

man may still be seen in the forests, the partially developed gentleman may still be seen at the bar.

Bullying barristers usually confine their offensiveness to witnesses and opposing counsel; some, however, of less perfect development cannot restrain their virulence even when combatting the bench, and their education is the less rapid that with some judges insolence oftentimes is plainly seen to bear down mental opposition. The bully revels in a row; noise and ill-nature are repulsive to a judge of gentlemanly breeding; and thus the bully sometimes has his way that the judge may have his peace. Peace obtained by submission, however, is short-lived. A nation or a judge may only have peace at the expense of such appearance of power as ensures respect. Apparent imbecility provokes imposition. Let a judge be wrong every time but every time let him be decided and strong—his self-possession will give him an opportunity to be right, and he is a dullard indeed if, once feeling free to think, he does not soon learn sufficient law to keep him free from gross mistakes.

In Ontario at present there is at the bar a curious mixture of ability and abuse. A man whose intellect is of the finest order but who would infinitely prefer championing his client in the old wager of battle than in orderly debate. He has some success. One judge in particular—one who was never known to say an unkind word—at the first sneering sentence throws up his helpless hands and wonders how it comes that Mr. ——— can always be right. The judge acts as though he said—

“Vociferated logic kills me quite,—
 A noisy man is always in the right;
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly—‘To be sure—no doubt!’”

Juries being more “ready for a row,” sometimes find themselves antagonizing a bullying counsel and deciding