

It should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection."

Now, in the first place, it is so plain that a burrowing, blind man must perceive it, that when an advocate avows such doctrines to begin with, no one will be simpleton enough to heed a word he says. Every man knows that there is no more truth in a man than there is pity in the machine of an East India priest, which grinds out prayers by the turning of a crank. Then again, a greater check to wrong-doing could there be than that every wrong-doer should know that he could find no brother wrong-doer to defend him? Suppose a rogue, or cheat, or villain of any die, should go the rounds of all the courts, or to every lawyer's office in Boston or New York, and on exposing the foul merits of the case, should see every advocate turn away from him in indignation and disgust; would it not be a ten-fold heavier sentence than any fine or imprisonment a court could inflict upon him? Does not the hope of being successfully defended encourage multitudes to offend? If so, then, to borrow the language of the profession itself, is not the profession an accessory before the fact—a *particeps criminis*, in the commission of all such crimes? The successful defence of criminals, whom the readers have known to be such, and who have afterwards been proved to be such before the whole world, has done much to bring the administration of justice into dis-repute. All chicanery not only injures the reputation of the chicaner, but what is a thousand times worse, it injures his own faculties so that he can no longer defend innocence or denounce guilt as he otherwise could have done.

Perhaps I ought to make a qualifying remark. Every intelligent man, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, is his own lawyer, and needs no adviser. In ninety-nine out of the next hundred cases, an intelligent counsellor knows what the law is, and so far as his client is concerned can stop litigation. In forty-nine out of the next fifty cases, the highest court has no doubt about the law, and its decisions are unanimous. A small residuum remains about which the courts disagree. In many civil suits, also, it is of great importance to have an established and uniform rule, but of no apparent consequence which way it is established. So in multitudes of cases, from the different representations which hostile clients make to their respective counsel, each one may undertake the case believing himself to be on the right side; and, when not convinced in the course of the trial that he is on the wrong side, he may conscientiously leave the decision to the court and jury. And so in criminal cases, if an advocate has reason to suppose that his client has committed an offence, but a different one from that of which he is accused, he may perhaps show the facts to be so;—that being, however, the extremest verge to which he can go.—There is no civil justification for convicting a man of one offence because he has committed another; as a Connecticut jury, when horse stealing was a capital offence, and manslaughter punished by imprisonment for life, in order to avoid the greater penalty, in the case of a culprit who was indicted for stealing a horse, is said to have brought him in guilty of manslaughter!

I recollect having once drawn a writ, and after it was entered in court, and became so far matter of record, I had a doubt about the sufficiency of a statement in a single point. I asked a brother lawyer in confidence whether he thought the writ abateable or denurrable, on that account. "Why don't you alter it?" he whispered to me, "nobody will ever know it." "But I shall know it myself," was my spontaneous reply. This anecdote, whose egoism, if it has any, you will pardon, will explain what I mean.

But it is getting very late, and I really am not well enough to sit up longer; so with good wishes for you as a brother,—for though I never saw you, nor heard of you before, you are one,—I bid you farewell.

HORACE MANN.

PROPENSITIES AND HABITS OF LIONS.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he starts the forest with loud, deep toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third and fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest on the cold frosty nights, but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of those nocturnal concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and encircled within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my sensation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches with which I am regaled with, as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forests, and continuing at intervals during the night. In distant and secluded regions, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine or ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning.

In hazy and rainy weather, they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain, a terrific battle ensues, which not infrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide spreading bush, within the level forest, or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, occurring in low valleys. When he is successful in his catch, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no

intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

I remarked a fact connected with the lion's hour of drinking peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their watering until late in the morning; and when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has bed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arm, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise, not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and makes a loud lapping noise not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which in a dark night glow like two balls of fire.—*Cumming's Hunter's Life in South Africa.*

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men.

THE FUN OF RIDING IN A STAGE COACH.

BY NAXE.

Creeping through the valley, Children shoot like squirrels
Crawling o'er the hill, Darting through the cage;
Splashing through the branches, Isn't it delightful,
Rambing by the mill, Riding in a stage!

Putting nervous gentlemen In a towering rage;
What is so provoking Bonnets crushed around us,
As riding in a stage! Hats look worse for wear,
Teeth at each concussion,
Fly to take the air,
Shrivelled maiden indies, Past a certain age,
Grown formally—dreadful Riding in a stage!

Feet are interlacing, Jolted—thumped—distracted—
Heads severely bumped; Racked, and quite forlorn—
Front and foe together, 'Oh' cries one, 'what dunes
Get their noses thumped; Now are laid on corn!
Dresses act as carpets— Mad, disgusted, angry,
Listen to the sage; In a swearing rage,
'Life is but a journey, 'Tis the very mischief
'Taken in a stage' Riding in a stage!

Spiristers' fair and forty, Maids in youthful charms,
Suddenly are cast in— 'To their neighbors arms!

AN AFFECTING CONFESSION.—"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens's *Household Words*?" inquired a magazine agent. "Household words have played the dickens with me long enough!" was the feeling reply.

FALSE REPORT (OF CUSTOWDER).—The story of a man who had a nose so large that he could not blow it without the use of gunpowder, has turned out to be a hoax!

THESE GIRLS.—Here is Fanny Fern's idea of "female friendship":—
"Two women joining the Mutual Admiration Society; emptying their budget of love affairs; comparing bait to entrap victims; sighing over the same rose leaf; sonnetizing the same moon-beam; patronizing the same milliner, and exchanging female kisses. (Betty, hand me my fan!)"

The *Lantern* inquires "When does a young lady wish to win more than seven beaux at once? and answers, "when she tries to fascinate (fasten eight.)"

