

joinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, and sur-rebutters, with a score of others? Well, sir, to see exactly what all this mysterious labyrinth of hard names meant, I sent out to a stationer's and bought up all the forms I could get. The greater part are very simple; some very stupid, and some absolute nonsense; but there is not one among the whole, of which a man with common brains would not learn the use and application, in one month. A simple friend of mine once received one of these mysterious documents, and becoming dreadfully frightened, he posted immediately to town. I happened to meet him, and he accosted me, seemingly in great perturbation, asking me what he was to do, and stated that he had been served with a paper in which he was charged with having done something to a Mr. John Doe and a Mr. Richard Roe. As for Mr. John Doe, he never heard of him in his life; and the only Mr. Roe he knew, was a Mr. Tommy Roe in Musquodoboit, with whom he had always been on terms of friend-ship. But the honorable gentleman knows right well that there are books, in which these forms and their applications are set down with unmistakable plainness; and that all the forms ought to be as simple as those in Marshall's Justice. The honorable gentlemen who battle so steadily for these forms, put me in mind of the old military geniuses of the Low Countries, about the time when Sterne wrote his *Tristram Shandy*. His inimitable Corporal Trim, faithfully represented them in all their characteristics. Why, if a man were breaking in at his master's windows, Trim would never think of blowing his brains out until he had shouldered arms and gone through all the preliminary forms. What became of that system? Why, such men as Conde, Prince Eugene, and Bonaparte, broke through these musty rules of the past; taking the old soldiers by the queues and dashing their heads together, they taught them the art of war. So the legal profession would benefit if new minds were let in among them. But the learned member says I might be nonsuited. Well, sir, it is not a very great while ago, that, straying accidentally into the supreme court one morning, there I saw the judge in his ermine, the jury men all expectation, and my honorable and learned friend just rising to address the court on one of those heavy cases of which he speaks so much. He had not proceeded very far when he was turned out of court nonsuited.

Hon. G. R. Yonge. I never was nonsuited in my life.

Mr. Howe. My honorable friend should not interrupt me; mistakes will occur, even in the best regulated families. I will not name the day nor the hour; but I recollect having seen him much excited, because the judges did not understand the law exactly as he did. We are told of the six hundred volumes of reports. No man