

W. T. Magruder
S P E E C H

Criticisms on ^{OF} *Prentiss*
HENRY HUGHES,

ON OUR

Administration of Justice,

OR THE

New Bar and New Court,

DELIVERED AT THE

OAKLAND COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT,

MAY 3, 1860,

ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE

ADELPHIC INSTITUTE'S DIPLOMA.

PORT GIBSON, MISSISSIPPI:
SOUTHERN REVELLE BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

OAKLAND COLLEGE, May 12, 1860.

MR. HUGHES :—

Dear Sir,—The merits of your Address, delivered in behalf of the Adelpic Institute, at our Annual Commencement, have elicited from the members and friends generally, a desire to peruse its pages. We therefore, in behalf of the Society we represent, desire a copy for publication. Hoping you will grant a speedy compliance with our wishes,

We remain respectfully yours.

B. H. MOREHEAD,
Jos. B. McCORMICK, } *Committee.*
W. M. SMITH,

PORT GIBSON, May 17, 1860.

MESSRS. B. H. MOREHEAD, JOS. B. McCORMICK and W. M. SMITH, Committee of the Adelpic Institute :

Gentlemen :—In the hearty hope to help a good work, the Address is submitted to your wishes. When important public measures are advocated rhetoric may be spoken, but reasoning must be printed, so that errors may be detected, and truth may be protected.

Trusting that all of us will do much good work for the people.

I have the honor to be, your Friend and Brother,

HENRY HUGHES.

OUR ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE :

OR THE

NEW BAR AND NEW COURT HOUSE.

Gallantry is next to godliness, because a beautiful woman is next to God. A worshiper of both, a knight without a shield and a Christian without a cross, let my inspiration subtly stream, from the Great Artizan and Artist, the World-maker, and Woman-maker; and let this Eden of Eves, where one scarce sees the faces for the flowers or the flowers for the faces, be another inspiration. The Christian's muse is his lady-love, and I doubt not that each fair one here has kneeling at her shrine, vowing at her fane, and offering heart and hand, some young poet, artist, or orator aspiring to the worth which wins the wedding. Let me then, enthused by Him above and those around, the Father and the Daughters, in high and hearty glee, strongly and gallantly, speak to this talented boy. Let me speak as if speech were sacred and all the angels were listening. Let me cast my bread upon the waters, though not a crumb returns.

There are other sacraments than those of the Church. Such a one is this. My young friend in sweet and proud solemnity now takes from my hand the emblems of his honor and from my lips, the words of his counsel. How shall I exhort; how shall I charge; what shall I advise him? How shall I dedicate him to the people's good? How shall I make him a devotee, and his whole life, a gay and good devotion.

How shall I so speak that when his spirit has gone to the Great Spirit, from whom all spirits come; when like a shooting star, his spark of life flees back to Him who

rains such fire, and sparkles lives, like a shower of stars; when his tombstone is a finger-post to heaven; when his honest dust has made the common clods, holy ground; when clothed in black and hand in hand, the rose upon their cheeks but the cypress in their souls, a widow and wee band of orphans at his green and flowering grave, drop on the blooms the big bright tears, and the roses of the tomb, by a strange rich red drawn from the cold still veins beneath, show their blood and claim kindred with the lone children of the dead: how shall I so speak that good people passing where he sweetly sleeps, shall sigh and say:—"here lies a useful citizen; he lived to a good purpose; his best monument is not above him but behind him, and not built for him but built by him."

What then ought to be the good purpose for which this young citizen scholar shall live? What better monument ought he in his life to build, so that after his death he shall be duly remembered. I might give him general advice; that is customary; I might charge him to be moral and pious. But he has already been taught that. He has been taught to be humane, just, truthful, pure, orderly, and worshipful; he has been taught to climb that sublime scale whose lower rounds are near the ground, the blossoms and the bees, but whose upper rounds are far beyond the skies, the pilot angels, and their looming orbs; whose starting-place is the bosom of the mother when first she slips between his gums the nipple and the cream, and whose landing-place is the pavilion and the throne, the bosom of his Father and his God.

