

Illustrated Interviews.

XXXIV.—SIR FRANCIS AND LADY JEUNE.



From a Photo. by]

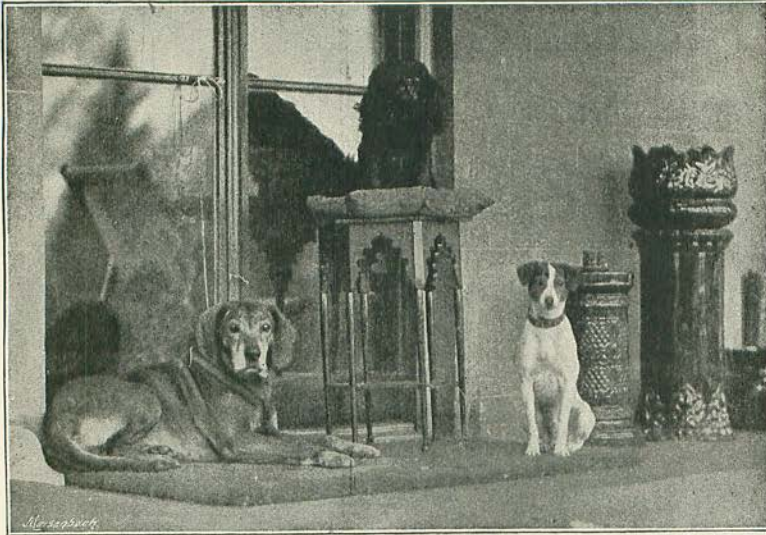
ARLINGTON MANOR.

[Elliott & Fry.

IT would be difficult indeed to single out a more pleasant method of passing a couple of days than with Sir Francis Jeune, Lady Jeune, and their children. It was in the early days of spring that I had this privilege, when, for a brief time, Sir Francis was free from the trials and tribulations of the law, and, together with his family, was enjoying the rest afforded by a short sojourn at his charming house in Berkshire. About a couple of miles from Newbury—rich in reminiscence of the troublesome times associated with the Cromwellian *régime*—is Arlington Manor. It is a substantially-built country mansion—built of a peculiar species of Bath stone—and no matter from which of its four sides you view the outlook, it is “as fair as fair can be.” From one side you can here and there catch sight of a streak of blue sky through a forest of fir trees; from another is a grand stretch of meadows, from which you may often hear the voice of young Francis Christian Seaforth Jeune—Sir Francis’s son, who had for his godmother the Princess Christian, and is proud of the fact that he was entered for Harrow before he was four days old—

shouting out “Well hit!” at a particularly good drive of the ball by the butler, who happens to be a capital cricketer. Perhaps, however, the view from the veranda is the finest. The lawn is immediately before you; a little series of valleys and hills rise and fall until all is lost in the blue line of hills miles away. It is an ideal spot, and one which must be peculiarly interesting to Sir Francis, owing to its being in the centre of a piece of country closely allied with a period of history in which he is so deeply read. Around the house golf links have been recently laid out. Sir Francis said that I should have been at Arlington and seen a match between Sir Evelyn Wood, Mr. Lockwood, and himself. “The General was the best player,” he added, “or, perhaps, I should say, the least bad.”

It was on this veranda—with the glorious scene before us—that I met Sir Francis and Lady Jeune. Lady Jeune’s two daughters—Miss Madeline Stanley and Miss Dorothy Stanley—were enjoying their first game of croquet of the year. Lady Jeune has been twice married, her first husband being Mr. John Stanley, a brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley. After a time the two young girls joined us. I am well aware that this paper is



From a Photo. by]

THE DOGS.

