

General, 'Campbell, you are the locofoco!' Sumner tells us that the *p* in Campbell's name was enunciated, and not omitted, as with us.

Of the judges we have some sharp portraiture. Lord Denman he deemed quite an ordinary lawyer, but 'honest as the stars,' and impartial. In person, every inch the judge, 'he sits the admired impersonation of the law;' tall and well-made, with a grave voice and manner; somewhat impatient at times, we infer. 'Bland, noble Denman! On the bench he is the perfect model of a judge,—full of dignity and decision and yet with mildness and suavity which cannot fail to charm. His high personal character and unbending morals have given an elevated tone to the bar, and make one forget the want, perhaps, of thorough learning. In conversation he is plain, unaffected and amiable.' He thought Brougham one of the greatest judges that ever sat on the woolsack. The wig he considered the silliest thing in England. He was trying to carry a bill through the Lords, allowing witnesses to affirm, in case of conscientious scruples, and asked Sumner what the American practice was, but said he could not venture to allude to it, for it would tell against his measure. We have changed all that, and now John Bull adopts our law reforms and eats our beef!

We have a graphic picture of Tindal, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the model of a patient man, who sits like Job, while the debate goes on; very quiet, bent over his desk, constantly taking notes; eyes large and rolling, stature rather short; manner singularly bland and gentle, deficient in decision; learning, patience, and fidelity of the highest order; one of the few judges who study their cases out of court; 'one of the kindest men that ever lived.' The author of 'The Bar' also gives us a glimpse of him:

"Tindal, beneath whose sleepy lurking eye  
A fertile mind Lavater would desery  
A treasury filled with intellectual store,  
From which, the more he takes, it grows the more,  
A thing unheard of in historic fame,  
Would the King's treasury always did the same!"

Then we have Park, the oldest judge on the bench, fifty-eight years in the profession, petulant, puritanical, a staunch Tory, who believed in wigs and hated Jack Campbell. He attributed Denman's dislike of wigs to his coxcombry, and desire to show off his person, and when a wig was invented to present the appearance

of powder, without its dirt, he resisted its introduction as an innovation on the Constitution, and refused to recognize his own son when he appeared in one. And then comes Vaughan, who was made a judge, it was said, by George IV., at the instigation of his favorite physician, Sir Henry Hallford, and hence was called a judge by prescription. With the smallest possible allowance of law for a judge, he abounded in native strength, sagacity, and freedom of language. He troubled himself very little out of court with his cases. Fond of sports, he showed Sumner four guns, and told him with great glee, how he persuaded Wilde not to make any motions on a certain day, got court adjourned at noon, went fifteen miles into the country, and before four o'clock shot four brace of pheasants, sitting on horseback, as from lameness he was unable to walk to any great extent. A great lover of Shakespeare, he would often interchange notes with Sumner about the great poet's works, while Follett or Wilde was making a long argument, the spectators of course supposing that it was all about the case under discussion. Seventy years of age, rheumatic and gouty, beside being lame; tall and stout; plain, hearty and cordial in his manners; on the bench, bland, dignified, yet familiar, exchanging a joke or pleasantry with the bar on all proper occasions; less eminent for book learning than for strong sense, knowledge of practice and of human nature. The author of "The Bar" thus depicts Vaughan at the bar:

"Griely and gruff, and coarse as Cambridge brawn,  
With lungs stentorian bawls gigantic Vaughan;  
In aspect fearless, and in language bold,  
'Awd by no shame—by no respect controlled,'  
Straight forward to the fact his efforts tend,  
Spurning a'1 decent bounds to gain his end.  
No surgeon he, with either power or will,  
To show the world his anatomic skill,  
Or subtle nice experiments to try—  
He views his subject with a butcher's eye,  
Nor waits its limbs and carcase to dissect,  
But tears the heart and entrails out direct."

In the Exchequer, we have Abinger, Parke, and Alderson described. The first was Scarlett, the greatest advocate of his time, yet never eloquent. Sumner calls him 'the great failure of Westminster Hall.' Too old to assume new habits when he reached the bench, he lacked the judicial capacity and was jealous of his associates. 'Brougham says that Scarlett was once speaking of Laplace's 'Mécanique Céleste' at Holland House as a very easy matter; Brougham told him he could not read it, and