While there ought, from me, to be no general charge touching moral or religious concerns, what then ought, in State affairs, to be this young scholar patriot's special life aim? He may perhaps have none; he may mind only his private business; he may let alone public affairs; he may in politics, trust the management of others, and let the State take its course. That, however, would be wrong. For, since politics after all, is nothing more than the art of patriotism, every patriot must be a politician. We have no choice; our duties to the State are as sacred as our duties to the family, and the commonwealth must be the common care. In point of fact, there are no private citizens; that in a republic is absurd. For citizenship really is an office. It has powers, rights, duties and responsibilities which cannot be ignored. Our officers therefore must officiate; they must sway their powers, do their

duties, claim their rights, claim without compromise, the last tittle of their rights, and bravely bear every responsibility. This is CITIZENISM; it is officiating in the office of a citizen. In this majestic and momentous, but most misunderstood office, there is now less malfeasance than non-feasance, less ill action than inaction. That our citizens do not CITIZENIZE, is the evil of our State. Indeed most of our citizens are subjects, because they listlessly let others rule, and so that the tax is light, heed not what the law may be. This is recreant and detestable. It has in it the seeds of treason; for I again declare that our duties to the State are as sacred as our duties to the family. The Lord loves a good citizen. Yet how few there are! Our best, the wise, the bold, the wealthy, the moral and pious, will not "meddle with politics." In this there is an appalling mistake, a most fatal folly, a tremendous sin, a dastard and execrable laziness waste and cowardice. In this is the failure of our commonwealths, and in this our wise are silly, our bold are cowardly, our industrious are idle, and our wealthy are wasteful. They must better all that. For if they do not meddle with politics, then politics will meddle with them. The public business is our private business, and we must either rule or ruin, either sway or suffer, either be sovereign or subject. Let us then citizenize; let us without flinch or fail, meddle with politics; let us be politicians to be patriots, for by politics is our progress, by politics comes Paradise.

If being a citizen, our young friend then cannot shun a citizen's duty, what special public good shall he do? This aim ought in the red morn of manhood to be duly fixed, so that his whole course shall be rising, swift and splendid, a career with a culmination, the sunset at the zenith. We therefore must fix our young citizen's public aim, because fixed aims make fixed effects, and without aims, without excellence. But if his life is devoted to a good purpose, he will after death be fondly remembered. His burial place will be a holy place; his grave a shrine; his epitaph a sacred book; and his monument, a pillar of fire, standing as a rock to shelter, and shining as a flame to guide. Such will be his happy fate. For our death monument is but the emblem of our life monument. It, is the good work which in our life we have done, and by which after our death, we are remembered. Thus the life monument of Jefferson was a Great University. Virginia is his grave, and the University is his headstone. By it is he remem-

bered, honored and beloved. By it is he still working good works. The mighty machinist is far away but his munificent machine still moulds and brightens minds. What honor; what power! For sooner or later the College builders like the Church builders, are the State builders. So too the monument of Columbus was a hemisphere, and his sepulchre ought to be the world's centre, his mound a half globe. The monument of DeSoto was the greatest guttur of the globe, the Mississippi, bountiful, interminable, eternal. So too the monument of Clinton was a canal, of Fulton, a steamer; and of Morse, a telegraph. Thus every one builds his own monument, and thus each truth discovered, each principle presented, each invention devised, each classification developed, each institution organized, each trade opened, each product utilized, each public improvement begun, continued, or completed, each beauty created, each public wrong remedied, in short each progress in the State, is and ought to be monumental. The discoverers, the analysts, the generalizers, the inventors, the organizers, the path-finders, the trade-openers, the utilizers, the beautifiers, the improvers the rectifiers, these are the benefactors, the servants of God and the masters of men, the memorable, the monumental. When hereafter a citizen of wisdom, skill, wealth or learning, shall be buried, let all brave people standing by his pall, ask what public good he has done. If he has done little, let his corpse be spit upon, but if he has done much, let his corpse be wept upon. If he has with public spirit, the true love of the people, helped to start a school, a church, road, bridge or levee; if he has even planted an oak to shade the people traveling, let pansies, pinks and gaudy daffodils be strewed upon his bier: but if his vile and selfish life has been merely private and of no public good, let a snake be tied around his neck, a toad be set between his jaws, and hungry worms be sprinkled on his shroud. To say of the dead nothing but good, is ancient and wrong; to say of the dead nothing but truth should be modern and right. For whether of skill, or will, or wit, or wealth, power is of God and for God. The powerful, therefore, must be godly, and the people's good, the public good is godliness. If then the young citizen can find in State affairs a special wrong, his life's special purpose must be to remedy this wrong. This principle ought to be general so that in public affairs, special wrongs will have special rectifiers, and every learned, talented and powerful patriot

will be a devotee to the common weal. So shall the State be most mighty, the people prosperous, and the statesmen so illustrious, that on their brows the laurels shall hide the streaming locks.

