

SIR EDWARD CLARKE

A young barrister once asked Sir Edward Clarke the recipe for success at the Bar. Sir Edward's reply was a crystallization of his own experience. To be very poor, very ambitious, and very much in love, he said, is to be assured of success as an advocate.

Edward Clarke was born in February, 1841, in London, into a family of narrow means. His father kept a small jewellery store, and two things—a conservative outlook and a lack of aggression—mitigated against his great success. His annual income averaged about £300. Clarke's mother was a capable woman, level-headed and deliberate, with the knack of making a little go a long way. She had a good deal of flint in her make-up, and was the real ruler of the household. A strict Calvinist, she frowned on any pleasure that did not come within her rather narrow conception of duty, for with her duty and pleasure were one.

In his delightful autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, Clarke records this great truth: "The incidents of childhood are of small importance; what really matters is the character of the home, the atmosphere in which the young life learns to think." Clarke was fortunate, indeed, in the choice of parents nature made for him, and in the environment in which the formative period of his life was spent. Both his parents set their seal upon him. His character was forged by the austere discipline of his mother, and tempered by the genial disposition of his father.

There was little in his early environment to kindle the fires of lofty ambitions. Yet ambition came to him from somewhere. The seed must have been indigenous to his blood. At the age of nine, the ambition of someday becoming a Member of Parliament took possession of him. A few years later, this ambition assumed more formidable proportions—he resolved someday to represent the City of London in the House of Commons. As he left adolescence behind and crossed the threshold of manhood, his ambition became the star by which he steered his course. It determined his choice of a profession. He became an advocate because the Bar furnished him the only avenue to political life.

As a child, Edward Clarke was frail and delicate. On that account, when he became of school age, his parents sent him to a school in the country, where health and strength came to him. Though he did not get on well with his teachers, he displayed a

love of learning and an independence of spirit which spoke well for his ultimate success. After two years in the country, he returned to London, where he attended a school kept by William Pinches, a pedagogical genius, who remained his counsellor in later life. Pinches had his own ideas of education. He discarded the trimmings of knowledge for the essentials. "To write clearly, to cypher quickly, to read aloud with intelligent emphasis, and to be accurate in grammar and spelling", these, Clarke tells us, were what Pinches considered the essentials. While at School, Clarke's favourite study was elocution. Unconsciously his political ambitions dictated the desire to acquire proficiency in the art of public speaking. He wanted to learn how to speak, but no less strong was the desire to learn something to speak about. Thus, at fourteen, we find him studying Hume and Gibbon, Shakespeare and Scott—surely, a hardy intellectual diet for one so young.

By winning a series of scholarships. Clarke was able to continue his studies beyond the narrow limits of his family's resources. Against strenuous competition, he won a scholarship offered by India House, as a result of which he found employment with that great firm as a junior clerk. But as he sat pouring over columns of figures, the small, still voice of his ambition would not be silenced. He spent just twenty months in the service of India House. Then he set out in search of wider fields. He had his heart set on going to the Bar, and intense application to his books secured for him a Tancred Scholarship in law which enabled him to gratify that ambition. . . .

In November, 1864, Clarke was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn. His professional career shows what can be accomplished by industry and initiative. With very limited financial resources and no influential friends, he slowly but surely attained to prominence in his profession. From first to last, he had to stand upon his own feet. Merit was his only asset. But having the will to succeed, he found the way. His first brief was sent to him by the South-Eastern Railway Company, for whom he appeared at the Surrey Sessions to prosecute a servant of the Company on a charge of theft. It was a small matter, but the despatch and thoroughness with which he tackled it impressed his client greatly.

As a newcomer at the Bar, Clarke had to meet strenuous competition to get his foot on the first rung of the ladder of success. To that end, he concentrated all his forces. Methodical and conscientious, he formulated two rules which he followed to

the letter in his work at the Bar. His first rule was always to be in court five minutes before the Judge appeared. His second was to take great pains in the making of notes in court, especially when the notes were intended for the eyes of another.

Clarke got his first opportunity to show his real merit as the result of an accident. One morning, at the Central Criminal Court, he was listening to Serjeant Sleigh defend a man charged with manslaughter before Mr. Justice Lush. Daley, the junior counsel for the defence, had a positive aversion to taking notes so catching sight of Clarke, he engaged him to take over this task. As soon as he had satisfied himself that his duties were delegated to competent hands, Daley slipped out of the courtroom to watch another case.

