

Legal.

UNCOMMON SENSE.

More than one of the professions appear to arrogate to themselves the possession of uncommon sense. For this reflection we are indebted to a confidential communication we have lately received from Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. This communication would more usually be described as "a criminal subpoena," it is however adorned with a representation of the Royal and Imperial coat of arms, and the first words which greet one's eyes, on opening it are—"In the High Court of Justice." One naturally enquires—"What is in the High Court of Justice? The law's delay? Is that in the High Court of Justice?" One leaves that question in abeyance and passes to the words "Criminal Subpoena," and on furbishing up such little knowledge of grammar as one happens to possess, one arrives at the conclusion that the subpoena is a criminal document. In the same line one meets with a parenthetical hieroglyphic styled (Grand Jury).

One is reminded, as one proceeds, that Her Most Gracious Majesty is, by the favor of Heaven, "Defender of the Faith," but whether it be the faith of Buddha, of Mahomet, of Rome, of Protestantism, or half a dozen other faiths, there is no evidence to show; in that condition of perplexity wherein the afore-named considerations plunges one, it is exhilarating to meet with a royal "greeting" as one proceeds in the perusal of this peculiar document. Antiquarians, and only they, may be expected to translate "Ontario, County of York, to wit:" When, however, one has observed that Her Majesty has thought proper to address one in the third person, and proceeds to say "We command you, and every of you," one is set wondering whether she contemplates the possibility of any part of one proving so disloyal as to disobey Her Royal behest.

The further one proceeds in the perusal of this Royal mandate, the more saddening is the impression that Her Majesty reposes but scant confidence in the fidelity of her lieges, for she continues thus—"All excuses whatsoever ceasing (we command), you and every of you personally be and appear in your proper persons (who would think of putting in an appearance in anything but a proper person?) before our Justices of *Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery"—It must suffice to observe that, in obedience to Her Majesty's command, we did appear in our proper (or improper) person, on Tuesday the 24th ult., and gave evidence—"to and before the Grand Inquest," not against John W. Campbell," as required by Her Majesty, but on the contrary, we testified to his undoubted integrity as the result of several years' acquaintance with him; we did not recognize that Mr. Campbell had been guilty of any "misdemeanour" in stating the particulars of the mode in which he had been cajoled and defrauded by his rev. prosecutor. Her Majesty concluded this remarkable document by a threat, in case of "omission" on the part of "you, or any or either of you," to attend, of a demand on her part of one hundred pounds:

* "To hear and determine."

THE QUEEN (HUNTER) vs. CAMPBELL.

It is to be deeply regretted that the Rev. Dr. Hunter should have so far equivocated, as to have stated on oath before the Grand Jury at the recent Assizes, that the Editor of *Pulpit Criticism* had made an apology which was entirely satisfactory to

him. The rev. gentleman is perfectly aware that the so-styled statutory apology, to which anyone would be entitled in like circumstances (if he cared to receive it) did not withdraw one word of the original alleged libel; this, when explained by the Editor to the Grand Jury, accompanied by the assurance that no power on earth would induce him to withdraw a word of what he had published, resulted in their throwing out the bill.

By way of self-criticism, the Editor deems it well to remark that an article (by a Barrister) relating to law, an article on a scientific subject, and one relating to Fire Insurance have been omitted from this number of THE CRITIC, contrary to his wish, but he hopes to insert the respective articles in the ensuing number.

PRIESTCRAFT.

Two coarse coloured engravings have disgraced a window in Yonge Street, for some months past; at first they were placed in the forefront, where they must have been seen by every passer-by; their attractiveness may be presumed to have somewhat abated at the present time, as they now figure in the back ground; they are intended to depict the death-bed of two opposite characters; the one is represented as rejecting with averted face, the advances of a priest, and is consequently beset by hideous figures, which are supposed to represent demons; the other, on the contrary, is supposed to be deriving all the solace obtainable from the attendance of a crowd of mitred hierarchs, and is depicted as passing serenely into purgatory, under the guidance of their croziers; we conclude that the latter death-bed was that of one who had a large balance in hand at his banker's, for the imagination must indeed be lively which could realize such a crowd of mitred heads in a garret of the poor; we regard such exhibitions as reprehensible in the highest degree; if they who are responsible for them feel compelled to resort to such manoeuvres in order to maintain their system, we think they will do well to ask themselves if, under such circumstances, it can be worth maintaining.

REGISTER OF DEATHS IN TORONTO.

Thirty-three for the week ending April 28th.

The principal difference, in the estimate of the survivors, between the decease of the above-recorded number of human beings around us, and the same number of flies, would appear to consist in the circumstance of the dust of the one set of beings being committed to "caskets," and that of the other remaining unburied; the dust of the one, is wont to be followed by a train of persons whose conversation oscillates between prices current and the latest scandal, while that of the other remains unhonored by any such distinction.

"BEN."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—It might have been.

WHITTIER.

Sad it is when
It pleaseth men
Who "dinna ken,"
To drive a pen
Through (b)-e-e-n,
And dub it Ben.

WHITTIER.

Parson—"How is it you don't come to Church now, Richard?"
Laborer—"Bad enough, without going there, I guess."