[Elliott & Fry.

to be devoted to Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, but it is impossible to stay one's pen at this point from chronicling an impression formed regarding two of the brightest of sisters. It happened that during my stay at Newbury there was a gymnastic display in the town given by some young women of the class connected with the People's Palace—young women, doubtless, for the most part who know what it is to work, and work hard, for their living. They were entertained to tea at Arlington Manor. The anxiety of the Misses Stanley to make them happy was intense—nothing was forced about it, but all heart-born. I judged Lady Jeune's daughters from the semi-whispered invitations I could not help hearing to many of these young women to "*Be sure and come and see us in London, won't you?*"—repeated in one case, I know, half-a-dozen times. It is to be hoped that this expression will convey the full meaning with which it struck me.

The interior of Arlington Manor is charmingly comfortable. Entering from the veranda—you will probably be followed by one of the quartette of dogs, and even "Randolph," the cat, who has the remarkable feasting record of thirty chickens in a fortnight to be placed to his credit!—you are in the billiard-room. Amongst the engravings of more modern days are those after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Long, and Briton Riviere; but the most noticeable is certainly a very fine set of Hogarth's "*Marriage à la Mode.*" Sir Francis Jeune is a great admirer of Hogarth. Here, too, hangs his card of membership of the Athenæum Club, forming a perfect col-

lection of autographs of as many of the most distinguished men of the day as could possibly get their names on the card which was to "back" Sir Francis's candidature. A huge volume here may be examined with interest. It contains no fewer than seven hundred letters of congratulation which its owner received—and faithfully answered every one—when he was appointed to the

judicial vacancy in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division occasioned by the elevation of Sir James Hannen to the House of Lords. A smaller one is treasured which holds similar letters when Sir Francis was made President of the Division.

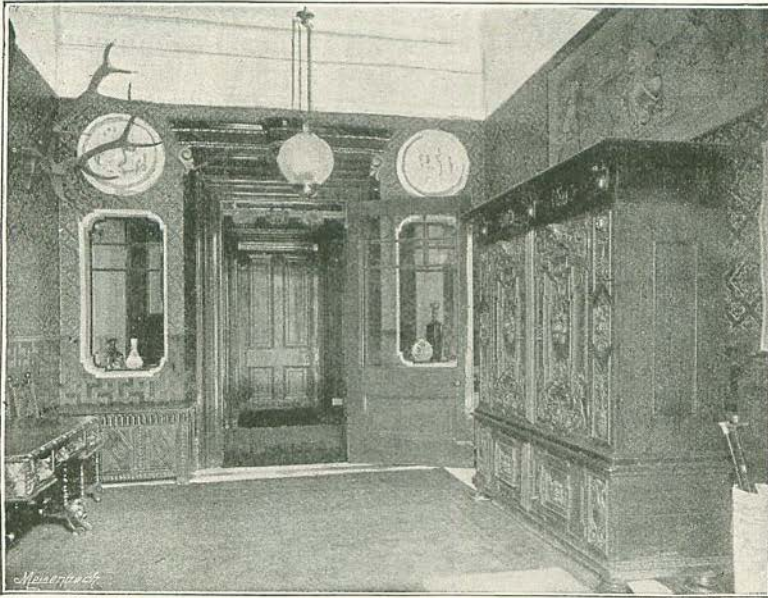
The hall—the entrance to which finds room for a magnificently carved oak cabinet—is very much like the gangway of a ship which leads to the saloon cabins. Indeed, it was constructed on this principle. A



From a Photo. by]

"RANDOLPH."

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by

THE OUTER HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.]

former occupier of Arlington Manor being unable to get out of doors, and being nautically inclined, was wont to walk this hall and imagine he was on board. The first apartment on the right is the drawing-room. It is filled with flowers and portrait reminiscences of friends, whilst its pictures are admirable. There are two very fine pieces of mountain scenery by Lady Canning, a Prout, Loppe—and the old Dutch school is represented.

