duction of characters, whether as talkers or writers, gives a species of personal interest to discussion, and imparts to it variety and relief. The error was in seeming to start with the idea of a love-story, and then breaking it off. A tall pale lord—a sort of combination of Lord Ashley and Lord John Manners-with a touch of the aristocratic morgue that generally distinguishes the dilettante of politics or philanthropy, and a middle-aged gentleman of taste and travel, with a feeling for the art and imagination of the Roman Church, might have the art and imagination of the Roman Church, might have discussed the popular part of religion and the march-of-mind question, at Sir John Thorold's; while Ernest Singleton with other divines might have joined the party for deeper matters, or talked of them among themselves, or written about them to each other, without any love at all. Or Ernest might have married either of the three ladies at last, and the love been brought in "at idle times" when the discussion flagged. It is the hearing and not gaine on which is the fault of Ernest the beginning and not going on which is the fault of Ernest

The matter of the work may be said to consist of popular religiousness. The author is well enough read in theological literature, and he seems to be acquainted with living divines He takes a clear and plain view of questions; although, as he has to argue both sides, it is sometimes difficult to come to a conclusion from his premises; and he has pet theories, seemingly of his own, which have the impracticability of the Young England party without their largeness. The style of the work, when employed in exposition, argument, or common narrative, is forcible enough; although it becomes literal in dialogue or the description of incident. The writer also excels in giving a matter-of-fact air to events and persons, as if they were realities; produced, occasionally, by a somewhat free use of living names. With all its cleverness, the book has a manufactured air, which has a worse effect in religious topics than in matters merely literary; and it does not possess much of sound scientifications.

Character drawing is one of the writer's strongest points, and he is constantly engaging in it among the clergy. This is not a bad sketch of an active clergyman.

There were two other clergymen, more distant friends of Ernest's, or rather acquaintances, who were highly connected with some of the leading country families, and who were men of gentlemanly feeling and Christian character; but negatives withal in respect to any peculiar or earnest recognition of the clerical profession. The Reverend Mr. Chetwode was a Country Magistrate; Chairman of the board of guardians; also Chairman of the Turnpike-road Commission's meetings; a promoter of savings-banks, of the district Agricultural Society, of the allotment system, and many other plans for ameliorating the condition of the industrial classes, of whom he himself might be said to be chief. He kept a good bouse, saw much company, was an excellent master of servants, and employed many persons in various ways on landed estates, belonging to him. He was the rector of a large agricultural parish, in which there was some important hamlets or villages; and so he generously erected a chapel of ease for the benefit of the furthest kamlet, and kept two curates in a constant round of activity among

The following is one of the passages in reference to the ideas on salvation: but it should be observed it is put into the mouth of an enthusiastic friend of Singleton, who soon after

I should much like to have a chat with you upon religious matters, though I doubt we should not quite agree. Indeed, it would be passing strange if we did; for how can minds agree when brains are so differently organized? I differ with you about Luther. He is one of my prime favourites: a soul full of indomitable courage, the most affectionate tenderness, and burning fire of genius. Methinks I never knew the true reading of the Gospel till I hecame a pupil of Martin Luther. But Zuingle is more entirely my delight because he admits all good men of all creeds and climes into heaven; such men as Epaninondas and Plato, Socrates and Germanicus, Sir Thomas More, Shelley, Lafayette, Priestley, Turgôt, Cato, Rammohun Roy, Touissant, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Frank-lin, Washington. Zuinglius, too, was Luther's superior in learning and address; appearing to unite the bold heart of Luther with the qualities of the gentle Melancthon. Verily, there were giants in those days. I agree with you in sorrowing over the errors of Queen Mab; and also in the truth, 'He that hath the Son hath life'—but yet, in that unseen world, I will hope that poor Shelley may acknowledge his error, and glow with all that ardour for a self-sacrificed Saviour of which his noble heart was capable. I think his unbelief arose from looking at Christianity as set forth by clerical Magistrates and narrow-minded Nonconformists, rather than as it was seen in the reflected image of God in Christ. Good men may err in judgment; but bad men and devils, even when they believe, will not love, but rather hate while they believe and tremble. Shelley appears to be the very best and purest specimen I know of a man almost refined to spirit even in this terrestrial body. His face clways puts me in mind of beings of a more exalted order. Selfishness is the root and the cause of all vice, and he was abso lutely free from selfishness. His only fault seems to be that pride which is inherent in all men before they are taught by the Spirit some idea of the tremendous majesty, the inconceivable purity and holiness of God, their own deformity in His pure sight, and their absolute need of Christ. But may not all this be corrected in the world of spirits? I do not find in the Scriptures any declaration that there shall be no opportunity of repentence and conversion beyond the grave. How many die in early youth most amiable, most beloved, but certainly unconverted. None can be saved unless through Christ; but I hope many may be saved who, during their abode on earth, never were in Him. Percy Shelley appears to me a bright spiritual star.

