TWO JUDGES.

(From Punch.)

ADMIRAL ROUS,

STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Born January, 1795. Died June 19, 1877.

Two Judges have to higher judgments passed
Leaving their record, each in his own Court;
As if Fate's irony for once had classed
The Bench of Justice with the Seat of Sport.

We hear the "Bravo, Rous!" in death, as life,
From Jockey Club and handicappers' bar,
Where—strange repose from elemental strife—
He steered his Turf craft, like a ship of war,

With pluck, and purpose clear, and voice of power,
Through shoals of knavery and sands of sin;
Truth his chain-cable, honour his best bower,
Good name to risk and little love to win!

Light lie the turf on the Turf-Judge's grave!
May his work's merits o'er its kind prevail;
Nor let the sorry sport for which he gave
His life's best part against him weight the scale.

Not such our prayer above that other bier
Whereon a nobler Judge to rest is laid;
Whose work was worthy of the soul sincere
That triumphed o'er disease, and pain o'erswayed.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE MELLISH,

LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

Born, 1814. Died, June 15, 1877.

From his youth up a martyr on the rack
Of unearned suffering that most wills had tamed,
And turned a nature less heroic back
From strenuous effort, pitied and unblamed,

But, quenching sense in spirit, he so strove,
That early manhood found him early wise,
A Sage in whom, as pain o'ercame not love,
Strong soul weak body bore on high emprize.

Till on the judgment-seat, as on the way
That led up to its honours, he was seen,
Bearing the heat and burden of his day,
Of soul unruffled, patient, and serene;

With a sweet sadness putting pain aside,
To bend his ripened judgment to the cause,
And turn the clear light of his mind to guide
His brethren through our labyrinthine laws.

When men, in after times, would have held up
The glass of all that a great Judge should be,
The face of Mellish, with his bitter cup
Beside him, let the Bar of England see!

THE ROMANCE OF A LODGING.

(IN TWO CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER I.

"Where to, ma'am?" inquired cabby as he opened the door of his vehicle to a lady and her son who had just arrived by the evening train at Victoria Station.

"I want apartments somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chelsea; drive on until you find them; they are procurable, I suppose?" the lady replied as she took her seat.

"I do hope we may find a lodging," she remarked to her companion, after they had been driving what appeared to her a very long time. The lad made no reply, being of a phlegmatic temperament, that finds speech an exertion unless distinctly necessary.

The lateness of the hour, together with the influx of visitors, owing to the London season being then in full swing, made the search a difficult one ...

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The Queen has commanded Lord Aberdare to present the Albert medal to those miners who so recently rescued their fellows from the flooded colliery at Tynewydd.

The dinner given to General Grant at the Reform Club cost each guest £3 16s 6d, which many members, we grieve to learn, considered too high a figure.

At a late sale of manuscripts and rare books in London an autobiographic treatise by John Locke, on "The Being of God and Immortality of the Soul," brought £42.

The Maharajah of Cashmere is busily engaged in the honourable and as he hopes profitable pursuit of viniculture. His object is to supply India with good light wines at a cheap rate.

It has been discovered in Paris that the little yellow marks upon certain brands of Havana cigars, which caused them to be great prized by smokers, are created by the sprinkling of acids.

Something like enthusiasm: When Dr Schliemann was a grocer's shopman such was his Homeric enthusiasm that he used to serve out his groceries over the counter by troy weight instead of avoirdupois.—*Punch.*

The laying down of underground telegraph advances rapidly in Germany. The line from Mayence to Marbury is complete; that from Cassel to Leipsic is in progress. Two lines, each with seven wires, will run from Berlin to Hamburg.

Between new-made lovers:—"Then, Adelgitha, you will be mine?" "Yes, Ferdinand, if pa is willing. I always do what he wants me to." "But will he give his consent?" "He will. Pa always does what I want him to."—*Paris Paper.*

The colony of Fiji is in anything but a prosperous condition. Valuable plantations can be bought for $5 an acre, and, dissatisfied as the settlers are, there is no complaint about the fertility of the soil. The absence of labour and the insecure tenure of land are the chief troubles of the Fijian planter.

They were discussing the difficulties of literary composition:—"As for me," observed one of the party in the most serious of tones, "when I am speaking or writing I never experience any difficulty. All I find it necessary to do is to find the right word and express my thought clearly—then it goes ahead like a railroad train."

Wife (reproachfully)—"Oh, George!—again!" Husband—"Beg y'r par'n, my dyar!—norabirobit—been t'see Weaht'n an' O'Leary walkin' roun' an roun' an roun'—mo' me jush a li'le gitry—thash all! Besides, got a pair of those 'screwed boots' on. Seen 'em advertised—haven't you?"—*Punch.*

The Chinese Ambassador and his suite entered the Court of Appeals at London the other day and chin-chinned to all the judges, who gravely saluted them in return. After observing the proceedings for ten minutes his excellency retired, shaking hands solemnly with their Lordships—and the usher, whom by reason of his garb he evidently regarded as the most important person in Court.

According to an article in *Blackwood* on the reconstruction of the French army, France is now able to defend herself against ...

