

crease; those of the bachelor, however, being always greater at all after ages, while those of the widowed of both sexes as rapidly increased up to 86—the widowers always retaining the advance. At 86 the chances of marriage for the widow, as compared with those of the spinster, are as 7 to 1; that is, that 7 may be wagered to 1 on the widow marrying first—a rather remarkable fact, though not opposed to experience, but whether that number represents the greater attractiveness of widows at that age, or their greater desire of marriage, we will not rashly venture to decide. At 60, the probabilities are for the widower 128 times better than that of the old bachelor; and those of the widow 95 times greater than that of the spinster, though only half the probabilities of the widower. The numbers below the ages of 20 and above 60 have been rejected as too insignificant to be estimated. Seeing from this table, how rapidly the chances of celibacy increase after 20, and how quickly the unwise habit becomes confirmed, let those who are discreet “gather roses while they may!”—*The Ladies' Treasury.*

INSURANCE OFFICE LITIGATIONS.

Whenever an Insurance office resists a claim, and the case comes before a jury, there is usually observed in the latter body a tendency to sympathize with the claimant. So much is this the case, that respectable Insurance offices scarcely ever resist payment except in cases where they think the claim particularly fraudulent and fallacious, knowing well that if the matter can be interpreted otherwise, it is sure to be so. The ordinary sort of men who constitute the bulk of juries here, follow an instinct on the whole amiable—a solicitude about the interests of the one against the many, of the powerless against the powerful. But the only legitimate scope of this feeling is, a watchfulness to see the individual is not wronged. If we allow the individual to commit a wrong, or back him up or help him out in it, however multifarious, rich or powerful be the opposite party, we are obviously acting much aside from our duty. Juries ought, therefore, in all such cases, to be very careful, to weigh simply the truth and the justice of the matter, and to be scrupulously lest feeling should have undue sway with them.

They would probably be less liable to error in this last respect, if they had a more correct conception of what ‘the office’ really is. Commonly it is viewed as an impersonal thing, which can no more be hurt than a stock or a stone, and which especially, never can suffer by having a little gold excavated out of it. In truth the office is a congeries of human beings, with interests exactly like those of the claimant. Whether proprietary or mutual in the principle of insurance, its policies are simply engagements between man and man, with human interests to be damaged or protected on both sides equally. In the case of a proprietary establishment, the wrong inflicted by a policy-holder infers a slice cut away from profits; in that of a mutual office, it is an injury done by one towards a number of people associated with him in one common venture. You may be sympathizing with a widow claimant; but there are widows on this side too, whose ultimate benefits will be the less if you favour one unduly just now, or you may be wishing to give some adroit male adventurer what ought to belong to the widows and fatherless. Pause, then, jurymen; there is you may depend upon it, no true rule to be followed but that of a strict justice between the parties.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PITY A POOR PRINCE.

A short time since, we took occasion to notice some of the curious outrages on good taste and good sense committed by official people who happen to be entrusted with the duty of receiving the Queen when she travels. We drew, it may be remembered, a strange but perfectly true picture of towns turning themselves into travelling circuses, and railway refreshment rooms trying to look like Royal boudoirs under the amazing delusion that the sovereignty of this country would approve of them all the more for appearing to be ashamed of themselves, in their own characters. We thought it hard at that time, and we think it hard still, that persistent Mayors should besiege the Royal carriage-windows, and pitiless corporations pour out all the vials of bad grammar on the Royal head, whenever they can catch the first Personage in these realms on her travels. And we then expressed a very decided opinion (which we now reiterate) that the practice of concealing from our Queen, the true aspect of towns, stations, and, where it is possible, even of the people themselves, amounts in effect to a species of positive disloyalty, for the plain reason that it deprives her, in her relation to her subjects and to all that surrounds them, of every fair means of judging accurately for herself.

Certain events have lately happened which oblige us to return to this subject. The official persecution of her Majesty has extended its subject range of action, and has now overtaken Her Majesty's second son, Prince Alfred.

