1871

Judge Kelly

Loyola Law School Los Angeles

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That political life which is the necessary stepping-stone to such a dignity betrayed, however, the just expectation that might have been founded upon it. Returned for Ipswich in 1835, he had to meet a petition which unseated him, and when defending himself a charge was made against him of an irregularity in proceeding, the memory of which has ever since been a stumbling-block in his career. Two years later he succeeded in making good his claim to a seat in the House of Commons, and soon became in succession Solicitor-General and Attorney-General; but John Pilgrim was never forgotten, and Mr. Kelly was long passed over and relegated to a comparative obscurity, which his worth rendered all the more remarkable. At last he was called, five years ago, to that position of Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer which he now so admirably fills, and in which he compels the recognition by all men of his power and rectitude.

JERU JUNIOR.

JOHN TRUMAN'S DIARY.

MONDAY, October 30, 1871.—Heard from Malmesbury and of him. He is evidently taking up a position as one of the champions of the moderate Tories; and a very safe kind of man to choose him whom he says, to act as his representative himself, and not to say too much or raise doubtful points in his discourse. The Carlton, which never quite fancied Lord Derby, hopes he will be Foreign Minister again, and if the Conservatives intend to back up their own principles abroad they could not find a better representative. My Lord has been saying something serious to him about his relations at Christchurch about the House of Lords, and has pleaded his own case in a neat, unpretending way. But he has not gone to the root of the matter. No one denies that what he describes as "a second House of Parliament" is useful as a check on popular caprice. The question is only as to the proper composition of it, and among the Peers, but there are many who are not eminent or respectable in any sense. Nobody knows this better than Lord Malmesbury himself, a fine gentleman; straightforward, honest, and experienced. Such qualities as he possesses are valuable in the councils of nations. But how about the Duke of Dollness, with Lord Muttonhead and Verasoph, who became members of this second House of Parliament twenty-one years ago?

I am afraid that the best which can be said of the House of Lords is that, with some exceptions, such as Lord Radesdale and the late Lord Carlisle, it is a company of well-dressed persons, not generally given to be uproarious, perfectly satiated, commonly content, and that they are the great prizes in the lottery of marriage. There is a surprising amount of music among the Peers, but there are many who are not eminent or respectable in any sense. Nobody knows this better than Lord Malmesbury, and it is not easy to understand why he should feel called upon to make wholesale excuses for a system which he can hardly approve.

TUESDAY, October 31, 1871.—Lady Elizabeth Bratwurst called on me yesterday afternoon. She was my uncle's widow, and married one of those long-headed German merchants who have set up late years in the City.

I suspect it might have fared hardly with her ladyship in the world but for the handle to her name, though she is fair and shrewd. She did, however, attracted Bratwurst, who had been attracted by my uncle's breakfasts when that elderly magnate was passing a summer near Bonn. One day my uncle asked him to Cloudlands, if he should ever visit England, merely as one of those insignificant compliments often paid to natives by travellers. But the Germans have no idea of a joke, and by-and-by Bratwurst turned up, having worked his passage over, in the depth of winter, on board a Newcastle collier. The people at Cloudlands began by laughing at him, and ended by liking him. He was a simple fellow, with the oldest clothes in the world, an extraordinary stock of useful and entertaining knowledge of music. Twenty years afterwards he was a banker in Lombard Street, and had married my aunt. They have twelve children, seven daughters.

Her ladyship now came to tell me that my nephew, Ernest, the Guardsman, has fallen in love with her Edith.

I ventured to remark that I thought such a proceeding on the part of a military man of small expectations at least incongruous,

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