

visions. He proceeded to read the law, together with the opinions of several commentators. The law was a good and necessary one, to protect the government against assaults, and it was the duty of all to see that it was impartially enforced. As to the second point, whether the prisoner had violated the provisions of the statute made and provided in this case, the evidence must answer. The learned judge here read his notes of the evidence, making comments upon it as he did so. The evidence was strong and conclusive, so much so that the prisoner had not attempted its rebuttal, and instead had made an *ex parte* statement, the legal effect of which was merely to confirm the testimony against him. If the jury believed what witnesses had stated was true, it was their duty to convict; if they had any doubt as to its truth, it was their duty to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt.

The jury then retired. An hour after, the judge sent to enquire if they had agreed upon a verdict when the reply came that they were having a smoke and had not considered it yet, having agreed that it would be cheaper to stay in court over Sunday instead of going back to their hotels. Court was adjourned until Monday.

THIRD DAY.

On His Honor taking his seat on the bench,

Mr Equity said he had a motion to make for an order to stop the sale of a horse taken possession of under color of law but with criminal intent. Judgment by default had been entered against John Bull of the township of Victoria for \$48.07 and costs. He held in his hand the affidavit of John Bull that he was due the plaintiff nothing, and in proof produced his receipt, which he begged leave to file.

Judge: Why did he not do so within the legal delay?

Mr Equity: My client never knew of any action being instituted against him.

Judge: He must have been regularly served.

John Bull: I will explain how it was, your honor.

Judge: This is altogether irregular.

John Bull: Never mind, I won't take a minute. One day, while I was plowing, a little black man comes across the field to me and says, says he, "You John Beel, eh?" "Yes," says I, "and I stands by it as a name not to be ashamed of." With that he hands me a folded paper. I sees it was a law docyment, and opens it, when blessed if I could read one word of it except the first, "Victoria,"—God bless her, says I. "Why, my man," says I, "this docyment is in French; I cannot read it, what's it about?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Won't you read it for me?" asks I. He gives another shrug, "Me no speak Anglais," says he, and blessed if he didn't skip, leaving me with that ere docyment in my hand. I takes it home and my wife could not read it, and my children couldn't, and my neighbors couldn't, and so I puts it on the chimbley-piece and says I will take it when I goes to the village and have it interpreted by a notary. Well, it came broken weather, and it was a fortnight afore the roads were fit to travel. One morning, Saturday week, I says to my wife, "Get ready, and we will go to the village today." As I was harnessing Bill, which, by your honor's leave, is the name of my best hoss, the little black man drives into my yard with two more Canadians, and puts another paper in my fist and I blessed his eyes when I sees it was in French again. "You pay?" asks he. "May I be d—d, if I do,"