

this self-same Junius how to give a mere sophism the appearance and air of a sound argument; no, not even Belial, whose tongue

"Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason, to perplex and dash Maturest counsels."

The Bard of Avon had doubtless suffered from the existence of lawyers, when he was tried for the crimes of poaching and deer stealing; and Lord Macaulay, the fascinating essayist and historian, was soured towards the profession on account of the ill success with which his exertions were attended when enrolled within its ranks. Besides every single case that is tried in a court of law, be it never so just and upright, renders at least two gentlemen of the long robe obnoxious to one or other of the parties concerned: for if the plaintiff succeeds, then the defendant has it indelibly fixed in his mind that the legal advisers of the plaintiff are hard, cruel and rapacious men, veritable realities of the far-famed firm of Quirk, Gammon and Snap; and of his own lawyer he thinks that he cares more for the costs and charges than for the success of his client's cause, and loves his purse better than his interests, and so makes many an unnecessary motion, and takes many superfluous proceedings; while if the plaintiff has the misfortune to lose his case, he entertains exactly the same kind of amiable feelings towards his own and his adversary's counsel as a worsted defendant does. And this is a principal reason for lawyers being so disliked.

Our forefathers were not fools, although we, of this enlightened nineteenth century, think that they were, and imagine that wisdom came into the world with us, and that it will cease when we depart; so we are told that in the reign of the Sixth Henry, "for the endowment of virtue and the abandonment of vice, knights and barons, with other states and noblemen of the realm, placed their children in the inns of court, though they desired not to have them learned in the law, nor to live by the practice thereof." And, verily, from the time when the honorable counsellor of Arimathæa came boldly forward to minister to his Lord, after all his professed and regular attendants had fled away, down to the present time, there have never been wanting numbers in the profession whose practice and precepts would cause the advancement of virtue and the suppression of vice, and who have been justly entitled to the appellation of honest lawyers; "and an honest lawyer," as a quaint old writer says, "is the life-guard of our fortunes; the best collateral security for our estate; a trusty pilot to steer one through the dangerous (and oftentimes inevitable) ocean of contention; a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of higher function, that he can make people honest that are sermon-proof. He is one that practices law, so as not to forget the gospel; but always wears a conscience as well as a gown. Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the nice snapper adoes of practice, yet he never useth them, unless in a defensive way, to countermine the plots of knavery, for he affects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but, with equal contempt, hates the wolfe's study, and the dog's eloquence, and disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoils of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He never studies delays, to the ruin of a family, for the lucre of ten groats, nor by drilling quirks, spins out a suit more lasting than a whole revolution of Saturn, and entailed on the third and fourth generation. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely, casting him into a swoon with frights of a judgment, and then reviving him again with a cordial of writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the braugle alive as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. In a word, whilst he lives he is the delight of the court, the ornament of the bar, the glory of his profession, the patron of innocence, the upholder of right, the scourge of oppression, the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country; and when death calls him to the

bar of heaven by a *habeas corpus cum causis*, he finds his judge his advocate, non-suits the devil, obtains a *liberate* from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the long robe in glory." V.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, September 4th.

YOU will probably ask, Mr. Editor, why I am writing this letter so early in the week. Let me tell you, in reply, that to-morrow morning by early train, I am off from this wilderness of bricks and mortar, to the blessed quietness and healthful breezes, of one of the Channel Islands. Much I fear that when there not a trace of the *cacoethes scribendi* will be in my nature, I shall throw myself open to the enjoyment of the hour, oblivious alike of anxious editors and grimy printers' devils. So far as the seagirt Jersey, the cry for "copy" cannot reach, and (blessed change,) I shall hear nothing for a few days, but the scream of the water bird, and the roar of the surf. Congratulate me, sir, that the case is so, and, if I am to remain your correspondent, congratulate yourself also; for, as saith Shakspeare—

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at their heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life."

Fancy yourself in receipt of a weekly communication from one given up to "moody and dull melancholy," not to mention "pale distemperatures," and, fancying this, look kindly upon the short, and perhaps uninteresting epistle now being written. I am not alone in my demand. The poor "subs" of the London press, and the still more unfortunate printers, who seem never to get a holiday, have an anxious time of it just now. Their writers are all away, scattered about any where in our hemisphere, and it is perfectly marvellous, how careless the post office is with their communications. There is Jones of the *Slasher*; he has sent his article every week regularly from the Scottish Highlands where he is, but neither it nor Smith's review of the last new book (Smith is up the Rhine somewhere) has been delivered. Now this is very provoking, especially as we are bound to believe that both Jones and Smith did duly put their contributions in the letter box. It is amazing what a character our post office has in Fleet street, and the strand at this season of the year. Mr. Editor, I hope the Canadian mail is a far more trustworthy institution.

