

## LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN AT HOME.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England was born in the year 1833 in a tall old gray house at Ballybot, on the outskirts of Newry, near which town stood the brewery of his father, Mr. Arthur Russell. Newry is the capital town of the Co. Down, but the little Glanrye river, which divides Armagh from Down, runs through Newry, and Lord Russell was born on the Armagh side of the river. His ancestry is honourable. Arthur Russell's family had been settled five or six hundred years at Killough, near Downpatrick. They adhered to the old faith through centuries of persecution, and their faithfulness is well imitated by this distinguished son: though one can well believe that the London of the nineteenth century might make a more difficult ordeal for the faith than red-hot pincers and ploughshares. A Franco-Irish noble, Count Russell-Killough, is the head of the family, and a claimant for a dormant peerage, that of Baron Killough. Arthur Russell was held in high esteem by his townsmen, though at that day Newry, in the Gap of the North, would scarcely be very tolerant of papistry. There is a very yellow newspaper beside me, *The Newry Commercial Telegraph*, of September 16th, 1828, in which I find Arthur Russell's name figures third on a list of "twenty-one gentlemen, who from their character and respectability are deserving of the unre-served confidence of their townsmen," and who were therefore selected to serve as Commissioners under the new Police Bill.

His mother's family belonged to Belfast. She was a woman of remarkable character, clever and prudent, singularly active in mind and body. The father, who was long delicate, was of a most sweet and indulgent nature. The children were brought up in an atmosphere of all the virtues, and were especially taught to observe the charity which is the queen of all the virtues. Indeed, "The charity of Christ urgeth us" might have been written as a motto along that nursery wall, for of the five children who played there all, except the Lord Chief Justice, dedicated themselves to God and the



Photo by C. M.

THE ENTRANCE GATE TO TADWORTH COURT

service of humanity in religion. One sister still is the head of the Order of Mercy in California, and controls in that capacity hospitals, penitentiaries, asylums, schools, and all varieties of charitable institutions. Another sister is in the



Convent of Mercy at Newry, where the third nun of the family died some years ago. Lord Russell's one brother is a Jesuit priest in Dublin.

Early in Lord Russell's childhood the family removed to Seafield, a house delightfully situated on the shores of Carlingford Bay, under the shelter of Killowen Mountains. There is a little hamlet of Killowen, and Killowen parish stretches far between the mountains and the sea. Here the Russell children led a

honorary LL.D. of Dublin University remarked to me the simplicity of the man, that his conversation was entirely of Newry Convent, where he had just been to see his sister; and how interested he was in every old nun, her ailments and her tastes.

During those happy days of growing up Lord Russell went near to missing all his brilliant future. He and his brother used to boat on Carlingford Bay in company with a little fair-haired boy, who was by

and by to grow to the amazing height of eight feet seven inches, and to be known as James Murphy, the Irish giant. One day the trio, at low-water, ensconced themselves in an oarless boat which was beached near the shore. They were so engrossed in their lazy conversation under a warm sun that they never noticed when the tide began to creep under the boat, till presently they were rocking in deep water, and in imminent danger of being either dashed violently on shore, or carried out to sea. However, neither of these things

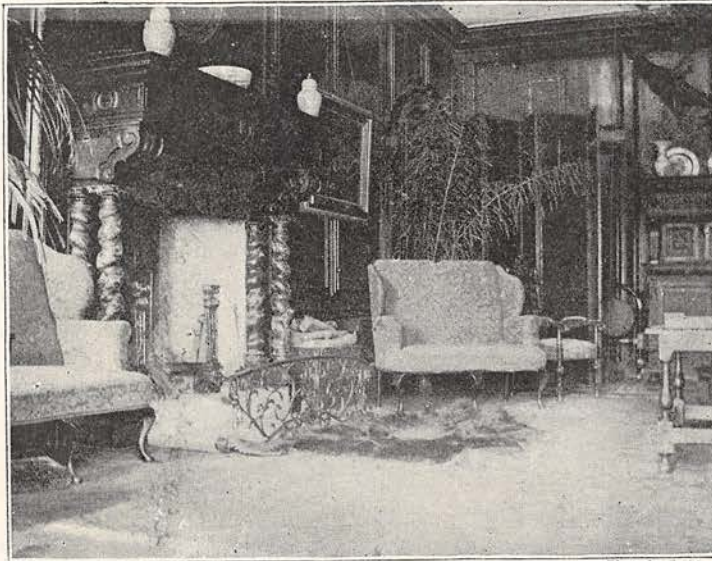


Photo by C. M.

