

'YOU ARE A FISHMONGER!'—Hamlet's intimation to Polonius is now applicable to the Prince of Wales, who has been inducted into one of the great corporate bodies of London, as may be seen by the following extract from a late paper:

Foreigners will be amused, and perhaps, somewhat puzzled, to hear that the Prince of Wales has, with considerable ceremony, become a fishmonger, and that he is likely also to become a skinner, a seiter, an ironmonger, a haberdasher, a merchant tailor, and, perhaps, a member of other useful trades. He swore last Thursday to be true to the Queen, and obedient to the wardens 'of the Mystery of Fishmongers,' and 'ready to come at their lawful warning, except I have a lawful excuse, without feigning or delay, according to the lawful ordinances of the Mystery of Fishmongers aforesaid.' The Prime Warden, Mr. Underwood, not feeling well enough to address His Royal Highness on this solemn occasion, Mr. William Cubitt, M. P., one of the Wardens, undertook the duty, and welcomed the Prince in a speech in which he plunged so deep into the antiquities

have expressed yourselves towards me on the occasion of my taking up my freedom, and on your enrolling my name as a citizen with those illustrious personages and relatives who stand recorded in your annals. It cannot be otherwise than a source of pride, and of a still deeper feeling—that of affection—when I look upon those walls and see the portraits of those whose son and grandson hopes to form one of your distinguished body; and to be thought worthy of occupying the place of that lamented parent whose loss the whole country has united in deploring, would be in itself an object of my highest ambition. Gentlemen: Let me also tender to you my warmest acknowledgements for the manner in which you have offered your congratulations to me on my approaching marriage, and to the young princess who hopes soon to adopt the proud name of an Englishwoman, and to prove herself a comfort to the Queen in her affliction.

It is needless to add that this, the Prince's maiden speech, was received with great applause.

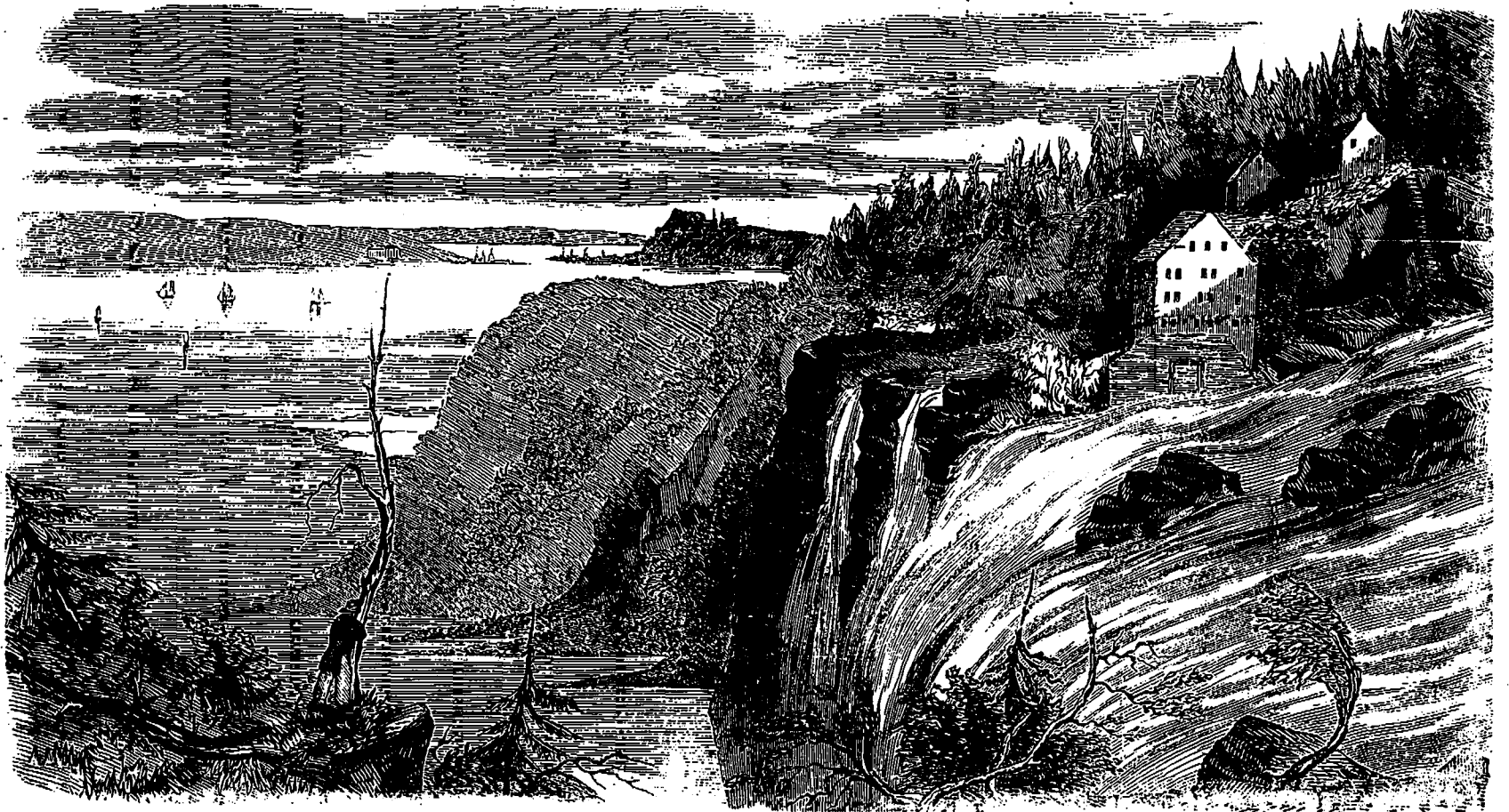
Fortune alters not the nature.

great philosophers—such as Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Michael Angelo, and Flaxman. 'The world shut out' was the command which every artist readily obeyed while engaged in his spiritual work; and it was only when the task was completed that he was to come forth to receive admiration. A concert, conducted by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, then followed, in which Madame Enderssohn, Mrs. Alfred Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole and Messrs. Alfred and Henry Holmes, and Herr Schloesser, took part.

