

us before we had arrived at our camp, after an unusually long and fatiguing stage. He brought us the melancholy news that he had found the poor beast on the sands of the Lynd, with its body blown up, and bleeding from the nostrils. It had either been bitten by a snake; or had eaten some noxious herb, which had fortunately been avoided by the other horses. Accidents of this kind were well calculated to impress us with the conviction of our dependence on Providence, which had hitherto been so kind and merciful.

As all our meat was consumed, I was compelled to stop, in order to kill one of our little steers. It proved to be very fat, and allowed us once more to indulge in our favourite dish of fried liver. Although we were most willing to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and to revive our own ambitious feelings at the memory of the deeds of our illustrious heroes, we had nothing left but the saturated rags of our sugar bags; which, however, we had kept for the purpose, and which we now boiled up with our tea: our last flour was consumed three weeks ago; and the enjoyment of fat cake, therefore, was not to be thought of. Should any of my readers think these ideas and likings ridiculous and foolish, they may find plenty of analogous facts by entering the habitations of the poor, where I have not only witnessed, but enjoyed, similar *treats* of sugared tea and buttered bread.

The climate was very merciful to them; but against this they had to set the unceasing anxiety of possible attack from the natives.

The mornings and evenings were very beautiful, and are surpassed by no climate that I have ever lived in. It was delightful to watch the fading and changing tints of the western sky after sunset, and to contemplate, in the refreshing coolness of advancing night, the stars as they successively appeared, and entered on their nightly course. The state of our health showed how congenial the climate was to the human constitution; for, without the comforts which the civilised man thinks essentially necessary to life; without flour, without salt, and miserably clothed, we were yet all in health; although at times suffering much from weakness and fatigue. At night we stretched ourselves on the ground, almost as naked as the natives, and though most of my companions still used their tents, it was amply proved afterwards that the want of this luxury was attended with no ill consequences.

A few days after the above entry in Doctor Leichhardt's journal, the natives suddenly attacked them. They had heard, some days before, the "subdued cooees" which indicated their presence in the neighbourhood, but seem to have had not the least expectation of immediate danger. They had made their tents, and obtained some game which enabled them to dine well.

After dinner Messrs. Roper and Calvert retired to their tent, and Mr. Gilbert, John, and Brown, were plating palm leaves to make a hat, and I stood musing near their fire place, looking at their work, and occasionally joining in their conversation. Mr. Gilbert was congratulating himself upon having succeeded in learning to plat; and, when he had nearly completed a yard, he retired with John to their tent. This was about seven o'clock; and I stretched myself upon the ground as usual, at a little distance from the fire, and fell into a dose, from which I was suddenly roused by a loud noise, and a call for help from Calvert and Roper. Natives had suddenly attacked us. They had doubtless watched our movements during the afternoon, and marked the position of the different tents; and, as soon as it was dark, sneaked upon us, and threw a shower of spears at the tents of Calvert, Roper, and Gilbert, and a few at that of Phillips, and also one or two towards the fire. Charley and Brown called for caps, which I hastened to find, and as soon as they were provided, they discharged their guns into the crowd of the natives, who instantly fled, leaving Roper and Calvert pierced with several spears, and severely beaten by their waddies. Several of these spears were barbed, and could not be extracted without difficulty. I had to force one through the arm of Roper to break off the barb; and to cut another out of the groin of Mr. Calvert. John Murphy had succeeded in getting out of the tent, and concealing himself behind a tree, whence he fired at the natives, and severely wounded one of them, before Brown had discharged his gun. Not seeing Mr. Gilbert, I asked for him, when Charley told me that our unfortunate companion was no more! He had come out of his tent with his gun, shot, and powder, and handed them to him, when he instantly dropped down dead.

Mr. Roper had received two or three spear wounds in the scalp of his head; one spear had passed through his left arm, another into his cheek below the jugal bone, and penetrated the orbit, and injured the optic nerve, and another in his loins, besides a heavy blow on the shoulder. Mr. Calvert had received several severe blows from a waddi; one on the nose which had crushed the nasal bones; one on the elbow, and another on the back of his head; besides which, a barbed spear had entered his groin; and another into his knee. As may be readily imagined, both suffered great pain, and were scarcely able to move. The spear that terminated poor Gilbert's existence, had entered the chest, between the clavicle and the neck; but made so small a wound, that for some time I was unable to detect it. From the direction of the wound he had probably received the spear when stooping to leave his tent.

Mr. Gilbert was one of the volunteers who joined at Brisbane, and Doctor Leichhardt had used every persuasion to deter him from the expedition; but he was bent upon prosecuting certain zoological inquiries, and thus paid for them the forfeit of his life. Yet within three days of this frightful incident (it occurred on the 28th of June), and with the wounded relying solely on the still kindly climate and Doctor Leichhardt's surgical skill, the whole party were in march again. They buried their ill-fated companion, and travelled upwards of fourteen miles, on the first of July: nor did the severe wounds received form any further impediment to the progress of the journey.

Among the matters that diversified it were such as this:

By a mere accident, we discovered a remarkable medicinal property of the glutinous secretion of the seed-vessels of a drooping Grevillea. John Murphy, having no pockets in his trousers, put the seeds which he found during the stage into his bosom, close to the skin, where he had already deposited a great number of Sterculia, and was much inconvenienced by the starchy prickles which surround the seeds. Afterwards, finding the drooping Grevillea in fruit, he gathered some capsules and placed them as before stated. Upon arriving at the camp he felt great pain; and, on examining the place, he saw, to his greatest horror, that the whole of the skin of the epigastric region was coloured black, and raised into a great number of painful blisters. Upon his showing it to me, I thought that it was caused by the Sterculia prickles having irritated the skin, and rendered it more sensitive to the sharp properties of the exudation of the seed-vessels of Grevillea.

Brown, however, merely touched the skin of his arm with the matter, when blisters immediately rose; showing clearly its properties. The discolouration of the skin was like the effects of nitrate of silver.

Here is one of Dr. Leichhardt's notices of the fates of his brute fellow travellers.

We travelled down to the water, about four miles north-east along the creek, which was covered with Cypress pine thickets, and tea-tree scrub. Mr. Calvert and Charley returned on our tracks to endeavour to recover our poor dog. They found him almost dead,—stretched out in the deep cattle track, which he seemed not to have quitted, even to find a shady place. They brought him to the camp; and I put his whole body, with the exception of his head, under water, and bled him; he lived six hours longer, when he began to bark, as if raving, and to move his legs slightly, as dogs do when dreaming. It seemed that he died of inflammation of the brain. If we become naturally fond of animals which share with us the comforts of life, and become the cheerful companions of our leisure hours, our attachment becomes still greater when they not only share in our sufferings, but aid greatly to alleviate them. The little world of animated beings, with which we moved on, was constantly before our eyes; and each individual the constant object of our attention. We became so familiar with every one of them, that the slightest change in their walk, or in their looks was readily observed, and the state of their health was anxiously interpreted. Every bullock, every horse, had its peculiar character, its well-defined individuality, which formed the frequent topic of our conversation, in which we all most willingly joined, because every one was equally interested. My readers will, therefore, easily understand my deep distress when I saw myself, on recent occasions, compelled to kill two of our favourite bullocks long before their time; and when our poor dog died, which we all had fondly hoped to bring to the end of our journey. Brown had, either by accident, or influenced by an unconscious feeling of melancholy, fallen into the habit of almost constantly whistling and humming the soldier's death march, which had such a singularly depressing effect on my feelings, that I was frequently constrained to request him to change his tune.

Another extract will show that the Doctor's zeal for his four-footed friends, selfish as in some sort it may have been, was not confined to words.

About three miles above the junction of the Wilton with the Roper, we again encamped on the steep banks of the latter, at a spot which I thought would allow our horses and cattle to approach in safety. One unfortunate animal, however, slipped into the water, and every effort to get him out was made in vain. Its constant attempts to scramble up the boggy banks only tired it, and as night advanced, we had to wait until the tide rose again. I watched by him the whole night, and at high water we succeeded in getting him out of the water; but he began to plunge again, and unfortunately broke the tether which had kept his forequarters up, and fell back into the river. At last I found a tolerable landing place about fifty yards higher up; but, as I was swimming with him up to it, and trying to lead him clear of the stumps of trees, he became entangled in the tether rope by which I guided him, rolled over, and was immediately drowned. This reduced our number of horses to nine. When the other horses were brought to the camp, another rushed into the water, but I swam with him at once to the good landing place, and we succeeded in saving him.