AUCTIONEER'S MOTTO.—Come when you are bid, and bid when you come.

MARRIED FLEAS.—When Lord Erskine, going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied, "Union is strength—a fact of which your inmates seem to be unaware; for had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have pushed me out of the bed." "Fleas!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment. "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families."

PURGATORY.—Lately, at Cork, a Romanist was to give a lecture on this subject, and about the same time the railway was announcing its summer excursion at half fare. The bill-stickers at Cork, like those at other places are not very particular about defacing their neighbors' bills, and so the man with the "Purgatory" bills stuck one right in the middle of one of the railway bills. Presently a countryman passing, cast up his eyes and read, "Reduced Fares to Purgatory." So, said he "there reverences are going to do it cheap! Well, I believe they are right, for if they didn't they'd soon loose it entirely."

GOOD, BUT UNPLEASANT.—They charge considerably more for the conveyance of dead than of live human stock by railway—a fact which appears not to have been known by a passenger lately on a local line, who hastily popping out his head through one of the carriage windows shouted, "Guard! Guard! stop the train: I have lost my hat and shall perish with the cold." You had better not," sung back the guard with a rough-hr leer, and making a speaking trumpet of his hands, "for remember that you are presently travelling for a penny a mile, and if you die you will be charged a shilling! The head vanished instantaneously.

"What a dear, good man that General Pierce must be," observed Mrs. Partridge; the papers say his Cabinet are all to be confirmed on Monday. It's pleasant to think that he will have Christian associates around him. Still, I don't know that it's best to have them all belong to one church."

TICKETS.—In Troy last week a young man was fined three dollars for tickling a married lady. The man pleaded common usage in justification but the lady (and she had the best of it,) that if it was common usage, it was not common right, and that every lady possessed the right of choosing her own tickler.



Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL) THE FAIR-FACED LOVER'S PERFDY.

FOR MISS R. — F. — E. —

Sol's last bright beams had fled the shore
That's clasp'd by Eric's rolling waves
And night's gray mantle gathered o'er
The wild deer's Lair—the red man's grave
While on the wild Ning's swept,
With lightning speed its tread track,
Night's noisy horrors round it crept,
And echo hurl'd their howl's back!

The dark pine wood did darker seem,
Lit by the bug whose wild fire wings,
Lent night by tunc's a ghastly gleam,
As on the unseen insect springs
A faltering form had totter'd on,
Towards the rapid rolling tide,
Till hope, strength, courage, all were gone,
And left him sinking by its side.

A hectic heat burned on his brow,
But fiercer furnace flam'd within;
The awful oath, the venal vow,
And many a sad, soul-sinking sin—
Swept swiftly 'fore mind's mighty eye,
Till shudders shook his frantic frame,
And fainting nature's feeble sigh,
Proclaim'd his weakness and his shame!

Slow, slow, he stoop'd above the stream
That rushed with rumbling roar be-
low,
One mouthful, one—'twould ne'er
Or freeze, perhaps mind's fiery glow'
(To be Continued)

KEMPTVILLE, April 1853. HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

SLAVERY OF MILLINERS IN LONDON DURING THE "SEASON."

Under the signature of "A First Hand," a seamstress publishes in the *Times* an affecting statement, of which the following is an extract:—

"While the late meeting of the "Early Closing Association" is still fresh in the minds of your readers, which meeting refers only to young men, perhaps you will kindly afford space in your columns to expose the "slavery" carried on in milliners and dress-making houses—those, too, which are called 'first class.'"

"I have been engaged in this business for 14 years at different 'first class houses,' and as my health is suffering from the 'late hour system,' I have been prevailed upon by this medium to give that information which experience has taught me, in hope that some enterprising and humane individual will exert themselves to break the chains of that slavery under which so many thousands of their countrywomen are bound.

"I will now speak of a recent engagement of mine, and which, in the 'one' case will illustrate the majority of the 'West-end houses.' I held the position of what is called 'first hand,' and had 12 young people under me. The season commenced about the middle of March. We breakfasted at 6 A. M., which was not allowed to occupy more than a quarter of an hour. The hard work of the day began immediately. At 11 o'clock a small piece of dry bread was brought to each as a lucheon. At that hour the young people would often ask my permission to send for a glass of beer, but this was strictly prohibited by the principals, as they insisted it caused a drowsiness and so retarded the work. At 1 the dinner bell rang, which repast consisted of a hot joint twice in the week and cold meat the remaining five days, no pudding and a glass of toast and water to drink. To this meal twenty minutes were given. Work again till the five o'clock summons for tea, which occupied fifteen minutes. Again to work till called to supper at 9, which also occupied 15 minutes, and consisted of bread, dry cheese, and a glass of beer. All again returned to stich, stich till 1, 2, or 3, in the morning, according to the business, while Saturday night was being anticipated all the week, because no one would work after 12. With this one night's exception, all the rest we had for three weeks, from the end of May to the middle of June, was from 3 to 6, while two nights during that time we never lay down. I leave your readers to imagine the spectral countenance of us all. I shudder myself when I recall the picture.

At midnight I very frequently let all put down their work to doze 10 minutes, while, with my watch on the table, I kept guard, and about one, each one received a cup of strong tea—as the principals said—"in case we should feel sleepy to arouse all to work." In what state of health could July, the termination of the 'season,' be expected to find us poor 'English slaves?' The sequel is easily told. Each one, instead of going to enjoy a little recreation, went home to lie upon a sick bed. For myself, I was attacked with a serious illness, which laid me up for three months, and has greatly impaired my constitution.

A woman in Sutton, N. H., recently became the mother of four live bouncing boys, at a single birth. At the latest advices the whole crowd were doing not only "as well as could be expected," but rather better.