

dote is given. He was a mild mannered, timid man, a Tory, of course, and hated to sentence people to disagreeable sentences. "You are one of the worst men I ever tried," Cleasby would say, "and the sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned for one month!" There are some good things about Byles, whose book on "Bills" is so familiar to law students. He had a sorry nag which the profession called "Bills," so that they could say, "There goes Byles on "Bills;" but he and his clerk called the beast "Business," so that when he was riding, of which he was very fond, it could be said that he was "out on Business." This same wag was the cause of a very good joke which can be appreciated only by lawyers who know the seventeenth section of the statute of frauds. "Suppose," said Mr. Justice Byles to a counsel in a case, "that I were to agree to sell my horse, etc.," and he gave an illustration too apt for the counsel to get over, so the only resource he had was to say, maliciously, "Oh, my Lord, the section only applies to *things of the value of ten pounds!*" Once a prisoner was tried before him for theft, and medical testimony was given that the man was subject to kleptomania. "Yes," said the judge, "that is what I am sent here to cure." Mr. Justice Martin was an oddity who had a great disregard for all displays of learning, for obvious reasons. On one occasion in a real property case a very learned counsel referred to the laws of Howel Dha. "I don't believe there was such a person," said Baron Martin. The same dreadful baron was once found reading Shakespeare. "Why, Martin," said a brother judge, "I had no idea you were a student of Shakespeare." "Well," said the baron, "I never read him before, but I have been reading him for the last twenty minutes, and from what I have seen of him I think him a very overrated man." He was fond of cock fighting, and once a prisoner on being called for sentence said: "I hope your lordship will not be hard on me; and perhaps your lordship would accept a beautiful game cock I have at home." The judge gave him not a very severe sentence, and then said, "Mind, don't send me that game cock."

The sketch of Lord Hatherley is edged with

a certain amount of satire. "On Sundays," says the reporter, "he taught in a school, and every anniversary of his wedding day he wrote a sonnet to his wife. *With all this* he would not have been chancellor but for an accident. He was a man after Mr. Gladstone's heart, who could give a most tenderly conscientious aid to everything his party chief wished to accomplish." His father was the Alderman (afterwards mayor) Wood who was one of Queen Caroline's friends in the contest with the king, and who was mercilessly satirized by Theodore Hook in the "John Bull." Lord Cairns, who comes next, was also a religious and even theological judge. He ran his race in life under very disadvantageous conditions. His health was simply wretched and for many years he was simply "kept alive" by various medicaments. Nevertheless he was a Q.C. at thirty-seven, and solicitor-general at forty. He was never rich; and a relative had to endow his peerage for him. He cast a certain gloom about him. "Not to stay to prayers at Cairns' house after a reception was supposed to be fatal to the chances of the aspirant." Cairns was a great favorite with Disraeli, as Hatherley was with Gladstone. He made a greater number of appointments than most occupants of the woolsack; from 1874 to 1880 he appointed Archibald (a Nova Scotian, brother of Sir Adam Archibald), Field, Lindley, Huddleston, Manisty, Hawkins, Lopes, Fry, Stephen and Bowen. Of Jessel, who died only in 1883, at least one good story is told. He was of the Israelitish race and he dropped his *h's*. An old story arises out of this habit. When at the Bar he was cross-examining a French witness through an interpreter in a patent case, in regard to a certain chemical compound of a poisonous character. "If you eat it?" asked Jessel. "Si vous le mangez?" said the interpreter. "Mangez!" said the witness, lifting up his hands in horror, "Mais, ce n'est pas pour manger!" It was some time before Jessel could get on sufficiently intimate terms with the evasive letter to induce the interpreter to ask what would happen "si vous l'échauffez?" We have also an account here of Judah Benjamin, whose career certainly contains all the elements of a great and success-