A visit by one of the persons to the Romanist seminary, Oscott College, near Birmingham, gives rise to the following sketch of the celebrated Dr. Wiseman.

While we were standing just outside the principal entrance, gazing on the exterior front of the college, who should advance on his way to his carriage, which stood at the entrance-door, but Dr. Wiseman himself. Something had been left within that ought to have been packed in his carriage; and while this was being searched for, the Bishop took a turn, in company with another serious looking ecclesiastic, on the gravel walk which led to the place on which we were standing; for, on first seeing the Bishop emerge from the College, we had retreated for a little space. Dr. Wiseman is a tall and muscular man, with round and rather dark countenance, and looking as though he were a redoubtable adversary in polemical Wo be to the presumptuous wight who might fall into his hands, if the combat were to be on a theological arena! He was attired in a bishop's coat, and broad-brimmed hat with black silk vestment round his body, and a gold chain thrown round

which adorned a stalwart pair of legs, were of a puce colour; and in his shoes he wore large golden buckles, and small golden buckles were also seen at his knees. He was setting out to visit Sedgley Hall, to inspect schools there; and took with him in his open barouche a most beautiful little foreign dog—a sad dog, doubtless, with his long silken and snowy white hair, and gay debonnaire manners, to ingratiate himself, and his master, into favour with the

We will close with the description of a body just now before the public eye a good deal—the Irish Police. It is of course from the Irish tour.

The entrance to the town of Ballycastle, shaded by rows of trees, is very pretty. As I was walking in, I met a party of policemen dragging some unfortunate victim to the guardhouse. The regulations of these police-officers are very beneficial to the country, and deserve the highest commendation: the men are usually efficient and active; and indeed it is surprising how in some instances they have traced a culprit through the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the country; and when they have found him, their courage in making a capture, opposed as they are by hundreds, is highly cre-ditable to their bravery; and by this time they have an accurate knowledge of the desperate characters, and of their favourite haunts. Every town and village in Ireland have police stationed in them, regulated in number by their size, and the disposition of the inhabitants round about; for some neighbourhoods are more dangerous than others. They are all dressed in dark green cloth jackets and white trousers, these latter being of grey cloth during the winter; each man is armed with a carbine, pistols, and sabre; and they have a manly and martial appearance. It happened to be fair-day when I was at Ballycastle; and of course there was a row in the evening, and the usual incitations of the 'face of a Papist!' and 'the face of an Orangeman!' were loudly vociferated. A regular battle ensued; the shillelagh was flourished in double quick time, the stones flew about like hail: the police were instantaneously called out; and I could not but admire their activity and dauntless conduct. The quickness with which they pierced through the dense crowd and laid hold of the most desperate of fenders was wonderful: but they were a small party, and the crowd hemming them in on all sides, they were ultimately, though reluctantly, compelled to fire in self-defence; and soon the valourless multitude was quickly dispersed.

# NOTES IN THE BUSII.

OLD LAWS.

The Chamberlain of Scotland, in his Justice Air, might summon before him the public functionaries, and challenge them regarding the practices of several trades.

The tailors were objects of particular legal scrutiny—because in the first place, "they mak refuse and shreides in men's claith, sumtymes for haste, sumtymes for ignorance. Item, that they tak whole piccis and shreidis to sleivis. Item, that they mak men's garmentes and cleis uther-wayis than men biddis thame. Item, that they sew with false threid and graith. Item, that they keep not their day to ilk man. Item, that they mak thame masteris er they can know the craft, in greit skaithing of the king's people. Item, that they wirk on haly dais, agains the law of God and man."

