

originally designed to take orders. The judge having observed that the case involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran said, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church; though (in a whisper to a friend beside him), in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple."

Lord Norbury, an Irish judge, was once asked to contribute a shilling to bury an attorney. "Only a shilling to bury an attorney!" he said, "here's a guinea, go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

During the trial of the Irish rebels, among whom was Emmet, Norbury gained the *sobriquet* of "the Hanging Judge," from the celerity with which he tried and condemned prisoners to be hanged. When told he was going on swimmingly, he replied, "Yes, seven knots an hour."

Curran made this reputation of Norbury for judicial severity the occasion of a famous pun. One day, at dinner, the judge said to Curran that, if that was hung beef before him, he would try it; to which the witty advocate replied: "If you try it, my lord, it is sure to be hung."

When Lord Brougham was elevated to the woolsack, Daniel O'Connell said of him, "If Brougham knew a little law, he would know a little of everything."

The famous Erskine once began a speech before the Scotch Judge, Lord Kames, with, "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord." The judge interrupted him with, "Tickle him yourself, Harry; you are as able to do it as I am."

When Sir Fletcher Norton, who was noted for his want of courtesy, said in a case before the Chief Justice, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in my own person: I myself have two little manors," Lord Mansfield interrupted him with, "We all know that, Sir Fletcher."

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### NIGHTFALL.

I LOVE the purpling shadows on the hills  
 Against the crimson sky and earliest star,  
 The songs of peasants coming from afar,  
 As happy as the songs of woodland rills.  
 I love the last rose blush upon the lake,  
 When the sun pauses in the glowing West,  
 And of the earth a last kiss seems to take  
 Ere he depart and leave the twilight blest.  
 All these fair sights I love; yet far away  
 I live from this dear calm, in noisy streets,  
 Where one can only dream the close of day,  
 Nor taste of Nature's health-restoring sweets.  
 Yet we are wont to call sweet Freedom ours—  
 So used to chains, we know not half our powers.

WM. O. PARTRIDGE.