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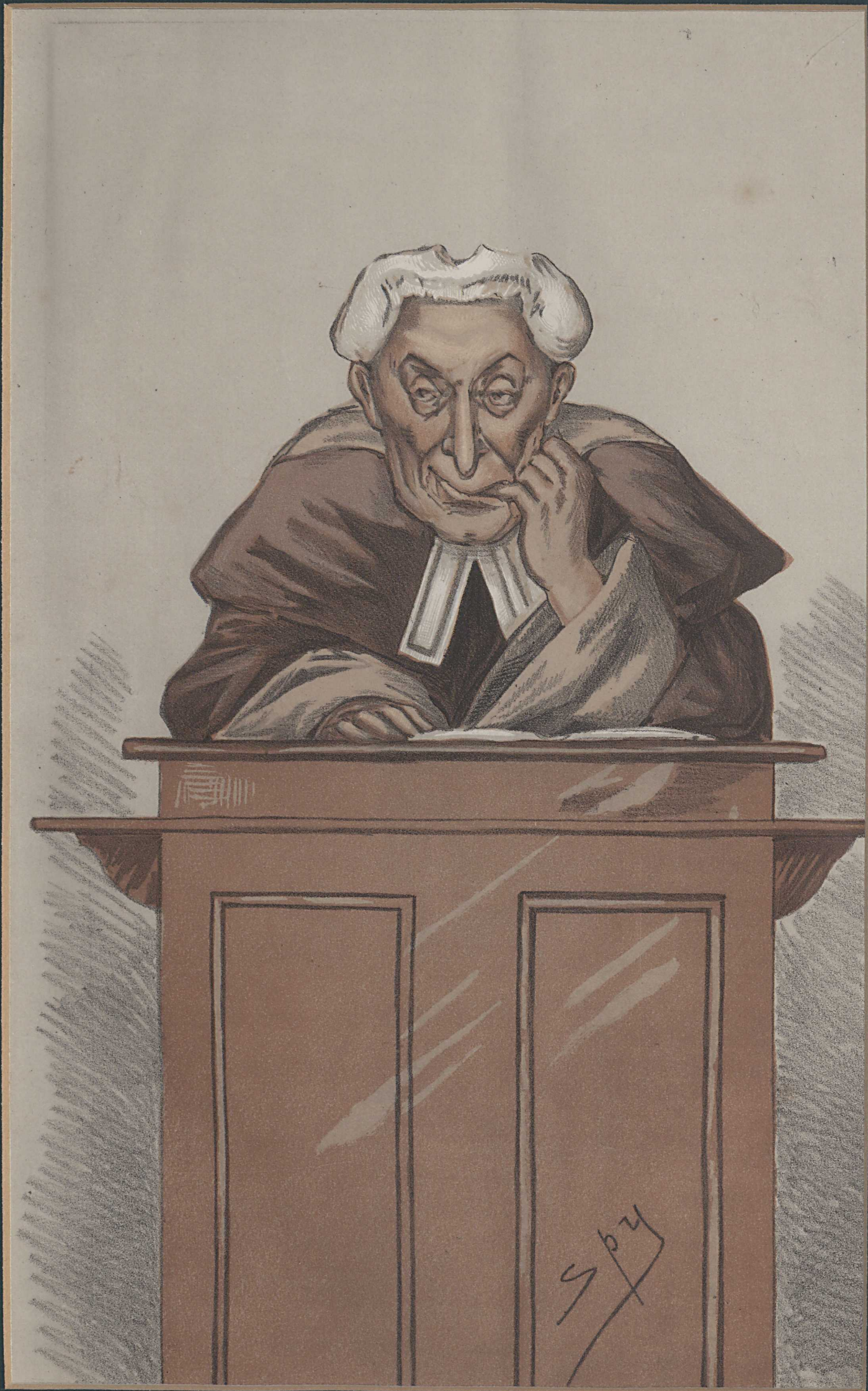
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VANITY FAIR.

