and reverence. He is also charged with the duty of cheering the drooping judicial spirits, after a few hours of court work have worn them out. Until recently, two clerks were well paid for standing between each judge and familiarity. These three officials formed the judge's constant body-guard, on circuit as well as at home. In the outer towns where education had not sufficiently deified the judges, the sheriff, with his cocked hat and sword, and his gorgeously attired officers, escorted his lordship from station to hotel, hotel to church or court, and back again, and wherever else duty or custom might call him. The opening of the court had to be preceded by attendance at church, and the commencement of business by the repetition of various proclamations, rushed over by men whose principal endeavour seemed to be to lower the record, both in minutes and inspirations. There were the ancient "O yez! O yez! O yez!": then the judge's commission was read, and afterwards, at some length, the heralds denounced vice and immorality— why these, instead of mice and mosquitoes, history alone can tell.

In the United States, the extremity of republican plainness has been in vogue. With the exception of the Supreme Court at Washington, the judges appeared on the bench as on the street—minus, of course, their hats. They have had no distinguishing dress.

But what momentous changes have taken place! A radical parliament in England has recently had the hardihood to curtail the train of each judge by one of the clerks, and to dispense with the reading of the proclamations as useless waste of time. It had been argued that English judges could be dignified apart from the trappings of office, but their first attempt was a dismal failure, and it at once became apparent how completely dependent they were, for their dignity, upon the extra clerk and the proclamations. Robbed bees could not have made more fuss, and nothing could have been more ridiculous than Mr. Justice Manisty's whine to the grand jury at Newcastle. We are indebted to