

prescribe for a disease, to which he was not merely subject, but a victim—melancholy. "Melancholy!" repeated the physician, "you must go to the theatre: Carlini will soon dissipate your gloom, and enliven your spirits." "Dear sir," said his patient, seizing the doctor by the hand, "excuse me, I am Carlini himself; at the moment I convulse the audience with laughter, I am a prey of the disease which I came to consult you on."

#### BUNYAN'S SARCASM.

A Quaker called upon Bunyan in gaol one day, with what he professed to be a message from the Lord. "After searching for thee," said he, "in half the gaols of England, I am glad to have found thee at last." "If the Lord sent thee," said Bunyan, sarcastically, "you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for He knows that I have been in Bedford gaol these seven years past."

#### FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE STUDENT.

Frederick the Great of Prussia, once met a student of theology in the street, and asked him where he came from. "I am a Berliner," was the reply. "Psha," said the king, "the Berliners are good for nothing." "I know two Berlin boys who are exceptions to that rule," said the student. "Whom?" "Your majesty and myself." The king desired him to attend at the palace.

#### "DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN."

Dr. N. Murray, the famous "Kirwan" of America, mentions that in his youth he met an old disciple, ninety-one years of age, and in taking leave the venerable pilgrim left with his young friend a charge which he had never forgotten: "Do all the good you can—to all the people you can—in all the ways you can—and as long as you can."







#### LEGAL WIT.

**T**HE best club men have been lawyers; and the clubs of London have become famous for the wit and wisdom which they have, in times past, brought together under one roof. Even that exclusive old clique which called itself "The Sublime Society of Beef-steaks," with its "gridiron of 1735 standing out in proud relief from the ceiling of the refectory," and its funnily conceited motto of "Beef and Liberty"—even this, the most snobbish and conservative of clubs, which had no less a man than a drunken and half-paralytic duke for its honored president, gathered its brightest members from the bar. Wilkes, Sergeant Prime (not witty himself, but the cause of wit in others), "Frog" Morgan—so called because he was in the habit of quoting constantly in his arguments in court "Croke Elizabeth, Croke James, Croke Charles," said *Croke* being a reporter who lived in those three reigns—Horne Tooke, and many others more or less famous, were among its members. Cobb was a lawyer, better known in his time as a playwright, and the author, among others, of an Indian drama called *Ramah Drug*, and an English opera, the *Haunted Tower*.

"What a misnomer it was," said Arnold, a fellow "steak," to him, "to call your opera the *Haunted Tower*! Why, there was no spirit in it from beginning to end."

"The drama was better named *Ramah Drug*," exclaimed another, "for it was literally ramming a drug down the public throat."

"True," rejoined Cobb, "but it was a drug that evinced considerable power, for it operated on the public twenty nights in succession."



"My good friend," said Arnold, "that was a proof of its weakness, if it took so long in working."

"You are right," retorted Cobb, "in that respect; *your* play (Arnold had brought out a play which did not survive the first night) had the advantage of mine, for it was so powerful a drug that it was thrown up as soon as it was taken."

The raillery of the Sublime Society was merciless. One Bradshaw was fond of boasting of his descent from the regicide of that name. To whom Churchill, the poet, said, "Ah, Bradshaw, don't crow; the Stuarts have been amply revenged for the loss of Charles's head, for you have not had a head in your whole family since."

Sheridan was a Beef-steak, and introduced his brother-in-law, Linley, whose peculiarity was a fondness for telling jokes of which he always forgot the *point*. He published a biography of his friend Leftly, which, coming up before the society for review, was found to open with the following Johnsonian passage respecting his hero's birth: "His father was a tailor and his mother a seamstress; a union which, if not first suggested, was probably accelerated by the mutual sympathies of a congenial occupation." This, and another passage, excited general applause. The second was a sober truism, stated with admirable seriousness: "It is a well-known fact that novelty itself, *by frequent repetition*, loses much of its attraction."

