they were disposed to agree to my offers to purchase them. Only one could write, and at last it was agreed that he should copy the Selim, which copy, and the manuscripts which I had selected, were to be mine in exchange for a fixed sum in dollars, to which I added a present of rice, coffee, tobacco, and such other articles as I had to offer. Future visitors would escape the suspicions with which we were received, and might perhaps hear how warmly we had endeavoured to purchase and carry away the original Selim. Next we visited the Syrian convent, where similar suspicions were at first shown, and were overcome by similar civilities Here I purchased a few manuscripts with Arabic translations. We then visited the two other convents, but found little of consequence. These manuscripts I presented to Mr. Tattam, and gave him an account of the small room with its trap-door, through which I descended, candle in hand, to examine the manuscripts, where books and parts of books, and scattered leaves, in Coptic, Ethiopic, Syriac, and Arabic, were lying in a mass, on which I stood. From this I handed to Mr. Linaut such as appeared best suited to my purpose, as he stood in the small room above the trapdoor. To appearance it seemed as if on some sudden emergency the whole library had been thrown for security down this trapdoor, and that they had remained undisturbed in their dust and neglect for some centuries.

About nine years after the visit of Lord Prudhoe, the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun., who has travelled much in the East to search for manuscripts (with considerable success), and in his travels has met with many curious and interesting adventures, which we could wish were made public, was also a visitor to these monks. We are indebted to him for the following account of his excursion :-

I am sorry to say that I cannot answer your letter in as satis factory a manner as I could wish, for I have no papers by me here to refer to, and I have forgotten some things about the monasteries on the Natron Lakes which might have been interesting to you However, as far as I remember, I will tell you. During the winter of 1837 I was in Egypt for the second time, and in the month of January or February I was engaged in a brisk chace after old books, particularly two which I had heard of at Nagadé—one a Coptic History of Egypt, which I had been told at Thebes was in the possession of the Bishop of Nagadé, who was reputed to be a great dealer in magic—the other a Coptic and Arabic Dictionary, said to be the most perfect and largest known. When I arrived at Nagadé, the bishop was in church; but certain men brought me a mat, whereon I sat in the shade of an old wall till the people came out of church, which they presently did, with the bishop at their head. The bishop sat down by me on the mat, and the congregagation sat down in a ring; and after a long prologue of compliments, and coffee and pipes, and so on, we entered on the subject of manuscripts. The bishop told me that the Dictionary was gone to the palace of the patriarch at Cairo; and we were talking about the History, when suddenly there arose a great noise in the church, of howling and clanking of chains. We were all silent in consternation—and I expected that the episcopal magician had been raising a spirit;—when the church doors burst open with a crash, and in the dark porch there stood a tall figure in a priest's robe, waving a great brazen censer in his hand. This apparition stalked forward slowly, when I saw he had a heavy chain tied to his legs. He came up and sat down before me on the ground. "Who have you the honor to be?" said I. "Who, pray, are you?" said one of my men. Upon which he turned round and spat in the face of the man who had addressed him. This man, who was a negrolaid his hand upon his sword, when the other sprang upon his feet with a scream, and made a dash at the negro with the censer—a very efficient weapon when properly applied. He missed my man, and broke the censer on the stones. We all started up, and a general rush ensued against the bearer of the censer, who was with some difficulty secured and carried off. He was a son of the bishop; and, being a maniac, had been chained down before the altar of St. George—a sovereign remedy in these cases—only he pulled up the staples of his chain, and so came away with the censer before his cure was completed. But the end of the affair was -a sovereign remedy in these cases-only he that the bishop departed in the scuffle, and I heard no more of the History of Egypt. The other volume had been at Cairo, but was gone, when I made enquiries respecting it, to the monastery of Amba-Bishoi at the Natron Lakes. I went after it, and arrived there in the month of March; but although there were many Coptic manuscripts of Liturgies there in a room in a square tower, it was not among them. I then went to another monastery; I think it was called Baramous. There was nothing there but a few Coptic manuscripts on paper, and a prodigious multitude of fleas. I retreated from their attack to the church, where I went to sleep on the marble floor; but I had hardly shut my eyes when I was again attacked by so many of these monsters that I was forced to be off again; so I got up, and watched the moon over the desertill daylight. I then departed for the monastery of the Syrians, where I arrived in a short time. Here was a congregation of black Abyssinian monks, dressed in wash-leather and tallow, who were howling in honor of some Abyssinian saint, in a strange little room at the end of a garden, which was surrounded by the high fortified wall of the monastery. They had a library of which I have shown you a sketch, where the manuscripts lung upon pegs by long straps you a sketch, where the manuscripts lung upon pegs by long straps in a peculiar manner, different from the arrangement of any other library I have ever seen. Besides these black brethren, there were ten or twelve Copts. The superior was blind and very old, with a long white venerable beard, but very dirty. When I inquired for books he showed me the library in a high tower, in a little strong room, with stone niches in the wall. There were some very remarkable Coptic manuscripts—the finest I have ever seen. The latest of them, as I imagine, is that great quarto which you saw at Parham. Two others on vellum were lying on the top of an open pot or jar, of which they had formed the lid. There had been jam or preserves of some sort in the pot, which the books had been used to protect; but they had been there so long that the jam had evaporated, leaving some dubious-looking lumps of dirt at the bottom. I was allowed to take all the manuscripts on vellum, as they were too old to read, and of no use as covers for the vases of preserves. Among a heap of dusty volumes on the floor I found the manuscript Dictionary of which I was in search, but this they would not sell, but they sold me two other imperfect ones, so I put it in one of the niches in the wall, where it remained about two years, when it was purchased and brought away for me by a gentleman at Cairo. You say that Lord Prudhoe fed the monks, and so found the way to their hearts. Now I have found. from much practice, that the two species of Eastern and Western monks may be divided logically into the drinking and the eating kind. A Benedictine or even a Capuchin is a famous hand at a capon, and an ovster pâté or so has great charms for him on a fastday-probatum est; but the monks of St. Basil are ascetics—they nothing of cookery beyond garlic and red pepper, and such like strong condiments—howbeit they have a leaning to strong drink, and consider rosoglio as a merchandise adapted to their pe-

