

profession, and gives the following pen-picture of them, a picture all the more laughable that the evils are visionary:—

SCENE.—*Interior of the Royal Courts. An appeal being heard. Judges on the Bench. Members of the Combined Profession occupying seats once monopolised by the Bar.*

*First Judge* (addressing *Small Advocate*).—We are not quite accustomed to the new state of things, but is it not usual for Barsolisters to wear robes?

*Small Advocate* (aged 16).—B'leeve 'tis m'Lud; but, fact is, I am here on behalf of Mr. Jones, the Barsolistor, who is away serving a writ on a client, who requires special attention.

*First Judge*.—I suppose you are Mr. Jones's managing clerk?

*Small Advocate*.—No, m'Lud. Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones's managing clerk, is engaged in Chambers before the chief clerk, who is settling the remuneration of a receiver. Very important matter, m'Lud.

*First Judge*.—Then, who are you?

*Small Advocate*.—I am one of Mr. Jones's junior clerks, m'Lud.

*First Judge*.—And what are your duties?

*Small Advocate*.—Well, m'Lud, usually to assist in the sweeping out of the office, the writing of the addresses on the envelopes, and such like. When I'm not doing that, I have the pleasure of addressing your Ludships.

*First Judge*.—Has a junior clerk who assists in sweeping out the office as an ordinary duty the right of audience?

*Second Judge* (after consulting authority).—Clearly. (He points out passage to his colleague.)

*First Judge* (addressing *Small Advocate*).—I see that you have the right of audience. You can proceed.

*Small Advocate*.—Thank you, m'Lud. As I was saying when your Ludship was kind enough to interrupt me—as I was saying, the other day I was reading a law book in master's chambers—

*Second Judge*.—Can you give the name of your authority?

*Small Advocate*.—Well, m'Lud, to tell you the truth, I quite forget. I fancy it was Richards or Roberts, or somebody who had a Christian name for a surname. The book was all about "Substantial Estates," I think. Yes, I fancy it *must* have been—"Roberts on Substantial Estates." Something like that, you know, m'Luds.

*First Judge*.—Could it have been "Williams on Real Property?"

*Small Advocate*.—Why, I do believe, m'Lud, you have hit the nail on the right head! Well, m'Luds, I read in this here book that waste was quite different in law than in fact. So I believe my client was only exercising his just right when he cut down the wood in rear of the premises. He never wasted it, m'Lud, but sold it at a good price. (Argues for an hour or so.)

*First Judge* (at end of argument).—We shall give our decision on Tuesday week. (Dead silence.) Is there no other matter?

*Aged Barsolister*.—Hem—ha—ho. B'leeve, m'Lords, no other case ready. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. Counsel otherwise engaged. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. One Barsolister is finishing a bill of costs, another receiving instructions about a marriage settlement, and—hem—ha—ho—and a third examining securities in a box at the bank. My own learned leader, Mr. Silvertongue, Q.C., is at this moment—hem—ha—ho—particularly engaged. Fact is, m'Lords, Mr. Silvertongue, Q.C., is acting as a man in possession during the temporary absence of the representative of the Sheriff.

*First Judge*.—As there appears to be nothing further on the paper, we must adjourn, but I cannot help pointing out that the mixing of functions, once kept distinct, causes at times considerable inconvenience. (Scene closes in on the adjournment.)