



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>











0.22

Pres copy, revised on title

[KENT (W.C.)]

1/2 EL

\$18.00



To Edward L. Lawson
with the cordial regards
of a brother-journalist
THE
who has watched his career

GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT

as Editor of the Daily Telegraph
BEING
with sympathy and admiration
CABINET PICTURES.

4 December 1879.^{BY}

A TEMPLAR.


Kent, Charles

'My aim is not the libel of the hour,
To snarl at Genius or beslave Power.'

ST. STEPHEN'S.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1869.

The Right of Translation is Reserved.

DA 565
1113

LONDON :
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

	PAGE
THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE	{ <i>First Lord of the Treasury</i> } 43
THE LORD HATHERLEY	{ <i>Lord High Chancellor.</i> } 133
THE EARL DE GREY AND RIPON	{ <i>Lord President of the Council.</i> } 151
THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY	<i>Lord Privy Seal.</i> 163
THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE	{ <i>Chancellor of the Exchequer.</i> } 175
THE RIGHT HON. H. A. BRUCE	<i>Home Secretary.</i> 193
THE EARL OF CLARENDON	<i>Foreign Secretary.</i> 207
THE EARL GRANVILLE	<i>Colonial Secretary.</i> 223
THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL	<i>War Secretary.</i> 239
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL	<i>Indian Secretary.</i> 251
THE RIGHT HON. HUGH CHILDERS	{ <i>First Lord of the Admiralty.</i> } 265
THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT	{ <i>President of the Board of Trade.</i> } 277
THE RIGHT HON. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE	{ <i>Secretary for Ireland.</i> } 307
THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN	{ <i>President of the Poor Law Board.</i> } 317
THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON	<i>Postmaster General.</i> 327

THE
GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT.

A MINISTRY long anticipated, was, in the December of 1868, summoned into existence in less than a fortnight. Regarded as a thing inevitable during upwards of a twelvemonth, the signal for its formation came at last almost as a surprise. The Hour struck and the Man was startled—was even for the moment, it seemed, unprepared for the emergency. Only for the moment, however. For, scarcely had the public at large come to realise the fact of his predecessor's resignation, when it began quite as distinctly to realise that other fact, a fact which soon became equally undeniable, that the Leader of the Opposition, notwithstanding the abruptness of his summons to power, was perfectly ready to assume upon the instant the responsibility of undertaking the organisation of a new Government.

Telegraphs flashed ; express trains conveyed the scattered candidates for office up to their suddenly

announced rendezvous in the metropolis, some of them from the remotest extremities of the United Kingdom; interviews were accorded in rapid succession by the in-coming Premier to one after another of his future colleagues; the private residence of the member for Greenwich, 11, Carlton House Terrace, became the cynosure, not of neighbouring eyes alone, but, through the lens of journalism, of the curious and watchful regard of the whole of the intelligent part of the population—the result being that within less than two weeks a Cabinet was constructed.

It was thoroughly understood by the nation long beforehand that whenever the Liberal party should in the natural order of things return to power, it must necessarily do so by the fitting together of materials apparently the most incongruous, certainly the most heterogeneous, in one—as far as possible—harmonious combination. Aware of this, the public out of doors during the fortnight of keen and eager expectation already referred to, amused themselves by indulging in conjectures, more or less reasonable, as to the relative position in which these motley materials—materials as perfectly well known as they were, so to speak, variously and vividly coloured—would be brought together by the

sagacity and adroitness of the hand of one whom everybody had long since come to recognise as Master of the Situation.

The indulgence of these simple conjectures was like looking through a kaleidoscope. With this especial resemblance, moreover, that just when we were admiring the radiant pattern conjured up by our imagination, it was as if one's elbow had been jogged—the combination actually arrived at in the end being altogether different from anything that had been anticipated, the constituent portions of the ministerial puzzle being, as it seemed to the majority, very surprisingly and first of all even quite bewilderingly transposed.

Instead of fitting the round man into the square hole, as the whimsical phrase is, or, 'vice versâ,' the square into the round, it looked at the first blush to many as if all the men and all the holes were at cross-purposes. Among the new men requiring to be fitted all of a sudden, now into this hole, now into that, on the official cribbage-board, there were odder shapes by far than any that could be expressed simply by the circle or the quadrilateral, there were political rhomboids, and isosceles triangles. Yet even then, to drop this quaint but familiar metaphor in regard to administrations, after making

allowances for the eccentricity of some among the opinions entertained by the individual statesmen who were thus for the first time brought together and compacted into a Government, it appeared in several instances as though they had been perversely inducted into the wrong place and that some half a dozen of the new Ministers might very judiciously have exchanged departments.

One administrator, whose extraordinary aptitude for tuition might almost induce one to coincide in Dogberry's 'dictum' that 'reading and writing come by nature'—a born schoolmaster—instead of being nominated to office on the Committee of Council on Education, was found, when the Ministerial List came out, to have had entrusted to him the care of the national money-bag—happily a man without 'Judas-coloured hair,' and one therefore without even that sinister augury upon him on his assuming his post as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Another administrator, whom everyone had regarded as one of the likeliest claimants for that very position, for which he had already shown himself to be really admirably well adapted by his distinguished antecedents at the Treasury, was by the same apparent perversity placed at the head of the national service, and, ingrained civilian though he was, deputed to

preside over the Admiralty, thence to direct, as from a 'coign of vantage,' the sweeping clear of long accumulated abuses out of the Augean dockyards. Another, the most eloquent and rarely-gifted master of our Oriental policy since the days of Edmund Burke, in lieu of being placed, as the people of England had counted upon seeing him, in a position pre-eminently worthy of his genius, meaning that of Secretary of State for India—was, by a sort of anti-climax, introduced simply as President of the Board of Trade.

On the Woolsack there was, as nearly everybody thought, the wrong Chancellor—people having looked to see there, in place of the profound equity lawyer who was actually for a while conceived to have been selected by little less than a blunder, the most brilliant and accomplished judge upon the bench, the popular Lord Chief Justice of England.

Exception might readily enough be taken in the same way, in point of fact *was* taken here and there, in regard to the particular award of offices to several others among the Cabinet Ministers—among these to the selection made of the President of the Council, of the Minister for the Colonies, and, strangest of all, it seemed to many, of a Home Secretary without a seat in the House of Commons.

With the new Prime Minister, however—with Mr. Gladstone alone individually—rested the responsibility of course of selecting, with the approval of the Crown, his colleagues in the administration, and of so distributing amongst them the great departments of the State as might best meet the immediate exigencies of the hour while ensuring at the same time as far as possible the general efficiency of his Government. While the responsibility of this selection of colleagues and of this apportionment of offices was his and his only—to him alone were known while he was forming his Cabinet, to him are known solely to this hour, now that it has for some time been formally consolidated—all the complexities and entanglements of conflicting interests and contending aspirations through which every First Minister of the Crown has to thrud his way, as through a labyrinth of difficulties, while actually engaged in the delicate and formidable process of creating a Ministry.

Lord Derby, not very long ago, afforded the public a momentary glimpse of those difficulties. And through them Mr. Gladstone has but just now had to win his way to power like one after another of his illustrious predecessors—constrained like them to consider the prejudices and the pre-

dilections, the susceptibilities, the eccentricities, or however else they may be termed, of those leading members of his party in the Lords and Commons with the aid of whose co-operation alone he could hope under any circumstances, even for a day, to carry on the Queen's Government.

Beyond all the customary difficulties in this way besetting the path of every First Lord of the Treasury on his being entrusted by his Sovereign with the responsibility of forming an administration, there was obviously, in Mr. Gladstone's instance, the added difficulty, and it must be said, too, the enormous additional responsibility of so selecting his colleagues and of so distributing the offices of State among them that the great question which had first of all to be considered might be dealt with the most effectually—that question in regard to the Irish Church, with which he himself, as Leader of the Liberal party, had actually gone to the country at the last general election—and, of so combining together in his Cabinet the representatives of the various important sections of that party as might conduce the most securely to its solid and permanent re-organisation.

It was with an especial regard to the exigencies of the Irish Church question, for example, and with

the express design on his part of ensuring what might be most conducive to the successful conduct of his projected measure through the certain and formidable perils of discussion in the House of Lords, that the new Premier fixed by preference upon the clear intellect, the broad liberality, and the revered personal character of the Lord Justice of Appeal, Page Wood, as what were, under the circumstances, more than ever peculiarly desirable in combination in the individuality of the new Lord High Chancellor.

Again, it was expressly to the end that all the more considerable sections of the Liberal Party should be brought together in the persons of their leading representatives within the compass of his Cabinet, with a view to the consolidation of the party as a whole, that Mr. Gladstone, we may be sure with the utmost deliberation and forethought, selected as his colleagues in the Ministry several of the principal chiefs among the old Whigs ; the pick of the rising men among the young Liberals ; the undisputed chief of all the Advanced Liberals ; and last, not least among them all, the ringleader of the Adullamites.

A difficult task it may appear, and undoubtedly is for that matter, the mingling together, with any satisfactory result, of ingredients, many of them

apparently so inharmonious and unsympathetic. The combination, such as it is, however, partakes somewhat, it may be said, of the nature of a salad, —in which oil and vinegar, ‘mordant mustard’ and softening potatoes, lettuce and beetroot, blend, when adroitly mixed, according to Sidney Smith’s famous recipe, with a flavouring effect of cunningly intermingled opposites, the most delectable to the appreciative palate, and the most appetising.

Whether, in this instance, the combination shall prove to be one exactly suited to the taste of the nation and of the Parliament yet remains to be demonstrated. There it is, however, as a combination, and for the dexterity with which its seemingly incongruous elements have been blent together—even now, when the dish is but just produced before us—we cannot but have a certain kind of anticipative relish of admiration.

As, according to the dainty metaphor of Count Xavier de Maistre, ‘one experiences a pleasant fore-taste of acid when one cuts a lemon,’ so now, at the mere thought of what this new Ministry is in itself, and of how it has been composed, coupled more particularly with the recollection of that arch-censor by whom it finds itself immediately confronted in the House of Commons as ex-Premier and Leader of

the Opposition, one witnesses with a premonitory zest the commencement now in real earnest of the sessional labours of the new Parliament.

Remembering in what position Mr. Gladstone and his ministerial colleagues have been enabled to meet the new Parliament; remembering, that is, that they have been returned to power, if ever a Ministry was so returned to power, on the heads and shoulders of the people, the Liberal majority having been increased in the present as compared with the last House of Commons, from seventy-four to one hundred and eleven altogether, it is impossible not to recognise that there now devolves upon Her Majesty's Government at one and the same time, a splendid opportunity and an immense responsibility.

A Ministry has seldom entered upon its career with such ample resources or heartened on by a larger body of enthusiastic supporters. Its own fault will it be if those supporters should come, later on, to be alienated.

Happily for Mr. Gladstone, when he was summoned to Windsor Castle and entrusted by his Sovereign with the duty of forming an administration, there had been then but very recently swept out of view, as by a besom of destruction,

several really superfluous claimants upon his consideration as candidates for office. Conspicuous amongst these were four: the Cynic, the Wag, the Logician, and the Satirist of the advanced or independent Liberals—one of the four being now missed from the back benches, and the other three from below the gangway.

As for Mr. Horsman, carping and querulous though he continued to be consistently even to the last, he has during several recent sessions barely sustained his once eminent reputation for argumentative and, at times, almost persuasive acerbity.

Scarcely is there a man in the House or out of it, who knows anything at all about Parliament, but has regretted, ever since the close of the poll at Nottingham, the rejection there by his old constituency of Mr. Osborne, the ever gay and 'débonnaire.'

As for Mr. Mill, profound and pellucid at once though he is as a thinker, keen and incisive though he always was as a parliamentary speaker, there was something more than merely crass stupidity in that cry of the Westminster elector in front of the hustings at Charing Cross, enunciating the ludicrous declaration, 'We don't want any philosophy here!' In one sense, even, the nation itself might be

reasonably described as not particularly solicitous to have the theories of this most gifted and sagacious of her philosophers applied to the direction of her administrative machinery; and still less, it must be said, to the radical revision and readjustment of those primeval or elementary principles of government which lie at the very root, and form the very basis of her constitution. Propositions like several of those which were seriously propounded in his time within the walls of the legislature by the late member for Westminster, recall to one's remembrance, indeed not unnaturally, if only by reason of their mingled ingenuity and impracticability, those wonderfully elaborated political day-dreams indulged in by the Abbé Sieyès immediately before the close of the eighteenth century—theories of innovation so specious in themselves, yet so utterly incapable of realisation, that Talleyrand, according to Sir Henry Bulwer's brilliant biographical sketch of that great master of diplomacy and wit, hesitated not to pronounce the intellect from which they emanated—not profound but hollow—'Profond ! hem !' (with a shrug of the shoulders) 'vous voulez dire peut-être creux.'

As to that other independent Liberal now missing likewise from his accustomed seat below the gangway—the caustic satirist, first of all known to the

House during so many years as the member for Bath, but latterly as the member for Sheffield—while his admirers are disposed to regret his disappearance, as though it were from their faithful watch-dog Tear'em, having proved the last untimely victim of a notorious Police Act, his non-admirers are manifestly as exultant over his political demise as if he had not been Tear'em merely, but, on the contrary, that 'ghastly, grim, and ancient' mongrel, Snarley Yow, or the Dog-Fiend, of Captain Marryatt.

Fortunate as Mr. Gladstone has been in the elimination from the new House of these otherwise just possible claimants upon his consideration as veteran aspirants to office, the Premier must be regarded as still more fortunate in the recognition, reluctant it may be, but absolute and final, by the elder leaders of the old Whig party, now more unmistakeably than ever shelved as an 'obsolete oligarchy,' that their day is over for any longer battering upon place, and that to younger men and abler they must at length yield up, with a qualm it may be, partaking almost of the bitterness of death, the be all and the end all of their protracted existence—power and its perquisites.

