

Mr. Wrong. If they turned to his 241st page, they would find that "compost midden could preserve the prop and ornament of the Bench from the corrosive touch of oblivion!"

Mr. Common Sense. Predigious!!

Mr. Chairman. Could a man serve two masters?

Mr. Wrong. I have not finished my studies on that point yet.

Mr. Chairman. Is not generous honourable manners a reasonable return for him to make, whom a community has delighted to honour and reward, ere now?

Mr. Wrong. Honour will not mend a plough, or rear a "dung-hill;" but as his habit of body is not favourable to long standing, if the jury will dismiss him now, he will take such things into grave consideration.

Mr. Chairman. Very different from the Factory, who worried a brother and then sent him to *vegetate* in a jail, the jury would feel sorry to harass any individual; the gentleman might retire now, and Mr. Bull would be gratified if his next work should be, an essay on the mildness, benignity, and *single-heartedness* of the Christian Religion.

Mr. Wrong withdrew, gladly.

Mr. Common Sense. As time is wearing away, as Mr. Bull is in haste to hear the decision of the jury, and as *they* are not getting 20s. per diem, he would now move that the Factory members be called to the bar collectively, and after a brief address to each, be dismissed. Those who have been examined individually, were only glanced at, not scrutinized; and as Mr. Bull and his jury are forgiving and conciliating, he would now advise even the milder course of their collective appearance.

After some conversation this was agreed to. The magistrate and "posse commitatus" being summoned to exert a strict vigilance, repress riot, and preserve peace and order if possible, among the assembled gentlemen; but in no case except they were actually and totally routed, to resort to military aid. Veterans, who are to preserve the citizen as well as the