Our last quotation must be a memorial of the last of the bullocks, and of his instincts of regret for the loss of his companions.

Poor Richmond, the last of our bullocks, came frequently to the spot where his late companion had been killed; but finding that he was gone, he returned to his abundant feed, and when I loaded him to continue our journey down the river he was full and sleek. It was interesting to observe how the bullocks on all previous occasions, almost invariably took cognizance of the place where one of their number had been killed. They would visit it during the night or the next day, walk round the spot, lift their tails, snuff the air with an occasional shake of their horns, and sometimes set off in a gallop.

Doctor Leichhardt has not been deterred by his sufferings on this expedition from engaging in another adventure, fraught with like utility and danger. He is now engaged in an overland journey to Swan River (which is expected to occupy him two years and a half), with the object of exploring the interior of Australia, of discovering the extent of Sturt's Desert and the character of the Western and North-Western coast, and of observing the gradual change in vegetation and animal life from one side of the Continent to the other.—*Examiner*.

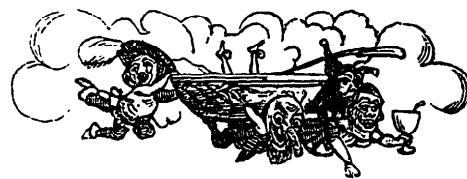
Life in a Convent. By SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY, formerly of the Order of "the Presentation."

WHAT a dreadful, but withal, a pitiable delusion, insensibly steals over the spirits, and mars the minds of those who, either disappointed in their anticipations of happiness, sick of society, or of themselves, or lost in the deep dangerous sea of love, seek the cloistered cell, and the eremitical tomb, as the only existing panacea for the relief of their broken hearts and bleeding sorrows—wherein they might forget their insupportable woes, and bury them for ever! Strange, to seek for the attenuation of misery from a source of all others the most unlikely to afford the desired relief! True, the wild ravings of the mind may, for a brief moment, become abated by the opiate of monastic quiet rendering the spirit of the unhappy sufferer insensible to its agonies and unconscious of its woes. But the accumulated flood of grief, pent up and rendered impassable for a time, will, ere long, with a power unconquerable as the mighty *avalanche*, and with destruction as severe, burst its weighty waters with overwhelming and irresistible fury over the devoted spirit—blasting its idolized hopes, frustrating its visionary bliss, tearing from it, with remorseless grasp, the last weak reed to which it clung for support, and deluging with the bitterest of disappointment, its innermost recesses, waking up and creating pangs unknown, unfeared, unborn before!

Oh, my heart shudders, my mind recoils, my blood chills, my soul sickens, at the very thought of those convent prisons, wherein are incarcerated the blooming maiden, and the promised youth—the woman of charms, and the man of worth—whilst all their hopes, their prospects, and their peace lie buried in its sullen gloom. Gladly would I weep tear for tear with those children of misfortune; gladly help them to burst from the captivity, and undo the ties that bind their spirits down! Oh, what is life to you, unhappy being, debarred from its blessings, wretched beyond description, desponding, without hope's bright beam to cheer you, or love's fond flame to warm your frozen hearts? Nay tell me not that thou art happy in thy misery, and need no solace for thy many woes. Cast off that facetious smile, it is no part of thee. It may

deceive the beholder, unacquainted with thy hidden anguish, but it cannot me, for I know thy bosom thoughts, I am acquainted with the doubts that disturb, and the fears that distress thee, having been a participator in thy despondency, and a prisoner like thee. Thy feelings are thwarted, thy affections are congealed, thy desires are unsatisfied. The best happiness you possess is bitter remorse for the past and dark forebodings of the future. In the unlimited roivings of thy mind (for they cannot be bound by the fell chain of despotism), never have you described the dove bearing the olive-branch of peace to you. Enlivening spring brings no freshness to thy drooping spirit, nor does the bloom of summer afford thee joy; for winter, dreary, protracted, and eternal, encircles thee. Thoughts of former admirers pierce like a dagger thy bleeding breast. Thy present companions in misery are as regardless of thy sorrows, as thou art of theirs. You dare not venture to embosom thy grief to them nor can they embosom theirs to you! Affection, friendship, love, the finer feelings of humanity, claim no entrance to the tomb wherein thy living body is enshrined! And canst thou, then, be happy there?