THE HALL AT TADWORTH COURT.

delightful life, running freely over the mountains, and making friends of every good old Paddy and Biddy of the neighbourhood. Seafield still exists, and in Killowen Chapel you may see the beautiful marble altar which Lord Russell gave in memory of his mother. That notable mother's name and good deeds are yet well remembered at Killowen; and the peasants are proud to recall memories of her and of her illustrious son, whose "friends" are all over the neighbourhood. One old farmer will tell of his having beaten "Charley Russell" at "putting" or "throwing the stone," whereupon the future Lord Chief Justice, though reading for an examination, stayed up all night practising the feat and beat his rival the next day. Lord Russell is not likely to be forgotten at Killowen, for he revisits the place whenever he is in Ireland. Some one who met him during his recent visit to Ireland to receive the

happened, though the boys were out all night in a moony mist, not knowing what was next to happen. But soon after daylight they were rescued from their disagreeable position, and no worse results followed.

Charles Russell was called after his uncle, the Rev. C. W. Russell, who was then a student at Maynooth College, and was afterwards, from 1857 to his death in 1880, the President of the College. Dr. Russell was the most literary of priests, and was in correspondence with most of the great literary men of the day. Although the only book which bore his name on its title-page was the *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*, a book which the Italians have accepted as the classical biography of their polyglot Cardinal, he was well known in the world of letters as a scholar of great and accurate learning, and a student of unwearied activity in research. Add to this that he was the finest of



gentleman, a worthy follower of "the first true gentleman that ever breathed," and the most courtly of saints, and you have some conception of Dr. Russell's character. Perhaps his friendship with Newman would be what his nephew is proudest of in him. "He helped me more than any one else," says the *Apologia*. "He was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone." Dr. Russell was a valued contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* from 1851, and he was one of the founders of the *Dublin Review*, and its chief contributor while he lived.

Lord Russell's first public school was a Mr. Nolan's in Newry, and he spent some time later at St. Malachy's, Belfast, and at St. Vincent's, Castleknock, near Dublin. Some years later he put his name on the books of Trinity College, Dublin, and took for his tutor Professor J. K. Ingram, who has a fame, other than academical, as the author of the finest of Irish revolutionary ballads, "Who Fears to Speak of '98." Dr. Ingram is another Newry man. At this time Lord Russell was already practising as a solicitor in Belfast, and he never took out his degree.

He was a mere boy when apprenticed to a firm of solicitors in Newry, Messrs. Hamill and Denver. Arthur Hamill was his half-brother, and he subsequently became a barrister, and eventually a County Court judge. The other partner, Cornelius Denver, died, and their very distinguished apprentice concluded his term of apprenticeship with Alexander and Daniel O'Rorke, of Belfast.

Before leaving Newry, in the year 1851, Lord Russell made his first public appearance. The Newry Institute had proposed as the subject for a prize essay, "The age we live in, its tendencies, and its exigencies." The prize fell to young Russell, then in his eighteenth year, and the committee invited the essayist to deliver his homily on the subject before an assembly of his townsmen. The most prominent of the committee men was Dean Bagot of Dromore, who translated in his day the Odes of Horace. He was especially kind and encouraging to the young essayist, who came off triumphantly in this his first ordeal. The essay was also published, but I have not been able to trace a copy of it. By the way, it was acting on the advice of Dean Bagot that Lord Russell forsook Ireland and the lower branch of the profession for the English Bar.

November, 1894.

Lord Russell practised as a solicitor in Belfast, with which town he has more than one tie of friendship and kindred. His wife was Ellen, eldest daughter of Joseph Mulholland, M.D., of Belfast. Lady Russell is possessed of distinguished literary gifts, which she has chosen to leave unused because the wide duties of another life have claimed her. She published at least one story in Duffy's *Hibernian Magazine*, which was a very famous periodical in Ireland in the fifties. Lady Russell's sister, Rosa Mulholland, now Mrs. Gilbert, took up literary work after her sister had renounced it, and began a literary life under circumstances of extraordinary auspiciousness. Thackeray published her first poem in the *Cornhill*, and Millais illustrated it; while her second published story, "Hester's History," ran through *All the Year Round* in its great days, as did "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," and many others of her stories. I do not know if Lady Russell shared the enormous advantage,



Photo by Vandyke & Brown, Liverpool.