Rid of them at last by the mercy of Heaven—rid of that appalling incubus perched upon its shoulders,

and grappling about its neck, the nation experiences at this moment a sense of relief at last, only comparable to that of Sindbad the Sailor, when the Old Man of the Sea had been first of all slyly drugged with the grape juice, and afterwards brained with the calabash. Relieved at length from the dead weight of that most oppressive burden, we can afford to condone the past and to regard almost with sentiments of complacency the relegation to a back bench in the Commons of a worn-out administrator like Sir George Grey, and to back benches in the Lords of 'effète' statesmen and political fribbles at their best, like my Lord Halifax and my Lord Stanley of Alderley.

The rejection of that once energetic reformer, Mr. Milner Gibson, one would probably have felt disposed to regret with something like earnestness, but for the remembrance that of late years he has so entirely contented himself (and nobody else) by reposing, as the phrase is, upon his laurels. Recollecting his apathy during this last 'decade,' almost equally it must be said as a debater and as an administrator, it is difficult to regard his disappearance from the parliamentary arena with feelings other than those of absolute indifference. As for Earl Russell ('clarum ac venerabile nomen!') the country

cannot but deem him to have at length—tardily it is true, but still at last without any further paltering with his great reputation—consulted his own dignity, acting in this as best becomes the memory of his historical and illustrious career, by *not* accepting office of any kind in the Cabinet whether with or without a portfolio.

In effect, it has always appeared to us remarkably derogatory to any statesman who has once attained the august position of Prime Minister of England—ever—under any conceivable circumstances accepting a subordinate post, no matter of what kind, in a subsequent Government. Those who bear in grateful remembrance, as we do most certainly ourselves, the eminent achievements of Lord Russell as a loyal, a patriotic, and an enlightened Reformer, whose name is inscribed in luminous characters, not alone upon the Statute Book of the realm, but upon what may be called without extravagance, the perpetually expanding Charter of the Constitution, cannot but regard, have always regarded, his occupation of any Ministerial position below the highest as, in plain terms, an indignity to his reputation.

It is an indignity for the infliction of which, time and again before now, he has been alone himself, of course, responsible. But it is one, howsoever inflicted,

at the recognition of which we at any rate have invariably winced, looking on simply as spectators. The Blue Ribbon of the Garter, if you will, the Earl's coronet—he has earned them all! But *not* a lesser place than the highest in any Government—*not* a subordinate post for one who has twice created and presided over a Government of his own: the earliest champion of reform in the House of Commons, the colleague of Grey and Melbourne, the rival of Peel, the friend of all the noblest men of letters of his time, the venerable statesman whose fair fame, as an orator and as an administrator, links our own age with that of the great historic epoch in Parliament, when Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan, were the giants of the hour.

Turning, however, from any further consideration of those who for various reasons have not been included by Mr. Gladstone in the list of his administration, it may be allowable to remark, here, simply ‘*en passant*’ that he appears to us to have acted with a wise discretion in allotting offices of considerable importance, but outside the Cabinet, to such men, let us say, as the member for Bradford and the member for Southwark.

Unpopular in a singular degree as he is among

those with whom he is brought into business communication, Mr. W. E. Forster has nevertheless evidenced the possession of a large amount of administrative capacity, and that, moreover, of a kind peculiarly qualifying him to exercise the functions of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

If only he could contrive to learn something like amenity in his dealings with others—if only he could lay well to heart that suave and charming delineation of character by Terence, in which the readiest way to win applause without exciting envy is described as the knowing how to tolerate another's humours, how to concede to the pursuits of those conversed with, to abstain from incessant contradiction, and above all, to shrink from a perpetual assumption of superiority—'*Ita facillime sine invidia venias laudem*'—we ourselves should learn then on our part to look forward hopefully for the time when, winning 'golden opinions from all sorts of men,' Mr. Forster might take his place within the Cabinet! Doing so as one of the ablest and most efficient, without at the same time being necessarily any longer one of the least popular and most repellant Secretaries of State for Education that could be appointed to inaugurate that office, on the probably early creation for the

first time in England, of that most requisite and long-desired department.

Small hope is there, we cannot but fear, of any appreciable assuagement of that insufferable temper which has, more especially of late years, alienated from Mr. Layard the sympathies even of his political associates. There was a touch of the grotesque about General Sir Charles Napier's famous vituperation of 'That Hogg!' meaning Sir James Weir. There was a sense of good humour about the present Sir Robert Peel's apostrophe uttered a few sessions back, amidst the laughter of the House, in reference to 'That Bodkin!' meaning Mr. Serjeant, or, as he is now, Sir William—an apostrophe ludicrously suggestive of the 'bare bodkin,' with which, as Hamlet tells us, a man might 'make his quietus.' But in Mr. Layard's simply abusive onslaught much more recently upon 'That Beke!' meaning the accomplished African traveller, Dr. Charles—there was only too plainly the manifestation of a temperament requiring merely the lapse of years to develope into that of a recognised curmudgeon. In his present ministerial position—like Mr. Forster's, outside the Cabinet—Mr. Layard, as Chief Commissioner of Public Works, may have the relief of running his head up against stone walls if he so pleases.

At any rate, it certainly does appear to us, both in this and in the preceding instance, that the Premier has most judiciously had an especial regard to the discrimination among his colleagues of temper and tact as among their most important qualifications—availing himself of the capacities of the member for Southwark and of the member for Bradford, but excluding both of them alike, for the present at least, from his Cabinet.

The suddenness with which that Cabinet was called into existence must be unquestionably regarded, now that we come to look back upon it, as having been a crucial test of Mr. Gladstone's capabilities, both as a Leader of Party and as the Head of a Government. It arose from the extraordinary and unprecedented abruptness of Mr. Disraeli's resignation. So extraordinary and so unprecedented was that resignation—occurring, as it did, before the meeting of the very Parliament upon which the late Premier had devolved the responsibility of deciding, between himself and the then Leader of the Opposition, as to whether the time had or had not arrived for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church by the imperial Legislature—that many of our most conscientious statesmen hesitated not, upon the instant,

to pronounce the course thus pursued by the Minister, one not only indefensible in itself, but subversive in a great measure of all those traditional usages which, descending to present time through a long succession of administrations, have hitherto been regarded as constituting the most sacred guarantees for the maintenance of Constitutional Government.

There are emergencies, nevertheless, occasionally arising in every free State, when, if there exists no precedent upon which the responsible Minister of the Crown can act with advantage to the country, in the way of extricating it with facility from a visible dilemma, it becomes, as we conceive, his duty, as it is indisputably his privilege, to create that precedent for himself, immediately bequeathing it afterwards to his successors for their use under similar circumstances.

It requires a daring statesman to create a precedent. But Mr. Disraeli has never shown himself to be wanting in audacity. Nearly a couple of years ago, to employ the slang of trappers, he had been up a tree. Within one twelvemonth afterwards he had extricated himself from that difficulty—being up a tree—by climbing to the top of it. But, in the end, as a *Saturday Reviewer* remarked very

wittily, immediately after the first announcement of Mr. Disraeli's resignation, his descent was that of the Gone 'Coon. It was the felicitous echo—that most apt illustration—of the tale told by the Yankee Gasconader. Only—this time, the tale was true. The Major was there—'Majorem canimus'—with his unerring aim and his deadly arm of precision. He was there—we were all taking our time from Greenwich—not a shot was fired—but the 'Coon came down.

It almost seems to us as though, in some odd way, there were a flavour of Transatlantic humour about the political situation. For, as the *Saturday Reviewer* was reminded by it of the Gone 'Coon, there came ludicrously back to our own remembrance one of those delicious morsels of American drollery brought back by Mr. Charles Dickens on his return homewards from his recent visit to the United States.

The anecdote—related 'vivâ voce' by our great humourist with inimitable effect (if only the typography could convey the covert twinkle of his eye!)—running simply thus—A Yankee bore of the first magnitude has been holding forth in a mixed company during a protracted interval in one interminable streak of talk, through which he adduces a

series of illustrations of what he is pleased to call the Compensations of Nature, as in this wise—‘Then gentlemen,’ he says, ‘over in England there’s a little brown bird called the nightingale—a very insignificant member of the feathered species, but with the loveliest voice that ever a bird had. *That’s* one of the Compensations of Nature. And then, gentlemen,’ he says, ‘there’s another creature over there in England called the peacock, dressed in feathers of a different kind, feathers as beautiful to look at as the rainbow, but with a voice so discordant it’s for all the world like a screech. *That’s* one of the Compensations of Nature.’

Until, at last, one recalcitrant victim, whom this dreadful Yankee bore has been talking nearly dead, quietly interrupts him with—‘There’s one instance you’ve forgotten, sir.’ ‘Wall, stranger,’ says the American, ‘and what may that be?’ ‘Why,’ replies the other, ‘it’s the oyster.’ ‘Wall, yes,’ says the bore, resuming his discourse, ‘there’s that other animal, the oyster, that’s true. It’s a piece of gelatinous matter, gentlemen,’ he says, ‘in a rough outer covering, but it’s one of the most luscious bits of slick food you ever swallowed’——. ‘But you’ve forgotten *the* Compensation of Nature, sir, in regard

to the oyster,' says the avenging listener. 'And what may that be?' inquires the exasperated American. 'Why,' says the mouthpiece of the whole company, 'he knows when to shut up.' Mr. Disraeli—though he was a long time about it—knew when to shut up. And Mr. Gladstone, or we are very much mistaken, will be among the first to recognise that as among the Compensations of Nature in regard to his Government.

If the newly installed Ministry is collectively conscious of anything, it is conscious of the immense expectations raised in the popular mind by the very fact of its formation. It cannot fail to realise at the same time another fact, quite as transparent, that it possesses within itself the capacity, and in the majority by which it is supported in the House of Commons, a numerical preponderance over the Opposition, such as, if wisely directed, cannot but enable it to fulfil a very considerable proportion at least of those enormous expectations. It has, first of all, of course, to deal comprehensively and energetically with that no doubt complicated and widely ramified system or institution, the roots of which have been striking deep and spreading hither and thither, so to express it, laterally during these last three centuries, the

politico-religious system or institution known—and never, it must be said, favourably known—as the Irish Church, for the disestablishing and disendowing of which not only has it been itself called into existence, but its serried phalanx of supporters, a phalanx numbering altogether as many as 385 Liberal representatives, has been returned by the enlarged constituencies, with that express intention, to the new Parliament.

Hitherto Parliamentary Reform has been for years the principal obstruction in the path of legislative improvement. That obstruction has now at length been happily cleared out of the way. And here, again, in the instance of Parliamentary Reform—as in the instance of Catholic Emancipation, as in the instance of those great fiscal changes which caused Free Trade principles to spring up out of the very dissolution and decay of the ‘soi-disant’ principles of Protection, as in the instance of so many other kindred changes which it would be easy enough, but, at the same time, altogether superfluous to adduce in this place, even in the way of the most rapid and perfunctory enumeration—now, in this instance of Parliamentary Reform, as previously in the instance of those other grand legislative transformations, it has fallen to the lot of

a Tory Prime Minister—it has been, accidentally, if you will, the privilege of a Tory Government to put the seal eventually to the statute born out of the aspirations and strivings after improvement of a whole generation.

Granted that the Reform Bill of 1867—supplemented, and so far completed by the Irish and Scotch Reform Bills of 1868—was moulded into shape in nearly the whole of its sixty-one sections by the dominant will of the divided but still powerful Liberal Opposition in the last Parliament, to the Conservative or Constitutional Government of Mr. Disraeli, by whichever name they may please to call themselves—to the Government of Tory Reformers, as we should rather prefer to designate them—but beyond all to Mr. Disraeli himself individually must ever belong the credit, such as it is, of having effectually removed at last, out of the pathway of legislation, that portentous obstruction of Parliamentary Reform, in their vain concussions against which, in their desperate but futile endeavours to force which out of the way, a whole series of Administrations (including among them the Derby-Disraeli Administration of 1858-1859) had already, one after another, and very signally, come to grief.

· However this may have been accomplished, it *has*

been accomplished. And its accomplishment, any how, is at once a relief and an achievement. A less plastic Ministry than the last, a less flexible intellect than that of Mr. Disraeli, a statesman endowed with a political conscience made of sterner stuff, must, under the circumstances, almost necessarily, have failed in the endeavour.

Tentative though his earlier schemes in regard to a Reform Bill were in the commencement of 1867—beginning as they did, on the 13th of February, with those Resolutions as a basis of legislation, which were produced only to be immediately afterwards recalled, and followed, as those Resolutions were, within less than a fortnight's interval, namely, on the 25th of that same month, by the Ministerial project now known to fame, thanks to the astounding candour of the member for Droitwich, by the ludicrous title of the Ten Minutes Bill—Mr. Disraeli's measure, as eventually submitted to the consideration of the House of Commons, had at least the merit of being capable, as was indeed proved to demonstration by the result, of transformation into a bold and comprehensive enactment.

Whether it need ever have been referred to, as Lord Derby himself did not hesitate to refer to it, as 'a leap in the dark,' or whether the original pro-

position of it need ever have been considered, as it was by Lord Shaftesbury, as a suggestion to jump out of the window in preference to the ordinary course of walking down stairs, may still, to this moment even, be matter for serious consideration, on the one hand by Conservative Leaders, such as General Peel, and the Marquess of Salisbury, and the Earl of Carnarvon, and on the other hand—shall we say it?—by such a Liberal Leader, by such a ministerial chief as the right hon. gentleman, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

By the nation at large, we believe that the innovation, thus adventured upon, has never once from the outset, been regarded with anything like feelings of alarm, of uncertainty, or of disquietude. And the result, beyond any doubt of it, has already justified to the full the confidence with which the people out of doors have all along regarded the enactment securing to them, at one stroke, as it were, this vast expansion of the constituencies.

Notwithstanding its having increased the number of the Electors by upwards of a million (1,119,000) in the United Kingdom, namely, by nearly three hundred thousand (289,000) in the counties, and by upwards of eight hundred thousand (830,000) in the boroughs—the according music of a well mixed

state' is still appreciably our own—is still audibly and recognisably around us, pitched in no higher or no lower key. Broadcloth and not fustian is still worn in the House of Commons—our Ministers of State (including among them now the Right Hon. Member for Birmingham) are still the servants of the Crown—the Speaker yet wears his wig—the 'bauble' mace yet lies before him—and on gala days the royal standard, and not the banner of a republic, can yet fly from the flag-staff of the Victoria Tower at Westminster.

