

CORRESPONDENCE—FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

ment of which he had no notice (other than the registration), the land was still liable for the mortgage money in the hands of a person who purchased from the mortgagor, subsequent to such payment, and who assumed that the land was discharged, because he knew that the mortgagor had so paid the mortgage money. Mr. Barron makes no allusion to this case. Probably he did not see it.

While I take pleasure in according to Mr. Barron a just meed of praise for the work he has accomplished, I fear that an omission to refer to the latest authorities may be often misleading to young members of the profession. I doubt not that if a second edition of the work be necessary, it will receive a rigid and careful revision.

Yours, &c.
M. J. G.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The following is a list of Lords Chief Justices of the King's and Queen's Bench since 1756: Lord Mansfield, from 1756 to 1788, 32 years; Lord Kenyon, from 1788 to 1802, 14 years; Lord Ellenborough, from 1802 to 1818, 16 years; Lord Tenterden, from 1818 to 1832, 14 years; Lord Denman, from 1832 to 1850, 18 years; Lord Campbell, from 1850 to 1859, 9 years; and the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Cockburn, Bart., G.C.B., just deceased, from 1859 to 1880, 21 years.

LORD COLERIDGE, the new Lord Chief Justice of England, is the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, who was one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench from 1835 down to 1858. He was born in the year 1820, and was educated at Eton, whence he was elected, in 1838, to a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford. He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in Michaelmas Term, 1846, and went the Western Circuit. In 1855 he was appointed Recorder of Portsmouth, and 1861 obtained a silk gown, and was chosen a Bencher of the Middle Temple. In 1865 he was elected one of the members for the city of Exeter, and in the following year resigned his recordership. He was appointed Solicitor-General on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Administration in December, 1868, and succeeded Sir Robert Collier in the Attorney-Generalship in

1871. In November, 1873, he became Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in place of Lord Chief Justice Bovill.

Cross-examinant: "Have you ever been in a penitentiary?" Coloured witness: "Yes sah." "How often have you been in the penitentiary?" "Twice, sah." "Where?" "In Baltimore, sah." "How long were you there the first time?" "'Bout two hours, sah." "How long the second time?" "'Bout an hour, sah. I went dar to whitewash a cell for a lawyah who had robbed his client."

THE WRONG LEG.—The Portland ADVERTISER tells the following story:—There was an eminent sergeant-at-law some years ago who had a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic deception. None but his intimates knew for certain which was the real and which was the sham limb. A wild young wag of the "utter bar," who knew the sergeant pretty well, once thought to utilise this knowledge of the sergeant's secret to take in a green, newly-fledged young barrister. The sergeant was addressing a special jury at Westminster in his usual earnest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbour: "You see how hot old Buzfuz is over his case; now I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run this pin into his leg up to the head, and he'll never notice it, he's so absorbed in his case. He's a most extraordinary man in that way." This was more than the greenhorn could swallow so he took the bet. The wag took a large pin from his waistcoat, and leaning forward, drove it up to the head in the sergeant's leg. A yell that froze the blood of all who heard it, that made the hair of the jury stand on end, and caused the Judge's wig almost to fall off, ran through the court. "By Jove, it's the wrong leg, and I've lost my money," exclaimed the dismayed and conscience-stricken wag, quite regardless of the pain he had inflicted upon the learned sergeant.

AT THE recent meeting of the Social Science Congress in Edinburgh, ladies took an active part in the discussion which arose upon the law as affecting women's rights of property and over their children.

The griffin on the top of the Temple Bar memorial bears a shield on which is inscribed, in letters of gold, the legend "Domine, dirige nos." There are not wanting profane persons who say that cabmen, vandrivers and others passing that way, will require this and other prayers to prevent their running into one another.