

defendants "in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a place where people are always going to and fro about their business, brought a coach with two ungovernable horses, *et ex improvide, incaute et absque consideratione inaptitudinis loci*, there drove them, etc., and the horses, because of their ferocity, being not to be managed, ran into the plaintiff, and hurt and grievously wounded him," and the plaintiff got damages as well as damaged.

At the appointed hour my friend and young brother-in-the-law, Tom Jones, arrived. As he sank into one of the softest of our drawing-room chairs, and gazed around, he exclaimed:—

"By Jove, Eldon, you look so snug and cosy here that I am half inclined to follow suit, quit our bachelor's hall, marry a nice little girl I wot of, and settle down."

"Do so at once," said my wife.

"Ah! I cannot forget the words of that good old judge, Sir John More," he replied with a sigh.

"Oh, you are as bad as Eldon, always quoting some fusty old judge. But what did he say?" queried my wife.

"He said that he would compare the multitude of women who are to be chosen for wives unto a bag full of snakes, having among them a single eel. Now, if a man should put his hand into this bag he might chance to light on the eel, but it is one hundred to one he would be stung by a snake," returned Jones.