Happily relieved at last, as we are, of that old obstructive question of Reform—it is here only fair and just to reiterate, thanks distinctly to the indomitable perseverance of Mr. Disraeli, and thanks also it should be said to the equally indomitable elasticity of his ministerial policy—we are now confronted, the Legislature is now confronted by a new obstructive question quite as importunate in its demands upon our consideration, a question which the Liberal Party is now solemnly pledged to deal with, and to deal with at once—the question of the Irish Church, its disestablishment and its disendowment.

Whensoever the urgency of this great question in regard to the disestablishing and disendowing

of the Irish Church came to be recognised first of all by the statesmen now in office—whensoever the necessity for it began first of all to dawn upon the judgment and the conscience of the now First Minister of the Crown—may be in themselves, in point of fact *are* in themselves of course, matters of exceeding interest. And they are worthy of being subjected to more than ever deliberate, and, as we conceive, to very respectful if not sympathetic investigation.

But, profoundly interesting though those matters may be and undoubtedly are, intrinsically—at the present moment they are altogether beside the question, the vital point in regard to which is that it has to be dealt with, as we have said, at once and energetically. The urgency of it springs out of the enormity of the cruel injustice which has, as speedily as possible, now that it has once been recognised, to be removed from weighing any longer upon the heart, the soul, the conscience of Ireland. Recognised—as the monstrous cruelty and injustice which it really is—the Irish Church has been, long since, almost everywhere else but here in England.

As embodying in itself a charge against our national sense of what is really signified by re-

ligious toleration, it has long been a shame and scandal in our regard before all the rest of Christendom. It has remained until now to be swept out of view, and, as far as possible also, out of remembrance, simply because, until now, the leading statesmen of England, the legislature of England, the nation as a whole, or at any rate the vast majority of the nation, have failed to recognise it, as they do now, in its true light.

It is thus, as a matter of course, in regard to every sweeping measure of reform, in regard to every considerable legislative improvement, in regard to every signal act done by a great people in obedience to the dictates of justice, honour, or humanity. After having for years championed the cause of the Protectionists, Sir Robert Peel—a statesman whom even his most sardonic satirist has pronounced to be, emphatically, ‘the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived’—recognised at length for the first time, in the winter of 1845, the necessity of resolving forthwith that the Corn Laws should be, at once and for ever, abrogated.

Sagacious as he was, he had until then altogether failed to recognise that as a necessity. But, having once recognised it, his course was taken—his resolve was announced—the Corn Laws were

abolished. All considerations as to the stability of his Government, as to the interests of his party, as to the maintenance of his own personal consistency, were regarded by Sir Robert Peel as simply frivolous in comparison with the imperative necessity then, but not until then, realised by him, with a distinctness as though it had been through the demonstration of a truth by means of a syllogism, that barriers should no longer be allowed to remain between a free people and the food they were earning by their industry.

If possible, yet more strikingly than in that memorable instance, twelve years prior to that crowning triumph of Free Trade principles, the nation and its leading statesmen had together signalised in a very remarkable manner the determination of England, when once the necessity for an act of beneficence had come to be understood, to adventure upon it at no matter what cost, and to do it without one moment's paltering. It happened precisely thus in the summer of 1833, when William Wilberforce arriving for the last time in London, but a very few weeks before his lamented death, enjoyed the immense consolation of knowing, before he had breathed his last, that the sacred cause, to the furtherance of which he

had devoted so many years of his long and noble life, had at length, indeed, proved to be victorious.

According to an affecting statement recorded in his Memoirs by his filial biographers, 'The last public information he received was that his country was willing to redeem itself from the national disgrace at any sacrifice.' That disgrace was Slavery. And then—thirty-five years ago, an interval equivalent to the life-time of a whole generation—England hesitated not, in her tardily but fully realised horror of the guilt of Slavery, to pay down twenty millions sterling for the luxury of its abolition.

And so now, at whatever penalty of protracted toil to our legislators, and of profound solicitude to those among our statesmen who at this juncture have been entrusted with the responsibilities of Government, it is incumbent upon England—speaking through her Parliament, and acting through her administrators—it is incumbent upon the England of to-day to rid herself at last of any further participation or complicity in the grievous wrong-doing imposed by another age upon the people of Ireland, and ever since maintained there, until now, as a badge, or immeasurably worse than that, as a brand

of their subjugation. It may be that there will arise difficulties in regard to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. It is tolerably certain that the task of endeavouring in any way satisfactorily to deal with the delicate and complicated question of its disendowment will tax the energies, and may possibly for a while puzzle the sagacity, of the most far-seeing of our jurisconsults. No matter, the work is there to be done, and upon our legislators, and upon our administrators especially, there is now devolved the supreme responsibility of seeing that it is accomplished.

Besides this foremost work of all—dealing with the Irish Church with a view to its being immediately disestablished and gradually disendowed—there is other work, and that in abundance, which is looked for, by the Liberal electors of the United Kingdom, at the hands of the newly installed Government.

It is expected from them, for example, that a more vigorous and systematic endeavour will be made than has ever before been adventured upon by any preceding Cabinet, with a view to the striking of a just balance between Economy and Efficiency.

It is expected that the Civil Service will be thoroughly but discreetly revised throughout—not

simply to the end of that revision ensuring the abolition eventually of the few sparsely scattered sinecures, here and there surviving the raid made upon those parasitical offices by so many adventurous economists in preceding administrations—but for the purpose also, it may be hoped on the other hand, wherever it may be deemed advisable, as we are fain to surmise would probably prove to be the case on investigation both at the Custom House and at the Post Office, of increasing the salaries of such among the humbler class of Civil Servants of the Crown as facts should demonstrate to have been heretofore treated parsimoniously.

A revision, moreover, of the whole scheme of our national defences, has become a duty, just now more urgently than ever, devolving upon our administrators. It is one involving within it not merely an abandonment of that costly and enormous system of land fortifications, projected by Lord Palmerston, and familiarly spoken of now as the 'Palmerston Folly'—a system as obsolete and valueless as that of the martello towers still studded along our coast-line—but the necessity for an immediate and simultaneous movement in the direction of the very boldest and most comprehensive of military and maritime reorganizations. Whether in the

ministerial programme the country is ever likely to hear any more about Mr. Bright's electioneering watch-cry of a Cheap Breakfast Table, must, at any rate for some little time to come, remain problematical : but, in any case, there are legal reforms of a practical kind which no parliamentary preoccupation, however absorbing, will serve to justify our administrators in much longer postponing.

There is the completion, for example, to name but one of these, the eagerly awaited and long looked-for completion of the modifications introduced of late years into the law of Bankruptcy. But, of immeasurably more importance than any piecemeal legal reforms that could be enumerated, there is that grand scheme for the Codification of the whole of the written and unwritten Laws of the Realm, which has been, so often before now, talked of amongst us, both within and without the walls of the legislature, yet has never once been seriously adventured upon by any, even the most daring among our law-reforming Governments. Added to what has already been here particularised, there are social evils of appalling magnitude which even the most superficial and apathetic observers cannot fail to recognise as imperatively requiring the interposition of the State, with a view, if not to their abso-

lute extinction, at the least to their considerable abatement.

There are Crime, and Ignorance, and Pauperism, necessitating, each in turn, the revision and expansion of our police system, the revision and expansion of our educational system, the revision and expansion of our poor-law-relief system. Increasing and multiplying in the very midst of us, as these dread evils and imposthumes upon the body politic have done, during so many years past, in absolute defiance of all our intermittent efforts, the while, at their removal or repression, they recall to remembrance, now, more forcibly than ever, the mere fact of their obscene presence, those burning words of warning in which Macaulay, more than a quarter of a century ago, as if reminding England of her shame under her glory, of the lice under the ermine, told her, trumpet-tongued, of those outcasts of her population—‘heathens in the midst of Christianity, and savages in the midst of civilisation.’

The extension of our educational system, the improvement of our police regulations, and the re-organisation of our entire scheme of poor-law relief, are therefore, it should be said, conspicuously foremost among the measures demanded—not expected merely, but imperatively demanded—at this moment

by the people of England at the hands of their rulers.

Legibly enough, looming up in the distance—so legibly, that those who run may read it—there is now visibly coming towards us, so that we almost seem, as it were, to have its flagstaff already in our grasp, that best and crowning banner of reform in our system of representation, the banner emblazoned with the word Ballot. Sooner or later, by it the Reform Bill of 1867 must, as by a sort of necessity, be supplemented. The Ballot is in a manner the corollary of Household Suffrage.

Against the Ballot the new Ministry is not pledged. But, beyond that negative advantage in the way of encouragement to the hopes of those who, like ourselves, are ardent aspirants after the Ballot, as the only guarantee of freedom in voting to the humbler class of possessors of the elective franchise, and as the most effectual preventive at once of bribery and intimidation, the Prime Minister himself, and two at least among his ablest colleagues in the Cabinet, have already given indications of their having been converted, if not into avowed advocates, into at the least non-antagonists of that most rational and simple of all securities of electoral independence.

Having now, as rapidly and as distinctly as possible, enumerated those salient reforms which are, we believe, being looked for at this juncture, by the vast majority of the population, at the hands of the Fifteen Liberal advisers of the Crown who have but so very recently been formed into a Government, it appears to us advisable—as, perhaps of all means that could be hit upon, the simplest and the most direct for arriving at some accurate notion as to what the probabilities are of the nation finding its aspirations realised through the agency of the present Cabinet—that we should here scrutinise the characters and antecedents, one after another, of the Fifteen Members of the Administration.

Everything considered, this appears to us, indeed, to be all the more advisable, by reason of the sufficiently notorious fact, that perhaps no Ministry, certainly no chief Minister, has ever before been so systematically or so outrageously misrepresented, in the way at once, and quite equally, of adulation and of depreciation. Scanned by cynicism, the Cabinet presided over by Mr. Gladstone is depreciatively spoken of as one composed in the main of a collection of head-clerks, having in their midst a Demagogue and a Schoolmaster, to say nothing of their being led by one who had, but just immediately

prior to his being sent for by the Queen, described himself in so many words as a Vagrant and an Outcast.

Depicted, on the contrary, by its unreasoning eulogists, by those thick-and-thin idolaters of party, who see nothing but virtue on the one side and villany on the other, the Cabinet exactly as it is—just as Pitt was pronounced to be the heaven-born Minister—is directly descended to us from the empyrean. As for the Premier himself—listening alternately to his revilers and his adulators, one might almost be bewildered, but that his career and his character are there before us to speak for themselves, whether his portraiture ought to be depicted—

‘Horned as a fiend or halo’d as a saint.’

Judging him and his colleagues simply from what we know them to be, we shall here endeavour to weigh the worth of each of them accurately in the balance—invisible ourselves—uninfluenced by mere personal associations, and estimating them at their right value, through their public acts and their written and spoken words, though aided in doing so, in several of the leading instances, by our own close and watchful observation during many years past of the men themselves individually.

As Ministers of the Crown, their names and their careers are public property. They have been eulogised extravagantly. They have been, many of them, scurrilously traduced. The Prime Minister, more especially, as already remarked, has been on the one hand flattered up to the eyes, and on the other assailed by the most disgraceful vituperations. Recognising all this, as he could hardly fail to do, the writer of these pages is here desirous, in the midst of so many passionate utterances, both of antagonism and of partisanship, of commenting upon our Fifteen Administrators, one after another, speaking of them in every instance as he knows them to be, and therefore quite frankly and quite dispassionately.

THE
RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE,
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

THE
RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

It is something like an achievement for any man, through sheer force of character and superiority of intellect, to raise himself to the position of Prime Minister of an empire embracing within its circumference one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, or in other words, 8,600,000 square miles of territory—to become the chief adviser of a Sovereign whose sceptre extends over one-fifth of the human race, or, otherwise expressing it, over a population of 224,000,000 of people. Yet this is precisely the achievement which we have seen twice accomplished within the last twelvemonth—first of all by the son of a man-of-letters, and immediately afterwards by the son of one of our Merchant Princes.

Each of these two men has won his way to power, moreover, without any adventitious aid whatever. Neither of them possessed the advantage of enormous wealth, or of aristocratic connections.

Both were born in the middle class of English society, both started in life with moderate fortunes. And, if it should be said that, in this high Olympian race which they have been running as contemporaries, Mr. Disraeli had the start of his rival or competitor by four years, it should be immediately added in justice to the ex-Premier, that that comparatively insignificant difference between them in age was more than counterbalanced by the fact that Mr. Gladstone had the enormous advantage of an University Education.

While the now Prime Minister of England was preparing himself for the battle of life and for the arena of Parliament, as a graduate at Oxford, the ex-Premier, having released himself from uncongenial pupilage in a solicitor's office, was acquiring precocious celebrity by writing novels of fashion, politics, and character, fictions running over with the most impertinent wit, the most radiant persiflage, and the most wilfully-fantastic of imaginative extravagances. The reputation thus prematurely obtained by him as a successful contributor to light literature, was in point of fact, however, but another supplemented disadvantage weighting him heavily in his subsequent parliamentary contests with his junior, Mr. Gladstone.

Notwithstanding which—in very despite of the novels of his youth, of the lack of an university education, and of the temporary immuring in that solicitor's office where probably he was deemed at home—

‘ A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who penned a stanza when he should engross,’

Mr. Disraeli, nevertheless, vindicated his right to precedence according to the order of seniority, by anticipating Mr. Gladstone by ten months in the eventual acquisition of supreme power as head of the Government.

Added to this, indeed, it should be borne in remembrance that, as the recognised leader of the Conservatives, he preceded by nearly twenty years in that capacity, namely, as leader of a great party, his junior competitor, Mr. Gladstone, whose time for leading the Liberals in the House of Commons was necessarily delayed, however, until, upon the death of Lord Palmerston, the position came to him in the natural course of things, as the correlative position had come to Mr. Disraeli on the death of Lord George Bentinck, namely, as one might almost say, by direct inheritance. Intellectually they are athletes worthy of each other. Pity, it is, only, that they cannot contend with more evidences

of amenity. The passion, however, is all on one side.

