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CONTENTS.

Lost in the Fog.....  
 Marriage statistics.....  
 Insurance Office litigation.....  
 Pity a poor Prince.....  
 Fires in Australia.....  
 Large Life Assurance.....  
 Fire Insurance in France.....  
 Biography—Sir Charles Barry.....  
 Hail Insurance in France.....  
 The late Mr. Price.....  
 Book Notices.....  
 Taxes on Knowledge—English and Canadian...  
 Varieties.....  
 Births, Marriages, Deaths.....  
 Advertisements.....

LOST IN THE FOG.

(From *Once a Week*.)

In one of the summer months of the year 185—, application was made to a great London Insurance Company to insure the life of Mr. Andrew Macfarlane, of Raw Material Street, Manchester, for a very heavy sum. Mr. Macfarlane was not a young man, being described by himself as between forty and fifty, and the sum was of such an unusual amount, that the Company thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution; they therefore stipulated upon seeing the gentleman personally, and having him examined by two of their own medical men in their office in London, in addition to the usual preliminary investigation. Mr. Macfarlane accordingly appeared one morning, looking a most robust and healthy middle-aged gentleman, with a fine, broad, ruddy, close-shaven face, and iron-grey hair: the examination was pronounced satisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Macfarlane was a more than usually healthy person, and the policy was granted without delay.

One morning in November of the same year, London was shrouded in one of its densest fogs. That combination of smoke and vapour to be met with in its full perfection in no other part of the globe, pervaded street and river. Fog had reigned supreme over the metropolis the whole of the previous day, and had become so thick at night that foot-passengers had great difficulty in finding their way along the streets; the crossing of a wide street or square looking like diving into some dark and unexplored expanse, all landmarks were swept away, the lamps were scarce visible one from another; experienced Londoners found themselves turning the wrong corners, and the cabs and other vehicles had no chance of reaching their destination, save by adhering to the curb-stone.

That November morning the newspapers bore witness to the dangers of the previous day in many a lengthy catalogue of accidents. As morning broke, the fog seemed likely to rule another day, but as the sun gained strength, he brought with him a fresh breeze, and the fog lifting, like a vast curtain, once more disclosed to

the persecuted Londoners the features of their lost city.

Light was pretty well established when a party of river-men were seen carrying the body of a drowned man up the steps of London bridge. On coming to the top with their ghastly burden, a gentleman in a dark beard and moustaches, who had been watching their movements over the parapet, came up, and looking steadily at the dead man's face exclaimed:

"Good God! it's poor Macfarlane!"

The men stopped; a crowd was present in an instant, as if by magic; and in scarcely less time the tall and unperturbed hat of a policeman was to be observed, calm and stationary above the swaying multitude.

"Do you identify this body, sir?"

"I do."

"Your name and address, if you please, sir?"

"I will go with you to the station if you please."  
 "The body will go to the dead house, sir; perhaps you would have no objection to go there with me, first, and witness my removal of the valuables on the person of the deceased."

The gentleman accordingly accompanied the party, saw the contents of the pocket removed, and the body examined casually. There were no marks of violence upon it, and there was little doubt that it represented one of the victims of the fog, an opinion pretty freely expressed by the bystanders.

The pockets produced little or nothing leading to identification; a watch, with a chain attached to it, a locket containing hair, and ornamented with a cross, a purse with money all in sovereigns, a pocket-handkerchief marked in cipher, and a bunch of keys told little.

The next proceeding was to the station house; the sergeant on duty heard the facts, took possession of the property; put certain questions; took down the name and address—"Mr. Woodley of Liverpool, now at the Covent Garden Hotel," and informed him that he would be required at the inquest.

"I shall consider it my duty to attend; but, in the meantime, I must communicate the intelligence to my poor friend's wife; they came to town only the day before yesterday."

"Her attendance will be necessary, sir."

"Very well; but first I must see how she bears this cruel shock."

At the inquest, after the evidence of the finding of the body, Mr. Woodley stepped forward and deposed that he was well acquainted with the deceased, Mr. Macfarlane, of Manchester, that he and his wife had come to London on a visit only a few days previously; that he had seen the wife—who was so dreadfully affected by the shock her nervous system had sustained by this sad event, that she was dangerously ill, and totally incapable of giving evidence, of which fact he handed in a doctor's certificate: he held in his hand, he said, the marriage certificate of the deceased, which he would produce if the jury desired to see it; that he had managed to procure from the distressed lady a list of the articles on Macfarlane's

person when he left home yesterday on business, since which time he had not been heard of until witness brought the sad intelligence of his untimely fate.

The divisional surgeon deposed that there were no marks of violence upon the body.

The coroner, in summing up, merely observed to the jury that it was evident this unfortunate person had been drowned in the Thames; there was no reason to suppose that he had met his death by any foul play, nor was the supposition of suicide warranted; the unfortunate man had, it appeared, gone out yesterday in the full enjoyment of his usual health, strength, and intellect, they were all aware that in the dense and dangerous fog that has prevailed, accidents were extremely likely to happen, especially to persons unacquainted with London; it must therefore be presumed that deceased had, by some means unknown to them, fallen into the river; the body had been satisfactorily identified by a most respectable witness, who had moreover brought from the widow a list of articles which tallied exactly with those found on the body; they had heard of the sad condition of that unhappy lady, and there appeared to him no necessity for adjourning the inquest for her presence, nothing therefore remained for them but to give their verdict according to the facts.

"Found drowned" was accordingly recorded.

The coroner observed that the body ought to be buried immediately, and ordered it to be given up to Woodley. He then made out and forwarded to the registrar the necessary information as to the cause of death, and the finding of the jury.

In due time the Insurance Company received application on the part of Helena Macfarlane for payment of the sum insured,—a regular assignment of the policy from her late husband was produced, and her claim was further supported by a copy of the entry of the registrar-general. The Company felt some little hesitation at first, and postponed payment for further information. They desired to see Woodley, but on its being shown that that gentleman had quitted England, after due investigation they found that they could not dispute the evidence, and paid the money.