"Challenge of Souters.—In the first they make schoone otherwayis than the law will. Item, they mak schune, butes, brogis, or uther graith of the ledder befoir it is barkit. Item, that they sew with fals and rotten threid, threw the whilk the schoone are tint befoir they be half worne. Item, that quhaire they shuld give thair ledder gude oyle or taulch, they give it but water and salt. Item, that they mak schoone and work of it er it be wrocht an curreit, in great prejudice of the king's

The weavers and butchers, with various trades, come in for their misdeeds, which will be omitted just now. It is curious to see how tailors have been proverbial for the fulfilment of their promises, and the shoemakers are little behind them. Hence the old saying-

The trade is slack, folks weel may say, When tailors and sonters keep their day.

So that the followers of these occupations now have a prescriptive right for fibbing.

Pray is there an office in Sydney corresponding to the Lord Chamberlain of Scotland in the olden time? Let me tell you if there is, we poor hermits in the wild bush beg to acquaint him that he performs his duty very ill, and bushmen are severe sufferers. Indeed they are the prey of all trades, who delight to "gammon" them, as the phrase is, in every way, and rather too barefacedly. The tailors not only sew with false thread, but they take two false stitches to every inch—vide slop clothing, which is not done in ignorance, but for haste. Nay many a fencer goes out in the morning with a new pair of duck trowsers and a new regatta shirt; he returns at night with the whole in such original pieces as the cutter-out at first formed them by the magic of his shears. Like the Jew's razors, they are all made, not to shave, or to wear, but to sell. As for taking shreidis and pieces, and working up rotten claith-let every man judge the ford as he finds it. tailors take our measure, and cut their cloth accordingly.

As for the boot and shoe makers, many honorable exceptions can be found among the gentle craft. Some perhaps sew with rotten thread, and put their stitches as thickly as the tailors, but it wont do long. Fifteen—sixteen shillings a pair for shepherd's boots is a long price in the bush, Messieurs of the lapstone and awl. Who butter their bread on both sides by this exorbitant price, is a problem not so easily unriddled. At any rate we ought to have good leather, and both well curried well sewed

Law is like a sharp weapon, it is kittle to deal with, and may just as soon cut the assaulter as the defender. We remote dwellers in the wide waste could tell how we get tons of flour sent us, which Sydney folks would turn up their noses and cry "bills" at—how we get the short hundred and are charged the long-how hundred chests of damaged tea are sent for the genuine Hyson-how the slops are rotten, and the sugar sanded—the tobacco wetted, and the rum watered. All good enough for the bush, as they cannot return them; so it is a fine chance to get rid of such commodities from the loaded shelves, &c. Nay some advertisements most impudently give public notice, that an assortment of merchandise may be obtained cheap (meaning rubbish) good enough for up-country stores. If this conduct is not, insulting, then pray what means kicking? That honest men are to be found, we bushmen his neck; which being the single and substantial ornament, imparted a distingué appearance to the whole man. His stockings, in his adopted city at high noon with a lighted candle, it will

require some search and discrimination to find them. not so badly your far-away boys in the bush, for your trade and country would be worth little without them. Many do not love law, but all look for justice. Let us get fair play, and like measure will be returned.

#### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF TUFT-HUNTERS.

The present is a re-issue, we apprehend, or a new edition—we read the brochure with great zest a short time since, and consider it a very happy hit at the monstrous foible it ridicules. We take the author's difinition of-

TUPTISM.—We live in an artificial state of society, at a time when every one tries to be something that he is not. Fashion is ever the rule of taste, money the rule of fashion; and every encouragement is afforded to Tuftyism by the listlessness of nobility, and the servile, but cool, insolence of "gents" and "stuck-up

From these great classes of society the Tuft-hunter springs. His career is one of meanness and endless concession to what better judgment would condemn; and he lives under a shadow of his own raising, dancing attendance night and day upon a being who despises him for his politeness, and yet lacks courage to cast off his incumbrance, sweetened as it is by flattery and defer-

IDEAL TUFT-HUNTERS .- Bad as are the Tuft-hunters who are telerated by some nobility; there is a yet more contemptible race of those who practice Tuft-hunting without possessing the least acquaintance with the aristocracy, or who, upon the strength of having stood next to a lord at a concert, claim a familiar hand-and-glove association with the same.

Of this kind was a friend whom we met going through Hyde Park every morning at nine o'clock for three months, and who always informed us that he was going to visit in "the Square." We wondered much what denizen of Grosvenor-square rose thus early, and were astonished at the magnitude of our friend's breakfasting-out connexion. But our wonder subsided into a very dif-ferent feeling when we found that the breakfast in Grosvenor-square covered a visit, of a commercial description, to an upholstere s's in Regent-street.

