and many of them evince the remarkable skill of the ancient Scandinavian metal-workers. In the subject before us an aged dame, with natural pride, is showing the splendid bridal ornament, the glory of her own youth, to her grandchildren. She has taken it out of the strong, antique trunk where the most precious family relics are preserved; and as she lifts the veil, which is one of its appendages, she watches, with a touching expression of maternal interest and love and pride, the pretty maiden kneeling with girlish naïveté and modesty on the footstool before her. That fair brow will next be decked with the symbol of nuptial honour, as it once decked the brow now deeply furrowed by Time; the veil will by-and-by fall over that long, flowing, flaxen hair, as it once fell over hair now snowy white with age. The maiden herself is still so young that she shares the childish admiration of her little brother and sister; yet her chance attitude is suggestive of the respectful estimation of the "bridal crown" to which she is bred, and some anticipations beyond those of mere girlish vanity may be blamelessly evoked in her pure mind. We need not dwell on the admirable manner in which this simple incident is presented by the Norwegian master. Whilst the sound drawing, able composition, good colouring, and sterling, manly workmanship throughout bear witness to the great and recognised ability of the painter, the national traits displayed, and sympathy with homely virtues evinced, are not less characteristic of the man. We should add that the picture is the property of the Crown Princess of Sweden, and was a bridal present to her from the ladies of Norway. The two prints represented in the picture as nailed inside the lid of the open trunk are doubtless intended as portraits of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. The publication of our engraving of the picture will, be trust, not be considered inappropriate to a week that has witnessed a union which every Englishman will hope may be crowned with all happiness, as it is with all honour.

The annual conversazione of the Quekett Microscopical Club took place, at University College, yesterday week, and was largely attended. The objects provided by the club for the entertainment of its guests comprised all the optical novelties of the year. Photography was on this, as at the last annual soiree, well represented. A large series of photographs of Indian temples and scenery was lent by the India Office.

The anniversary of the Royal Benevolent Society of St. Patrick was celebrated, yesterday week (St. Patrick's Day), by a banquet at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The objects of the charity are to provide education for the children of the Irish poor of London, without distinction of religion, and to place them either as apprentices to trades or to other industrial occupations, the committee preserving over those so placed a superintendence and care. The subscriptions, including a hundred guineas from the Queen, amounted to more than £700.

Preparations for the Census to be taken on Monday, the 3rd proximo, are now complete. In order that the record of the number of the population may be full and accurate, all those precautions have been taken to avoid sources of error which past experience has shown to be necessary. Provision is also made for obtaining a list of persons in her Majesty's ships at sea and on foreign stations, the crews of merchantmen and other vessels belonging to English ports, and of all residents who may be travelling abroad on that night. The Census schedules will be left at every house—one for every family or lodger—during the week which commences on Monday next, March 27. They contain explicit instructions as to the mode in which the form is to be filled up, and the head of the family is bound to furnish all the necessary particulars, under a penalty of £5. Enumerators, each of whom will have a district of about 200 houses, will receive a fee of a guinea, and 2s. 6d. for each hundred persons after the first 400. Registrars are to be paid 4s., and 1s. additional for each hundred persons above 1200.