Once, if we remember rightly, it was at some civic gathering, Mr. Disraeli, in referring to his rival, spoke of him as "my right honourable friend." The courteous allusion, howbeit, was never reciprocated. The gauntlet doffed, the ungloved hand was extended, but it was never accepted and has never yet been publicly grasped in friendship.

It is somewhat remarkable, by the way, as illustrative of the fact of this being really for once (after the fashion of the solitary exception proving the rule) one of those quarrels axiomatically pronounced to be impossible, namely, a quarrel to which one individual alone is a party, that so unhesitating and, as it is thought by many, so unscrupulous a satirist as Mr. Disraeli—a parliamentary censor accustomed ordinarily to draw his weapons of assault without hesitation from so unrivalled and inexhaustible an arsenal of sarcasm—often as he has been provoked to retaliation by the withering invectives of Mr. Gladstone, invectives only comparable, in their passionate earnestness, to those with which, nearly a century ago, Edmund Burke poured out the vials of his wrath upon the head of Warren Hastings, for what the author of the Impeachment regarded in

his conscience as the atrocities of the great Proconsul's government in India—it is somewhat remarkable, we say, that so eminently skilled a master of vituperation as Mr. Disraeli, repeatedly though he has been incited to hurl back the scorn and the contumely directed against him with a sort of fury of indignation by Mr. Gladstone, has never yet, upon one single occasion that can be adduced, carried the war of words with anything like similar fury into the enemy's camp; has never once energetically poured forth recuperative torrents of indignation upon the career, the policy, the character, or the reputation of his arch assailant.

Instead of this, the member for Buckinghamshire, after sitting for hours under the galling diatribes of Mr. Gladstone—listening to them throughout, not merely with a placid and imperturbable countenance, but with a face so utterly expressionless that it almost seems as though, by some subtle effort of will, he had drawn over it a mask of no-meaning—will rise in reply—has literally thus risen before now, in reply—to congratulate himself, at the commencement of his remarks, with raised eyebrows and a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders, at there being a good solid piece of furniture between himself and

the right honourable gentleman opposite! Thereby referring, of course, to the ponderous table in front of Mr. Speaker, laden with those official boxes which are always empty, and those official books which are hardly ever referred to, and littered underneath every evening with a chaos of petitions, the signatures affixed to which are never once even glanced at.

The contrast thus presented to view, by their habitual bearing towards each other, is more or less continually illustrative, as it seems to us, in a very remarkable manner, of the extraordinary difference of genius, no less than of temperament, discernible between the two foremost men of this present generation in the British House of Commons.

The Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, the fourth son of a wealthy merchant of Liverpool,—the late Sir John Gladstone, Baronet, of Fasque and Balfour, county Kincardine, N.B.—was born at that great sea-port of Liverpool, in 1809, on Friday, the 29th of December. Although a fourth son, he was the eldest son born to Sir John Gladstone upon his second marriage—the widower having taken as his second wife the daughter of Andrew Robertson, Esq., Provost of Dingwall, Ross, in Scotland. The parentage of Mr. Gladstone was

thus, upon both sides, distinctly of the upper portion of the middle class, in the northern part of the United Kingdom.

The origin of the future Prime Minister of England was thoroughly commercial. His father we find referred to in the Parliamentary Debates as far back as in 1819—when the subject of this biographical sketch was but just entering upon his tenth year—we find Sir John Gladstone referred to, there, authoritatively, by no other than the late Sir Robert Peel, in the course of the earliest speech of anything like real importance delivered by him in the House of Commons, namely, that in which he for the first time strenuously and argumentatively advocated the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England, alluding at the moment, in the course of his remarks, with considerable emphasis, to the opinions expressed in evidence before the parliamentary committee by ‘Mr. Gladstone, the great Liverpool merchant.’

From an incident which is still borne in remembrance in regard to the early part of the life of the future baronet—he was raised to that dignity, by the way, as recently as in 1846, dying not longer back than in 1851, when he was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, the Premier’s half-brother, the

present baronet, Sir Thomas Gladstone—from an anecdote which is related in regard to Sir John Gladstone, at a time when he was but just starting in life as one of the junior partners in the firm of Corrie, Gladstone, and Bradshaw, corn-merchants, of Liverpool, we are enabled to recognise in him even then extraordinary promptness of decision and singular self-possession under circumstances of considerable embarrassment the occasion being one when he had to act at once and with scarcely time for consideration upon his own unassisted judgment.

The incident we are now referring to was one having reference to the freighting of a ship with merchandise in an American outport, whither he had been despatched by his senior partner, Mr. Corrie, for the purpose of sending home thence a cargo of grain at a period of dearth all over the European continent, and, as it proved on his arrival at his destination, of dearth also no less calamitous throughout the United States.

Dismayed by this discovery, and realising at once the ruinous consequences that must inevitably result from his allowing to recross the Atlantic, unladen with any marketable commodities, the quarter of a hundred ships of considerable tonnage which he knew had been chartered at home to convey the required

corn from America to the granaries of the firm at Liverpool—that grain which, in point of fact, was nowhere purchasable for exportation—the young merchant realised at once that, in order to save the firm from the otherwise imminent risk of ruin, he must select wisely some kind of commodity or commodities by way of substitute. His selection, as the event proved, was wisely made—the hazard evaded—the house guarded from the impended disaster—and this solely by reason of the young man having acted, and that promptly, upon his own suddenly recognised responsibility.

Passing the earlier years of his childhood in his paternal home at Liverpool, the Premier of to-day made his first step into outer life nearly fifty years ago by going to Eton for his education. There he was the school-boy contemporary of many of his political associates in after-life ; and among others who had subsequently nothing whatever to do with politics, it may be mentioned that he was the school-fellow of the late Charles Kean, the tragedian. Mr. Gladstone's academic career afterwards at the University of Oxford acquired for him precocious distinction, even before his entrance into public life—his intellectual reputation beginning, indeed, very soon after the time when, in 1829, he was first entered

as a student at Christchurch. That designation, as applied to himself, in point of fact, he rendered famous but a very few years later on, by attaching it to his name on the title-page of his earliest book, one that, for several reasons, may be spoken of as still, in some respects, his most remarkable contribution to English literature.

In the Michaelmas term of his second year at the University—that is, in 1831—he graduated B.A., as a double first class man ; three years later—namely, in 1834—taking his degree as M.A. ; and it may be added here, not inappropriately, some fourteen years afterwards, namely in 1848, when he was already a man of mark in the estimation of the whole country, receiving from his beloved Alma Mater the honorary distinction of D.C.L.

It was, as he himself has recently told the world in his singular ‘Chapter of Autobiography,’ during the autumn of 1838, just ten years before he was thus arrayed in the scarlet robe of a Doctor of Civil Law, that the book just now referred to was originally published. Having been driven abroad by a distressing, and for a time even alarming, affection of his eyesight, he was travelling in the South of Europe for relaxation.

The work in question, which was the now well-

known politico-religious treatise entitled 'The State in its Relations with the Church,' made a name for itself and for its author almost immediately upon its appearance. It rapidly ran through three editions, which were, in point of fact, simply reprints; the book eventually, however, being slightly altered and very considerably extended in 1841, when, in the form of its fourth edition, it was in a double sense reproduced.

Within little more than half a year from the date of its first issue, however, it had been rendered in a manner historical, through the fact of its having been selected by Lord Macaulay, then of course a commoner, as the theme for one of his superb essays in the *Edinburgh*. It was indeed in the April number for 1839 of the blue and buff review, which the genius of that great master of eloquent criticism chiefly helped to render renowned, that Macaulay's article—a vigorous and elaborate article, in itself a treatise—first drew the attention of all England upon the intellect, the individuality, and the probably eminent future of Mr. Gladstone.

It is curious to read now, going on for thirty years afterwards, the very first sentence by which the whole argument is introduced. 'The author of this volume,' writes Macaulay, 'is a young man of

unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope—' he adds, and how oddly the words read nowadays!—' the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor.'

Mr. Gladstone himself, however, has but just now in his Autobiographic Chapter told us, in the first place, that he was 'warmly' attached to that very leader, 'by respect, and even by affection,' and in the next place that 'of association with what was termed Ultra-Toryism in general politics,' he, Mr. Gladstone, 'never dreamed.' Stranger even than the first sentence of Lord Macaulay's article, entitled 'Gladstone on Church and State,' is the second, which predicts—whimsically enough, in the remembrance of this last General Election—'It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England.'

The reviewer, it should be here stated, however, immediately goes on to remark—'But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and goodwill of all parties.'

According to the proverbial words of the Ancient Romans, the times are indeed changed, and we with them. Mr. Gladstone being at this hour the leader of the very party whose quarterly organ thus graciously complimented him at the period when he was still sowing broadcast his wild oats of Conservatism !

While, Macaulay's prophetic forecast of the time when the author of the book on Church and State might come to be the most unpopular man in England, has been followed nearly thirty years later on by the astounding circumstance that under the ægis of his reputation as (judging from the result) *the* most popular man in England—under the one watchword of his name—the Liberal electors of the United Kingdom have, for the express purpose of enabling him to sever Church from State in Ireland, raised him as upon the summit of a grand tidal wave of public opinion, to supreme power at the head of an enormous majority in the newly-returned House of Commons.

Postponing, however, any further comment upon the book itself, and the numerous adverse criticisms which it has provoked—until after we shall have rapidly enumerated, in fact, the other incidents yet requiring to be recorded in Mr. Gladstone's biography—it should here be remarked, that six years

prior to his appearance before the world as an author, he had been returned, in the December of 1832, as M.P. for the borough of Newark. As member for Newark, he occupied a place in the House of Commons, through a series of re-elections, until exactly thirteen years afterwards. For it was not until the December of 1845, that—in deference to the obdurately maintained protectionist opinions of the Duke of Newcastle, of whom he was the nominee—Mr. Gladstone as the faithful adherent of Sir Robert Peel in his then newly-developed Free Trade Policy, out of a feeling of honour, threw up the borough he had so long represented, and for a considerable time remained without any seat in Parliament.

While yet in the earlier enjoyment of his first success in authorship, Mr. Gladstone married, in 1839, Catherine, the eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. Hawarden Castle is a name familiar enough by this time to the public at large, as that of the country residence of the now Prime Minister, who, it may be here casually mentioned in passing, has for several years past been, for the county in which it stands, both a justice of the peace, and a deputy-lieutenant.

Mr. Gladstone's first entrance into official life occurred immediately before the close of 1834, when Sir Robert Peel, influenced no doubt in his selection of the young member for Newark by a remembrance of his eminent commercial associations, as well as by an appreciation of the distinction he had achieved for himself in rapid succession, first of all at the University, and afterwards in Parliament, nominated him in the December of that year to a junior Lordship of the Treasury.

December, by the way, somehow, appears to be a peculiarly fortunate month for Mr. Gladstone. Born in the December of 1809, entering the House of Commons for the first time in the December of 1832, beginning his official career as we have just mentioned, in the December of 1834, becoming Secretary of State for the first time in the December of 1845, and Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time in the December of 1852—he but very recently, as we all know, in the December of 1868, realised the crowning triumph of a British statesman's ambition, by becoming, at last, upon the threshold of his sixtieth year, Prime Minister of England.

Hardly less than by his distinguished abilities and his even then noticeable powers as a debater, the

member for Newark must have already commended himself, unconsciously, to Sir Robert Peel's consideration, by his thorough business habits, and still more by that elevation of character upon which Mr. Macaulay, but a few years afterwards, commented so conspicuously in the pages of the *Edinburgh*.

The junior Lordship of the Treasury, however, was but a mere stepping-stone to further, and as it proved, rapid advancement. In the February of 1835, Mr. Gladstone was promoted to the Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies, retaining that office, nevertheless, as it happened, only until the spring following, when Sir Robert Peel's first Ministry gave in their resignation. During nearly six years the Tories after that remained in the cold shade of Opposition.

Lord John Russell's Government at length dying the death at the close of the session of 1841, Sir Robert was again called to power; and, in the distribution of departments among his supporters in the September of that year, appointed the member for Newark to the double office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint.

Seated upon the Treasury Bench in that twofold capacity, Mr. Gladstone, who was then, for the first

time, sworn in as a Privy Councillor, soon found that upon him devolved a weighty but an eminently congenial responsibility. To him especially was entrusted by his sagacious leader, a task, in itself sufficiently herculean. That task—a task accomplished with brilliant success in 1842—was nothing less than the complete revision of the Tariff; an undertaking of enormous magnitude, and of singular complexity; but one so happily achieved in nearly every particular, that, almost intact, certainly with little more than a few comparatively insignificant modifications, the measure, as prepared by Mr. Gladstone, was passed triumphantly through both Houses of Parliament.

The beneficent transformation thereby effected, has long since come to be historical; but it is right that we should bear distinctly in recollection, in its regard, a fact quite as indisputable as that the change itself was accomplished, namely, that the rapidity and the apparent facility, because precision of its accomplishment, were the fruits simply of Mr. Gladstone's untiring and indomitable application. His reward came early in the year ensuing, when, in the May of 1843, while still continuing to be Master of the Mint, he was, in succession to the Earl of Ripon, promoted from the Vice-Prec-

sidency to the Presidency of the Board of Trade, obtaining, for the first time, while he did so, a seat in the Cabinet. To him especially among all the Ministers had been formally entrusted—and this not less by reason of his individual capacity, than by right of his administrative position—the exposition and the vindication of the commercial policy of the Government.

As he himself has but just now remarked in his *Autobiographic Confidences*, the particular place occupied by him in that Government, as President of the Board of Trade, was ‘at the very kernel of its most interesting operations.’ Fully realising all this, and exulting in the labour committed to his hands, Mr. Gladstone, nevertheless, in the spring of 1845—while the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel was yet in the very pride and strength of its great position—suddenly resigned office and withdrew to the back benches. His doing so appeared to be, at the time, the result of some perverse whim. It looked almost like an eccentricity. It bewildered everybody, and for a long time remained a mystery, quite incapable of comprehension.

