

"His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore." The ceremony concluded with the benediction pronounced by the Dean, and the solemn music as the Dead March rang through the Abbey while the relatives and friends pressed to take a last glimpse of all that remained of the gifted Sir Charles Barry. A flag was hoisted on the Victoria Tower half-mast high during the day, and as long as that tower stands, its great founder will need no other memorial of his fame with posterity.

HAIL INSURANCE IN FRANCE.—The losses by hail in France in 1830, were, £1,840,000; in 1845, £2,000,000; in 1850, £480,000; in 1851, £500,000.

THE LATE MR. PRICE.—AN ENORMOUS BONUS. The death of Ralph Price, Esq., vice-president, trustee, and senior director of the *Equitable Insurance Society*, took place at his residence at Sydenham, on the 3rd of April. Having originally assured his life in the above office half a century ago, he was, in the year 1815, elected a director of the society. His policy, originally effected for £3,000, has accumulated to no less a sum than £25,000.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have again the pleasure of noticing "Once a week," a periodical the character of which is well kept up. The last few numbers have contained a somewhat rich and racy story founded on the proceedings in the new divorce court; some of the illustrations of which, although rather in the "Punch" style, are admirably conceived and executed.

From a late number, we extract the following:
Down, down, Ellen, my little one—
Climbing so tenderly up to my knee;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are taunting me,
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me?

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one—
Warbling so faintly close to my ear;
Why should you choose, of all songs that are haunting me,
This, that I made for your mother to hear;

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one—
Wailing so wearily under the stars;
Why should I think of her tears that make light to me,
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one—
Is she not like her, whenever she stirs?
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
Lips that will some day be honeyed, like hers?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one—
Though her white bosom is stilled in the grave
Something more white than her bosom is spared to me,
Something to cling to, and something to crave.

Love, love, Ellen, my little one—
Love indestructible, love undimmed,
Love through all depths of her spirit lies bared to me,
Oft as I look on the face of her child.

A. J. Mumby.

ENGLISH VERSUS CANADIAN TAXES ON THE CIRCULATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

In a late number of the "Post Magazine,"—an Insurance Journal published in England, we find the following: "In accordance with the new postal regulations, extra copies of the 'Post Magazine' can be sent through the United Kingdom at the following scale of charges:—

Eight copies.....1d.
Sixteen do.....2d.
Thirty two.....4d.
And for every additional sixteen copies...2d."

The "Post Magazine" is the same size as "Once a Month," and on the latter our Postal authorities make us pay:

On eight copies.....8 cents.
On sixteen copies.....12 cents.
and so on. Being just *three times* the English Postage on the same sized Periodical.

VARIETIES.

A discussion is going on in the military newspapers respecting the salute to volunteer officers not commissioned. The general tendency of the letters is against such saluting. One correspondent says:—"These quasi-officers surely do not expect a salute from their own men. If not, why from the regulars? They are not military officers, nor entitled to military privileges."—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

A novel ceremony has just come off in the coal fields of the Lyons basin; at St. Etienne, a new shaft being sunk, the local clergy assembled at the mouth of the pit to bless the diggings, and exorcise fire damp.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* at Christians, states that the English language has of late become a compulsory branch of education in the public schools of Norway.

At the sale of the late Mr. Houldsworth's pictures in Glasgow, last week, a further instance of the high prices now obtained for modern works of art is to be remarked. Mr. Faed's "Sunday in the Backwoods" fetched £1,310. MacIver's "Sleeping Beauty," £900; W. Linnell's "Leith Hill, Surrey," £660. "Eastward, Ho!" and "Home Again," by H. O'Neill, together, brought £1,857 8s. Sir E. Landseer's "Uncle Tom and Wife for Sale," £800; "Interior of the Duomo, Milan," by David Roberts, £1,010. Stannfield's "Port na Spania," £1,300.

The London Inns of Court Rifle Volunteer Corps, which is entirely composed of lawyers, has received a very good nickname. They are called "The Devil's Own," and "Retained for the Defence," has been suggested as a motto for them. The Artist's Corps is called "The Stand-at-Easels."

A DEAR GLASS OF WINE.—At Bremen there is a wine cellar, called a "store," where five hog-heads of Rhenish wine have been preserved since 1625. These five hogheads cost about £50. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hoghead would be worth one thousand millions of money. A bottle of this precious wine would cost about £908 8s. 11d, and a single glass about £113 18s. 9d.