LONDON, MAY 24, 1873.

JUDGES.—No. VII.

THE HONOURABLE SIR JOHN MELLOR.

A STEADY, smooth-going lawyer's life has been Mr. Justice Mellor's. He was called to the Bar, became a Q.C., Recorder of Warwick, unsuccessful candidate for Warwick, Recorder of Leicester, Member of Parliament for Yarmouth, Member for Nottingham, and so at last a Justice of the Queen's Bench with a Knight's Patent, all in less than thirty years. As an advocate he was not brilliant, but he was a safe adviser, extremely well-bred, and polite without condescension even to his clients when he came into contact with them. His opinion of a case was almost as good as the judgment of the Court, and he never shrank from advising a compromise rather than fight out a weak cause. At *Nisi Prius* he was quiet and gentlemanly; he never bullied a witness or lost his temper with one, and his modesty extended even to his address to the jury, whom he always endeavoured rather to persuade of the weakness of his opponent than of his own strength. In *Banco* he was wont however to trouble the Court by sticking to his argument heedless of queries or suggestions from the Bench; and his argument was always a good one, for he has read and digested more both of Common Law and of Equity doctrine than is usual. But he was formed by Nature to sit on the Bench himself. It is not the least of the proofs he has given of his fitness for the position he occupies that he now keeps aloof from all public affairs save those which concern his office, and that he never does or says anything to draw attention to his personality. He judges the Claimant as he judges all his cases with unwearied patience and impartiality, and his attitude has been throughout in strict consonance with that unimpassioned dignity which should always be felt most when passions are excited as they are over this trial. If I were the victim of an unjust accusation likely to need an interminable investigation I should wish no better than to be tried by Mr. Justice Mellor; if I were an astute criminal hoping for an escape from the fatigue of the Bench I should fear no worse.

JEHU JUNIOR.

IN SOCIETY.

ON Friday I went to the Baroness Burdett Coutts', who gave a dance of unusually extensive dimensions, but as I never got beyond the top of the staircase I can't tell you very much about it. After half-an-hour's ineffectual struggle to penetrate into the ball-room, I gave it up as a bad business, and noticed that many of my neighbours were wise enough—indeed, many of them appeared to resemble the original wise men in another particular—to follow my example.

My cousin Jane is in the seventh heaven. She managed to get a card for Stratton Street, danced all night, and now considers herself thoroughly launched into the vortex of Society.

"How kind of the Baroness," she said, "to remember me when it seems she had such loads of people to think of; and, do you know, I met Captain Comet and little Mr. Flasher who were quartered near us last year in Starshire, and they asked me to dance—oh! ever so many times. And, fancy, they gave us programmes as we went upstairs, with pencils to write one's partners' names down, just as they do, at the county balls at home." Alas! poor Jane! She little knows that few people keep such comprehensive invitation-lists as the Baroness, and that the attentions of Comet and Flasher were probably attributable to the fact that those warriors were as much out of their element in really good Society and as much in need of partners as she was herself. As for the practice of providing one with cards on which to do book-keeping by double entry, I fear that that is a custom which will find little favour, as it would entirely preclude the possibility of "throwing over," at least with any show of decency.

The fine old chivalrous practice of wiping out an insult by a homicide is not yet quite extinct. Last Sunday a difference between two gentlemen over the whist table on the preceding night was a favourite subject of conversation, and it was freely declared in the week that a friend had been formally sent to demand an apology under the old-fashioned penalty for refusal. The misunderstanding has happily been arranged without the intervention of any sharper weapon than the tongue, which is all the more fortunate because the two disputants are both deservedly popular, and if they had gone over to Boulogne with the friend in question bent on slaughter, the odds are we should have been furnished with some shocking practical joke to laugh at. I remember a duel on the sands at Ambletuse two years ago, when the seconds had forgotten to bring the bullets, and the party spent the morning in looking about for stones, the end of it being that they had to make up their difference through not being able to find any small enough to fit their weapons.