It has been explained now, however, very clearly indeed, by Mr. Gladstone in his Chapter of *Autobiography*. The resignation arose simply from an exces-

sive and, as it still appears to us, a positively morbid—almost, we had said, fantastic—over-scrupulosity.

The Maynooth Grant, Sir Robert Peel had announced to his colleagues, that he was desirous of having remodelled and increased. As a member of that Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone knew, as he tells us, that that intimation was not simply tentative; but that it, on the contrary, indicated the fixed determination of the Premier as to the course to be pursued in the matter by his Government. Prepared himself to consider the claims of Maynooth to that increased grant—prepared, it might be, even to recognise those claims and to vote for that grant, nay, to go so far (as he actually did eventually) as, openly, in the House of Commons, to advocate its bestowal by the Legislature in accordance with the proposition of the Ministry—Mr. Gladstone felt, at the same time, that his own course in so doing would clash with the consistency of the whole argument set forth in his politico-religious treatise about Church and State.

The position assumed in that argument, he had already long since realised to be untenable. He had realised that much almost upon the morrow of its publication. Scarcely was the work issued from the press, he tells us, when he perceived that in thinking

as he therein did, he was alone and utterly isolated. 'I found myself,' he says, 'the last man on the sinking ship.' Speaking of the Irish Church especially, he says, emphatically, 'When I bid it live, it was just about to die.'

And now—in 1845, that is—being in presence of that imminent question as to Maynooth, which he had always regarded as one testing the very foundations of the Irish Church as an establishment, he recognised, as he has just explained, the necessity of placing himself in a position enabling him to reconsider his course without any hazard of having interested motives imputed to him because of the decision eventually arrived at.

No wonder he has called himself, elsewhere, 'a purist with respect to what touches the consistency of statesmen!' Resign office as a Cabinet Minister, he did, nevertheless, thus instantly and unhesitatingly, and, as we now learn, by reason of what still appears to us to have been an exaggeration of scrupulosity—or, in other words, a morbidly sensitive conscientiousness. The present Earl of Derby (then Lord Stanley) tried to dissuade him from giving in his resignation. He himself, as he naïvely confesses, fully realised at the time the magnitude of the penalty he was thus voluntarily paying for the

vindication of his political honour, or of his reputation for consistency.

The ministerial position he occupied, he declares to have been then, in his own estimation of it, the alpha and omega of public life—the Government from which he was seceding being, moreover, regarded by everyone at that moment as solidly rooted in power, and, as far as any Government could seem to be so, indestructible. Yet—he resigned.

Before the close of the same year, however, which had witnessed his resignation—namely, in the December of 1845—he was recalled to office, resuming his place in the Cabinet in a higher capacity—that is to say, as Secretary of State for the Colonies. That position he continued to occupy up to the close of Sir Robert Peel's Government in 1846, when that great Minister, for the last time, passed into Opposition, amidst the execrations of his disrupted party, but amidst the benedictions of the whole of the rest of the Commonwealth.

Faithful to his chief, but at the same time respecting the opinions, as already stated, of the dogmatic peer under whose influence he had been originally returned to the House of Commons as M.P. for Newark, Mr. Gladstone had, several months previously, resigned his seat in Parliament. During a

year and a half, he remained without a place in the Legislature, until, at the General Election in the July of 1847, he was for the first time returned, having Sir Robert Harry Inglis for his colleague, as Member for the University of Oxford.

For eighteen years afterwards—namely, until the July of 1865—he held that seat; speaking of which, he himself, now that he has lost it irrevocably, hesitates not to declare, ‘I am not ashamed to own that I desired it with an almost passionate fondness.’ Regarded for a considerable time as the pride and glory of the High Church party, and—withstanding his disclaimer, already mentioned, of anything like a proclivity to Ultra-Toryism—regarded for a long while also with admiration by the staunchest Tories among his constituents, Mr. Gladstone, on the one hand, estranged himself from the former by his advocacy of University Reform and of the removal of Jewish disabilities, and on the other eventually broke away altogether from the latter upon his declining to accept office in Lord Derby’s first administration.

In reference to his advocacy of University Reform, it should, of course, be borne in remembrance that, whereas he had been opposed originally to anything like direct interference on the part of the State in

the general revisal of academic organisation, upon a mature reconsideration of the matter, he deemed himself justified in not merely declining to oppose, but, on the contrary, in earnestly sustaining the suggestions submitted to the Legislature in the Report of the Oxford University Commissioners.

While, in reference to the political party in intimate association with which his own career as a politician had commenced, it should be here added that his severance from it, finally, in 1852, was signalised, not simply by his non-acceptance of office in Lord Derby's first Cabinet at the time of its formation, but far more strikingly, immediately before its close, by the memorable speech in which he opposed Mr. Disraeli's maiden Budget; an attack, to the overwhelming force of which, the downfall of that short-lived Ministry was, in point of fact, mainly attributable.

It was immediately after this, upon the construction of the Coalition Government under Lord Aberdeen, that Mr. Gladstone, in the December of 1852, was first inducted into the office with which his fame as a financier has been, now, for so many years, and so conspicuously, identified—an office for which, by reason of his origin, of his antecedents,

and of his predilections, he was at once deemed upon all hands to be pre-eminently well qualified, and therefore to have been so admirably well selected—that namely of our English Minister of Finance, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That office, in his first tenure of it, he held continuously until the February of 1855. For, upon the dissolution or disintegration of the Aberdeen Cabinet, he still retained that post of Chancellor of the Exchequer on the reconstruction of the Ministry under the Premiership of Lord Palmerston.

It was, nevertheless, but for a brief interval indeed, as it happened, that he so held that office in Lord Palmerston's first Government. Realising as he did, almost immediately, what, during the process of the actual readjustment of the Ministry, he had seemed loth to believe—namely, that the Cabinet was in no way prepared to oppose Mr. Roebuck's proposal for a Committee of Inquiry into the state of the British army before Sebastopol, and into the origin of its sufferings—Mr. Gladstone at once gave in his resignation. It seems incomprehensible, looking back at those events, that he should have, thus, thrown up office because of his antagonism to that most humane investigation. But, throw up office he did, and for that reason. Yet, having thrown it up, he

continued from his place among the back benches, intermittently, to give an independent support to the Government of Lord Palmerston.

During the winter of 1858-1859—Lord Derby's second Ministry being then in power—Mr. Gladstone, assenting to a proposal made to him by the Secretary of State for the Colonies in that Cabinet, Sir Edward Bulwer (now Lord) Lytton, was engaged during several months, in a diplomatic mission of some delicacy. Administrative difficulties of considerable importance having, for some time, been rife in the Ionian Islands, leading to the estrangement of that dependency from the British Government, it was conceived by the latter to be desirable that some effort should be made with a view to their amicable settlement. To this end, but as the event proved, with no happy result, for the evil was past mending in that way, Mr. Gladstone, in the November of 1858, took his departure for the Ionian Islands as Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary.

Inoperative of any good though it was, it was for all that a generous endeavour on the part of the Government, and Mr. Gladstone himself has no reason to regret his participation in it in his character as peace-maker or plenipotentiary. About the very time of his engagement in this mission of

goodwill on the part of England, the Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands had produced an elaborate work on Homer, a monumental evidence of scholarship, in three volumes, entitled 'Homeric Studies.'

Readers 'fit but few,' so lengthy and searching a commentary upon the prince of Epic Poets can alone ever hope to secure ; but, from those, the reverent student of the 'Tale of Troy Divine' has already obtained his recompense, being numbered by them as, of right, among the most skilled and sagacious of the Homeric commentators. The effect produced by an examination of the work, as a whole, recalls to mind the 'bassi-relievi' described by Pope in his 'Temple of Fame' as around the Homeric throne of eternal adamant :—

' Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragged in triumph round the Trojan wall :
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire ;
A strong expression most he seemed to affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.'

Whenever Mr. Gladstone has appeared before the public in a purely literary capacity—that is to say, as an author descanting upon themes entirely removed from the political atmosphere—he has invariably, according to our view at least,

intellectually to the greatest advantage. True it is, no doubt, that his political writings have, in many instances, attracted to themselves immeasurably more attention than any one of those to which we are here according the preference. His earliest production of all, for example, as a man of letters, his politico-religious treatise on Church and State, sprang at once into celebrity. It immediately commanded for him, young as he was, a considerable audience among his contemporaries. It elicited in his favour, even from the principal organ of the very party to which he was himself then diametrically opposed, the earnest panegyric which has been here already particularised.

Yet, seriously considered though the work was, unquestionably, in its every page and in its every line, during the thoughtful process of its composition, it undertook nothing less than the setting forth, with the utmost possible elaboration, of an argument which he himself, the author of it, has long since come to recognise and acknowledge as having been erroneous throughout. Looking back to it now, he seems almost to regard it with remorse. Scanning it even upon the morning of its publication originally, he confesses that he considered it, even then, in the light of an anachronism. Political predilec-

tions and academic associations warped his judgment. He wrote under the influences of the University atmosphere, from which, at that time, he can hardly be said to have emerged. His book at once rendered him conspicuous, but it was a mistake more than it was an achievement.

Another literary production of Mr. Gladstone's, of a yet more distinctly political character—not a book this time, however, but a pamphlet, not a treatise but a 'brochure,'—a dozen years afterwards, carried his name not only over all England, but over all Europe. It appeared in 1851, under the title of 'Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen,'—letters of impassioned and exaggerated earnestness—in which the writer besought the interposition of the Premier in behalf of certain Neapolitan prisoners.

During the course of the previous year, 1850, Mr. Gladstone had been sojourning in Naples, in a wholly unofficial character, like any other travelling Englishman. His presence, there, was appreciated, however, as that of no ordinary personage; and he had to endure the penalty of his individual distinction—he was earwigged.

Ferdinand, the then King of Naples, otherwise spoken of, at that time, with mingled feelings of contempt and detestation, as 'Bomba,' had, some months

previously, had occasion to grapple with a large amount of political disaffection. Conspirators, or supposed conspirators, had been seized in various parts of the Neapolitan dominions. There had been state prosecutions; there had been sentences of incarceration; there had been a rigorous carrying out of the judgments of the law courts, upon the numerous throng of those who had been thus formally condemned.

Among these, the Baron Charles Poerio was about the only person of anything like social importance. Understanding that the government prisons, contained not merely Poerio and his immediate associates, but were crowded by as many, Mr. Gladstone was informed (and we have no doubt that he believed he was credibly informed), as twenty thousand Neapolitan citizens altogether—the generous-minded Englishman, sympathising with misfortune, and with his heart in a flame, penned to Lord Aberdeen his first appeal, and, upon the failure of that first letter, another and a more impassioned supplication, that the British Government should remonstrate diplomatically and, if need be, otherwise, with the Neapolitan Sovereign and his Government.

Non-intervention, remember, was not then, as

now, the rage, the nostrum, the panacea for universal application. Mr. Gladstone's two letters—a tale told by a man of genius, 'full of sound and fury,' but for all that, signifying a good deal—were made public, and it is not an exaggeration to say—being thus made public—created a sensation all over the continent. Authentic copies of them were forwarded, by order of Lord Palmerston, to all our Ministers at the European Courts, accompanied, each copy, by distinct instructions that the statements therein set forth should be submitted at once to the consideration of the Government of the Sovereign to whom the ambassadors, respectively, were accredited. Mr. Gladstone's letters to Lord Aberdeen, moreover, were translated, as they flew hither and thither, on the wings of the press, into almost all the European languages.

They served directly to influence public opinion throughout Christendom. They were the fuse, the igniting of which, the gradual burning down of which, led eventually to the explosion of the whole system of Bomba and his surroundings. Mr. Gladstone, at any rate, prepared the way which was afterwards traversed, sword in hand, by General Garibaldi. But, successful though this political effusion was, as a 'mot,' or as a move—call it which

you please—it was intrinsically, and essentially, a mere piece of special pleading. It was only redeemed from dishonesty by the writer's own burning, but, we must perforce, add, most mistaken convictions. It was a brilliant 'coup,' but it was also a monstrous exaggeration.

Contrast with either of these political or semi-political productions just now referred to—contrast, that is to say, with the inflammatory pamphlet of 1851, or with the philosophic treatise of 1838, any one of Mr. Gladstone's other and purely literary compositions, and it will be manifest, upon the instant, as we conceive, to any one, how entirely we are justified in asserting that, in the latter, he appears immeasurably to greater advantage.

His 'Homeric Studies,' it is true, can never hope to vie in popularity with Lord Derby's masculine and harmonious translation of the 'Iliad,' but they are evidences, what though 'caviare to the general,' not only of a ripe and searching scholarship, but of a subtle and profound appreciation of the living beauties of the incomparable masterpieces of antiquity. There is nothing to mar the picture passing through his mind to ours. The lines are not refracted by the medium they have traversed—they come to us through no distorting atmosphere.

Precisely the same remarks may be applied to a production, which, in its dimensions, of course, can in no way be regarded as comparable to those solid and ponderous commentaries upon Homer—we mean the charming lecture delivered, a year or two back, by Mr. Gladstone, upon the genius and career of Sir Walter Scott.

Restricted though it, necessarily, was within the narrow limits essential to a spoken address, delivered before a miscellaneous audience, it was, both as a biographical sketch, and as a purely literary criticism, not unworthy of the noble and exquisite theme—the life of one who was as good as he was great, the most chivalrous of modern poets, the most resplendent of modern romancists—a spotless man-of-letters—a true and loyal gentleman.

Among all Mr. Gladstone's purely literary works, however, there is one which we would set apart, unhesitatingly, as incomparably the very best—namely, as one having a sacred claim to be regarded as, beyond any doubt whatever, first, by right, in the order of precedence. Allusion is made, here, we hope very obviously, to his penetrating and profoundly sympathetic criticisms upon the anonymous book called 'Ecce Homo.'