In the wilderness which lies west of Brompton, at the time we are speaking of, there existed a Lilliputian cottage, wherein dwelt George Richardson, lately managing and confidential clerk, now junior partner in a merchant's house in the city. One evening, in November, 185—, home came George by the buss, and startled his little wife by announcing that he must start on a secret mission to Leghorn the next day; events of importance connected with the business had occurred there requiring the presence of one of the partners, and the lot had fallen upon him as the junior in respect of age as well as of position in the firm. A steamer was to leave the river the next evening.

"Therefore," said George, "get my things ready, and I will take them with me to the office to-morrow morning, for I shall not have time to return here."

"Shall I not see you again after you leave

home to-morrow morning?" asked Bessie Richardson, anxiously.

"No, darling, you must wish me good by then."

Bessie's face put on a disappointed look.

"Why you silly girl, the parting must come sooner or later, and why not in the morning as well as the evening?" said he, smoothing her hair caressingly.

Bessie did not see the force of this reasoning. To a woman a good-bye is no good-bye at all unless it occurs at the very last moment.

However, it could not be helped, it seemed, so the little woman bustled about, and got his things to rights, and stood in the little dining-room with the tears welling up into her eyes. The next morning when the cab drove up to the door, there was a thick fog, and Bessie felt alarmed as women do at a parting, with a vague, undefined dread of some calamity.

"How soon shall I hear from you, George?"

"In a month, I hope; but it may be six weeks, or even more, so don't be uneasy. I will write, you may be sure, the first opportunity, and I may be back myself before my letter."

"I wish you were not going in this fog."

"Foolish girl!" kissing her. "The steamer won't start in a fog; don't alarm yourself about that. Besides it's only the morning frost; when the sun gets up it will be bright and clear."

She bore the parting better than could have been expected; for, truth to tell, she did not mean that to be the final one. In her secret little heart she had determined to make an expedition to the city, and have the real good-bye at the proper time, and she was looking forward joyfully to the surprise and pleasure it would be to George. So she put up a cheerful face to his, and returned his last nod from the cab with a smile.

But when, as the day advanced, the fog, instead of clearing, increased in density, and she perceived that her journey to the city was impracticable, then the reality of the parting first came upon her. It was their first separation, and the suddenness of the thing, and the distance, and the uncertainty of the post, and finally the breaking up of her little plan for a final and overwhelming good-bye overcame her, and she retired to her room, and was no more seen for several hours.

By the afternoon, the fog was so thick in the city and on the river, that Richardson felt certain the steamer would not start. "However," thought he, "I will have my trunk taken down, see the captain, and sleep on board; if necessary, to be ready directly he is able to get under weigh."

George had literally to feel his way through the narrow lanes to the river; by-and-by he found the wharf-gates, but all beyond was blank, save where some red spots of light, looking strangely high and distant, told him of lamps enveloped in the misty cloud. Confident, however, in his knowledge of the place, but in reality deceived in all its bearings, on he went, till, in a moment, his foot trod only on the empty air, and he fell headlong;—a splash—and the black river closed over him;—one struggle to the surface;—a desperate attempt to strike out in his thick great coat and water-logged boots, and George Richardson was swept away by the remorseless tide, only to be yielded up a corpse.

A month passed away. Bessie was daily expecting the promised letter; but the postman passed the door, or only knocked to bring any other but the looked-for envelope. George would surely be at home himself and allay her anxiety by his presence in a day or two. Did he not say he might return before a letter could reach her?

Six weeks, and no letter. Bessie became really anxious; away she went to the senior partner; he was somewhat uneasy himself; but, so far from adding to her anxiety, he assured her there was yet no cause for alarm. They had expected to hear before from Richardson certainly, but it was quite possible his voyage might have been longer than they calculated. His letter might have miscarried, or he might be at home himself any day; in short, the good old man almost reassured the poor little wife, and she went home more tranquil in her mind than she had been for many a day.

Two months had now elapsed, and it could no longer be concealed that there was grave cause for apprehension; but forasmuch as poor Bessie on every trifling occasion—to wit, when George travelled by railway—pictured to her mind the most awful accidents, or if he was half an hour late for dinner, felt a calm certainty that something had happened, so did she now resolve that nothing could be wrong, in proportion as real reasons for alarm increased, inasmuch that as they became almost certainties to the reflecting muscular mind—so did they diminish to this unreasoning little woman. In fact, she dared not admit the idea into her mind; she resolutely excluded it, steadfastly clinging to that lightest bubble of hope in her sea of doubt, and resolved that darling George would be restored to her arms in good time. It could not be in nature or in Providence, that one she loved so well should never look upon her face again. So her heart reasoned.

At length, however, arrived the steamer, itself without Richardson. It was then ascertained that no one answering his description had sailed in her. His trunk, purposely left undirected, in order to maintain the secrecy of his journey, was found on board. The members of the firm were now fully convinced that some fatal accident had happened to him. They sent for Bessie's brother and begged him to break the matter to his sister, promising on their part to leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery that hung upon her husband's disappearance.

We purposely pass over the horror, the incredulity, and the despair that followed one another in poor Bessie's mind when the facts broke with full force upon her. The feelings of the bereaved wife must be sacred.

Meanwhile the partners set every engine at work to discover the truth. Detective officers came to and fro, examined and cross-examined with ceaseless activity, following up the scent like hounds. The facts by degrees unfolded themselves, and it became evident that Richardson must have been drowned that night of the fog on his way to the ship.

