

"When you were at the bar," retorted O'Connell, "I never chose you for a model; and now that you are on the Bench, I shall not submit to your dictation." Leaving his lordship to digest the retort, he took the attorney by the arm, and walked him out of Court.

EXAMINING A WITNESS.

O'Connell knew so intimately the habits and character of the humbler class, that he was able, by cajolery or intimidation, to coerce them, when on the table, into truth-telling. He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with roguery."

"Well, Darby," said the Counsellor, taking him on the cross-examination, "you told the whole truth to that gentleman?" pointing to the counsel who had just examined the witness.

"Yes, your honor, Counsellor O'Connell."

"How do you know my name?"

"Ah, sure every one knows our own *parish*."

"Well, you are a good-humoured, honest fellow. Now, tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?"

"Why, your honor, I took my share of a pint of spirits."

"Your share of it; now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it *all but the pewter*?"

"Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you, sir."

The Court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon came out that the man was drunk, and was not, therefore, a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won the case for his client.

ENTRAPPING A WITNESS.

An illustration of his dexterity in compassing an unfortunate culprit's acquittal may be here narrated.

He was employed in defending a prisoner who was tried for a murder committed in the vicinity of Cork. The principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner—one corroborative circumstance was, that the prisoner's hat was found near the place where the murder took place. The witness swore positively the hat produced was the one found, and that it belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James.

"By virtue of your oath, are you positive that this is the same hat?"

"Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before your sworn in your information that it was the prisoner's?" "Yes." "Now, let me see it," said O'Connell, and he took up the hat and began carefully to examine the inside. He then spelled aloud the name James—slowly thus: "J—a—m—e—s." "Now, do you mean those letters were in the hat when you found it?" "I do." "Did you see them there?" "I did." "This is the same hat?" "It is." "Now, my Lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the Bench, "there is an end to the case—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was instant acquittal.

GAINING OVER A JURY.

At a Cork, Assizes many years ago, he was employed in an action of damages, for diverting a stream from its regular channel, or diverting so much of it as inflicted injury on some party who previously benefited by its abundance. The injury was offered by a nobleman, and his attorney, on whose advice the proceeding was adopted, was a man of corpulent proportions, with a face bearing the ruddy glow of rude health, but, flushed in a crowded court, assumed momentarily, a color like that imparted by intemperance. He really was a most temperate man.

O'Connell dwelt on the damage his client had sustained by the unjust usurpation. The stream should have been permitted to follow its old and natural course. There was neither law nor justice in turning it aside from his client's fields. He had a right to all its copiousness, and the other party should have allowed him full enjoyment. In place of that, the latter monopolised the water—he diminished it. It became every day small by degrees and beautifully less. "There is not now," he said, "gentlemen of the jury, a tenth of the ordinary quantity. The stream is running dry—and so low is it, and so little of it is there, that," continued he, turning to the rubicund attorney, and naming him, "there isn't enough in it to make grog for Fogarty."

A roar of laughter followed, and it was not stopped by the increased business and embarrassment of the gentleman who became the victim of the learned advocate's humorous allusion. The tact in this sally was, in endeavoring to create an impression that his poor client was sacrificed by the harsh conduct of a grog-drinking attorney, and thus create prejudice against the plaintiff's case.

RETRIBUTIVE MEMORY.

At Derrynane, he was sitting one morning, surrounded by country people, some asking his advice, some his assistance, others making their grievances known. Amongst the rest was a farmer, rather advanced in life, a swaggering sort of fellow, who was desirous of carrying his point by impressing the Liberator with the idea of his peculiar honesty and respectability. He was anxious that O'Connell should decide a matter in dispute between him and a neighboring farmer who, he wished to insinuate, was not as good as he ought to be. "For my part, I at least, can boast that neither I nor mine were ever brought before a judge, or sent to gaol, however it was with others." "Stop, stop, my fine fellow," cried the Liberator,—"let me see," pausing a moment—"let me see; it is now just twenty-five years ago, last August, that I myself saved you from transportation, and had you discharged from the dock." The man was thunderstruck; he thought such a matter could not be retained in the great man's mind. He shrunk away murmuring that he should get justice elsewhere, and never appeared before the Liberator afterwards.

A POLITICAL HURRAH AT A FUNERAL.

Ascending the mountain road between Dublin and Glencullen, in company with an English friend, O'Connell was met by a funeral. The mourners soon recognized him, and immediately broke into a vociferous hurrah for their political favorite, much to the astonishment of the Sassenach; who, accustomed to the solemn and lugubrious decorum of English funerals, was not prepared for an outburst

of Celtic enthusiasm upon such an occasion. A remark being made on the oddity of a political hurrah at a funeral, it was replied that the corpse would have doubtless cheered lustily, too, if he could.

