

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

eternal hills and rocks that are above them cannot be removed." When the Court finally adjourned Mrs. Lockwood attempted to address the ladies and gentlemen who were present, but a bailiff prevented her from making any speech in the Court room.

A LAY OF THE LAW.

Air.—"When I was young I had no sense."

Though I was old I had no sense,
Nor cared a fig for the great expense;
So I went to law, and I'm vexed to say
That my luck was bad, and I won the day.

For if I had lost I did not intend
On another trial more cash to spend;
But as I had won, what could I do,
When the loser appeal'd, but fight it through?

And so the matter was tried again,
And I my triumph did not maintain,
For whereas one Judge had said white was white,
Two ruled 'twas a different colour quite.

This made me angry—I don't conceal—
And I resolved to once more appeal;
And three more Judges in proud array
Decided that white was bluish gray.

Now since the court below had said
That the white in point was a rusty red,
The latest judgment was felt to be
On the whole a verdict in favour of me.

Upon which at once my obstinate foe
Declared to the House of Lords he'd go;
And their Lordships ruled by three to two
That my white was really a Prussian blue.

So I lost my case, since there was, alack!
No higher tribunal to say 'twas black;
And a thousand guineas I had to pay
Because at the start I won the day.

But though this sum of money I've paid
The law to me no return has made,
Except to tell me in accents dread
That white is gray, and blue, and red!

Now, if 'tis truly a Prussian blue,
Why didn't the first Judge say so too?
Or why couldn't I, expense to save,
At once the highest opinion crave?

For law is law, as it seems to me,
And all of it ought first-class to be,
Since suitors must be perforce be-fooled,
When courts but exist to be over-ruled.

Christmas number of Truth, 1878.

The newspaper reporters of this day are certainly enterprising. One of them has divulged the secrets of the interior of Africa, and another, pretending to be insane, had himself confined in a lunatic asylum, and exposed the abuses to which the real lunatics were there subjected. And now comes a *World* reporter, who not being married, found an accommodating New York city attorney, who for \$35, and upon the candid statement that the applicant had no cause for divorce, procured him a divorce in a Wisconsin court! It seems to have been a case of "diamond cut diamond." The reporter imposed on the attorney, Mr. Munro Adams—who by the way is not an attorney at all—by pretending to be married to a Canada wife of "incompatible temper." A summons and complaint in blank as to the defendant, the complaint apparently but not really verified, were drawn up, and the injured husband sent them to a friend in Canada, who was in the secret, with a letter from the attorney stating that the wife's admission of service would assist the husband in a suit against a party whose name was not definitely ascertained. In due time the admission was returned apparently signed by the wife, from whom the pseudo husband also apparently obtained some letters acknowledging her faults, etc., to facilitate the matter. In a few weeks, without any thing more having been done to the knowledge of the reporter, he was furnished by the attorney with a copy of a decree of divorce of the circuit court of Walworth county, Wisconsin, purporting to have been rendered after a hearing of proofs, etc., and purporting to be signed by John T. Wentworth, circuit judge, and certified and sealed by the clerk, all very formal and red tapes. We understand that the reporter is now on his way west to investigate the genuineness of the document. This story occupies four columns of the *World*, and is rare reading. The probability is that the document in question is an impudent forgery, and that the transaction furnishes no criterion for judgment respecting the bogus divorce business, but still it is significant. At all events this enterprising reporter seems to have the ability to do even more effectual things in the exposure of iniquities. If we ever have need of acute services in this line, we shall address a line to Mr. A. Oakey Hall, of the *World*, asking him in De Quincey's words, "*Ubi ille est reporter!*"