

TEN LITTLE BARRISTERS.

(As the Court Usher Sees Them.)

1. Ten little barristers, heart aglow and hair a-plaster, kissing of
the Bible and a-signing of the Roll;
Sunken eye and chin receding (overwork and underfeeding) one
has hardly hung his sign when: Rest his little soul!
2. Nine little barristers: one, a dream of manly beauty, meets a little
millionairess innocent and sweet,
Marries—and his heart rejoices up among the Rolls and Royces;
doesn't know the others when he meets them on the street.
3. Eight little barristers: one, a faint and friendly fellow, finds that
life is wearing and the pace is pretty warm,
Takes a little job of clerking, makes a mild pretence of working,
thankful for a salary and shelter from the storm.
4. Seven little barristers: one, a rough and restless rover, up among
the miners where the law is rather lax,
Strikes a vein of yellow treasure, wealth beyond all stint or meas-
ure, spends his years in baling coupons, stuffing gold in
sacks.
5. Six little barristers: one, a keen and careful trader, makes a little
merger of the makers of cement,
Teaches them the art of paving, better blend and closer saving,
paves the way to fortune and enjoys the increment.
6. Five little barristers: one, a free and reckless spender, muddled
in his figures, borrows, doesn't pay again,
Meddles with his clients' money—seems to think it rather funny
—vanishes from vision for a season in the Pen.
7. Four little barristers: one, a brisk and breezy talker, brother in
the Lodges and a Man-about-the-Town,
With a manner fresh and hearty, takes the stump and aids the
Party, finds himself in Parliament, a Servant of the Crown.

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8. Three little barristers: one has learned the whims of Judges, all
the little ways with juries that a Counsel craves to know,
Bluff and brutal and persuasive, tender, candid, and evasive;
clients throng and swarm about him and his coffers over-
flow.
 9. Two little barristers: one, of wise and earnest visage, careful of
his record with an eye to his reward,
Pulls a wire or two discreetly, advertises very neatly, till in time
the Bench receives him and the Bar address "My Lord."
 10. One little barrister, brooding over briefs and pleadings, toiling
over titles in a stuffy little room,
Counsellor for banks or Biddies, sweating bread for wife and
kiddies, leaves enough to carve his name and FINIS on his
tomb.

CARET.