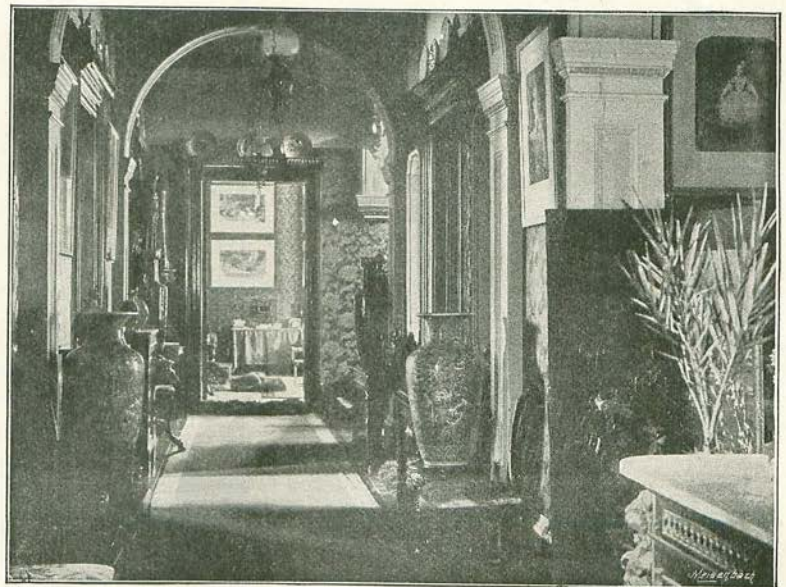
Three pictures, however, are specially interesting. One is a grand Michiel van Mierevelt of Hugo Grotius, and given by him to Oliver Cromwell. It has only been in three or four hands, and was in the possession of an uncle of Sir Francis at the age of ninety-four, and he received it when quite young. It owes its exceptionally fine state of preservation to the fact that it has never been

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the centre of the oaken mantel-board is a painting of the late Bishop of Peterborough, Sir Francis Jeune's father. Sir Francis's own room upstairs is a very pleasant corner of the house. On a table—in very official-looking boxes, and, indeed, the only suggestion of judicial duties about the place—are the various patents granted to the President, and also those belonging to his father—who was Dean of

touched by the cleaner—it actually hung in one spot for over sixty years. The other two pictures are over the mantel-pieces. One is a copy—the original being at Brahan Castle—of Lady Jeune's great-great-grandmother a daughter of Baron D'Aguilars, and, therefore, a Spanish Jewess, and the other is of Lady Jeune herself, by Miss Thompson.

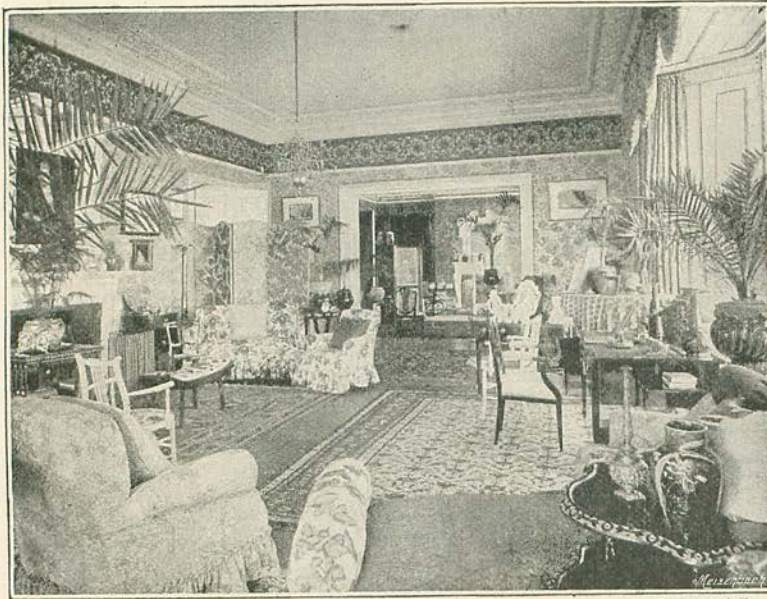
The dining-room is hung with some exquisite tapestry, and in



From a Photo. by

THE INNER HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(Elliott & Fry.)

Jersey, as well as filling the Episcopal See of Peterborough. Sir Francis merrily points out that the writ accompanying the patent making him a judge expresses in legal phraseology an invitation to premit all other business and go to Parliament.