When we first heard of the profession that had been chosen for the young Prince, we could not divest ourselves of the idea that the Queen had been to some extent influenced, in arriving at her decision, by a natural wish to preserve one of her children at least, from falling a victim to the municipal authorities of his native country. Any hope of rescue for her eldest son was clearly out of the question. We are all of us born to a drawback of some kind; and the Prince of Wales, as heir to the throne, is necessarily born to a drawback of Mayors and Corporations. Prince Alfred however, it was still possible to save from being addressed at his carriage-window, from being bewildered by make-shift drawing-rooms, and from being loyally leapt over, as it were, by sprightly pole-and-canvas arches, whenever he attempted to drive through the streets of a strange town. The one apparently safe means of accomplishing his preservation from these and other equally unendurable nuisances, the present Mayor-and-Corporation-burdened-condition of all civilized land, was clearly to send him to sea—and that is exactly what his Royal mother has done with him.

Whether we are right or wrong in venturing to set up this theory, one thing at least is certain. Prince Alfred was not sent to sea as a Prince of the blood royal, but as a midshipman of the Euryalus. The Queen has determined, with excellent good sense, that he shall learn his noble profession exactly as other English lads learn it; that he shall rank with his brother officers on a footing of perfect equality; and that if he rises (as we all hope he will rise) to a position of eminence in the navy, he shall have something higher and better—something infinitely more satisfactory to his country and to himself—to thank for it, than the accident of his birth. It is gratifying to know this; it is doubly gratifying to know that the son is worthy of the mother's confidence; that he frankly and gladly accepts his position; and that, finding himself in a new sphere of action (in which he it remembered, his social standing is really and truly decided by his individual merit,) he is as happy and as popular with his messmates as any other sensible, good-

humoured, high-spirited English boy might be in his place.

These things are matters of public notoriety. It is perfectly well known that the Prince eats and drinks and sleeps as other midshipmen eat and drink and sleep, that his outfit has been exactly regulated (though the tradesman who made his chest is rumoured to have gone the loyal length of French polishing it) by the outfits of other midshipmen, and that every distinction, in short, (except the too enthusiastic polishing of the chest) has been most strictly and sensibly levelled between the many young officers who are the sons of gentlemen, and the one young officer who is the son of the Queen. Under these circumstances it would seem hardly necessary that her Majesty should have been obliged to express a wish (as she is understood, however, to have expressed a wish) that no public receptions of the Prince should take place when the Euryalus happened to touch at any particular port. Every circumstance connected with the manner in which the Queen has sent her son to sea, must surely speak for itself, to the same plain and direct purpose, in the case of any official personage in any part of the world, who possesses one atom of tact or one grain of common sense? Here is the man-of-war, Euryalus; and one of the midshipmen on board bears the christian name of Alfred. Surely the clumsiest of mankind may be trusted not to commit the gross blunder of tearing off the wisely assumed incognito of the young officer, and setting him up before his messmates and companions (in flat defiance of the principle on which his own parents have so considerably and so sensibly acted) as a Prince of the Blood Royal, who is not and never can be, one of themselves!

Alas! alas! the clumsiest of mankind must and will blunder, to the end of the world, even in the plainest and simplest matters. Exactly as the disastrous tradesman at home, french-polished the chest, so the disastrous diplomatic tradesmen abroad, french-polish Midshipman Alfred, the moment they get hold of him, with a royal reception.

The good ship Euryalus arrives in the Bay of Tangier; and the royal midshipman probably looks forward to a run on shore along with some of his friends in the gun-room. No such good fortune awaits him. We learn from the correspondent of the Gibraltar Chronicle, that Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. D. Hay, proceeded in a Moorish—more properly called Mayorish—launch, to wait upon his Royal Highness. Mr. D. Hay is instantly saluted by eleven honorary explosions from the guns of the Euryalus—not one of which we regret to find, was sufficiently powerful to blow him back instantly to his office on shore. The Prince disembarks (as midshipmen invariably do) with twenty-one honorary explosions from the joyful town; which are immediately returned (captains being always particularly attentive where salutes to their midshipmen are concerned) by more explosions from the Euryalus. His Royal Highness—Midshipman Alfred no longer—is received by a perfect Corporation of civil and military authorities. Saddle horses are in attendance; but the Prince not being quite nautical enough yet to get on horseback the moment he gets on shore, walks up to his quarters with his wearisome escort after him. The same day he has to make calls of ceremony on the minister and the Governor; and the next morning, by way of showing him a particularly interesting and useful sight to a sailor, he is taken into the country to witness the manœuvring of a large body of cavalry—possibly the Horse Marines, in which case, we think it hard on the ship's company not to have invited them all to see the review. It is only fair to the authorities to con-