It is the utterance of a faith so absolute and im-

plicit, of convictions so rooted into the rock, as it were, by every fibre of his being, by every nerve of his brain, by every grappling and twining thong of his heart-strings, that even the most sceptical of readers, surely, cannot but bow, perforce, before the writer's all-mastering earnestness, cannot but respect a veneration so profound and so unaffected.

Although the name itself is veiled throughout as by a sense of unutterable reverence, the significance of the whole effusion seems to be identical with the significance of the immortal 'Conferences,' in the cathedral of 'Nôtre Dame,' as that was, in so many words declared to be by the noble Dominican monk, the Père Lacordaire, when he closed the last of them with a cry of love and adoration more startling than any words that ever fell from the lips of Bossuet or of Massillon—'Ah! I have often named Him! It is He who is here before you; it is He whose name, sooner or later, will cause every knee to bend in heaven, on the earth, and in hell. I pronounce once more, in conclusion, that name which of all names is the most dear to me. I name with faith, hope, love, adoration, the Lord Jesus Christ.' Veiled though it is, as we have said, by a sense of reverence, from the beginning to the end of Mr. Gladstone's argument,

the name is there, nevertheless, very visibly and legibly throughout.

Reverting, however, from the productions of his pen to his labours as a politician, we would now recall to mind, as the next incident, in his public career, requiring to be particularised—his reassumption of the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the June of 1859, under the second Premiership of Lord Palmerston. That responsible office he held, continuously, from the date of his reacceptance of it, during upwards of seven years, namely, until the July of 1866. Within those seven years, he may be said to have, as nearly as possible, perfected the wonderful fiscal changes which were first of all seriously commenced by Sir Robert Peel's Government, of which he himself was a member, first as Vice-President, and afterwards as President of the Board of Trade—changes, the auspicious inauguration of which, led him, as far back as in 1845, to publish his 'Remarks on Recent Commercial Legislation.'

In that production of 1845, the then President of the Board of Trade, submitted to the public view, with inimitable lucidity, a clear, succinct, and comprehensive survey of the actual consequences of the remarkable revision of the tariff in 1842.

Through it, indeed, he may be said to have sounded, precisely at the right time, 'in the nick of time,' as the phrase is, the note of preparation for the victory achieved almost immediately afterwards, by the principles of Free Trade over those of Protection.

Fifteen years later on, namely, in the spring of 1860, it became his privilege, through one of his most celebrated Budgets as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to round the circle of those great changes which he had in a less conspicuous capacity, so very signally, nevertheless helped, as already seen, to inaugurate, by sweeping away then, for once and for all, nearly every individual protective impost yet remaining, in 1860, to be abolished.

Later on, within the same memorable interval, he was enabled, in co-operation with Mr. Milner Gibson, to abrogate the law hitherto levying a duty upon paper, and, through the all important agency of Mr. Cobden as the appropriate plenipotentiary or commissioner accredited for that express purpose to the Court of the Tuileries, he was successful in furthering to a happy issue the negotiation of the famous Commercial Treaty so happily established between France and England.

Immediately upon the death of Lord Palmerston on the 18th of October, 1865, the leadership of the

Liberal Party passed, as a matter of course, into the hands of Earl Russell, under whose Premiership, in fact, the Government was, readily enough, reconstructed. Then, it was, that Mr. Gladstone for the first time assumed the position of leader of the House of Commons, retaining still his former ministerial rank and discharging still his former administrative functions as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Directly after the assembling of Parliament in the following session, namely as early in March, 1866, Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the Government in the House of Commons, introduced the Liberal Reform Bill, which was restricted wholly and solely to the end of insuring the lowering, or in other words, the expansion, of the elective franchise—the redistribution of seats being left altogether on one side as a matter for subsequent legislation.

According to the scheme set forth in this projected Reform Bill of 1866, it was proposed that the borough franchise should be reduced from £10 to £7, associated with which was to be a lodger franchise insured to all persons occupying apartments of the annual value of £10 sterling—the reduction of the qualification in counties being yet more considerable, namely, from £50 to £14—the estimated addition to the number of electors generally,

both in boroughs and counties, being computed at about 400,000 altogether.

The history of the stormy discussions which ensued, immediately, upon the introduction of this measure, is too recently and too vividly within the remembrance of every observant politician in the United Kingdom, to render it in any way necessary or desirable that the incidents, through which the Bill's rejection by the House of Commons was eventually accomplished, should be here enumerated in detail.

Sufficient, and more than sufficient for our immediate purpose, will it be to mention the fact simply that, Government having been defeated in Committee upon the 18th of June by a majority of eleven, on the 26th of that month Earl Russell in the Lords, and Mr. Gladstone in the Commons, announced to Parliament that Ministers had placed their resignation in the hands of the Sovereign.

As the natural consequence of the decision of the legislature which had brought about this dissolution of the Liberal Government, Lord Derby's third Administration was, thereupon, after some little delay, called into existence. The sequel is thoroughly known, and, more than that, is—by all alike without any distinction, by Whigs and Tories, by Liberals

and Conservatives, by Radicals and Constitutionalists—thoroughly appreciated. It has established the borough franchise, not upon a moveable, but upon a solid and permanent basis. It has increased the aggregate amount of the electors not by 400,000, but by upwards of 1,000,000.

It has strengthened instead of having weakened the whole fabric of the Constitution. It was 'a leap made in the dark' if Lord Derby pleases; but it has landed us in the daylight. Failing in any way to realise the fears of its panic-stricken assailants, it has, so far from transforming our mixed Government into a pure Democracy, simply bound together with a stronger bond than ever the fasces of the Commonwealth.

It has changed the Tribune of the People into a Privy Councillor—given him as a colleague in the Cabinet the orator whose 'cheval de bataille' was the Trojan Horse—and placed at their head, and at the head of a Liberal majority in the New Parliament of considerably over one hundred, the statesman in association with whose name alone that immense majority was returned to the House of Commons by the enlarged constituencies.

As already, and that more than once, has befallen Mr. Gladstone in important crises in his career,

victory and defeat, glory and disgrace, seemed to become his, then, together. Rejected by his native county, he was accepted, as one may say, by all the rest of the United Kingdom. As candidate for South-west Lancashire he was discarded almost ignominiously by his own chosen constituency. As candidate for the Premiership, he was welcomed, in the persons of his political supporters, with nothing less than enthusiasm among the great mass of the electors in England, in Ireland, and in Scotland.

Rather more than three years had elapsed since he had experienced the bitterness of an electioneering failure, in a desperate endeavour, on his own part and on the part of his more devoted friends, to retain a seat inexpressibly dearer to him even than that which returned him to the House of Commons as the representative of the county containing his birth-place. Estranged, long previously, from his once devoted adherents in the University of Oxford, for reasons which have been here already at some length explained, he had only contrived to hold his own, there, during the General Election of 1852, after passing through a contest so sharp and so close as to be darkly ominous, indeed, of the fate for which, as time proved, he was reserved eventually.

The blow descended at last in the summer of 1865, when the former student of Christchurch, the long beloved of Oxford, the one who had cherished, years before, as we have seen with a 'passionate fondness,' the notion of his ever representing his idolized Alma Mater within the walls of Parliament, was set aside by the University, as *from* her but not *of* her, as a statesman in whom she had no longer any confidence, and one from whom her heart and her conscience were to be regarded as, from that time forth, altogether alienated.

Mr. Gladstone had, it must be remembered, in the July of 1861, been solicited by the Liberal electors of South Lancashire to allow his name, even then, to be put in nomination as a candidate for their suffrages. This intrinsically welcome, and alluring offer, however, he had then declined, out of a reluctance to forsake his old academic constituents. Forsaken by them in the July of 1865, his hands were free, his decision was revised, he was duly put in nomination, and duly returned among the representatives of his native county—a seat held by him for upwards of three years, namely, until the dissolution in last November.

Then it was that occurred, during the month immediately ensuing—in the very midst of the

otherwise, for him, intoxicating successes of that General Election in which his name was the only audible watchword—the dire calamity, for a man of his exquisitely nervous and sympathetic temperament, the really dire calamity of his deliberate and conspicuous rejection by South-west Lancashire.

Happily—as saving the whole country from what must otherwise have proved to be, literally, a political ‘fiasco’ of the most preposterous character—the returning of a serried phalanx of followers without their leader, of three hundred and eighty odd Gladstonians without Gladstone, the Tragedy of ‘Hamlet’ with the character of Hamlet himself left out by particular desire—the hitherto almost unnoticed metropolitan constituency of Greenwich, dreading what might possibly, what would probably, occur during the then impending contest in the north of England, suddenly and spontaneously came to the fore, marked itself by anticipation with the Governmental broad arrow, and secured to itself at any rate the chance of very great distinction and of an extraordinary prominence among all the various constituencies of the three Kingdoms, by quietly returning Mr. Gladstone, unasked, as one of their representatives in the House of Commons.

That proceeding on the part of the electors of Greenwich, was no doubt a solace personally to the future Prime Minister, as guarding him from the mingled absurdity and indignity of having no seat at all in the popular branch of the legislature on the meeting of Parliament. Unquestionably his consolation chiefly, however, was this, that the cause with which he had gone to the country had triumphed so very signally throughout the great mass of the constituencies. Gall was on the edge of the cup, but sweetness filled it to the brim!

It is but the natural consequence, as it appears to us, of his own constitutional impulsiveness, that Mr. Gladstone should be liable thus to experience—as during his life he has so often before now experienced—the mingling together, at one and the same time, not only of failure and success in regard to his own fortunes, but of joy and grief within himself.

Supposing that we ourselves had had no other knowledge of what his temperament might have been in his earliest years, supposing we had had no other means of appreciating what kind of being he was in his childhood, his is precisely, we cannot but think, one of those thoroughly outspoken and impetuous natures which would have been, per-

petually and quite unconsciously, affording a glimpse of that very knowledge through itself—through its own transparency. From it, from the very look and manner of the man, we must have recognised, in that case, clearly enough, what he must have been like as a boy at Eton. Frank as the day, thoroughly in earnest, full of pluck, tenacious in his friendships, and so on—accurately conjecturing the whole protraiture. And yet—judging him (as to what he might have been in his boyhood) by the incidents marking his political career, rather than by the more obvious characteristics of the man himself as betrayed through his very appearance and through his temperament, one might not unnaturally have been led to quite other conjectures than these, to conjectures the most ludicrously unlike.

Remembering merely those particular occurrences which we have only just now enumerated, we might have pictured him to ourselves when he was a collegian at Eton—as head boy covered with honour in the class-room, and with popularity in the play-ground, yet in the midst of all his successes perpetually getting into scrapes—as at once a model of good conduct and a warning against disgrace—as getting the gold medal and getting caned simultaneously.

At about the very time when he was being rejected in December last by the constituency of South-west Lancashire, Mr. Gladstone's candidature for the Presidency of a Scotch University was being declined, one might almost have said, judging from the manner of it, disdainfully. This—at the very time when his popularity was carrying to the top of the poll throughout the country the majority of the Liberal candidates for a seat in Parliament. In reference to this, for Mr. Gladstone no doubt, inopportune incident in Scotland—inopportune as occurring almost synchronously with the adverse decision of his own recalcitrant constituency—it should be said that for six years together, namely, from 1859 to 1865, Mr. Gladstone had held the position of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. So that, rejection after election, in each instance, was, but the veering of the popular breath sung of by Horace—the fitful fluctuations of which the Premier of to-day may just possibly for once learn to regard with something like indifference, now that he can look back to them from the height of his present pride of place, as head of the Government.

Recollecting what have been the principal phases of his political career, remembering that he has been successively a Conservative, a Liberal-Conservative, a Liberal, and eventually, what he is now, an Advanced Liberal, it has been objected to Mr. Gladstone that he has, by reason of those very changes, been frequently inconsistent. The accusation, however, is in itself nothing less than an absurdity. At any rate, thinking as we do ourselves, it is to us nothing less than an absurdity. For, in point of fact, from our way of looking at it, at least, the phases named are not so much changes as they are developments.

As well quarrel with a full-grown man for being no longer a stripling, or a school-boy, or, still more, for not being yet an infant, as impute to Mr. Gladstone the heinous guilt of having advanced, from being the young Tory Member for the Duke of Newcastle's pocket borough of Newark, to be the Liberal Member for the constituency of Greenwich, and head of a Cabinet having within it, among other colleagues, a thorough-going reformer, such as the Member for Birmingham. He has advanced, indeed, by regular and appreciable gradations. And the regularity of his progression—odd though, at the first blush, it may seem for any one to say so—can

hardly be more strikingly illustrated than by reference, here, more particularly, to the development of his views in regard to the Irish Church Establishment.

The maintenance of that Church, he began by advocating. He is now about to undertake immediately the sweeping of it aside altogether, as an institution of the State, first of all by disestablishment and afterwards by disendowment. Between those two positions there is an apparent, and in one sense, of course, a very real, discrepancy.

But, it is easy enough to understand how it is, now, that these seemingly irreconcilable opposites have come to be linked harmoniously together. And, in order to demonstrate this very clearly, it is only necessary to string together in, as it seems to us, somewhat more cogent sequence, a few facts and dates culled from no more recondite source than Mr. Gladstone's own Chapter of Autobiography.

According to Lord Macaulay's masterly summary of the whole theory set forth in Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State, it rested—these being the very words of the great reviewer—‘on this great fundamental proposition, that the propagation of religious truth is one of the principal ends of government, as government!’ Macaulay himself

adding that, if Mr. Gladstone has not proved that proposition—again we are employing the very words of the reviewer—‘his system vanishes at once.’

Now, within these last few months, as before intimated, Mr. Gladstone has himself, through his Chapter of Autobiography, told us all, very plainly, that no sooner was his book out than he saw clearly, within his own recognition, that it was an anachronism. That, scarcely was the work published, when he perceived that the position he had assumed in it was untenable. Two years before that, namely, on the 1st of June, 1836, when speaking in the House of Commons on the Appropriation Clause, he had stated in so many words his conviction that a Church Establishment maintained for the sake of its members was ‘not in equity tenable for a moment.’