been told by Mr. Linant, the pacha's engineer, who had accompanied Lord Prudhoe, that there were some ancient manuscripts in the oil-cellar. Nevertheless, the abbot denied the fact; but I got him into my room, with another father who always went about with him, and there I gave them some rosoglio which I had brought on purpose. It was very soft stuff I remember, pink, and tasted as sweet and pleasant as if there was no strength in it. They liked it much, and sat sipping fingians—that is, coffee-cups
—of it with a happy and contented air. When I saw that the
face of the blind man waxed unsuspicious and wore a bland expression which he took no pains to conceal—for he could not see, and did not remember that those who could might read his counthe architecture," said I: "I hear your's is a famous oil-cellar."
"It is a famous cellar." said the other elder; " and I remember the days when it overflowed with oil. Then there were I do not know how many brethren here, but now we are few and poor; bad times are come over us; we are not what we used to be." This monk having become sentimental, and the abbot unsuspicious, "Well, let us go," said I, "and see this famous cellar, and we will have another bottle when we come back." This last argument prevailed. We went to the oil-cellar, which was under the great tower, and there were some prodigious pots which once held the oil of gladness, but which now sounded hollow and empty to the There was nothing else here; but taking the candle from the hands of one of the brethren-for they had all followed us into this hole like sheep—I found a low door, and passed into a little vaulted room, which was full of loose leaves of Syriac manuscripts more than knee-deep. These are the famous volumes now deposited in the British Museum. Here I fumbled about a long time, and after a good deal of digging I pulled out four books; and two monks, struggling together, pulled out four books; and two monks, struggling together, pulled out the great manuscript Evangelistarium, which you have seen. It was tied up with a string. "Here is a box," shouted the two monks, who were nearly choked with the dust. "A box!" echoed the blind abbot. "Bring it out—make haste—where is the box? Heaven be praised, it is a treasure." "Yes," screamed all the monks, "a treasure. Allah Akbar!—a box—out with it—bring out the box." Out they all rushed with the treasure, and I issued forth into the dark (for they had run away with the candle in their anxiety about the box), with three octavos under one arm, and a quarto under the other. I found no more, except fragments. These I took to my room, and the abbot and the other brother soon came after me for the promised bottle of rosoglio, which they now much wanted to keep up their spirits, when they found the box of treasure to be only a great book. They mumbled and murmured to themselves between their cups; and when they were gradually getting comforted again, I began to say, "You found no box of treasure in the vault; but, behold, I am a lover of old books. Give them to me, and I will give you a certain number of piastres in exchange; and so you will have found a treasure, and I will go my way in gladness." "Ah!" said they, "how much will you give?', "How much do you want?" said I. And so we settled it over the rosoglio, which smoothed many difficulties. The Coptic manuscripts on vellum were ensconced in one side of a great pair of camel-bags. "Now," said I, "I will put these into the other side, and you shall take it out, and help to load the camels." All we could do we could not put all the books in; and the two monks would not let me have any extra parcel lest the other brethren should see it and smell a rat, and claim their share of the spoil at least I suppose that was their reason. In this extremity I looked at each of the three octavos and the quarto, not knowing which to leave behind. At last, the quarto being imperfect, I left that, and great is my sorrow that I did so, for on looking at the manuscript again, I believe that very quarto is the famous book dated A.D. 411, now the great pride and treasure of the British Museum. However, I am glad that establishment is now possessed of it, and I hope it will be duly made use of. This is all I have to tell you of the manuscripts in the monasteries of the Natron Lakes.

