

"These most infernal sounds," he said, "are more than I can bear ;  
 They almost make me wild with rage ; my wits away they'll scare."  
 So he began to ponder well how Christie he might fether,  
 And down he sat and wrote to him a pretty cheeky letter,  
 In which he told him plump and plain, in terms most unpolite,  
 "That he was quite a nuisance, and disturbed him day and night,  
 But soon he hoped to even up the debt he felt he owed ;  
 If a worse din he couldn't make, he hoped he would be blowed."  
 And having thus relieved his mind, his threat he put in force,  
 And banged away on trays and drums, and whistled himself hoarse.  
 He shrieked and shouted loud and long, and made a fearful noise :  
 On horns, and flutes, and pianos he played, himself and boys,  
 Till Christie's music was quite lost in perfect babel din,  
 And triumph gleamed in Davey's eyes, and Christie got quite thin.

But Davey's triumph was short-lived, for he was dragged before  
 A grave and reverend Chancery judge, who said to him, "Wherefore  
 Have you disturbed your neighbours thus by your malicious rows,  
 Why into bedlam have you turned the place you call your house ?"  
 And Davey said, "I am a man of homœopathic bent,  
 And like by like I thought to cure, and that was my intent.  
 I'm ready quite at any time to terminate my row  
 If Christie and his family will to my wishes bow."

"Nay, nay, my friend, this cannot be," the learned judge replied,  
 "You cannot thus put lawless bounds to music's rolling tide !  
 Christie, I find, has nothing done at all unlawfully,  
 While you have acted madman-like, and most maliciously.  
 There's no such maxim in the law as you quoted just now !  
 The law is not a homœopath, as you will soon allow  
 When you have had a dose of it—'twill make you feel quite queer,  
 And very allopathic, too, you'll find it is, I fear.  
 To regulate such men as you, and your misdeeds restrain,  
 Is why I am upon this seat, and why I can't refrain  
 From granting unto Christie here, as now it is my function,  
 That which he claims and which he gets against you—an injunction.

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A LADY IN COURT.—The following piquant sketch of a first experience of the Old Bailey is from a letter to Miss Berry by Lady Dufferin, daughter of Sheridan and mother of Lord Dufferin, ex-Governor-General of Canada. It is found in the life of Miss Berry and her sister by Lady Theresa Lewis, vol. iii., p. 497 ; and its humour is not unworthy of the wit of the "Critic" or the fun of the "Yacht Voyage to Iceland."

HAMPTON HALL, DORCHESTER,  
 Saturday (Oct. 14), 1846.

Your kind little note followed me hither, dear Miss Berry. As you guessed, I was obliged to follow my things (as the maids always call their