

SOME LEGAL EPITAPHS.

When in England some years ago I visited a quaint old church yard, in the heart of London, near the Temple Gardens. I amused myself by jotting down some of the epitaphs on the gravestones, a number of which, owing to the situation, no doubt, were in memory of members of the legal profession, Judges, and Court Officials. I have set a few down here thinking they might be of interest:—

A Barrister.

Here rests a barrister who spent
A lengthy life of argument,
His tongue was soft, his chin was firm,
His eye could make a witness squirm,
And now he's taking briefs on high
Before the Lord to arguefy.

A Court Bailiff.

Here lies the Bailiff of the Court
Departed to his last resort,
O, Nulla Bona he would state,
On Sundays he passed round the plate:
Death Judgment summoned him to-day,
The question is what will he pay?

On a Notary.

Sleeps here a notary who's went
The way of many a document,
Signed, sealed, delivered, filed away
And hidden from the light of day:
O, all ye notaries, let us pray!

A Magistrate.

Hic jacet city magistrate
Death told him he must abdicate;
He gave much friendly admonition,
Except in breach of Prohibition;

He's gone to the supremest Court
In other words he's lately mort.

To the Memory of Judge Doe.

Beneath this stone lies Justice Doe
Who's gone where all good Judges go,
He was a just, upright, law giver,
(Proviso for a sluggish liver).
His duty he did never shirk it,
Sometimes he rushed things while on circuit.

Placed Here in Memory of ———, Crown Attorney.

Requiescat Crown Attorney
Pax Vobiscum on your journey,
Many a man had lodgings free
Despite the pleading "not guilty"
And sentenced, cried, "Et Tu Brute,"
De mortuis nihil sed bene.

Erected to Sheriff Brown.

Step gently, here lies Sheriff Brown,
He had the nicest job in town,
For every ounce he got his poundage,
Step gently, sir, you're on his moundage.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.

Ottawa.