Another acquaintance used to entertain all he knew with the story of Lord Fitzwhipper's horse, and what the aforesaid lord said to him at the races, and what fine champagne lord Deepswigge kept, and what a punster Lord Stalewitte was. And this reminds us of a favourite habit of small, imaginative Tuft-hunters. When their wits or memory suggest a small joke or an hieroglyphical pun. they do not pass it current under the r own name, but stamp their bad coinage with the title of some "nob," who bears a reputation for wit; thereby proving that Sheridan is not the only victim to fathering the offspring of small punsters.

A practical joke is also a great point, and an Oxford Tuft-hunter would dwell with delight upon the noble exploits of some expelled "Tuft." He will tell of the brave heroes who rose at dead of night, with tufted caps and silken gowns, and spirits for the fight, how they with pokers armed, the "dons" at twelve alarmed; and how when they with drink far gone, lay senseless, obfuscated, the proctor and his "dogs" came up, and they were

Better still is the tremendous sang-froid with which men who vere never at Oxford or Cambridge in their lives, talk of their "larks" there with lords and marquises, and having read the "Art of Pluck," the "Gradus Cantabrigienses," and certain other popular treatises, pass themselves off by dist of memory and impudence, as thorough-bred Oxford "swells." For their edification. pudence, as thorough-bred Oxford "swells." For their edification, and that of the world, we exhort every university man to abuse and kick them whenever he meets with such counterfeits.

## A SCENE AT THE NEW YORK TATTERSALL'S.

It is the custom there to state in the catalogue the reason of the owner for parting with his property; and whilst some of the excuses are sufficiently ingenious, all arc of course most satisfac-

tory.

It is an auction day—let us look in.

On one side of a circular building, laid with tan and saw-dust. adopted, I presume, as being pleasanter to tender feet than hard and rough stones, stood a small wooden platform, around which were gathered a few slang horse-dealer-looking individuals, with long pig-whips or thick sticks under their arms, sneeringly reading over a villainously printed catalogue, whilst their remarks were neither delicate nor low-toned.

Ding—ding—ding, went a bell. The auctioneer mounted the rostrum, the crowd clustered around it, and, with a violent smacking of whips from the opposite side of the building, out tumbled a wretched half-starved bay colt, followed by a man with a huge

pig-whip, lashing and shouting with all his might.

"Now, gentlemen," began the orator, "There's a bootiful nag, and descriptioned in the bill as 'a bay gelding, warranted quiet to wide and descriptions."

ride, and quiet in double and single harness."
"Quiet enough, I guess," observed a bystander, "if you only did'nt keep a flanking of him so."

"He stands fifteen and and arf a ninch," continued the auctioneer, "and he's sold because his owner aint got no use for

"Should'nt wonder," echoed a voice in the crowd.
"D'ye warrant him sound?" inquired one, amid a horse laugh

"Is it the fashion to drive bow legg'd 'uns in your city?" asked

"Why, he's broken kneed," roared a fourth.

"Not at all, you mister," cried the auctioneer pertly. "The mot at an, you mister, cried the authorizer perior. In a gentleman who sells his horse always marks his stud on the knee, that he may know 'em again."

"He does? Well then, I've got one of his'n at home—perhaps you will tell him to send for it."

"Now, gentlemen, will you go a bid if you please? What shall rtu dallari I bid half-a-dollar," roared a voice.

"Thank you, sir," sneered the auctioneer, with a little smilethen looking ten thousand hammers at a bidder, he added, "perhaps you'd better not offer so much again, or some one may guess you're a puffer.—Shall I say ten dollars for you, sir?" The person addressed, shook his head knowingly, "a la Burleigh."
"Five dollars is bid—thank yer, sir—and 'aff—and 'aff—and 'aff

and hammer, hand, and head bowed gracefully downward to the

What's the matter with that eye next the wall?" said one.

"Wall-eyed, I guess," suggested another.

"Take care—mind yourselves," shouted a third. "What's the matter?"

" He's flippin' his tail-it'll set his nose a bleedin'." "Well then, lend him yer handkercher."
"Five dollars and 'aff-six-thank you, sir;" and the auctioneer

really looked grateful.
"Pray, mister auctioneer," cried one of the company, "have

you got a knife and fork handy? I should like to know if my dog will eat him before I bid?"
"Thank you, sir—six dollars—and 'aff—and 'a

goin'—a-goin'—agoin'."

