

habited the forfeited dwelling of a burgess who had been killed in the great Dragonnade of 1685. It presents almost a dead wall to the street, but opens behind upon a narrow terrace which overhangs the Tarn. About ten o'clock in the evening, the archpriest, being in his house with twelve or fifteen persons, ecclesiastics, servants, or soldiers in attendance upon him, heard the wild psalmody, as Segnier and his comrades entered the southern suburb, and bent their steps towards the house. Supposing that the tones proceeded from a religious assembly in the town, the archpriest ordered out his soldiers; but they found it impossible to quit the mansion, already invested by the mountaineers, who demanded the surrender of the prisoners. "Begone!" replied Du Chayla from a window—"Begone, you Huguenot rabble!" and upon their refusal the soldiers fired and killed one of their number. Upon this they became furious; seizing the trunk of a tree, which was lying along the wall, they swung it like a battering ram and broke a hole in the door, which they then cut away with their axes. They rushed into the vestibule, forced the wicket of the dungeon, and delivered the captives. At the sight of these ill-used persons, whom they found in a state of great suffering, their rage increased, they rushed to the staircase and demanded the archpriest himself. A priest whom they mistook for him, fell mortally wounded with a halbert; Du Chayla, seeing himself in extremity, gave absolution to his people, who still defended the staircase. One of the assailants had his face grazed by a ball, when the prophet shouted aloud to "burn the priest and satellite of Baal!" In a few minutes the house was in a blaze; its inmates retreated to an upper room, whence they tried to escape by means of a rope formed of sheets twisted together. The archpriest first attempted to slip down into the garden, but fell and broke his thigh, and was only able to crawl under a hedge, where he was soon after discovered and slaughtered. The others let themselves down after him and fled across the Tarn. Such of the soldiers and domestics as were caught were instantly put to death, with the exception of two for whom the prisoners interceded.

The fanatic Segnier, relentless as Du Chayla himself, had resolved upon a general massacre of the priests, and he hurried from one point to another, surprising and slaying them wherever he could, and destroying on his way the churches, the crosses, and all the insignia of Romanism. Having learnt that all the clergy of the neighbourhood were gathering at Saint Germain de Calberte to celebrate the obsequies of the archpriest, who had there his library and his principal residence, Segnier hastened in that direction, and would have given a bloody funeral to his enemy; but, on approaching the place, he heard that it was guarded by the militia, and he did not venture to attack it. In the meantime, the assembled priests were listening to Louvreuil, the curé of St. Germain, who in an eloquent sermon, extolled the virtues of his superior, and exhorted his brethren to die, if necessary, at their posts, like the illustrious deceased. At that moment a cry was raised that the insurgents were upon them; that fire and sword were at Frugères—at St. Maurice—at St. André! The body of the archpriest was hastily consigned to its tomb, and the assembly, in great consternation, dispersed and sought shelter where they could.

Segnier still proceeded in the execution of what he called "the judgment of God." Going to the Château of Ladeveze, he demanded the arms which had been deposited there. The lord of the mansion replied by sounding the alarm-bell, and firing upon the party, one of whom was killed, and several wounded. Upon this the prophet forced the gates, and ordered a general massacre.

The whole of the family perished—the lord, with his aged mother, his sister, his brother, his steward, and his servants! The assailants then retired, after having set fire to the house.

But the end of their daring leader was at hand. The powerful relatives of Du Chayla, and the whole noblesse of the Haut Gavaudan, with their followers, took the field to avenge his death. Broglie speedily arrived at Pont de Montvert, and despatched against the insurgents a certain Captain Poul, a military adventurer of extraordinary prowess, lately tested in a partisan warfare against the Vaudois. With his warlike mien, his austere habits, his long and heavy Armenian blade, and his Spanish horse, Poul was the admiration and the terror of the mountaineers. He attacked and routed them at a place called Fontmort, and captured the prophet with his own hand, while endeavouring to rally the fugitives. "How do you expect to be treated?" said the unfeeling Poul, escorting his prisoner in chains to Florac. "As I would have treated you if I had taken you," replied Segnier. He was sentenced to lose his right hand, and to be burnt alive; and this punishment he underwent, firm and triumphant to the last, at Pont de Montvert, within less than three weeks from the day of his success on that very spot. Broglie now supposed the insurrection to be at an end, and after punishing the relatives of those who had taken part in it, he returned to Alais, leaving Poul with some companies of fusiliers to occupy the villages of the Higher Cevennes.

