

## Anecdotal.

### Irish Wit.

At a recent licensing case in Dublin a certain well-known ecclesiastic was being cross-examined, according to a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. I am sure the genial dean of chapel royal will forgive me mentioning his name, as he is an Irishman, with more than an Irishman's fund of wit.

Scene A police court. Applicant—A bibulous innkeeper. Witness—The dean, appearing on behalf of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society.

"And you, Mr. Dane of the Chapel Royal, were in that public house?" came the first question.

"I was, sir," came an unblushing answer. "And may I ask, Mr. Dane of the Chapel Royal, did you take anything in the public house?"

"I did, sir."

Great sensation in court.

"Oh! you did, Mr. Dane, did you? And may I ask, Mr. Dane of the Chapel Royal,"—with a strong and derisive accent—"what you took, sir?"

"I took a chair, sir," answered the quick-witted witness. "And, further than that, I took notes, sir; and here they are, sir."

### Rebuking a King.

It has been said that there is not any humor in a Scotchman, but there is, and of the most subtle kind. One of the best known of the many historical instances whereby the Scotch clergy have become noted for this peculiarity relates to his majesty King James the Sixth, of Scotland, and First of England:

His Northern subjects were displeased with his lack of firmness and decision in various matters affecting them, and when he next visited Edinburgh, and worshipped in Saint Giles', he was very plainly informed as to his duty.

The preacher chose the Epistle of St. James, first chapter and sixth verse, the words of which run, "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering"; and in accordance with a common Scottish usage, he omitted the words "chapter" and "verse," and mentioned the subject of his discourse, making the pointed text—"James first and sixth—*Waver and!*"

The king appreciated the sally, and turned to his favorite, Buckingham, with the words, "He's at me noo, Steenie."

### Justice Field's Apology.

A Chicago lawyer, who was once a page of the United States Supreme Court, relates the following anecdote of the late Stephen J. Field:

"While in a peculiar mood one day Justice Field severely reprimanded page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall felt humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace. Court adjourned for two hours, and upon the return of Justice Field to his chambers he sent me for McCall."

"Come to my house at seven o'clock this evening" was the only order Justice Field had for the page he had censured. With mingled feelings of doubt and despair, my colleague called at the Field residence at the

time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library, and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves. When the veteran lawyer had paled about fifteen volumes into Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:

"Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you to-day. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good night!"

"Justice Field never alluded to the incident which I have just related."

### How Moody Took Richmond.

Mr. Moody, in dealing with people, was exceedingly faithful. Dr. W. E. Hatcher tells how the evangelist "took Richmond."

A beautiful and affecting incident marked the beginning of Moody's work at the time of his first visit to Richmond. When it was known that he was coming to the city, quite severe criticisms were published against him, on account of alleged utterances of his against the South during the war. He heard of these attacks before coming, and was disposed to cancel his engagement; but our committee would not hear to it. He came, and commenced his work on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. He was evidently embarrassed, and spoke with constraint and uneasiness. Just as the service was about to close, he descended from his little elevated stand, and walked to the front of the choir platform and made a speech. "Friends of Richmond," he said, "you have been reading about me lately, and I fear you have not a good feeling for me. I do not think that I said the things about the South with which I am charged; but I am an awful fool, and have said many foolish things in my day. If I ever did say anything against the South, I am sorry for it, and ask you to forgive me." Instantly a ripple of applause commenced, and swelled into a thundering roar. Moody bowed his head, tears were in his eyes, and he had the heart of Richmond. When he finished his work in Richmond, some of the committee insisted that I make a farewell address to him, assuring him of our love and gratitude. I told him about the request, during the last service. "Please do not do it," he said. "I appreciate it all; but it makes me feel like a fool when folks get to hurrahing over me." My speech did not come to pass.

### A Good Joke.

When Dr. Robert Paine, afterward Bishop Paine, was President of Lagrange College, Albany, he came out through his colored carriage-driver that a large company of the college boys had planned to steal his carriage on Christmas Eve night, and take it down the mountain on which the college stood and hide it out in the woods.

Dr. Paine was brimful of humor and enjoyed innocent fun. So after dark he provided himself with warm wraps and got in his carriage, locked the carriage doors and had his driver lock the carriage house door as usual. Along late in the night the boys came and unscrewed the hinges and took down the carriage house doors. Then hitching themselves in they went down the mountain in great glee. Along the way they had much to say about what Dr. Paine would say the next morning when he found his carriage gone. Some of them went so far as to put ugly and even profane words in Dr. Paine's mouth. This was a great feat, a wonderful performance, and the boys were proud of their success. When well down the mountain the boys drew the carriage out in the woods and proposed and gave three hearty

cheers to themselves for their success in this enterprise.

Just then Dr. Paine threw open one of the carriage doors and stepped out in the midst of them and said, "Young gentlemen, I am profoundly grateful to you for the complimentary Christmas Eve night ride you have given me, and now I will be obliged to you if you will honor me with a ride back home."

The boys felt cheap, crestfallen, and out of sorts, but they were fairly caught. Dr. Paine knew every one of them by name, and would hold each to a rigid account for his part in this frolic. There was now but one thing to be done, and that was to put the carriage and its owner where they found them. It took the boys full three hours to tug that carriage up the mountain. They pulled and scotched and backed and tacked in many a curious way on the steep grades up that hill. Cold and crisp as the night air was, most of the needed dry linen when they got to their rooms.

This was an end of it. Dr. Paine never named it in school, nor to any one of the boys engaged in this fun, though as long as he lived, he used to refer to that frolic, and laugh heartily over it. Dr. Paine knew how to manage and control boys—indeed he was a ruler and a commander of men, but always in the spirit of gentleness and love.—*Gilder, in Richmond Advocate.*

### A True Horse Story.

On Madison Street, says a writer in the *Chicago Herald*, I paused to pat the nose of a beautiful horse which stood by the curb, and commiserate his misfortune, for this beautiful animal, though sleek of coat and shapely in body and limb, was apparently suffering most excruciating torture. His head had been checked inhumanly high, and the cruel bit, drawing tightly in his mouth, disfigured an animal face of unusual charm and intelligence. I was just fancying that the horse had begun to understand and appreciate my words of sympathy when the lady who sat in the carriage holding the reins fumbled in her pocket, produced a lump of white sugar, and asked me to give it to the horse.

"He is very fond of sugar," she explained, "and I have quite won his heart by feeding it to him. I always carry sugar in my pocket while out driving, and give him a lump at every opportunity. I never knew a horse to be so fond of sugar. Will you please give him another lump?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I see that you are quite as fond of the horse as he is of sweets."

"Yes, I think everything of him."

"Then why do you torture him?"

"Torture my Prince?"

"That is just what you are doing. Do you know that the poor animal suffers agony because his head is checked so unnaturally high? His neck is drawn out straight, producing a most ungraceful angle, he holds his head awkwardly, the bit is hurting his mouth, and that graceful curvature of neck and carriage of head which are in his nature are now entirely lost. Why do you check him so high?"

She didn't know. She was not aware that high checking was a source of pain to horses, nor that it destroyed their natural beauty. She was amazed at the discovery.

"May I trouble you to unloosen his check?"

When the strap was unsnapped, the horse immediately lowered his head, straightened his necks out of his handsome neck, shook himself to make sure that he had actually been released from bondage, and then looked round with such a grateful, delighted expression in his intelligent eyes that his mistress declared no more checking straps should be used upon him.