But what became of the body? More restlessness of detectives and further circumstances were relieved of their veil of mystery. A drowned man had certainly been found the very morning after his disappearance. The body was traced to the inquest, the records of that inquiry looked up, and all doubt removed that the remains there represented Macfarlane were in reality none other than those of poor Richardson. There was no possibility of direct identification at this distance of time, but a record of the articles found on the body (which had been given up to Woodley,) had been preserved at the police-office, and were identified by the wretched wife as the contents of her husband's pockets on the fatal day. But who and where was Woodley? What interest could he have in falsely swearing to the body? Was it a conspiracy or a mistake? More tracing of evidence; and now was found a memorandum in the registry, that the Insurance Company had asked for information concerning the deceased, and re-

ceived a copy of the entry. This was a fresh clue; a light broke in upon the darkness which had hitherto surrounded the inquiry. The Insurance Company was communicated with, and after having investigated the facts, came to the irresistible conclusion that their client Macfarlane had undoubtedly given evidence of his own decease, and was, in the society of Mrs. Mac—who had completely recovered from her indisposition—enjoying a slice of the Company's capital in some foreign country.

#### STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.

From the official returns of the last census of England and Wales, there appears to be a determinate inequality in the relative proportion of the sexes—the total number of females of all ages, as compared with that of males, being as 53 to 47. This excess of females is not due to a primary inequality of births, but to the number of males constantly resident in or emigrating to foreign lands, and to the greater general mortality among them, resulting from casualties incident to their pursuits, to travel and to war, from which women are in great measure exempt. On investigation, however, of the distribution of the sexes, according to those proportions, into married and single, a remarkable diversity appears in the respective results, not so easily or satisfactorily accounted for, since the number of spinsters exceeds that of bachelors much more than might have been inferred from the respective proportions of the sexes. Between the ages of 20 and 40, the married women of England and Wales are to the spinsters and widows as 57 to 43, or, in round numbers, as 4 to 3; while the married men of corresponding ages are to the bachelors and widowers as 70 to 30! This surprising disproportion indicates an unaccountable diversity in the liabilities or disposition to celibacy in the two sexes.

In the present advanced state of science, it has been determined that no event is fortuitous, but may be referred to some definite antecedents, and be subjected to valuation. Every possible contingency of life is susceptible of calculation, so that the probabilities for or against its occurrence may be represented in arithmetical numbers, or estimated in current coin of the realm. Though no exact data exist for determining the absolute chances of marriage for each person, yet they may be approximately indicated, and we have pleasure in presenting to our fair readers a table showing the probabilities in favour of marriage at different ages, for the various conditions of life, calculated on the same scientific principles as ordinary tables for Life Assurance, from the returns of the Registrar General, by distinguished professional gentlemen, in whose accuracy every confidence may be reposed:—

*Probabilities of Marriage at given ages for all conditions of life, computed from the Registrar General's report for 1857.*

Age.	Bachelors.	Spinsters.	Widowers.	Widows.
20...10 to 19...	10	10	10	10
25...1 " 3...1 "	3	5	9	1
30...1 " 10...1 "	1	15	7	1
35...1 " 27...1 "	1	35	6	1
40...1 " 64...1 "	1	73	6	1
45...1 " 155...1 "	1	169	8	1
50...1 " 340...1 "	1	442	10	1
55...1 " 820...1 "	1	1292	15	1
60...1 " 2520...1 "	1	4283	22	1

From this it will be observed that at 20 the probabilities of marriage for a spinster, while slightly exceeding those of a bachelor of the same age, are infinitely greater than those of the widowed of either sex; or in other words, that the proportion of widowed at that age is much less than that of the unmarried. After 20 the probabilities both of spinster and bachelor continuously de-

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 draw, 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 be 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 tradesman 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-

clude by mentioning that they seem to have remembered, at the eleventh hour, that they had a midshipman to deal with, and that they then did what they could to gratify the Prince's sailor-like enthusiasm for the fair sex, by taking him to see the marriage of a beautiful young Jewess. Shortly afterwards, he appears to have been happily rescued from the civil and military Corporation, to have got back to his ship, and to have there re-assumed, let us hope, the natural position in which he had been placed by his parents, and from which the blundering local authorities had done their mischievous utmost to separate him.

Such exhibitions of ludicrous ostentation and wretched taste took place at Lisbon and at Malta—with this noticeable difference, however, that the reception at Lisbon was directed by a foreign sovereign, and was, on that very account, an excusable piece of folly. The King of Portugal might naturally enough fall into the mistake of supposing that he was bound out of common politeness (to say nothing of common regard for his own diplomatic interests) to take formal public notice of the Queen's son, as some return for the attention which he himself received from the court when he visited this country. The King of Portugal was not to be expected to feel with Englishmen on such a purely national question as that involved in the professional education of the Prince. For these reasons we can look compassedly enough on the arrival of the Portuguese Royal Barge alongside of the Euryalus; and we can be well content to be merely amused by the reported astonishment of every body at the alacrity with which the Prince jumped into the barge,—an astonishment arising, we presume, from a general idea that the descent of a Queen's son from a Queen's ship's side, could only be accomplished by a species of solemn procession, or by a stage-walk, or by any other means, except the means natural to a lively lad of fourteen who can make good use of his legs.

But the case is altered, when we get to Malta. Here, in an English possession, where the authorities had no excuse for awkwardly thwarting the Queen's intentions, and mischievously elevating her son above the free sea-training and the impartial sea-discipline which can alone make a sailor of him—here, the sickening sorcery of these receptions of the young Prince reached its climax. The governor, the council, the judges, the archbishop, the Protestant bishop, the clergy, the nobility, and all the other grandees in the island received the midshipman in solemn assembly on the steps of the palace. Whether they fell on their knees at his approach, or whether they walked backwards till they got in-doors, is not mentioned—but it is asserted, quite seriously, that a *lovée* was held; and that, wherever the Prince went, there a procession persistently went with him, both before and behind. There was a ball, too (the midshipman's partners duly chronicled,) and an illumination, and there would have been more to do, if the Midshipman had not "greatly chagrined" the Maltese, by graciously condescending to allow his Captain to proceed on his cruise! But the crowning absurdity of all was accomplished by making the midshipman of the Euryalus publicly review the troops of the garrison. When we had arrived at this part of the newspaper narrative, nothing else that it might have contained would have astonished us. After reading of all the soldiers in Malta being reviewed by a sailor of the age of fourteen, we should not have felt the least surprised at being further informed of the governor boxing the compass, the judges holystoning the decks, or the Archbishop borrowing the boatswain's whistle, and piping all hands, out of compliment to the Prince, in the very pulpit itself.