The study of the law does not seem favorable to purity or elegance of style, or exactness of expression. Poor Linley was not alone in his grandiloquence. Mr. Marryatt, a brother of the novelist, once, addressing a jury, and speaking of a chimney on fire, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, the chimney took fire—it poured out volumes of smoke—*volumes* did I say?—whole encyclopedias!" "When I can not talk sense I talk metaphor," said Curran; and many of his brethren imitate him. Mr. (afterward Sir R.) Dallas exclaimed in one of his speeches, "Now we are advancing from the *starlight*

of circumstantial evidence to the *daylight* of discovery; the *sun of certainty* has melted the darkness, and we have arrived at the facts admitted by both parties;" and Kenyon once addressed the Bench: "Your lordships perceive that we stand here as our grandmother's administrators *de bonis non*; and really, my lords, it does strike me that it would be a monstrous thing to say that a party can now come in, in the very *teeth* of an act of Parliament, and actually *turn us round*, under color of *hanging us* upon the *foot* of a contract *made behind our backs!*"

Mr. Sergeant Hill was very absent-minded, and this made him the target of many a practical joke on his circuit. He argued a point of law for some time at *nisi prius*; and intending to hand his papers to the judge, gravely drew forth a plated candlestick from his bag and presented it to the bench. Some one, it appeared, had substituted a "traveler's" bag for the Sergeant's own. Hill was much delighted when, as not unfrequently occurred, he got the better of his persecutors. So pleased was he on one such occasion, at a party given by the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, that, on retiring, he by mistake gave a shilling to his excellent host, and, to the amazement of his friends, shook hands in the most friendly way with the servant at the door.

Chief among the wits was Jekyll, a man who had a retort ready for all comers. At a public dinner the bottle had passed freely, and Jekyll, who was slightly elevated, having just emptied his, called to the servant, "Here, away with this *marine*." A General of the Marines, sitting near the lawyer, felt his dignity touched, and said, "I don't understand what you mean, sir, by likening an empty bottle to a marine?" "My dear General," replied Jekyll, "I mean a good fellow who has done his duty, and who is ready to do it again."

To a Welsh judge, famous as well for his neglect of personal cleanliness as for his insatiable desire for place, he said, "My dear sir, as you have asked the Ministry for every thing else, why have you never asked them for a piece



of soap and a nail-brush?" Kenyon, before mentioned, was somewhat noted for parsimony. Some one told Jekyll that he had been down in Lord Kenyon's kitchen, and saw his spits shining as bright as if they had never been used. "Why do you mention his spit?" retorted the humorist; "you must know that nothing turns upon that." A rascally little attorney named Else addressed him: "Sir, I hear that you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so?" "Sir," was the reply, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; but I said that you were *little Else*."

Erskine, himself a wit of whom many good stories are remembered, once complained to Jekyll "that he had a severe pain in his bowels, and had tried remedy after remedy without being cured." "Get yourself made Attorney-General," was Jekyll's advice; "then you will have no bowels at all."

Erskine once remarked to Mr. Espinasse and a Mr. Lamb, that habit and the practice of public speaking gave a man great confidence when pleading in court. "I protest I don't find it so," replied Mr. Lamb, "for though I've been a good many years at the bar, with my fair share of business, I don't find my confidence increase; indeed the contrary is my case." "Why," replied Erskine, "it's nothing wonderful that a *Lamb* should grow *sheepish*." One night Erskine was coming out of the House of Commons and was stopped by a member who asked, "Who's up, Erskine?"

"Windham."

"What's he on?"

"His legs," shouted Erskine as he hurried out.

He was counsel in a suit brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone; and found one of the witnesses so stupid as not to know the difference between *thick* and *long* whalebone. Driven to desperation he at length exclaimed, "Why, man, you do not seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now I will explain; you are

a thick-headed fellow, but you are not a long-headed fellow." Being counsel for defendant in the case of *Robinson v. Tickell*, he opened his speech to the bench with "Tickell, my client, the defendant, my lord," when the judge interrupted—"Tickel him yourself, Brother Erskine, you can do it better than I." Having gained an important suit for a coal-mining company whose counsel he was, they invited him to a splendid dinner given in honor of the victory. Called on for a toast, he gave, "*Sink* your pits, *blast* your mines, *dam* your rivers."

Erskine rarely received a rebuff, in which particular he was more lucky than Dunning (Lord Ashburton), who, in his cross-examinations, though he sometimes gave good shots, as often got as good as he sent. Asking a witness why he lived at the very verge of the court, the ready reply was, "In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of *Dunning*."

A witness with a Bardolphian nose coming in Dunning's way, he said to him, "Now, Mr. Coppernose, you have been sworn. What do you say?"

"Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

He was remarkably ugly. A client of his once inquired for him at a coffee-house. The waiter did not know such a person.

"Go up stairs," said the client, "and see if there is a person there with a face like the knave of clubs; and if so, tell him he is wanted."

The waiter went up, and at once found Dunning.

Examining a woman in court, he asked of a certain man, "Was he a tall man?"

*Witness*. "Not very tall, your honor; much about the size of your worship's honor."

*Dunning*. "Was he good-looking?"

*Witness*. "Quite the contrary; much like your worship's honor; but with a handsomer nose."