Sleigh had a hard case to fight and his nerves were on edge. In his anxiety for his client, he bungled the cross-examination of a witness who spoke as to the extraordinary conduct of the accused. "Why, you must have thought the prisoner was drunk," Sleigh remarked to this witness, and his incautious remark drew the damaging reply, "I am sure he was." Sleigh was furious with himself. He turned around to consult with his Junior, and when Clarke told him that Daley was watching another case, he flung down his brief with an oath and marked out of the court, leaving the prisoner without counsel. With the traditional courtesy of the English Bench to a newcomer at the Bar, Mr. Justice Lush asked Clarke to carry on with the case. Clarke was shaking in his shoes, but he made the most of his opportunity. His Lordship asked the jury to take into consideration the defence counsel's inexperience and give him an indulgent hearing. Not only did the jury listen attentively to Clarke's address, but they gave him a verdict of 'Not Guilty'

"There are some who speak of the Bar sneeringly as a Trade Union—which it certainly is, one of the oldest and best unions. And if advocacy could be honestly described as a trade, then the phrase trade union might be accepted without demurrer. For the basic quality of trade union, that which has made these institutions thrive against opposition, is the spirit of fellowship and unselfishness, which is the ideal of its members.

"We have seen how of old the Senior members of the Bar trained up the Juniors in the mystery of their craft, and throughout the practice of the profession it has always been a point of honour for the elders to assist the beginners in those difficult days of apprenticeship."

In these words, Sir Edward Parry calls to mind a sacred tradition of the English Bar—a tradition that says that a Senior shall lend a helping hand to a Junior, not for stern duty's sake, but for the sake of fellowship.

There is rivalry, intense and unremitting, at the English Bar. The incompetent are weeded out, and the faint-hearted fall by the wayside. But a barrister—so be he loyal to the highest traditions of his profession—chooses a rival worthy of his steel. At the Bar, the strong do not cross swords with the weak, nor seasoned veterans take mean advantage of inexperienced newcomers.

Mr. Justice McCardie, while at the Bar, once prosecuted a man for murder, who was defended by a young advocate, suffering from the nervousness that comes from lack of experience. Realizing the strain under which his young opponent labored, McCardie tried to put him at his ease. At the noon adjournment, he asked him out to lunch, and over their coffee, he helped him prepare an address to the jury, which was instrumental in having the charge of murder reduced to one of manslaughter. His courtesy is typical of a gentleman of the English Bar.

Let Sir Edward Clarke tell of the courtesy he met with from his opponent in his first important case. Speaking at the farewell banquet tendered him by the profession on his retirement after fifty years of active service at the Bar, Clarke said: "My first case reported at the Bar before the Law Reports existed is to be found in *The Law Journal* for April 27th, 1865, when I was Junior to McMahon in an extradition case, and the leader on the other side was Hardinge Giffard. My leader was just finishing his argument, and Giffard spoke to me and said, 'How long do you think you will be?' 'Oh!' I said, 'I don't think he has left anything for me to say. I don't think I need follow.' 'Never mind,' said Giffard, 'you go on, you want the judges to know you, and you want to get used to hearing your own voice in the Courts.'"

These words were music to Clarke's ears. Such encouragement from an advocate of Giffard's standing must have made him think that there was a place for him at the Bar, that he was one of the initiate and not a mere outsider.

In his early days at the Bar, Clarke found the judges as considerate as were his brother barristers. On one occasion, he was briefed as third counsel for the defence in an important case. A day or so before the date set for the trial, political business called both his leaders away from London. The case

came on before Chief Justice Cockburn. Sir John Karlake, Henry James and Joseph Brown appeared for the plaintiff. In his extremity, Clarke asked for an adjournment, which the Chief Justice felt obliged to refuse. The plaintiff's case was closed late in the afternoon, and Cockburn asked Clarke if he would like to address the jury immediately or wait until the next morning. "Whichever is most convenient to your Lordship," said Clarke. "No, Mr. Clarke, I want you to do just what you prefer," replied the Chief Justice, graciously. "Then, my Lord, I should like to put my case to the jury before they go away." Cockburn smiled his approval of Clarke's wisdom in wanting to strike while the iron was hot. Not only did he lend an attentive ear to Clarke, but he offered him several valuable suggestions. Clarke did not win a verdict, but he distinguished himself in defeat. His speech drew encouragement from Chief Justice Cockburn, and enthusiastic praise from Sir John Karlake. The Times reported their generous words, and Clarke's stock went up a few points in the offices of solicitors.

