

been regularly inscribed in the *carnet*, which inscription is proof for the depositor of the deposit having been made." It accordingly condemned the bank to credit M. Maguet with the 6,000 francs, and to pay him interest thereon.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH BAR.—M. Paul Girard, in a sketch of the eminent French advocate, Maître Emmanuel Arago, gives a curious illustration of the license which the members of the bar in that country occasionally allow themselves on behalf of their clients. The case in which M. Arago first made a reputation was the trial of a young man named Huber, and Mad'le Laure Gouville, for a plot against Louis Philippe. M. Arago, in defending the former, exclaimed, "Huber is a man whom I esteem, whom I love, whom I shall never forget, as I hope he will never forget me—a man, a gentleman, whom I could desire to be my own brother. Surely you will give him back to me." At the close of this singular peroration the impassioned counsel fell upon his client's neck and embraced him. The jury, however, took their own view of the case, and returned a verdict of guilty. When the prisoner appeared to receive sentence, M. Arago again hugged his client, while M. Jules Favre, who defended Mad'le Gouville, flung himself into her arms and kissed her—perhaps a more natural and pleasant proceeding. "In fact," as M. Girard remarks, "there was a great deal of embracing in that case."

—Lawyers often indulge in grim humor, as an incident, related of a certain London barrister, shows. On one occasion, being a candidate for an election, he gave liberal orders to all the tradesmen whose votes he hoped to secure. This generous course involved him in the ordering of a handsome coffin from a flourishing undertaker who had a vote. After the election, the coffin was, to the great dismay of the family, sent home in a handsome hearse. The servant refused to admit it, but the lawyer himself, coming to the rescue, directed that it should be placed under his bed for the present; but to this proceeding his indignant spouse would not consent. The servants of the house also threatened to leave. So the lawyer sent the obnoxious article to his office, where it now lies, containing voluminous law

reports and other records of dead cases. If a brother lawyer wishes to borrow a law book, he is coolly referred to the coffin, and he generally remarks that it is "no matter—he'll step into the next office." In this way the legal coffin proprietor preserves his law library intact.

—During Abraham Lincoln's practice of his profession of the law, long before he was thought of for President, he was attending the Circuit Court which met at Bloomingdale, Illinois. The prosecuting attorney, a lawyer by the name of Lamon, was a man of great physical strength, and took particular pleasure in athletic sports, and was so fond of wrestling that his power and experience rendered him a formidable and generally successful opponent. One pleasant day in the fall, Lamon was wrestling near the court-house with some one who had challenged him to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of his unmentionables. Before he had time to make any change he was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished, and Lamon got up to address the jury, and having on a somewhat short coat, his misfortune was rather apparent. One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of pantaloons for Lamon, "he being," the paper said, "a poor but worthy young man." Several put down their names with some ludicrous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln, on a plea that he was engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper, and immediately took up his pen and wrote after his name, "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."—*Bench and Bar*.

Hatton once uttered a capital pun: "In a case concerning the limits of certain land, the counsel on one side having remarked with explanatory emphasis, 'We lie on this side, my lord;' and the counsel on the other side having interposed with equal vehemence, 'We lie on this side, my lord,' the Lord Chancellor leaned backwards and drily observed, 'If you lie on both sides, whom am I to believe?'"—*Jeaffreson*.