The insurgents wandered among the hills, dejected and irresolute and considering how they might escape out of France, when they were joined by one Laporte, once a soldier, but now a dealer in iron; a man of resolute character, endowed in the highest degree with those prophetic gifts which were all in all with the fanatical pesantry. He persuaded them to give up all thoughts of leaving the country of their ancestors, but declared that it must no longer be a land of slavery and death, that all the priests of Baal must be exterminated, and the temples of the Almighty must be reared again. "The Lord of Hosts," said he, "is our strength. We will sing the psalm of battles, and from Lozière to the sea, all Israel will arise. As for arms have we not our axes? they will get us muskets;" and he instantly led them to disarm some Roman Catholic villages. The band was speedily increased by recruits from the Vébron, and from Nismes. Among the latter were some young men by whom the Baron de St. Cômes, a noted renegade and oppressor, had been assassinated upon the highway, the very day after Segnier's execution. In a few days Laporte was at the head of one hundred and fifty men, with the prospect of a great addition when the vintage and the olive harvest should be over. He styled himself "Colonel of the Children of God," and his camp "the Camp of the Almighty," and with these lofty pretensions he bade defiance to King Louis and his armies.

(To be continued.)

Punch.

GALVANIC RING.

All persons afflicted with imaginary disease are earnestly recommended by *Punch* to try a Galvanic ring. It signifies not whose ring, out of the large variety advertised, they may select, since the virtues of all are equal. These rings consist of a thin wire of zinc, soldered to a similar wire of copper; hence the quantity of galvanism they generate is next to nothing; certainly much less than that produced by a sixpence and a half sovereign lying in contact in a gentleman's waistcoat pocket. Its exact amount it would be difficult to compute, as the galvanic fluid has no weight; but giving a rough guess, we should say that it may be about the decillionth part of a suspicion. The tremendous effects on the system of this strong homeopathic amount of galvanism passing through the little finger may be conceived. But to quiet alarm, we may state that none whatever of this frightful torrent of galvanism, developed by the ring, passes through the finger at all. To be affected by galvanism, it is necessary that the part to be galvanised should lie between two opposite galvanic poles or extremities; now as the finger is inside the ring, the galvanism is outside the finger. Thus, the finger is to the galvanic fluid as a person standing on the Isle of Dogs is to the fluid in the Thames. With what power an inappreciable force, ineffectually applied to the extremity of the body, must act in the cure of such a complaint as rheumatism, is obvious. In all positive diseases the Galvanic ring will afford a negative relief; and those who have nothing the matter with them may confidently depend on being cured by it.

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

An elephant was never introduced on the English stage till the production of *Blue Beard*. This is a positive fact; for Fawcett made his first appearance, I recollect, in one of its hind legs. He was so nervous at the time, that in going over one of the traps it gave way, and Fawcett and his companion leg were precipitated through it. The result was that *Blue Beard* and his black attendant were brought to the ground, and the two front legs of the elephant were seen lifted up in the air kicking away most violently, whilst the two hind legs, with Fawcett in one of them, were kicking no less violently under the stage. The curtain was obliged to be dropped before Fawcett or the elephant, could resume his natural footing. He afterwards attempted to put down elephants when he was stage manager, but they were always too strong for him.

REFORM OF THE BAR.

We are happy to state that the barristers of the Oxford Circuit have at length resolved to vindicate the dignity of the Bar, and to show a bright example to the whole of their silver-tongued and unsophisticated brethren. They have come to an expressed resolution that it is beneath the character of any of them "to report law proceedings for the press." And following up this beginning in the right path, they have also resolved, that if it shall happen that any counsel receive a retaining fee to conduct a case which, from a press of business, he shall be unable to advocate, it will henceforth be considered a breach of the merest every-day honesty not to return the money. Indeed, it is said that this resolution is to have a retrospective effect, in which case considerable sums must be paid back. We shall be happy to advertise the day on which learned gentlemen propose to disgorge.

"STOP MY PAPER."