What special wrong in public affairs, then, shall this citizen scholar remedy? Now the State's chief end is Justice. Its administration with us, is by several different Courts. These are the Criminal, the Civil, and the Chancery Courts sitting twice a year, and the Probate Court sitting once a month. In connexion with these is a bar whose general aim now, is not the investigation of justice, but the vindication of clients. In our administration of justice, the two great facts are then, a Diversity of Courts and a Vindicating Bar. But with these facts, what is the working of our judicial system? It is not a failure; that is true; but the system is so near a failure as to alarm the timid, sadden the hopeful, and disgust the orderly. What indeed are the special effects, what, the working of the system?

We all know that justice delayed is justice denied. But in our Chancery Courts the delays are proverbial. In fact, delay is the rule and despatch, the exception. Thus equity works iniquity, and the beginning of suits is the beginning of sorrow. Courts ought to be a blessing, but the Chancery Court is a curse. Who can deny it? Property in chancery is property in ruin. All elder citizens know what is the Court rot. If, for instance, an old planter riding through a farm, sees that the fields are sprouting, not with peas and oats, or cotton and corn, but with poke or burdock, fennel and briers, the weeds of shame, the cions of contempt and not our cargo crops, our table and wardrobe crops, the freight of keels upon a million bounding billows, the staple of marts in a thousand roaring cities and the revenue of kingdoms in a hundred groaning Capitals; if the fences should be down and the rails helter-skelter, or the hedges grown into patches as broad as they are long; if the mansion should be shut, lone, still and drear, a plank nailed across the door, and the window-shutters swinging in the wind; if a wild hen should scratch gravel on the front walk and a grim raven croak upon the front gate; if on the neighboring ridge, and scarce seen through the wood between, the negro cabins should be some in a pile upon the ground, some with a few shingles on the roof and a few boards on the joists; some a heap of ashes and half burnt sills, and the last of the row, a fold

for stray snuffling sheep, if such should be the dreary view the old planter as he sadly and angrily looks around, will sigh and frown and then say to himself, "This farm has the Court rot; this property is in Chancery;" then cluck his mare into a canter and hurry from the spot to draw freer breath and gaze on fairer fields.

But while the Court rot is on our property, the Court curse is on our families. The court calamity in this indeed, is most calamitous. We can well believe that a ruined fortune is not always a misfortune; because, wit and will, pluck and push may soon regain what vice and folly have lost. But a ruined family is indeed a calamity. And who with his property tied up and hanging year after year in Chancery, can despair enough to be industrious or hope enough to be happy? Or what wife or child can enjoy a life perplexed with a lifelong lawsuit indefinitely postponed? And yet who has not known whole families living in chancery, toiling in chancery, moiling in chancery, mourning in chancery, and dying in chancery; daughters born in chancery, bred in chancery, married in chancery, starved in chancery, and buried in chancery; sons budding and happy in chancery; green and hopeful in chancery; ripe and cheerless in chancery; mellow and moody in chancery; rotten, wretched, desperate, debauched, frenzied, fallen and lost in chancery. There are indeed, cases where the grand-children are still in chancery, and a vague and vile chance that the great grand-children, may still groan under the chancery damnation. Whose fault is this? It is yours and mine. We cannot plead that it is not our business. That plea is a lie, a sordid, execrable, dastardly lie. The public business is our private business; this is the very essence of citizenship. It may be that in righting public wrongs, we can do but little, but until this little right is done and well done, no little wrong is done and ill done. For, we had better be husbands and not do a husband's duty than be citizens and not do a citizen's duty.

That we have made some progress is true. We have not as we ought to have done, abolished our Chancery Courts, but we have made our Circuit Judges, Chancellors. This was but half of a good work. Total abolition of the Chancery Court is the only true progress. Until that is done, justice is undone, and without justice, what is the State? It is but a church without religion, or a home without happiness.

