

great special jury of the House of Commons listen to him at the least, and applaud him too, is sure to be listened to with respect in Lincoln's Inn, and at the bar of the House of Lords. In the full play of his forensic and parliamentary powers Sir Hugh Cairns leaves the scene compelled, it is said, by considerations of health. Mr. Rolt, considerably the senior of Sir Hugh Cairns, and not a whit the inferior of any man as an equity lawyer, appears in the long vacation as Attorney-General. It may be open to question whether our courts will now compare with what they once were, for we have had some few disappointments in recent elevations. There are, however, still some great lawyers at the bar for whose elevation we may confidently look, and some great advocates who, if the occasion were to arise, would shed a lustre upon the annals of the bar. We hope that Mr. Rolt will signalise his advent to office by salutary law reforms, than whom no man is better able than he to introduce. The improvement we most of all require is the reduction of the fees which go so largely to increase costs—the most terrible of all the incidents in litigation, except “the law’s delay.” A great reformer would sweep the fees away which now hamper our system, and so really bring justice to every man’s door.

#### A BOOK ABOUT LAWYERS.\*

*(From the American Law Review.)*

This is verily the gossip of the bar. Lawyers pass their lives in discussing the affairs of others: here their own are minuted. The legal profession entails upon its members an intimate knowledge of the virtues, the vices, the foibles, the weaknesses, the habits, at home and abroad, of the rest of the world. They are even called on to become familiar with the little peculiarities and eccentricities of laymen, who come to them for advice, and entrust to them their family secrets, who, unlocking their closets, invite an inspection of the skeletons within. Now, the profession, of course, has no skeletons, for it is forced to see so many belonging to others, that it finds bet-

ter things to lock up, whether in its closets at home, or safes at the office; but it has its history, little as well as great, with a strong and a weak side; and little, odd nooks and corners and by-ways, alleys and back doors, as well as the great, broad stone front of solid grandeur and respectability, which it presents to an admiring public. Mr. Jeaffreson has chosen to make these smaller matters the subject of his book. Enough to say, he has treated this subject quite cleverly, and has managed to fill two volumes, of nearly four hundred pages each, with entertaining and amusing talk about English lawyers. They are presented in almost every conceivable circumstance, from the cradle to the grave. “Lawyers in Arms” is the title of one of his chapters; and such is the comprehensiveness of the work, that one is rather surprised to find that it is the arms of Mars, and not those of Lucina, that are referred to. Lawyers at the bar and on the bench, on foot and in the saddle, at home and abroad, at their tables, in their chambers, in the House of Commons; lawyers in love, lawyers on the stage, married lawyers, hen-pecked lawyers; lawyers pleading, singing, fighting, jesting, dying. We are even told what they wore, what they ate and drank, when they rose, and when they went to bed. A curious entertainment this. The muse is not great and high and inspiring. There are no battles, and statesmanship, and things of nations; less of the heroic, perhaps, because the sight is from a valet de chambre’s stand point. Those erect and dignified old gentlemen, whom we see in the old prints, with the fine black eyes and full-bottomed wigs, have removed these tedious coverings with their flowing robes. My Lord High Chancellor Eldon, becomes “handsome Jack Scott,” and elopes with pretty Miss Bessy Surtees, of Newcastle. Lord Thurlow is no longer the savage old peer, with overhanging white eyebrows, giving from the woolsack that justly celebrated reproof to the Duke of Grafton, which American schoolboys delight to declaim; but “lazy, keen-eyed, loquacious Ned Thurlow,” perplexed where to find a horse on which to ride his first circuit, taking the animal on trial, riding him the circuit, and returning him on its completion, “be-

\*By John Cordy Jeaffreson, Barrister-at-law. In two volumes. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1867.