

OLD CHRIST CHURCH.—Page 112.

A copy of this little poem lies in the hollow of the corner stone of the new Church. Archdeacon Lander saw it in the *Times*, and liked it. Without knowing whose it was, he printed it at the end of his last sermon in the old Church, and the sermon and poem lie buried together in that stone.

EPITAPH ON BY-TOWN.—Page 132.

Mr. Lett and I can not be jealous of each other.—I don't know whether he likes my brevity, but I delight in his powers of amplification. His force and fire almost make one imagine he writes by steam, his engine being of course high pressure and *non-condensing*. But his sentiments are noble and patriotic and his style earnest, vigorous and manly. *Magis magisque floreat.*

THE WHITE-WASH BILL AND AMENDMENTS.—Page 132.

The House eventually passed the Bill, substantially in the form suggested by Mr. Verdant Green, without the Preamble, but with the Proviso "don't do so again"—Mr. Deep Black's amendment finding no seconder. Many members have since resigned under its provisions, and almost all of them have been re-elected. The Act says nothing about profits if any obtained by the violation of the law, leaving the question open, as a matter of conscience on which Honorable Members could scarcely have any doubt Hamlet's Uncle had a very strong opinion on the point:—

"Then I'll look up,—
My fault is past—But oh what form of prayer
Can serve my turn:—Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be, since still I am possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My Crown, mine own ambition and my Queen:—
May one be pardoned and retain the offence?"

HAMLET Act 3. Sc. 3.

C. A. V.—Page 133.

For the benefit of unprofessional gentlemen I explain, and for that of non-cerulean ladies, I translate. The letters stand for *Curia Adversare Vult*, the court wishes to deliberate: and mean, that the judges are puzzled and don't exactly know what to say.