

evident proof of it than the report circulated some time ago and really believed, that Mr. Justice Hawkins, one of the most brilliant of that circle of advocates which included Coleridge, Sergeant Ballantine, Serjeant Parry, Holker and Huddleston, and who was perhaps the most noted cross-examiner of them all before he had given the *coup de grace* to Arthur Orton masquerading as Sir Roger Doughty Tichborne, was, after fifteen years of service at the bench, to descend into the arena once more and win fresh laurels ere he went into retirement. This, to be sure, would hardly have been supposed of any judge other than the unconventional 'Arry 'Awkins, whose *diablerie* is the delight of the bar; nor would it of him, perhaps, but for the fact that what the latest Savoy comic opera terms the 'Propriety, prism and prunes' element has of recent years become much less observable and much less insisted upon. The judges themselves are getting a little ashamed of the gorgeous array which, no doubt suitable enough in the days of gold-laced coats, knee breeches, silk stockings and perukes, now seems antiquated and somewhat ridiculous. Such trappings somehow do not suit the modern physiognomy. When etiquette allows, the judges prefer to don the plain black silk gown, and they no doubt feel, as they certainly look, more comfortable and more like other human beings, their contemporaries. The ceremonial of the assizes, the trumpeting and processions, the banquetings, the state visit to the cathedral services, the assize sermons and the rest, have lost their former gravity and significance, and have now too much of the theatrical and unreal for serious business men who only desire to do the work of the country without making a fuss and keeping up a show of state as the Sovereign's representatives, which the Sovereign herself has taught us to forget. One of the stories told of Mr. Justice Hawkins lately is that on a recent occasion he arrived at an assize town dressed in a suit of light tweeds, himself at one end of a string and his well-known fox terrier at the other. Waiting to receive him was a deputation of civic authorities in the cocked hats and gold chains which delight such dignitaries. The light tweeds were hardly in keeping with this ornateness; but worse than all was the behavior of the terrier who, with truly canine disregard of the proprieties, occupied the anxious attention of the judge, his master, with certain observances which he could not be persuaded by any means to forego."