(To be continued.)

Punch.

LEGAL "AT HOMES." THE LEGAL SOLFEGGIO.

In Doe ver . . sus Rich . . ard Roe.

The greatest excitement has been created in the public, but particularly in the forensic, mind, by the announcement of the intended cultivation of music by the legal profession. are seen hurrying about with flutes concealed in the folds of their gowns, rolls of music interspersed with their briefs, and fiddles poked into their wig-boxes. Everything in the forensic world wears the aspect of a musical festival. We should not be surprised -as there is a fashion for amateur performances-if we were to hear of a charitable concert having been got up by some of the ornaments of the Bar, upon which occasion some learned Queen's Counsel and others may "kindly consent" to sing certain popular

"THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY!"

would be a tremendous line in a musical programme. Unfortunately, however, the musical mania has seized chiefly on the briefless, as illness usually exhibits itself first, and rages most furiously in poor neighbourhoods. Several shocking cases have broken out in the "three pairs" all over the Temple. We have heard frightful screams, interspersed with low moanings, issuing from an attic in Hare Court, and frequent bleeding, by a musical attendant, has been copiously resorted to. The patient, it is said, has commenced a course of treatment for his malady—or, as he insanely calls it, his melody-which makes his condition much worse instead of improving it.

We regret to say that the juniors have been seized by scores in the upper districts of the Temple. There were at one time alarming symptoms in Inner Temple Lane, for moanings were distinctly audible; but it turned out to be a temporary attack of "Old Clothes!" which, we are happy to say, got speedily subdued by resorting at once to a regimen of porter.

Nothing is more disagreeable than a singing in the ears, and to this, unless a stop is put to the mischief at once, all the inhabitants of the Temple will be liable. The great difficulty is, how to deal with the malady; for as the patients are chiefly adults, the phlogistic treatment, usually so efficacious in juvenile instances, cannot here be resorted to.

If, however, music is to be cultivated by those members of the profession who have one bar's uninterrupted rest—for want of occupation, either professional or otherwise—we recommend for The old blind abbott had solemnly declared that there were no cupation, either professional or otherwise—we recommend for more books in the monastery besides those I had seen; but I had their own sakes that something profitable should be made of it.

Some time ago we proposed a series of legal evenings, little thinking that such a project might, in consequence of the musical turn taken by the gentlemen of the Bar, become really feasible. We therefore have the pleasure of submitting to those gentlemen whose leisure allows them an opportunity of giving legal entertainments a lá Matthews, the following programme of an

AT HOME; OR, LAW AND LAUGHTER.