"But they wouldn't let me in if I went there," he said.

There are a number of beautiful studies by Raphael here. Near the window is a bookcase containing many of the prizes Sir Francis won at school and college. We look at them together. Sir Francis takes down from one of the shelves a small volume of "Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare." It was given to him by Sir George Cornwall Lewis on the occasion of his tenth birthday.

"I value it," said Sir Francis, "because good nature is not a quality generally attributed to Sir George Cornwall Lewis."

There is much, very much, more to look at inside Arlington Manor—and one would like to refer at greater length to its many interior beauties; but the desire to take full advantage of the pleasant opportunity of having a talk with Sir Francis Jeune—and later on with Lady Jeune—leads one to hurry away from the apartments within and settle down in one of the wicker chairs on the veranda and listen to the quietly told story, and the impressive observations of the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division—at his country home.

Sir Francis Jeune is tall—his bearing is

erect and stately. His hair is just turning grey—there is never a pleasant twinkle missing out of the immediate vicinity of his eyes. To watch Sir Francis in his court and to observe him in his home results in a conviction that his geniality and justness are as thorough and thoughtful in the one place as in the other. His temperament never seems to alter—he is always kind. He talks enthusiastically and generously about others

—particularly his court officials—and quietly and modestly about himself. He has ideas, strong ideas, regarding the law's true administration and the best means of adapting it to the benefit of the public. But all his views are submitted gracefully—he never seeks to cram you with them or to say: "That's it, who can dispute what I say?" I have sat in his court and listened—I have occupied one of the wicker chairs on the veranda in front of the Hampshire Downs and listened, too. It has all amounted to the same thing. He is thoughtful and kind towards all men, both in his actions towards them and his ideas regarding them.

His first words to me, when we settled down to talk, were gratifying indeed.

"I have only been interviewed once before," he said, "and that was only on a small question."

"It is a big one now, Sir Francis—your life."

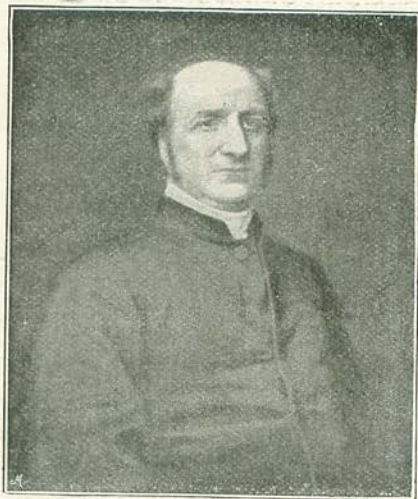
"Well, it was whilst my father was Dean of Jersey that I was born—on the 17th March, 1843. Though my early years were passed in the atmosphere of the Church, I was never clerically inclined. I was always intended for the Bar, and perhaps it was owing to my parentage that I acquired a practice in ecclesiastical law almost as soon as I was called. My first school was at Mr. Powl's, at Blackheath; then I went to Mr. Penrose's, at Exmouth. It was a school where most Devonshire county boys went—Sir Redvers

Buller left a year before I went, though I was there with his brother. We were admirably taught, and this was the reason why I was placed as high as I could be when I went to Harrow. There I remained for five years—four of which I passed under Dr. Vaughan and the other under Dr. Butler.

“Dr. Vaughan was a man with a most gentle manner and a soft, deliberate voice, and I never saw him agitated. But he was as firm as iron, and a complete specimen of the pussy cat who could always show its claws when disturbed. He was polite to a degree—even, I believe, when flogging a boy!”

Sir Francis went into the house, and returned very shortly with another volume of letters which he preserves. He turned over the pages, and at last found the one he wanted. It was on blue paper, and the writing was very bad, but its contents were good. It was a letter from the great Lord Brougham to Sir Francis's father, and it told how Brougham had been to Harrow on Speech Day, and seen one of the best *Shylocks* on or off the stage played by the President in embryo.

