

LADIES OF THE LONG ROBE.

Commend us especially to the learned editress. Having demonstrated the legal aptitude of her *sex*, the only question remaining is, Who will be the first to attain the highest judicial promotion? Shall it be Mrs. Baron Bradwell, Miss Justice Phoebe Couzins, or Lady Chancellor Clara Hopgood Nash? The ex-member for Derry, indeed, replying to Sir J. Coleridge, in the debate of the House of Commons last session on the Woman's Suffrage question, though admitting his consciousness that many a judge had been an old woman, submitted "that was no reason why every woman ought to be a judge." The St. Louis *Law News* does not see this. Since when Numa listened to sweet Egeria, has not the sex, "the favorite of the law," evinced its peculiar legal capacity? Juvenal describes the Roman ladies, in his time, as eager to refine upon

"The finest subtleties of law,
And raise litigious questions for a straw;
They meet in private, and prepare the bill,
Draw up the instructions with a lawyer's skill,
Suggest to Celsus where the merits lie,
And dictate points for statement or reply."

And doubtless, whatever the *quodlibet* propounded to your lady of the long robe—the English Inns of Court have just heard of her, and her inevitable incursion we, too, must anticipate—"the Gordian knot of it she will unloose, familiar as her garter." What if, ere yet, "the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears to steal her sweet and honey'd sentences," some natural diffidence beset the fair aspirant. in her first acquaintance with "the tedious forms, the solemn prate, the pert dispute, the dull debate" which, according to Sir William Blackstone, occupy the attention of "the drowsy bench, the babbling hall." "All orators are dumb when beauty pleads," says Shakespeare, and besides, the lady is only, like Curran, to imagine that she feels her little ones tugging at her gown, and, like the great orator, she will forthwith be enabled to add the attraction of her voice to the rhetoric of her glance. Then shall Miss gradually advance, bully your witnesses, and "sound her quillies shrilly." In the next day's paper, a critique of her performance will appear, nauseating as those of which the stage now enjoys a monopoly. We shall be told that the fine talents of Miss Augusta Coke entitle her to a high rank in her profession, that, in

consequence of a slight cold caught at a ball on the previous evening, her exquisite soprano voice was not as liquid as usual, during her powerful appeal in the case of *Smith v. Smith*, but that, later in the day, we were happy to observe that she had quite recovered, charmed the Barons of the Exchequer in *Jones v. The Lord Lieutenant*, and, according to her wont,

Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash.
Maturest counsel learned in the law.

Certes, your sweet girl Templars would protest against "sitting under" an effete old bachelor, *etat.* 87, as lecturer, who, if he thought to improve the occasion, would "woo in language of the Pleas and Bench." But verily, many a change the latter days will bring forth. And revolution, we need hardly add, will also take place in our law reports. No longer dry legal decisions like *Loughnan v. Barry*, our reports shall revile the *Case of Swans* (7 Rep.), where it is held that cygnets belong equally to the owner of the male and the owner of the female swan, "the reason therefor being founded on a "reason of nature; for the cock swan is "an emblem or representation of an affectionate and true husband to his wife, "above all other fowls; for the cock swan "holdeth himself to one female only, and, "for this cause, nature has conferred on "him a gift beyond all others; that is "to die so joyfully, that he sings sweetly "when he dies; upon which the poet "saith:—

"Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator, cygnus, funeris ipse sui, &c."

Of course the text-books of the future will come out on toned paper, with illustrations by Millais. And the leaders of the Irish Law Times will become quite anacreontic; while a dictum of Fitzgerald, B., will be cited along with a quotation from Tennyson, for, as the father of English jurisprudence saith, "It standeth well with the gravity of our lawyers to cite verses." We shall endeavour to secure the service of an epicene editress, and, under such auspices, our Christmas Number hereafter will, doubtless, by a little refreshing variety, prove the falsity of the proverb that "Lady Common-Law must lie alone."—*Irish Law Times*.