What is to stop this fawning perversion of Prince Alfred from the plain professional purpose to which his parents have so wisely devoted him? Who is to prevent these abject authorities from doing their best to spoil a frank, straightforward, natural lad, who is promising so well at the fair outset of his career? It is not easy to suggest an answer to these questions. How are people, who have no tact, no taste, no natural sense of what is appropriate and no instinctive terror of what is ridiculous—who seem to be influenced, partly by the childish pleasure of putting on fine clothes, with the adult folly superadded of feeling proud at publicly exhibiting them, and partly by the imperious necessity of cringing and crawling which is the motive power that works in mean natures—how are such people as these to be reached by any ordinary process of remonstrance? Argument, entreaty, reproof, contempt, the pen of the writer, the tongue of the orator, are all shivered alike against the adamant insensibility to every species of intellectual attack which distinguishes the genuine Flunkey nature. The one idea which occurs to us, in connection with this very disheartening part of the subject—and which we beg leave in conclusion, to express with all possible respect—is, that the Queen herself might possibly come to the rescue of her son before it is too late to save him. Her Majesty has been pestered with tens of thousands of Addresses from her subjects. What if she were suddenly to turn the tables, and actually present her subjects with an Address from herself? May we hope to be excused, if following out this idea, we venture to lay the following few lines at the foot of the Throne, as a rough sketch of the new kind of Royal addresses which we are bold enough to suggest?

“ADDRESS FROM THE QUEEN TO CERTAIN OF HER SUBJECTS IN OFFICE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR FLUNKEYSHIPS.—I, your much-wearyed and much-persecuted Sovereign, do hereby beg and entreat that you will, for the future, allow my second son to pursue his profession in peace and quietness, uncumbered and unperverted by Receptions, which separate him from his messmates, among whom I wish him to mingle as one of themselves. Governors, Generals, Admirals; Archbishops, Authorities, civil and military, Corporations, of every degree of obesity,—be so good as to learn, once for all, from your Queen, that true loyalty is one of the forms of true politeness, in which the delicacies of restraint, and the graces of good-sense, count among the chiefest and the most necessary of courteous compliments. Understand, distinctly, that when I send my son to sea as a midshipman, it is a flat contradiction of my intentions for you to receive him as a prince. Reserve your spare gunpowder, therefore, for my enemies; keep your fine clothes and your processions for yourselves; and by no means consider it any part of your duty towards Midshipman Alfred to spoil a good sailor by reminding him, to no earthly purpose, that you are Flunkeys and that he is a Prince.”

If some such pithy expostulation as this should ever happen, under an extraordinary stress of circumstances, to be prepared by direction of the Queen, there is no office within the gift of the Sovereign which it would give us half so much pleasure to receive as the useful, enviable, and patriotic office of presenting the Address.

Household Words.

#### FIRES IN AUSTRALIA.

(From the Melbourne Argus.)

The coincidence of numerous fires and of severe commercial depression in this city, is one of those

phenomena which are more easily observed than explained. It would seem that, when times are bad, materials are much more inflammable, the neglect of servants greater, and the supervision exercised by employers less vigilant, the propensity of some articles to spontaneous combustion more actively exhibited, and the mystery which shrouds the origin of most fires is more impetrable than under ordinary circumstances. Fortunately for the sufferers, the calamities do not ordinarily occur in premises which are uninsured, or the value of which, as well as of the commodities they contain, is only partially covered by the amount of the policy, and as the Insurance Offices usually act with a prompt liberality in the matter, instances have been known of individuals emerging from a disaster of this kind in considerably improved circumstances. Generally speaking, indeed, Insurance Companies display a precipitancy which, however commendable in the eyes of the insurers, is anything but beneficial to the public interests. Promptitude in the payment of claims for losses sustained by fire is no doubt politic as a means of drawing business to an Office, but the insurers who would be most strongly attracted are precisely those who would be most likely to be burnt out during a commercial crisis. To be satisfied that every claim will be liquidated and no questions asked, is all that a fraudulent insurer requires. Honest men who insure their stock in trade or their premises as a matter of precaution, and not of provision, do not need any such inducement, as they never anticipate the occurrence of a fire under such circumstances as to inspire suspicions of its having arisen from other than accidental causes, and consequently never expect any difficulty or delay in the adjustment of their claims, should they have occasion to prefer them. But inasmuch as every Insurance Office, in calculating its risks and fixing its premiums, will take into consideration its liability to make good the losses sustained by fire on the premises of incendiary insurers (whose business it specially invites, and whose malpractices it encourages, by the unquestioning satisfaction of their claims,) it follows that the honest insurer will be called upon to pay a higher percentage than he otherwise would, and is made to contribute *pro tanto* to the reimbursement of the dishonest insurer for his alleged losses.

The announcement by Dr. Youl of his determination to hold an inquest upon all fires of considerable magnitude and of a suspicious character, ought to be received with satisfaction both by Insurance Companies and the insured. Such inquiries cannot be instituted too promptly, or prosecuted too rigidly, both for the vindication of innocent persons from suspicion, and in order to ascertain to whom the crime of arson attaches, in every case in which it can be proved that the fire was the act of an incendiary.

WHO IS THE INSURANT?—It is reported that a very large sum was insured on the life of Mr. Henry Watson, of Limerick, who died a few weeks since; the following singular letter was sent to a London office in consequence of the notice of renewal having been addressed to the late Mr. Watson, instead of the party who effected the Insurance on his life:—"George Street, Limerick, Dec. 1, 1859. Dear Sir,—Will you be so kind as to inform me who has insured my life in the Assurance Company, as I know of no one who has an interest in my life, and must pronounce it a swindling transaction. Yours very faithfully, HENRY WATSON."