Young Jeune did well at Harrow, and he is remembered there to-day, for on every successive advancement in life that has befallen him, the Harrow boys have had a holiday—and not a few either. Young Jeune got many prizes, and crowned his Harrow days by winning the Balliol Scholar-



SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S FATHER.
From a Painting.

ship. He matriculated the day on which the Prince Consort was buried. He was at Balliol when Jowett was in his prime.

“He had very strong characteristics,” continued Sir Francis, “and his extreme love for Boswell's ‘Life of Johnson’ was remarkable. He knew it better than any man, and was always quoting it. I remember just before I went up for my final he asked me if I was nervous. I told him rather so. He said:—

“‘Never mind—you'll do in the schools better than what you think. Remember the story of Dr. Dodd and Dr. Johnson. When Dr. Dodd was in prison he preached a very fine sermon on the Sunday before he was hanged. People went to Johnson and told him they believed he had written it. ‘Depend upon it, sir,’ said Johnson to one of them, ‘depend upon it that a man's faculties are considerably quickened when he is going to be hanged!’”



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Sir Francis did brilliantly at Oxford, gaining both the Stanhope Prize and Arnold Prize. The former gave occasion to an intensely interesting letter from Dean Stanley. Again the volume of letters was consulted, and a few pages further on from Lord Brougham's note was the missive. Sir Francis opened his Stanhope essay with Matthew Arnold's words:—

"I rejoice to see it," said Dr. Arnold, as he stood on one of the arches of the Birmingham railway, and saw the train pass on through the distant hedgerows—"I rejoice to see it, and to think that feudality is gone for ever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct."

And this was a most generous, though undoubtedly well-deserved, tribute from Stanley—saying that it was he to whom these words of Dr. Arnold were first addressed.

Here is the letter:—

"June 22nd, 1863.

"6, Grosvenor

Crescent, London.

"MY DEAR JEUNE,

—Many thanks for your essay. I have

walk through the fields of Warwickshire, repeated with all the energy and weight of an authoritative maxim before the most magnificent assemblage that could have been gathered together in England or perhaps in the world.

"Yours very faithfully,

"A. P. STANLEY."

"I left Oxford when I was twenty-one," said Sir Francis, "and proceeded to London immediately and began to study law. Acting under the advice of Lord Westbury, I began by reading in a conveyancer's chambers. I went to

Mr. Ebenezer Charles, brother of the present Mr. Justice Charles, a most accomplished lawyer; and happily in the same chambers was Mr. James, afterwards Lord Justice James. James was a brilliant man—but lazy, physically not intellectually, and the pupils had full leave to read his briefs, and tell him their contents and the authorities. His remarks were worth anything to a student. My other legal masters were the great pleaders, Mr. Bullen



SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

From a Sketch by Harry Furniss.

and the present Mr. Justice Wills. I was called to the Bar in 1868, but previous to that I went for a year into a solicitor's office, the firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton. That was worth a great deal to me—the experience gained there was perfectly invaluable. As soon as I was called I was engaged in one very big lawsuit that ran into several years; almost all the great lawyers of the day were connected with it. In that way I not only had excellent employment during my first four years at the Bar, but also made the acquaintance of many eminent barristers."

Sir Francis Jeune was for twenty-three years at the Bar, and, when made a judge in 1891, was raised to the Bench with a record that he had been associated with many kinds of legal cases. He participated in much ecclesiastical work—sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other—when "Ritual" raged strong in the land. He had experience in bankruptcy proceedings, Common Law, Probate and Divorce, and considerable Parliamentary practice fell to his lot.

He did much Privy Council work.

"I frequently held briefs for the Government of Canada, whose general retainer I held, and also other briefs from Canada," said Sir Francis, "and one of these gave rise to a dramatic incident. I was instructed to apply to the Privy Council for leave to appeal on account of some technical flaws in a trial for murder in Canada—the man having been convicted. Whilst I was arguing and hoping to make a good impression on the Court, a telegram was put into my hands. It read: 'So-and-so (the criminal) was hanged by order of the Governor-General at nine o'clock this morning'! It did not seem necessary to continue the argument after that. I recollect my point: it was that the case had never been sent before a grand jury!

