

THE BAR UNBENT.

was taken. Finally, Mr. James urges that the Benchers conducted the inquiry unjustly and inquisitorially, inquiring into private matters not under their cognizance, and that charges and insinuations were made by Benchers, who afterwards acted as judges, and unfairly influenced the majority of the Benchers against him.—*The Law Times*.*

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has told a good story concerning a dinner at the White Hart, in Windsor, at which the Mayor and Corporation of the royal borough amazingly enjoyed themselves. Not wishing to put an end to their festivities at 11 p. m., the guests induced some three of the justices there present to hold a petty sessions, and grant the landlord special leave to keep open house till midnight. The anecdote is a good one, and suggests a variety of important considerations; among others, the probability that what was done, or alleged to have been done, at Windsor will be elsewhere, giving only sufficient social influence to the revellers. At the close of this month, the Home Circuit will give a dinner to the two new judges at a public tavern, and it is just possible that some of the juniors will seek to prolong the merry time beyond the closing hour. Every year the Attorney-General gives a dinner to the bar on Her Majesty's birthday, and hitherto the hour fixed for dinner has been so late as to render the termination of the feast by 11 p.m. impossible. We shall anticipate a dispensation for that occasion with much interest, being among those who are unable to see why the banquets of great people are 'quite a different thing' from the 'free and easies' of little people.—*Law Journal*.

The following clever lines are going the rounds of the legal press and are worth preserving. The man who makes his own will is of course a well known toast at Bar dinners. The following is an amplification of the sentiment:—

THE JOLLY TESTATOR WHO MAKES HIS OWN WILL.

Air:—*Argyll is my name*.

Ye lawyers who live upon litigants' fees,
And who need a good many to live at your ease;
Grave or gay, wise or witty, whate'er your degree,

Plain stuff or Queen's Counsel, take counsel of me.

When a festive occasion your spirit unbends,
You should never forget the Profession's best friends,

So we'll send round the wine, and a light bumper fill

To the jolly testator who makes his own will.

He premises his wish and his purpose to save
All disputes among friends when he's laid in his grave;

Then he straightway proceeds more disputes to create

Than a long summer's day would give time to relate.

He writes and erases, he blunders and blots,
He produces such puzzles and Gordian knots,
That a lawyer intending to frame the deed *ill*,
Couldn't match the testator who makes his own will.

Testators are good, but a feeling more tender
Springs up when I think of the feminine gender:
The testatrix for me, who like Telemachus's mother,

Unweaves at one time what she wove at another.
She bequeaths, she repeats, she recalls a donation,
And she ends by revoking her own revocation;
Still scribbling or scratching some new codicil;
Oh! success to the woman who makes her own will.

'Tisn't easy to say, 'mid her varying vapors,
What scraps should be deemed "Testamentary Papers;"

'Tisn't easy from these her intention to find,
When, perhaps, she herself never knew her own mind.

Every step that we take there arises fresh trouble:

Is the legacy lapsed? is it single, or double?
No customer brings so much grist to the mill
As the wealthy old woman who makes her own will.

The law decides questions of *meum* and *tuum*.
By kindly consenting to make the thing *suum*:
The Æsopian fable instructively tells
What becomes of the oysters and who gets the shells.

The Legatees starve, but the Lawyers are fed;
The Seniors have riches, the Juniors have bread;
The available surplus, of course, will be *nil*
From the worthy testators who make their own will.

You had better pay toll when you take to the road,

Than attempt by a by-way to reach your abode;
You had better employ a Conveyancer's hand,
Than encounter the risk that your will shouldn't stand.

From the broad, beaten track when the traveller strays,

He may land in a bog or be lost in a maze;
And the law, when defied, will avenge itself still
On the man and the woman who make their own will.

* The petition of Mr. James has been refused.