*Dunning.* "Did he squint?"

*Witness.* "A little, your honor; but not so much as your worship, by a good deal."

Whereupon Dunning declared himself satisfied, and sent the witty old woman down. He was very coarse, which led "honest Jack Lee" to give him the following severe rub: Dunning was telling, one day in court, that "he had just bought some good manors in Devonshire."

"I wish, then," said Jack, "that you had brought some of your good *manners* here with you."

Lawyers not seldom get back their own. Jeffreys, who was notoriously coarse to witnesses, once called out, "Now, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you been paid for swearing?"

The man looked steadily at him, and said, "Truly, sir, if you have no more for lying than I for swearing, you might wear a leathern doublet too."

Sergeant Cockle, in a suit for the rights of a fishery, asked a witness, "Dost thou love fish?"

"Ay," replied he, with a grin, "but not with *Cockle* sauce."

It is the business of a lawyer to be ready-witted; and it may be that he whose wit is sharpened in daily encounters deserves little credit for readiness. This does not detract, however, from the merit of such as this passage of Jekyll: Lord Ellenborough, who was a severe judge, was one day at an assize dinner, when some one offered to help him to some fowl. "No, I thank you," said his lordship; "I mean to try that beef."

"If you do, my lord," said Jekyll, instantly, "it will be *hung* beef."

Chief Justice Holt once, during the Revolution, committed to jail one of the fortune-telling impostors, then called French prophets. Next day a disciple of this man called at the judge's house and demanded to see him, astonishing the servant by ordering him to say that he "must see him,

because he came from the Almighty!" This extraordinary message being delivered, Holt desired the man to be shown in, and asked him his business.

"I come from the Lord, who bade me desire thee to grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, his servant, whom thou hast thrown into prison!"

"Thou art a false prophet and lying knave!" returned the Chief Justice. "If the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General; for the Lord knoweth it is not in my power to grant a *nolle prosequi*."

A tedious preacher had preached the assize sermon before Lord Yelverton. He came down, smiling, to his lordship, after the service, and, expecting congratulations on his effort, asked, "Well, my lord, how did you like the sermon?"

"Oh, most wonderfully," replied Yelverton; "it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding; and, like His mercy, I thought it would have endured forever."

Curran once got out of a serious scrape by an execrable pun. He had incurred a rich Irish farmer's displeasure by a severe cross-examination in court; and some days afterward, being out fox-hunting, his horse and the chase carried him into a potato field owned by this man. Seeing him there, the man came up and said:

"Oh! sure you're Counselor Curran, the great lawyer. Now then, Mr. Lawyer, can you tell me by what law you are trespassing upon my ground?"

"By what law, Mr. Malony?" replied Curran. "Why by the *lex tally-ho-nis*, to be sure."

The pun so delighted Mr. Malony that he let its author off for the trespass. Curran used to tell a story of Lord Coleraine, in his time the best-dressed man in England, and a very punctilious fashionable. Being one evening at the opera, he noticed a gentleman enter his box in *boots*, and vexed at what he thought an unpardonable breach of decorum, said to him: "I beg, sir, you will make me no apology."



"Apology!" cried the stranger, "for what?"

"Why," rejoined his lordship, pointing down at the boots, "that you did not bring your *horse* with you into the box."

"It is lucky for you, sir," retorted the stranger, "that I did not bring my *horsewhip*; but I will pull your nose for your impertinence."

The two were immediately separated, but not before exchanging cards and settling for a hostile meeting. Coleraine went to his brother George to ask his advice and assistance. Having told the story, "I acknowledge," said he, "that I was the aggressor; but it was too bad to threaten to pull my nose. What should I do?"

"Soap it well," was the cool fraternal advice, "then it will slip easily through his fingers."

One of Curran's butts in Dublin was a certain Sergeant Kelly, known from an unconscious but laughable peculiarity of his as Counselor Therefore. He was an incarnate *non sequitur*, and never spoke without convulsing the court. "This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he once told a jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it even for a minute; *therefore* I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Meeting Curran one morning near St. Patrick's Cathedral, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; *therefore* I shall make a point to be at Four Courts to-morrow at ten."

We must close with a story of one of the Irish members, who have been the source of so much fun in the British House of Commons. A young man, making his maiden speech, in the excitement of the close and the warmth of his Hibernian heart, addressed the chair, "And now *my dear Mr. Speaker*"—which brought the house down with a general laugh.

Sheridan increased the fun no little by coolly observing

that "the honorable member was perfectly in order; for, thanks to the ministers, nowadays *every thing is dear*."