THE SWEETSBURG PICNIC.

Ten Thousand of the Yeomanry of the Townships Greet the Conservative Chieftain.

(From the Montreal Gazette, July 10.)

SWEETSBURG, July 7.—The sun rose this morning in an unclouded sky, and there was every indication that the clerk of the weather was prepared to smile on the Conservatives, who were about to assemble in honour of their chieftain. The heat of a July day was tempered by cool breezes, strong enough to move the hundreds of flags and banners that floated at every turn, without raising the dust from the streets. The most ardent Conservative could not have asked for more suitable weather; nature designed it for a picnic, and man (the better half included) thankfully accepted the boon and turned out in thousands. From an early hour streams of carriages poured into the village by every road leading to it, and a multitude of people flocked to the charming grove where the picnic was to be held. Under the shade of the tall maple trees, on the summit of a hill overlooking the wide expanse of woods and meadow, a platform had been erected for the accommodation of Sir John and his party. Bunting waved gracefully from the boughs overhead, the brilliant colours forming a pleasant contrast with the deep verdure of the forest. The stage itself was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and nothing was wanting to make the preparations complete.

SIR JOHN'S ARRIVAL

at Cowansville station was greeted by cheers from the assembled multitude. He was presented by Mr. Holden, Warden of the County, with the following address:—

HONOURED SIR,—On behalf of the Conservatives of the district of Bedford, we beg leave to tender you, the foremost man of Canada, a hearty welcome on your first visit to these, the south-eastern townships of Quebec. Your past career as a statesman has made your name a household word among us, and although most of us are personally unknown to you, we view with a just pride the exalted position you hold in the hearts of your countrymen. Since you first entered political life, dating almost from the time of the inauguration of the system of responsible government in Canada, we have always found you advocating the measures which tended to the national advancement and benefit of the people, crowning your labour with that keystone of the arch, Confederation which has raised us to the dignity of a nation, subordinate, it is true, to the supreme rule of the Empire of which we are so proud to form a part. Firm in the belief that your return to power cannot be long delayed, we look to you on the resumption by you of the reins of government, for those enlightened measures which will alleviate, if not abate, the present depression, and bring prosperity to the agricultural and all other interests of our Dominion. Earnestly hoping that prosperity and long life may attend you, we again welcome you on your visit to our homes.

The address was signed by the Warden and a large number of the principal men of the district.

Sir John briefly expressed his thanks, and was then conveyed to Sweetsburg in a carriage, drawn by four horses, and escorted by a procession of several hundred of carriages. As they drove up the road, eight bands from neighbouring towns filled the air ...

...

... being taken to avoid the appearance of evil. Judge Dorion may be perfectly justified in his every conclusion—the Supreme Court will, we understand, be called upon to decide finally—but his judgment is questioned by the party opposite to that to which he but recently belonged. And the organs of the party from which he is in theory perpetually divorced have done something towards fostering the idea that, when he sat to judge the case, he had made up his mind beforehand. This is the opinion of a great number of people, and, however, wrong it may be, it is highly deplorable that even reason for its formation should have been given. It appears to us a great pity that Judge Dorion should have sat in the case at all. The dissatisfaction that exists should point a moral for future guidance, which lies on the surface, and that is: Election cases should not be heard before judges whose connection with active political life is recent.

FARM AND OTHER NOTES.

Coal ashes scattered on the stable floor will absorb liquid manure, prevent the cattle from slipping and falling, afford an excellent addition to the picking of poultry around the place, and can afterwards be spread on the soil.

There is a vast difference in the flavour of eggs. Hens fed on clean, sound grain, and kept on a clean grass run, give much finer flavoured eggs than hens that have access to the stable and manure heaps, and eat all kinds of filthy food.

We were surprised to-day to find a stalk of asparagus a foot high and as large as one's thumb, growing near the border of a small marsh without manure. Will muck and sand grow fine asparagus? This delicious esculent may be grown as easily as potatoes. —*Detroit Tribune.*

M. Chatot recommends common salt as an antidote for mildew on vines. On sprinkling a handful of salt around the base of each vine, the effect, he says, was marvellous; and vines hitherto covered with this fungus grew luxuriantly, and had an abundance of grapes entirely free from oidium.

If you have upon the farm a horse that is "bad to catch," try what virtue there is in the following treatment. You may club and pelt him before you catch him, if you will; but after you get him fully in hand give him a feed of oats, curry and brush him, and call him a good fellow, and it will have a visible impression upon the horse's mind.

Judson R. Hill has an excellent farm of 180 acres, on which crops were generally looking well. He was engaged in covering the second time, with a machine, a field of potatoes. The tops had just begun to come, when he went over them with the machine, covering weeds, beetles, and everything, and leaving the field very clean and mellow.—*Rural Home.*

Nothing is more easy than to destroy moss on the branches of fruit trees. When the branches are wet, fresh-slaked strong lime thrown freely amongst them will adhere and destroy every vestige of moss. A man will do more execution in one day in destroying moss by thus dusting with lime than will another man in a week, with the "whitewash brush."

Some of the best hay which we have found in the market this year has been that made ...