"Into a gallopin' consumption," tagged on somebody.

"Again—a-goin'. Is there any advance on six and 'aff."

"May we bid what we like?" asked a bystander."

Certainly, sir.'

"Then I'll bid you a good day, and be hanged to you." "Thank you, sir-you're a blackguard, sir-and that's an old

"Thank you, sir—you're a olackguard, shall all joke," said the auctioneer; and so it was.

"A-goin'—a-goin'," he began again; "any advance on six—and three quarters! Thank you, sir; six and three quarters is all

I'm bid for this fine specimen of"

"Anatomy," chimed in a by-stander.

"I say six and three quarters is all I'm bid for this fine"-

"Bag o' bones," interrupted another.

"Sag o' bones," interrupted another.

"Six and three quarters—six and three quarters! Goin'—goin', for six and three quarters."

"How much is that a pound?" inquired a fellow.

"More than your worth," retorted the auctioneer. "Now goin';
—only six and three quarters.

"What! sint he no older than that?" asked a customer, with well-feigned astonishment.

well-feigned astonishment. "Six and three quarters. Goin'—goin'. Will no one advance on six and three quarters?" bawled the tired auctioneer. Then looking round half in despair and half in spite, the hammer fell

upon the desk with—"Gone for six dollars and seventy-five

The happy purchaser received the congratulations of his friends with becoming modesty. "What'll you take for his skin?" asked one. "It's all wore out with his bones," roared another. "I'd stuff him for a rocking-horse," suggested a third. "He's a hazardous purchase," chimed in a fourth.

A hazardous purchase! Why so?"

"Because he's all neck and nothing. But what do you mean to

"Well, I'll rell you. You see how long it's been raining, and what a heap o' water there is in that gutter—you can't any of you cross it. There now, I bought him to carry me over that gutter, and when I'm safe on the other side, I shall give him away to the first little boy I meet with."



## THE NEW PUBLICATION.

Punch strongly suspects the orthodoxy of the proposed monthly periodical entitled "The Sydney Guardian." The avowal of religious principles is so vague that, although Popery is denounced, and the Church of England lauded, not a word is said concerning Puseyism. The avowal might have been made, as it probably is by one of the disciples of the Oxford School, who constantly exclaim against the errors of Popery, and yet jog on comfortably to Rome. The Guardian is probably the successor of the Queen of Sheba, (all honor to the royal lady's memory,) and appears on the scene to protect Bishop Broughton and the favoured portion of his clergy from the unsparing attacks of the audacious ATLAS. If the Guardian comes to protect the venerable battlements of the Evangelical Church of England, Punch offers it the right hand of fellowship, but if it uphold the ricketty fabric of Puseyism, then Punch will be on his guard against the enemy. If the Guardian is one of the hatchings of the Lay Association, Punch knows what

## PUNCH AND THE CIVIC FUNCTIONARIES.

Punch took his seat in the Council Chamber of the Representatives of the great City of Sydney-upon the commemorative occasion of winding up the second quarterly Bills of Fare. The Genius of Wisdom presided—the powers of elucution were most fully developed—the profoundest arguments were deduced pro et con— Legislation was based upon the fundamental principle of Justiceand the most perfect unity prevailed, except that some of the Solons had forgotton to doff the half-middy's uniform; whereupon, there was some little displeasure manifested, as was not comme il faut. Bubbles was over-ruled, inasmuch as there was more in the head and heart than there was in the dress-Punch "thought to himself" about a calf's head and fry-and the dressing of the car But, n'importe.

The most remarkable feature pourtrayed to Punch, was, the asking leave of absence, for all the world like school-boys—one Alderman asked for two months leave of absence; whereupon, the voices were rather loud, inasmuch, that the worthy Alderman could not be spared from his duties—Punch thought, what a queer thing to be a spare leg to a broken down chair. However, the roles carried the day—after which, another Alderman explained, that the reason for asking was, that the other Alderman was disgusted with the proceedings of these Civic Solons, and required requiem—and he himself now asked for two months absence, because he was going to make himself useless; whereupon, the most cordial assent with "laughter" was given.—Punch questions whether this grand body of municipals, ever has been of use, except to squander the public money; for Alderman Big, declared, that "several late meetings had been irregularly carried on.