Our so-called Law-Courts in point of despatch, cannot

much boast over the Chancery. In those tribunals, suits on an average are judged and executed in about five years. Our Probate Courts however, sit once a month. Business in them, therefore, is happily speeded, otherwise, the widow had better get into a funeral fire upon her husband's grave, than get into a Court upon her husband's estate. But while the Probate Courts do, the Criminal Courts do not speed business. Our execution of criminal justice tarnishes the State's fame. We are in some peaceful places, believed to be almost a kingdom of blood, a commonwealth of murderers. It is as if our sceptre were a bludgeon and on its bark, shreds of skin and hair; our flag, a dabbled, red and splotchy shroud tainted with a sickening stench; and our coat of arms, a dagger socketed in a falling breast, but the yell not heard, and but dimly traced the rolling eyes and the mouth which would have shrieked but spouted gore. In fact, who can pick up a newspaper and not read in its columns, some ill item of murder, manslaughter, arson, burglary, larceny or malicious mischief; some row on the public street in which an innocent third party was accidentally shot, or some rencontre on a private path where a useful citizen's life was lost, and unarrested and unhang-ed, a miscreant made his escape, or afterwards courted a trial because certain of impunity. And yet how few criminals are punished? Scarce one in twenty!

If then in criminal justice, our judicial system fails, what is the cause of the failure? Who is blamable? If any are, it cannot be denied that a part of the blame is on the lawyers. I understand, and I hope that it is a misunderstanding, but I understand that as a rule our talented Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, adopt Lord Brougham's theory of the bar. Of such theories, there can in the nature of the case, be but two. Of one, the influence upon the community is disastrous, but of the other, delightful. One is the theory of Vindication, and the other is the Theory of Investigation. According to Brougham, the lawyer's duty is to vindicate his client whether that vindication be just or unjust. According to the true theory, the lawyer's duty is to investigate justice, whether that investigation does or does not vindicate the client. The spirit and reason of the true theory are that courts are organized to administer justice, that lawyers are sworn officers of the Court, and that therefore their inexorable duty is in all matters to promote justice. Hence the lawyers ought to be not vindicators but investigators.

Sir the Justice Milner

We have an honorable, talented and learned bar. They once were the governing class. But since propagandism has become policy, the propagandists have become the politicians. These are the editors. They now are our governing class; they are the chief power in politics or public affairs: the press has acceded and the bar has receded. Still however the bar for good or ill is powerful, and they if lore, genius and courtesy, ought to be influential, merit their tremendous influence. And because I know that righteous lawyers will do what is right, I advocate before them the true theory of the profession. Thus my argument for the New Bar argues the nobility of the Old Bar. That I criticize is proof that I admire; and that I show the bar's blame is to enhance the bar's fame. How then is the bar blamable?

To clear a felon seems to be the pride and zeal of some talented lawyers. They forget that they are sworn officers of the Court, and that therefore their duty is not to vindicate a client but to promote justice. They forget that an advocate acquitting a felon is to the felony an accessory after the fact. What shame! Such a lawyer is nothing but an eloquent malefactor aiding and abetting malefactors, and is therefore misplaced; he stands on one side of the bar but ought to stand on the other: he stands outside of the prisoner's box to defend but ought to stand inside and be defended; and when he sits, there is private silver in his hands but there ought to be public iron locked around his ancles. How long shall this last? How long shall a wise and pious people quietly and coolly let miscreants be vindicated, let assassins be unhanged, burglars unimprisoned, thieves unwhipped; and rowdies, unbranded? Before Him who painted upon the first murderer's marble brow, a mark and mandate against murder, more dread and damning than the statute rocks of Sinai; before Him who was Incarnate Order, Him who followed the law although it led to the Cross; Him who forgave, the thief's soul its sins, but let the thief's body bear theft's wo; Him whose crucifixion's moral is that justice must be done although the heavens fall, and the law must be obeyed, although God's Son be slain; I solemnly declare that if the people's peace ought to be kept in love, and the people's majesty held in awe; if crimes ought to be prevented, if miscreants ought to be amended disabled and warned, if justice indeed be sacred and only next to love; then the lawyer who knowingly keeps from punishment a

miscreant is himself a miscreant; the lawless scoundrel's defender is the people's offender; the champion of guilt is a guilty champion, the enemy of the people, the insulter of their majesty, the traitor to their peace.