The curtain should rise and discover a table spread over with a green cloth, a decanter of spring water, a couple of lamps, and a variety of blocks for the wigs belonging to the different characters. The forensic performer should then proceed (something in the following fashion :-

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I appear before you this evening as a humble imitator of the late lamented Mr. Matthews, whose Table-Talk some of you may remember, though others may have forgot-ten. Talking of Mr. Matthews, reminds me that my introduction ten. Talking of Mr. Matthews, reminds me that my introduction must be brief; and talking of briefs, suggests to me the first document of that kind I ever received. If you will allow me, I will embody the circumstance in a song; and if you will excuse my stooping down for one moment—(stoops under the table)—I shall be able to show you the costume in which I appeared on that memorable occasion. (He rises in his barrister's wig and gown.) Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am—(nimickiny)—Gentlemen of the Jury—a-hem—(strikes up the following song:—

As in my chambers, all alone,
At silent eve I sat,
Indulging a despairing groan,
I heard a rat-tat-tat.
I started up—I wiped my eye;
I would not show my grief.
What do I see—what do I spy?—
A client with a brief. I seize it in my eager hand;
He bids me look within,
That I may shortly understand
The cause I fain must win.
I did so—how my lips I bit,
With rage, despair, and grief?—
There was a copy of a writ
Folded inside the brief!

"This little anecdote, though simple in itself, illustrates, to a very great extent, the truth of some remarks that are commonly made upon the ungentlemanly conduct of a certain portion of the profession.

"Some years ago, in the infancy of my professional career, when every guinea was of consequence, I had reason to be deceived in an early client. The first shock the feelings receive in law is as potent as the original rebuff they experience in love. I had plighted my professional faith to this client: I had in fact—though I know I am risking my reputation for professional correctness in this avowal, for nobody else does it—oh, no!—nobody else, of course -I had, in fact, permitted my clerk, the ever-memorable Thompson—of whom more anon—to keep an account with him. One evening I was sitting in silent melancholy at my chambers, pondering over the vanity of human wishes, and other little matters to which I am in the habit of devoting my leisure hours, when a knock came at the door, to which my heart responded by a gentle palpitation. I heard the voice of the 'false client,' tendering a brief. I rushed forward, and seizing that precious lyre which had been the solace of so many briefless hours, I struck up the following strain, into which I threw alternate bursts of pathos and indignation, though I must confess the latter was very likely to predominate. It is arranged to the beatiful air of-

'TAKE BACK THY GIFT.'

Take back thy brief: it is a token
Of many a still-ansettled fee;
And since your word is long since broken,
Thy brief's not worth one rap to me.

Though once I thought with life alone Brought business to restore, Oh take it back, for now, I own, You humbug me no more.—
Take back thy brief,

[Spoken.—Thompson, give it him back immediately.]

For now, I own, You humbug me no more."

The above is a short specimen of such an entertainment as we propose to write for any forensic vocalist who has the gift of telling anecdotes, as well as the happy accomplishment of singing songs. Further particulars may be known on application at the *Punch* Office.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

Great alterations have been made in the uniforms of the Navy, such alterations having been duly gazetted. The senior officers are to have all sorts of epaulettes, gold loops, and gold lace. Really this is giving the enemy a premium to fight with additional courage; for a line-of-battle-ship will now be made doubly valuable by the bullion of her officers. To be sure, they will have an added sense of property about them, and fight accordingly: hence, should there be an American war (which there will not), the carnage will be dreadful. A very capital improvement has been made in the midshipmen's uniforms—though no account of it has been published. They are, however, to have the number of years they may have passed for lieutenants, every year worked in white worsted in their collars, in order to refresh the memory of any visiting Lord of the Admiralty.

A VERY CLOSE SHOT.

Paris has not yet illuminated in celebration of the glad event, but it is now certain that, at last, the French have killed Abd-el-Kader's—horse. Thus, campaign after campaign, they are getting closer to the Emir. In another seven years, we may now fairly expect that they will kill Abd-el-Kader himself! So far, however, it is very encouraging to hear that his gray horse. however, it is very encouraging to have shot his grey horse.

EFFCTS OF FRIGHT.

The Peers have resolved, at a meeting of the Clarendon, to opof the Corn-Law Bill. British Lion is so frightened that he has sent to Van Amburgh, applying for a situation.

Music and Musicians.

MR. RAVAC'S CONCERT.

The second Concert under the direction of this distinguished violinist, took place at the Old Court House, on Wednesday evening last; and though the company was more numerous than on the first night, yet it fell very far short of what was anticipated. as many objections were made on the former occasion to attending the City Theatre. The pleasing variety of performances on the present occasion appeared to give very general satisfaction; but the great lion of the evening was Mr. kavac, whose brilliant performances on the violin drew forth the most enthusiastic applause from all parts of the room. We still hope to see much better attendance as his fame gets spread abroad, which it evidently must do, from the enthusiasm which manifested itself on Wednesday evening. The great press of other matter prevents our going more fully into detail in the present number.

