

SPLINTERS; OR, A GRIST OF GIGGLES

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Splinters; or, A grist of giggles by Bruce W. Munro

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BRUCE W. MUNRO

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[Munro, Bruce W. (ed.)]

SPLINTERS ;

OR,

A Grist of Giggles.

“Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light ;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.”

TORONTO :

[CARSWELL & CO., LAW BOOK PUBLISHERS,

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PREFACE.

HAVING made up my mind to keep a list of the atrocious witticisms perpetrated on our long-suffering profession, I started a Scrap Book, and have now completed it. In the words of the *Canada Law Journal*, commenting on the "Humours of Law" :—

"This Book is not one to read through at a sitting any more than is a Dictionary, but is one to be taken up time and time again, and read and re-read whenever any one wishes to know what the great, and the wise, and the good, or the little, the foolish, and the bad, have said about the legal profession."

The *Hackensack Republican* says :—

"Show us a man who has a lively vein of humour in his composition, and we will show you a man full of sentiment, whose heart is tender and sympathetic, and who is ever ready to lend a helping hand to a fellow-traveller on life's highway. Humour, sentiment, and charity, are the three golden links that bind the paragraphic fraternity together."

This work is issued with a view of amusing the reader, and if the compiler, with his "Scissors and paste" succeeds in so doing, his task will have been a pleasant one.

Nothing is so well calculated to preserve the healthful action of the human system as a good, hearty laugh.

It is with this indisputable and important sanitary fact in view, that this collection of scraps has been made. The principle in selecting each of them, has been, not to inquire if it were odd, rare, curious, or remarkable, but will the scraps raise a laugh? That was the test question. If the answer was "Yes," then it was accepted. If "No," then it was rejected.

Credit is given for all scraps herein where the author of them is known, and if omitted, it was because he was not known.

SPLINTERS ; OR, A GRIST OF GIGGLES.

THE WEED IN COURT.

JUDGES WHO ARE PROPERLY SENSITIVE ON THE
SUBJECT OF SMOKING IN COURT.

During the little excitement in Judge Blodgett's court yesterday, when the men indicted for complicity in the election fraud procured bail, Long Jones appeared with a lighted cigar between the first and second fingers of his left hand. The blue smoke curling lazily upward from it claimed the close attention of Mr. Dawes, Mr. Tuthill's able young assistant, who, knowing that to Judge Blodgett's delicate senses tobacco smoke was very offensive, evinced a peculiar interest, expecting the judge to rebuke the bold marshal for his temerity. The judge was quick to perceive the odour of a cigar. It makes him sick. He glanced at it narrowly once or twice, and he would very likely have reminded Mr. Jones of the dignity of the court-room had not the marshal tossed the objectionable weed suddenly in

the cuspidor. Mr. Dawes looked immensely relieved, and followed the retreating form of Jones with his eyes out of the door.

"That makes me think of Judge Gray, of Boston," remarked the young lawyer, with a smile, as he turned around, "Judge Gray is more sensitive as to the observance of the proprieties of the court than Judge Blodgett, though he does not object to a cigar outside the court-room. One day Gen. Barney, a law partner of Gen. Butler, had a case to try before him. He came into the court-room with a fresh, unlighted cigar between his fingers. As he advanced to a position opposite the judge he elevated his hand conspicuously but naturally towards his breast, with the cigar outward. Holding it thus, with his right hand resting on the table, he said: 'May the court please!' The judge was rummaging industriously among a pile of papers, and there was not a scintilla of even circumstantial evidence to indicate that he heard the preliminary remark of the learned counsel, spoken for the direct purpose of attracting attention. Gen. Barney therefore repeated: 'May the court please!' but, though intonated, inflected, and emphasized, the request fell upon deaf ears. Still rummaging among the papers, the judge said, gravely: 'I do not hear you.'

"Raising his voice to its highest pitch, and still holding the cigar in a conspicuous position,

Gen. Barney screamed : ‘ May the court please, I desire——’

“ ‘ I don’t hear you,’ interrupted the judge, with a phlegmatic and resigned air, as he jotted down a memorandum on a piece of paper, ‘ and it is my opinion,’ he added slowly, ‘ that I shall not be able to do so until the learned counsel throws away his cigar.’ Tossing the cigar to the farthest corner of the court-room, Barney made a low obeisance before the honourable court, and as a deep blush suffused his face, he said : ‘ Will the court accept my earnest apology for the unintentional slight to his deserved dignity ? I assure your honour it was thoughtlessness.’ Judge Gray graciously accepted the *amende* and Gen. Barney proceeded with the case, having acquired a heightened opinion of Gray.”—*Chicago News*.

ABOUT EVEN.

A good story is told of the well-known engineer, W. A. Sweet, of Syracuse, N. Y. Casually meeting a prominent lawyer one day, a brief conversation ensued, in the course of which Mr. Sweet happened to ask “ the judge ” what he thought of some question they were discussing, without really meaning to ask legal advice in the usual way. Soon afterward Mr. Sweet received