

by the plaintiff himself that my client wore curls as well as a hat, and the question naturally arises, whether it was the curls or the hat that frightened the horse. The animal might have taken them for demi cul-verins, cannonades, or bombs, piled "like artillery, tier over tier;" and if he had peradventure, belonged to a militia officer, he might have had an antipathy to such murderous machines; or he might have taken them for Bologna sausages—and some horses, beyond doubt, have an antipathy to Bologna sausages. In short, gentlemen, if he was in your opinion, frightened at the curls, you must find a verdict for us—the *quo animo* being different from that stated in the case. But, gentlemen, all this is nonsense. The plaintiff is nonsuited, as a matter of course, and in virtue of the legal maxim, *quæ supra nos ni-*

hil ad nos, anglice—"the things which are above us are nothing to us." Now, gentlemen, the hat being above the lady's head, it follows that my client cannot be made responsible for any damage from that which was no part or portion of her. You might as well fine her for damage done by a hail stone or any other missile coming from above. I have done.

The court charged the jury, that if they believed the learned counsel for the plaintiff, they would find against the defendant; if they believed the counsel for the defendant, they would find against the plaintiff; but if they believed neither, they would do just as they pleased.

The Jury, after being out three days and three nights, returned a verdict of disagreement, and were discharged.—*N. Y. Eng.*

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

A LATE VISIT TO THE CAPITAL OF HUNGARY.

On my arrival at Presburg (says the author of 'Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany,') I could not get a bed, the town was so full; but they gave me as good a shake-down in one of the numerous supper-rooms as they could contrive. I took my supper, however, in the large *salle*, which was crowded with the same sort of figures you meet in all the coffee-houses of Vienna: a loud band at the door, and loud voices in the hall, struggled for the mastery; and I was not sorry to escape soon from both to my *paillasse*. Here, amid the expiring fumes of spilled wine of Ofen and pipe-ashes, near a table with the gravy-stained cloth yet on it, and the empty salad-bowl by its side, I fell asleep. My *domestique de place*, a most active and intelligent man, had watched the earliest departure, and by seven o'clock in the morning I was transferred to a comfortable bed-chamber. It is but forty miles from Vienna to Presburg; but, if the traveller will only walk, at an early

hour, to the large upper market, he may fancy himself four hundred from any spot so civilised. There is an abundant supply of provisions of all sorts; but they are all clumsily and coarsely displayed; there is no attempt at disposing them to advantage, or invitingly: the women behind the heaps, or stalls, are ill clad, masculine, and unclean. The Hungarian peasant has a thick, stout, blue jacket, a strong, heavy, shapeless boot, uncombed hair, and a broad brimmed hat with a low rounded crown. Mixed with these, in very large numbers, are the Slavonian peasants; and, not the least remarkable feature in the scene, on a wide dusty space near the market stand some hundreds of rude waggons, drawn by small wild-looking horses. It is impossible that, in the day when the Romans made war in Illyria, the Slavonian peasant could have been in garb, in aspect, in manners, more completely the barbarian than to the eye he still seems, nor could the waggon in a Scythian camp have been a ruder thing than any of those still crowded