We frequently perceive, with feelings of deepest anguish, the wailings of contemporaries at the manner in which they are treated by barbarians who, for the most venial, or no offence at all, stop the paper. The crime, in our opinion, is an unpardonable one, but like some other dreadful offences, the commission of which were never contemplated by our ancestors, there seems to be no direct and positive law against them. Our opinion, however, is, that the man who would "stop the paper" would stop one's breath, if he could, and hence the necessity for an immediate act of parliament to put a stop to the diabolical, low-bred practice. We write this from mere motives of humanity, having no knowledge whatever ourselves as to how we should feel under the infliction—for never were our ears saluted, even in a single instance, with such a madman's request as "please stop my *Punch*!"

THE MRS. CAUDLE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"What do you say? Thank Heaven you're going to enjoy the recess—and you'll be rid of me for some months? Never mind. Depend upon it when you come back you shall have it again—No: I don't raise the House and set every body by the ears; but I'm not going to give up every little privilege; though it's seldom I open my lips, goodness knows!"—*Caudle Lectures* (improved.)

A VERY GOOD EXCUSE.

We have been assured, on the best authority, that the absence of the sun is attributable solely to the fact, that since he has acquired so much fame by his photogenic pictures, he has been keeping out of the way for fear he should be made *President of the Royal Society*.

Miscellanea.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE'S OPINION OF WELLINGTON.—The Duke is a self-taught man, for he was always in dissipation. I recollect one day Mr. Pitt came into the drawing-room to me, "Oh," said he, "how I have been bored by Sir Sydney, with his box full of papers, and keeping me for a couple of hours when I had so much to do." I observed to him that heroes were generally vain: "Nelson is so." "So he is," said Pitt, "but not like Sir Sydney: and how different is Arthur Wellesley, who has just quitted me! he has given me details so clear upon the affairs of India, and he talked of them, too, as if he had been a surgeon of a regiment, and had nothing to do with them, so that I know not which to admire most, his modesty or his talents; and yet the fate of India depends upon them." Then, Doctor, when I recollect the letter he wrote to Edward Bouverie, in which he said he could not come to the ball which Bouverie had invited him to, for that his only corbeau coat was so bad he was ashamed to appear in it; I reflect what a rise he has had in the world.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all round it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

A SOLVENT BANK.—The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labour; and the best share is the plough-share, on which dividends are always liberal.

CLERKS.—William of Malmesbury, soon after the conquest, asserted—*Nullus clericus nisi causidicus*. The judges were created out of the sacred order, and all the inferior officers filled up by the lower clergy, their successors to this day being called clerks.

ODD ORIGINS.—Moses was a shepherd—Noah was a farmer—Confucius was a carpenter—Mahomet, called the Prophet, was a driver of asses—Mahemet Ali was a barber—the present negro Emperor of Morocco was a pawnbroker—Bernadotte, the late King of Sweden, was a surgeon in the garrison of Martinique when the English took that island—Madame Bernadotte was a washerwoman of Paris—Napoleon, a descendant of an obscure family of Corsica, was a major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobaccoist creole of Martinique—Franklin was a printer—President Boyer was a mulatto barber—President John Tyler was a captain of militia—Oliver Cromwell was originally a brewer—President Polk, the Loco Foco King of the American States, was formerly an innkeeper—the stepfather of Isabella, Queen of Spain, husband of Queen Christina, and brother-in-law of the King of Naples, was once a bar-keeper of a coffee-room—General Espartero was a vestry clerk—King Christopher of Hayti was a slave of St. Kitt's—the reigning President of Hayti was also a negro slave—Boliver was a druggist—General Paez was a cow-keeper—Vasco da Gama was a sailor—Columbus was a sailor—Astor, the richest man in the New World, before he became proprietor of Astorhouse, used to sell apples in the streets of New York—Joseph Bonaparte, before his arrival at New York, with all the silver, gold, and jewels of the crown of Spain that he was able to take with him from that country, was the King of Spain, &c.—Louis Philippe was a teacher of the French tongue at Switzerland, Boston, and Havannah—Catherine, the Empress of Russia, was a camp grisette—Cincinnatus was ploughing in his vineyard when the dictatorship of Rome was offered to him—the present governor of the Island of Madeira was a tailor—and the actual Minister of Finance in Portugal was a dealer in bottles of Madeira wine. There are at present in Spain several Dukes, Marquises, Counts, Viscounts, and Barons who formerly were cooks, tailors, barbers, cobblers, sweepers, and mulattos. These few but remarkable facts of ancient and modern history are enough for proving that men and women from the lowest class of society have attained power, eminence, insolence, and even thrones, crowns, and altars. Brutus before being Brutus was a brute.

