

## SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

Sketch of the New Lord Chief Justice of England.

M. J. Jordan in *Donner's Magazine*.

Of the many Anglo-Norman families, whose descendants have become renowned on the continent of Europe, in the United Kingdom, and in America, I know of none which boasts a prouder lineage than Russell.

When Rollo the Northman invaded Normandy there was a certain esquire in his train named Turstan, a descendant of Olaf, the sharp-eyed king of Rerik, who claimed as the price of his allegiance the barony of Briquibook and its castle of Rozel, near Clare. Hugh de Rozel accompanied William the Conqueror into England, and from him the Russells of the House of Bedford, as well as the scattered families of that name in Ireland and Massachusetts, claim descent. In Ireland the Russells were one of the Norman families who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Charles Arthur Russell was born in the county Down, Ireland, in the year 1833. His early education was acquired in Newry, where he was fitted to enter Castlenock College, which is well known to all American visitors in Dublin, from its picturesque position on the skirts of the Phoenix Park, and its close proximity to the famous "Strawberry beds."

After a short time Sir Charles Russell matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, and did not obtain a degree, presumably because so few facilities were then accorded to Catholic students by the universities of the United Kingdom, where they were tolerated, but not recognized. It is of melancholy interest in the light of later events to notice that the first Catholic scholar, as well as the first Catholic Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, was Professor Thomas Maguire, whose life terminated so tragically on the eve of the famous Pigott exposures. Like Thurlow, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Charles Russell first became a solicitor, practising at Dundalk, where some wonderful stories are told of his early encounters with the celebrated John Ross.

But a just appreciation of his own talents urged him to the higher profession of barrister, which he attained in 1859, being then called to the English bar from Lincoln's Inn. His early struggles at the English bar are not surprising to anyone who has ever spent a year in the halls of court. He supplemented his narrow income by what he drew from contributions to several newspapers, in this field of his labors having a worthy helpmate, it is said, in his wife, who is a near relative of Rosa Mulholland, the novelist. His fine presence, strong common sense, good nature and jollity, soon made him hosts of friends on the northern circuit, which he followed, and in a short time he had the satisfaction of finding his income amounting to the sum of two thousand guineas.

Thirteen years after his admission to the bar, Sir Charles Russell was made Queen's counsel. This is merely an honorary distinction conferred by the Lord Chancellor on barristers of a certain standing. Queen's counsel are distinguished from members of the junior bar by the silk gowns which the rank entitles them to wear. This is what is known as "taking silk."

Few men, however, who have had the privilege of wearing silk, and sitting in the inner bar, have had such timely recognition of their superior talents as lawyer and advocate. As a lawyer, perhaps, Lord St. Leonards alone, and as an advocate, Erskine, received so early as Sir Charles Russell substantial acknowledgment of superiority in their profession. There is scarcely any case of importance tried before the English courts in the last quarter of a century in which the name of

Russell is not found, as counsel for either of the litigant parties.

It is worth noticing that he now has successively filled the judicial positions then occupied by the two leading counsel in the Tichborne case, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Lord Bowen, although the Claimant had not Sir Charles Russell opposed to him, nor did he avail himself of his well-known powers as an advocate. I have never heard that Sir Charles Russell was offered a retainer in this case, although several other leading lawyers of the time when offered briefs refused. Americans will doubtless remember O'Donnell's case, in which Sir Charles Russell was assisted by an eminent lawyer from this country, who, though not qualified to plead as an advocate, was not debarred from offering suggestions on marking out the line of defence. O'Donnell was the man who shot Carey, the infamous informer on the Phoenix Park trials, and the concocter of the murders. Notwithstanding the most brilliant advocacy, and the greatest astuteness in the conduct of this case, Sir Charles' client was sentenced to death and hanged.

Rut cases of a far more world-wide renown, because of the rank of the parties, the grossness of the immorality alleged, the consequences involved, were the Crawford vs. Crawford, and Dilke and Campbell vs. Campbell. Sir Charles Russell was leading counsel in each of these cases, which revealed facts unsurpassed by the orgies of Claudia, the gallantries of the Restoration, or the imagination of Balzac. The last great case in which the life and death of his client was at stake, and in which Sir Charles Russell appeared for the defence, was that of Mrs. Maybrick. She is of American extraction, is the daughter of the Baroness von Roques, and was married to a cotton-merchant in Liverpool. If the case had been tried in this country, it is almost safe to say the accused would never have been found guilty. The charge was of arsenical poisoning. The deceased was found to be an arsenic eater, but because the accused had made use of an Americanism in a letter to her friend Brickley, that her husband "was sick unto death," and because she admitted in a statement volunteered in Court, that she administered white powders to her husband, though ignorant of their nature, her guilt seemed to have been established, with the other circumstances of the case taken into account. Sir Charles Russell is said to have been opposed to the accused making the statement on her own behalf. She was sentenced to death by Sir James Fitzjames Stephens, one of the ablest judges who then sat on the English bench. Her sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

In 1880 Sir Charles Russell was elected to the Imperial Parliament as member for Dundalk. It was about this time he was commissioned by the *London Daily Telegraph* to write up the causes of the distress in Ireland. The plain facts which he revealed, and the evident fairness of his opinions, together with the publicity afforded them by the *Telegraph*, helped in no small degree to prepare English public opinion for the Land Act of '82, and subsequent ameliorative legislation. I know no other account of the sufferings of the Irish peasantry, so feeling, so argumentative, and so true, as Sir Charles Russell's "New Views on Ireland." Few Irishmen will not endorse the quotation, which he makes the text of his articles: "In a climate soft as a mother's smile, in a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns."

In '85 Mr. Russell became Attorney General, and was knighted. His income is said to have suffered to the amount of \$50,000, his new promotion giving him the rank of leader of the bar, but cutting off other business to

which the duties of his new office rendered him unable to attend.