Nor is this all. The bar while swift to defend, is slow to prosecute. It is too eager to vindicate transgressors, and too averse to vindicate the people. This spirit is wrong and the wrong is grievous. Why should there be a dislike to prosecute a criminal? Is it because the State is strong and the accused is weak? That is a mistake. Every Court proves that as now organized, the State is so weak that even the weakest criminal, the sheepstealer, pickpocket and vile vagabond are too strong for the State. But is the aversion to prosecute, from a desire to prevent the punishment of the guiltless? Then let none but such as are sincerely and impartially believed innocent be defended? Let that be the rule. And let there be no over defending. If the advocate in his conscience believe that his client's bloody hands were guilty of murder, let not the advocate stand up before the people and deliberately plead that murder was merely manslaughter. Let the advocate judge for himself, and as in all relations, act according to his judgment. Let his aim and rule be not to vindicate clients but to investigate justice. Under this rule and with this aim, what a noble calling is the bar. Then they are the conservators of the peace, the terror of miscreants, the friends of the people, great officers of the Court, the enlightened and majestic investigators of justice. Let therefore the advocate's aim be justice; let his sole aim be justice; let his entire aim be justice; let his unqualified, unrelenting, inalienable and inexorable aim be justice, only justice, and nothing but justice.

So far as I can understand, the aversion to prosecute criminals, is due to the influence and example of the gifted, generous and lamented Prentiss. Let his death ever be mourned with a sigh; let his life ever be honored with a smile. Prentiss was a citizen whose brain filled all his head, and whose heart filled all his bosom. But witty, wise, learned as he was, he had more heart than head. I mean to say that his grand desires were grander than his grand talents. Such was his nature. His abilities did not equal his susceptibilities: what he could think did not have in it so much genius as what he could feel; his soul was more seraphic than cherubic; he therefore had the geniality of genius but not the heroism. For after all,

By Henry Hughes, Esq. of P. S. L. L. L.
as bright as Prentiss - a patriotic

what is a hero? What is a hero but a worker of extraordinary good work: the greatest and best citizen. But Prentiss was not a hero. He was not monumental, not historic. So far as he worked for the people's good, the world when he was lowered into his grave was as miserable as the world when he was lifted into his cradle. He thus did nothing of which history can take note. He did not render with his precepts less the sum of human wretchedness. He developed no new truth, no new principle, no new invention, no new institution, no new enterprise, no new improvement; he rectified no public wrong; he made no change in State affairs. The reason is, he was a lawyer. He ought to have been a statesman and done a statesman's good. He should in sublime devotion have toiled to better the people's lot to make the poor less poor, the rich more happy; the ignorant more learned, the weak more strong, the sick more healthy, the ruffians more orderly. As a great, educated, unprejudiced, devoted and dispassionate statesman, Prentiss might have done something of that blessed sort, some such archangel's business. But as it was the torrent of his eloquence turned no wheel to serve the people's weal. Thus, too much talent is sadly wasted, and malefactors purchase for a fee the genius which might have enriched, emblazoned, and edified the commonwealth. So we have upon our continent, an idle and unharnessed Niagara. The poets see and sing its rocks and isles, its ripples and rapids, its tangles and swirls, the rush, the plunge, the shake, the foam, the spray and rainbows, the breath deep drawn, the pallid cheek, the parted lips, the stand-still of the heart; and there looking, listening, and lost in lore and awe, stand the thrilling sages, the wise ones, the knowing, and in high hosanna state, say to themselves and heaven;—"The earth has music as the morning stars had; Niagara, Niagara is Orion's answer; let all the sons of God shout for joy!" But earth's answer to the morning star's music, the victorious cataract, while sublime is useless. And yet if over its flame were piled, set, tackled and harnessed wheels and axles, cogs and cranks, pullies, chains, rods, pivots and flanges, its water power, its gush, its swoop, its thrust, its bolt, its shot, its foaming avalanche, its flashing, booming, frantic falling hullabaloo might run a continental mill and spin a nation's cotton or grind a nation's corn. Prentiss the lawyer, was an unharnessed Niagara. But Prentiss as a statesman, journalist, inventor, author, savaan, or public improver, would have been the cataract at work,

the torrent in a sublime sweat, an organized avalanche, an unfailling, steady and tremendous surge whirling most magnificent machinery to the glory of God and the relief of man's estate.