Of Mrs. Bischoffsheim's ball on Monday perhaps the chief feature was herself, both on account of the excellent taste in which, as usual, she was dressed, and of her magnificent jewels, which bore the manifest appearance of being a family heirloom. Her dance was, however, somewhat neutralised by Stafford House, which again opened its lofty portals to the public—at least to that portion of the public which the Cerberus of those portals thought proper to admit. The ball was on a much smaller scale than the one of last week, as might have been anticipated from the unusually modest dimensions of the cards. There was plenty of room to dance, the arrangements were perfect in every way, and for those who had to sup in the intervals of a wild partner-chase through interminable rooms it was a signal advantage to have to eat standing.

I have discovered that the only sure way of making one's fortune is to go to a fancy bazaar held in aid of a charity and to buy as long as one's money will last—one gets things so absolutely for nothing. At the Hanover Square Rooms last Monday one could in the quieter moments travel half round the stalls for a five-pound note. A gingerbread man would cost you only half-a-sovereign, while wooden silk-winders were freely offered at thirty shillings, and I myself became the happy proprietor of a gardenia at the net cost of three pounds twelve-and-six. I always wonder on these occasions what that gentleman would have felt who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho if instead of falling among thieves he had fallen among good Samaritans dressed in the last Parisian efforts and wreathed in smiles. The ladies who take to the road in the cause of charity may be sure however of lenient judges, and I only hope that in this case the booty repaid them for their generous efforts.

Mrs. Scott Murray gave a dance on Tuesday, and I fancy she must have covered her floor with a mixture of treacle and gum, with the laudable object of keeping her guests from going away. The people who were enterprising enough to dance at the beginning of the evening presented the appearance of a swarm of feeble flies labouring wearily to extricate their legs from a surface of "Catchemaliveo." So I made my way down to the supper-room, where I discovered that the champagne was so excellent that I was tempted to ask for many glasses of it—for which piece of impudence I was rewarded by a racking headache the next morning.

My friend Jack Hunton has been to see me in great grief. He has been desperately in love with Grace Minton for the last two years, during which time she has been holding him on and off because (as everybody except Jack saw) she was always hoping that Lord Catamount would end by coming to terms. Despairing at last of this, she accepted Jack a week since. That very same day Catamount heard the news at dinner from somebody who thought to "get a rise" out of him by retailing it, for the love affairs of the three people concerned have as usual, always been perfectly well known. Catamount met Miss Grace at a dance the same evening, and thinking, under these circumstances, to do a perfectly safe thing, proposed to her in form. To his horror she instantly accepted him, and before he knew what to do he was congratulated by everybody in the room one after the other, beginning with Mrs. Minton. Of course he couldn't go back, and equally of course poor Jack was explained away and thrown over the next morning without any more ceremony than is due to a clerk in the Treasury when pitted against a peer with estates only partially mortgaged. Jack swore that he had been badly used and vowed he would have

vengeance. "What?" said Rasper, who was with us, "vengeance on him for marrying her? My dear fellow, if you only wait a couple of years you'll have him wanting vengeance on you for not marrying her!"

I was walking in the Park a few days since and sat down just to finish my after-breakfast cigar, when an extraordinary figure approached me. His hat was cocked on one side at an extreme angle, a drooping, dragged sprig of geranium was in his button-hole, and as he strode along in an eager, restless way, with his hat on the back of his head, body bent forward, toes turned out, and knees weakly flexed, he seemed to be looking for somebody. To my surprise he sat down in the chair next to mine, crossed his legs, and drawing forth an immense yellow bandanna with a picture of a vessel in the centre, spread it over his knees, after which he produced another handkerchief, as though to show that he carried one for use and the other for effect. Suddenly, reclining in a careless attitude and puffing at a large cigar, he said to me, "Have you seen my mother?" Somewhat startled, I replied that I had not had that honour.

"You know her, I think," he continued.

"Well—no—I don't know—I don't remember."