The climax of Sir Charles Russell's legal career was reached in the famous Parnell Commission case. Everybody remembers his cross examination of the spy, Le Caron, and the skillful manner in which he extorted the truth from the unfortunate Pigott. I shall not now enter into any further detail of that drama which began when Sir Charles addressed Pigott in his blandest tones and asked him to write the word "hesitancy" which the forger spelled "hesitency." The last speech delivered by Sir Charles Russell in the House of Commons was on the Behring Sea Arbitration, in which it will be remembered he represented the English Government at Paris last year. When the death of Lord Bowen rendered vacant the seat of Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, Sir Charles Russell received the appointment, with a life peerage, which had this curious result, that of the four judges of Appeal in the last resort, not one was English; three were Irish, Lord McNaghten of Antrim, Lord Morris of Galway, Lord Russell of Down; two are Catholic, Lords Morris and Russell; Lord Watson is a Scotchman.

It is the unanimous opinion of the English press, of the bench and bar, that no more fitting selection could be made for the Chief Justiceship of England than Sir Charles Russell, an appointment he received on the death of Lord Coleridge in June last. The salary attached to this position is \$50,000 a year.

As a lawyer Sir Charles Russell had no rival to share his honors as a cross examiner or advocate. Sir Henry Hawkins came nearest to him in the former branch of forensic skill; Erskine perhaps alone was his compeer in the latter. Sir Charles Russell is a snuff taker. His gold rimmed glasses, snuff box and red handkerchief made him easily distinguishable in the Courts of Justice on the Strand. He is a whist player, fond of horses, was a frequenter of Homburg as a summer resort, where he may have tried his luck in the Casino, although it is said he was not fortunate enough to break the bank at Monte Carlo. His country house is at Epsom, within a stone's throw of the famous Verby race course, where he is a neighbor of Lord Rosebery, who lives in an old fashioned house called the Durdans.

When the *Times* pays him the following tribute, we may be sure it is well deserved: "No other advocate of our time possessed that emulation of faculties, an unerring instinct as to the vital point of the case, unswerving force not to be denied, a deep knowledge of human nature which enabled him to exercise an ascendancy over judges and juries rarely if ever before known in the courts."

## Cardinal Gibbons is Sixty.

A telegram from Cape May, N. J., dated 28th, July, says:—Cardinal Gibbons, on Monday last, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his birth. He came here from Baltimore two weeks ago. The Cardinal spends some time every Summer in this place, and is a great favorite here with all. During the day he receives many telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the country, and from Rome. Men of prominence of all shades of religious belief, joined in congratulating him. The summer residents here sent congratulatory notes and flowers.

The Cardinal appeared to enjoy the many kind expressions of good will. Every day, no matter what the weather is, he takes a long walk through the sand, and Monday was not an exception. A dinner was given for the Cardinal in the evening by Cockroft Thomas. Among the clergy present were Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Kain, Bishop O'Hara, Monsignor Seton, Fathers Elcock, Russell, Deegan and Phelan.

## Pickett and the Archives.

Frank Riggs, the son of the famous banker and his father's successor in the financial circles at Washington, tells me an interesting story that corrects a false impression which many good people have carried for years. During the second term of President Grant a man of the name of Pickett sold to the Government of the United States the records of the executive departments of the Southern Confederacy. From these documents was obtained much evidence that prevented the payment of claims of southern citizens who pretended loyalty for losses growing out of the war.

In a single instance they saved several millions by showing that rail contractors throughout the south have been paid from the Confederate treasury for services performed by them for the post office department of the United States before the outbreak of the rebellion. They prove to be of great value in many other directions, and the price paid Mr. Pickett for them, which was something like \$60,000, proved to be one of the most profitable investments ever made by the Government.

Pickett had been the chief clerk of the Confederate state department, or held some similar office which made him custodian of the archives. When President Davis and his cabinet fled from Richmond, Mr. Pickett carted the records away and hid them in some place that escaped the searches of the Union army, and the manner of their disappearance was a mystery until they were delivered to Secretary Fish. It was always believed that Mr. Pickett pocketed the money, and he was universally condemned by southern people for betraying the secrets of the lost cause for a price.

"The facts have never been told," said Mr. Riggs, "for Mr. Pickett exacted the strictest pledges of secrecy from my father in regard to the disposition of the money. But both of them are dead now, and there is no reason why the truth should not be known. Mr. Pickett never had the benefit of one penny of the money he received from the Government for those records. He deposited the entire amount as soon as he received it in our bank to the credit of 'George W. Riggs, trustee for,' and it was distributed in small amounts among the widows of Confederate officers. Mr. Pickett made out the list of the people to whom he wished it sent. The checks were all signed by my father. Each one was accompanied by a letter which he prepared and which my father signed, saying that the inclosure was forwarded at the request of a gentleman who felt an interest in their welfare, but for reasons for his own desired that his identity should not be disclosed. The account was carried for several years, and all the checks and vouchers are now packed away in our bank."—*Chicago Record*.

## The Origin of Ice Cream.

The man who invented ice cream was a negro named Jackson, and in the early part of the present century kept a small confectionery store. Cold custards, which were cooled after being made by setting them on a cake of ice, were very fashionable, and Jackson conceived the idea of freezing them, which he did by placing the ingredients in a tin bucket and completely covering it with ice. Each bucket contained a quart, and sold for \$1.00. It immediately became popular, and the inventor soon enlarged his store, and when he died left a considerable fortune. A good many tried to follow his example, and ice cream was hawked about the streets, being wheeled along very much as the hokey-pokey carts are now, but none of them succeeded in obtaining the flavor that Jackson had in his product.

There is no prize more worthy of aspiring after than the esteem of the good and wise.