## LOUIS PHILLIPPE AND THE BELL-RINGERS.

His Majesty the King of the French has been entertaining the Lancashire bell-ringers, or rather they have been entertaining him, at the palace of St. Cloud. Louis Philippe, who is a perfect master of English—we mean the language, not the nation—conversed very freely with the bell-ringers, and, after praising the great variety of their changes, asked them if they could by means of their bells give him any idea of the great Sir Robert Peel?-Punch.

## PUNCH IN PARLIAMENT .- CONDITION OF IRELAND.

Mr. Punch rose and said ;-Sir, on the present occasion it is my intention to treat the honorable house with extreme mercy. I do not propose to speak above half-a-dozen sentences. I cannot give a silent vote on the measure introduced by the right hon. barone for the pacification of Ireland. I am aware that the measure introduced by the right hon. baronet will cost this house the life of the distinguished member for Kilkenny, (O'Connell,) but, sir, this

hon, member for Kilkenny will of course keep his word to his country, by stopping his breath. He will die upon the floor-leaving nothing but his ghost to haunt the house for the remainder of the session. I rise, however, to give my cordial support to the measure of the right hon. baronet. I am for giving good and just measures to the people of Ireland; but whilst we give to the poor and the suffering with one hand, let us grasp the assassin with the other. For my own part, I do not think the right hon baronet has asked for sufficient power. He requires us to enable him to search houses for fire-arms. Sir, I think the right hon baronet has stopt very short of the remedy. From what we have recently heard—from what the house has heard of the pastoral blessings of Archdeacon Laffan—I think the most deadly weapons are not only to be found in the cabin of the peasant, but too often in the pulpit of the priest. I ask, sir, is this measure only to reach the wretch who fires the gun, and leave untouched the "holy" man whose sermon loaded it? (Cheers.)—Punch.

### Memoranda of Men and Things.

#### DARING INTREPIDITY.

"And so, Glennan," said the magistrate one morning to his crack and favourite officer (a fellow who added to the step and spring of the ounce the indagacity of the blood bound," you have your eye on the reward?" "Aye, sir," answered Glennan, quietly laying down the proclamation, of which he had been conning every letter, "I have." "Um," muttered his superior aside, "success will shelve him for life:—and failure" (shuddering), "——, anyhow, I lose my best officer. Hark ye, Glennan, no nonsense and no rashness. I suppose you know all?" "All sir—the house, the customs, everything." "Your're aware that he sleeps in a lowroofed, three-cornered garret, connected with the bedroom of his paramour by a step ladder and a secret door in her apartment; that a well-trained bull-dog is his bedfellow; that his pistols are always loaded, and that his enormous size and stature give him a fearful advantage over you in such a confined space." "Just so," said Glennan, calmly, I've arranged all." "Well," said the magistrate, "I'll guarantee the reward, for nothing can be done without you. Attend me here to-morrow, punctually at seven—good night." And careworn was the brow, troubled the repose, of the active-minded man on that night. The morning was cold, foggy, and drizzly. It was a day that sank into your very marrow—such a day as makes early rising almost cease to be a virtue. The hour has barely struck, yet the magistrate is already in the policeoffice, instructing four well-armed and picked officials. "But
where is Glennan?" The enquiry was sternly repeated. "Please
your worship, said the turnkey, "Mr. Glennan had a flash supper
this morning with a lady, at the Salutation and Cat. He told me to tell your worship that he meant to sleep at 3A, River Lane, and that you would find him there in the morning, and all right and tight." "Forward, instantly," said the alarmed magistrate, "that fellow does nothing by halves; he has either made a spoon or spoilt a horn." The interested officers moved on with alacrity to the house. Bounding up several flight of stairs, they reached a room whose fair inmate was unconscious of their noise, from the deep—no doubt well secured—slumber, or rather stupor. The secret door is left open, the ladder ascended, and on the truckle bed lay the stunned robber, handcuffed and otherwise secured. On bed lay the stunned robber, handcuffed and otherwise secured. On the floor lay the powerful bull-dog quite dead, and Glennan calm, as if preparing for action, stood with a cocked pistol pointed at the head of his captive. "Much obliged, sir, for your care. I expected no less from your humanity; but Ltake you to witness that nothing remains to be done." "Convey the prisoner steadily down stairs," said the magistrate to the four officers. "And I," said Glennan, "will carry the dog." "Now, Glennan," said the magistrate, "satisfy my cariosity. The details of your plan, your management, and your struggle?" "I spare you, sir, the elegancies of my evening's amusement, and my supper. or of elegancies of my evening's amusement, and my supper, or of the very old wine that deepened the morning's slumbers of the lady whom you could not disturb. Well, sir, taking off my coat and shoes, and wholly unarmed, I opened the secret door, leaving it ajar to guide you, and climed the ladder. The door I knew opened inwardly, and right upon his bedside. With one effort I burst the door, and threw myself upon him, as he slept heavily, taking care that my hands should light, as I fell, upon his pistols, whose exact position I knew. As I raised them, I felt the teeth of the dog in my left leg. A moment's delay to cock the pistol. The sleeper's hand was grasping my throat. I swayed my body round and shot the dog, then grasping my empty pistol by the muzzle, I struck the man a violent blow on the temple with the full of my arm. I lost not a moment in handcuffing and binding him, and cocked the other pistol, to place my captive beyond a doubt. The dog I shall have stuffed."—Unpublished Memoirs of the late Sir Richard

