

Editor's Drawer.

SOME lawyers take very practical views of cases in which they are retained. In a certain town in Missouri Squire G—— was defending a charge of malpractice. A colored man was suing for damages, his wife having died shortly after an operation for the removal of cancer. When it came Squire G——'s turn to cross-examine the plaintiff, he asked: "Mr. Wilson, how old was your wife when she died?"

"About forty-five, Sir."

"Been in feeble health a long time, had she not, Mr. Wilson, and cost you a great deal for medicine and help?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You have married again, have you not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How old is your present wife?"

"About thirty-five, Sir."

"Is she stout and healthy, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, Mr. Wilson, will you please state to this jury how you are *damaged* in this case?"

Mr. Wilson had evidently never taken this view of the matter, and could make no answer. The good and true men thought he had made rather a good thing by his bereavement, and brought in a verdict for the defendant.

In that very interesting *Autobiography and Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie*, one of Scotland's foremost ministers, many details are given of the manner in which he raised nearly \$600,000 from 6610 subscribers for the Manse Fund. On one occasion he remarked that if he could only get the ears of the people he should not fail of success. "I was much disposed to say with the poet Pope," he remarked, "when on one occasion he said he would address a field of corn. The people wondered what he would say, when Mr. Pope, taking off his hat, and bowing to the nodding corn, said, 'Gentlemen, give us your ears, and we shall never want bread.' An artilleryman at Waterloo was asked what he had seen. He replied that he saw nothing but smoke. The artilleryman was asked what he had been doing. He replied that he had 'just blazed away at his own gun.' Now I have been like the artilleryman, blazing away at my own gun."

THIS, from a French source, is very neat, and has a fine flavor of modest piety:

The owner of a large landed property happened to meet the wife of one of his farmers, who had just lost her mother. "Well, my poor Rose," he said, "there is another good woman gone."

"Yes, indeed, Sir," replied the daughter; "she was really a good woman, and should have a good place in paradise. When I say a good place, I mean good for people like us."

Our legal readers will perhaps do a little smile at the following, which we quote from *Fifty Years of My Life*, by the Earl of Albemarle:

"Scene, Dublin. Baron O'Grady presiding in court. Bush, then a king's counsel, was pleading a cause with much eloquence, when a donkey in the court-yard set up a loud bray. 'One at a time, Brother Bush,' called out his lordship. Peals of laughter filled the court. The counsel

bore the interruption as he could. The judge was proceeding to sum up with his usual ability, when the donkey again began to bray. 'I beg your lordship's pardon,' said Bush, putting his hand to his ear; 'but there is such an *echo* in the court that I can't hear a word you say.'

THE late Judge John W. Edmonds, being once asked what he thought of a certain speaker who had a loud voice and was rather prosy, said that he considered him a remarkable man, for he could fill a house and empty it at the same time.

A FRIEND in Kansas City, Missouri, furnishes the following:

Seeing the article in the February Drawer respecting military titles in Virginia calls to mind a little event that took place in Kansas a short time since. One of our railroad officials residing at Kansas City takes a deep interest in Sunday-schools. Besides superintending a large school, he frequently attends conventions and institutes in our neighboring State, Kansas. Some time since he was called upon to address a convention, and after he sat down a gentleman arose and said, "I would like to ask the colonel a question."

"Certainly," he replied; "but not 'colonel,' if you please."

"Well, major, then."

"No, not even a major."

"Well, captain, then; you must be a captain."

"No, Sir, not a captain."

"Well, now, Mr. President, I wish to ask the colonel this question: Don't you live in Missouri?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And in a house?"

"Of course I do."

"With chimneys?"

"Certainly."

"How many, please?"

"Two, I think."

"Then, Mr. President, I knew I was right at first. You see, I've lived in Missouri, and know how it is myself. Over there, Sir, if a man has three chimneys on his house, he's a general; if two, he's a colonel; if only one, he's a major; and if he lives in a dug-out and has no chimney, he's a captain, anyhow. So you see I was right after all."

In Kansas our friend is known as Colonel ——.

ENTERPRISE and sympathy are pleasantly intermixed, as it were, in Jacksonville, Florida, where an undertaker closes an advertisement in the local paper with the following consolatory invitation:

When any one, by the hand of Providence, is directed to an Undertaking Establishment, come directly to me, and SAVE MONEY.