"Oh, yes, you know her—Marie Antoinette, you know. They used to say all kinds of things about her. Here's her portrait—very like me, isn't she? There's a conspiracy to keep me out of my rights, and now I've lost my dog. You remember my dog?—he had two eyes of different colours. He knew me at once; I'd give a reward for him. You see that lady. I'm engaged to her, but don't mention it. They say I'm very like my father. Do you know why? Because I've got such a beautiful fall in my back." Therewith he rose and walked up and down before me, as though to show me the family fall; then stopping, he blew violently a whistle which hung at his watch-chain; and then, turning on me again, said, "Good morning, sir. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at my country-house in Norfolk. Let me know when you see my mother." He then started off at a great pace and left me. It was our friend the Dauphin. I had often seen him before.

The very mention of the Park makes me shudder when I think of the ordeal which its *habitues* will have to go through during the next fortnight. Next week country quarters yawn and give up their children, and Aldershot and Ireland let loose their legions upon London. And what does Captain Outsider of the 150th Dragoons, who may be taken as a fair specimen of his class, do as soon as he arrives in town on his annual holiday to celebrate the approaching Derby? He goes to the Park. There you may see him any day from twelve till two, surrounded by a lot of admirers from the Brag and Blemish—of which club he is the oracle—tight and brilliant as to his trousers, curly as to his hat, with an enormous flower, colossal shirt-cuffs, and gorgeous, glittering rings. When they are assembled in sufficient numbers, he and his *confreres* form column eight abreast, and march triumphantly down the Row, sweeping everything before them. They make disparaging remarks aloud upon the unfortunate ladies who haven't the honour of their acquaintance, and bow violently to fair but solitary equestrians remarkable for their conspicuously coloured habits and gigantic yellow chignons. In short this epidemic renders the Park a howling wilderness until after Ascot. I got introduced to Outsider one day last season on purpose to study him. He didn't seem to have many ideas apart from horses and actresses, but he talked to me quite affably and goodnaturedly. He didn't seem the least proud; indeed he never snubbed me once, though I am compelled to confess that he couldn't refrain from a look of mingled pity and contempt when I was forced unwillingly to admit that I did *not* know Bridoon of the Bays, or Blazer of the Buffs. However, I dare say he isn't half a bad fellow at mess, and I hear that he is an excellent man across country. Only I maintain that when Outsider and the class of officers of whom he is the type parade Rotten Row eight abreast and talk at the top of their voices, they are a public nuisance and ought to be made to understand it.

The Queen's Ball on Wednesday went off as well as could be expected in the absence of the lady of the house, and was productive of no particular incident or story to add to the annals of the week. A Queen's ball, however, is always a pretty sight, both on account of the diversity of uniform and Court dress worn by the guests and the quaint attire of the retainers who line the staircases. I believe that there were eighteen hundred invitations issued, but as the attendance was much smaller, I suppose there is a good deal of domestic affliction about. All the arrangements were made with the usual unostentatious hospitality which is one of the leading features of our Court. Happily we were all played out by "God Save the Hostess" at two o'clock, before we were tired.

RUFFLER.

MADAME PATTI.

THAT bewitching little Marchioness whom the Greeks would have enshrined as a goddess had she sung and smiled to Alcibiades as she does to any among our noble commonwealth who can pay a guinea for a stall—that child-faced siren who would have charmed Ulysses and followers out of their boat, despite all the cotton-wool in their ears—must think we are a close-fisted people as, compared to our enemies the Russians, who have so filled our Diva's jewel-case with diamonds that the Marquis of Caux when he escorts his wife to and from the