OLD BOYS.—There are many superficial observers who suppose that there are no boys in the world except those of the rising generation of mere children, who, having escaped from petticoats, rejoice in jackets, and are secretly looking forward to getting long tailed coats. This, however, is a grievous mistake. Those who look with a philosophic eye upon the world, will perceive two classes of boys, namely, boys properly so called, and old boys, not improperly so called, inasmuch as, with the exception of their being somewhat taller, and somewhat heavier, and somewhat older, they have about them a good deal in common with the *bona-fide* out and out boy. The interesting specimens of humanity who come within the category of old boys, generally begin life with excellent constitutions, an immense flow of animal spirits, and an almost inexhaustible stock of good nature. The constitutional advantages impart to them a vigour and vitality of body, and an elasticity of mind, which truly enables them to go on their way rejoicing. Cares and calamities which would crush and kill ordinary men, find and leave the old boys alive and kicking. No one ever heard of an old boy committing suicide. The thing is impossible. He laughs and jokes at the losses and crosses of life, but never desponds. He is like a cork—it is impossible to keep him under water. In the really juvenile part of his life, he is a most restless and rollocking being. His whole soul seems to be absorbed in sports and pastimes—in running, or wrestling, or leaping. He is never at rest unless he is in motion. His relish for feats of agility and strength is insatiable; and you cannot take a walk with him a mile or two in the country, but he will suddenly propose to run a race with you, or challenge you to leap over some gate or ditch. Though you may decline to compete with him in these bold and boisterous pastimes, there is no good reason why he is not to pursue the bent of his humour. His love of action and excitement cannot be restrained, and before you can pronounce the name of that popular person called Jack Robinson, you see your frolicsome friend bounding like an antelope over some fence, or peradventure climbing a tree with all the ease and agility of a squirrel. Within doors this buoyant and boisterous spirit is ever breaking forth. In the morning, he jumps bolt out of bed upon the floor, making the whole house shake, to the no small terror of the inmates, who mistake it for the shock of an earthquake. Then, in coming down stairs, he bounds along like a greyhound, taking three or four steps at a time, and bursts into the breakfast parlour with a shout, making people with delicate nerves quake with fear. He is as fond of dancing as a Frenchman. Hence, he is the very life of a bachelor's supper party. There he is in his element. His spirits revel and riot in festive hilarity. There is no end to his wit and wagery. His lungs seem to be made of leather, and he roars like a bull of Bashan. His loud and continuous peals of laughter seem to be infectious and create quite a laughing chorus. Everything he turns into wit and pleasantry. Innumerable are his humorous sallies and pungent personalities. As the cup circulates his restlessness increases, and nothing will content him but jumping over tables and chairs, and playing at leap-frog with his boon companions, while, during the temporary cessation of the game, he is shewing his dexterity in balancing a chair, or amusing his friends by a display of his vocal power.—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor*.

MATRIMONIAL CURRENCY.—The enterprising colonists being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward Sandys, the treasurer, proposed to the Virginia Company to send over a freight of young women to become wives for the planters. The proposal was applauded; and ninety girls, young and uncorrupt, were sent over in the ships that arrived this year (1620), and the year following; sixty more, handsome and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanour. The price of a wife at the first rate was "one hundred pounds of tobacco;" but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to "one hundred and fifty pounds;" the value of which in money was 3s. per pound. This debt for wives it was ordered should have the precedence of all other debts, and be first recoverable. The Rev. Mr. Weems, a Virginian writer, intimates that it would have done a man's heart good to see the gallant young Virginians hastening to the water side when a vessel arrived from London, each carrying a bundle of the best tobacco under his arm, and taking back with him a beautiful and virtuous young wife.—*Gilbert's Banking in America*.

THE RELIGIOUS HYPOCRITE.—Look into the world, how often do you behold a sordid wretch, whose strait heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear. Take notice with what provoking sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand nor the left, lest he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that line where *self-interest* is carrying him.

