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We clip the following from one of our country newspapers :

"In pursuance of the statutes and in accordance with the by-law in such case made and provided, public fairs will be held [among other places] at Ballicroy, on the first *Tuesday* of January, April, July and October, except said fair day fall on *Sunday*, then on the *Monday* following." (*Sic.*)

While it is impossible not to admire the piety which prompted the addition of the proviso, it must be admitted that a superfluity of caution is displayed. Whether this perspicuity as to time is owing to the combined wisdom of our legislators, or whether the peculiarity arises, as the name of the locality would seem to imply, from an Irish atmosphere redolent of "bulls," we are not informed.

The *Albany Law Journal* states that "a committee of the House of Commons having been appointed to investigate the charges preferred against Dr. Kenealy, counsel for the Tichborne Claimant, Mr. Whalley, M.P., demands that a similar committee be appointed to investigate charges against Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., prosecuting attorney." Our cotemporary has apparently a mania on the Tichborne question, and loses no opportunity of airing its spleen against Chief Justice Cockburn, his associates, the counsel for the Crown and the Jury, for the parts they took in the punishment of an unmitigated scoundrel. The mode of dealing with professional matters in England, is a matter upon which the *Journal* is apparently profoundly ignorant, and it seems to prefer that blissful state.

A return to the House of Commons, in England, shows the amount expended upon the prosecution in the case of *Regina v. Castro, otherwise Orton, otherwise Tichborne*, and the probable amount still remaining to be paid out of the vote of Parliament for "this service." The probable cost of the trial is stated at 55,315*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, of which 49,815*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.* had been paid up to the 11th ult., and on May 11, 5,500*l.* remained unpaid. In 1872-3 counsel's fees were 1,146*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, and in 1873-4 counsel's fees were 22,495*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* The jury were paid 3,780*l.*, and the shorthand writers 3,493*l.* 3*s.* The other expenses were witnesses, agents, &c., and law stationers and printing. Of the sum to be paid, 4,000*l.* is for the Australian and Chili witnesses. It also appears from the preamble of the Tichborne and Doughty Estates Bill, which has been read a first time in the House of Lords, that the

expenses of the litigation occasioned by the Claimant's proceedings, and payable by the present baronet, or, in the event of his death during minority, by the family out of the estates, have amounted already to nearly 92,000*l.*

As a Judge, Lord Avonmore had one great fault: He was apt to take up a first impression of a cause, and it was very difficult afterwards to obliterate it. Curran, who often suffered by the Judge's habit of anticipation, once took the following method of rebuking him for it. They were to meet at dinner, and Curran, contrary to his usual custom, came in late, and appeared to be in a state of the deepest agitation. "Why, Mr. Curran, you have kept us a full hour waiting dinner for you," grumbled out Lord Avonmore. "Oh, my dear Lord, I regret it much: you must know it seldom happens, but I've just been witness to a most melancholy occurrence." "My God! you seem terribly moved by it—take a glass of wine. What was it?—what was it?"—"I will tell you, my Lord, the moment I can collect myself. I had been detained at Court—in the Court of Chancery—your Lordship knows the Chancellor sits late." "I do, I do—but, *go on.*" "Well, my Lord, I was hurrying here as fast as ever I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots?" "Poh, poh—never mind your boots: the point—come at once to the point of the story." "Oh, I will, my good Lord, in a moment. I walked here—I would not even wait to get the carriage ready—it would have taken time, you know. Now there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass—your Lordship may recollect the market—do you?" "To be sure I do—*go on*, Curran—*go on* with the story." "I am very glad your Lordship recollects the market, for I totally forgot the name of it—the name—the name—" "What the devil signifies the name of it, Sir—it's the Castle Market." "Your Lordship is perfectly right, it is called the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through that very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf. He had a huge knife in his hand—it was as sharp as a razor. The calf was standing beside him—he drew the knife to plunge it into the animal. Just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy about four years old—his only son—the loveliest little baby I ever saw—ran suddenly across his path, and he killed—" "The child! the child! the child!" vociferated Lord Avonmore. "No, my Lord, the calf," continued Curran very coolly; "he killed the calf, but—*your Lordship is in the habit of anticipating.*"