

mons, which calls upon a man to appear, is to give him full notice of the nature and amount of the demand against him, and if he do not appear and by default admit the demand, the plaintiff is to have judgment without the absurdity of statutable appearance and declaration, with all its expenses. In the same spirit, the commission proposes to sweep away many of the obstacles to justice in *limine*, which are too minute for newspaper discussion, but which are vastly important nevertheless; and this is the scope of the first number of the suggestions circulated for consideration. So far it is understood, the judges, as a body, assent; but with respect to the second number of the suggestions, it is whispered much judicial difficulty has been interposed. Why this should be the case, except on the old ground of monastic prejudice, we cannot understand, for we cannot conceive anything more wholesome or natural than the suggestions. They propose to cure all accidental mischances as to the parties in action; they consign to merited oblivion the technical forms of actions, and they suggest that every pleading should be taken for what it is worth—as an honest, unvarnished statement of facts and truth; and they do what is perfectly wonderful when we consider that we are dealing with law reform—they actually propose that all pleadings of every kind shall in all stages be construed according to their ordinary grammatical construction; they propose single courses in cases of duplicity, argumentativeness, and uncertainty—cases which lawyers only can understand; they put an extinguisher on the absurdities of profer, oyer, special traverse, and express colour; they propose that the monstrosity of requiring the signature of counsel to any pleading shall cease, and by a general sweep of their besom they carry away a host of formalities and imagined necessities which have too long blocked up the entrance to the Courts of justice and impeded the progress of the suitor. This is a wonderful progress for mere lawyers to have made, and although it does not go far enough for the requirements of the age in the way of simplification, we hail it as the harbinger of good—we take it gladly as an instalment—and we do so the more readily, because the suggestions now under our consideration appear simultaneously with a commission to inquire into the Court of Chancery, that great Augean stable, which requires a Hercules indeed to cleanse it. The Common Law Commission has set an example which the Chancery Commission cannot in decency shrink from following, and it shall not be for the want of faithful watching on our part if the result be not, as regards both the equity and law courts, of incalculable advantage to the community.

THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE RED MASS IN PARIS.

What is the red mass? you will naturally ask. The question demands some explanation. Before 1789, when the judicial corps assumed their sitting at the end of their annual vacation, they all assembled to hear a mass in the chapel adjoining the Palais de Justice. The magistrates wore at this ceremony their red robes, as they were accustomed to do on important occasions, and hence the name of red mass, given to this religious fete. This solemnity had become obsolete for more than fifty years, and it is easy to understand why. The magistrates of the judicial courts are no longer necessarily Roman Catholics, they may be Protestants or Jews. By what right should they be forced to attend, in their capacity of judges, a papish ceremony? There would be in that case, evidently, a flagrant contradiction between the conduct of the magistrates and the letters of the law. Napoleon well understood it: he did not restore the red mass. The Bourbons, even of the eldest branch, notwithstanding their regard for the priests, only once caused this mass to be celebrated—in the month of February, 1815. Louis Philippe had never the least idea of re-establishing this fete. It is the revolution of 1848—or, to speak more correctly—it is the re-actionary party placed now at the head of the Government, which has thought fit to revive this custom from its tomb. The magistrates obeyed the order of M. the Minister of Justice. The different judicial corps, dressed in their most splendid trappings, assembled in the holy chapel, and the Archbishop of Paris chanted the *Veni creator*. This prelate, it is superfluous to remark, was delighted at seeing the chief magistracy of France performing acts of popery, and thus loudly proclaiming the renewal of a State religion. Why this red mass? Why all these demonstrations of the Roman faith? I have already observed that, with the Government, it is purely policy, a means of gaining the concurrence of the clergy in our political crisis. As to the magistrates themselves, who have yielded, without resistance, to the will of authority, I suppose many of them hope to awaken, by these pompous manifestations, some sentiments of religion in the popular classes. But will they succeed? I think not. The people will discern the secrets of hearts; they discover the truths through appearances, and lift up the mask with which statesmen cover themselves. In truth, there is here only a vain hypocrisy. Most of the magistrates, who devoutly assisted at the red mass, are Voltairians, and are the first to laugh at all this phantasmagoria. How, then, should the people be duped by it? Priests of Rome—and politicians who respond so benevolently to their demands—be assured that the revival of the papist faith in France is impossible! You may perhaps, create for a little while some illusions: you may persuade simple and superficial people that Romanism is reviving, but you will never restore a nation truly papist. The time of the Holy Chair is finished—finished for ever.—*French Correspondence of Evang. Christendom.*

A sailor dropped out of the maintop of a man-of-war, and fell on a Lieutenant's head, and knocked him down. "You rascal," said the Lieutenant, "where did you come from?" "From the North of Ireland," said the sailor.