Realising immediately after the publication of his book that his grand politico-ethical hypothesis, as to the propagation of religious truth being one among the principal ends of government, was nothing better in itself than an Utopian or Arcadian day-dream, a project altogether impracticable, a visionary scheme as intangible and impalpable as a ‘Château en Espagne,’ he thereupon, as a rational man, availed

himself of every possible opportunity enabling him in any way to mark his withdrawal from that fantastic and isolated position, in which he had placed himself by the sheer force of his own arguments.

We have recalled to mind already his startling retirement, in 1845, because of the Maynooth question, from the Government of Sir Robert Peel. Immediately after his resignation, he declared publicly in the House of Commons, on the 4th of February, that he was not prepared to draw a distinction between the Roman Catholics and other denominations of Christians with reference to the religious opinions held by each of them respectively. Since that date, he declares now, in his autobiographic pamphlet, that he has never uttered one word, in public or in private, that could pledge him on principle to the maintenance of the Irish Church.

These 'ex post facto' assertions of his own, however, as his more cynical opponents may be disposed to designate them, have incidentally been accompanied, it should be said, by two or three rather curious corroborations. Sir John Coleridge, the present Solicitor-General, for example, when addressing his constituents at Exeter in August, 1868, took occasion to say that, when he himself was leaving

Oxford in 1847 he had the great honour of being Secretary to Mr. Gladstone's first Election Committee for the University, and that he very well remembered how solicitous many of the constituents were to elicit from Mr. Gladstone some declaration pledging him to stand by the maintenance of the Irish Church as an Establishment. Sir John Coleridge adding to this, from his own vivid recollection of those facts in 1847, 'He (Mr. Gladstone) distinctly refused to pledge himself to anything of the kind.'

Another witness, also addressing himself to his constituency in August, 1868, namely, Sir Roundell Palmer, in the course of a speech delivered by him to the electors of Richmond, related to his audience, out of his own distinct remembrance of what occurred in 1863, that then, when no one was bringing forward this question about the Irish Church or appeared likely to do so—'Mr. Gladstone had told him privately that he had made up his mind on the subject, and that he should not be able to keep himself from giving public expression to his feelings.'

Between these two retrospective testimonies, however, testimonies as to facts so entirely independent of each other—Sir John Coleridge's evidence in

regard to 1847 in his speech at Exeter, and Sir Roundell Palmer's evidence in regard to 1863 in his speech at Richmond—there are adduceable, from the pages of Hansard, declarations made by Mr. Gladstone himself, clearly enough indicating how completely he had retreated, years ago, from the untenable position assumed by him as the author of the book on Church and State.

In 1851, during the discussion on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, he solemnly warned the House not to attempt to change 'the profound and resistless tendencies of the age towards religious liberty,' adding emphatically, 'every effort you may make in that direction will recoil upon you in disaster and disgrace.' He felt then, he now tells us, that the application of a true religious equality to Ireland was—what?—'biding its time.'

In 1865, when speaking upon Mr. Dillwyn's motion in regard to the Irish Church, although he remarked that the time was not arrived in which the subject matter of that motion could be energetically dealt with, he declared it to be, in his opinion—what?—'the question of the future.' So clearly was it manifested by him, even then, that he had thereby virtually announced the pulling down of the Irish Church as an action nearly inevitable in the

future, that the Irish Chief Justice (then Mr.) White-side hesitated not to rise from his place on the front bench of the Opposition and to denounce the speech which had just been delivered by Mr. Gladstone, saying among other things in regard to it, 'But I do complain of a Minister who, himself the author of a book in defence of Church and State, when one branch of the Christian Church is attacked and in danger, delivers a speech, every word of which is hostile to its existence when the right time comes for attacking it.'

Inconsistency on Mr. Gladstone's part, after all this, would be his advocacy not of the destruction but of the maintenance intact of the Irish Church as an institution supported and guaranteed by the Queen's Government. Precisely as it would be the most flagrant inconsistency on his part if he were to favour now the cause of Toryism and that of Protection. As he says himself autobiographically in regard to his actual position as a leader of the people, 'I who may have helped to mislead them by an over-hasty generalisation [he is referring to his Church and State treatise], would now submit what seems to me calculated to reassure the mind'—that is, by vindicating in a very signal manner those principles of religious liberty to the furtherance of

which the generous heart of England has, through all the legislation of recent years, been perseveringly devoted, save only in one deplorable instance, the powerless record of which the nation has of late shown itself not unprepared to have, sooner or later, erased from the statute-book.

In the memory of his own mistaken treatise, Mr. Gladstone's proposed measure is, therefore, nothing less than an act of expiation: while, in recollection of the whole course he himself has pursued in this matter since that youthful work was first published, and in remembrance of the whole drift of our modern legislation, here in England, upon matters connected with religion, it is a vindication, we would insist, at one and the same time, of the nation's and of his own consistency.

Fortunately for himself, Mr. Gladstone has now the opportunity of setting forth his views more distinctly than ever, not merely upon questions connected with the relations which, as he conceives, ought still to subsist under certain conditions between the Church and the State, but upon the yet further advancement of all those great legislative innovations, to the inauguration or development of which his genius and his energies have, during the last quarter of a century, been so persistently applied.

Hitherto he has had under his control merely one department. Henceforth all departments will be under the influence of his judgment as head of the Administration. And, remembering what he has said before now in regard to the imperative necessity there is in our entire administrative system for a bold and comprehensive effort at its revision throughout, with a view to the attainment at last by the nation of something like rational Economy, there is at last, hope that some adequate move will be made in that direction, now that he himself has become Prime Minister.

The Circumlocution Office has never been more powerfully assailed or more caustically branded as a curse to the nation, even by the historian of Daniel Doyce, the inventive engineer, than it was once, and that, moreover, very recently, in these memorable words by the now First Lord of the Treasury—‘Vacillation, uncertainty, costliness, extravagance, meanness, and all the conflicting vices that could be enumerated, are united in our present system.’ Mr. Gladstone adding—‘When anything is to be done, we have to go from department to department, from the Executive to the House of Commons, from the House of Commons to a Committee, from a Committee to a Commission, from a Commission back to

a Committee, so that years pass away, the public is disappointed, and the money of the country is wasted.' The indictment being wound up with this startling declaration, 'I believe such are the evils of the system that nothing short of Revolutionary Reform will ever be sufficient to rectify it.'

As justifying our indulgence of a hope that something at last will now be seriously attempted with a view to the sweeping away of a few at least of these monstrous abuses, it is enough to bear in mind that the man who uttered those words is now himself Leader of the Government.

Perhaps no statesman, ever for the first time, assumed office as Prime Minister, having contributed with his own hand so largely as Mr. Gladstone has done, to the statute laws of the realm. In connection with the Board of Trade he had, himself, to do directly with all those wonderful fiscal innovations which were adventured upon, between 1842 and 1845, by Sir Robert Peel's Ministry. The transformations which were thereby effected led, as we all know, among other beneficial changes, to the abolition of the duties upon exportation, to the abolition of import duties on the raw materials of manufacture, to the removal of the most grinding among the excise duties, to the

abrogation of the laws hitherto restricting the importation of corn, and to the appreciable diminution at the same time of many of the more cruel imposts levied until then upon several other articles of food of the first importance to the great mass of the population.

In continuation of the benign and enlightened policy which was thus commenced, other changes of the same character were made, other steps in the same direction were taken, by the legislature, in the interval which elapsed between the disruption of Sir Robert Peel's Government and the beginning of Mr. Gladstone's career, at the opening of 1853, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. As illustrative, in a single sentence, of the scope of Mr. Gladstone's labours and of the magnitude of his achievements in that capacity, it has been recently calculated by an able contributor to the monthly pages of the *Fortnightly*, that looking at the aggregate amount of the taxation reduced within the two intervals—whereas between 1842 and 1852 the balance of remission was 7,000,000*l.*, between 1853 and 1866, the period of Mr. Gladstone's 'régime' as a financier, the balance was nearly double, was in fact actually 13,000,000*l.*

Following Sir Robert Peel's example in regard to the repeal of the duty on Glass, Mr. Gladstone

abolished the excise on Soap and on Paper. Through a single budget alone, that of 1860, he remitted taxes to the amount of close upon three millions, to be precise, of 2,900,000*l*. Simultaneously he has contrived new sources of revenue, as, for example, by means of a reasonable increase of the spirit duties and by his extension of the succession duties to real and personal property. Simultaneously he has, with a daring and resolute hand, we are almost tempted to say, perfected that bold revision of the tariff upon which Sir Robert Peel was the first to adventure.

Finding the number of customable articles in 1859 to be a little over four hundred (419) he, through the celebrated budget just mentioned, that of 1860, reduced their aggregate total nominally to under fifty (48), but actually and for all practical purposes, to no more than fifteen. Were any thesis required at the hands of a new claimant for the Premiership, through the brilliant maintenance of which his nomination to that high office might be justified, so to speak, by documentary evidence of his capacity, it would be enough for Mr. Gladstone to produce that well known record of his great achievements as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the simple Report of his Budgets which was pub-

lished a few years back under the title of 'Financial Statements.'

As to his capacity, however, that has been recognised, one may say, by the whole country, certainly by the most intelligent observers in it, during nearly the lifetime of an entire generation.

Fully thirty years ago, one of the ablest men then living amongst us—a foreign ambassador, the Chevalier Bunsen—wrote of our now Premier, 'Gladstone is the first man in England as to intellectual power.' Those words were written by Bunsen in 1839, and now in 1869 Gladstone is the first man in England in another sense, namely, as Leader of the Government.

Another distinguished contemporary of the Premier's, one whose friendship for him dates back earlier by eight years than did the Chevalier Bunsen's, we mean Archbishop Manning, had occasion, as recently as the 12th of last October, to comment not, it is true, upon the intellectual capacity of Mr. Gladstone, but upon something of more worth than any mere power of mind: the Archbishop bringing his remarks to a conclusion thus impressively—'A friendship now of eight-and-thirty years, close and intimate till 1851 in no common degree, enables me to bear witness that

a mind of greater integrity, or of more transparent truth, less capable of being swayed by faction and party, and more protected from all such baseness [allusion was here made to an imputation, at that time current, reflecting suspiciously upon Mr. Gladstone's fidelity to his own religious convictions] even by the fault of indignant impatience of insincerity and selfishness in public affairs, than Mr. Gladstone's, I have never known.'

Another contemporary of the Premier's, a contemporary who was one of the most philosophic of modern statesmen, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, referring simply to the intellect of Mr. Gladstone, without allusion to any higher or nobler gifts, hesitates not to speak of him deliberately in his 'Essays on the Administrations of Great Britain,' as one 'whose ability had dazzled the world.'

While, in regard to another contemporary—a contemporary no less illustrious at once as orator, as statesman, as man of letters, than Lord Lytton—Hansard bears witness upon its pages how, upon one occasion, while addressing the House of Commons, he referred to Mr. Gladstone, who was at the moment absent from the House, as one whom he regarded with feelings of nothing less than 'affectionate admiration.'

Remembering the sentiments thus uttered in regard to the now Premier by a group of contemporaries as diversified themselves in character and attainments as the Chevalier Bunsen, and Archbishop Manning, and Sir George Lewis, and Lord Lytton, and remembering, at the same time, the equally emphatic words already quoted from Macaulay's famous article years ago in the *Edinburgh*, one may say for once with a new significance the trite old words (with a significance never dreamt of by Terence when he wrote them) 'Quot homines, tot sententiæ,' using the familiar phrase not as a sarcastic, but, far rather than that, as a genial ejaculation.

Nevertheless it is, after all, this very man who dazzles a philosopher's eyes with his ability ; whose mind is peerless for its integrity and its transparent truth in the deliberate judgment of an archbishop ; who surpasses all Englishmen of his time by his evidences of intellectual power in the estimation of an observer so wise and good himself that he might have been a saint only that he was also a man of the world ; and who commands, in one and the same breath, the affection and the admiration of an author of comprehensive genius and of profound discernment—it is this very man who has called down upon

his own head as bitter personalities and as malignant aspersions as any statesman now living.

Superficially regarded, the anomaly would seem to be only matter for bewilderment. Looked at keenly, but above all dispassionately, it is, yet, as we conceive, perfectly comprehensible. Mr. Gladstone has had an implacable foe—Himself! He is his own traducer. Gifted with many rare and noble qualities, both moral and intellectual, he has been endowed also, his vilifiers would say cursed, with a temperament, the influence of which has, again and again throughout his career proved to be, among all but his own personal friends and among the more intimate of his political associates, not simply irritating, not merely exasperating, but occasionally it is no exaggeration to say, absolutely infuriating.

Its pernicious effects, the effects of this maddening temperament of his, have been evident before now in the open rebellion it has provoked at intervals among the ranks of his own followers. Hence, for example, Tea-room Compacts and Adulamate Caves, and taunts flung across defiantly by some galled and wounded occupant of the back benches, as when the right honourable gentleman the Member for Kilmarnock spoke derisively of his own party as a rabble, with leaders who would

not lead and followers who would not follow. In his capacity as a Party Leader, Mr. Gladstone, all along—that is to say, even before the Party came entirely into his own hands on the death of Lord Palmerston and the subsequent retirement of Lord Russell—has had one very considerable disadvantage to contend against—a disadvantage amounting almost to an infirmity. He has, constitutionally, one might say, an incapability to do otherwise, even when propounding a scheme among his own set, than to provoke opposition. His very manner of delivery at these times is distinctly ‘*ex cathedra*.’ He speaks dogmatically.

Arrogance has been imputed to him ; but, to our thinking, quite erroneously. Although there is one matter, certainly, in regard to which he is altogether wanting in toleration—he is intolerant of an ass. Insomuch is he free, however, from anything like arrogance, as arising from an undue or overweening estimate of his own capacity, or of his right to dominate over the opinions of others simply because the opinions to which he is giving utterance are his own, that we believe the contrary ought rather to be imputed to him, and that, too, it should be said, far rather as a vice than as a virtue.