The Penge Mystery, a case that came to Clarke when he was at the height of his mental and physical vigour, placed him in the front rank of his profession. Briefly, the facts of this case are as follows: Harriet Richardson, a woman of weak intellect and considerable fortune, was married to Louis Staunton, a penniless auctioneer's clerk, twelve years her junior. A few months after the marriage, Staunton brought Alice Rhodes, a sister of his sister-in-law, to live with them. This arrangement lasted for a short time. Then at her husband's request, Harriet went to live with Patrick Staunton, her brother-in-law, and his wife. Louis Staunton, now free from the encumbrance of Harriet, took a home near-by and lived with Alice Rhodes as his wife.

The Stauntons kept Harriet a virtual prisoner while they systematically went about stripping her of her fortune. They locked up her clothing, and in a period of six months permitted her to leave the house but twice. Finally, they got their hands on her last dollar. This purpose achieved, their interest in her waned.

By this time, Harriet's health had begun to fail, either from mistreatment and abuse or from the ravages of some insidious disease. She was taken by her husband and Mrs. Patrick Staunton to a lodging house in Forbes Road, Penge, where a doctor was called in to attend her. The doctor found her in terrible shape. Her body was caked with filth and literally alive

with lice, and so emaciated was it that it weighed just half of what it should have done.

Harriet did not respond to belated medical treatment, but died a few hours after the Stauntons moved her to Penge. The doctor, who attended her, could not make head nor tail of the case, but not dreaming that anything was amiss, gave a certificate that her death was from natural causes.

Thus far the Staunton's plan worked without a hitch. But in arranging for his wife's funeral, Louis Staunton made some incautious remarks which, by the merest accident, were overheard by a brother-in-law of the deceased. An investigation ensued, as a result of which true bills for wilful murder were found against the three Stauntons and Alice Rhodes. The accused promptly engaged the leaders of the Criminal Bar to defend them. It fell to Clarke's lot to defend Patrick Staunton.

Clarke always regarded his address to the jury in this case as his greatest speech. His peroration, from which the following brief paragraph is quoted, he considered his nearest approach to perfection in the way of forensic oratory: "Gentlemen, human justice is depicted as blind. It is not given to human justice to see and to know, as the great Eternal knows, the thoughts and feelings and actions of all men. She has to depend on what she hears. She must depend on recollection. She must depend on testimony. She must depend on inferences. How should she deal with irrevocable issues of life and death unless those recollections are exact, that testimony trustworthy, those inferences uncontradicted? How should she lift the sword to strike—and you, gentlemen, guide her hand to-day—while at the moment that the accusing voice is in her ear denouncing the crime the echo of that very voice is heard proclaiming that the prisoners are innocent, and when passionless science steps to her side to warn her that there may have been, in truth, no crime committed?"

Mr. Justice Hawkins, whose unenviable reputation as a 'hanging judge', was at its height, presided at the trial. His summing up was so directly against the prisoners, that Clarke charged him with holding a brief for the prosecution.

The Stauntons and Alice Rhodes were found guilty of murder, and Hawkins passed sentence of death on them with apparent satisfaction, but they were not destined for the gallows. At the eleventh hour, they were reprieved by the Home Secretary on his receipt of a petition from four hundred doctors to the effect that in their opinion Harriet had died a natural death.

While the Penge Mystery was still front page news, Clarke was retained to defend George Clarke, one of four police officers of Scotland Yard, who were charged with conspiracy, following the scandal which came to light during the hearing of the Great Turf Fraud, before Baron Huddleston, at the Old Bailey, in 1876.

Clarke never undertook a more difficult case. And he never worked more faithfully for a client. He spent three solid weeks on his speech alone. But his laborious days were not wasted, for his client was acquitted, while the other officers were convicted and sentenced to two years imprisonment.

Clarke does not take enough credit for victory in this case. "It would, indeed, in my opinion," he says, "have been practically impossible to obtain an acquittal if at that time the law had permitted accused persons to be called as witnesses. The strange rule which then prevailed by which neither a prisoner nor his wife was a competent witness, a rule which was the worst example of judge made law which I have ever known, often operated cruelly against an innocent person, but in nine cases out of ten it was of advantage to the guilty. The change in the law which has been very properly made has seriously reduced the opportunities of the advocate. A brilliant speech before the prisoner is called is dangerous; when the prisoner has been called it is often impossible."