THE FAVOURITE POISON OF AMERICA.

Mr Downing, editor of the American *Horticulturist*, gives in the November number of that well conducted journal, an able article on Ventilation. On the habit of living in rooms warmed by close stoves he is very severe. Bad air generated under such circumstances he denominates the favourite "Poison of America." Mr Downing says—"The health of our women gives way under it, and the constitution of their children are injured by it. A healthy individual takes in about a pint of air at a breath; he breathes hogsheds of air in twenty-four hours. Air once breathed, is, by passing through the lungs, deprived of the healthful part of the oxygen, and becomes little less than mixed poison—the nitrogen only remaining. "Let us take the case of a room heated by a close stove. The chimney is stopped up. The windows are made pretty tight to keep out the cold; and as there is very little air carried out of the room by the stove-pipe, there is little air coming through the crevices to supply any vacuum. Suppose the room holds three hundred hogsheds of air. If a single person requires fifty-seven hogsheds of fresh air per day, it would last four persons but about twenty-four hours, and the stove would require about half as much more. But as a man renders noxious as much more as he expires from his lungs, it actually happens that in four or five hours all the air in this room has been either breathed over, or is mixed up with impure air, which has been breathed over, that it is all thoroughly poisoned, and unfit for healthful respiration. A person with his senses unblended, has only to go into an ordinary unventilated room heated by a stove, to perceive at once, by the effect on the lungs, how dead, stifled, and destitute of elasticity the air is. "And this is the air which which four-fifths of our countrymen and countrywomen breathe in their homes, not from necessity but from choice." From this practice of living in foul air—straining the lungs—breathing poison. Mr. Downing accounts satisfactorily for the ill-health of his countrymen and countrywomen. The subject deserves our serious consideration. A little attention to the principles here developed, might save many valuable lives; to say nothing of apothecary's bills.

Some may be foolish enough to think, that the following eloquent address was made by a member of the late House of Assembly, as a majority of that body were great sticklers for Militia trainings. We pledge our word however that it is not so; we found it in an old American paper, and give it insertion because we believe every word of it—

MILITIA ELOQUENCE—WHO'S AFEERD.

We are uninformed which of our gallant militia officers made the following spirited address to his warriors at the last general Review:—"Tenshun Squad! This is a great country, and has got a taring start among the white nations and Injuns of the arth. What makes it great! Whar does the conglomerated elements of its greatness come from? I answer—just bring your right foot into line, Sargent Smike—I answer in a voice of harsh thunder—*The Militia!*" "Stop your dam'd cheering, men; don't applause at my eloquence, for you'll put me out, if you do. Yes! The Militia. Take that away, and there aint nuthin left. The militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts and bars the gates of creation, and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of Nature's dominions. This Republic would be a miserable consarn, but for the Militia. It keeps the ardent sperrits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic feverosity. I'm attached to it myself. I think its rich. The system can't be bettered. Folks call it a farce. I don't see nothin' to laff at in it. It's a plagued solem piece of bizness, when you really come for to hug down to the naked reality on't. 'Taint everybody that can put on the regimentalities and look like old Mars the God of War, with a decided touch of Julius Junius Brutus Ceaze-her thrown in fur effect. No sir-ee! There aint a bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all rigged in the full catouterments of glory, with stripes to his breecherloons, epeletts piled on both shoulders, brass buttons from head tew foot, silver stars shinin' in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawn sword in his hand. Such a site's enuff to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie! 'Tis indeed!" "I believe the preluscent delirium of this destined Republic is centered in its militia. It can't stand without it. With it, its proud motto is, "Divided we stand, united we fall!" "Stop cheering"—you put me at out—"General Washington belonged to the militia, so did Sippo Africane-us; so did Boneypart; so did that old Wizzigoth that ravished all Europe and burnt its fences and its stone walls; and also sogers, do I." "I believe if all out doors should bust threw the parafumailye of the animal echonomy, and slide down the greased plank of ancestral delinquency ker-slump into the broad Savannas of this smilin land' of asses milk and untamed honey, that nuthin astir could poot 'em out but the militia! That ar a fact! Three cheers for the Militia in general, and the 9999th Regiment in partickler. Sogers! ground arms!" "Who's afraid? Whar's Mexiko, Kaliforniko and Oregon? Who's afeerd of them? Sogers!—The mo tal 9999th can thrash the life out of that ar yallar, half sp unish varmint, that Mexiko, any mornin' afore breakfast—Our motto is, "Liberty and death, now and forever, one and inseperable." Whoory for Mexas! Down with Texico! Let's lick her!" "Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at the Springs?" "Case, Mr. Snow, dey charged too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealin' de tea-spoons, and as I was afraid he might get personal I perambulated to the cars and walked home.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.—It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll bet a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds. "Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." "Out come the master." "What is that sir? You can save me a thousand pounds?" "Yes sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner, I will go myself and dine, and call again." "O pray sir, come and take dinner with me." "I shall be troublesome." "No, not at all." The invitation was accepted. As soon as the dinner was over, and the family retired, the conversation was resumed. "Well sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?" "Why sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage." "I have, sir." "And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?" "I do, sir." "Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine thousand!"