FIRE INSURANCE IN FRANCE.—The fire offices of France, at the close of the year 1855, had insured property against fire to the amount of £1,720,000,000. The average cost, including all



sorts of risk, was 1s. 8d. per £100. The average charge of proprietary companies was 97 cents per 1,000 francs; in mutual companies the average charge was 60 cents only. In England the average premium is computed at 4s. per £100.

Mr. Pym who was killed by the recent accident on the Great Northern Railway was insured in the *Eagle* for £10,000.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## SIR CHARLES BARRY.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

"The English architect, whose reputation has been most widely spread in this country, and who, of all English architects, has had the largest share of public patronage in his own generation, has just passed from amongst us, at a greater age than most people would have imagined him to have attained. He was born in 1796, and in this month of May, had completed the 66th year of his age. The sad event occurred at his residence Clapham Common, without any warning to his family by previous illness. The fatal case appears to have been disease of the heart and lungs. Sir Charles had been enjoying his usual health; at the Academy dinner every one noticed his happy, joyous spirits; he had even visited the Crystal Palace in the course of the day on which he died, accompanied by Lady Barry. On retiring for the night, he complained of fatigue, as was natural under the circumstances. Shortly afterwards, a slight cough and difficulty of breathing manifested themselves, and with such awful rapidity did fatal symptoms supervene, that in a quarter of an hour after anything of a serious character was apprehended, Sir Charles had passed from among us. He died shortly before midnight, in the 66th year of his age. Sir Charles was born on the 23rd of May, 1796, and the place of his birth is believed to be a house in Bridge Street, Westminster, which still remains, and is nearly opposite to the Clock Tower of the New Palace. His parents were in moderately easy circumstances, and for many years his father carried on the business of a stationer and Government contractor in Bridge Street. At a very early age the taste for drawing and design, so conspicuous in after-life, manifested itself, and as a boy he had no greater pleasure than to shut himself up in his own room, and work with charcoal or pencil on cartoons often of life size, and connected with the stories of heathen mythology. When approaching manhood he was articled to Messrs. Middleton and Bailey, of Lambeth, whose business was principally that of surveyors and valuers. He went abroad in 1817, and stayed away from England three years and four months. During this time he visited Italy, Greece, Egypt, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Syria, returning home by the way of France. His own means not permitting so protracted a stay, he secured the opportunity of prolonging his studies, by concluding an engagement with a rich countryman, Mr. Bailie, to the effect that the latter should defray all expenses, and should in return possess all sketches made by his protegee. Consequently most of the best drawings and sketches made at this period are not in the possession of his family. An attempt of the traveller to reach Palmyra was defeated by an attack of the Arabs, in which Barry nearly lost his life from a thrust of a lance, inflicted by one of the sons of the Desert, which, though aimed at his body, was fortunately received by his haick. After his return to England he married Sarah, the daughter of Mr. S. Rowsell,—in 1823, and commenced his professional career. Without friends in influential quarters, and with nothing

but his own consciousness of power to encourage him to proceed, the first path of the young architect was a thorny one, and many serious difficulties, only stopping short of want, had to be encountered. Night and day he toiled to conquer Fortune, and whenever a competition for designs offered a chance of honorable success, he did his best to be foremost in the race. After experiencing much of the sickening effects of hope deferred, his efforts were at length rewarded, and among his earliest successes in competition may be named, St. Peter's Church, Manchester; a church at Stand, near Manchester; and St. Peter's Church, Brighton. To those followed the Institute of Fine Arts, Manchester; the Travellers and Reform Club House, London; King Edward's School, and other important buildings. In 1836, the great work, upon which the reputation of Charles Barry will chiefly rest, was intrusted to his hands. His own preferences and tastes would have led him to adopt the Italian style of architecture for the New Palace of Westminster; but as the instructions to the competitors limited the choice of styles to Gothic or Elizabethan, he chose the former as the most suitable for such a building. From the moment he commenced his arduous undertaking, until the day of his death, a period extending over more than twenty-four years, this work occupied his thoughts night and day. In 1852, Mr. Barry received the honor of knighthood at the hands of Her Majesty, on the occasion of the first entry to the New Palace by the Queen through the Victoria Tower.

As we have said above, the work with which Sir Charles Barry's name is most associated in the public mind is obviously the Houses of Parliament; and the judgment which posterity will pass upon that building will be leavened with a juster consideration of the state of Gothic Art in England at the time the design was made than it now gives to that point; and also with a knowledge that the architect could hardly be expected to work *con amore* into the Gothic style when he had applied himself chiefly to the Revived Italian.

Sir Charles Barry was elected a Royal Academician in 1842; he was also a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Member of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851, a Member of many Foreign Academies; including those of Rome, Belgium, Russia, Denmark and Sweden. He has left a widow, two daughters, and five sons, two of the latter of whom are following their father's profession.

It had been intended that the funeral should have taken place at Norwood Cemetery, in as private a manner as possible; but in consequence of a general wish on the part of the artistic and other friends of the late architect, conveyed to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, by Professor Cockerell, R. A., the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the mortal remains of the deceased are to be deposited in Westminster Abbey.

The *Times* gives the following description of his funeral:—Three times within the last six months has the sacred quiet of our great cathedral been broken by the solemnity of State funerals, and in the deaths of Robert Stephenson, Lord Macaulay, and now of Sir Charles Barry, the country may be said to have lost its foremost men in science, in literature, and in art. The last tribute of public respect and admiration which was paid yesterday, then, was not more than was due to the merits of the architect, nor less than was expected by the profession of which he was the head and ornament. Westminster was both his native place and the scene of the most prominent and most enduring monuments of his genius. The

