

templative man's recreation," and the lawyer is the reverse of contemplative. Lord Bacon was, indeed, a notable exception, but his "contemplative planet" went near to marring his fortunes. Hence the average lawyer is inclined to indorse Dr. Johnston's uncomplimentary definition of a fishing rod. What anglers there are are mostly Chancery barristers, yet Lord Westbury delighted in a day's trout fishing; indeed, it was almost the only relaxation he allowed himself while Chancellor. Cricket, on the other hand, like Catholic truth, is received *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*. To play it scientifically, to play in county matches, requires more time than the practising lawyer can afford; but to play it in an amateurish way is open to all. The present writer, then a very small boy, used to play at this invigorating pastime with the late Serjeant Parry, and he has a lively recollection of the portly serjeant tripping on one occasion in his fielding, and measuring his length on the greensward. "Many a rood he lay." Only quite recently Mr. Justice Grantham broke his leg in the most honourable manner in assisting at a village cricket match. Sir Alexander Cockburn's ruling passion was yachting. Mr. Justice Wills has achieved distinction as an Alpine climber. It was while bathing that the late lamented Lord Justice Thesiger was struck by a wave which caused his untimely death. Sir Frederick Pollock is an expert swordsman. That "admirable Crichton," Mr. Justice Chitty, is as much at home with the racquet and the oar as he is with the technicalities of equity, to quote only a few instances of the physical vigour and versatility of the English Bar and Bench.

Riding, says the poet, Mathew Green (and rightly),

"I reckon very good,
To brace the nerves and stir the blood."

Lord Campbell rode every morning to Westminster Hall, and back in the evening. So did Lord Abinger, though very corpulent; so did Malins, V.C., to Lincoln's Inn, till he broke his arm. Many a hard-worked barrister, Sir Horace Davey included, takes his morning gallop in the Row. In the old days, when judges rode the circuits, riding was a very necessary judicial accomplishment; but in Lord Tenterden's time this had yielded to the postchaise, and when Lord Tenterden was recommended horse exercise he distinctly declined, saying he should certainly fall off, like an ill-balanced sack of corn, as he had never crossed a horse any more than a rhinoceros; which reminds one of Lord Macaulay's remark when he was offered a horse to take him as minister to Windsor: "If Her Majesty wishes to see me ride, she must order out an elephant." The accident which Lord Tenterden apprehended did befall Mr. Justice Twisden on the last occasion on which the judges went in procession to Westminster Hall on horseback. The procession, once settled for the march, proceeded stately along. But when it came to straights and interruptions, "for want of gravity in the beasts and too much in the riders," as Roger North expresses it, "there happened some curveting which made no little disorder, and Judge Twisden, to his great affright and the consternation of his grave brethren, was laid along in the dirt." Need it be added that the learned judge arose *valde iratus*.

Cicero could be a lawyer and a man of letters also. Lord Coleridge is so,