

An enterprising contemporary hailing from the United States is on the eve of a new departure. The wise man these days is never surprised at anything. Peace of mind is only possible by a mental attitude of resigned acceptance of what the demon of change may inaugurate. If we have bicycles, roller boats, departmental stores, trolley cars and other electric appliances approaching the prophecy of Bulwer Lytton's "Vril" man, why should not a legal journal publish a legal romance. The name chosen by the author is after all comparatively tame, at least it is hardly up to, though it smacks of, the dime novel resplendent in many colours beloved as well by the bowery girl as by the cow boy of the wild and woolly West. It is simply "A Living Dead Man, or the strange case of Moses Scott, an accurate and truthful narration of the complications caused by a litigant's return from the Lethean Shore." Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" pales before it, and the upturned nose of Tittlebat Titmouse will be out of joint, and his carrotty hair forever remain green with jealousy.

THE PRISONER AS A WITNESS.

In dealing with the question of calling the accused as a witness on his own behalf in a criminal prosecution, the only practical arguments available are those based on experience. In this branch of legal work, precepts and wise theories are of no value. So much depends on the nature of the offence charged, the quality of the evidence for the Crown, the character, appearance, and temperament of the person prosecuted, and the impression on the jury at the close of the Crown's case, that it is almost impossible and certainly unsafe to lay down a rule to be adopted in all cases as the wisest thing for counsel to do. A general rule with its proverbial exceptions is the extent prudence permits one to go, and that rule is, *never put the accused in the box*. At times it may be safe and absolutely necessary to allow the prisoner to give evidence on his own behalf, but these are the very rare