The whole of Macaulay's Essays, in two volumes, are sold in New York for 50 cents, (2s.) This is giving literature to the million. 5000 copies at least have been circulated.

SALE OF SLAVES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THEOLOGY.—We find the following notice, signed by the Deputy-sheriff, of a public sale, in the *Savannah Republican* of March 3, 1845. After describing the plantation which was to be sold, the notice adds—“Also, at the same time and place, the following negro slaves, to wit, Charles, Peggy, Antonett, Davy, September, Maria, Jenny, and Isaac—levied on as the property of Henry T. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage *fi. fa.* issued out of McIntosh Supreme Court, in favour of the board of directors of the Theological Seminary of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia *v.* said Henry T. Hall. Conditions cash.”

GIVING AND RECEIVING ADVICE.—In giving advice, we must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down, and making that to drop which it was meant to cherish and refresh; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper manner, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof against which nature is very apt to revolt; by a mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.

For a fit of ambition, go into the churchyard and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister. For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bedridden and afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions. For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

AMUSEMENT.—People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures, by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.

MAN.—Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him; a breath of air, a drop of water, will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him, because he knows that he dies, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it has over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. From thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavour to think well; this is the principle of morals.

A man of wit and humour, who “sets the table in a roar,” is often, after a time, very fatiguing. There are seasons when hilarity disgusts; sorrow is sacred—and he who is unacquainted with it has not a human heart.

A THING THAT OUGHT TO BE KNOWN.—The beech tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning. So notorious is the fact, that the Indians, whenever the sky wears the appearance of a thunder-storm, leave their pursuits and take refuge under the nearest beech tree. In Tennessee the people consider it a complete protection. Dr. Becton, in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, states that the beech tree is never known to be struck by atmospheric electricity, while other trees are often shattered in splinters. May not a knowledge of this afford protection to many when exposed?

There is a story told of the Emperor Francis, which I believe to be perfectly true, and which fully corroborates Prince Metternich's description of the parental character of that monarch's government. During the period that the cholera decimated its victims at Vienna, the Emperor walked in the streets. At an obscure portion of the city he met a funeral. It was evidently that of a poor and wretched being. There were no friends to surround the bier, and the pauper's funeral was conducted with rapidity and inconsideration. “Halt!” cried the Emperor; “I shall follow the remains of the deceased to the grave.” “He was only an obscure person,” was the reply, “and he has died of the cholera.” “Never mind that,” retorted the monarch, “he was one of my children, for are you not all my children?” and the Emperor followed to the grave one of the very obscurest of his subjects.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

AN IRISH WITNESS.—At the late Kerry Assizes, a witness named McCarthy was examined in an action of trover of a cow. He completely bewildered the judge, counsel, and jury. The following is a sample of his evidence:—Counsel: What kind of a cow, as to color and appearance, was she?—Witness, pausing and looking big: Why, you see, she was, as a body may say, a blanket of a cow on the pinto of calving (laughter).—Court: What color, witness, did you say? Do you mean to say she had a blanket on her?—Witness: Shaugh! a blanket on her; sure I'm telling ye, a black white cow—a bracker cow (great laughter).—His Lordship's apprehension did not seem much further enlightened, when the witness, in answer to further questions, stooped over to the bench, and in a “private and confidential” manner, as though intended solely for his Lordship's ear, but with a railroad rapidity of utterance, went on—“You see, my Lord, a blanket is what we call a cow that is white under the belly of her; black, my Lord, in her fore parts and her hind quarters, and white in middle.” His Lordship here looked “helpless,” and finally closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair; when the witness added—“A springer, your Lordship, as you may say, and in calf *shanafough*, three years, rising four.” (Laughter).

Original Correspondence.

THE BANKS AND THE JURY.

Doth not a meeting like this make amends?

