

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

ranks of professional jurymen. He was an old liner, patient and steady as a clock, determined in opinion, ever ready to assume the cares and responsibilities of the occupation he had marked out for himself in this life. Men are prone to falter and lie out of it if they can, pleading business, measles in the family, much information and prejudice in the case. But he never shirked. When duty called, he was always there, and came as pure and unbiased as a dove. I doubt that we shall ever look upon his like again. Others may emulate his example, and by great experience, devotion to duty and thorough development of talent, rise high in the profession, but who shall take the place of him whose loss we mourn? I knew him long and well. We were friends. Much of my success in life and in pleading at this bar I owe to him. He never forsook a friend in the jury room. When I turn my eyes to that vacant and well worn chair at the end of the front row, I can almost see him as of yore, so calm, so composed, so like a Judge upon the bench. Towards the last, in the infirmities of years, he may have slept much at his post, yet so vast was his experience and intimacy with the requirements of his office, that he discharged his duties without embarrassment, and in a manner to satisfy his own conscience and one side of the contending factions. What more could mortal jurymen do? He was not, you may say, a popular man with his colleagues. He had enemies, as every man of decided opinions has. Some one envious of his success. He was, moreover, a stickler. The bent of his mind was toward disagreement. He held his comrades with a steady hand and either brought them round, or there was a dead lock. He was a leader of juries, or he went alone. Hence he incurred disfavour. More than once was his life imperilled in the jury room, but he calmly looked death in the face and hung on to the last. When, on one occasion, a mob of eleven strong men attacked him, and hauled him up to the ceiling several times to persuade him to submit, his unconquerable spirit did not flinch. And then on another occasion, when a similar mob kicked and gagged him, and

kept him without food and drink for five long days he was still for the disagreement and triumphed at last. There, if it please the Court, was the virtue of the old school. And all he asked was his per diem.

You take a jury that has sat through a long case of, say, two or three weeks, and that goes out to deliberate as constipated in bowels and ill-tempered in spirit as a sedentary hen; you lock that jury up in a cold and cheerless room, and let the Judge swear in his charge that they shall not get out or have a bite to eat or drink, or a change of socks until they bring in a verdict, and you may wager strong that they will agree, somehow, inside of a week. But when the deceased was among us this was not a safe investment. He was wonderfully constructed, physically and mentally, for protracted hanging. In a cow case, involving \$40, he held the jury nine days. One died of privation, and the other ten, emaciated and half insane, had to be carried into the court-room. This, he frequently remarked, was the proudest effort of his life. Disagreement was the characteristic of his existence—in the Squire's office, during a long career as a Coroner's juror, and then for half a century, in the higher walks of justice. He was born to be a jurymen; it was his sole aim on earth."

Then the Judge ordered the resolution to be smeared upon the records, and the chair of the departed properly draped.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

THE author of "The Bar" thus depicts Vaughan at the bar:

"Grisly and gruff, and coarse as Cambridge brawn,  
With lungs stentorian bawls gigantic Vaughan;  
In aspect fearless, and in language bold,  
'Awed by no shame—by no respect controlled,'  
Straight forward to the fact his efforts tend,  
Spurning all 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."

Vaughan was made a judge, it was said, by George IV., at the instigation of his favourite physician, Sir Henry Hallford, and hence was called a judge by prescription.