Memoranda of Men and Things.

ENGLAND IN 1745 AND 1845 .- A CONTRAST.

If the advocates of old things were in the habit of looking into history, they might gather more than one lesson from the past century. We know, however, that their reverence for "the wisdom of our ancestors" is in adverse ratio with their knowledge of the is in adverse ratio with their knowledge of the times of our ancestors.

For our own encouragement, however, rather than their enlightening, let us compare the year that has just ended with the corres-

ponding year of the eighteenth century.

One thousand seven hundred and forty-five was the year of the last rebellion in England. It was the year of the death of R. Walpole, the great organiser of ministerial corruption—the statesman who, like Philip of Macedon, believed, and acted on the principle, that "every man had his price." A slight acquaintance only with the Parliamentary history of the time is needed to convince us that, be our present House of Commons as bad as their bitterest detractors have painted them, a century has not passed without leaving its legacy of good, in the greater integrity and diminished factiousness of the representative body.

In 1745, a civil war raged in England, in assertion of the doctrine of legitimacy; in 1845, with the exception of a small and insignificant section, no voice has been raised amongst us of lament

for the Duke of Bordeaux or sympathy for Don Carlos.

In 1745, the merchants of the city of London subscribed, at Garraways, £250,000, to equip a regiment for the defence of the city against the rebels; in 1845, the Free-traders of Manchester raised the first instalment of the same sum to set in motion their peaceful forces of opinion and common sense, to invade the strong-holds of protection, and break down the barriers that impede the development of industry and skill.

In 1745, Manchester was an insignificant nest of hand-looms, the importation of raw cotton some 2,000,000 of pounds, the value of exports of manufactured cotton goods some £30,000. The importation of raw cotton now amounts to upwards of 300,000,000 of pounds, and the value of our exports of manufactured cotton goods is £20,000,000.

In 1745, Manchester was invaded by the rebels, and the town taken, in the words of an eye-witness, "by a sergeant, a drum, and a woman, about two o'clock in the afternoon, who rode up to the Bull's Head, on horses with hempen halters (a just emblem of what they deserved), where they dined. After dinner they beat up for recruits, and in less than an hour enlisted about thirty."

Conceive the amazement on the Manchester Exchange if a similar invasion had taken place in 1845.

The revenue of the country in 1745 was between six and eight millions, it is now upwards of fifty.

The East India Company in 1745 was struggling for existence.

In 1745, England was exporting 300,000 quarters of wheat, with a bounty of 5s. per quarter, so long as the home price did not exceed 48s. In 1845, the struggle has been whether we are to put up with short commons, because England cannot furnish us with all the grain we want, or to be permitted to supply our necessities from abroad.

In 1745, the cultivation of the potato was just becoming general throughout England, and the prejudices against its use had nearly subsided. In some places premiums were still resorted to for the rpose of bringing this root into consumption among the poor. In 1845, the blight of the potato crop has been one of the most important agents in forwarding the great change from protection

to free-trade, which the world is anticipating.

The inventions of Arkwright, Watt, Hargrave, and Crompton

were unheard of.

The roads were execrable. Forty miles in fourteen hours was the pace at which a prince was forced to travel, and even then at the risk of frequent overturns, the coach propped up by the shoulders of the rustics, who were called in for the purpose of relieving the horses. Compare this with the railways of 1845.

Nor were broken limbs and stickings in the mud the worst features of the travelling of that day. Mounted highwaymen scoured the country in all directions, and executions by scores enlivened the visitors to Tyburn. This treat we have lost, as also the delectable sights of bleeding heads on Tower-hill, and Horse Guards encamped in Hyde-park.

Most of these changes are as pregnant with significance as they are striking in their naked contrast. The great lesson we would gather from them is, not to insist on the practice of the past in resisting the innovations of the present. Our ancestors had their work to do. It is because they did it that we are what we are. It is not the men who have been always looking back that the world has to thank for its progress onward. If the worthy Protectionists who contemplate with such fond regret the restrictions of the 13th and 14th centuries, could but learn the misery they inflicted and the long penance they entailed for their opposition to the laws of nature, they would look with more tolerance on the advocates of a change which, twenty years hence, their children will stare to hear that their fathers called "revolutionary and maniacal."