IN Northern Illinois a suit was on trial in one of the minor courts, where it became necessary to require security from two persons in behalf of the plaintiff for the costs of prosecuting the action, inasmuch as the plaintiff lived out of the county. As there was no one else to sign, and plaintiff, who was absent, was abundantly able to

pay, it was agreed by his two counsel that they should both sign themselves. The senior did so, and turning to his junior, who had a reputation for never paying any thing, remarked: "Now, D——, it is your turn."

D—— looked at the paper, and then in a quizzical way shook his head and remarked, "No; on the whole, I guess I *won't dilute the security.*"

MR. THOMAS B. CRYSTAL's name is appended to the following bit of poetic coloring:

THE PAINTER AND HIS GIRL.

A painter who a store did keep
Was such a jolly joker
That when he found his girl asleep
He with a yellow ochre.

Her choler rose—"Am I so brown
You call me 'pretty yellor?'"
Indigo-nant she left the town—
Thus went his umber Ella.

He vowed he'd ne'er sienna one;
He'd give his life to toil;
He keeps that vow in violet—
His name is Lynn C. Doyle.

THAT was not bad in a country debating society, where the subject considered was: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After full discussion the decision was: "Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble."

AFTER all, definition is every thing, as this case in point will attest: In a "horse case" recently tried in New Jersey, a negro witness was called upon to explain the difference between a box stall and a common stall. Straightening himself up, and pointing to the square inclosure where the judge sat, he said, "Dat ar's what I calls a box stall, dere whar dat old hoss is sittin'!"

THE man who wants to know about things. We have all seen him. Have all "been there," as they say in the beautiful West. A dear son of New England having plied a new-comer in the mining region of Nevada with every conceivable question as to why he visited the gold region, his hopes, means, prospects, etc., finally asked him if he had a family.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply, "I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

Then there was a brief silence, after which the bore commenced: "Was you ever blind, Sir?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No, Sir."

Another pause.

"Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Fact."

"How can that be?"

"Why," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left!"

In a leading church in the diocese of Huron, Canada West, there has lately been some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of gas, through a defect in the main, or other cause. The manager at the gas-works sent a boy to the church with instructions to see the sexton and ascertain whether they were getting enough light. The boy arrived after service had commenced, and not seeing the sexton, walked boldly up the

aisle and accosted the rector, who was reading the service, and asked, in a frank and perfectly audible tone: "*Say, boss, how are ye off for gas?*" The answer was not heard, but there were reasons why most of the congregation indulged in a smile.

WITHOUT lawyers and witnesses we couldn't have very much court, and it not infrequently happens that those who go upon the witness stand get the better of y^e lawyer man. For instance, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, this legal legend is remembered:

A certain lawyer, who had a reputation as being very astute at cross-examination, asked a female witness: "Madam, are you now living with your first or second husband?"

"That's none of your business!"—sharp and short.

With an air of offended dignity the lawyer turned to Judge Brigham, who remarked, with a smile: "I think the witness is about right in that, is she not?"

ONE of the most diverting books is *England from a Back Window*, by Mr. Bailey, editor of the *Danbury News*. He describes every thing he saw in the same solemn style that he uses in his *Danielbury* paper, and it's very funny. He finds himself at Stirling, in Scotland, where "every body worships his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience; and every town has an abundance of schools, and one or two cannon from Sevastopol."

From the wall of an old church Mr. Bailey copied the following rates for interment in the grave-yard:

For a hearse with four horses (including grave-digging)	\$7 50
For a hearse with two horses (including grave-digging)	4 50
On shoulders (including grave-digging)	6 52
On spokes (under twelve years)	1 25
On spokes (above)	2 00
Child in arms	1 25
Ushers, each	0 25
Bag for bone	0 25

"Bag for bone" is good, and cheap.

The Life of John Wilson ("Christopher North"), recently published in England, could not be otherwise than a work replete with interest. His daughter, Mrs. Gordon, has executed her task in a manner that has elicited general commendation. Its pictures of the literary society of the times, varied with a rich variety of personal anecdote, make it a delightful companion for a leisure hour. From among the many amusing sketches of the management of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the mystifications in which its chief contributors loved to indulge, we take that of the "Odontist."

