

step from this to the despotism of Persia, under which the emperor's physician is slain unless he cures the sick emperor. Napoleon was wise to depress our profession, for if he had not done so we should doubtless have deposed him. But he had not learned to distinguish between superfixing the law, and degrading and hampering its administrators. His code did the former; the latter was consistent with the arbitrary rule that muzzled the press and interdicted free speech.

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*Proof Positive.*

And you say that you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked the Arkansas judge of a meek looking prisoner.

"Yes, sir, I am innocent—as innocent as a child."

"You are confident that you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."

"How can you prove it?"

"I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, Judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's."

"The proof is conclusive," said the judge. "Discharge the prisoner."

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*You Won't Strike a Man When He's Down.*

CURRAN, the Irish barrister, was a man of great magnetic force. His oratorical powers were of the most splendid style, and his wit, pathos and sarcasm irresistible. He is said to have received a call before he had left bed one morning, from a man whom he had roughly, and with a great deal of insolence, cross-examined the day before.

"Sir," said the irate man presenting himself in Curran's bedroom, and arous-

ing the barrister from slumber to a consciousness that he was in a very awkward position, "I am the gentleman you insulted yesterday in court, and in the presence of the whole country, and I have come to thrash you soundly for it." Thus suiting the action to the word, he raised a horsewhip to strike Curran, when the latter quickly said:

"You don't mean to strike a man when he's down?"

"No, bedad—I'll just wait till you've got out of bed, and then I'll give it to you."

Curran's eye twinkled humorously as he replied:

"If that's the case,—, I'll lie here all day."

So amused was the Irishman at this flash of wit, that he dropped his whip, and with a hearty roar of laughter, asked Curran to shake hands with him.

His wit, at times was extremely bitter, as when asked by a young poet, whom he disliked:

"Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell'?" he replied:

"No; I should be delighted to see it."

At other times his humor was warm and delightful, as for example, when his physician one morning observed:

"You seem to cough with more difficulty?" he replied:

"That is rather surprising for I have been practising all night."

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*A Smart Witness.*

Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith's horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.