## A SCENE IN A SCOTCH COURT OF JUSTICE IN 1757.

The Dean of Faculty at that time was Mr. Lockhart, afterwards Lord Covington, a man of learning, but of a demeanour harsh and overbearing. It had ever been considered the duty of the body of advocates, freely elected to preside over them, to be particularly kind and protecting to beginners; but Lockhart treated all who came in contact with him in a manner equally offensive, although he had been engaged in a personal altercation with a gentleman out of court, who had threatened to inflict personal chastisement upon him; and there were some circumstances in his domestic life supposed to render his reputation vulnerable. At last four junior advocates, of whom Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor Loughborough, was one, entered into a mutual engagement that he among them who first had the opportunity should resent the arrogance of the dean, and publicly insult him. It was by mere accident that the opportunity occurred to Wedderburn, who certainly made a good use of it. In the very end of July or beginning of August, 1757 (the exact day I have not been able to ascertain), Wedderburn was opposed in the Inner House as counsel to Lockhart, and was called by him a "presumptuous boy," experiencing from him even more than his wonted rudeness and superciliousness. When the presumptuous boy came to reply, he delivered such a furious personal invective as never was before or since heard at the Scottish bar. A lively impression still remains of its character; but newspaper reporting was then unknown in Edinburgh, and oral tradition has preserved only one sentence of that which probably was the meditated part of the harangue: "The learned dean has confined himself on this occasion to vituperation; I do not say that he is capable of reasoning, but if tears would have answered his purpose I am sure tears would not have been wanting." Lockhart here started up, and threatened him with vengeance. Wedderburn.—"I care little, my lords, for what may be said or done by any man who has been disgraced in his person and dishonoured in his bed." Lord President Craigie, being afterwards asked why he had not sooner interfered,

such excitement as to have lost all sense of decorum and propriety, exclaimed that " his lordship had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman." The president appealed to his brethren as to what was fit to be done, who unanimously resolved that Mr. Wedderburn should retract his words and make an humble apology, on pain of deprivation. All of a sudden Wedderburn seemed to have subdued his passion, and put on an air of deliberate coolness; when, instead of the expected retraction and apology, he stripped off his gown, and holding it in his hands before the judges, he said, "My lords, I neither retract nor apologise, but I will save you the trouble of deprivation; there is my gown, and I will never wear it more; virtute me involvo." He then coolly laid his gown upon the bar, made a low bow to the judges, and before they had recovered from their amazement he left the court, which he never again entered. That very night he set off to London. I know not whether he had any apprehension of the steps which the judges might have taken to vindicate their dignity, or whether he was ashamed to meet his friends of the Parliament House, he had formed a resolution, which he faithfully kept, to abandon his native country, and never more to revisit it.— Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.