"But the most elaborate and successful of these mystifications, of all which, I suspect, the invention must be attributed to Lockhart, was that about Dr. Scott, of Glasgow, or 'the Odontist,' as he dubbed him. I am not aware, indeed, of any other instance of this kind of joke being carried out so steadily and with such entire success. The doctor was a dentist, who practiced both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but resided chiefly in the latter city—a fat, bald, queer-looking, and jolly little man, fond of jokes and conviviality, but with no more pretensions to literary or poetic skill than a street porter. To his own and his

friends' astonishment he was introduced in *Blackwood's Magazine* as one of its most valued contributors, and as the author of a variety of clever verses. There was no mistake about it: 'Dr. James Scott, 7 Miller Street, Glasgow,' was a name and address as well known as that of Mr. Blackwood himself. The ingenious author had contrived to introduce so many of the doctor's peculiar phrases, and references to his Saltmarket acquaintances, that the doctor himself gradually began to believe that the verses were really his own, and when called on to sing one of his songs in company, he assumed the airs of authorship with perfect complacency. The 'Odontist' became recognized as one of Blackwood's leading characters, and so far was the joke carried that a volume of his compositions was gravely advertised, in a list of new works prefixed to the magazine, as 'in the press.' Even the acute publisher, John Ballantyne, Hogg relates, was so convinced of the 'Odontist's' genius that he expressed a great desire to be introduced to so remarkable a man, and wished to have the honor of being his publisher. The doctor's fame went far beyond Edinburgh. Happening to pay a visit to Liverpool, he was immediately welcomed by the literary society of the town as the 'glorious Odontist' of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and received a complimentary dinner, which he accepted in entire good faith, replying to the toast of the evening with all the formality that became the occasion."

AN open letter to William Black, author of *A Daughter of Beth, Madcap Violet, and Macleod of Dave*:

Oh, Mr. Black! dear William Black!
Why will you be so blue?
For hypochondria's deepest dye
Has surely dyed in you.

Why, why with living corpses fill
The darkling dreadful main?
Or fish them out again at will,
Only to go insane?

My swollen eyes, they look so bad,
I say I'll never more
Read any of your novels sad,
Then—read them o'er and o'er!

Just write a nice one—that's a dear—
And make your hero marry
The girl he loves, nor cause one tear
Within my eyes to tarry.

My "Black Sweet William" you shall be
If you'll write such a book;
If you decline, then, Mr. B.,
I hope you may be—shook!

A CORRESPONDENT in the Province of Ontario sends this:

"Your anecdote in the February number respecting old Father Taylor's prayer, reminds me of something of the same kind that occurred here in our little town, not a hundred miles from the capital of the Dominion, during the excitement of the last election for the Dominion Parliament. It will be necessary for your readers to know that parties here are called Reformers and Tories, and that at the time referred to the Reformers held the reins of government.

"There lives in a neighboring town an ex-minister who is a very pronounced Reformer, and one Sunday during the excitement he came here to supply for our minister. During the service, after praying for the Queen, he went on thus: 'And now, O Lord, in this crisis of our country's history, we pray Thee, who hast the hearts of all men

in Thy keeping, to so influence the people that they shall send to the Legislature men who will enact laws in Thy fear, and promote that "righteousness which exalteth a nation," and who will eschew sin which is a disgrace to any people.'

"That same week the Tory paper here came out and declared that the preacher had taken politics into the pulpit, and *prayed for the success of the Reform party!*"

IN the ante-war times there lived a negro in Newbern, North Carolina, who was the property of two masters. In the course of time, after hard toil, he managed to buy a half of himself of one of his masters, and so became half a slave and half a freeman. While he was in this anomalous condition, his remaining master thought it necessary to give him a flogging. He was accordingly taken to the whipping-rack, his arms were tied above his head, his feet were bound to the stake, and he was about to receive the lashes, when he turned suddenly on his master, and said to him, "Luck a-yere, massa, you kin flog de slabe haff ob dis darky jess so long as you likes; but if you totch de free haff, I'll hab de law on you, *shore*."

THE following, cut from an old scrap-book of a Western correspondent, will be new to most of the old and probably to all the younger readers of the Drawer. It's good, at any rate:

When Judge Story held his first term of the Circuit Court in Rhode Island, he had for his crier a precise and formal functionary who had been accustomed to open and make the usual proclamations in the courts of the State, which he did with great deliberation, fervor, and unction, especially the "God save" part with which they were closed. In that bland and affable manner which Judge Story knew how to use, he said to the crier, "Be good enough to open the court in your best manner."