"Ballantine! Yes. I was on several occa-

sions associated with him. He was the most brilliant cross-examiner I ever heard—I don't say the best, for he never knew his brief. But his tact and readiness were extraordinary. I remember a divorce suit—in which the husband petitioned against the wife. Ballantine and I appeared for the petitioner. The evidence was very much in favour of the wife as given by her maid—a very modest, unassuming girl. It came to Ballantine's turn to cross-examine.

"What shall I ask her?" he said to me.

"At that moment somebody at the back of the court—I never found out who—whispered to me: 'She had an illegitimate child while in her late mistress's service!'

"I whispered this on to Ballantine, adding that I knew of no ground whatever for the imputation. He got up—and something like the following took place:

"Ballantine: 'I believe something serious happened whilst you were in your late mistress's service?'

"Maid: 'Yes, sir.'

"Something very serious?'

"Yes, sir.'

"I believe you left?'

"Yes, sir.'

"When you left, did she mention it

to your new mistress?'

"No, sir.'

"If she had done so, do you think you would have got your present situation?'

"No, sir.'

"If she were to mention it, do you think your mistress would keep you?'

"No, sir.'

"Ballantine sat down. Sir John Karlake, for the respondent, thought it best not to re-examine, and Lord Hannen, in summing up, remarked that no doubt there might be something in the matter to which Serjeant Ballantine had referred, which might induce the girl to desire to stand well with her mistress, and Sir John Karlake had not felt inclined to re-



SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Ours - a Professor
 My dear U.C. 30 June 46⁸
 I was at
 the Harrow meeting on
 Sunday night but before
 then - and was very
 much interested. One
 of your names & I think
 - was a near relation
 near the West
 Angloch I was out
 either on the 10th
 or 11th -

LORD BROUGHAM'S LETTER.

examine! We won our case. The real truth, I believe, was that something—some article or the other—had been lost, and the girl was supposed to have been implicated in it.

“I have had doubts since whether the tactics were perfectly defensible—but you see the skill. Absolutely nothing was risked, because it would have been easy to retreat if the first answer had been unfavourable. A blundering advocate would have blurted out the offensive suggestion, got an indignant negative, set the judge and jury against him, and been considered a brute.

“Now,” suddenly exclaimed Sir Francis, “are you good for a walk to Donnington Castle—we can just do it before luncheon?”

So we started, looking in at the stables on our way, to admire Queen, a purchase of Lady Jeune's, who, by-the-bye, is a capital judge of horseflesh; and Cardinal, so named, as it was bought during the run of “Richelieu” at the Lyceum; the riding ponies of the young ladies, Sir Francis's cob, and a Devonshire pony, recently given to Sir Francis's son by Lord Portsmouth. We stood for a moment at the animals' burying-ground—

about a couple of hundred yards from the house. The greensward round the stones put up to the memory of Fox, a dog who died on July 2, 1892, and poor old Tim, who breathed her last on April 13, 1893, was covered with primroses. Poor old Tim. She was a favourite white cat, whom Sir Francis had had for fifteen years. She died very peacefully in the end. She always waited for her master at the top of the stairs, and, when her days were numbered, just lay down—under Sir Francis's chair in the dining-room—and died.

We talked on many things on our way to the famous old castle.

The Ballantine incident led me to ask Sir Francis if he thought counsel were generally fair. "Yes; emphatically yes," he replied. "I have known leading counsel, over and over again, resist great pressure to put forward points they knew were not sound, and to adopt courses of which they did not approve. You will never get law for nothing. I strongly suspect it is as cheap now as ever it will be. It is a great thing to have got rid of technicalities to the extent to which this has been accomplished. The public owe much to Lord Esher's presidency of the Court of Appeal in this matter. You ask me if purely family cases could not be settled at the dining-room table or over the fire. I don't think it possible. No feelings are so bitter as family feelings, and

I think it is quite impossible that these matters should often be settled without the decision of a court of law. They often are settled when the cases get into court, because no litigant ever knows the weakness and strength of his case or of his opponent's case until it is in his counsel's

June 22/67
 of prominent counsel
 London

My dear June.

