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## Judge Jelf No. 62

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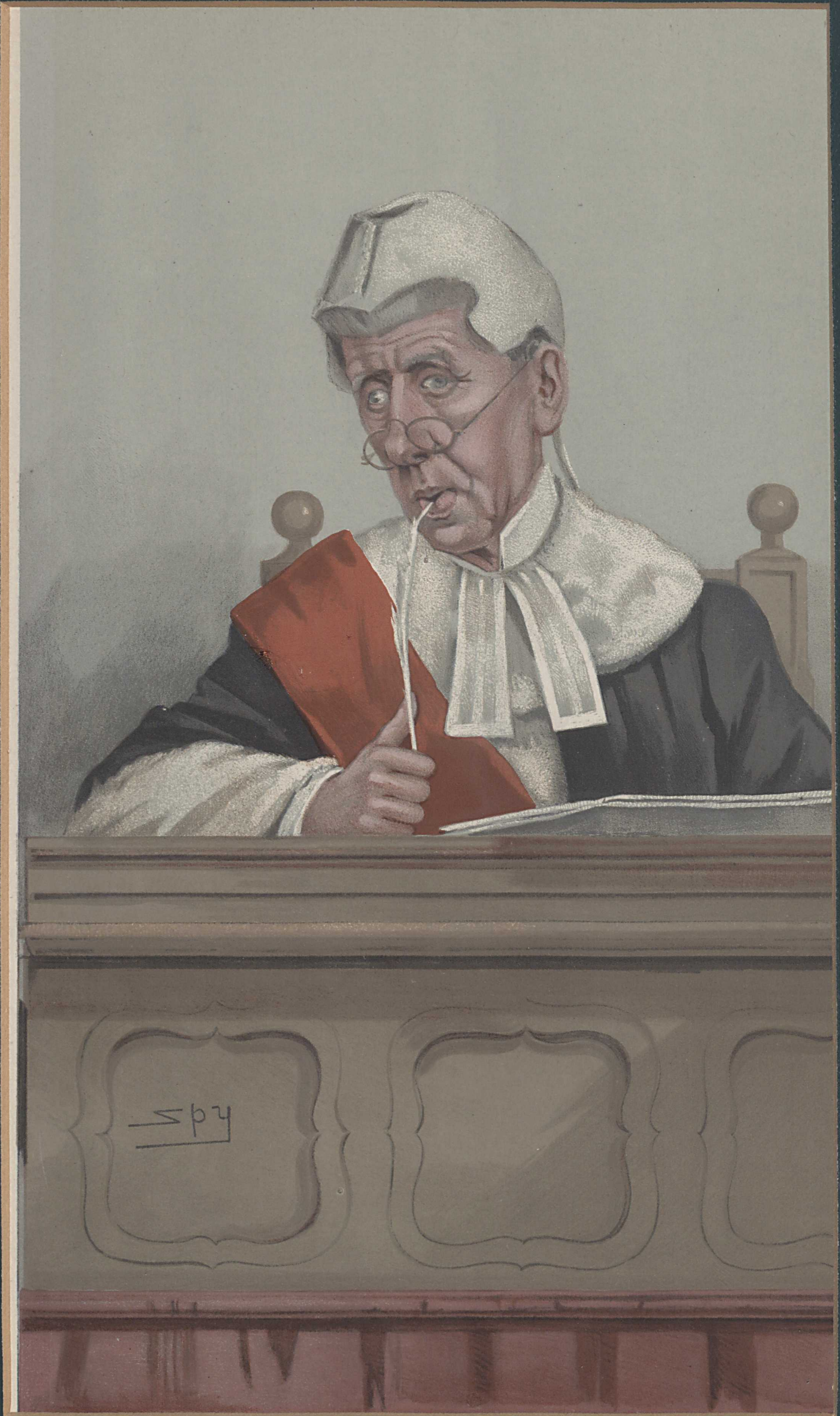
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JUDGES. No. 62.

THE HONOURABLE SIR ARTHUR RICHARD JELF, K.C.

GENIAL, urbane, and humorous, rejoicing through life Jelf goes. Even the prisoner at the bar can awake his humour and evoke his sympathy. One such, awaiting sentence, at heart a hypocrite, shed copious tears to soften the heart of the Recorder of Shrewsbury. Now, this most wise and learned Judge was named Arthur Richard Jelf. "Why do you weep?" he asked. "Oh, my Lord, my dear Lord, I have never, never been in prison before." "Don't cry, prisoner at the bar," was his cheerful rejoinder, "I am going to send you there now." Mr. Justice Jelf was Recorder of Shrewsbury from 1879 to 1901.

It was only by chance that Dr. Jelf, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, for forty years Canon of Christ Church, and for twenty-four years Principal of King's College, London, was sent to Hanover to be tutor to George, its King, the blind son of the Duke of Cumberland. Lloyd, Regius Professor of Oxford, had sent for Newman, also a tutor at Oriel, and had offered him the post. "But how old are you?" said Lloyd. "Twenty-five," was the reply. "Go away, you are no use," was the curt retort. Lloyd had been entrusted to engage a tutor for this German Monarch, and twenty-seven was the lowest age. Jelf, being two years older, was given the job. He went, he saw Emmy, Countess Schlippenbach of Prussia, a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and he conquered. The Prussian Countess became the wife of the Oriel tutor, and bore to him three sons.

The eldest son of this Jelf Trinity bore the Royal name of George, and in fulness of time became Vicar of Blackheath and Canon of Rochester Cathedral. On the second his father's name was bestowed. Arthur Jelf having won untold popularity at the Bar, and a certain amount of filthy lucre, was given the ermine to which his urbanity has added a new charm. The youngest son was General Jelf. Passing through the "Shop," and having equal brains with his brothers, he became a Sapper, and now is again at "Shop," this time as its head.

Jelf, the Judge, ought to be smothered by the halfpenny papers. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, which all of us who read the halfpenny papers—and who doesn't?—know is the worst equipment for a young man with his way to make in the world. Yet in spite of this crushing weight, and without abstracting a single lead from the lead-cloth, for he always moulded his conduct in strict accordance with the splendid traditions of those ancient and aristocratic seats of learning, he has risen to the head of his profession, and in rising, has carried with him the good wishes and good will of every inhabitant of Temple and Inn.

Jelf is a thoroughly good fellow. No man has worked harder in his time than he has done. His manners are delightful; the charm of his personality cannot be excelled. He is the best of fathers, and lives in a delightful house at Putney. In election cases he was pre-eminent, and could in the execution of duty be really disagreeably severe to the man in the witness-box who was not on his side. He is fond of Scotland and takes exercise on Wimbledon Common. May Arthur Jelf long adorn the Bench to which he would have risen sooner had he not indulged in that most expensive luxury which, in ordinary parlance, is termed modesty!