

the State was not far-fetched. Nor surely is it far-fetched to wonder why, the circumstances being thus, the Benchers of Osgoode Hall should retrograde rather than advance in the matter of education.

I had intended taking the question up, but found my friend, Mr. Gorham, had already done so in an essay, which will be found below, and which is written from the best possible standpoint—that of a Student.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

The law student, having paid his fees, enters on 'a profession whose general principles,' as Story says, 'enlighten and enlarge, but whose minutiae contract and distract the mind.' Some of us who, like Story, had 'dallied with the muses in the gardens of classic and English literature,' and learned

'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair,'

have shuddered at the cold and stiff embrace of the Common Law. Many of us, with Lord Brougham, may have felt it to be 'the cursedest of cursed professions,' and, like him and Story, vainly cast about us for some other venture in which to engage our time and talent. 'We have stepped across the threshold of manhood eager to realize the visionary future which imagination had painted in such enchanting colours. Pure in heart, rich in affection, and sanguine in fancy, we looked forward to life as to an Eldorado paved with the golden sands of romance. We have found on it prosaic dust.' How many of us have floundered wearily in the 'Slough of Despond,' as, with exertions renewed again and again, we have struggled through, and at last conquered the difficulties couched in what Sir Henry Spelman termed the 'barbarous jargon' of the law. It will not be inappropriate to recall the experience of Joseph Story, who, as he tells us, had

'no cheering encouragement to light up the dark and intricate paths of the law.' 'Beginning,' he says, 'my studies in this recluse and solitary manner, I confess that I deeply felt the truth of Spelman's remarks when he was sent to the Inns of Court for a similar purpose; my heart, like his, sunk within me, and I was tempted several times to give up the science from a firm belief that I could never master it.' Again he says, 'you may judge how I was surprised and startled on opening works where nothing was presented but dry and technical principles, the dark and mysterious elements of the feudal system, the subtle refinements and intricacies of the middleages of the Common Law, and the repulsive and almost unintelligible forms of processes and pleadings, for the most part wrapped up in black letter or in dusty folios. To me the task seemed Herculean. I should have quitted it in despair if I had known whither to turn my footsteps and to earn a support.' Of his introduction to Coke on Littleton, he writes:—'It was a very large folio with Hargrave and Butler's notes, which I was required to read also. . . . I took it up, and after trying it day after day, with very little success, I sat myself down and wept bitterly; my tears dropped upon the book and stained its pages.' Have not some of us fully or partially realized these feelings of bitter disappointment? What one of us can say he has mastered 'the subtle distinctions incident to landed property,' or fathomed the mysteries and intricacies of the practice of the law without feeling in his doubt and struggles that nature never intended him for the sphere of life to which he is attempting to mould his being? What one of us dare say he has been able to mount the difficulties obstructing his path without feeling the want of some one to level and render less rocky his road? Do not many of us, having gained an eminence, look back upon the boulders of