MR. ATLAS.—The heading of this article I admit, has something obsolete about it. Its re-appearance on the stage now, is accounted for thus: A few weeks since, when business called me to Sydney, I accidentally fell in with an old chum of the Jury box, who asked me, if it were true, that the Jurors who had been summoned from a distance on the late trial at bar, had received only the sum of sixteen shillings each per day from the Banks; whilst those who resided in Sydney and its vicinity, had each received that of one guinea? I said that it was. He shook his head, and followed up his query by saying, that he thought the Bank of Australasia could not be a party to such an arrangement, adding, that it would never have lent the sanction of its high name to one so paltry, and apparently of so insulting a character. I replied, that at the time, the Jurors thought it not only insulting, but unjust; but as the consideration which it involved, was so very trifling, it had long since ceased to occupy their thoughts. We parted, and at a subsequent period I communicated the opinion thus accidentally

received, to Mr. Falconer. And, I am here free to confess, that my interview with that gentleman was no less honorable to himself, than its result was unexpected by me. Nor, do I feel that I am guilty of the slightest breach either of confidence, or of correct duty, by giving it a prominent place in a statement intended for public opinion, such as this. Mr. Falconer not only assured me, that my intimation was the first which had reached him of the transaction, but with much earnestness of manner, disavowed on the part of the Bank all participation in it;—said, that up to that moment, he had laboured under the belief, that such Jurors had received the sum of one guinea per day, from the funds of the Banks—irrespective of his claim on any other; asked me why I had not sooner made known our complaint, adding, that it was one of such a character, as called for immediate reparation; or, words to that effect.

Such honest and well-regulated sentiments, while they stand a trustful pledge for the fulfilment of public faith on the part of the bank, and are in wholesome keeping with the manager of such an establishment, cannot, at the same time, prove very complimentary to those who were instrumental in carrying out this affair. It was requested by Mr. Falconer to call again. I did so; but in the mean time the transaction had been brought before some of the Directors, and through whatever phases it had passed when there, its already forbidding features had contracted another frown. It came out with a *sine qua non* appended to it, one the most fatal to its success—that of Mr. Gurner's assent. I saw that they were about to place me in the hands of my old friends again, and thought the wisest thing I could do, was to find my way to the steamer as quickly as possible. On reaching home, I wrote a short letter to Mr. Gurner, calling his attention to the result of my interview with Mr. Falconer, and at the expiration of nearly ten days, I received a very laboured and verbose reply, abounding in quaint and technical precision, and, in a good deal of what I should call professional fudge; but pitiable in its struggles through the mist of error to free itself from entanglement. As was anticipated, the assent was refused; the five Jurors, minus their twenty-five pounds, as before. We attempt not to explain the *Stamese* union, which appears to subsist between these two establishments. The Bank of Australasia has now repudiated the acts of its agents. There is a “dream of the past” brought home to us in these words. “We tread on haughty Spain.” Let us now see what is the simple fact at issue. The solicitors to the banks took upon themselves the onerous and self-created duty to withhold from five country Jurors, on the late trial at bar, the sum of 5s. each per day, from a fund placed in those solicitors' hands by the banks, on the plea that those Jurors had a claim for a like amount upon the Government. This is precisely their own case, and I shall give them battle with their own weapons. That there was a fund of one guinea each per day, unfettered by restrictions, abridged by no exceptions, placed at their disposal for the *twelve*, will scarcely dare to be denied. And now, Mr. Solicitors, I would ask you, why has country Jurors this claim of five shillings per day upon the Government? Simply to lift them on the common platform of JURY EQUALITY, nothing more!—to make Sydney their home—to transmute them as it were into town Jurors for the time being—into that very class of persons, whom you have thought worthy to receive at your hands the sum of one guinea per day, while those five men have been paid with that of sixteen shillings!! I forbear to make one intemperate comment upon this transaction, further than perhaps to say that, exposed as those Jurors were to expenses which covered double the amount of this paltry five shillings claim—to absence from families, and to losses and privations from all of which town Jurors were exempt, I feel that the act stands at this moment one more prejudicial to the “fair fame” of those solicitors, than it is to the pockets of the injured parties. The banks never would have extended their liberality, did they not intend that an equality of claim should form the basis of its benefits. This is an axiom open to every ingenious mind. Had all been alike, either town or country Jurors, no irritating distinction could well have crept in—no principle of right could well have been invaded. But as such was not the case, pigmy as those interests were, they should have been alike respected. This paltry Government pittance to five Jurors, should never have been squeezed into an act of voluntary and spirited liberality! there was no kindred spirit between them. The Banks' offering should have stood alone, unassisted from so drained and reduced a source. And if the gold be now nibbled off the gingerbread, believe me, Mr. Solicitors, that you are the naughty boys who will come in for the wanton and wicked sport. Many a good weapon has been blunted when intrusted in the hands of the unskilful; and if bright and massive blades have now suffered through the clumsy and ungraceful fits of others, we extend to the Banks more our sympathy than our blame.