AT ONCE.—"Gentlemen," said Baron Bramwell to a Gloucester jury, at the last assizes in that town "the meaning of 'at once' is very uncertain. Now, if I asked you to dine with me 'at once,' (and here looked at them with an expression which said plainly 'I wish you may get it')—if I asked you to dine with me at once, you would, certainly, come to-day. But if a lady and gentleman were to say 'let us be married at once,' that would mean in a fortnight." We would suggest three weeks if it were to be accomplished by banns.

Thomas Hall, a linen-weaver in Ireland, has finished a shirt entirely in the loom. It is woven throughout without seams, and very accurately and neatly gathered at the neck, shoulders, and wrists. The neck and wrist-bands are doubled and stitched; there is a regular selvege on each side of the breast; and where stitching ordinarily is, so it is in this shirt. In short, it is as perfectly finished as if made by an expert needlewoman. The shirt has been exhibited to several persons in the linen trade, who are completely satisfied that it is actually the production of the loom, without any assistance from the needle.

BEE-KEEPING IN LONDON.—At the April meeting of the Apian Society, Mr. Shirley Hibbard read a paper on "Bee-keeping in London," and (in illustration of the possibility of keeping bees in the suburbs) exhibited a box of honey weigh-

ing 32lbs., the produce of a hive which gave 48lbs. last year, in the three-mile circle. It was pronounced one of the best worked boxes ever exhibited, and, in colour and flavour, equal to average samples of country produce.—*City Press*.

THE SWEETS OF ORIZON.—What those "sweets" were I could never exactly discover. After some little experience of what is called public life, I will venture to assert, with considerable confidence, that, as a lucrative calling, the trade of politics is about the most beggarly pursuit which any gentleman can take up.—*Once a Week*.

It is rumoured in Court circles that the Queen will visit Ireland in July, accompanied by the Prince Consort and some members of her Majesty's family.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in noticing the progress of architecture, mentions the following canonization:—"The Independents follow closely in the wake of the Church. They have got over their objections to steeples and crosses, and now, it would seem, to the names of saints. St. David's, Lewisham-road, the first Independent church, we believe, with a saintly title, is so named in honour of the late Lord Mayor, Alderman David Wire, under whose patronage it was built.

RECRUITING FOR THE POPE.—The new Irish crusade for the Pope is being carried on with considerable vigour. One account states that 200 drapers' assistants in Dublin had volunteered for the Papal army, while another represents the number as high as 350, and it is stated that the houses thus denuded of their hands have been compelled to supply their places with women. On Friday morning 150 "fine young men, belonging chiefly to the farming classes," and accompanied by two of their spiritual advisers, arrived in Cork, from Kilkenny, en route to Rome, and the *Cork Herald* tells us that an additional reinforcement is expected from Kerry. From the neighbourhood of Drogheda a number of young men have already been despatched to meet Lemericière's mercenary forces, and it is stated that the priests are anxiously awaiting the disembodiment of the militia, from which they expect to secure a large number of "volunteers." While all this is going on—and the cost of the movement must be very great—many of the Irish papers, including the *Freeman's Journal*, are loudly appealing to the Government and the public to provide assistance for the starving thousands of Ennis and Tyrrawley—an appeal which has hitherto met with but very indifferent success. Ireland has proved herself rich enough to be able to pour large sums into the coffers of the Pope, and to provide for the expenses of a brigade to assist in fighting the battles of his holiness, but she has little or nothing to give in aid of the "fifteen hundred or two thousand families" on the Mayo coast, whose "cry of anguish" the British Government is now called upon to silence by a grant of public money.—*Bristol Mercury*.

LIGHT LAND.—An auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the country; it's so light—so very light. Mr. Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns the next patch, and will tell you how easily it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a plaguy sight easier to gather the crops."—*Ibid*.

ANSWERING TWO QUESTIONS AT A TIME.—Pat: "Here, Biddy, my darlint, what's the time o' night, and where's the pertaty pudding?" "It's eight."

As a man named John Murray, of Abbeyside, Dungarron, was engaged in an excavation, outside his premises, near the Old Augustinian church, he discovered a piece of gold, weight 1lb. 4oz., estimated at about £140.—*Ibid*.