These words might be taken as a declaration of faith on Clarke's part. They are an admission that he considered the speech the thing in a forensic battle. And it was but natural, for in that direction his greatest talent lay. He was a master of the spoken word. This was at once his strength and his weakness. As Edward Majoribanks says, in *Carson, the Advocate*, "He (Sir Edward Clarke) was too eloquent, and grew to rely too much on his wonderful gift. . . . He relied too much on his speech, and could never seem to pay enough attention to cross-examination. Now, it is the latter, far more than the former, which wins cases, and mere oratory is no shield or spear when the advocate is faced with the raking, penetrating, questions of a Charles Russell or an Edward Carson." No other criticism can, in all fairness, be made of Sir Edward Clarke's method and style of advocacy. He must take rank among the greatest advocates of the English Bar.

Sir Edward Parry (and who is more competent to judge) considers him the superior of Sir Charles Russell in an uphill battle—and surely, it is this class of case which takes the measure

of an advocate. "Russell's weapon," says Parry in *My Own Way*, "in cross-examination was a battle-axe rather than a rapier. If he lost dominion of a jury, so to speak, he was not effective. He had not that power which I have seen exemplified in one of the greatest advocates I listened to at the Bar, Sir Edward Clarke, who could insinuate doubts into the minds of a jury, so that when they left the box, his spirit of uncertainty and anxiety for the truth to be absolutely proved haunted the jury as they sat round the table, and his arguments had to be discussed and answered as though he were still present as a thirteenth juror to enforce them."

The most dramatic case, and perhaps the most arduous, in which Clarke appeared was the trial of Adelaide Bartlett for the murder of her husband. The facts of this case illustrate the threadbare aphorism that truth can be stranger than fiction. In 1875, Adelaide Blanche de la Tremouille was married to Thomas Bartlett. Theirs was a marriage in name only. She was nineteen and he was thirty, and between them there was an understanding that they should be companions and nothing more. For six years their relations remained on a purely Platonic basis. But this state of affairs got on the woman's nerves; her life was lonely and futile, and finally she asked her husband to let her become a mother. Bartlett was agreeable, but the child was stillborn, and thereupon husband and wife went back to their old agreement.

In 1885, the Bartletts met the Rev. George Dyson. Dyson soon discovered that he was attached to Mrs. Bartlett, and when he declared his love to her, he found that it was reciprocated. The husband was advised as to how matters stood. And strange to say, a jealous thought never entered his mind. Rather he gave the lovers his blessing and seemed to encourage their affair. He often told them that they could get married after his death, and he altered his will appointing Dyson sole executor of a substantial estate.

In December, 1885, Bartlett took sick. To all appearances Mrs. Bartlett made a devoted nurse. One night she asked Dyson to procure some chloroform for her. The next day Dyson went to three chemists and obtained a bottle of chloroform from each. A few days before the end of the year he gave this chloroform to Mrs. Bartlett. On New Year's Eve Bartlett died. A doctor, who had been called in, thought the circumstances of his death were suspicious, so he locked the door of Bartlett's bedroom and turned the key over to the coroner.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against both Dyson and Mrs. Bartlett, and they were put on trial. Sir Charles Russell prosecuted, while Edward Clarke defended Mrs. Bartlett, and Frank Lockwood appeared for Dyson.

When the trial got under way the charge against Dyson was dropped, and he went into the witness-box to give evidence against Mrs. Bartlett. Probably he found the precedent for this action in Adam's conduct in hiding behind Eve's skirts:

Fit sire was he of a selfish race,
Who first to temptation yielded,
Then to mend his case tried to heap disgrace
On the woman he should have shielded.

In the witness-box Dyson revealed in detail his strange relations with the Bartletts. Defence counsel's delicate task in cross-examining him may well be imagined.

The Criminal Courts have been the scene of the final act in many real life dramas of love and passion. But none stranger than this. Mrs. Bartlett might have stepped from the pages of De Maupassant. Knowing no half measures in love, she went the whole way, and the dividend of her devotion was disloyalty. She found herself facing a murder charge, and the evidence by which it was sought to convict her came from the lips of her lover.