MR. CHAS. RUSSELL.

to a literary temperament, which her sister enjoyed, of living for a considerable time in the Arran Islands. I imagine she was married before her father's death and her family's removal to Inishboffin, a wild island off the Galway



coast, without communication with the mainland save by the hooker which goes at intervals to fetch provisions and carry the few passengers. In that island which lies like a sea-bird in the Atlantic and the sunset, life to the poor is of the hardest ; but the islanders are a simple and devout race, and full of wild superstitions

abstinence the best ally in a laborious life, as he mentioned in a lecture at Lurgan in 1884. Lord Russell is, however, not a teetotaler. He has always been a tremendous worker, and people who think his success sudden have no conception of the almost superhuman energy which has built it up. No man is better



Photo by C. M.

LORD RUSSELL'S EPSOM SEAT, TADWORTH COURT.

and strange customs. The place is steeped in splendid colours, and the desolate scenery is most impressive. Any one who has read Miss Lawless's *Grania*, or Miss Rosa Mulholland's stories of Arran, will carry away from the reading an impression of a life lonely and simple beyond our ken. But I imagine that Lady Russell was not with her family on Inishboffin.

She would be in London then, living at Kensington, where the home of her first married years was. Soon after his marriage Lord Russell left Ireland, and took up the higher branch of the legal profession. He entered at Lincoln's Inn in 1859, and pursued his course with phenomenal energy. I suppose those would be the years when he found total

fitted for a family life, for he is worshipped by his own family ; but while he was yet Charles Russell, Q.C., his wife was obliged to fit up his chambers in Lincoln's Inn with a special eye to comfort and convenience, so that the long hours he spent there might at least be alleviated by surroundings as nearly like his own home as possible. A water-colour drawing full of sunshine, some bits of blue china, a marble figure or two, took away the severely legal aspect from the rooms, while a deep-piled carpet and comfortable chairs made for the ease of the body as well as the eye.

Lord Russell took silk in 1872. In 1868 he had contested Durdalk with Mr. Phil Callan and been defeated by him. In 1874 he was again defeated by Mr. Callan, in



consequence, it was said, of his refusing to take the Home Rule pledge: but in 1880 he succeeded in winning Dundalk, and driving his opponent to the county. At that time, when the Land League was in full swing, he was looked upon kindly by the Land League party as one who, though not going the whole way with them, was of strong national convictions. I think no one, except perhaps a handful of Callanites, was sorry he won Dundalk. Then as now, though now in stronger measure, Irishmen of many sections of thought are agreed to be proud of their distinguished fellow-countryman.

Lord Russell is the most kindly of hosts, and has the true Irish hospitality. I remember to have seen him at a somewhat historic gathering in his own house in May 1889. It was at an "At Home," given soon after Pigott's tragic death had practically ended the great Parnell Commission, and after Lord Russell's own tremendous speech had set the newspapers to comparing him with Burke or Warren Hastings. Mr. Parnell was the guest of the evening, though Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill were also present. It was an incident in the rehabilitation English politicians and people would willingly have extended to their finest foe. There were many distinguished faces there besides that of the Irish leader,

to my mind the most distinguished looking man of his time, but none, perhaps, finer in its way than the ivory-pale face, lit up with piercing eyes, of the great advocate. Lord Russell is strangely like his brother, the Dublin Jesuit, who is editor of the *Irish Monthly*, and who has been at one time or another the helpful friend and adviser of all young Irish literary folk. The likeness between the brothers is incredibly great, seeing how their expressions vary; for while Lord

Russell's massive face has an expression of one who pierces your inmost thoughts, Father Russell's rosy visage looks nothing but cheerfulness and benignity.

However, the Lord Chief Justice is not a man of force all compact. His emotions are sometimes stronger than his will to check them; and some of his noblest oratorical flights, notably his speech on the Home Rule Bill, and the peroration of his tremendous Parnell Commission speech, were pointed with the acute sincerity of tears. With some such painful emotion, too, he heard of Mr. Parnell's death, which news fell upon him as he was signing the church registry at his son Arthur's marriage to Miss Cuming, of Belfast. His wonderful tenderness, too, in his family life shows his many-sidedness. Not every great man is greatest to his sons, but Lord Russell has this happiness.



LORD RUSSELL'S STUDY.

Photo by C. M.

Since his appointment to the Lord Chief Justiceship the papers have teemed with anecdotes of him and his characteristics—his love of a horse, his strength of muscle, his skill at whist, and such gossip—profitless at best, though the world craves to hear such things about the men it delights to honour.

