



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 'aff—and 'aff—and a-goin'—a-goin'—a-goin'."

"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 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.

"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! aint he no older than that?" asked a customer, with 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 cents."

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 do with him?"

"Well, I'll tell 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."



A Bowl of Punch.

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 he has to expect.

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 elocution were most fully developed—the profoundest arguments were deduced *pro et con*—Legislation was based upon the fundamental principle of Justice—and the most perfect unity prevailed, except that some of the *Solons* had forgotten 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 carcass*. But, *n'importe*.

The most remarkable feature portrayed 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 *votes* 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 PHILIPPE 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 extrememercy. 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. baronet 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 is not a time that the house should scruple to make any decent sacrifice. When this Coercion Bill—(Cries of "No—No!")—I repeat it, Coercion Bill, shall have received the royal assent, the

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 stooped 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 indagacy of the blood hound,) "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." "You're aware that he sleeps in a low-roofed, 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 police-office, 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 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 I take 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 curiosity. 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 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 climbed 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 Birnie*.

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, answered, "Because Wedderburn made all the flesh creep on my bones." But at last his lordship declared in a firm tone, that "this was language unbecoming an advocate and unbecoming a gentleman." Wedderburn, now in a state of

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 hams, 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 sonda and the sterlet, those choice fish of Southern Russia, garnished with aromatic herbs, betokened the vicinity of the sea. Imagine, 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. You see them 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 treble 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, hunted in the Campagna, with porcupines from the same district, are considered great delicacies. The abundance of vegetables is quite surprising. Broccoli 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, respecting 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.

Mr. LOWE, in pursuance of notice, then rose to move the Resolutions on the above motion, a summary of the debate on which will be found in another part of this day's publication.

TUESDAY, 16.

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 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, specifying how many by grant and how many by purchase.—4. The number of acres of land sold in the years 1836 and 1837.