To the young enthusiast a retreat such as the monastic state affords has a peculiar attraction; and intoxicated with the air of solemnity that pervades the cloister, he vainly imagines undisturbed peace to reign within its walls, and unalloyed happiness to possess and influence its inmates. After some consideration he is induced to become a "religious," and, stoic-like, severs from his bosom every social, every domestic tie. The new mode of life he has adopted appears pleasant at first, for it has all the powers of novelty to charm. He finally receives the "religious habit," and binds himself by vows the most solemn to his monastery. Soon he regrets the undue step he has taken; but no alternative remains. He feels the routine of discipline to which he is subjected becoming daily more monotonous and distressing, and discovers, when too late, that he had acted injudiciously by imposing upon himself a burden greater than he had ability to sustain. At length he becomes remiss and negligent—experiences a growing distaste for his profession—and the result is, inward and ceaseless grief gnawing his soul, and feeding upon his vitals. Rude health and a cheerful mind are now exchanged for consumption, nervous irritability, hypochondriasis, and *emui*. And how can it be otherwise? For there is nothing to be found within cloistered walls, but (to use the language of a modern writer) "trifling, insipid ceremonies, a sort of modified austerity, and an idle and empty routine of monotonous life." Indeed, "destruction of the body" is one of the two principles upon which monasticism is based!



A Bowl of Punch.

✓ PUSEYITE CONTAGION.

Punch perceives with regret that since our city members have been hand in glove with the Puseyite faction, Mr. Bland has caught the infection of writing shocking bad English, with which the aforesaid faction is incurably tainted. One instance of this *Punch* will adduce, which will satisfy all how true is the proverb that, *evil communications corrupt good manners*. In Mr. Bland's reply to the questions of the two candidates respecting the election of a head master to the Sydney College, the following specimen of the concord of a nominative and a verb occurs,—“I can only say, as you are desirous of an immediate reply, that *neither* of you were elected.” As an appropriate punishment, *Punch* must condemn Mr. Bland to join Mr. C. Lowe in the study of Lennie's English Grammar, in which pleasing task the ex-champion of Puseyism is at present engaged, preparatory to his making another appearance in public.

✓ SMALL SYCOPHANCY.

Punch would very much like to know the reason why the *Herald's* reporter in his account of the Regatta, represents the *Susan*, in the third class, as coming in a few boats lengths after the *Madge Wildfire*, when the truth is that *Punch* distinctly saw the *Susan* at Garden Island when the gun fired for the *Madge Wildfire*. The *Susan*, however, belongs to the proprietors of the *Herald*, must *Punch* consider this as the reason why a false report has been made? *Punch* would not notice a circumstance so trifling in itself were it not so characteristic of that journal.

✓ The *Herald* observes,—“Great credit is due to the Committee (of the Regatta) for their judicious arrangements.” How is this to be reconciled with the bungling omission of the Committee, in not having placed a boat in North Harbour, round which the first class boats should go,—thus sending them all on a fools errand and completely marring the sports of the day.

✓ BISHOP BROUGHTON AND THE PRESS.

It is cheering to find that Bishop Broughton is so attentive to the press, as he has intimated in his speech at one of the late ecclesiastical meetings. We are satisfied that he has been amply remunerated for his trouble in poring over the columns of the *ATLAS*, by some home truths which must have met his eye. *Punch* assures him that no opportunity shall be omitted of rendering these pages worthy of his perusal.

✓ THE GUY FAWKES.

Benjamin Boyd has again been thrusting his beloved Boyd Town into public notice in *Wells Geographical Dictionary*. His conduct forcibly reminds *Punch* of the practice of boys on the 5th November, who solicit the halfpence of people in behalf of their grotesque effigy by repeating, “Please to remember old Guy?”

“OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE.”

Punch has much pleasure in presenting his readers with the following extract from the address of the Bishop of Sydney and the Diocesan Committee to the Bishop of Newcastle. “The announcement of the division of this extensive diocese into four, and of the consecration in one day of three bishops destined for the newly erected Sees of Newcastle, Melbourne, and Adelaide, excited in our minds the liveliest feelings of joy and gratitude,” &c. The greatest joy and gratitude, of course, would not have been brief enough, consequently the hypocritical superfluity of “liveliest feelings” was indispensable. Without talking of the extraordinary effort of moral power implied by the “consecration of three bishops in one day, *Punch* must beg to observe that, if the bishop can see any cause for “joy and gratitude” in the creation of “four” Sees, he can see much more than *Punch* ever gave him credit for seeing.