May thank you for your letter -
 I have read it with much interest,
 as I heard from your letter which
 you delivered with so much effort &
 discretion, with much pleasure -
 I then was probably no one in the
 House, to hear you speak with
 ease with so much force as to myself.
 It is not often that such a good paper
 can fall to any one, as to have the
 chance enjoyed to be remembered long
 years before falling from the lips of a
 dear friend in a sitting walk thro' the
 paths of Warwickshire, repeated with all
 the energy & weight of an authoritative
 maxim before the most magnificent
 assemblage of that could have been
 gathered together in England or
 perhaps in the world.
 from us faithfully
 D. P. Stanley



From a Photo. by]

PETS' BURIAL GROUND.

[Elliott & Fry.

hands, when he quickly becomes acquainted with the real situation."

"And divorce, Sir Francis?"

"The Divorce Court as we have it now has been in existence since 1857, and in proportion to the population, the number of divorces has not increased. I see a French legal writer of eminence has recently said that the French had in five years after their Divorce Act as many cases as we in thirty after ours. Even allowing for the difference between the laws of the two countries, it is not unsatisfactory as a comparison. Divorce in this country is a far easier thing than is popularly supposed. If a man can prove he does not get a pound a week, he is entitled to a divorce free, and there are always counsel who are kind enough to conduct his case for him. If he does not get counsel, the judge has often to pose as such, which is perhaps rather hard on the judge. Only about 5 per cent. of the divorce cases come from the upper classes—the remainder from the middle, lower, and frequently the pauper classes. The public hear very little of them—they are only interested in cases where the parties concerned are known and the interests at stake are big. But, to my mind, every divorce case in itself is sensational—be they rich or poor concerned—sensational because it is so severely serious. A divorce court should be and is the most serious of courts. If a person laughs, it is not so much the usher who puts it down as the public in the gallery themselves!"

Sir Francis said that he frequently gets through twenty cases of divorce a day,

and sometimes sixty probate and divorce summonses and motions. He knows the points of each case—more particularly in the latter—they have been prepared for him by the registrar, and when a counsel rises and starts what promises to be a long discussion, the judge courteously stops him and requests him to argue the one main point.

A judge's work is very much misunderstood by the public. When the Court rises at four, he frequently spends a couple of hours in getting ready his notes for summing up, which may come at any time if a case collapses. He must often spend the intervening days between Friday and Monday in "looking into the case."

"And do you think the present divorce laws are satisfactory?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, thoughtfully, "fairly so. Of course it is said that men and women should be in exactly the same position, as is the case in Scotland; but there is much to be said for our law. One matter does, I think, require alteration. As the law stands, if a woman gets a divorce from her husband and she is given the custody of the children, the man need only keep them until they are sixteen. In many classes of society children require to be educated and maintained till much later, and it is frequently a great tax on the woman."

"And the Press—would you have divorce cases suppressed in the newspapers?"

"I am perfectly satisfied with the Press. Their discretion is admirable, and I have never felt disposed seriously to disapprove of a newspaper for over-reporting. The Press is the voice of the country. Justice is a public thing, and the administration of justice should be given all publicity. If this were not done, how would the public ever know that litigants were getting their rights? Newspaper reports to-day are pretty much as they should be."

We arrived at Donnington, and Sir Francis enthusiastically went over all the part the

old pile had played in the long-ago days of rebellion.

We reached the house again, and entered it with a hearty laugh, for Sir Francis had just told a story which would tend to prove that you will never shape the divorce laws to suit everybody. A Frenchman applied for a divorce, but he had no witnesses. He got them the next day, and his application was granted. A few days afterwards Sir Francis received a letter from him, asking if it would not be possible to curtail the necessary six months in order to make the decree absolute, as the Frenchman had come across a very charming widow with money, and he was afraid that the lady might not be willing to wait six months.