#### A RUSSIAN BREAKFAST TABLE ON EASTER DAY.

In the centre of the table stood a sucking pig, flanked with small bams, German sausages, chitterlings, black puddings, and large dishes of game. A magnificent pie, containing at least a dozen hares, towered like a fortress at one end of the table. The sondag and the sterlet, those choice fish of Southern Russia, garnished with aromatic herbs, betokened the vicinity of the scalinagine, in addition to all these things, all sorts of cordial water, glass vases filled with preserves, and a multitude of sponge cake castles, with their platforms frosted and heaped with bon-bons, and the reader will have an idea of the profuse good cheer displayed by the Russian lords on such occasions. On leaving the breakfast-table, we proceeded to the place where the sports were held; but there I saw nothing of that hearty merriment that elsewhere accompanies a popular holiday. The women, in their best attire, clung to the swings, I will not say gracefully, but very boldly, and in a manner to shame the men, who found less pleasure in looking at them than in gorging themselves with brandy in their smoky kabaks. Others danced to the sound of the organ with cavaliers, whose zigzag movements told of plenteous libations. We noticed on this occasion an essential characteristic of the Russian people. In this scene of universal drunkenness there was no quarrelling; not a blow was struck. Nothing can arouse the Russians from their apathy; nothing can quicken the dull current of their blood; they are slaves even in drink. Such are the Easter festivities. As the reader will perceive, they consist on the whole in eating and drinking inordinately. The whole week is spent in this way, and during all that time the authority of the master is almost in abeyance; the coachman deserts the stables, the cook the kitchen, the housekeeper her store room; all are drunk, all are merry-making, all are intent on enjoying a season of liberty so long anticipated with impatience.—De Hall's Travels in Russia.

### EATABLES IN ITALY.

Roasted chesnuts are the potatoes of Italy. cooked in every street; they are very good, and are brought to the tables of the great. Pumpkins, as large as a man can carry, are cut up into slices, and sold for a quarter of a farthing each. They have no beef, except the miserable flesh of the white ox, worn down to a skeleton with drawing their lumbering drays. The skinned lambs and kids hang up by dozens at the butchers' doors, no bigger than a cat. When brought to table in the form of chops, you may cover a single one with a half-crown piece. Fruit is cheap and delicious; grapes a penny a pound, apples and pears a farthing, and the most delightful oranges eight for a half-penny. The living at Rome is more substantial than at Naples, though the meat is scarcely better. The bread is disagreeably sour, but it may be procured at the confectioners, made in the English way, at reble the cost. The number of small birds, sold in strings ready for the spit, chiefly larks caught in the Campagna, is extraordinary; fowls may be bought 5d. a piece. Turkeys are very abundant; you see them driven in flocks, like sheep in England, blocking up the street. They are a very common food amongst the lower classes, who usually buy half a turkey; and I have frequently remarked the dexterity and expedition with which the stallkeeper will split the turkey in two for the convenience of purchasers. Young wild boars, but et was not the compagna, with porcupines from the same district, are considered great delicacies. The abundance of vegetables is quite surprising. Brocoli is a great article of food—very excellent and very cheap. All sorts are cooked in the street, whence you have them brought hot to your table. The natural richness of the soil is peculiarly favourable to the growth and perfection of vegetables. We had, in the middle of December, green peas and asparagus for dinner. Their pastry is excellent, and the water, sparkling from the fountain, is the finest in the world.—Gardiner's Sights in Italy.

## LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

FRIDAY, MAY 12. The SPEAKER took the Chair at the usual hour.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS.

Mr. Lowe gave notice that he should, on Friday next, move that an address be presented to his Excellency the Governor, praying him to request that a report of the present state of the schools in their charge be made by the Denominational Board, and

that such report be laid by him on the table of that House. The COLONIAL SECRETARY, in answer to a question from Mr. Cowper, stated that a despatch had been received from the Home Government affirming the regulations made in the colony, respect-ing foreign emigration, and that it was the intention of Government shortly to lay a copy of it on the table of that House.

MINIMUM PRICE OF LAND. lutions on the above motion, a summary of the debate on which will be found in another part of this day's publication.

The SPEAKER took his seat at the usual hour.

CONVICTS .-- LAND. Mr. Donaldson gave notice, that on Friday next he should move that an address be presented to His Excellency the Governor, praying that he will be pleased to cause to be laid on the table of the house—1. A return of the number of convicts in private assignment in the years (severally) 1835, 1836, and 1837.—2. A return showing how many individuals had assigned to them—1 and under 20 convicts each, how many 20 and under 30, 30 and under 50, 50 and under 100, and how many above 100, in each the distinguished member for Kilkenny, (O'Connell,) but, sir, this answered, "Because Wedderburn made all the flesh creep on my is not a time that the house should scruple to make any decent sacrifice. When this Coercion Bill—(Cries of "No—No!")—I that "this was language unbecoming an advocate and repeat it, Coercion Bill, shall have received the royal assent, the unbecoming a gentleman." Wedderburn, now in a state of The number of acres of land sold in the years 1836 and 1837. of the above years.—3. A return showing the number of acres of land alienated in fee by the Crown up to 31st December, 1835,