
Flotsam and Jetsam.

A BOOK, which was a compilation of various tariffs of fees, was recently sent to a bookbinder to be bound. It came back labelled "Manual on Tariffs" !

WE would submit a short Act for the consideration of our legislative Solons as furnishing a proper remedy for occasional outrages upon justice, viz.: "In case any newspaper or periodical shall publish, of or concerning any person under accusation for any crime, any statement which shall prejudice, or be likely to prejudice, the fair trial of such person, the publisher of such newspaper or periodical shall be liable to a penalty of \$500, to be recovered by the accused person on a summary application to the court in which the trial of such person is pending, or at which the same is to take place, and in default of payment the publisher shall be committed to gaol for six months, with or without hard labour, as the court may order."

SIR JAMES BACON.—The death of Sir James Bacon, at the age of ninety-eight, has deprived the profession of the hope that he would become a centenarian. His career was probably unique. He was fifteen years old when the office of Vice-Chancellor of England was created, and when he retired from the Bench nine years ago he was the last occupant of the office. He held the extinct post of Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and, being afterwards Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, he administered two different Bankruptcy Acts. He was appointed a judge when he had reached what is considered the allotted span of life, and remained on the Bench until he was eighty-eight years of age. He was the oldest Privy Councillor in the country. His judgments, though not unfrequently reversed on appeal, were delivered with a conciseness and vigour that is somewhat rare in the courts, and will bear reading for their literary merits alone. They are adorned by many a literary allusion and phrase, which shows that he was a scholar as well as a lawyer.—*Law Journal*.

A STORY reaches us of a certain judge of an inferior court in Canada who owes his elevation to the Bench more to his ability as a political wire-puller than to his professional standing, and whose acquaintance with the grammar of his native tongue is most casual. He had some reputation at *nisi prius* as a fairly skilful examiner of witnesses who would submit to being bullied and brow-beaten, but one day he became a cropper by reason of his illiteracy. The subject of dispute was the boundary of a certain piece of land, and an old land surveyor was under cross-examination by the judge mentioned, who was then counsel for the defendants. The most serious obstacle defendants had to surmount to prove their title was an old mound of stones which plaintiff alleged had long marked their boundary. Fixing one eye on the jury and the other on the shrinking witness, the learned counsel shouted in awful tones :