With all the magnitude of his work, he has found time to write *New Views on Ireland*, which appeared in 1880. It was a fairly exhaustive account of the land



question in Ireland, and its accruing troubles; very serious at the time Lord Russell wrote. With characteristic accuracy he had sifted the matter on the spot, visiting the disturbed districts, and interrogating people for himself. When Lord Russell last autumn identified himself to some extent with the Journalists' Conference, it was by right, for in the days when he had relinquished his Belfast solicitorship, and had not attained to English briefs, he kept himself going by press-work in the House of Commons.

injured him. He has had no cause to hate Englishmen, but he has never purchased a tittle of their regard by abating anything of his honest truth and faith to his own country and his own religion. He is Irish and Catholic first, as his children are. There are few men as eminent as he is who have not trampled on old friends or old faiths in their ascent; who have not sacrificed something of the convictions, earnest and enthusiastic, with which their boyhood opened. Lord Russell, though he, more than most men,



BACK VIEW OF TADWORTH COURT.

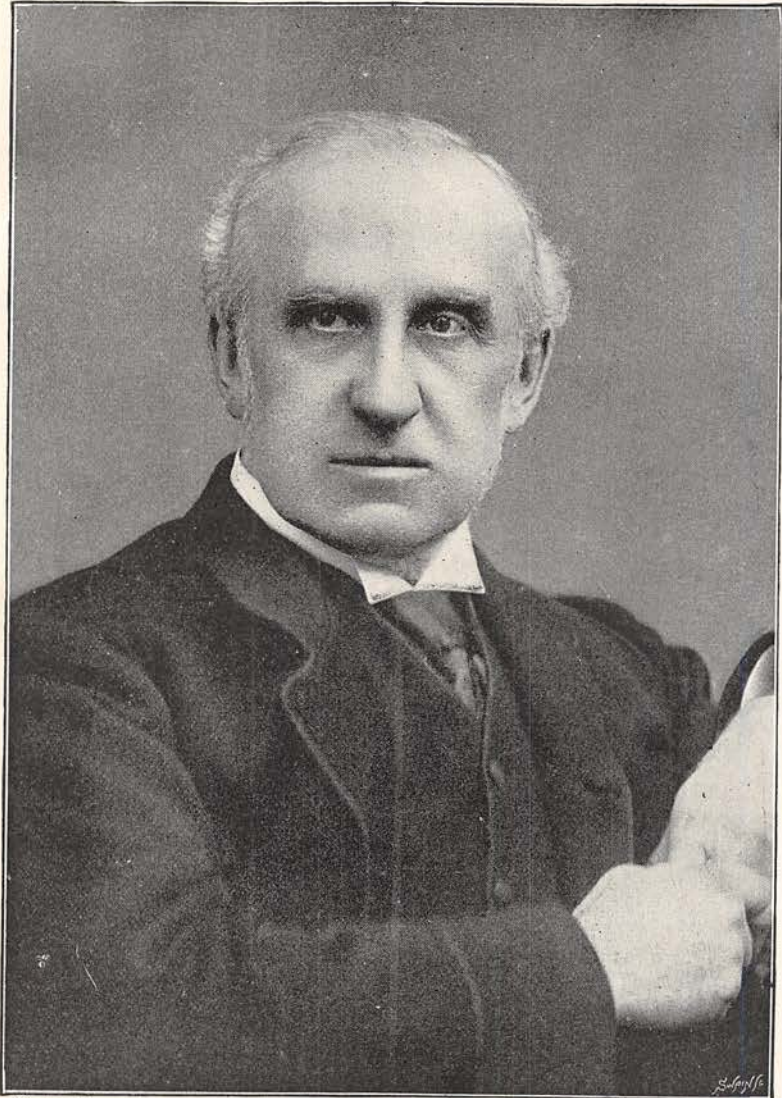
*Photo by C. M.*

In 1883 he visited America with Lord Coleridge, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Patrick Martin, Q.C., Mr. Bryce, M.P., and Mr. (now Sir) Horace Davey, Lord Russell's successor as a Lord of Appeal. Lord Coleridge did not pass the Rockies, but Lord Russell pressed on to San Francisco to visit his sister, Mother Baptist, who, having gone to America at the age of eighteen to found an hospital, is now at the head of so many good works that she is something of a power in the state.

Lord Russell's amazing success has not

has looked into the depths of human folly and wickedness, has kept the simple and unspoilt heart of the boy. When we would honour mortal men we have generally to blink at this or that in their career or character which will not bear recording. With Lord Russell it is otherwise; and those who are proud of him might find their greatest pride in knowing that his private honour is as high and unassailable as the honour in which he is held by the public mind.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



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*Oxford Street, W.*

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.