Clarke felt a great responsibility in defending Adelaide Bartlett. "I do not think," he says, "anyone who has not been through it himself can realize the mental strain of the last day of a trial for murder upon the counsel for the defence. As he listens to the reply for the Crown and to the judge's summing-up, he finds little comfort in the thought that he has done his best, and that the responsibility for the result lies not so much with him as with the judge and the jury. He hears the argument he has pressed most strongly answered in the reply, perhaps ignored or made light of in the summing-up, and he cannot help feeling that there may have been some failure on his part of clearness or of force, and that an adverse verdict and the inevitable sentence may possibly be the consequence of that failure."

But whatever fears Clarke had were unfounded for the jury returned a verdict of 'Not Guilty'. It was a popular verdict, and gained for him an hour of glory.

While Clarke was forging ahead at the Bar, he never for a moment lost sight of his political ambitions. In 1880, he took silk, and this step enabled him to give more time to politics,

for as a leader he did not have to keep his nose as close to the grindstone as he did while at the Junior Bar. Soon after becoming a Q.C., he successfully carried the conservative banner in a by-election in the constituency of Southwark. A few months later, in the general election he lost this constituency but a seat was found for him at Plymouth.

Clarke's political career was as distinguished as his career at the Bar. He was as formidable on the floor of the House as he was in the courts. The eloquence that charmed judges and captivated juries caught the ear of Parliament from the very first. From the gallery of the House of Commons his father of eighty and his son of eight joined in the general acclaim which greeted his maiden speech.

His speeches were always full of substance for he never spoke without adequate preparation; and they were always delivered with conviction and spirit because he never spoke on any topic that was not close to his heart. He never spoke for the sake of speaking. To mention Clarke as a political orator in the same breath with Gladstone and Disraeli is not to make light of the abilities of those two eminent statesmen. Clarke replied to Gladstone on the second reading on the Home Rule Bill in 1893, and his speech is still cited to aspiring politicians as a model of Parliamentary oratory.

Clarke was appointed Solicitor-General in the Conservative administration of 1886, and upon his taking office was given a knighthood. The Attorney-General of the day was Sir Richard Webster—Clarke's greatest rival for political office. Though Webster was Clarke's junior, he blocked his way to many important political appointments. But for Webster, Sir Edward Clarke might have been appointed Lord Chief Justice of England in 1900, when that office was made vacant by the untimely death of Lord Russell.

For all their political rivalry, Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Richard Webster were fast friends. A good story is still told of them. They both fancied they could sing, and at a festive gathering at which both were present, a mutual friend received confidences from them—from Sir Edward Clarke: "Ah, Webster, rare good fellow if he only didn't think he could sing": from Sir Richard Webster: "I have always had the highest regard for my friend Clarke, but that voice of his—really some one ought to tell him."

Clarke held the office of Solicitor-General until 1892. While in office, he continued his private practice, but so that the work

at the Bar would not be too onerous, he set a minimum fee of one hundred guineas for his services. For twenty-eight of the fifty years he spent at the Bar, this sum was his minimum fee.

Sir Edward was offered the Solicitor-Generalship by the Union Government of 1895, but he refused office because of the rule made by the previous Liberal administration which debarred a law officer from private practice. He did not favour this rule because its effect was to withdraw law officers from salutary contacts with the profession.

In 1897, Lord Salisbury offered the Mastership of the Rolls to Clarke, but without a moment's hesitation Clarke refused the position. He did not want to give up politics. The stress and strain of the political arena was too dear to him to be exchanged for the isolation of the Bench.

Opportunity knocked but once. When Sir Edward was offered a judgeship, he refused it. Came a time when he would have liked nothing better than a seat on the Bench. But, he found that

He who will not when he may,
When he will, he shall get nay.

Clarke was no political rubber stamp. He was not the man to let anyone else do his thinking for him. He did not jump at the crack of the party whip, but reserved the right to make up his own mind. In complete discord with the government's policy with regard to the South African War, he resigned his seat rather than bow his will to his party's dictates.

The turn of fortune's wheel brought him a temporary reward. He resigned his seat for Plymouth in 1900. At the general election in 1906, he headed the poll for the City of London, thus realizing his fondest ambition.

"That was the crowning day of my political career," he says, in his autobiography, "the day when the ambitious hopes which had been with me for fifty years were fulfilled, and more splendidly than I had ever imagined to be possible. The city of my birth, where I had begun so humbly as the errand boy and helper in my father's little shop, the greatest constituency in the world, greatest in the combined characteristics of numbers, wealth, intelligence and independence, had chosen me for its foremost representative in Parliament."