#### JOSH BILLINGS WISE AND HUMOROUS SAYINGS.

I hold that a man has just as mutch rite tew spel a word as it is pronounced as he has tew pronounce it the way it an't spelt.

If you would make yourself agreeable wherever you go, listen tew the grievances of others, but never relate your own.

Giv me liberty, or giv me deth; but, of the 2, I prefer the liberty.

"Early impreshuns are the most lasting;" the fust kiss and the fust whippin' cum under this hed.

"Man was created a little lower than the angels;" and it is lucky for the said angels that he was.

"The luxury of grief:" this, i take it, means tew hav youre old unkle die and leave yu nine thousand dollars, and yu cry.

I don't kare how mutch a man talks, if he only says it in few words.

We are awl willing to pay more for being amused than instrukt.

It is a good plan tu kno menny people, but tu let only a few kno yu.

Zeal is a good deal like lead: when it is bilin hot, yu can run it into any kind ov shape you want tew; but when it is cold, it is as heavy as any thing i kno of. Zeal often makes a man more ridiklus than folly duz. In fakt, zeal and folly were twins; only zeal was born a little fust: he couldn't wait, ov course, till his time cum.

It is really worth more tew the world tew hav a good-natured man born into it, and go into the good-natured bissness, than to hav a poeck born, and go into the poeckry



bissness. Good-natured men work up into fathers, husbands, and brothers, fust-rate, and without enny waste: they make good fellow-citizens, and everyboddy feels as if they had some stock in them: they are as safe and as pleasant as root-beer. The good-natured man an't alwus a statesman, nor an't alwus just the man for sekretary of the treasury; but tew grease the griddle ov every-day life, tew soften the furious, tew raise the despondent, and tew indorse sixty-day paper, he weighs at least a tun. I had rather be a good-natured man than tew hav a seat in the New-York Legislature: thare may not be as mutch money in it; but thare is twice the means of grace.

Men don't seem never tew get tired ov talking about themselves; but i hav heard them when i thought they showed signs of weakness.

Buty is like a ranebow—full ov promis, but short-lived.

I hav got a fust-rate recollekshun, but a poor memory. I can recollekt distinctly ov losing a 10-Dollar-bill once, but can't remember whare, tew save mi life.

Thare iz only 3 things that belong tew other folks that i ever envy; and them iz virtew, flesh, and understanding. I suppose it iz possibel for a man tew manufakter his own virtew, and improve his stock ov understanding; but he kant kover his long, lean boddy ov bones with a soft, pulpy cushion ov flesh that is fun to sit down on. I kant tell what makes one man so phatt, and the next one so like an empty stocking, or a manikin in a narrow bolster; unless it is that phatt souls are like a mountain-spring, fed from within, until they kant hold no more, and run over the brim tew make others happy. Did you ever know a phatt man tew commit sewicide? i guess you never did: they luv gravy tew well for that.

When Shaiksppear wanted sum pizen, he sought out, you remember, a *lean* apothekary, who kept a grocery of beggarly boxes. Did you ever hear ov a phatt man being hung? I guess not. They sometimes destroy plum-puddin'

and biled ox; but they never murder anything that ain't good tew eat. I never knu but one phatt skoolmaster, and he wa'n't good for enny thing, only tew slide down hill with the boys. This satisfize me that phatt is only another name for virtew.

Man is the only thing created with power tew laff: birds and flowers can almost dew it, and dogs would like tew. Laffing keeps oph sickness, and has conquered az menny diseases az ever pills hav, and at mutch less expense. It makes flesh, and keeps it in its place. . . . It iz the light ov life: without it, we should be but animated ghosts. It challenges fear, hides sorrow, weakens despair, and carries half ov poverty's bundles. It costs nothing, comes at the call, and leaves a brite spot Behind. . . . It is the fust and the last sunshine that visits the heart: it was the warm welkum ov Eden's lovers; and was the only capital that sin left them tew begin bizziness with, outside the Garden of Paradise.

#### EXTRACTS FROM ARTEMAS WARD'S POPULAR LECTURE.

"I like art. I admire dramatic art, although I failed as an actor. It was in my schoolboy-days that I failed as an actor. The play was the 'Ruins of Pompeii.' I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance; but it was better than the 'Burning Mountain.' He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius. The remembrance often makes me ask, 'Where are the boys of my youth?' I assure you, this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here, some in America, some are in jail. Hence arises a most touching question: 'Where are the girls of my youth?' Some are married; some would like to be. O, my Maria! Alas! she married another; they frequently do. I hope she is happy; because I am. Some people are not happy: I have noticed that.