

demonstrate the painful incorrectness of this very sweeping declaration by quoting the names of Maine, Pollock, Maitland, Kent, Story, Greenleaf, Holmes, and some others, who have enriched the domain of pure literature both in England and America by their treatises upon the law, our reviewer answered, with the most sublime inconsequence, "but wasn't Maine something more than a mere lawyer?" As if, forsooth, all of the names above enumerated do not belong to men whose intellectual stature it is not possible to measure by any standards within the ken of the "mere lawyer."

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It is such an appalling event as the recent assassination of the Empress of Austria that gives us pause in lauding the great moral advancement of our time. Shakespeare's remark that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" has much greater force in these end-of-the-century days than in the period when it was uttered. What are we to do with Anarchism? It would seem that capital punishment is not the Hercules able to destroy this modern hydra. Its devotees revel in their "martyrdom" for the mistaken cause which they seek to further by such inhuman deeds. To do the rulers of mankind to death, and to die for such exploits, has become a religion with them. Capital punishment has no terrors for such madmen; on the contrary it but stimulates their appetite for assassination. Anarchism is a festering sore on the body of our civilization, which penologists may well exercise their skill in attempting to cure.

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Prompted thereto by the latest *fin de siècle* performance of a certain English judge, our office-boy has handed us the following as a suggested epitaph for this unrivalled jurist when Providence calls him to the court of last resort:—

Here lies a quondam Darling of the Bench,
Who judged a Frenchman bad in worser French.