But again Sir Edward's sturdy independence led him into difficulties. Tariff reform, Chamberlain's panacea for all political ills, was the favorite war-cry of the leading conservatives

of the day. An uncompromising free-trader, Clarke did not favour the imposition of duties on meat and corn and strongly opposed legislation in that respect, thereby offending his constituency, which had become enamoured of the theories of protectionists. He was asked to revise his ideas, but rather than let some one else do his political thinking, he resigned his seat and retired from political life.

Sir Edward Clarke was quite distinctive in personal appearance. He was a very short man, but his figure was trim, and his bearing dignified. His fine, sensitive face was framed in a magnificent set of side-whiskers, which were his crowning glory. Lady Southwark tells an excellent story of these whiskers. Sir Edward and Lady Clarke were invited to a luncheon party. The hour grew late, and they did not arrive. Their hostess waited beyond the appointed hour, then thinking that the Clarkes did not intend to turn up, she assembled her guests and the luncheon began. Just as the dessert was about to be served Sir Edward and his Lady arrived on the scene, and Sir Edward hastened to make their apologies. It was carnival season, and as the Clarkes drove along in their open carriage they passed a group of merrymakers who showered them with confetti. The confetti had been dipped in mucilage, and some of it caught in Clarke's whiskers. Unable to remove the sticky stuff, and not caring to go to a luncheon thus decorated, Clarke had to go to a hairdresser's for a shampoo. Thus the delay in the Clarkes keeping their appointment.

Sir Edward looked a gentleman—every inch of him. Nor did his looks belie him. Meticulous in dress, gracious in manner without being condescending, always reserved in speech and dignified in action, never off-hand in his dealings with men whatever their rank or station in life, seldom out of sorts or in a temper, he was typical a representative of the Victorian era. He remained a Victorian to the last,—a living reminder of that age, when perhaps more attention was given to appearance, more stress laid on a strict observance of those social amenities which help to make life more livable.

Tennyson's words may aptly be applied to him:

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.

Clarke's private life was exemplary. The capacious ears of scandal never pricked up at mention of his name; nor did the

restless tongue of slander find cause to wag over him or his affairs. His whole life was one of clean living and high thinking; yet the record of his career makes interesting reading, despite the popular notion that men of few flaws make dull subjects for the pen of the biographer.

If, as a Prince of Cynics says, the things we regret most in looking back on our lives are our virtues, then Sir Edward Clarke's life must have been one of profound regret. Be that as it may, Clarke led his life as he saw fit, and was content to allow others the same privilege. He had no vices and few bad habits. On his doctor's advice, he gave up smoking on a moment's notice, because he said that he would be ashamed to have to confess to a habit that was his master.

He was almost too perfect. While he commanded the respect, he did not inspire the love of common humanity as did that great advocate and most lovable man—Sir Edward Marshall Hall. His frailties were not obvious enough, nor his indiscretions of the type that common clay is heir to.

As he himself points out in his brief preface to Mr. Justice Darling's *Scintillae Juris*, Sir Edward Clarke did not allow the manifold claims of politics or law to exclude him from the delights of literature. He wrote a number of treatises on the Gospels, and edited an edition of the New Testament which he proudly considered the best in the language, in addition to publishing a volume or two of his speeches. The invention of a system of shorthand, and the origination of a swift-hand alphabet in which all letters were represented by a single stroke were by-products of his versatile career.

In 1908, Clarke was appointed to the Privy Council, an honour which was very gratifying to him. On the occasion of his being sworn in, he was asked to wear 'morning dress'. Not being familiar with the conventions of high society, he turned up in his usual grey suit, and did not realize he had committed a blunder until a lady-in-waiting told him so.

Sir Edward retired from the active practice of law after fifty years in harness. On July 17th, 1914, the Bench and Bar entertained him at a farewell dinner in Lincoln's Inn. This event was easily the highlight of his legal career. Two hundred and fifty members of the profession gathered to pay him tribute. In reply to the many speeches given in honour of the occasion, he gave one of the most masterly addresses of his career. It is not without significance, that as he turned the final page of his public life, he touched upon his reason for going to the Bar.

"I did not come to the Bar," he said, "from any attraction for the study of law, but I came to the Bar because I believed that through this profession, and through this alone, I might be able to make my way to political influence and position." Whatever his motive for going to the Bar, he became one of the legal profession's brightest ornaments.

Sir Edward Clarke survived his retirement by many years dying a few months after his ninetieth birthday, in April, 1931.

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