I SAY, JACK, YOU PRAISE ME AND I'LL PRAISE YOU!

The new bishop in reply to the old bishop's address, makes the following truthful and delicate remark:—"Every tongue is there ('Throughout the length and breadth of England') loud in extolling the munificent bounty of a Christian lady in England, Miss Burdett Coutts, and with higher praise the noble self-denial of a person at Sydney, whom I will not now venture to name." The reader must know that this "higher praise" which "every tongue" throughout the length and breadth of England "is loud in extolling," is bestowed on Dr. Broughton, as being the person to whom the public are chiefly indebted for the erection of the "four new colonial bishoprics." Does the new bishop know that *Punch* receives complete and regular intelligence from England, or does he think the people of this colony are a set of idiots or ignoramuses? Whether he thinks so or not, *Punch* begs to state, that he is not only aware of the nature of the bishops' "self-denial," but that he has also a tolerable idea of the kind of praise bestowed on it; and he thinks that the quantity of the latter is by no means more than commensurate with the policy of the former.

RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN LAY AND LYING.

The Lay Association (of which the Editor of the late Queen of Sheba is the great nest egg) has also hatched an address to the new bishop, which for blundering bombast, and unblushing impudence, is unparalleled in the annals of addresses. *Punch* has no doubt the bishop feels highly honored by the congratulations of an association, the utility of which it would puzzle the wisdom of a Socrates to discover.

QUERY:

Whether Bishop Broughton, or one of his clique, wrote the namby pamby metaphysical article in the *Herald* recently, which the worthy diocesan thinks so much of?

OUR FLIGHT WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Gird up thy loins, old Louis, and look abroad with me.
Nay, shrink not back; I know it; there are sorry sights to see
'Twas but late that with a Minister o'er London town I flew,
And now, mine ancient gentleman, I have a flight for you.

I showed him the work of centuries, I'll show thee the work of years;
He heard the cry of poverty, thou shalt mark a monarch's tears;
I bared for him the hut, for thee I'll open palace gates;
The fester probed in streets for him, I'll probe for thee in states.

Up, heavy weight of kingship! Up, hoary weight of sin!
Or must I rip thy pockets, before our flight begin?
No soul with silver freighted, on voyage like ours may go;
No eye that's sealed with golden scales can see the sights I show.

Out come the ducats tumbling—out come dollar and doubloon—
Now for the five-franc pieces—we shall shoot skyward soon!
Now, down with that dotation; down with it—no good-bye!
We're right at last! So—clutch me fast! How merrily we fly!

We've left Paris far behind us—on the broad wings of the breeze—
Those glimmering peaks—Dost know them? Those are the Pyrenees.
Nay, pause not over Burgos; there's cold welcome from the Sid.
Now southward turn—and lo, where burn the dim lights of Madrid!

Look not askance, but brave a glance at yonder palace room,
Dark all, both hall and heart of him that dwells there in his gloom.
So bravely clad, and yet so sad—so wan—so lonely waking—
And yet no widower is he, but the husband of thy making.

Art thou looking for the wedded wife where wedded wife should lie,
In the bosom of her husband? 'Twas the wont in days gone by!
Not there—not there. Trace yonder stair, to a chamber far apart,
Where sits the wife, a widow's life, and a widow's woeful heart.

Oh, work well done! Prize bravely won! And where's the fool to rue it?
Thou hast gained Montpensier a dowry, and broke two hearts to do it.
Count up that dowry, then add the power, to say nought of the bride—
What man of business reckons hearts on the *per contra* side.

Now, left and right, look through the night—see Fraud and Faction working;
See present jars and future wars in rotten Cabinets lurking;
See Lies parade, in stars arrayed, that mock the wearer's features;
See sad Truth—if thou canst see her, through the foul crowd of thy creatures!

And now one look on Italy, that stirrth from her sleeping,
And the eagle night, that hungrily, for the swoop a watch is keeping;
While France that, erst, such birds obscene from Freedom's cradle scared,
With fettered hands and blinded eyes stands by, her sword unbared.