THE PRINCE WALDEMAR OF PRUSSIA.

As the official despatches respecting the late great events on the Sutlej mention the name of Count Ravensburg, and allowe to a fact personal to him, it may be interesting to the public to know that Count Ravensburg is the incognito name of his Royal Highness Prince Waldemar of Prussia, the son of Prince William (the late King's brother), and therefore first cousin to Frederick William IV. This distinguished personage, now in his 20th year, and colonel in the Dragoons of the Prussian Guards, desirous of seeing foreign military institutions, and possibly falling in with some military enterprise during these times of peace in Europe, demanded and obtained, in 1844, the King's permission to proceed to the East, and to visit, for his instruction, the British empire in India. ordered his royal highness distinguished officers, both mentioned in the late despatches. The one of them, Count Grueben, is lieutenant in the Guards, the Prince's friend, and son of one of the most illustrious and popular generals in the Prussian army; the other, Count Oriola, is a major on the staff of the same. Dr. Hoffmeister, mentioned in the report, followed the Prince as medical attendant.

he prince has since travelled through the greatest part of the Indian empire, and the Universal Prussian Gazette (Allaemeine Preuische Zeitung), and other German papers have given extracts from his letters, proving the prince's power of observation, and the high estimate he had formed of the military state and of the civil administration of that vast empire. As soon as a war with Lahore seemed inevitable, the prince proceeded towards the Indus, and in his progress, and lastly at Umballah, reviewed the English troops he fell in with. His last letters, dated the 17th of December, from the neighbourhood of Moodkee, were written on the very eve of the battle at that place. They are, as may be expected, full of enthusiasm at the thoughts of his first combat. He fought in that ever-memorable day by the side of the Governor General, and on the 21st saw his medical attendant killed at his side by a grape-shot. The following private letter has been received by the

Chevalier Bunsen from the Governor General, relative to the Prince's share in the late actions, and will, we think, be read with interest by the public:-

Camp, Ferozepore, Jan. 1, 1846.

"My dear Chevalier,-I wish your Excellency a very happy new year, and many congratulations on the personal safety of Prince Waldemar, who, with the characteristic gallantry of his illustrious race, and the national love of enterprise of his countrymen, was present with me in the recent action of Moodkee. on the 18th of December, and at Ferozeshah, on the 21st and 22nd of

December.
"His Royal Highness intended to proceed to Bombay by Scinde and left Ferozepore on the 23rd of December last quite v

"It was impossible for any soldier to show more coolness, in-trepidity, and energy than did his Royal Highness and the noble-

men of his suite on these occasions.
"The Prince's surgeon was struck off his horse by a grape-shot, when I saw his Royal Highness instantly alight to his assistance. The humanity of this act was of no avail. The unfortunate gentleman had already ceased to exis

"In the morning of the 22nd I felt it to be my duty to request his Royal Highness to retire. The action threatened to be very severe, and I could not reconcile it with the respect I bear towards the Prussian royal family, that one of its princes, having already witnessed an Asiatic battle, and greatly distinguished himself, should run a risk to which there was no necessity that his Royal Highness should be exposed.

"With great reluctance his Royal Highness consented to proceed to Ferozepore.

"I beg further to observe, that his Royal Highness has, by the amiability of his demeanour, won the respect and admiration of all the officers, both civil and military, of the East India Comany's service, and that our most respectful good wishes attend his Royal Highness wherever he may direct his steps.

"These sentiments towards his Royal Highness, so universally entertained, are grateful to me; for, from old recollections and attachment, I take a deep interest in all that concerns the military

officers of your nation.
"I have the honour to remain, yours very sincerely,

" H. HARDINGE, Governor-General. " His Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen."

Migcellanea.

THE GOOD OLD TORY TIMES .- It took three waggons to carry wardrobe of George the Fourth, and its cost was £15,000. Well might the people be designated pack-horses, when they had to carry such burdens, and, while groaning beneath them, were so cruelly beaten and driven by those who rode them.

