

several questionable and obnoxious rulings that had proceeded from the latter, and this objection was met with the remark—"There is no occasion for so much astuteness, as the witness is a lawyer." Mr. — fixed his gimlet eye upon the Bench as he replied: "Pardon me, your Lordship is in error, the witness is a *Judge*,—not a *lawyer*."

At an Assize in a county town, Pat — had just given his evidence with a great deal of volubility, and Mr. — was about to open the fire of cross-examination upon him. The learned, and not a little dreaded, Q.C., levelled his eye at the witness, and was slowly advancing towards the witness-box, arranging his gown and clearing his throat. Suddenly it seemed to sweep over the witness what was in store for him, and overcome with apprehension, he turned to the judge and flung out the following: "Yer Honor, ivry word I have been sayin' is the God's truth, and if Mr. — makes me say anythin' else it'll be a bloody lie."

Beneath Osgoode Hall, in regions subterranean, is a shrine where the profane foot may not penetrate. This sacred spot has been set apart by the Benchers (Rest their souls!) for the offering up of incense to the goddess Nicotina. Such as are compelled to labor in the dry and windy wastes above, find there surcease from toil, and the consolations of tobacco smoke. During the cherished half-hour of the midday adjournment, you may there see and hear, through the shifting blue haze, many things both pleasing and profitable. Here are no privi-

leges, no precedences. Tobacco and clay pipes are common to all, and it is a nice speculation to what extent the cause of the pleasant *camaraderie* that there obtains is atmospheric.

A briefless Junior claims the ear of the assembly with as much confidence as that well-known advocate, his neighbor, who has frayed out a half-dozen of silk gowns in the practice of his profession. Yea, even do their feet repose side by side upon the table.

Save in one respect, every man does as he wills within these four walls. He may sit in sulky silence, join in the pleasant chat that flies around, spin yarns, or listen to them, but otherwise than as the groundwork of a story, he must not touch upon aught that smells of law if he would not pay toll to the Tobacco Fund.

Tales are told, both old and new—the flotsam and jetsam of many an Assize forgotten save for some memorable fragment of an address to a jury, or some spark of wit struck out between counsel and judge.

Here, too, is heard the plaint of him who deems he has received hard usage or scant justice at the hands of judge or jury, or that susurrant murmur at things that be, which the poet speaks of so touchingly as "the moaning of the Bar."

But the hands of the clock advance swiftly, and the Courts wait for no man. Our half-hour in the Barristers' Common-room is over, and I leave you in the timid hope that what passes for humor with *us* may, at least, not draw tears of sorrow to *your* eyes.

