

mean is generally and not incorrectly called a *broom*—that pronunciation is open to no grave objection, and it has the great advantage of saving the time consumed by uttering an extra syllable." Half an hour later in the same trial Lord Campbell, alluding to a decision given in a similar action, said, "In that the carriage which had sustained injury was an omnibus—" "Pardon me, my lord," interposed the Q.C., "a carriage of the kind to which you draw attention is usually termed a 'bus'; that pronunciation is open to no great objection, and it has the great advantage of saving the time consumed by uttering two extra syllables." The interruption was followed by a roar of laughter, in which Lord Campbell joined more heartily than anyone else.

When in a trial about limestone quarries a barrister called Caldecott had said over and over again with dull verbosity that they "were not rateable, because the limestone could only be reached by boring, which was a matter of science," Ellenborough gravely inquired, "Would you, Mr. Caldecott, have us believe that every kind of *boring* is matter of science?" With finer humour he nipped in the bud one of Randle Jackson's flowery harangues. "My lords," said the orator, with nervous intonation, "in the book of nature it is written—" "Be kind enough, Mr. Jackson," interposed Lord Ellenborough, "to mention the page from which you are about to quote."

One of the best "legal" puns was made by Lord Chelmsford when he was Sir Frederick Thesiger. He had objected to a learned serjeant who, in examining witnesses in a case in which he was engaged, put leading questions. "I have a right," maintained the serjeant, doggedly, "to deal with my witnesses as I please." "To that I offer no objection," retorted Sir Frederick; "you may deal as you like, but you sha'n't lead."

Baron Alderson was an excellent classical scholar, so it made him shudder when a barrister applied in his court for a *nolle prosequi*. "Consider, sir," he said, "that is the last day of term, and don't make things unnecessarily long." It was this judge who, in reply to the jurymen's confession that he was deaf in one ear, observed, "Then leave the box before the trial begins, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."

A witness eighty years old having given his evidence with remarkable clearness, Lord Mansfield examined him as to his habitual mode of living, and found that he had throughout life been an early riser and a singularly temperate man. "Ay," observed the Chief Justice, in a tone of approval, "I have always found that without temperance and early habits, longevity is never attained." The next witness, the elder brother of this model of temperance, was then called, and he almost surpassed his brother as an intelligent and clear-headed utterer of evidence. "I suppose," observed Lord Mansfield, "that you also are an early riser?" "No, my lord," answered the veteran stoutly: "I like my bed at all hours, and special-*lie* I like it of a morning." "Ah, but, like your brother, you are a very temperate man?" quickly asked the judge, looking out anxiously for the safety of the more important part of his theory. "My lord," responded this ancient Elm, disdainingly to plead guilty to a charge of habitual sobriety, "I am a very old man, and my memory is as clear as a bell, but I can't remember the night when I have gone to bed without having been more or less

drunk." Lord Mansfield was silent. "Ah, my lord," the leading counsel exclaimed, "this old man's case supports a theory upheld by many persons, that habitual intemperance is favourable to longevity." "No, no," replied the Chief Justice with a smile, "this old man and his brother merely teach us what every carpenter knows—that Elm, whether it be wet or dry, is a very tough wood."

Amongst droll anecdotes concerning witnesses may be placed those which exemplify the difficulty which a judge often experiences in understanding the nautical technicalities of seafaring, and the provincialisms of provincial witnesses. Lord Mansfield was presiding at a trial consequent upon a collision of two ships at sea, when a sailor whilst giving testimony said, "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle," whereupon his lordship, with a proper desire to master the facts of the case, observed, "stay, stay a minute, witness; you say that at the time in question you were standing *abaft* the binnacle. Now tell me what is *abaft* the binnacle?" This was too much for the gravity of "the salt," who immediately before climbing into the witness-box had taken a copious draught of neat rum. Removing his eyes from the bench, and turning round upon the crowded court with an expression of intense amusement, he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "He's a pretty fellow for a judge! Bless my jolly old eyes! You have got a pretty sort of a landlubber for a judge! He wants me to tell him where *abaft* the binnacle is?" Not less amused than the witness, Lord Mansfield rejoined, "Well, my friend, you must fit me for my office by telling me where *abaft* the binnacle is. You've already shown me the meaning of *half seas over*!"—*Argosy*.

THE LITERATURE OF DENMARK.

Danish literature has sprung from a double root. The deepest and most original being the romantic song or story of the middle age; the later and most superficial the satirical realism of Holberg, born in Norway. This spirit, full of the sentiment and old romance of the middle age, was revived in the eighteenth century by Johannes Ewald, and at the commencement of the nineteenth century by Adam Ohlenschläger; while all of that social and realistic literature was revived about 1870 by George Brandes in Denmark. The veneration which the actual Danish realists have for "Father Holberg" is a proof of the relationship which exists between them. The Danish realist feels himself under the patronage of his ancient dramatic author, and called to continue his work. The mission of George Brandes was to reveal the new, to announce the intellectual aspirations which, about 1830, were developed in Europe, but without having reached Denmark. He was an opener of mill dams, a breaker of dykes. In the domain of religion he became the revealer of modern thought. In philosophy, he formed himself on Comte and Mill. He claimed for literature a more intimate connection with the times, truth, nature. A real, veridical, naturalistic literature—these were the three articles of the faith. It was a bitter tonic which Brandes offered to his countrymen. In a new literature, as in a truthful mirror, the Danish people, recently fallen so far below their dreams, must learn to see the pain and misery of life face to face. The dream, the false dream, must vanish, and life as it is must take its place.

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This is why pessimism has formed the principal trait of Danish literature since 1870. Modern realistic literature of Denmark stands on the same ground with that of France and Russia. A series of sad, bitter, desperately melancholy writers have emerged. Poets like S. P. Jacobsen, dramatists like Edouard Brandes, romancers like Sophus Shandroph, Herman Bang, Henrik Pontoppidan, Gustave Esmann. The subjects treated by them are empty lives, problematic natures, the pariahs of society. A sensation as of gray skies, sorrow of life and all its days, forms the background of that literature. And when all is gray there is almost always sure to come a revolt of sanguinary hue. Jacobsen took as his theme the extension of freethought; and the great lyricist, Holger Drachmann, took part in the movement by glorifying the bombs of the Commune and the strikes of the English Socialists. This was, at once, a time both strange and grand. A veneration for nature and an enthusiasm for progress, pity for the oppressed and hatred of social falsities, democracy and socialism, adoration of art and glorification of theories—all of these diverse aspirations flooded the country, and, like a tempestuous river, excited and carried away inflammable souls. Since then the quieted waters and tempestuous currents have divided, and the existence of fundamental differences between them has been discovered, more striking than was at first supposed; the contrast between the old and the new.

Then it was that the intellectual life of Denmark made a bound unprecedented during the course of half a century. In ten years the new school held a predominating place in our literature. But simultaneously with the writers of note appeared the imitators. Literature having proclaimed it to be a duty to be in close harmony with the epoch and the real troops of authors, both men and women, most of whom are long since forgotten, swarmed. But about 1885 there was a short period during which nothing appeared in the dramas or the romances but dry dissertations on social questions. They called these literary monstrosities the "Problem-boger" (book-problems), and the journals discussed with zeal, not the art in the works (for there was none), but the reasons for and against the opinions promulgated by the writers. Holger Drachmann revolted against this with all his strength. At the same time J. P. Jacob-