

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LEGAL FACULTY.

II. PRECOCITY.

"The child is father of the man." Never was saying more succinct, more universal, more truthful. This great general, as a child, had a passion for soldiers; the tin soldier, the wooden soldier, both were his friends. To follow a red coat, was his amusement, to imitate one, his study, to be one his desire. Again, the embryo admiral, was a past-master at building rafts; was the envy of his playmates when he embarked on them; was the object of paternal affection when he returned to shore.

And so, in this faculty, how thoroughly this maxim is followed; how well it has been learned; how fully it is understood. To aspire to learning, is commendable; to be learned, is to be great; to look learned, is omnipotence. To this end, do all law students shave the upper lip; wear abnormal collars; plaster down their hair. To carry one book is common-place; to carry ponderous calf-bound tomes, is the privilege of the law student, and of him only. Again, an abstracted air, a lowered head, a downcast eye, all are small traits of this glorious faculty. A gesture or two is much to be desired—but at frequent, very frequent intervals; otherwise, people shun you, look at you questioningly, shake the head significantly, nay, even mournfully. The legal embryo loves argument; to use sage words—incomprehensible to him as to others—is his delight; to speak loudly, and so attract attention, is his aim.

In corners of the court-house you meet him, addressing visionary juries; saving a murderer from the scaffold; dumbfounding a full bench of judges. Again, you discover him in the chairs reserved for members of the bar; nodding sagely at the learned counsel's remarks; smiling audibly at the Bench's witticisms; hobnobbing jocularly with his patron.

On the street, with feverish step, careworn face, thoughtful brow, you encounter him. To carry bundles of papers, is his ambition; to carry

them conspicuously, is his care; but to carry fat records with big red seals, is his contentment. Everywhere and at all times does the precocity of the law student dazzle, astound, stagger the quiet citizen, the well-known character, the staid policeman. Truly "the child is father of the man;" and verily, the law student is the idol of his patron's heart.

To awake with smoke in your eyes; dust down your throat; ice water down your neck; to be told in stentorian tones by the cook, that the house is on fire, that your escape by the dumb waiter is impossible, that you are a dead man unless you throw yourself fifty feet into the street sooner than possible,—all this is unpleasant, is vexatious, is disturbing. But when to this is added, a whole household to care for, a few tons of bricks to dodge, a temperature below zero to counteract, and the contents of three fire hose to greet your arrival at the front door—then the affair is insipid. It lacks narrow escapes to be interesting; heroic rescues, to be inspiring; imminent dangers to be thrilling. Yet all of us congratulate Judge Doherty and his family on their safe escape from these insignificant nothings; and we all express our sympathy with them for the unfortunate mischance which deprives them of their own fireside at a season like the present, when everyone calls home the dearest spot on earth.

NIGHT TIDES.

Over the bar of eventide,
Over the bar where the breakers roar,
The flood tide sweeps with wind-tossed surge,
Bending away to the distant shore.

Gently the first wave sweeps the sands,
Murmuring soft o'er the winding lea
Its slumber song to the listening shore,
A slow and tremulous melody.

Strange the voice of the harbor bar;
Dull the sound of moon-white sleep;
Dreamy the rock-pines whisper low
Tales of the distant land of sleep.

—Yale Lit.