THE ARMY AND ORDNANCE ESTIMATES .- Two goodly sized folios have just been issued containing the estimates for the army and ordnance for the year 1846-7. The total charge for the effective and non-effective service for the army ending on the 31st March next, is 6,032,901. In the army provision is made for 108,608 officers, non-commissioned officers and rank and file, and 6,250 horses for the United Kingdom and Colonies, the cost of which is estimated at 3,776,000l. In the non-effective list half-pay and pensions are included. For the ordnance, there is an increase on last year of 401,447*l*., the two sums required being, for the effective service 2,594,352L, and for the non-effective service 123,5821. The total for the effective and non-effective of the ordnance is 2,717,9341.

A new park, of about 300 acres in extent, for the southern side of the metropolis, is about to be established by Government in

There are hundreds of Euglish girls—many of them from Leeds—in the flax mills of the north of France. And the cotton, flax, and wooden mills of almost every foreign country, have either English overlookers or English workmen, together with English machinery.—Daily News.

RHUBARB BLOSSOMS .- A correspondent of the Gardene Chronicle confirms the statement respecting the blossom-heads of rhubarb being wholesome and nutritious. They should be broken off just as the skin that encases them bursts. They are said to be far superior in delicacy and flavour to the stalks, particularly in tarts.

PROGRESS OF PRODUCTION.—At the time when a pair of silk stockings were presenced to Queen Elizabeth, they are said to have been worth their weight in gold; and not another person in the kingdom, probably, wore so costly an article. In the present day, Mr. M'Culloch estimates the consumption of silk stockings and gloves in England to amount annually to £2,500,000.

Religious Impostor.-We regret to learn that a Roman Catholic priest, living a short distance from Manor-Hamilton, a section of Connaught, forgetful of his calling, has converted the malady with which it has pleased the Almighly to visit the sister isle into a base source of lucre, by duping the peasantry into a belief that the water he blesses is a certain cure for diseased pota-toes. Strange to say the poor people travel immense distances to have their tainted potatoes sprinkled with this renegade's aquatic

THE MISFORTUNE OF FORTUNE.—The following colloquy is related by the Journal des Vallenges to have passed a few days ago between a gendarme and a thief named Fontaine, whom he had arrested at Trevieres (Calvados):—Gendarme—"Foolish and wretched man, how could you, at your advanced age of 71, commit a crime for which you must make up your mind to pass the rest of your days in prison?" Fontaine—"I am not so unfortunate as you think. I have been a thief for sixty years, and this is the first time I was ever arrested."

CURIOSITIES OF THE LAW .- Among the laws of Edward the his age. A criminal found guilty a third time of stealing from the lead mines of Derbyshire, was sentenced to have his hand fixed on a table with a knife stuck through it: and in this agony and attitude he remained till he had freed himself by cutting his hand off. Any one striking another in a court of justice was liable to lose the same member; and the Act of Parliament ordains that, in order to give more solemnity to the operation, the master-cook and sergeant of the larder should attend with the dressing knives, the sergeaut of the wood-yard with a chopping-block, the yeoman of the scullery with a pan of coals, and the sergeant farrier with hot irons, for the purpose of searing the stump. Whoever gare a blow in a church-yard was punishable with the loss of the right ear, which was cropped in a way that showed small regard toward mercy. Severus condemned a notary for the exhibition of a forged pleading, by ordering the nerves of his fingers to be cut, so that he might never be able to draw another; and the 8th of Elizabeth, c. 3, visits with imprisonment and loss of the left hand the sending of live sheep out of the kingdom, or the embarkation of them on board of any ship; and this, too, without an exception for the necessary provision of the ship's crew. The enactment was intended to protect the manufacturers of cloth!

CITY COUNCIL.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11.

Present—the Mayor, three Aldermen, and seventeen Councillors. COLLECTOR OF RATES.

The Mayor stated that he had felt it his duty to make enquiry as to the collection of the city rates, which had some time since been ordered, by such enquiry he found that the collector for Macquarie Ward had nearly completed his task—that he would be finished on Monday next. That Cook Ward was not begun; that Phillip and Brisbane Wards were almost one-third completed; Gipps Ward half completed, and Bourke Ward about two-thirds. He had deemed it advisable to make this statement to the Council that they might know how their affairs stood. A committee was appointed to consider the subject.