cities of her triumphs keeps the jewel-case on a seat in the carriage beside him and watches over it affectionately with an ivory-mounted revolver in his pocket. Those who enjoy the happiness of Mdme. de Caux's acquaintance are willingly admitted to a sight of diadems, necklaces, and golden crowns, enough to stock the regalia of a queen—as modern constitutional queens go; but what she prizes above all is a pack of letters patent conferring on her the title of Court Singer Extraordinary to a brace of Emperors, one King, and two Grand-Dukes not yet disestablished. These letters patent confer certain privileges, amongst them a sentinel at her street door, should the Diva desire it, and Adelina Patti, who is not too old to remember the time when her father fled with her across the Atlantic from the pursuit of Spanish bailiffs, has never yet steeled herself to the emotion of seeing a Russian Grenadier carry arms to her as she steps into her brougham. Unquestionably though she would tear up all her letters patent to amuse her Italian greyhound *Blanche*, whom she loves more than Emperors, and fondles devotedly in the face of envying mankind. This thrice lucky and delicate dog will accept sweetmeats from none but her mistress's hand. Rossini once offered it a chicken bone when it had come to sup with him along with Rosina after a performance of *Il Barbiere*. Rosina grew agitated and prettily explained that *Blanche* ate nothing but the white of chicken carefully cut up on a plate. Rossini sat corrected, and bought *Blanche* a plate of *Sèvres pate tendre*, with dogs painted on it, for her exclusive use at future suppers.

Adelina Patti's real name is not Adelina. She was christened Adèle Jeanne Marie, and was first known as Florinda when she came out in New York at the age of eight, singing beside Angelina Bosio at the Italian Opera-house. It is a wonder how the child's voice never broke down under the early strains put upon it; but the truth is no linnet or nightingale ever warbled more sweetly when she made her in *début* Europe in 1861. The opera she first sang here was the *Sonnambula*, and not a puffing advertisement heralded her arrival. The Covent Garden audience she faced was rather a scanty one, but those who were present at that memorable *début* can still remember how before the end of the second act the house began to fill. The rumour had somehow got down to the clubs that a new planet had risen, and by the time the "Ah, non giunge!" trilled out—with what a gushing melody of feeling those know who have ever heard this peerless amongst joy-songs—the house was packed full and wonder-stricken. The part of *Amina* has continued to be Adelina Patti's favourite, and Gardoni, who sang in the *Sonnambula* with her on her first night and many times afterwards, used to confess that he could never hear the "Ah, non giunge!" without thrilling. The words were so suited to Adelina's character in real life—a temper sweet, blithe, loving, and trustful as a pet humming-bird's. At first Grisi was terribly jealous of her, and sitting in a pit stage-box on the nights when Mario sang, watched with glaring eyes to see if the handsomest of husbands and tenors dared chat with Adelina whilst they stood in the slips together. But he never dared, and Adelina used to stand beside him demure and silent, till by degrees her naïve innocence and exquisite tender grace softened even that lioness amongst women—a dethroned and chafing *prima donna*. Adelina Patti has long been a frequent visitor at Springfield Lodge, the demesne of that first amongst managers and gentlemen—Mr. Gye. The gatherings at this pleasant house have been brightened by more pretty women and agreeable men than perhaps any others in London. But the glass-roofed terrace at Springfield Lodge looks never so sunny as when Adelina Patti sits there receiving homage with an artless modesty which often tinges her sweet face pink, and prattling with a freshness of spirit which must have led more than one poor devil to dream what a paradise a cottage on the Lake of Como would be with this heaven-favoured charmer to gladden it.

Adelina Patti is of all the women on this pining globe the one who has excited most amorous declarations, and three despairing Frenchmen and a Yankee have hanged themselves on account of her. In the space of twelve years the love-letters she has received may be computed by the ton, but it may pain ode-writers and the like to learn that their effusions never reach the Diva's eyes, but are burned. For a long time the prudent Strakosch, Adelina Patti's pianist brother-in-law, used to see to this business, and it was a study to watch how this Strakosch would mount guard over his pearl of price as if he were in constant apprehension lest she should be snatched from him. It was he who signed her engagements, accompanied her to the opera, and saw her home again after the performance; and if you offered Mdme. Patti a bouquet this devoted and objectionable brother-in-law would dart forward under pretext of relieving her of the load and cautiously feel with his knowing fingers to