"Yes, your honor," was the reply, followed by the usual "Hear ye!" twice repeated, and closing with a prayer to save "the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

"That will not do," said the judge: "this is a court of the United States, and it is the United States that are to be saved."

Again the crier repeated the "Hear ye!" and again, so inveterate had become the habit he had formed by his previous experience, he closed with a prayer for "the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

Judge Story again reminded him of his mistake, and was assured by the crier that he could now do it correctly; and he began again, closing with a most emphatic prayer for God to save "the United States of America," but adding, in the same breath, "but more especially the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," which the judge accepted as a compromise opening, and went on with the business of the court.

Nor long since a prominent minister in Upper South Carolina, on leaving home to make a pastoral visit, gave his little son Hal a task of shelling a peck of corn during his absence. On returning, late in the afternoon, Hal was amusing himself and two little sisters by standing on his head, while the task was unfinished. The father concluded a lecture on disobedience by telling Hal he must finish the task after supper. Hal

complained, thinking it hard that he had to shell corn that night. The father told him that in his youth a similar occurrence would have resulted in a flogging besides having to complete the task. Hal, with childish innocence, replied: "*Yes, father, but you know that was in slavery times.*" That settled it. No more shelling that night.

NUMBERLESS are the "good things" attributed to the late President Lincoln, and if we may rely on what is said by those who knew him well, the half of them have never been told. The following, we think, have never been in print:

On a certain occasion he had an interview with a well-known author. The latter had been at "the front," and had brought to Mr. Lincoln some private dispatches from the commanding general, which required a lengthy verbal explanation. Mr. L. listened in grave silence, but at the close, when the visitor rose to leave, he said, with sudden animation, "Don't go—don't go; you have been at the front. Sit down and tell me all you know. *It won't take you long.*"

On another occasion the same gentleman was urging upon him the sending of a certain army officer upon a mission requiring great discretion and diplomatic tact. "No, no," said Mr. Lincoln; "I have known him for twenty years. He would never do; he is *too honest*; but—*if some one like you were to go, the thing might be accomplished.*"

WHEN the A. B. C. F. M. held its annual meeting in Hartford, Connecticut, some two or three years ago, the Rev. Dr. P——, of New Jersey, was a guest of Mrs. B——. One day while at dinner the topic "the prayer of faith" came up in the course of conversation, and Mrs. W——, Mrs. B——'s mother, who was a strong advocate of the doctrine, cited this incident: A farmer in Kansas during the grasshopper plague prayed to the Lord that his crops might be spared from the ravages of the grasshoppers. Such was his faith that his prayer would be answered that, when the grasshoppers came, they *decided* and went each side of his farm, and *his* crops were spared. Dr. P—— was silent a moment; then looking over at Mrs. W—— with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "*I think it was rather hard on the neighbors.*" Mrs. W—— was silent, but the party at the table shouted with laughter.

THEY make cities pretty fast in the farthest West. Here, for instance, come a couple of anecdotes from a gentleman formerly of New York, who writes from Snohomish City, Washington Territory:

"Even in this remote corner of the United States *Harper's* occasionally makes its appearance, and its old familiar face is most heartily welcomed. Of its contents the Drawer is the most eagerly read. Your contributions from this part of the world are, no doubt, like unto the visits of angels. A story which I heard a short time since struck me as worthy of being embalmed among the facetiæ of the Drawer, and I accordingly send it.

"The Campbellites, a religious sect flourishing principally in the Western States, draw the preachers of their doctrine from men in the ordinary walks of life, who take up their calling without having had any special education or training therefor. Any previous occupation they may

have been engaged in they do not give up, but carry on, side by side, their worldly and spiritual pursuits.

"The Rev. Mr. M'C——, of this place, formerly of Indiana, relates that on one occasion, while travelling in a railway car, he met a Campbellite preacher with whom he was well acquainted. He had for two or three seasons officiated as the expounder of Campbellism in a large town in Indiana, besides being the owner of an extensive farm, on which he lived, not far from the place where he preached. In the course of conversation Mr. M'C—— asked him if he were still preaching at ——. The Campbellite answered, 'Well, to tell the truth, I have been so busy during these last few months that I haven't had time to pay much attention to either *politics* or *religion.*'"

Thus one mayhap some of the modern Athenians will appreciate:

"The Presbyterian clergyman of this place, the Mr. M'C—— above referred to, is a rigid Calvinist, and most severely orthodox in his views. Not long ago, while in a general conversation, the name of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes happened to come up, whereupon our dominie remarked that the Autocrat's theology was very injurious in its tendency, and expressed himself forcibly in condemnation of the man on this account. An elder in his church was present, a way-down-East 'Mainer,' as they are called in this region, who chimed in: 'Wa'al, there was a good many Holmeses back East where I come from, and I never knew one on 'em that wasn't a good-for-nothing kind of a feller.'"