RATES.

A return of buildings in the city not rated, was referred to a Committee.

The following reports were brought up, read, and received.

From the Water Committee, ordered to be printed.
From the Finance Committee, recommending the payment of sundry accounts, amounting to £206 8s. 8d., which was read and received. Also, a report, stating that debentures, which had been advertised to the amount of £1100 by the Corporation, had been takeu up to the amount of £800

From the Improvement Committee, ordered to be printed. Petitions were presented read and received from the inhabitants of Strawberry Hill, praying for certain improvements in the roads

in that vicinity. From a number of the inhabitants of Gipps Ward, praying that the number of men employed on the cut in Argyle-street, which had been reduced to ten, might be increased, in order that the advantages which that great work was intended to afford might be more speedily rendered to the public.

Referred to the Improvement Committee.

The salaries for the past month, and sundry accounts were ordered to be paid, and the Council adjourned to Monday next.

SUPREME COURT.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7.

(Before their Honors the three Judges in banco.)

WINDEYER V. RIDDLE AND ANOTHER.

The Attorney General moved that this case he tried at Bar, contending that he was entitled to the applications as a matter of right in all cases in which the Crown was concerned, this case being de facto of that nature.

The Court acknowledged the right of the Attorney General and granted the application.

SCOTT V. HARPER.

This was an action upon a promissory note, in which the defendant had pleaded a previous assignment for the benefit of his creditors, under the provisions of the 5th Victoria, No. 9, and the plaintiff had replied de injuria. This replication had been demur-red to as insufficient and irregular, and the plaintiff, who had joined in demurrer, objected to the plea itself upon various grounds, the principal of which were that the plea did not show the assignment to have been made at a time when the 5th Victoria, No. 9, was actually in force; that there was no averment of the real estate having passed under the assignment, and that the then holder of the note did not appear to have been included in the schedule of creditors for whose benefit the assignment had been made.

Judgment for the plaintiff

BRENAN v. MATTHEWS

This was an action by the indorsee of a promissory note, against the maker; and one of the defendant's pleas was, that the instrument in question was an accommodation note, made without valuable consideration; and that there was an agreement between himself and the payee to the effect that the latter should take up the same; as also, that it should not be endorsed, as had been done after it became due. This plea had been demurred to upon the ground that this agreement formed no legal answer to the plaintiff's cause of action.

Judgment reserved.

GIRARD v. HOW AND ANOTHER.

This was an action of trespass, in which the defendant had pleaded, among other things, that the close upon which the trespass complained of had been committed, which was part of a station in New England, had been decided by the Commissioner of Crown Lands, under the provisions of the Squatting Act, to belong properly to the defendants. The various pleas which had been based upon the above matters of justification had been demurred to upon several grounds, the substance of the demurrer being that they were insufficient in conversion and avoidance of the causes of action declared upon, but were mere argumentative denials of the plaintiff's allegations.

One set of pleas had reference to the right of possession, asserting the superiority of the defendant's right by virtue of the decision above alluded to; and a second set of pleas set forth that the plaintiff, having had possession of the close in question, the defendant laid a claim to it, and an adjucation by the Commissioner took place upon the spot, when it was decided that the plaintiff had been a tresspasser

The Court held the first set of pleas to be good, but sustained the demurrer as to the remainder, leave however was given to amend; directing that if both parties amended, the costs should be divided, but that if the plaintiff should amend and the defendant should not do so, the former should pay the whole of the costs.

> SATURDAY, 8. (Before their Honors the three Judges.) ATTORNEYS.

The following gentlemen were admitted Attornies of the Supreme Court, and took the usual oaths, viz.,—Mr. William Spain, late of New Zealand; Mr. Robert Little, Henry Bourne, John Morton Gould, and Samuel Wadeson.

The applications of Mr. E. J. Cory, to be re-admitted, was post-poned for consideration till the 1st day of October next.

HUDSON v. GILCHRIST. This case was directed to be tried by a Jury of twelve.

IBBOTSON v. BRYANT.

This was a motion for the confirmation of the Masters award

The motion was opposed upon the ground that the Master had not substantially obeyed the directions in the order of reference, inasmuch as he had not found separately upon the issues: had failed to examine the defendant: and had omitted to report fully