The only piece of court news is that the Prince Christian and his wife (Princess Helena) have returned from their wedding tour. Not the least notice was taken of them by the public save that the Windsor corporation got up an address as in duty bound. The newly married pair have now gone to Balmoral; to which retreat the Queen and her household gave them a warm reception. Here is the paragraph in the *Court Circular* describing the affair.

In the afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by Lady Churchill, drove through Castleton to meet their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who travelled to Perth by the mail train and then posted over the Spital of Gleshee. On their Royal Highnesses' arrival at Balmoral they were received by the tenantry and servants of her Majesty, who had erected a floral arch close to the bridge, were they presented an address congratulating their Royal Highnesses on their first visit to the Highlands, and giving them a most cordial welcome; after which the carriage proceeded at a foot pace to the Castle, preceded by the Royal pipers, and accompanied by the tenantry and servants.

This is, of course, all very natural and right, but the people of England will persist in looking coldly on the match. Rest assured that nobody here envies Prince Christian's position in this country. By the bye I had nearly forgotten to mention that rumours have been spread, within the last few days, of a contemplated marriage between the King of Greece (brother to the

Princess of Wales,) and the Princess Louisa, Her Majesty's fourth daughter. It is said also that the Queen has requested Mr. Gladstone to extend his tour as far as Greece, and report to her upon the present state and future prospects of that somewhat shaky little kingdom. Her Majesty does not forget, probably, that there is already one Queen of Greece, whose husband has been compelled by force of circumstances to retire from business.

We have all been really anxious about our Canadian fellow subjects during the last forty-eight hours. We laughed at the monster picnic, and pictured to ourselves the "skedaddle" of which I spoke in my last, giving it all the ridiculous accessories possible. But since then our government has been taking steps which place the matter out from among things to be laughed at, and show that there is a possibility of serious work in your country. Thus we have heard of cavalry regiments *en route* for the north being suddenly stopped in their journey, and made to hurry towards the sea, there to embark for Canada. Then we are told of steamers being got ready with all possible dispatch for the conveyance of reinforcements. Naturally enough we infer from this that there is good ground for alarm, but you may rest assured that whatever, may happen, the whole might of the empire will be sent to your support. An excellent letter appeared in the *Telegraph* of this morning signed "An Anglo Canadian," from which I cannot resist sending an extract. The writer says:—

If the Canadians had by any foolish conduct on their own part provoked any invasion, I should not be so urgent in my assertions; but it is patent to every one who will take the trouble to reflect, that the only reasons that Canadians have for fighting are for their hearths and homes, and the warm attachment which they have to the British nation. On the other hand, Britain ought to do the best she can to prevent much future bloodshed, serious damage to her own commerce as well even as having her own honour affected, which must necessarily result from the present state of things if any active measures be not at once adopted. Before I left Canada, on speaking to many of my friends, they seemed to be of opinion that more gunboats were needed, so that the enemy might be prevented from crossing the waters; as you may see from glancing at the map of Canada that there is only a certain portion of land on the north-eastern part of the St. Lawrence which is not separated by water from the United States. I hope that in the present emergency the Government and people of Great Britain will do the best they can to help their fellow subjects, who rejoice in living under "The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." They have no desire to live under any other Government, and they consider they have a right to expect such protection as the more powerful nation can afford to the weak; being willing, as they are, if England plays the part of the lion, to play in return the part of the mouse, and by their humble efforts to the best of their ability assist their benefactors.

This puts the case of your people in a very strong light; but it was not needed as an incentive to us to do our duty. In all quarters I hear nothing but a determination to regard any attack upon you as an attack upon ourselves and to fight it out accordingly. We, in turn, are not without Fenian alarms. I told you in my last that the rumoured fleet cruising about the Orkneys had disappeared into the Northern Ocean fogs, but one of them has managed to come back again, and now we hear of a suspicious looking vessel in the neighbourhood of classic Iona. Here is part of what the *North British Daily Mail* says about her:

"The movements of the strange vessel were observed at first only by a fishing boat, but afterwards by the whole Island. Her course when first noticed was about N., but on approaching that dangerous shoal of rocks known as the Torran, she lowered nearly all her canvas on deck, and drifted slowly through them in a north-westerly direction. The crew of the fishing smack, which was then close to her, assert that there seemed to be no effort made at steering, and that her escape from destruction on