Or the late Louis A. Godey, who was a ready-witted man, Colonel Forney relates the following:

On one occasion, at an evening entertainment at Godey's house, two angry disputants were facing each other, almost ready to resort to blows, when Godey picked up a huge carving-knife from the supper table and handed it to the most violent of the two. The latter unconsciously received it, at the same time demanding of Godey, "What do you mean by this, Sir?"

"I mean," said the jolly editor of the *Lady's Book*—"I mean that you should cut off the quarrel right here."

The general explosion of merriment made the controversy so ridiculous that it was stopped at once, the excited adversaries themselves joining in the laugh, as they shook hands and begged pardon of the host.

THE Rev. Mr. Blank, having lost his wife after a long and tedious sickness, bethought him that he must take another woman to share his lot and part of life; accordingly he set himself to work looking up some one to be a partner in his concerns of life. He did not look long nor far, but was soon fortunate enough to find a woman all suited to his tastes. So these two hearts beating as one seek the aid of a fellow-clergyman who could make them one flesh, and so being joined together, no man could put them asunder. The aid of a young and valued friend is secured as an assistant, and all goes merry as a marriage bell, and the party, with the old couple so happy in their new-found love, adjourn to the home now to be so bright and happy. And now comes the

hour of settlement, and the old man asked his best man how much the coachman would charge. The answer came: "Well, I don't know; I suppose about four dollars."

"What!" said the clergyman; "four dollars? Why, they only charge two dollars for a funeral!"

His first wife had been dead about three months.

This is a little rough on Yale, yet the Drawer must give it. Comes from Chicago.

"At a meeting of the Third Ward Republican Club, held on Saturday evening, Mr. —, a defeated candidate for Congressional honors, in

order from the Supreme Court having been granted authorizing a sale, the vestry retained Mr. Q—— to arrange with the several vault-owners for the transfer of their interests to the church, which, after a long and tedious process, was accomplished. Subsequently the property was sold for \$260,000. Messrs. S—— and S—— examined the title for the purchasers, and it being approved, a day was appointed at their office for the delivery of the deeds, etc. The conveyances from the vault-owners, numbering over fifty, had been prepared by Mr. Q——, and having them in charge, he also attended at the same time. It



OLD LADY. "Doctor, kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

DOCTOR. "Why, hem, certainly, madam. It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech."

OLD LADY. "La me! Now jest see what it is to have physical eddication! I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that same thing, and all that I could ever get out of him was jest this, 'Kase they is!'"

speaking of packing the club for nominating candidates, declared that he had brought but two men into the club during the campaign: one was a graduate of Yale; the other was a *respectable* man!"

A CORRESPONDENT at Ithaca, New York, sends us the following, copied from a stone in a graveyard a few miles from that town:

While on earth my knee was lame,
I had to nurse and heed it;
But now I'm at a better place,
Where I do not even need it.

SOME ten years ago the congregation of St. Thomas's Church, then located on the corner of Broadway and Houston Street, purchased and removed to their present locality on Fifth Avenue. The vestry then offered the old site for sale, part of which consisted of the burial-ground, the vaults of which contained the remains of many of New York's most honored citizens. An

was necessary in those days, being one of the inconveniences attending our late unpleasantness, that a stamp should be affixed to all deeds, mortgages, etc., the amount being regulated by the consideration named in the instrument. The stamp required for each of the fifty conveyances was more formidable in size than in amount, and Mr. Q——, having seated himself at the table, proceeded to attach the stamps to the deeds. The labor was monotonous, not over dignified, and certainly exhaustive to the salivary glands. When some dozen of the deeds had been properly stamped, Mr. Q—— suddenly ceased, and pushing his chair back from the table, said, "Before proceeding further in this highly intellectual pastime, I desire to know who is to pay for the job." A suggestion from one of the firm, in which the word "Champagne" was distinctly heard, having removed all scruples, the stamping proceeded, and the title passed; while the Champagne, it is hoped, restored the salivary glands to their normal condition.