venerable Abbey itself is almost overshadowed by the regal structure which confronts it, and also beneath the shadow of the great monument which now towers so high above all London rest the remains of Barry in the nave of the old Abbey, at the foot of the coffin of Robert Stephenson, and side by side with that of Stephenson's great competitor, Telford. The arrangements yesterday inside the Abbey were better than on the recent occasions of the burial of Stephenson or Lord Macaulay. Though the nave was much more full than during the first named solemnity, there was apparently less crowding, while the effect was not marred by a number of spectators in bright dresses, as none were admitted near the grave who were not in mourning. All, too, wore early in their allotted stations, and the appearance of the hushed, sombre assemblage round the narrow open grave, was mournful and impressive in the extreme. All the gentlemen who were to take part in the procession, and who numbered between 400 and 500 representatives of the great societies of arts and science in England, assembled in places adjoining the cloisters, and there awaited the arrival of the funeral cortege. The hearse reached Dean's-yard a few minutes before one o'clock, and the coffin was borne through the old cloisters to the side entrance of the nave, where the Dean and Chapter, headed by the choir, were waiting. The procession was then formed, and to Purcell's solemn anthem, "I am the resurrection and the life," moved slowly up the nave. First came the High Bailiff of Westminster, then the headsmen, vergers, and choir, followed by the Dean and Chapter, and the coffin. There were eight pall-bearers—Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy; the Chief Commissioner of Works, the 'right Hon. W. Cowper, M. P.; Mr. G. P. Bidder, President of the Institute of Civil Engineers; Lieutenant-General Sir E. Cust; the President of the Architectural Museum, Mr. A. J. Belford; the Dean of St. Paul's; the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. C. R. Cockerell; and Mr. Tite, F.R.S., M.P. Immediately following the body, the five sons of the deceased walked as chief mourners, with the Dean of Chichester and other private friends of the late Sir Charles. To these succeeded a procession of immense length, which took nearly a quarter of an hour to file slowly into the Abbey, and for the members of which there was scarcely sufficient accommodation either in the choir or in the nave. There were representatives of the House of Commons, of the Royal Academy, the members and associates of the Civil Engineers, of the Society of British Architects and other public bodies.

As many as could be accommodated in the choir having taken their seats, the solemn service proceeded by the choir chanting with melancholy impressiveness Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and the mournful cadences of Purcell's 90th Psalm. The Dean then read the lesson, after which the choir again sang, "When the ear heard," &c. The procession was then reformed, and moved slowly to the side of the grave amid the most solemn silence.

At the edge of this the coffin was deposited, while the choir chanted in a subdued tone Croft's touching anthem, "Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live," and "In the midst of life we are in death." The coffin was then slowly lowered to its last resting place, amid the unrestrained emotion of the mourners and friends. The Dean then proceeded with the rest of the service which was listened to with the most profound silence, broken only by the sharp harsh rattle of the earth as it was strewed on the coffin. The choir then chanted "I heard a voice from Heaven," and still more impressively the anthem

"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 knees;  
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 honoyed, 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 undefiled,  
Love through all deeps 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.....6 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. MacIse's "Sleeping Beauty," £900; W. Linnell's "Leith Hill, Surrey," £560. "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. Stannield'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 hogheads 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 19s. 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 Apianian 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 Lemoricidre'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 *Breeman'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 pudging?" "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*.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Rates of advertising in "Once a Month" (1500 copies distributed over the Upper Province) \$4 per column, \$2 per half column, \$1 per quarter column, or five cents per line.

For advertisements required to be well distributed, this periodical offers peculiar advantages.

"The Tomahawk and Scalping-Knife, applied with more Pith than Pity to the Financial and other Abuses of the Church of Scotland," is the blood-curdling title of a pamphlet just issued by the Rev. John Aiton, D.D., minister of the wild and savage parish of Dolphinton.—*Ibid.*

A man named S. Newbold, residing at New Wortley, Leeds, has for some time past displayed considerable industry in a very novel pursuit. Mr. Newbold himself says that during the last four years and two months he has picked up in the streets, one at a time, 11,000 pins.—*Ibid.*

A DISCOVERY.—Hayman, the painter, though but an ordinary artist, had some humour. Among the set with whom he lived much, there was one who was always complaining of ill-health and low-spirits, without being able to assign any particular malady as the cause. One evening, at Hayman's club, it was mentioned that this *malade imaginaire* had been married the day before. "Is he!" said Hayman; "now he'll know what ails him!"—*Ibid.*

A MUTUAL PRESENTATION OF PLATE SOCIETY.—Under this title, the following advertisement recently appeared in a contemporary:—It is proposed, to meet the views of parties who are ambitious of being plated, that a society should be formed for the purpose of presenting to all members thereof a piece of plate, in turn, to be decided by ballot. Further particulars will be shortly announced, showing all the advantages of the proposed society, with limited liability for the amount invested.—*Bristol Mercury.*

About 70 Mormons have arrived at Hull from Rotterdam, and proceeded to Liverpool, on their way to the Salt Lake. Two hundred or three hundred have also arrived at Grimsby, and many more are on their way to Hull.—*Ibid.*

The Annual Meeting of the London Art Union took place on Monday at the Adelphi Theatre. From the report it appears that during the 24 years of its existence, exclusive of the thousands added by prize-holders, it has distributed £254,143, of which £138,662 have been paid to artists, and for the production of statuettes, bronzes, and other prizes, and £65,628 to engravers and for the supply of impressions to the subscribers. The year's subscriptions amount to £14,138 15s. 6d. The chief prizeholders were the following: Commodore Hopkins, Meribyr, and Mr. T. Yallop, Albert Road, £200; Mr. Elphinstone, Regent Street, £150; and Miss A. Dunn, Thoraby, Mr. J. Finn, Ramsey, and Mr. C. Wright, Barnsley, £100.

