

the throat of the recalcitrant jurymen. He does not make the law, he will tell you, he merely administers it. In the same way Bill Sykes does not make his jemmy and other burglarious implements, he merely administers them. This is the sort of oil he pours on his uneasy conscience when he has one. The jurymen disapproving of capital punishment objects to convicting a murderer. He is told he has nothing to do with the sentence, but only with the evidence; in other words, that the fact that the verdict he gives will have for its direct consequence a result he regards with abhorrence, is to count for nothing with him. Men who can willingly **pretend**—I say **pretend**, since it must be remembered we are dealing with men of ability and culture, capable of exposing many a subtler fallacy when it suits them—men who can **pretend** to accept such flimsy trash as cogent argument must surely be dead to all respect for honesty.

But the festering mass of hypocrisy of which benchdom consists is only too evident at every turn. There is, of course, the hypocrisy which is racy of the judicial oil, just as there is the hypocrisy which is racy of the clerical soil. To this belongs the professed deep reverence for the "law of England," when no one knows better than the benchman who has studied it, that well nigh one-half of English law is based on effete superstition, of which it presents in many cases the most grotesque instances—interesting and instructive from a historical point of view, doubtless, but not in themselves calculated to awaken feelings of reverence in the modern mind—and that the other half is founded on