Nay, dost thou shake, old Monarch? Is there grace enough behind,
To wake thee to a better life, a less ignoble mind?
Oh, if there be! the future's free, the past may be atoned;
If there be not, no worth the lot, that the last Bourbon throned!

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

It is scarcely possible yet to speak of the Winter Fashions; the rain and rough weather having led to the Summer toilettes being laid aside, without any positive novelties appearing in their place. Nevertheless, there are a variety of new articles, which have been invented with a view to their adoption for the Winter.

At Paris, the *capottes* are of taffeta, simply trimmed. The round *calottes* are worn in the morning promenade. The *toiles de Chine*, or *de Lahore*, are in favour; but China crape shawls are more worn. For the promenade, robes of *taffeta Royal* and *bleu Joinville*, with high *corsage* with *Brandebourg* to match, are in request. Close *Redingotes*, with plaited muslin or lace trimming, and *demi-large* sleeves, are worn; as are, also, *aiguillettes* and worked buttons; and lace is in high favour.

Miscellanea.

CULTIVATE CONTENTEDNESS.—If everything here below happened as thou couldst wish, in every particular, even the most minute, and fulfilled the least as well as the greatest of thy desires, thou wouldst gain nothing but the awakening of a greater desire, not to be gratified by anything earthly.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Nothing is more singular than the various success of men in the House of Commons. Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth—who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double foists—who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue with an unruffled forehead, and an unflinching tongue, from one end of a dinner table to the other—who, on all occasions, have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about—no sooner rise in the House than their spells desert them. All their effrontery vanishes. Commonplace ideas are rendered even more uninteresting by a monotonous delivery; and, keenly alive as even boobies are, in those sacred walls, to the miraculous, no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with a burning cheek and an icy hand—repressing his teeth, lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed; and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him that he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation. * * * On the other hand, persons whom the women have long deplored, and the men long pitied, as having no "manner"—who blush when you speak to them, and blunder when they speak to you—suddenly jump up in the House with a self-confidence which is only equalled by their consummate ability.—*D'Israeli*.

THE LADIES' MAN.—It must be said that this sweet little man of Our Square—this "*hommolet aux confitures*," as the French governess at No. 11 calls him—does everything he can to captivate ladies and princesses. His left eye is invariably framed and glazed by a self-supporting eye-glass. His trousers are so curiously tight that you imagine he must have been hammered into them by one of the patent steam pile-drivers. His coat fits to his back as if it grew there; and his boots are as carefully brushed and blackened as the little goose down on his upper lip, which he calls a moustache. His fingers would make his hand valuable to any young lady from the immense number of rings which are upon them, and his conversation sparkles just as much, for he prides himself on the brilliant things which he always has at his finger ends; but, then, they are all about himself. His powers, too, are herculean. He is continually thrashing a drayman, or stopping a runaway horse; and never meets you but he has some very valiant story about a "dirty blackguard," some six feet two at least, who would take a lady's seat at the opera, and whom he was "compelled to chastise, just to teach the snob such things should not be done with impunity." He only regrets one thing—and this is, that he did not go into the Guards;—and I wonder he didn't; for, if you notice, all little men spring into officers. I suppose it is on account of the superior footing—that is to say, the high heels—the position gives them in society. Such is the diminutive knight—(or the 21st of June, as Emily Larkins calls him, for she says he is the "shortest night" in the year)—who lives in our square! Can you wonder at his being a favourite? He is idolised by the nursery-maids, who look upon his hanging eyeglass as an immense stroke of genius; and his pictorial scarfs and waistcoats, are the nightly theme of admiration amongst the highest grade of butlers who lead the ton in the Goose and Gridiron of the neighbourhood.—*Lady's Newspaper*.

FUNNY.—An eminent French statistical writer took his station near the staircase at a London ball, for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion of gentlemen who arranged their hair with their fingers before entering the room. He found them to average about twenty-nine out of thirty, those who had least or most hair usually occupying most time.

"A RUSE."—One of the Secretaries of State for the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the door-keeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office-seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the Secretary. When the annoyance had continued three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one morning to the door-keeper and inquired whether he knew what that man came after daily. "Yes," said the functionary, "an office I suppose." "True, but do you know what office?" "No, sir." "Well, then, I'll tell you; he wants your place." The meeting, next morning, between the office-seeker and the polite door-keeper, is said to have been rich, from the peculiar manner in which the intruder was informed—"The Secretary is not at home."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE KNIFE.—Well do we remember the time, and we could pardon ourselves for weeping while remembering it, when the knife, during dinner, at least after the soup, for that from time immemorial has, we believe, been held to be spoon meat, was rarely seen but on the way to or from, out or in the mouth of man or woman. Millions must be alive to bear testimony to this truth. The fork was in a subordinate relation to the knife—he was in fact the knife's assistant—and alas! though then-a-days it was never suspected—it would appear his successor. Now a days, nobody puts a knife into his or her mouth, who does not wish to be thought to be, or who is not mad. Nobody but ourselves. We scorn to argue the question, for such is the infatuation of the age—custom being second nature—that we should not, by any appeal we could make to the reason and to the passions, make a single convert. Yet we cannot refrain from noticing, with due contempt, one argument on the other side, of especial baseness, inasmuch as it is founded on fear—and fear of a kind to which any man of average courage in a nation long distinguished for its military exploits by sea and land might rise superior—the fear of cutting one's mouth. What! has it indeed come to this! Why, has not a knife a back as well as an edge! There is no need of drawing the edge sharply along the corner of your mouth—any more than across your throat. But that may be said to be a subterfuge. Well then if all the generations of mankind that ever peopled this island, since the introduction of the knife, except the present and the preceding, used the instrument, as we ourselves alone now do, without one recorded, at least authenticated case of a mouth permanently widened by the unskillful use thereof, how can this age plead incapacity to learn to wield it without danger of drawing blood? Who can lay his hand on his heart and publicly declare that he ever once saw us cut our cheek or our jaw? We claim no extraordinary gift from nature of manual dexterity; indeed, naturally we are awkward; custom would do for others what it has done for us, and soon enable the clumsiest with a knife to eat peas. Knives in our younger days were rounded off for that very purpose; now they are more like dirks—but we are willing to run all risks rather than be driven to the bairniness of supping peas with a spoon.—*Christopher North*.

A JUDGE "UP TO THE DODGE."—A notorious scamp was brought, not long since, before an Onondaga justice of the peace, charged with the high misdemeanour of gambling. He was accused of having come the "strap game" over a native. The portly justice, wishing to decide understandingly, requested the culprit to give him a sample of his skill. The party instantly produced a leather strap, gave it a scientific whisk across the bench, and remarked, "You see, Judge the coin under the strap?" "What!" interrupted the dignified functionary, "do you mean to say there is a coin there?" "Sartin," was the reply. "No such thing," said the Justice. "I'll go you a dollar on it," said the prisoner. "Agreed," exclaimed the Judge. With accustomed adroitness the strap was withdrawn, when, lo! there was the coin. "Well," said the astonished Shallow, "I wouldn't have believed if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes! There is your dollar, and you are five dollars for gambling contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." The elongated countenance of the discomfited gambler required no additional evidence to testify his appreciation of the "suck."

POPULAR RECREATION.—Can anything be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet, what can we expect, if we provide no means whatever of recreation; if we never share our own pleasures with our poorer brethren; and if the public buildings which invite them in their brief hours of leisure are chiefly gin palaces? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them well locked up, for fear any one should steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art, without paying for it; and we shut people up by thousands in dense towns, with no outlets to the country but those which are guarded on each side by dusty hedges. Now, an open space near a town is one of nature's churches: and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Nor, indeed, should we stop at giving breathing places to crowded multitudes in great towns. To provide cheap locomotion,

as a means of social improvement, should be ever in the minds of legislators and other influential persons. Blunders in legislating about railroads, and absurd expenditure in making them, are a far greater public detriment than they may seem at first sight. Again, without interfering too much, or attempting to force a "Book of Sports" upon the people, who, in that case, would be resolutely dull and lugubrious, the benevolent employer of labour might exert himself in many ways to encourage healthful and instructive amusements amongst his men. He might give prizes for athletic excellence or skill. He might aid in establishing zoological gardens, or music meetings, or exhibitions of pictures, or mechanics' institutes. These are things in which some of the great employers of labour have already set him the example. Let him remember how much his workpeople are deprived of, by being almost confined to one spot; and let him be the more anxious to enlarge their minds, by inducing them to take interest in anything which may prevent the "ignorant present," and its low cares, from absorbing all their attention. He has very likely some pursuit, or some art, in which he takes especial pleasure himself, and which gives to his leisure, perhaps, its greatest charm; he may be sure that there are many of his people who could be made to share, in some degree, that pleasure or pursuit with him. It is a large, a sure, and certainly a most pleasurable beneficence, to provide for the poor such opportunities of recreation, or means of amusement as I have mentioned above. Neither can it be set down as at all a trifling matter. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellow-men.—*The Claims of Labour*.