"He made a strong appeal to my sympathies," said Sir Francis, "and I did sympathize, but I could not help him."

It was a very happy evening at Arlington Manor after dinner. Lady Jeune afforded me the opportunity I sought. Few women are better known in the charitable world than Lady Jeune, but it is only when one has met her that one realizes how very practical she is in her deeds of kindness. With a head of perfect silver hair, and keen, bright eyes, she just fixes them on you and says exactly what she thinks. There is nothing hesitating about her—she always appears to know what is best and acts up to it; what will succeed, and it does.

"My childhood," said Lady Jeune, "was passed in Scotland. I was brought up very homely, in a very strict way, with two sisters and a brother. I never came to London until I was eighteen. I cannot tell you how I came to do the things that you suggest I do. I think, perhaps, I drifted into them—but I have always been deeply interested in my own sex, and for the last thirteen or fourteen years particularly so."

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"And children?" I hinted.

"Yes, and the little ones, too. My Holiday Fund? Oh, yes. It is about eight years old. Mr. Labouchere had some money given him, and I told him if he would let me have it I would take up the work. I began with £500, and have had as much as £1,800 to spend in the summer months. We board the children out in Essex, Berkshire, Oxfordshire—in fact, in places within easy distance of London, and where the pure, free air is sure. I am a manager of two groups of schools in the poorest parts of London—Shoreditch and Bethnal Green—so that I have a very good choice of really poor, deserving children, to whom the country



MISS MADELINE STANLEY.

MASTER F. C. S. JEUNE.

MISS DOROTHY STANLEY.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

meadows is like a peep into Heaven. I make no distinction as far as denominations go. Last year I sent away 1,200 children."

Lady Jeune is also interested in factory girls and tired mothers, whilst her Rescue Home in the North of London contains a large laundry business.

I gathered much of the greatest interest from Lady Jeune. The "Revolt of the Daughters" question mystifies her. There is always a certain proportion of young women who don't get on at home, and an outside remedy will never be found. It must be found—if it can be found—in the home

itself. The woman of to-day is a very different sort of person from what she was twenty-five or thirty years ago. The girl of to-day may be more interesting, but she is certainly not so fresh—she knows too much, attempts too much. Twenty-five years ago a woman had no opinions until she was married. Girls of to-day start in their teens, and Lady Jeune thinks they do themselves more harm than good. You cannot have enough athletics for Lady Jeune—that is why the girls of 1894 are so much better grown, taller, and “finer animals,” than were those of years ago; but she questions if their children will be equally good-looking and physically developed. The rapidity of life and excitement which many women lead must tell on them. She regards woman’s too great love for amusement as being at the bottom of the cause of so many unhappy married homes. Why are there not more real friendships between man and wife? Let that be so, and the home would be home for both. She is a firm advocate of technical education.

“I believe in bigger girls being taught in

class,” said Lady Jeune; “it does a girl good to work with other girls. Boys? Let every boy be taught a trade at *school*—his father’s trade for choice. Opportunity—as it is to-day—is levelled for all, and whether the boy is the son of a duke or the son of a working-man—a Board school boy—their opportunities and chances of real and true success in life are more equal than formerly.”

“Then how would you meet the wants of your surplus boy population, Lady Jeune,” I asked—“the lads of the slums, whose family motto is ‘No work, and plenty of it’?”

“Either by emigration, or by some scheme such as the idea of the Gordon Boys’ Home carried out on a small scale, which would enable them after training to become soldiers or sailors,” replied Lady Jeune.

It was during the walk back over the fields

from Donnington Castle that Sir Francis Jeune paid a magnificent tribute to the abilities of the late Lord Hannen—both as a lawyer and a man. On my return to town the following evening the newspaper placards had the announcement of Lord Hannen’s death!

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by

LADY JEUNE.

[Elliott & Fry.