REFUSAL OF OFFICE.

In 1833, on the morning when O'Connell received from the Government the offer to be appointed Lord Chief Baron, he walked over to the window, saying:

"This is very kind—very kind, indeed!—but I haven't the least notion of taking the offer. Ireland could not spare me now; not but that, *if she could*, I don't at all deny that the office would have great attractions for me. Let me see, now—there would not be more than about eighty days' duty in the year; I would take a country house near Dublin, and walk into town, and during the intervals of judicial labour, I'd go to Derrynane. I should be idle in the early part of April, just when the jack-hares leave the most splendid trails upon the mountains. In fact, I should enjoy the office exceedingly upon every account, if I could but accept it consistently with the interests of Ireland—BUT I CANNOT."

THE IRISH ASSIZE REPORTS.

At the last Irish assizes in Tipperary, Mr. Baron Dowse, addressing the grand jury, said:—

"I am extremely happy to be able to tell you on this occasion your labors will be very light."

In Louth, Mr. Justice Barry, said to the grand jury:—

"I am glad to tell you that your county continues to maintain the same character for peace and good order which it had possessed since I had the honor to know it on circuit. The total of crime is almost reduced to a minimum. The constabulary report shows only two cases of crime occurring in the county. One is a case of threatening the other of assault."

In Roscommon, the Lord Chief Baron said:—

"I am happy to inform you that your duties of a criminal nature at this assize will be of a very light nature—in fact, little more than nominal."

In Drogheda, Mr. Justice Morris said:—

"There are three cases, as I understand, for trial at this assize. With regard to two of them, you will not be troubled. With regard to the amount of crime in the town and district, the official return of the county inspector exhibits a remarkable immunity from crime, in this popular place, and I am extremely glad to congratulate the grand jury on this pleasing and commendable fact."

In Clare, Mr. Justice Keogh said:—

"I am proud to announce that your duties at these assizes will be very light indeed. There are no prisoners in custody for trial, and the Bills to go before you are only three, in which the parties are out on bail."

In Kilkenny, Mr. Baron Dowse said:—

"Gentlemen, there is nothing for you to do. A preacher cannot preach without his text, nor a judge without criminals." The High Sheriff then presented his lordship with a pair of white gloves, when he said: I have much pleasure in receiving these, as their color is emblematic of the state of the calendar, on which there is no stain.

"I WANT TO BE AN EDITOR."

NEXT to a taste for brandy and billiards, the most ruinous idea a young man, or an old one, can get into his head is that he was born to be an editor. If we were to print the letters we receive in a year from young men afflicted with this mania, it would be a sad-denying sight. A lad with no particular ability and with foolish parents, has been kept at school till he has grown to manhood, and is then ashamed to learn a trade or to begin life as an office boy, or even to look for a situation as a salesman. He thinks he must be an editor. Another youth of the same mental calibre is sent to college and breaks down, either for want of money or brains, before half his term is expired; he, too, falls back on journalism as just the profession he was created to adorn. We notice, indeed, that most of the young men who want to be editors are those who have had a year or two of college life, and no more. A scissors, a paste-pot, and a facility for stringing words on a line, are supposed to be the entire stock-in-trade of an editor. We know quite a number of men who started, and a large number who want to start, as editors on this capital; and the poor fellows who tried have long faces and empty pockets, as those about to try will have next year. To such people we venture to make an *argumentum ad crumenam*—and also *ad ignorantiam*—which, however, we fear will have little effect. A newspaper directory for 1875 (Rowell's) has just appeared, and it teaches a harsh lesson. In cold figures it shows that starting newspapers is one of the most common yet disastrous speculations in this country. During the past twelve months over one thousand American newspapers have failed! Involving a loss to publishers of more than 8,000,000 dollars! Among those who went into the newspaper business during the year and lost heavily thereby, were 275 merchants, 375 school teachers, 57 lawyers, 4 blacksmiths, 33 plasterers, 10 farmers, 200 fanatics of various classes, 100 visionary young men who drew upon their fathers and thus suddenly exhausted large margins of the paternal capital, and 6 lottery men. Are those dead papers warning enough? If not, turn to some of the living ones and complete the lesson. Every one of those papers could be made successful, if the editor were only a journalist. Instead, he is one of those who have more words than ideas—who writes his four-column editorial and sends it off to prey on his subscribers like a night-mare. Experience generally teaches even fools; but there is some folly so dense that experience strikes it as a razor would a mile-stone—and of this sort is the belief that conceit and pretension and gab can make a successful newspaper—'Boston Pilot.'