

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

will please act as counsel for the defendant." At this the prisoner turned and calmly surveyed the placid countenance of his champion, and then addressed the court as follows: "Sure, an' if it's that yez after givin' me fur a loiyer, I pleads gooilthy, and be done with it at once." Then as he turned and pointed to the robust form of a youthful member of the bar, he continued: "But if yoill give me him, as what is a foine loiyer, oill plade not gooilthy." The prisoner was allowed his choice of counsel.

The following remarkable title appeared in an answer filed in a New York court last week:—Wellington Porter against Daniel Quill, Arsinio Amabile, Raphael Suckrat, Jim Libbick, Louis Somebody, Martin Jinks, Lonigo Louis, Joseph Amen, Tony Amen, Billy Lonias, Bechonce Godjohn, Junice Curio, Jim Liberto and others. It was a mechanics' lien suit, most of the defendants being Italian labourers, and it is supposed that the extraordinary production above set forth was the fruit of the prolonged struggle of a modern gang foreman with the dulcet language of the modern Roman.

In an interesting article in the *Westminster Review* for October, on England's great lawyer, Lord Brougham, the writer says that the name "Brougham" is variously pronounced, but its correct pronunciation, according to its illustrious bearer, is "Broom." At his first appearance as counsel at the Bar of the House of Lords, Lord Eldon called him "Mr. Bruffam." Indignant at being so miscalled, the offended advocate sent the chancellor a rather angry message, accompanied with a paper, on which, to insure for the future the proper and monosyllabic pronunciation of the name, were written in large round text the letters B R O O M. At the end of the argument Lord Eldon, with his usual kindness of manner towards the bar, observed: "Every authority upon the question has now been brought before us. New brooms sweep clean." We may add that the common method of pronouncing the name as "Bro-am" or "Broo-am," were equally distasteful to its bearer as Lord Eldon's "Bruffam."

TWO LAWS.—Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a coloured Justice down the country on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

"Wall," said the Justice, "de facts in dis case shall be weighed with carefulness, an' ef I hange yer tain't no fault of mine."

"Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me."

"Lat sorter work 'longs to de raigular Justice, but yer see I'se been put on as a special. A spe-

cial hez de right ter make a mouf at S'preme Court ef he chuses ter."

"Do the best for me you can, Judge."

"Dat's what I'se gwine ter do. I'se got two kinds ob law in dis court, de Arkansaw an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right to choose fur his sef. Now what law does yer want, de Texas or de Arkansaw?"

"I believe I'll take the Arkansas."

"Wall, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur stealin' de mule—"

"Thank you, Judge."

"An' hang yer fur killin' de man—"

"I believe, Judge, that I'll take the Texas."

"Wall, in dat case I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man—"

"You have a good heart, Judge."

"An' hang yer fer stealin' de mule. I'll jis take de 'casion heah ter remark dat de only difference 'tween de two laws iz in de way yer state de case."

A Scotch advocate writes a pleasant letter to a New York journal concerning the peculiarities and traditions of his profession. "I find," he says, "that nothing interests an American so much as my wig. I only wish the person who thus derives amusement from the fashion had to experience its inconvenience. To begin with, they are by no means cheap. A horse-hair wig costs about \$50, and an ordinary one—they are now all made out of whalebone shavings—about \$30. They very soon get dirty, and to powder them as some men used to do, only makes one's coat perpetually greasy. Then in summer they are hot and tight on the head. Yet we all wear them. We are not compelled to do so. We must wear a gown; that is our mandate. The abolition of the gown I should regret. Its several parts involve not a little curious history. For instance we carry at the back of the gown a little pocket which, though still worn, is now sewn up. That appendage takes you back more than 300 years, to the days before the Reformation, when the advocates were churchmen. No churchman was allowed to accept a regular payment for his services. But if he was prohibited from handling the money, that was no reason why you, if you wanted your case particularly attended to, should not put a couple of gold pieces into the bag which he carried at his back. So you see we still have some relics of the past in this reforming age. Many of our names even strike a stranger as peculiar. The official head of the bar is called 'Dean of the Faculty.' 'Ah,' said Sidney Smith, when he heard the name for the first time, 'that's very odd now. With us in England our deans have no faculties?' Absurd as these old customs and names may be, it can not be denied that the country has reason to be proud of her judicial ar-