TRUE WORDS.—When a man of sense, no matter how humble his origin, or degraded his occupation may appear in the eyes of the vain and foppish, is treated with contempt, he will soon forget it; but he will be sure to put forth all the energies of his mind to rise above those who look down in scorn upon him.

By shunning the mechanic, we exert an influence derogatory to honest labour, and make it unfashionable for young men to learn trades, or labour for their support. Did our young women realize that for all they possess they are indebted to the mechanic, it would be their desire to elevate him, and to encourage his visits to their society, while they would treat with scorn, the lazy, the fashionable, the sponger, and the well dressed pauper. On looking back a few years, our most fastidious ladies can trace their genealogy from some humble mechanics, who, perhaps in their day, were sneered at by the proud and foolish, while their grandmothers gladly received them to their bosoms.

WRITERS ON EDUCATION NOW-A-DAYS, IN TREATING OF THE GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN, HAVE MUCH TO SAY ABOUT APPEALING TO THEIR INWARD NATURE.

The doctrine was practically illustrated in School Street, on Sunday. A lady finding some difficulty in making a couple of Children walk home from Church in a becoming manner, said to them, "If you behave so, see if you don't have to take castor oil as soon as you get home. Now take my word for it, just as sure as you are alive." The children immediately drew up demurely by her side, and moved along as gravely as mutes at a funeral.—*Boston Punch.*

LOCOMOTIVE STEAM-ENGINE.—"I love," says Elihu Burritt, "to see one of these huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall back gently into his harness. There he stands champing and foaming upon the iron track, his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood in his boiling veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews; he pants to be gone. He would drag St. Peter's across the deserts of Sahara, if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed, tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment, should he grow restive or vicious. I am always deeply interested in this man, for, begrimed as he may be by machinery, he is the physical mind of that huge steam-horse."

GOING THE ENTIRE BILL OF FARE.—A Vermonter, visiting New York, stopped at the Astor House. At dinner, he called on different articles in rotation, as put down on the bill of fare. After eating about an hour, a gentleman on his right called for an article the name of which was nearly at the end of the bill of fare. "Have you got as far as that?" exclaimed the Yankee: "why I've got only so far," pointing about to the middle of the bill of fare,—"you're swint one to eat, I must say!"

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—One very cold night, a physician was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked, "Who's there?" "Friend," was the response. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here to-night." "Stay there, and be hanged!" was the benevolent reply of the doctor, as he shut down the window.

An editor in Vermont says that the person who can write editorials when suffering with the toothache, could kick up his heels over the grave of Hope, and snap his defying finger in the face of Time and Sorrow!

A lady had a duck which, on hearing that it was to be killed for dinner, walked into the garden, and deliberately stuffed itself with sage and onions!

Some wag sent an editor the first chapter of Mathew, as an original article for his paper. The editor thought it was all right, and made use of the chapter for a "leader."

One of the teeth of a biting frost was recently picked up in the town of Hull.