

OSGOODE HALL AND TORONTO OF OLD.

the old worthies of the law in this Canada of ours, to recite their good deeds, to recount the incidents of their lives, to give form to their shadowy outlines and relate the thousand and one good things that have fallen from their lips. For, be it known to all, that if the English and Irish Bench have had their brilliant wits and profound lawyers so has the Bench of Upper Canada.

Some of them have gone to their long home. Alas! that too many of the polished pleasantries and razor-like sarcasms of a Draper have been lost for all time, whilst enough remain to make us the more regret those which have never passed into the traditions of Osgoode Hall. Even the memory of much that has fallen from the lips of ready wit of one of Ireland's many gifted and eloquent sons—one who still adorns our Bench—is rapidly fading away. Why were they not all spoken in a phonographic age, to be unwound for the benefit of those to come thereafter. This, by the by, reminds us of rather a good thing which happened to the learned judge we have "lastly hereinbefore referred to," which we trust he will pardon our publishing. Shortly before the last Parliamentary election, and previous also to an approaching Assize, he was speaking of the coming Circuit to one of the short-hand reporters who accompany the judges and do for them the work of ready writers, and asked the reporter in the innocence of his heart whom he "was going for this time." The man of the stenographic pencil, after looking over his shoulder, whispered cautiously: "I think, sir, I shall go for the Conservatives this time!" One can imagine the horror of the questioner at such an unexpected answer. It was rendered doubly terrible by his remembrance of the fact, that some quarter of a century before, he

had been allied with that party which the reporter was now apparently joining, the latter having, it is said, recently been on the staff of a leading newspaper in the other camp, as well a supporter of its policy. However, as this unwitting judicial canvasser has not yet been put in the pillory by that journal for thus "approaching" one of his officials, we trust he has been forgiven, and that a character, conspicuous for unsullied impartiality, may not be blasted by a story which, though not "too good to be true," is "too good to be lost."

We had intended when we took up our pen, to have done something towards bringing before our readers some of the many things worth noticing, from our stand-point in, Dr. Scadding's *Toronto of Old*. It will perhaps be best to tell them that they should save a little on their consumption of midnight oil, and prolong their lives by shortening the hours of that laborious study which (we presume) is dragging many of them to an early grave, and, by means of this saving, purchase a copy of the book before us, and read for themselves all and much more than could here be told them.

We do trust, however, that some one will soon take up the work that we have shortly alluded to. We trust, moreover, that the much easier task of procuring the portraits of Hon. William Osgoode, first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and others well known in and about the Lawyer's Hall, will be accomplished—a Hall which bears a name given at the suggestion of the greatest of Canada's sons, Sir John Beverley Robinson, who was also the generous donor of the six-acre field where now stands our Alma Mater. We shall take leave of it in the words of Plinius Secundus in
uses: