

## Leaders of the Bar.

I.

By E.



HAVING, in previous numbers of this Magazine, dealt with the fortunate beings who are already established on the high judicial Bench, it now becomes fitting to treat of those who should, in their own estimation, at least, be also positioned in that lucrative office. To do so will not be especially exhausting, the sole difficulty residing in the large number of candidates for the posts.

Had I only lived and written in the days when a stuff-gownsmen sniffed at a Recorder-ship and a "silk" breathed contempt on a county-court Judgeship, things would have been smoother; but nowadays, when every barrister, from the brilliantly unsuccessful Chancery leader to the local J.P., whom a diet of "Inn dinners" and Stone's "Justice's Manual" has qualified for the Bar, considers himself a "likely appointment" in the multitude of applicants for treatment, there is the element of confusion. However, one can but do one's best, and that is the least I shall do.

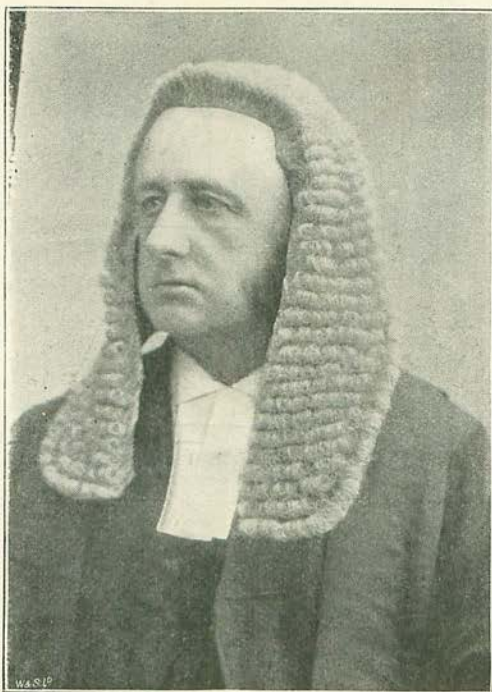
Technically speaking, "leader" is either another term for chief of a circuit or synonymous with "Queen's Counsel" or "silk," but I interpret the term in its widest sense, and as conveying the notion of prominence. Although I shall have occasion, now and again, to indicate by it the head or chief of a circuit, generally by leader I mean anyone of good professional standing at the Bar; and in dealing with the leaders, I shall first write of the law officers, and then of the leaders of the various circuits, introducing here and there some of the exclusively London men. In this way I shall at all events be able to treat of a number of representative barristers.

The head of the whole Bar is the Attorney-General for the time being, and as Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., occupies that position to-day, he will necessarily be the first subject. Now, "Dick" Webster, as he is invariably called in the Temple, is a very learned lawyer, whom no one could truthfully reproach with undue levity of conduct or excessive jocosity of conversation. He once bitterly reprimanded the present Chief Justice when he was at the Bar for making a joke at his expense, and this characteristic is partly the reason why he stands so high in the estimation of his fellows. Years ago he was a 'Varsity athlete of renown, and even now takes a great interest in runners and such-like.

"I knows yer, Mr. Webster," a witness whom he was treating with scant ceremony is reported to have once retorted, "and many's the time I've given yer a hand when ye've been steppin' it round the track like a greyhound; so let's down easily, like a good cove which ye are."

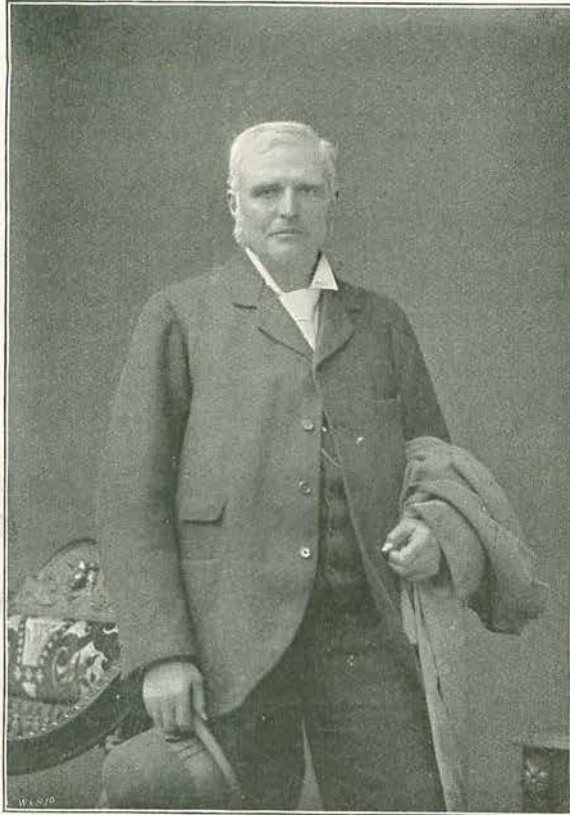
What was the result of the appeal history doesn't say, but Sir Richard was hardly deaf to such a skilfully-worded entreaty.

To the British mind, a brilliant man is a madman and unreliable, and a witty man is trivial and incapable of attending to serious work. Sir Richard is safe and strong, and just the very sort of person John Bull idolizes; and to sum up, he is very nice, very polite, and urbanity personified, and when, in the fulness of time, he goes to preside, as Master of the Rolls, over Court of Appeal No. 1, his appointment will be generally applauded, and he will do his work admirably.



SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by Charles Knight, Newport.

Sir Robert Finlay, Q.C., the Solicitor-General is a counsel of whom I personally have a very high opinion, and not because he began his career with little or no money, for as Mark Twain remarked about Franklin, "nothing is easier," but because he has of himself overcome the tremendous difficulties a young man with no legal connection encounters at the Bar. Like his predecessor in his high office, he has worthily fought the battle of life, and is a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman, who can address a jury well, and argue clearly a knotty point of law. At present, with the exception of an occasional trip to the Courts Criminal and a Revenue case or two, our Solicitor-General enjoys a perpetual vacation. He has been known to shine in a big divorce case, though commercial work is his forte. A capital lawyer, he looks stolid, but in reality is versatile. Not so very long ago he had occasion to cross-examine a highly disreputable lady, who refused to say where she lived. At last, however, she gave way, stated her address, and wound up by inviting her cross-examiner to "drop in and have a cup of tea sometimes." Sir Robert did not laugh when the Court did, for, without a ray of humour in his nature, he does not appreciate a joke. He is not seen at his best on horseback, but he rides to his chambers of a morning on a curious composite creature, which could subserve many useful purposes in a travelling menagerie. It would be rash to attempt to predicate the breed of the quadruped, but it is understood that, together with an animal belonging to Mr. Justice Day, it forms a com-



SIR ROBERT B. FINLAY, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by D. Whyte, Inverness.

plete though limited species, on which the Inns of Court Mounted Infantry have cast longing eyes. In the event of either of the creatures being sold at Christie's, the adjutant of that corps has instructions to attend and bid up to the value of the regimental accoutrements for a possession which would add materially to the attractiveness of the "Devil's Own."

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., is tiny in physique, but intellectually enormous. I think him, in all cases where the advocate has to rely on neither passion nor prejudice, far and away the best advocate at the Bar. He can engineer a "company" case to perfection, with a libeller with satire, and delicately cross-examine the most obstinate of her sex. Too precise and lacking in humour to excel as a defender of prisoners, in the whole class of "sensational" actions he is excellent. It is only when he has to laugh a case out of court or take an *ad misericordiam* line that he is not pre-eminently good.

At present his success is financially astounding, but not even the most cantankerous could grudge him one jot of it, for he has made his way in the world, not by matrimonial ventures or unmerited windfalls, but by good, sterling hard work, which, conjoined with unswerving rectitude and unvarying determination, has been the architect of his fortunes. His political friends have treated him none too well, even once passing him by to satisfy the legal cravings of Sir John Gorst.

In the summer, Sir Edward besports himself on the river at Staines, in skiff and punt,

and comes down to Chambers in a frock-coat and suit of light texture and startling hue, with hat and gloves to match. When, arrayed in these, and other summery attire, he a short time ago was leaving the Law Courts, the following conversation was overheard between an American and a friend, who was evidently showing him round:—

“Waal; see thar. Say, who might he be?”

“Lord Chesterfield, at least I think it must be,” the Englishman answered; “but I’ll ask,” and he asked a cabman, who, in the hoarse tones peculiar to his calling, replied: “Luv’ yer for an innercent—why, that’s Teddy Clawk! that is; ain’t he a fighter, eh!” and burst into irreverent guffaws.

The Englishman explained his mistake to his friend, adding: “He doesn’t look like a prize-fighter after all, does he? But I suppose the cabby knows.”

“Waal, I dunno,” said the American, “but I lay he ain’t altogether raal professional.”

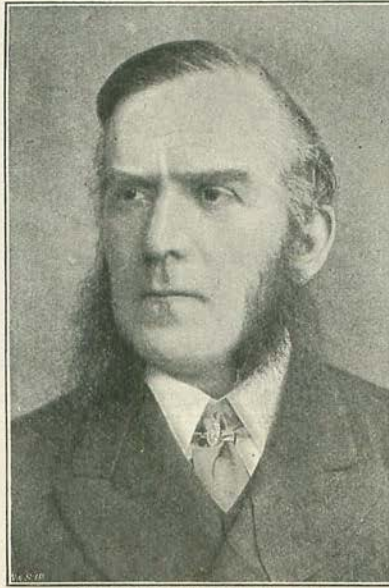
When Lord Salisbury’s present Government took office, he declined to act as Solicitor-General, very properly objecting to the silly rule which prevents the law officers of the Crown taking private practice. There is no reason why the rule should exist, and it might as reasonably be argued that a Groom of the Bedchamber should be debarred from accepting private invitations as that the law officers should give their exclusive services to the Government. Now, the rule being in force, unfortunate “Mr. Attorney” and “Mr. Solicitor” General have little to do, and even that little some third person generally does for them!

In very truth, these high officials have degenerated into a kind of “every man his own lawyer” answerers of questions in the House of Commons, fulfilling at the same time the post of standing counsel to the Treasury at the Old Bailey. It is really *astonishing* nowadays what shifts the Government are forced to make to provide work for their “Attorney” and “Solicitor.” They

coerce some stupid stipendiary into stating a case on the Adulteration of Food Acts, and send their “Exclusive Property” to argue the point up to the House of Lords.

But even stipendiaries are not always pliable, and, like the worm, who will stand anything but being trodden upon, they turn, so instead of “souping” out prosecutions at two guineas a case to the unemployed juniors at the Old Bailey, the Government select some of the more sensational, and send down one of their “Property” at a fee of a hundred or more guineas a day to spin out the trivial details.

By such means work is provided, but the country has to pay for the luxury, which is charged for at exotic rates! In this pass, the ordinary man queries: “Why don’t the Government act sensibly and throw the rule to the winds?” It will have to go sooner or later, but probably *not* until a law officer falls a victim to professional inanition.



SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

When Sir Robert Reid, Q.C. — familiarly and generally known as “Bob” Reid — was appointed Attorney-General by Lord Rosebery, Conservative and Liberal Templars alike rejoiced. There was a surprising unanimity of approval betokened in a matter which frequently produces division. Metaphysically it was hard to understand all this, but practically it is easy of explanation. The late “Mr. Attorney” had stuck to his political party through thick and thin, storm and calm, and in addition had a considerable practice, and had never fought a shady case or done a mean thing. Besides, he is a scholar of repute and has played cricket well. The explanation is complete.

I think the absurdest scene imaginable happened in a case in which Sir Robert appeared for the Incorporated Law Society, and a certain learned counsel for a solicitor who had shamefully defrauded a confiding client.

I fancy the judges were Hawkins and Wills, J.J. The representative of the

solicitor, in addressing the Court on his client's behalf, made a speech which, for fire and fury, exceeded anything ever heard in a court of justice within the memory of living man.

The peroration was something after this sort: "My lords, I appeal to you for mercy, mercy, my lords, the gift of Heaven, for my unhappy client. To-night you will go home to your silken luxury; liveried servants will hasten to pull off your boots; turtle soup and champagne will be your fare. But" (with great dramatic force, and a shake of the hand at the sleeping figure of Mr. Justice Wills) "I warn you, if you strike my client off the rolls, what will be in front of him: a garret and not even a crust. My lords, I warn you, ere it is too late, to be merciful. Don't, I beg, I pray, I entreat you, drive a ruined man to desperation."

After about an hour of this sort of thing, Sir Robert was observed to shake his head mournfully and whisper to the inflamed orator that the judges were not listening. This had the desired effect: he tremblingly sat down, and the judges woke to strike the solicitor off the rolls. I am told that the situation was ludicrous, and it must have been, as those who know Sir Robert Reid and the learned judges in question will at once perceive.

I remember once attending a meeting in Sir Robert's chambers. There were a score or so of us, and each man as he came in attempted to sit down in a broken, three-legged chair, which was placed alluringly in the doorway. Each man was warned off by Sir Robert, who, treating the first offender mildly, advanced to so rough a tone that he frightened the last comer—a learned counsel who divides with Mr. Gibson Bowles the duty of amusing the House of Commons—to such a pitch that, despite himself, he sank

down and overwhelmed the chair with his weight. Sir Robert first carefully picked up the pieces, and afterwards solemnly commenced the business of the meeting. It was an awe-inspiring proceeding; but why was the chair placed right in the doorway?

Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., is a most exuberantly cheerful man, who is more humorous than witty, and a *bon camarade* to boot. He is probably the most-debated man at the Bar. No two people seem to be able to agree about him. I have a definite opinion on the subject, and it is that Sir Frank is unrivalled in the art of laughing a case out of court. On broadly humorous lines he brings home to his jury the absurdity of his opponent's position, and has won more verdicts in this way than any other living advocate. His habit of constantly interrupting and making *sotto-voce* remarks is one of his by no means numerous weak points. As a defender of prisoners I rate him highly, and in the Divorce Court he is remarkably good, having the advantage of knowing the world by experience, and not by hearsay or newspaper paragraphs.

No man can better utilize prejudice than he, and although his delivery is very slow, and his elocutionary method laboured and

somewhat halting, Sir Frank's words carry with them conviction. His appearance is greatly in his favour: jurors like the look of him, and he invariably wears the aspect of one who, actuated by benevolent motives, has undertaken to defend his innocent client from the attacks of the hireling advocate opposed to him. Bluff and breezy, humorous and impatient, Sir Frank Lockwood has won many memorable victories, and made many good speeches. His reply in *Regina v. Wilde* was one of the best efforts I have ever heard made. The materials were good,



SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by Walery.

but they were handled with great dramatic effect and uncommon skill. It was a fine bit of oratory, a splendid piece of acting.

A certain unnamable luminary once said that the only sure and certain road to success at the Parliamentary Bar was a sandwich one, or in other words, that the essential of such success was the capacity for doing nothing and the ability to gain sufficient strength to do it by eating sandwiches.

Into the truth of this story I am not concerned to inquire, but it may be true, and so may the following account of a consultation at the Parliamentary Bar:—

Scene: Leading Q.C.'s Chambers. Present three other Q.C.'s and two juniors, solicitors and clients. Enter the leader, who glances at his brief, marked 500 guineas, and says, inquiringly: "This is the X Railway Bill day, isn't it?" Chorus of assent.

"I suppose you fellows will look in there to-day?" Murmurs of qualified assent.

"Well, I sha'n't; I'm going fishing; good-bye to you."

Company slowly and mournfully disperse, and leader's clerk books five guineas consultation fee. Of course, all this may be untrue, and genial Samuel Pope, Q.C., leader of the Parliamentary Bar and Prince of Election Petition Counsel, may take exception to its accuracy.

But even if it be true, it doesn't exclude the possibility of there being able Parliamentary men. Indeed, how could it, when their ranks are led by "Sam" Pope, who is known to be clever, admitted to be popular, and in the first flight of large income-makers at the Bar?

In the course of some remarks on the judges in this Magazine, I ridiculed the want of smartness which betokened the ordinary Chancery man, and the other day I was called to order for so doing by no less eminent a Chancery leader than James

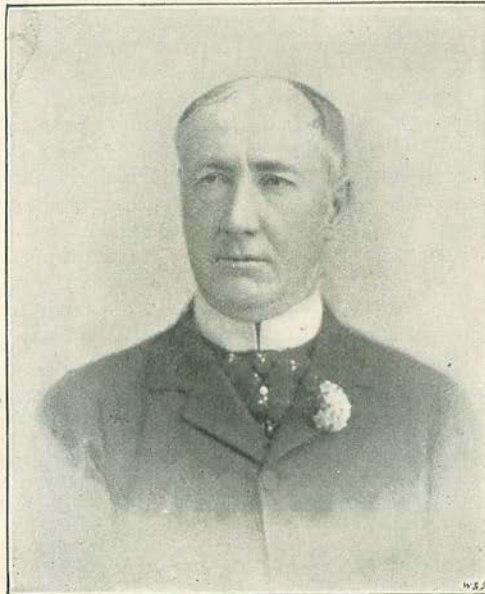
Francis Oswald, Q.C. Now, no one who has seen this learned Queen's Counsel escorting ladies to the "Terrace," and reviving their drooping spirits with tea and other insipid luxuries, can doubt that he has a legitimate cause of complaint, and I hasten to assure the author of "Oswald on Contempt of Court" that when I wrote those very true words, his form was momentarily absent from my mental gaze. For, of a surety, he is as smart in appearance as he is intellectually, and that implies something calculated to soothe anyone's ruffled spirits.

Oswald has been said to be the darling of the solicitors' clerks, and certain it is that he brings into the dreary regions of Chancery a breezy eloquence which has the same effect on his fellow-barristers as an electric shock would have on an unwashed mummy.

"My Lord," he concluded one day, "I say let justice be done," and at that moment, a piece of the ceiling falling down, Mr. Justice Chitty very wittily observed: "*Justitia fiat, ruat cælum.*"

It was Oswald who, when a judge, tired of reproving him, wearily said, "Very well; I can't teach you manners," coolly rejoined, "That is so, m' lud: that is so." But it was not Oswald who said that a certain Chancery Q.C., of great Parliamentary reputation, looked like a sheep and spoke like an ass. It ought to have been, but it wasn't.

However, as a set-off, it is understood that once, on being told by a judge that if he persisted in his line of conduct in court he would be committed for contempt, he replied, suavely: "That, m' lud, raises another question: as to your lordship's power to commit a counsel engaged in arguing a case before your lordship." Just as Napoleon, when he saw the Skibbereen Militia at Waterloo, threw up the sponge and wept for his legions, so do the judges admit defeat when Oswald tackles them.



J. F. OSWALD, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by Alfred Knott, Oldham.

It is as well known that he is bad to beat as it is that he is a clever and eloquent counsel.

In dealing with the leaders of the various circuits I shall take them in the order of their importance, and so I give the first place to the Welsh Circuit, which is composed of the South Wales and North Wales (Sub) Circuits, and is at present the only satisfactory representative of a great institution. For while other circuits have, in the course of a process of deterioration, become mere fragmentary associations, the Welsh Circuit remains an embodiment of the permanent Brotherhood, which before erring enthusiasts tried their prentice hand at reform was so thoroughly Conservative and declaratory of the spirit of the Bar.

Both in South and North Wales there are very few local barristers, and thus it happens that the large number of men who are attracted by the huge amount of work in Glamorganshire to South Wales, both at assizes and at sessions, live in common, and are subject to the strict rules and traditions which the devastating influence of those who would root the obligations of the Bar, not in honour, but in positive legal ordinances, has destroyed in the majority of the circuits. On the Welsh Circuit, the Bar is a profession; on other circuits it is a trade. Apart from the fact that it is overgrown, the Welsh Circuit is a worthy type of one of the old-time circuit systems.

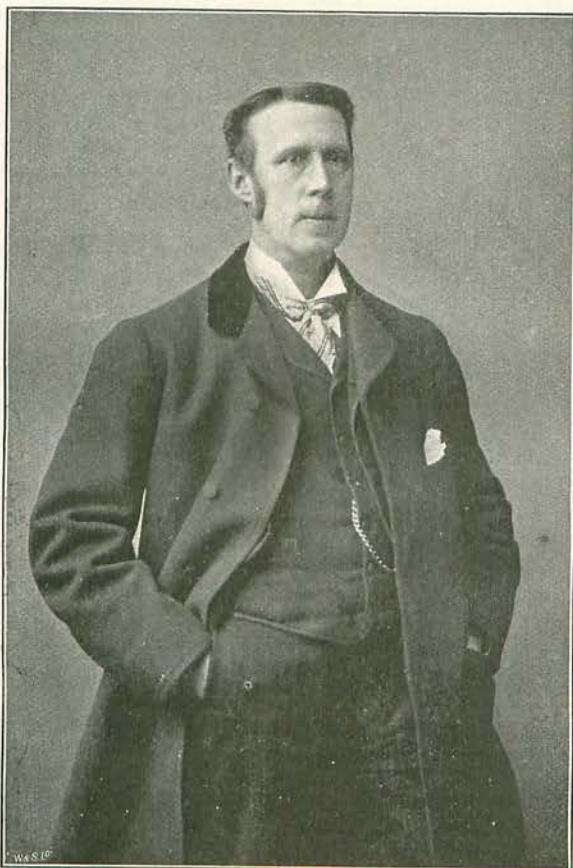
That system, engendering in barristers independence of fear

or favour, devotion to duty, and reliance on truth, was in itself truly admirable, and it is matter for deep regret that some of those who sit in high places have striven to overturn it, alas, too often successfully, with the avowed intention of subordinating honourable tradition to mercantile gain. Since sentiment in any mundane relationship is in this epoch held to be tawdry and sham, the principle of the old circuit system is condemned, and the system, though seen working on the Welsh Circuit, for the most part lives only in the monuments of the bygone great.

When Sir Hardinge Giffard became Lord Halsbury and Lord High Chancellor, William Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., succeeded him as "leader" of the South Wales Circuit, and is now leader of the joint Welsh Circuits. He was recently described as "the most popular man at the Bar," but whether that is a correct description or not I don't know; but of a

surety, the learned Recorder of Swansea is too tolerant of the faults of others, and too prone to underrate his own ability, to make many enemies. A very eloquent speaker, he is an admirable defender of prisoners, and knows as much about Charter party and short delivery cases as most men. Always a High Churchman, and now a member of the Catholic Church, he represented in Parliament for many years the intensely Non-conformist constituency of Cardiganshire.

One or two anecdotes which I have gathered from him I think will, *in the circum-*



W. BOWEN ROWLANDS, Q.C.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

stances, be better than a detailed criticism by me of this learned Q.C. The truth of the general applicability of the phrase, *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was never better illustrated than by the following story he tells of the great Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn:—

In a case in which he appeared for the Crown, a man was being tried for bigamy. In summing up, Chief Justice Cockburn said to the jury: "Gentlemen, one very significant fact arises in connection with this extraordinary prosecution; and I wish emphatically"—anyone who ever heard the learned judge will understand what that meant—"to mark my sense of the unfairness with which this case has been conducted on the part of the Crown; the fact to which I allude is the failure to put in the box one very important witness. Gentlemen: *Why was not the first, the real wife of the prisoner called?* She should have been called; it is monstrous to think that the prosecution—"

The counsel for the Crown here rose and pointed out that the Law of Evidence prevented the wife being called.

The judge at once perceived his mistake, and the jury unhesitatingly found the prisoner guilty.

The mention of this celebrated judge brings me back, over many years, to the time when I attended, in the character of spectator, my first case. It was a trial for murder, and at that time, though now almost forgotten, was equal in notoriety to almost any non-State trial. An Army doctor named Alder, stationed at Hubberston Fort, Milford, was charged with the wilful murder of a young officer named Walker, at the Fort in question. The Treasury were represented by a once-celebrated local Q.C., named B. T. Williams, and a junior, Francis-Williams. The present Lord Halsbury (then Hardinge Giffard, Q.C.) and Bowen Rowlands defended. Chief Justice Cockburn was the judge. The most elaborate precautions had been taken to insure the safety of the prisoner, whom the populace had twice tried to lynch, and the picture he presented in the dock, as he sat, white-haired, trembling, his face buried in a pocket-handkerchief, was one that is not easily effaced. The facts were shortly these: Dr. Alder and (Lieutenant) Walker had, after a long-existing quarrel, been reconciled, and the doctor invited his sometime enemy to dine in barracks with him. Walker accordingly dined, and after mess went with Dr. Alder to his quarters to play cards. Early in the

morning, a non-commissioned officer heard a scream, and ran to Alder's quarters. He opened the door, and found Walker bleeding from a wound in the side, and on the ground a large (Indian) knife. Alder at once said, "He has fallen on the knife"; but Walker cried, "That devil has murdered me."

During the days that followed Walker alternately charged and exculpated Alder, and just before his death—accelerated by putting on a vest and so re-opening the wound—he declared Alder had not killed him. The medical evidence was to the effect that the defence, that Walker had fallen on the knife, was worthless. From the direction of the wound it was clear it was done by a *downward blow*. The judge summed up dead against the prisoner, but the jury found him not guilty. The witnesses for the Crown were so bitter and the judge so determined to convict, that the jury, as often happens, went the other way. Alder died a few years after the trial, and left a fortune to Walker's widow and her son, but this, I believe, Mrs. Walker refused to take.

The late Lord Bramwell was once trying a case of libel at Chester, in which the late Judge McIntyre, Q.C., appeared for the defence. The plaintiff was a farmer, and it so happened that every man on the jury followed the same calling. McIntyre, in addressing the jury, asked them to find "no libel," and, alternatively, that if they were compelled to find for the plaintiff, they should give him for his loss of character what in his opinion would be sufficient, namely, "the smallest coin known to the English law." Mr. Justice Bramwell, as he then was, summed up as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is hardly disputed that this publication constitutes a libel on the plaintiff. Therefore the case resolves itself into a question of damages. The plaintiff is a farmer, and I see you all are farmers also. The learned counsel for the defence says that the value of the plaintiff's character is one farthing; he therefore estimates your collective characters as worth exactly threepence. Consider your *verdict*." They did, and gave their brother £1,500 damages.

In all his wide experience in cases in which he has been engaged, our leader considers that even putting aside such an extraordinary case as that of the dynamitards heard by three judges at the Old Bailey, Whitehead, Gallagher, and others, and the locally termed "Borth murder"—a case teeming with romantic situations, and which

told how a ship's captain, coming, after a long voyage, into Swansea Harbour, in the twilight of a summer's evening, saw standing out to sea a vessel, on board of which he espied the husband of a woman who had insulted his child; how, stung by the recollection of the injury done to him, he left his ship, took train to Aberystwith, caught a pony grazing in the fields, and rode him through the night to Borth, and how finally he reached the woman's house, and there brutally strangled her—even beyond these the most terribly interesting case was the High Legh poaching case, heard before Mr. Justice Watkin Williams at Chester, fourteen years ago.

The facts were shortly these: Four poachers on a night in November went armed in pursuit of game in High Legh preserves. They were surrounded by a party of twenty, composed of gamekeepers and young men of the district, and were called upon to surrender. They refused, and three fired; there was a general *mêlée*, and some of the keepers were seriously wounded, and one of the poachers was killed. At the inquest, the head-keeper, and two others of the surprise party, a farmer and a person denominated in the charge-sheets as "gentleman," swore that *neither they nor any of their party carried firearms* that night. Therefore, as it was proved that the dead poacher had been killed by a shot, it was clear that the poachers, being on the land for a felonious purpose, and three guns having been fired, were technically guilty of wilful murder and substantially of manslaughter. The poachers were then charged before the magistrates with murder, and the gamekeeper, the farmer, and the "gentleman" swore again that neither they nor their party were armed with firearms. However, one of the three finally determined to tell the truth, and, a *post-mortem* examination being made, a *revolver* bullet was found in the dead poacher's body. The three men then confessed that the keepers' party did have arms; and not only that they

had arms, but that they each had revolvers and—discharged them.

The upshot was that at the same assizes the poachers were put on their trial for night poaching and firing on the keepers with intent to murder, and the keeper and his two fellows in crime were tried for perjury, and one of them for the manslaughter of the poacher. Both batches were convicted, and they were brought up on the same day to be sentenced, when poachers and keepers were sent down for eighteen months' hard labour apiece.

It is hard to realize that, as the judge said in his charge to the grand jury, three men should have "deliberately arranged to perjure themselves, when the consequences of their conspiracy might have been the gallows for three innocent men, although the perjurers denied that they contemplated any such serious consequences." But the whole facts of the case: the scene of the fight, the reckless indiscriminacy of the firing, the desperation of the poachers, and the final result, bear out the learned Q.C.'s statement that it was the most enthralling case he had ever been engaged in, and could not call to mind in book or fact one more pregnant with exciting details.

Benjamin Francis-Williams, Q.C., is the Recorder of Cardiff, and a very powerful and reliable advocate. Excellent both at *Nisi Prius* and in the criminal courts, he is, if not so eloquent as his leader, even more intensely dramatic. Highly popular with many of his brethren, he possesses some very good enemies and some very bad friends. He is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, detests a snob, and is well on the road to promotion.

A story illustrative of one of his chief characteristics is that once a very peppery Colonial judge came up to him, and asked him if, in using a certain phrase, he meant to insult him.

"My dear —," said the learned Recorder, "when I do mean to insult you, rest assured you won't have any reason for doubt on the subject."



FRANCIS-WILLIAMS, Q.C.  
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.



## Leaders of the Bar.

II.

By E.



THE North-Eastern Circuit, in addition to a long list of notable men, including mellifluous Lawson-Walton, Q.C., and sound-headed Stuart Macaskie, boasts the possession of the first Home Secretary who, at the expiration of a period of "office," has returned to active practice at the Bar.

Herbert Henry Asquith, Privy Councillor and Queen's Counsel, it was who flew in the face of tradition and sought the dry land of counsel's fees. Now, I am among those who think that a slavish adherence to anachronistic custom is as indefensible as a reform-at-any-cost policy, and as there was no good reason to the contrary, consider that he was quite right in acting as he did.

The old notion that an ex-Home Secretary should not appear before the High Court judges, because during his term of office he might have had occasion to pronounce judgment on their sentences, is not only silly, but implies a bad compliment to the judges. The distrust of county-court judges, the belief that selfish motives can make them one and all partial, which animate some of our writers on things in general and law in particular, must be extended to High Court judges if Asquith's conduct is to be logically attacked.

Besides, apart from tradition, he was praiseworthy in determining to earn his own living. There are enough State pensioners already! Of course, it is unquestionable that the ex-Home Secretary has the very brightest political prospects, and with a little luck may one day or other become Prime Minister, and therefore it is possible that some solicitors may brief him in order to secure his future favours. Well, what if they do? So much the better for the briefee! This strictly human tendency on the part of solicitors constitutes no

reason for relegating anyone to the back-ground of inactivity.

Now, having assured him that his conduct is not disapproved by the wise, a word or two as to his capabilities. He is undeniably clever, but I cannot say that he is an exceptionally good advocate. He knows the law both in principle and detail, and reasons well, but he is too hard, and is gifted with too rich a sense of humour to treat a client's claim as though it were the one object of his constant attention. He is painstaking to a fault, and has never been caught in court or

House unprepared. It is said that when he was in chambers with the present Mr. Justice Wright he used to take off his coat to a speech and burn a gallon of oil over a case, while his equally clever and, perhaps, more brilliant companion would, in three puffs of a cigar, solve the most tangled of legal complications, and then pooh-pooh the difficulty with a "Really, it is very simple, you know."

However, great as is my admiration for this learned judge, I do not think he could have made the ideal Home Secretary of his one-time colleague; and, on the other hand, it would be absurd to expect the far-seeing and admirable statesman to quite satis-

factorily fill the judicial seat of the judge whose great learning and marvellous ability mark him out for the highest places in our judiciary. I don't say Asquith wouldn't make a good judge: indeed, I believe he would do well in any capacity; but, while recognising that at present he does a considerable amount of business, that his fees are large, and his prospects even larger, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that the House of Commons is his *métier*, and that he is seen to infinitely greater advantage when snubbing Mr. George Curzon, or satirizing Mr. Goschen, than when he is labouring to convince twelve unintelligent fellow-citizens that he is in the right. It is possible I may be wrong, but it is unlikely.



RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

The leader of the Oxford Circuit is Arthur Richard Jelf, Q.C., the most pertinacious and one of the best all-round men at the Bar. A mild, placid-looking person in private life, he adopts a warlike expression and vigorous method in court, and even occasionally forgets the pleasing conventionalities of life in the delirious strife of a *nisi prius* action. He is not a *persona grata* in No. 1 Court of Appeal, but everywhere else he is very popular. He is the sort of man who, if his legs were shot away in battle, would first of all speculate on the aerial course of the ball, and then storm a breach on his stumps. Mainly microscopical, he is truly terrible in debate, and would be backed by the Bar to find a flaw in anything—even a Law Courts bun.

In addition to his large London practice, he has the privilege of leading a circuit where merit is tested by slowness of speech, and ability by capacity for prolonging proceedings. This pleasant trait is as well known as an admitted fact can be, and has oftentimes provoked the sarcastic humour of the Master of the Rolls.

"Mr. Jelf," he said, one day, "we are not on the Oxford Circuit now, and we sha'n't be very angry if you do finish in the day." But the learned counsel was the depository of the great traditions of that circuit, and the second day just saw the last of the "preliminary objections."

The story goes in the Temple that some little time back a judge was lost; where he was no one could say; no ægotat had been received from him, and speculation waxed keen on the subject of his lordship's disappearance. However, at last, anxious and continued inquiry brought to light the fact that—how long ago it is rash to say—he had started to "go" the Oxford Circuit. This was a clue, in all conscience, and the search was

continued. Telegrams in costly profusion were dispatched, a meeting of the judges would have been held, but those who weren't on circuit were absent—"Ill." Mr. Labouchere directed attention to the matter in *Truth*, and a fond message was inserted in the agony column of the *Times*: "Fugitive Solon: Come back, all is forgiven.—Chancellor."

This last device—emanating, it was said, from the complex brain of Lord Justice Kay—was successful, and in due course of post a piteous letter, dated Shrewsbury, was received from the lost judge, setting forth how he had been occupied all the time in trying nine prisoners and three causes; how the fourth cause had just crawled into its sixteenth day, and the plaintiff's case was not yet concluded; and, finally, how agreeable as an alternative to the monotony of his surroundings would be some violent, unmerited death. This letter arrived not a minute too soon, and he was rescued in the nick of time; a Q.C., with little to earn and many to keep, being sent to do his work for him.

This, if true—and being unlikely it savours of the truth—is horrible enough; but what can be thought of a learned counsel, on the same circuit, who once on a time wasted half a day in confusing his judge by pronouncing "lien" "lion," with the "i" hard!

"My client could not take the sheep," he asserted, over and over again, "because there was a lion (lien) upon them."

"Dear me, what a terrible predicament!" was the judicial reply; and it wasn't until lunch-time that the judge began to understand, and then he occupied the rest of the afternoon in mentally disentangling himself from the meshes of the startling pronunciation. Of course, all this may be a libel; but certain it is that when on one side is



MR. A. R. JELF, Q.C.  
From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock.

discerned Jelf, Q.C., and on the other Bousanquet, Q.C., the Court settles itself down for a period of long and unremitting repose.

Both these leaders will undoubtedly—and deservedly—attain the dignity of the Bench ; but what an admirable attorney-general of a possible lotus-land either of them would have made in other and unhappier circumstances !

It was the leader of the Oxford Circuit who appeared for the respondent in the St. George's Election Petition, a trial rendered memorable by the fact that in its course the senior judge, Mr. Baron Pollock, stated that he didn't "care a dump"—whatever that peculiarly inexpressive word may mean—for anonymous letters. The learned Baron was, of course, quite right in his views, though his language does seem a little too fast and furious for the staid assembly over which he presided. Another noteworthy fact was the resuscitation of Mr. Justice Bruce. I say resuscitation, because in language and manner this very learned and courteous judge conveys the impression that when he is on the Bench he is just about to emerge from a state of suspended animation. It happened in this wise :

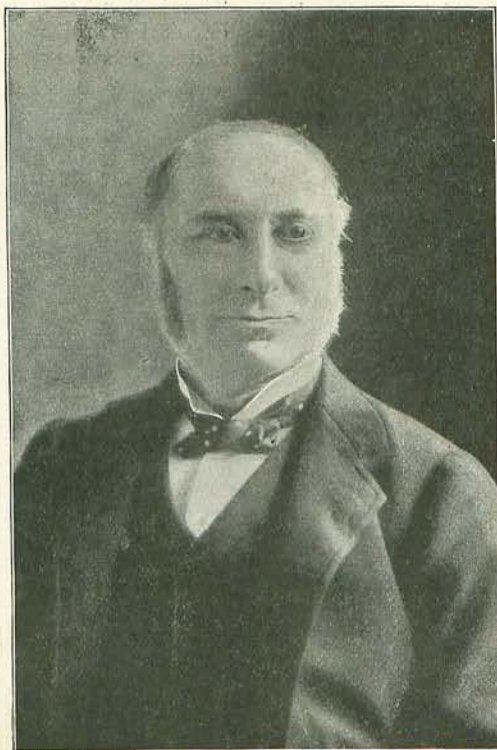
William Willis, Q.C., had reached his thirtieth day of torrential eloquence, and having reduced Mr. Baron Pollock to silence, turned his attention to his opponent. It wasn't exactly what he said that aroused Mr. Justice Bruce, so it must have been the way he said it, for that learned judge called to his aid a mighty voice, and with gravity in his mien and anger in his words, he lashed out at the offending counsel. It was like the voice of Jove on a small scale : the whole Court trembled, and the attendant at the outside door was so affected that he forgot to refuse admittance to

a small clerk who had business inside the court, and therefore, according to official law-court rules, ought clearly to have been kept out. Truly, it was an impressive scene, and those who missed it, missed a good deal.

The advice of the celebrated Chancellor, Lord Westbury, to Mr. Justice Wright, when he first went to the Bar, was, never to admit—even to himself—that he could do wrong, and to consistently disregard the judges. I don't know whether, throughout his exceptionally brilliant career, the great judge, to whom, as a fresh-fledged junior, this advice was given, acted upon it ; but I agree with Lord Westbury, and advise all juniors to make it a rule of conduct, unless they contemplate practising in the Divorce Court. For if they intend devoting themselves to the matrimonial side, they must tutor themselves to speak with all due humbleness, and to regard, for the time being, the judges of the division with veneration and awe.

Let them take the leader of the court as an example, and unswervingly to the best of their ability follow the path of F. A. Inderwick, Q.C. He is the most powerful counsel one could have in a divorce or

probate action, and yet he speaks with the utmost diffidence, and scarcely ever presumes to question the utterances of his judge. In an apologetic whisper he suggests his argument ; and a Mussulman gazing on the green flag of the Prophet in the Basilica of Saint Sophia could not express greater reverence in his face and manner than he does when he addresses the Court. Throughout the inspiring scenes of a defended action he never raises his voice, and yet he works with really wonderful skilfulness on the materials that are to hand. "He knows the ropes better than any man living," an authority once



MR. F. A. Inderwick, Q.C.  
From a Photo. by J. H. Bloomfield.

remarked, and truly he personifies the concentrated essence of the court to which he has devoted a long and successful career. Things amatory in literature are not despised of him, for has he not written a good novel of serious interest?—and he is a kind and distinctly popular man, with a practice which, in his court, has been never equalled.

The other leaders in the Divorce Court who contrive to absorb between them the entire bulk of the business are: Bayford, Q.C., W. T. Barnard, R. H. Pritchard, J. C. Priestley—all good men—and Bargrave Deane, who seems to be in every single case tried in the Divorce Court. Despite his large practice, the latter finds time to control the destinies of the 21st Middlesex V.B., and displays a fine military bearing—and the Volunteer decoration—at the head of his regiment. And, I am sure, I don't know why he shouldn't; for, as the historic crossing-sweeper said, "It's a 'obby"; and a decidedly useful one, too, since it is the means of turning out many well-trained soldiers, available in their country's defence.

Bargrave Deane is appropriately subdued and funereal in court; but I understand that his demeanour in the field is martial in the highest degree, and that his eye flashes with all due military ferocity when he shouts directions to his veteran followers and encourages his recruits in many a bloodless fight. What the end of his soldiering will be we cannot well predict, especially since the formation of a cyclist corps; but the most cautious would not fear to say that his professional career will terminate "on the Bench."

Socially, the Bar—it being, of course, always provided that it does not compete with the stage—is supposed to be the leading profession, but even in its ranks are found scattered about in unbeautiful profusion a few individuals whose lives are so many tussles with the letter H.

Such a one—a very good fellow, whose name I suppress—was one day prosecuting, before Mr. Justice Lawrance, a man for stealing among other things a halter. Constantly and consistently he spoke of 'alter, and after an hour or so of this maltreatment of the English language, the judge summoned the clerk of assize, and seriously asked him:—

"Is this the Crown Court?"

"Yes, my lord; I believe so," was the answer of the wondering official.

"Thank you. I am relieved. I thought I had found my way into an ecclesiastical inquiry."

And this reminds me of a very amusing colloquy which once ensued between a prisoner and this learned judge.

"Why did you steal this horse?" the judge asked.

"To earn my living," was the sullen answer.

"Bad way of earning your living, isn't it?"

"Must do something!" the prisoner casually remarked.

"So you must," said the judge. "Try six months' hard labour."

The Northern Circuit contains many "locals," and very few London men, so *quà* circuit it is of no account. At Liverpool and Manchester the local Bar is numerically

so strong that it almost defies outside competition, but in point of quality the whole circuit has only one exceptionally brilliant man, and two or three very able men, who are R. A. McCall, Q.C., a determined fighter and consistent advocate; W. Pickford, Q.C., who is deservedly and rapidly coming to the front in the London courts; H. G. Shee, Q.C., the only first-class defender of prisoners the circuit possesses; and Joseph Walton, Q.C., a clear-headed and sound commercial lawyer, whose future promises to be especially bright. The learned counsel whom I have



MR. J. C. BIGHAM, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

styled "exceptionally brilliant" is John C. Bigham, Q.C., and I don't think many competent men would quarrel with the description.

In commercial causes, I unhesitatingly put him first in the list of the entire Bar, his sagacity, keenness, and capacity of grasping and mastering the facts of a case being such as to place him far above every other barrister. At times he allows a somewhat irritating petulance to run away with his discretion; but these occasions are few and far between. He is a good but not an eloquent speaker; and, possessed of an intimate knowledge of business affairs, it is not wonderful that he is the fashion in Liverpool and the leader of the Commercial Court in London. He hails from a circuit which is very rich in judges; and, if rumours are trustworthy, it will not be long before he is translated to a position where solicitors cease from worrying and counsel are at rest.

I am not certain, but I think that it was H. G. Shee who prosecuted in a very celebrated case tried before the late Lord Justice Bowen, at Liverpool. It will be remembered that the late judge had a keen appreciation of the humorous, and was a master of refined satire; and these characteristics form the keynote of the following anecdote, which will bear repetition although it is far from new:—

A man was captured very late one night on the roof of a house which had just been broken into. He was armed with a burglar's jemmy, and over his boots were drawn a pair of thick, ribbed stockings. He was tried for burglary; and, if I remember rightly, pleaded not guilty, putting forward as his defence that he hadn't any felonious intent. Lord Justice Bowen, in summing up, told the jury that the facts were uncontested, and that if they believed the prisoner's story, and reasonably thought that a man would draw stockings over his boots, arm himself with a jemmy, break into a house and climb on to the roof, not for the purpose of committing a felony, but merely in order to take the evening air, they would acquit the prisoner.

The jury failed to see through the delicate satire of the judge's address, and did acquit him. It is very seldom that juries go wrong; and on this occasion they might well be pardoned for mistaking the nature of the late Lord Justice's directions.

Another instance of an extraordinary defence being successful is afforded by a story which was told me by a certain barrister the

other day. He desires me to keep his identity unrevealed, so I shall give no particulars likely to reveal the venue of the trial or the name of my authority.

A man was charged with stealing certain goods from the booking-office of the X. Railway Company, and witnesses were called by the prosecution to prove that prisoner had access to the office, and that some of the stolen property was found in a box in the room where he lodged, many miles away from the station. There was apparently no defence, and prisoner's counsel, having asked the station-master whether he and another person equally with the prisoner had access to the room, never put a question to any of the thirteen witnesses until the last—a policeman—appeared. He then asked the following questions:—

"Did you go into the bedroom of prisoner's mother and search her boxes?"

A.: "I did."

Q.: "In prisoner's room did you find a pair of brown shoes?"

A.: "I did."

Q.: "Did they correspond with shoes that had been stolen from the X. Railway Company?"

A.: "They did."

Q.: "Did you take them away as part of the stolen property, and did you afterwards find out that the prisoner had bought and paid for them?"

A.: "I did."

The case being apparently clearly proved against the prisoner, counsel for the Crown didn't sum up, and at once counsel for the defence began his speech.

He first of all called attention to the brown boots episode, and asked the jury whether that didn't show that, having conceived a grudge against the prisoner, and having led themselves to believe he was the culprit, the police thought everything he possessed was stolen property. He then denounced in high-flown language the conduct of the police in going into a "lady's bedroom," and finally turned his attention to the directors of the X. line.

"Would it not be better for them," he asked, "instead of trying to hound to ruin a poor, miserable, ill-paid employé, to look after the comfort of their passengers, and provide carriages properly lighted and comfortable?"

Here the judge intervened, and stated he would not allow such an attack to be made on men who had nothing to do with the case. The learned counsel persisted; the inevitable scene followed, to be terminated

by the foreman of the jury rising and saying they had agreed on their verdict.

"Of course, it is an undefended case," the judge replied, in derogation of the defence's right of speech.

"We find the prisoner not guilty," the foreman continued.

"Not guilty?"

The judge fell back in his chair and glared at the jury.

"Yes, my lord."

"Let him be discharged," was the feeble rejoinder of the astounded judge.

The badly lighted carriages had done it!

This is almost on a par with the case in which a man, charged with cutting and wounding a pony, got off by proving an alibi for the pony. This is, on the face of it, absurd, but it simply means that the prosecution had made a mistake as to the identity of the pony, and couldn't prove the facts laid in the indictment.

The Western Circuit Bar list is a heavy, and in some respects a distinguished, one. Who the nominal leader is I do not know, but I should think that H. M. Bompas, Q.C., is not altogether unconnected with his identity. This learned counsel enjoys a large practice in the Privy Council, and is not unknown in humbler domains of law.

Furthermore, he is Recorder of Plymouth, and in that capacity once terrified the sporting world by interpreting the word "resort" as a place to which telegrams are sent—he didn't exactly hold that; but no matter, it is sufficiently near for my purpose.

He occupies in the Tory Administration the same place that Mr. Speaker Gully occupied during Lord Rosebery's tenure of office. He is the perpetual candidate for any and every sort of post, and just as every vacancy was supposed to be a mere con-

venience for the present Speaker, so is it with Bompas, Q.C. It may not be his fault, and probably is not; but the fact remains that directly an office is open, people say: "Of course, Bompas will get it." Whether he will become a judge depends on the flight of fancy of the Chancellor, but the betting—I have no desire to shirk my subject, but it is the only way in which I can fully express myself—is odds on his taking his seat among the great ones of his profession.

When Gully, Q.C., was promoted to the Speakership of the House, I was not in the least surprised. I knew he must have something, and as, being a Liberal, he was

not qualified for the Recordship of London, and there was no vacancy in the High Court Bench, it was quite right that he should take the thing that was handiest. He did take it, and has been conspicuously successful in the discharge of his irksome duties. And so may it fare with Bompas. At present he is balancing on the sharp edge of Probability. One day he is threatened with the chief justiceship of some almost uninhabitable island; another, a London police magistracy is his lot; another—if Jelf and Bousanquet would only contrive to start some question of equitable title, and lose themselves in the waste of cir-



MR. H. M. BOMPAS, Q.C.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

cuit for a year or two—the next puisne judgeship is his; and so on, until you get to loathe the idea of Probability, and hate Butler for saying it was the rule of life.

For my part, Bompas being a very good sort of man, who has well upheld the dignity of his profession, I wish him all good fortune; but such are the changes of fortune that it would not startle me to learn that he had been appointed Perpetual Master of the Buckhounds, with a seat in the House of Lords!

But to return to the Western and its other members: Blake Odgers, Q.C., the greatest living authority on the law of libel and slander; Lord Coleridge, Q.C., who regretfully exchanged the fussiness of the Commons for the stupidity of the Lords; H. E. Duke, the "Attorney-General" of the Western Counties; and nominally Sir Walter Phillimore, leader of the Admiralty Bar, and Herbert Reed, Q.C., greatest of bankruptcy experts, are gathered within its fold. But the real leaders of the circuit are Thomas Townsend Bucknill, Q.C., and E. U. Bullen, of each of whom I will say a word or two.

The first is one of the most popular men going, and rightly so, for I much doubt whether anyone ever possessed a sweeter disposition than the man who has endeared himself to his professional brethren as "Tommy" Bucknill. "Don't call me 'Mr. Bucknill,'" he said to an awe-stricken junior once; "my name is plain Tommy Bucknill, stick to that," and the Bar has stuck to it ever since. He is simply adored by the younger juniors on "the Western"; and though he talks a great deal too fast, and doesn't accentuate his periods sufficiently, he is an effective speaker. In the Admiralty Court he has a very considerable practice, and although I can well understand his not devoting himself exclusively to that gloomy tribunal, had he cared to do so he would have "led" the Court. He is a man with his future in front of him, though he sometimes forgets that his gown is behind him, and hasn't yet grasped the fact that an enemy is infinitely more serviceable than a friend.

E. U. Bullen is a very admirable

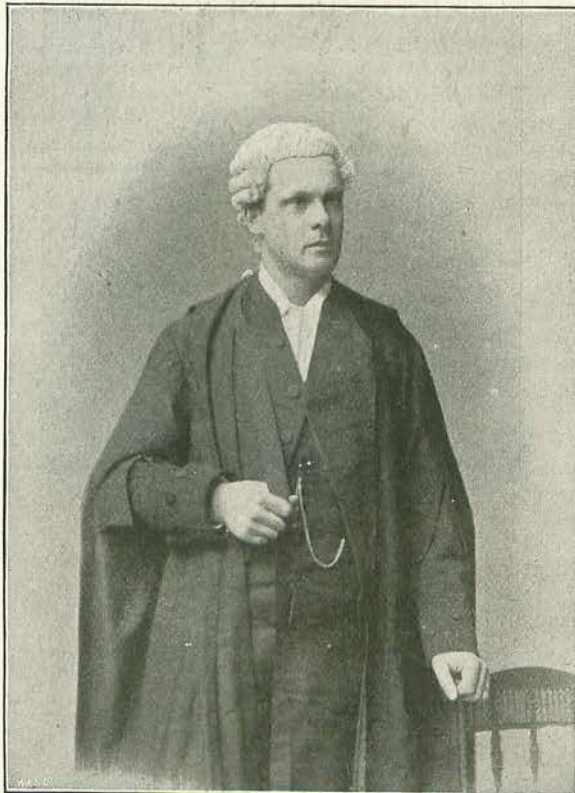
representative of a celebrated legal family, and, in spite of his large business, he enjoys life as well as any man living. If in the Scriptural quotation, for "children" the word "pupils" were substituted, he would indeed be blessed, for his chambers are full of them. "Yes," said an imaginative person one day, "if I ever fetch up at the North Pole, I shall expect to find one of Ned Bullen's 'pups' there, smoking cigarettes and doing nothing else."

But lest the lay reader may think that such a pupil has anything in common with the charge of a tutor, or, more expressively, "bear leader," I hasten to explain that he really is a barrister who, after being called to the Bar, pays a hundred guineas to be allowed to sit in another barrister's chambers, look over his "papers," and follow him respectfully round the courts.

Occasionally the barrister, after the manner of the ancient juriconsult, deigns to impart a little information to his pupil, but such a manifestation of kindly interest is not of frequent occurrence, and can be dismissed without comment. A "pup" is easily mark-

able in the Temple. He always appears unruffled, and wears unsoiled cuffs and a shining hat. When his face doesn't reflect the burning adoration he invariably entertains for his "leader," it usually betokens vacancy.

I have never seen an intelligent-looking "pup," and somehow I don't think I am singularly unfortunate. Like the Temple laundress, who is so called because she never washes anything, the pupil studies nothing, is subject to no one, and passes his year in loudly venerating the man in whose



MR. T. T. BUCKNILL, Q.C., M.P.  
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

chambers he is, and arguing with other pupils about the respective merits of his and their leaders. In such a dispute the man in Bullen's chambers generally has an advantage. As an advocate Bullen is better than five-sixths of the "silks," and his manner of dealing with a jury is both droll and successful. Some day he will be compelled to allow the Lord Chancellor to append Q.C. to his name, and then the pupils will go, but not so his business. That, if anything, will increase.

When is a circuit not a circuit? When it is the "South-Eastern!" For this "circuit" is an *omnium gatherum* of those whom no other circuit can claim, and, as the late Mr. Austin would have said, is "improperly so called." Any barrister—not being of the Chancery brotherhood—who never means to "go circuit" at all, as a matter of course becomes one of the professional molecules composing the "S.-E.," and thus it happens that a number of distinguished men are nominally enrolled on its Bar list.

Among its numerous members are Alfred Cock, Q.C., who unites in himself the chief characteristics of the scholar and the art collector, and is, further, the terror of the fraudulent company promoter, and to my mind one of our very best advocates; William Willis, Q.C., noted for his learning and the zeal with which he personally identifies himself with his client; Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., incomparably the greatest of "Patent" counsel; J. P. Murphy, Q.C., whose pathetic manner a jury so often finds irresistible; George Candy, Q.C., beloved of brewers, and counsel-in-chief to the confiding fair; J. G. Witt, Q.C., useful in all cases, but exceptionally good in "References";

E. Cooper Willis, Q.C., the Bankruptcy Court leader; and to quote a few out of the many nominally of this circuit, such go-ahead juniors as Cosmo Rose-Innes, well known both in the Chancery and Common Law sides, and who can draw a conveyance and address a jury excellently and equally well; William Grantham, who does well on circuit and has got a sure footing at the Old Bailey; and W. P. Boxall, who takes a part in almost every Sussex case.

When the late member for Southampton was unseated on petition, Candy, Q.C., his counsel in these stirring proceedings, issued his address and strove to uphold Conservative principles in that varying borough. But success was not to be his: in vain did he dare: the publicans retreated before the Union Steamship Company, and Southampton, forgetting the principle that was behind and caring for the interest that was before, reverted to its faith in the Docks.

Many good Radicals were sorry, on purely personal grounds, for Candy is universally liked, is a fair opponent, and does his work very well. And, after all, another drop in the ocean of Toryism would not have done so very much harm in this Constantinopolitan time!

"Oh! Mr. Candy," said one of the many distressed ladies whom he has appeared in breach

of promise cases, "how dare they find he *didn't* promise to marry me? I told them he did."

"The jury thought you were mistaken," was the mild answer.

"Then they're fools," the fair plaintiff declared.

"They would probably take the same view of that statement," and with his usual good-humoured smile he turned away.

Another time, in a similar class of case, he was opposed by a learned counsel who is



MR. G. CANDY, Q.C.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



celebrated for the strength of his voice and the manner in which he uses it. On this occasion, the said learned counsel had prepared a great oration in reply on the whole case; and, in order to make it emphatic and brilliant, he had written out a number of phrases and proverbs on numbered slips of paper, which he had handed to his junior with instructions to give them to him whenever he asked for them.

All went well until the end, when, having worked himself up to a fine pitch of oratorical frenzy, he said, "Her every chance of happiness is gone. Look at her, gentlemen, weeping there, a ruin of her former self. Gentlemen, you have hearts, and remember"—here he took a slip from his junior and looked at it—"It's an ill wind that blows no one good."

Someone laughed; he turned fiercely round on his luckless junior and demanded the proper slip. This was given him, and with redoubled vigour he trolled forth, "Gentlemen, I adjure you in considering your verdict to bear in mind the glorious adage, 'Do unto others as you would others should do unto you,'" and sat down amidst un-suppressed applause.

Frederick Octavius Crump, Q.C., is also of this circuit, and the wonder attaching to him is that he does so many things so well. In the first place, he is the editor of the leading law paper, the *Law Times*; in the second, he is one of Her Majesty's counsel who is favoured of solicitors, and consequently does a large and lucrative practice; and in the third—to go no further—he is the creator of the Bar

Council. Now that there is so much bother and fuss made over catechisms and School Board formulæ, I would suggest that the following questions be added to the official stock:—

"What is the great general council of the Bar?"

"Crump, Q.C."

"Who is Crump, Q.C.?"

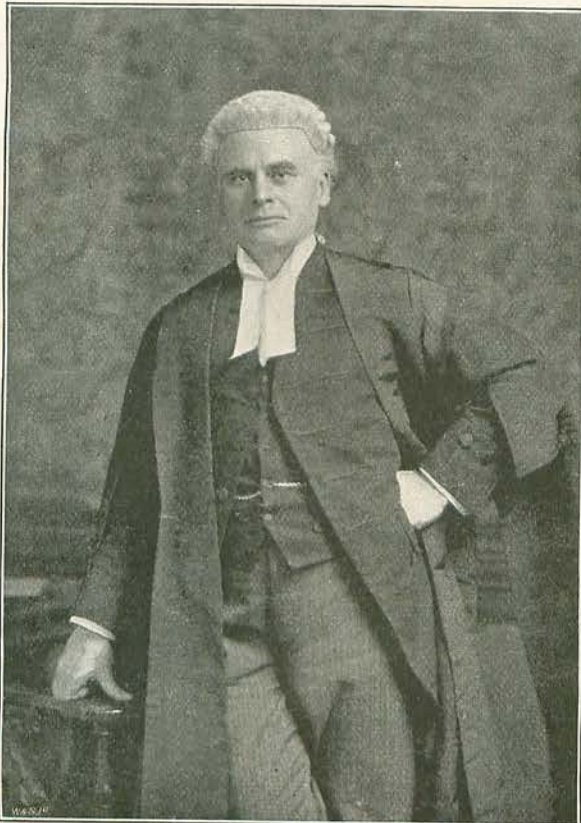
"The great general council of the Bar."

This wouldn't nearly exhaust all the learned Q.C.'s salient features; but if the scholar were also taught that he is a successful advocate, a capital speaker both on the platform and to a jury, and a restless reformer, I think the description would about do.

The Central Criminal Court is in the public estimation represented by two men; for though no one can fail to admire the enthusiastic eloquence of Geoghegan and the thoroughness of Willie Mathews, and be struck by the ability of some of the younger men—such, for example, as William Clarke Hall, who is a capital prosecutor and good defender of prisoners, and whose skill

in argument and knowledge of the criminal law were specially commended by the full Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved, not so long ago; still, Charles Gill and Horace Avory at present fill the public eye. Of these two, it may be truthfully said that both are very able men. Both have good practices outside the Criminal Bar, Avory especially being blessed with a heavy civil business, which leads him into the Privy Council, Ecclesiastical Court, and other fearsome places.

To speak of them individually: Gill, in



MR. F. O. CRUMP, Q.C.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



MR. C. F. GILL.  
From a Photo. by Barrauds.

spite of a painfully slow utterance, is not only one of our most brilliant cross-examiners, but a very successful speaker. He prosecutes unerringly, but with extreme fairness, and for the defence has pulled off many apparently hopeless cases. His manner is very far from being showy, and the story is told of a burglar, whom he was asked by the judge to defend, leaning over the dock and asking a bystander who "the dreary bloke" speaking was!

It was not a pretty way of putting it, especially as, thanks to Gill's efforts, the criminal was restored to his friends; but it conveys a certain amount of truth. For Charles Gill is much livelier out of court than in it; but his total lack of humour and air of gloomy solemnity are more than compensated for by his many other admirable points. He is a host in the Divorce Court, and personally is a good-hearted, sensible man, who is seen to advantage pretty well everywhere but on horseback! He would make an admirable criminal judge, and must inevitably become one.

Horace Avory has the appearance of an athlete, and in reality bears it out. Since the days when he helped "Corpus" to keep its place at the head of the river, he has never lost sight of "Le Sport." A good shot, a straight rider to hounds, he can foot it merrily in the ball-room, and at his charming wife's garden parties strikes dismay into the hearts of would-be tennis champions. In his work, he is excelled by no one; a most erudite lawyer, he is excellent both in

criminal and civil cases, and latent indeed must be the point that escapes him. His serene and imperturbable method of cross-examining is occasionally provocative of a scene; and one I can well remember. A villainous scoundrel, of the well-dressed swell mobsman type, was being taken in hand by Avory, and at last, worn out by the fierceness of the fire directed at him, he put his handkerchief to his eyes, and whimpered, "You'll accuse me of a murder next."

Horace Avory took up and scanned a sheet of paper in front of him, and laying it down said, coolly, "Which murder do you refer to? I have before me the details of four, which it is said you committed."

Like Charles Gill, he will one day certainly be entitled to judge where he presently prosecutes, and sentence where he now defends.

And here I must stop, with the consciousness that it would take fifty times the number of pages to do justice to my subject; but as I have before remarked, one can only do the best possible in the conditions which surround one—and to attempt more is mere waste of labour.

There are many men whose professional positions properly entitle them to notice in these pages, but it being impossible to deal with all of them, it was necessary to make a selection, and that I have done to the best of my ability.



MR. HORACE E. AVORY.  
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.