Let then the lamented Prentiss be honored but not imitated. Let our talented and estimable attornies remember that prosecution is not persecution. Let them remember that the lawyer who knowingly champions a criminal, by the degradation of so degraded a championship, degrades even the degraded criminal. On the other hand, let it be remembered that the public peace is sacred, and must be kept in love, that the people's majesty is next to God's and must be held in awe, and that **THE PROSECUTOR OF A MALEFACTOR IS A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.**

Let a new spirit, too, guide the people. Let public justice be waked. Let its officers be the best that money can buy. He who advocates inferior salaries and therefore inferior officers, insults the people. Let it again and again be said: the people are next to God. They therefore must have the best. But the better the salary, the better the servant; the more profitable the office, the more profitable the officer. If then a pay of hundreds will not get for the people the best servants, let there unhesitatingly be a pay of thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars. And let the holy duty of friends and kindred be to bring to condign punishment the slayer of friends or kindred. I speak for the people and their peace. Let the Court house be almost a Church and the jury box almost an Altar, where suitors, jurors and lawyers, may with appalling speed, wreak justice right wrong, and glorify God. Let us have no despicable little laws against billiard tables and beer barrels, or poker players and profane swearers. But let us about weightier matters of the law be in grim and deadly earnest. Let our motto be "Death to Ruffians." Let us until the people are more respected, almost think it better that ninety-nine innocent men should be punished than that one guilty should escape. Let our hanging days be gala days, and let us have many in the present that we may have few in the future. Let the gallows be once more respectable. Its two posts are pillars of State. And let our good, old lawyers keep in their offices a case for trophies, and when curious strangers call, take the key, unlock the door, and show them in one corner, coiled on an ebony shelf, wrapped in silk, tied with ribands, and tricked with rosettes, the blessed rope which hanged by

the gasping and clattering neck until he was dead, a loathsome, damned assassin, and forever stopped his breath and breed; in another corner, and perched on pure alabaster pedestals, the gold gleaming against the milky rock, a long, precious and beloved row of gilded and flashing fetters slipped from the ancles of burglars, tamperers, and incendiaries most mercifully sent to the penitentiary, and in the rear, hanging from a silver hook, plain but eminent, the beautiful whip which so sliced the raw loins of a dozen thieves, that one by feeling with the thumb and finger, cannot tell whether the long, stiff, keen, red and clotted lash, is rough buckskin or dry blood. Ah, for the advocate who has in his breast any chivalry, any sense of justice, any love for the people's peace, any awe for the people's majesty, what nobler brag could there be than that he in his business had disabled a score of lawless scoundrels peace-breakers or prowling nuisances, and helped to strangle a slaughterous assassin. But now in their deep, uneasy graves, the gory dead must sometimes squirm in their fester and ope mad eyes, and flash fire to curse the juries and lawyers trying the slayers. The very corpse which has in its eyes a curse for the murderer who ought to be punished, has a curse for us who ought to punish. How then can we ever do well; how can we we have good luck?

“ An orphan's curse would drag to hell,
A spirit from on high :
But oh, more terrible than that,
Is the curse in a dead man's eye.”

Let us then shun the curse of bleeding corpses. Let justice rub her scales and whet her sword. Let the people, the mass, the majestic, the serene, the merciless and inexorable, arise and send forth their dreadful summoners, Death, Disgrace, Poverty, Pain and Wrath, to tell the people's enemies, the people's message, and let frightened miscreants in their coverts, blanch and shake:

“ Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee, undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjur'd and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous ; Catiff to pieces shake.
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practic'd on man's life ; close pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners, grace.”

In our judicial system, the true progress in order to keep the peace and prevent delay of justice, is the consolidation and monthly session of our Courts, and the reprobation

tion of Lord Brougham's theory of the bar. The Chancery Court, the Probate Court, the Law Court, and the Criminal Court, all ought to be merged into one general Court, sitting monthly. Such a system will be incalculably more economic, expeditious and efficient than the present. Nor can it be objected that I propose a radical change, a wild scheme, an experiment. Already some States have consolidated Courts, and some have monthly sessions. One Court once a month and an Investigating Bar, are therefore our policy.

If then this young aspirant, would be a practical patriot and serve his State, if he would honor the famous ADELPHIC INSTITUTE which now honors him, let his life purpose be the Consolidation and Monthly Session of our different Courts and the Improvement of the Bar.