THE EMPEROR'S CONFISCATION.—The recent suppression of the Duc d'Aumall's work is thus explained by the critic of the Saturday Review: 'It is a small but characteristic vice in one author to damage his brother. Literary dog preys on literary dog. The confiscation of the forthcoming History of the Prince of Conde is merely a sharp book-seller's trick in favor of the forthcoming Life of Cæsar. Probably it was thought that the firmament of French thought could not endure two great lights at once. An Emperor's book and an exiled Royal Highness's book could not move

and their general deportment so inconsistent as to excite an apprehension in the mind of their pastor that, so far as they are concerned, he has 'labored in vain, and spent his strength for naught.' If it be required to observe decency and order while we are in the sanctuary, engaged in its important work, surely it is needful that somewhat like these should be discernible in the manner of our retiring from that holy place and employment; this should not resemble that of a gay, tumultuous throng, who have just quitted scenes of fashionable dissipation or public entertainment. Whoever desires to obtain permanent advantage by the public celebration of religious ordinances, must retire from it with a serious mind to the performance of private duties; and, above all things, endeavor to preserve a lasting remembrance of the Word of the Lord.—Rev. Henry Draper.

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides or Fidelity—a goddess of 'faith and honesty,' to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor and modesty; and her symbol was two right



SCENE FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE FALL OF MONTMORENCI.

of the Fishmongers, their hostility to Wat Tyler, and loyalty to Richard II., that when he returned to the surface he could not recall the name of the 'illustrious, beautiful, and accomplished' Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and was indebted for that historical hint to a kind prompter. Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Rowland Hill were also initiated in the evening, when Lord Shaftesbury explained that though Princes and Peers might seem to condescend to the fishmongers, the obligation really lay the other way, since the House of Lords owes a great deal more to the new blood of the fishmongers and their brethren, than the fishmongers owe to the House of Lords.

The Prince in tendering his thanks to the Fishmongers' Company for presenting him with the freedom of their Company, said:

Mr. Cubitt and Gentlemen: It is with the greatest pleasure that I find myself called upon to return my sincere thanks to you, Sir, as Prime Warden, and to you, gentlemen of the Court of Assistants, of this honorable and ancient Company of Fishmongers, for the complimentary and kind terms in which you

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The fourth conversazione of the above society took place on Tuesday evening, at the Portland Gallery, Regent street—kindly lent for the occasion by the Institution of Fine Arts. There was a numerous attendance of ladies and gentlemen, who appeared to take considerable interest in the paintings exhibited in the three rooms which compose the gallery. Mr. Héraud read an interesting paper 'On Poetry in connection with the Fine Arts.' Poetry was a work of art; and the word poet, which was derived from a Greek word, signified a creator. Next to man himself was the work of man. A picture, a statue, a musical composition, or a drama—in which last all the arts unite—was an evidence of creative power.

In that sense, every man was by nature an artist. Poetry was closely allied with philosophy. It was in silence and solitude that all great ideas were nourished, until from small seeds they germinated into great trees, bearing golden fruits, with graceful stems, adorned with many-colored leaves. The more ideal the source, the more beautiful the result.—The greatest poets and artists were also

in friendly orbits. To avoid collision and crash among the stars must have been the motive for prohibiting the publication in France of the Duke of Aumale's work. Messrs. Longman and Mr. Murray would either of them, perhaps, be glad if their respective books of the season did not appear simultaneously.—It is one of the advantages which an Imperial writer possesses, that he can forestall the market. The Prefect of Police stands instead of a considerable amount of advertising. It is only in the interests of the Emperor's publisher that M. Levy's property has been seized; and the Life of Cæsar will undoubtedly be benefitted by depriving the French Musée of the counter attraction of the Duke of Aumale's History.

BEHAVIOR ON LEAVING CHURCH.—Ministers have often occasion to regret the change which takes place among their hearers when they are dismissed from the house of prayer. Many who appear deeply impressed with the word of God, and the solemnities of His worship, become, as soon as these are ended, frivolous and careless; their conversation is unprofitable, their manner light,

hands joined, or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

THE FALL OF MONTMORENCI.

Ten years ago, on a bright morning in the month of May, we for the first time caught a glimpse of this beautiful water fall from the deck of an emigrant vessel. The rays of the rising sun had not sufficiently chased away the gloom so as to enable us to behold it in all its grandeur. The roar of its waters was heard long before the white sheet of foam could be seen through the darkness, as it rose from the depth beneath. It still rises up before the imagination when the mind looks back upon the past, and is associated there with the first day spent in our western home. This river flows down from the southern mountains, through a rich and fertile country, and among woods and rocks, till it reaches the banks of the St. Lawrence, with its accumulating waters. Here it dashes over a perpendicular rock two hundred and twenty feet high, and is lost amid the waters of that mighty river as they march onward to the ocean.