CITY COUNCIL.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31.

A meeting was held pursuant to adjournment. The following members were present:—The Mayor in the chair; Alderman Broughton, Little, and Thurlow; Councillors Paton, Moore, Board, Jenkins, Smidmore, Driver, Neale, Sillitoe, Moir, Hill, Brown, Ryan, May, and Egan.

Mt. Paton wished to be informed of the progress made by the Committee appointed to examine into the working of the Building Act.

The Town Clerk said that several meetings had been held by the Committee, and by their direction he had written letters to most of the architects and builders in the city, requesting their views in reference to the requisite alterations in the Act, but from none of them had any reply been received.

Alderman Broughton said, the City Surveyor was ready to report on such amendments as from his experience of the working of the Act he thought were required to adapt it to the present circumstances of the city.

The Mayor reported to the Council that the balance overdrawn by the Corporation was £1434. He also stated that he had directed the City Collectors to report every morning their collections of the previous day, which for a short period was attended to, but which they had latterly neglected to do.

Mr. Moir observed that if the servants of the Corporation would not attend to the performance of their duty, the Council must get those who would.

Mr. Moir moved that the Council resolve itself into a committee of the whole body for the further consideration of the financial affairs of the Corporation for the year 1848.

Mr. Neale seconded the motion.

The Council then went into Committee.

On the Council resuming its sittings,

The Mayor reported that the following items had been passed:—

	£.	s.	d.
The salary of the Inspector of Slaughter-houses	120	0	0
Improvement Committee, for City Improvements	7000	0	0
Water Committee, for City Water Works	6000	0	0
By-Laws Committee, for Printing By-Laws and Acts of Council	70	0	0
For establishing a Library	50	0	0
General Printing	130	0	0
Stationery	60	0	0
Stationery and Printed Forms for Hackney Carriage Committee	20	0	0
Advertising and Newspapers	35	0	0
Expenses of Elections	12	0	0
Rent of Council Chambers	180	0	0
Fuel and Light	10	0	0
Commission on Sale of City Properties, sold December 31, 1847	71	14	0
Interest on Debentures	66	0	0
Law expenses	100	0	0
Incidents	100	0	0

The item of £109 4s., the salary of the Superintendent of Water Works, was postponed; the sum required by the Lighting Committee was also postponed.

The Council adopted the report of the Mayor.

The Council recommended the payment of the salaries to the officers and servants of the Corporation, for the month of January, amounting to £200 7s. 10d.

Upon the motion of Alderman Thurlow, it was ordered that the Mayor be empowered to withhold payment of salaries to the collectors of rates, until they had complied with the orders which had been given, in respect to which he had reported to the Council their neglect, and that the salary of the Inspector of Slaughter-houses be suspended until he have completed his returns.

The report of the Finance Committee, recommending the payment of certain accounts, amounting to £125 8s. 4d., was adopted.

The Council were discussing an account sent in by the City Solicitor for drawing up a bill for the regulation of Hackney Carriages, but the withdrawal of one or two members left an insufficient number to transact business, and the Council consequently broke up.

COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31.

(Before the Chairman and John Henderson, Esq., J.P.)

The Crown Prosecutor conducted the following cases:—

John Charles Hawe was indicted for stealing an order for the payment of money, the property of Henry Bourne. Not guilty—discharged.

James Purcell was indicted for an assault upon James Elfick. The jury found the defendant guilty, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for six weeks.

William Sutherland was indicted for stealing some pickles and plates, the property of Charles Langley. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to be worked on the roads for three years.

Samuel Davis was indicted for attempting to set fire to the house of Andrew Graham. The jury found the defendant guilty, and he was sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months.