Having now settled my

“Long arrears of gratitude to Alonzo!” and knowing that I had no legitimate claim on the Banks for one shilling no further than gratuity is sought, none shall be received.

Let any of my fellow country Jurors should tremble at a field being left open for conjecture, by affixing an anonymous signature to this letter, I feel, MR. ATLAS, that the manliest course to pursue, is at once to say that the writer is

Your obedient servant,
THOMAS HARPUR.

Cecil Hills, January 5, 1846.

PUSEYISM IN AUSTRALIA.

(By Permission of the Atlas.)

The Bishop of Calcutta informed them, that one of the chief duties he had to discharge in the three immense dioceses of India, as Bishop and Metropolitan, was to raise a barrier against the inundation of *swami-ropary* called PUSEYISM, which was pouring out its defiling and death-conveying streams over the PROTESTANT CHURCH there, as at home. He endeavoured to do this as became him as BISHOP, by ordaining none who entertained the gross and superstitious Tractarian sentiments—by refuting and condemning them openly all over India, in his sermons, and charges, and private advice—and by following out every particular instance of a tendency to these novel doctrines, ceremonies, or practices, which came to his knowledge, with all the measures which the case demanded, and his duty allowed.—*Report of a Public Meeting of the Clergy and Inhabitants of Islington.*

FELLOW CHURCHMEN.—Contrast the above beautiful sentiments with the sayings and doings in some of our semi-Popish Churches in Sydney and elsewhere in this colony, fostered and nurtured as they now are by the Diocesan himself. Is it possible that, in the nineteenth century, men should be found so ignorant as to imagine they can with impunity revive the Popish superstitions of the dark ages, and rivet the chains of priestcraft again around the necks of our generation? Let us cry shame!—shame upon these Popish revivalists! Look at St. Andrew's semi-Popish Church, with its Crosses mounted on the summit of each corner, staring you in the face turn which way you will; and, again, at Christ Church, with all its Popish paraphernalia, daring and defying public opinion in the most open manner. And why is all this? The reason is too obvious—it is pleasing to the head of the Church. A gentleman who visited the latter place, on Sunday last, observed, “It would be difficult to draw a distinction betwixt the service of the Romish Continental Churches and the service as now performed in Christ Church, St. Lawrence.” Would it not be more consistent, more

honest, to act as the Rev. W. G. Ward has done, and go over to the see of Rome, than thus to delude a congregation under the plea that the Rubric enjoins this, and the Canons enforce the other, till “one strange event so rapidly supersedes another, that men's minds have undergone a complete mistification, and now even cease to wonder what will come next.”

Fellow Churchmen, allow me once more to appeal to you as members of our Protestant faith, to shake off the dull sloth that has taken possession of you, and shun the polluting stream that is waiting to overwhelm you! there is, I am happy to say, a remnant of our pure Protestant Church yet left us in this colony, cling to it, and its worthy ministers will receive you into its bosom with joy and gladness.

It has been observed by a minister of the Church in this colony, that the introduction of these forms are repugnant to his feelings, but his ordination oath binds him to obey his Diocesan. These same forms and innovations were attempted in the Diocese of Hobartton, under the guidance of Bishop Nixon, and for a time appeared successful, but a feeling of indignation at length arose against them, and they have been abandoned, even to the pulling down of the wooden crosses from the buildings—the disuse of the surplice—and also the collection of the offertory, which of itself has taken hundreds from our Churches, and driven many, very many, to seek Christian consolation in other communions. For what purpose has this revival of obsolete forms been attempted? forms which in the age of superstition and priestcraft were obliged to be abandoned, for the security of the Church; and shall we in the nineteenth century, allow them to be revived for the sole purpose of preventing us the right of private judgment, and thinking for ourselves; these my fellow Churchmen are matters for our consideration, let us then at once boldly unite and demand their withdrawal, or by our silence we shall be assisting in the destruction of our once happy Church in this colony.

