

“I have treated your Honours with absolute impartiality as a United States Senator, because everyone of you during my term in the Senate came before the Senate for confirmation, and I voted against everyone of you.” My own relations with the Bench of England and the Bar of England have been with the judges and lawyers who have visited our country, and with none have they been more pleasant than with the distinguished Master of the Rolls who sits beside me to-night. I had the pleasure of travelling for two days in the personally conducted journey which marked Lord Coleridge’s triumphant march through the United States, where he captured the American people by that felicity of speech and charm of manner which were his great distinction. I remember riding once with him through Connecticut, which is called Con-nec-ti-cut here to-night—our American Indian names get mixed up in England, and we pronounce it as if speiled Counciticut. When the great Lambeth Palace conference was held and the Bishop of Michigan was here—and the Bishops have a way of addressing each other as York, Gloucester, and whatever may be the title of the See—it is said that one of the Bishops greeted the Bishop of Michigan with: “How are you this morning, my chicken?”—that being his view of the pronunciation of Michigan—to which the astonished American Bishop airily responded, “All right, my rooster.” Lord Coleridge asked: “Where are the villages in your country to which barristers who, having passed sixty years of age, retire and live on an income of 2,000 dollars or more a year? We have plenty of such places in England.” I said: “There is not a lawyer of that kind in the United States.” No lawyer ever dies if he can help it, and never retires anyhow. Sometimes he takes an excursion into diplomacy as brother Choate has done, but he is sure to come back to the Bar. Sometimes he takes an excursion into politics as did General Harrison, when he became President of the United States, but when he retires from office he becomes a barrister again. So long as there is a fee possible no American lawyer ever ceases to practise, and he is easily tempted from retirement. I remember visiting a friend in the South at one time, and an old darkie, who had been a slave on the plantation