A very ingenious artisan residing in Islington has fabricated in a building which he constructed at the bottom of his garden, a burning-glass of most extraordinary powers, which is now a topic of conversation in various learned societies. Its diameter is three feet; its powers are astonishing; the most hard and solid substances of the mineral world, such as platina, iron, steel, flint, &c., are melted in a few seconds on being exposed to its intense focus. A diamond, weighing 10 grains, exposed to this extraordinary lens for half an hour, was reduced to six grains, during which operation, it opened and foliated like the leaves of a flower, and emitted whitish fumes, and when closed again, it bore a polish and retained its form.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Some Insurances are being effected at Lloyd's on the Great Eastern by individual proprietors in the great ship Company to the value of their shares. The rate charged for the voyage to America out and home is 6 per cent., or about four times the usual terms.—*Post Magazine.*

FRAUDS AT COPENHAGEN.—A death has taken place at Copenhagen under very suspicious circumstances, and which will involve the English Life Offices in claims to a very large amount. Mr. Walden, who so successfully brought to justice the whole of the parties concerned in the Limoges frauds, is at present in Copenhagen investigating the circumstances of the death.—*Post Magazine.*

The re-paving of the carriage-way of Fleet street London, with new Aberdeen granite cubes, three inches wide, has been completed. The immense traffic had worn the old stone, which, when laid down in 1846, was nine inches in depth, to four and a-half inches. The weight of material removed and replaced amounts to about 7000 tons.

THE PROPOSED SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT CLIFTON.—The London Times of Thursday has the following letter, which it endorses as a good suggestion:—"Sir.—The beautiful and costly suspension bridge at Hungerford Market is to be removed; might it not be constructed over the Avon at Clifton?" Our contemporary does not seem to be aware that the matter has been in agitation for some weeks, and that negotiations are at present going on for the transfer of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge to Clifton.

The amount earned last year by the shoe-black boys connected with the London Ragged School Union was no less than £4548.

The Chinese picture of ambition is "a mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on its tail."

SERIOUS ROBBERY AND CLEVER CAPTURE.—At Liverpool, on Saturday, a gentleman named Haigh was transacting business in Heywood's Bank, when his pocket book containing bills to the amount of about £11,000, was stolen from him. A few hours afterwards a detective, who was then unaware of the robbery, noticed two suspicious-looking fellows leaving the registered-letter department of the post-office, and immediately took them into custody. On arriving at the police-station, they were discovered to be two London swell mobsmen of the first class, and the officers immediately set off to London, to watch the delivery of the letter. As they expected, one of the men's wives applied for it, and she had no sooner got it into her custody than she was apprehended the parcel taken from her, and the whole batch of bills safely secured. The men have been committed for trial, and great praise has been bestowed on the detective for his remarkable promptness and sagacity throughout the affair.—*Bristol Mercury.*

PROVERBS AGAINST PROVERBS.—A well worn quotation calls women "ministering angels," but the Germans say, "There are only two good women in the world; one is dead and the other cannot be found." Woman's extravagance is a theme on which nations have enlarged. Say the Italians, "A beautiful woman smiling bespeaks a weeping purse." But, on the other hand, say the not generally gallant Italians, "Men make wealth, and women preserve it," while the Danes affirm that "He drives a good waggan into his farm, who gets a good wife." Women are so covetous that the French, accustomed to marriages de convenience, assert that "A rich man is never ugly in the eyes of a girl." The punishment they de-

cees is, that "A covetous woman should have a swindling gallant." Women are terribly vain. "A woman strong in flounces is weak in the head," the Germans declare; they add, too, that "Every woman would rather be handsome than good." "For whom does the blind man's wife adorn herself?" ask the Italians. Without any qualification the Spaniard asserts, "A handsome woman is either silly or vain." But though so full of vanity, it does not seem that they are lighter than vanity itself, else the skipper would never have said, "All freight lightens," when he threw his wife overboard.—*Home Magazine.*

## BIRTHS.

"Thy children like the olive-branches: round about thy table."—*Psalms.*

In Ingersoll, on the 31st May, Mrs. Charles E. Chadwick, of a daughter.

On the 9th ult., at 125 Church street, the wife of Mr. John Laidlaw, of a daughter.

In Lloydtown, on the 20th May, the wife of Dr. Edward Ball, of a daughter.

On the 30th May, Mrs. H. Lloyd Hime, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

O! wilt thou go with me, love,

And seek the lonely glen?

O! wilt thou leave for me, love,

The smiles of other men?

*Perceval.*

At St Paul's, Yorkville, on Thursday, the 21st May, by the Rev. Saltern Givins, M.A., assisted by the Rev. Alex. Williams, B.A., BAOBKS WRIGHT GOSSAGE, Esq., of the city of Toronto, P.L.S., to ELIZABETH AGNES, eldest daughter of Alex. Murray, Esq., of the same place.

In Port Dalhousie, on the 6th ult., by the Rev. Alex. Dixon, A. B., Rector of Louth, Mr. KENNETH GOODMAN, youngest son of Dr. H. R. Goodman, to GEORGINA, third daughter of Mr. Jacob Hainer, all of St. Catharines.

On the 23rd ult., by the Rev. Samuel Harris, at his residence, Rose Hill, Mr. WM. SUMMERHAYES, to Miss ASSENATH MARSH, both of Colborne, late of Somersetshire, England.

By the Ven. Dr. Stuart, Archdeacon, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. JOHN SWAIN, to Miss CHARLOTTE GUESS, both of the township of Kingston.

## DEATHS.

"Oh, woe, deep woe to earthly love's fond trust,  
When all it once has worshipped lies in dust!"

*Mrs. Embury.*

In Sterling, on the 19th ult., MARIA REBECCA, wife of Mr. Thomas Kelso, and daughter of Thomas J. Preston, Esq., of Toronto.

In St. Catharines, on the 25th May, of effusion on the brain, consequent upon a severe attack of epilepsy, WM. H. MERRITT, Esq., aged 37 years.

In Belleville, on the 23rd May, the wife of Mr. Geo. E. Henderson, barrister, &c., aged 34 years.

In Lobo, on the 29th May, RICHARD BLONG, son of Mr. Henry Blong, of this city.

In Niagara, on the 30th May, Mr. WM. RILEY, a well known coloured man, who, it is supposed, was about 107 years of age. He had resided in Niagara upwards of 80 years, or nearly since the first settlement of the country. Old Riley was full of reminiscences connected with the revolutionary and last war, in both of which he did loyal service.



## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## TO ADVERTISERS—SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rates of advertising in "Once a Month" (1500 copies distributed over the Upper Province) \$4 per column, \$2 per half column, \$1 per quarter column, or five cents per line.

For advertisements required to be well distributed, this periodical offers peculiar advantages.

## TO SOLICITORS, EXECUTORS, &amp;c.

Values of Life Interests, Reversions, Dowers, &c., calculated on reasonable terms, on application to Mr. W. H. Smith, Managing Director of the Provident Life Assurance and Investment Company. Full particulars of the information required to be addressed to Box 192, Toronto P.O.

## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

J. RORDANS,

LAW STATIONER,  
TORONTO,

BEGS respectfully to return his thanks to the Legal Profession and Public, for the liberal patronage extended to him during the Seven years, and to inform them that he has REMOVED FROM ONTARIO HALL, to the more commodious Store and premises on CHURCH ST., FIRST DOOR NORTH OF KING STREET. Where he will in future continue to carry on the business of a LAW STATIONER in all its branches, and would invite attention to his greatly increased Stock of Law Blanks, in the different Departments of the Profession, Vellum, Parchment, Hand-made and other Papers, ruled for Deeds, with engraved Headings, Brief Papers and Office Stationery, &c.

ALSO,

DEEDS AND WRITINGS ENGROSSED AND COPIED.

PETITIONS, MEMORIALS, ADDRESSES, &c., PREPARED.  
Law Blanks filled up, &c., &c.

## PROVIDENT

LIFE ASSURANCE & INVESTMENT  
COMPANY,

20, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

Subscribed Capital - - - \$255,760.00.

Paid up . . . . . 48,340.00.

## THE RATES ARE AS LOW AS THOSE

Of any Safe Company, and the Premiums may be paid Yearly, Half-yearly, or Quarterly.

Persons wishing to Assure need not be deterred from so doing by any fear that a future inability to continue the payments will result in a loss of the amount already paid, as after the payment of two Annual Premiums, should the assured wish to surrender his Policy, this Company will give him instead, another Policy for such amount as the Premiums already paid would entitle him to on an equitable valuation, without requiring any further payments.

In all its transactions, this Company will be found as liberal as is consistent with safety.

W. H. SMITH,  
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

## WANTED.

Agents wanted at the following places to represent the Provident Life Assurance and Investment Company—viz:

Simcoe.  
Port Sarnia.  
Windsor or Sandwich.  
Amherstburg.  
Goderich.  
Welland.  
Picton.  
Napanee.  
Whitby.  
Brookville.  
Peterborough.  
Newmarket.  
St. Thomas.  
Chatham.

Applications, with references, to be addressed to the Managing Director, Mr. W. H. SMITH, 20 Toronto street, Toronto.

## PROVIDENT

## LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

A person aged 85, may secure £100 for his widow and children by the payment of £2 5s. 4d. annually, or £1 8s. 2d. half-yearly.

A person aged 80 may secure £100 to be paid to himself at 55, for £3 6s. 10d. a-year, while, if he dies before that time, the money will be paid at once to whoever he bequeaths it.

A person aged 80 may secure £100 to be paid at death by paying £2 15s. per annum for 20 years, after which time he will have no more payments to make.

Assurances effected for short periods; with increasing premiums; on the half-credit system; and Endowments for children, payable at 21 or 25.

Tables of Rates may be obtained from the Head Office,

20, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO,

Or of any of the Agents.

W. H. SMITH,  
Managing Director.

## WANTED,

In all good neighbourhoods where Agents are not already appointed,

## AGENTS FOR THE BEAVER FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

The usual commission allowed.

Applications, with references, to be addressed to the Manager, 20, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

SAW MILLS AND LUMBER  
YARDS.

Agents of the BEAVER FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, are cautioned not to effect insurances on frame Saw Mills or Lumber yards, or on any building near enough to either of them to be exposed to danger therefrom. The Association having decided not to accept such risks.

May 1st, 1860.

## BEAVER

FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION  
GUARANTEE FUND.  
SHARES \$4 Each.

Interest paid thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum.

Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the Manager,

20, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

## TO AGENTS

OF THE PROVIDENT LIFE  
ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The attention of the Agents of the Provident Life Assurance Company is called to the Table of "Average Weights of Healthy Men," in the first number of "Once a Month." In sending proposals for Assurance, in all cases where the proposer has not been long known to them, or where there is any difficulty in ascertaining, or doubt about his past medical history, they are requested to send the height and weight of the applicant along with the Proposal.

In all cases the height and weight will prove a valuable adjunct to the other information.

## WANTED,

In all places where the Company is not already represented,

## AGENTS FOR THE PROVIDENT LIFE ASSURANCE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

To prevent trouble, it is indispensable for the establishment of an Agency, that a properly qualified Medical Man should be residing within convenient reach.

Applications, with references, to be addressed to the Managing Director,

20, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

## REV. JAMES FALCONER.

## INSURANCE CASE.

ANY person who can give information as to the residence of the above gentleman, or of his death (if that event has taken place) will be handsomely rewarded. Mr. F. was a resident in the House of Industry for eighteen months, till about four years ago. The interests of a widow and six children are involved.

Notice may be sent to the GLOBE Office.  
Toronto, April 20, 1860.

## NOTICE.

ONCE A MONTH will be sent, without charge, to all Policy-holders and Stockholders in the "Provident,"—other parties to whom it may be sent, need not return it, as, unless specially ordered, no charge will be made.

Any person, (not a Stockholder or Policy holder in the Provident Life Assurance Company,) wishing to receive "Once a Month" regularly, may do so by forwarding the subscription price,—48 cents a year, including postage, either in postage stamps or otherwise; addressed to the Editor, Box 192, Post Office, Toronto; or to the Publisher. The usual allowance made to Booksellers and Postmasters.

A Title-Page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.

A few Advertisements will be inserted, subject to the approval of the Editor, at five cents a-line.

All communications for the Editor must be post-paid or they will not be taken out of the office, and addressed, Box 192, Toronto P. O.

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