W.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

MR. ATLAS.—The above dreadful malady has so fatally sieged upon the Carcoarians, and is now making such havoc among them, that I hasten to announce to the world through the columns of your valuable journal, the injuries, both public and private, resulting therefrom. I am aware that a similar itch prevails at certain seasons in our Council Chamber, Sydney, distinguished by the faculty by the cognomen of *Loquendi*—but, sir, permit me to assure you that the effects of the two are very dissimilar. *Loquendi* simply causes loss of breath to the honorable speakers, and the injury, if any, is confined exclusively to themselves. But how shall I define the extremes *Scrubendi*—how stop its ravages—how save its victims? Our resident Physicians and Surgeons have pronounced it an incurable disease—but after three days deliberation, come to the opinion, that a sound bastinado three times a week instead of breakfast, and throwing the entire expense of the mails on these madcaps, would in a great measure check the progress of the disorder. Verily we hope this opinion will not be lost sight of by the Government, for there is no saying where the evil will end. Already has it attained such a pitch as to render two mails per week between the metropolis and this remote insignificant little hamlet insufficient, and the Postmaster General has in consequence, thought it prudent, in the plenitude of his wisdom, to accept a tender for three mails per week, in lieu of two as heretofore; and further, has appointed, as I am credibly informed, the holy Sabbath as the third mail day—thus adding private to public injury—for not only is the extra sum of £45 wanted to support the charge for the third mail, without the slightest possibility of an equivalent in any shape whatever being returned, but the Sunday attendance of three Christians at least, is required on these itchy patients—yes, three Christians—two Postmaster's and a Mailman must neglect the worship of their God, and break upon that rest and quiet which are held to them sacred by laws both human and divine, to wait upon these mono-maniacs who are wasting their substance in postage and stationery, and who, whether from madness arising from much and profound erudition, or whether from their ignorance of rhetoric and want of learning, I know not, cannot get through their lucubrations in the six days allotted for work, but require the seventh also to make up for their dulness and deficiency.

Our immortal Pope must have predicted their existence, when he wrote these lines:—

How much of paper's spoil'd! What loads of ink!
And yet how few, how very few, can think!
The knack of writing is an easy trade;
But to write well, requires at least—a head.

But independent of this shameful breach of a divine ordinance and infringements on private rights, let us look into the demoralising results of this worse than heathenish practice. It is well known that the arrival and dispatch of mails on a Sunday wherever the practice exists, causes large crowds of persons to assemble in the vicinity of the Post Office—among the mobility so congregated you see the drunkard, and hear the blasphemer,—your hearing is pained with oaths and imprecations—cursing and swearing,—there the smutty jokes are cracked and foul and obscene language passes round—there may be seen boxing and wrestling—betting and gaming; there stand the old teaching—the young learning—there are concerted plans for burglaries, mail robberies, and thence is conveyed that private information, so necessary to the bushrangers and receivers of stolen property, for eluding the vigilance of the police—there stands the blood-stained adept, teaching the young idea to shoot. Alas! the sight, the very thought, makes the Christian heart shudder. “Is this a Sunday,” quoth you, a holy Sabbath in a Christian land? you pause, and repeat the question—you answer in the affirmative—but find it difficult to credit your own senses. This is but a faint picture of the evils caused by the profane and irreligious example set by the Government. The day set apart for holy worship is converted into a day for the meeting of murderers and robbers—and the area in front of the Post Office is made the lounging hall of the idler—the rogue and the vagabond. What temptation indeed does this offer to the honest poor—wearied with his six days' labor and naturally preferring light and frivolous conversation to a grave sermon, wants little or no persuasion to neglect divine service—and is accordingly initiated into this sabbath-breaking system, and ever after shuns the fear of God, and deviates from the path of rectitude.

In conclusion, sir, viewing this as a public question, I take leave to ask how will the Postmaster General account for the unwarrentable and unauthorised increase in the public expenditure. Is there a board appointed to open the tenders, or is this important and confidential duty left to the sole discretion and unaided wisdom of our sage director of mails? Be this as it may, sir, any sane and honest person acquainted with the extent and importance of the Carcoar correspondence, will concur with me in pronouncing the whole affair to be a nefarious jobbery! a sleight of hand hocus pocus trick, requiring strict investigation.

Your obedient servant,

Q IN THE CORNER.

Bush, Carcoar, Dec. 26, 1845.