As the *Spectator*, in one of its most generous

and thoughtful articles, has very recently remarked, the Premier's 'greatest political weakness is due to a very genuine humility,' what it speaks of, in fact, at the head of its argument, as his 'Political Humility.' The reference to this distinguishing peculiarity of Mr. Gladstone being, there, made 'à propos' to his acknowledgment, in a letter dated August the 8th, 1868, of his utter misapprehension, six years previously, of the significance of the great Civil War then raging in the United States. 'I must confess,' wrote Mr. Gladstone, manfully, in that apology addressed to an American citizen, 'I must confess that I was wrong,' adding, as if that were not enough, 'I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion,' namely, that the South had, then, in the August of 1862, virtually succeeded in achieving its independence.

Arrogance can assuredly be hardly imputed to anyone capable of thus frankly, and explicitly, and fearlessly, acknowledging an error of judgment. Elsewhere, in the course of the same article, to which we have but just referred, the writer speaks of, what it designates, 'Mr. Gladstone's Ecclesiastical Humility.' And justly so designates it—for his abjection is as many-sided, it seems to us, as even his genius in statesmanship. In further illustration of which, it

may be said that there was Literary Humility of the profoundest kind in that graceful letter of his, privately addressed to Macaulay, under date April the 10th, 1839, in reference to the latter's then just published criticism on Church and State in the *Edinburgh*, a communication in the course of which, among other acknowledgments, Mr. Gladstone does not hesitate to write thus ingenuously to his reviewer, 'I am perfectly conscious, whenever I have occasion to reopen the book, of its shortcomings, not only of the subject but even of my own conceptions.' Acknowledgments like these, however, we do not quarrel with—acknowledgments like those of 1868 to the American, or like those of 1839 to Macaulay. What we *do* object to in Mr. Gladstone's not infrequent evidences of Humility, whether Political, or Literary, or Ecclesiastical, is this, that occasionally, with a sort of perverse disregard for anything like self-respect, he will wantonly outrage his own dignity by assuming the sackcloth and strewing ashes on his own head—to what end? Simply that he may cast them off afterwards in a kind of humiliating self-vindication.

No more striking instance of this could scarcely be adduced than one with which he recently furnished the world on the fourth page of his Chapter

of Autobiography. An extract is, there, deliberately given by himself from a fugitive broadsheet, a mere electioneering placard—which ought, on the contrary, to have been allowed, surely, by him and by everybody else (its author included) to rot obscurely in the wind and rain until it fluttered away in shreds from the walls of Berwick-upon-Tweed

Instead of permitting this, however, Mr. Gladstone wilfully thrusts upon the attention of the multitude of readers to whom he himself appeals, the outrageous words in which he is referred to by the writer of the aforesaid broadsheet, wherein, as Mr. Gladstone himself is obliging enough to inform us, allusion is made by his assailant to the ‘catalogue of the political delinquences of this would-be demagogue, whom we may accordingly leave gibbeted and swinging in the winds of the fool’s paradise, an object of derision and contempt to those, at least, who maintain that integrity of purpose and consistency ought not altogether to be discarded from public life.’

After reading all which, who is there among us, we would ask, and it really matters nothing whether our query be put to friend or foe to Mr. Gladstone, who is there among us who will recognise in the elegant extract with which Mr. Gladstone

himself has gone out of his way to provide us, anything better than a very feeble and fatuous exhibition of scurrilous rhodomontade? Yet Mr. Gladstone perpetuates it, Mr. Gladstone 'preserves it for us, embalms it in the amber of his Confidences—

‘The things are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there :’

and then—having subjected himself to this needless humiliation—he says, with a shudder of dismay, ‘It freezes the blood in moments of retirement and reflection for a man to think that he can have presented a picture so hideous to the view of a fellow-creature.’

Feeling that, and not unnaturally it must be confessed, why therefore in the name of all that is reasonable, why, if only out of consideration for his own self-respect, could not Mr. Gladstone have abstained from the painful luxury of passing it on to our view also, from the pellucid surface of his own reflections—accurately repeating by means of those very reflections that odious caricature of himself in all its grotesque exaggeration.

By this time, in truth, one would think Mr. Gladstone ought to be really case-hardened against attacks of every description, whether in the shape

of malignant personality or of elaborate misrepresentation. What accusations, before now, have there not been hurled against him ! 'Digito monstrari,' may in itself, it is true, be a source of gratification ; but it involves also, there is no doubt of it, the risk of an occasional brickbat. Among the latest of these agreeable missiles—flung at Mr. Gladstone's head with considerable force, but very bad aim—there are two so extremely odd in themselves that they are really worth picking up and looking at.

Both of them, of course, had reference to Mr. Gladstone's action in regard to the Irish Church—and were designed especially to explain the reason of it, by casting suspicion upon his orthodoxy. Mr. Gladstone had adventured upon the course he is now taking in regard to the disestablishing and disendowing of the Irish Church as a State institution—because during his visit to Rome, in 1867, he had entered into a secret compact with the Pope—and because at that time or thereabouts he had become a 'vert (that being the approved euphuism of now-a-days, giving one a pleasant choice, according to one's prejudice or predilection, between pervert or convert), because he had then or thereabouts become a 'vert to—how shall it be expressed the most stingingly ?—Romanism, Popery, Ultra-

montanism, what you will! Mr. Gladstone was a Catholic! Mr. Gladstone was in league with his Holiness! The accusations hardly needed contradiction, but they had to be contradicted. They were utterly untrue; they had neither of them the smallest atom of foundation.

As to the former, the one charging Mr. Gladstone with having gone over to Rome, spiritually, of course, that is, to put it in other words, as a 'vert, not as a visitor—it was in the manner of it so peculiarly insular an accusation! Evidencing, as the manner of that particular accusation did, such profound contempt for the mental condition of any one who could dream of traversing that 'via media,' leading at one particular turn of it, both in the English and in the American acceptance of the words, 'right away' to Rome; a path along which had already passed, among others, such cloudy intellects, one could not help remembering as, let us say, that of the author of the *Apologia!* Evidencing, too, as it did, that scornful manner in which Mr. Gladstone was reviled (quite needlessly as it happened) with having become a Papist—such equally profound contempt for any person supposed to have become one of so obscure a sect as—what the statistics of Christendom, nevertheless, compel

us to speak of as the most numerous body of Christians in the world, numbering, as they do at the very least, some 200,000,000. Again, we cannot help saying—speaking from our own cosmopolitan point of view—a peculiarly insular accusation!

Then, as to that other accusation about the Pope, and Mr. Gladstone's having entered into a secret compact with the Holy Father, on the occasion of his visiting the Eternal City two years ago, like any other Englishman on his autumn tour of recreation! Why, the imputation is so absolutely preposterous in itself, that it hardly admits of being spoken of seriously. Nevertheless, old wives' tales are listened to sometimes. 'Canards' are occasionally swallowed. Stray specimens of those eccentric creatures, the 'gobe-mouches,' with their hairs on end, and their mouths open, are still to this day met with at odd intervals. Therefore, even that absurdity had to be denied—and gravely, too, for that matter.

Curiously enough, by the way, as the merest accident will have it, we ourselves retain very vividly in our recollection an incident which immediately preceded Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Rome upon the particular occasion referred to—an incident related to us, immediately afterwards, not second-hand, but by the very one within whose personal knowledge it

had fallen, to whom it had occurred, in fact, as among his own individual experiences. Admitted to the privilege of an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, this subject of the Crown of England, while conversing with his Holiness familiarly about this and about that—the casual gossip of the hour—among which was the then latest item of news, that Mr. Gladstone was on his way to Rome through Florence—was asked incidentally, and with a smile by the Holy Father, ‘*Pourquoi vient il ici ?*’

Could his Holiness but have foreseen the astounding construction which would afterwards be put upon his, a few days’ later on, according an audience to that distinguished visitor to his dominions, he would have felt that he had had reason, indeed, for smiling, when he made that inquiry as to the cause of his coming.

If Mr. Gladstone has suffered harshly, however, at the hands of his traducers, he has fared still worse as we have already remarked at the hands of those whose excessive commendations of him compel us to describe as his habitual adulators. Had it but happened with regard to him as it has happened ere this with regard to other men of eminence, that some flagrant physical defect had been noticeable upon the instant in his outward appearance, as in

the case, let us say, of those historical warts on the face of his Highness the Lord-Protector, every blemish would have been transformed into a beauty-spot in the estimation of these nauseating eulogists. He might have had cause then to retaliate upon them for their outrageous flatteries with stings of satire, like those administered in his time with so much scorn by the wasp of Twickenham—

‘There are, who to my person pay their court :
I cough like Horace ; and, though lean, am short.
Ammon’s great son one shoulder had too high ;
Such Ovid’s nose ; and “ Sir, you have an eye ! ”
Go on, obliging creatures ; make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
“ Just so immortal Maro held his head : ”
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago ! ’

Fortunately for Mr. Gladstone, there has been no room for any such burlesque encomiums, possessing as he does—what Captain Absolute outraged the feelings of Sir Anthony by having the effrontery to prefer—the usual number of limbs and an ordinary quantity of back. There has been no escape for him, nevertheless. His very merits have been exaggerated into the ridiculous.

One extravagant admirer of his, we have ac-

tually heard exclaiming, and that seriously,—evidently meaning it,—‘Looking into his eyes is like looking into an universe!’ Fine eyes, they are, undoubtedly, but—‘like looking into an universe!’ Why, the words would be preposterous if applied to the eyes of Shakspeare or Napoleon.

Elsewhere we have read in a description of him, elaborately rose-tinted, that in person he is vigorously proportioned. The fact being that, while in stature he is of the customary height, neither above it nor below it, he is rather frailly built than otherwise—at times, within the last few years, appearing thin almost to attenuation. He was so, exactly eight years ago, when we remember standing beside him at the open grave of Lord Macaulay, while Archdeacon Trench (now Archbishop of Dublin) read the sublime funeral service of the Church of England, over the remains of the great historian—little dreaming, any of us who were there, while the tears were streaming from the eyes of Lord Carlisle, since dead, while Mr. Gladstone reverently followed the words of the noble liturgy in his prayer-book, that, but a very few years would have elapsed after the grave had closed over the coffin of the Edinburgh Reviewer of the book on Church and State, when the author of that book, then looking as though he had not

much vigorous life within him, would, as Prime Minister of England be pulling down the whole fabric of the Irish Church, to one of the archbishoprics of which the then officiating Archdeacon of Westminster would some time previously have been promoted.

Frail though he was then in appearance, frail though he occasionally looks even now, what vigour he has shown in the interim, what irrepressible vitality there is in him to this hour! It is the '*vivida vis animi*,' conquering or nerving physical fragility—dealing harshly with it at times, as is betrayed only too clearly at intervals, in an aspect and manner indicative of profound exhaustion. A couple of years ago, after sustaining with unfaltering energy in the House of Commons, during nearly a whole fortnight, the stormy discussions then maintained with implacable fury between the Government and the Opposition, speaking himself night after night, hour after hour, his speeches being reported in columns upon columns the next day in the morning newspapers—Mr. Gladstone, catalogue in hand, but looking deadly ill from the self-imposed toils he had been undergoing, was as assiduously 'doing' the Royal Academy Exhibition, on the so-called private-view day, as though

he had not a solitary thought to distract his attention, or a single care to weigh heavily upon his shoulders.

His love of art, however, may, in that instance, it is true, have rendered the fatigue of a gallery afternoon to him a positive exhilaration. His exquisite appreciation of the beauties of ceramic art especially, would at any time, one might fancy, lure him to the studio or the mart, however prostrated his energies might be, at the moment, from the labours he might have been undergoing within the walls of the Legislature.

As if in recognition of his sound judgment and comprehensive knowledge as an art-critic, Mr. Gladstone has long since been nominated one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery : while, as affording signal testimony of the perception abroad of his intellectual eminence, it is interesting to note that, in 1865, he was elected a member of the Institute of France. So conspicuous, years ago, was his capacity for grappling with any subject to which his attention, perhaps for the very first time within his own experience, might chance to have been directed, that Bulwer-Lytton, in describing Lord Derby's character (if we remember rightly, it is in the 'New Timon'), says

of the Earl emphatically, in one of his balanced sentences—

‘He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring.’

Occasionally it has happened before now with regard to Mr. Gladstone, that, while mastering his subject, he has allowed it in a manner to react upon himself, or, in other words, to master him. It has grown into a hobby, and—after the manner of hobbies—has run away with him completely. It was precisely thus with him when he introduced his famous Budget, proposing, among other fiscal changes, the abolition of the duty upon Paper—listening to his description of the probable results of which, the House seemed at last to be living in a world of paper, paper carriages, paper dwellings, paper floors and ceilings, paper walls and furniture.

We were in Japan rather than in England—the linen we wore turned into paper as we hearkened to his wonderful fairy-tale of transformation—our English Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, while playing these ‘fantastic tricks’ with the magical and Protean theme of his discourse, bearing a whimsical resemblance, at last, to one of those Japanese jugglers who, with a fan of paper, can flutter into apparent life about his head a swarm

of little paper butterflies. It is not often, however, that he is so light of hand as this in dealing with the solid and substantial materials of Finance.

His style of oratory, in fact, as it should be with every true orator, varies with the varying occasion. But it does so in his instance with a readiness of adaptability indicative in a remarkable manner of the intensely sympathetic temperament of the man himself. A noble illustration of this was afforded by his pathetic peroration when speaking of the death of Sir Robert Peel, upon the morrow of that great minister's accidental demise, in the summer of 1850 : when the closing words of his affecting tribute to the memory of the genius and of the career of his political chieftain gave back, within the walls of the House of Commons, the echo of the lamenting verse of the old border minstrelsy—

‘ Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill.’

Then, as upon other occasions, he has proved himself to be—with ease—master of the tears of his hearers. As yielding ample testimony, again, of his more cogently argumentative manner, it would

be more than sufficient to instance here the concluding passage of one solitary speech of his, namely, the speech delivered on the 23rd of November, 1852, in which he vindicated, with admirable effect, the whole of the Free Trade policy of his illustrious leader, by whose civism, he argued, as much as by anything whatever that could be mentioned, its eventual triumph had been accomplished.

As affording evidence on the other hand of his capacity for giving utterance to burning and scathing words of scorn, it would be enough to adduce the single reference made by him, as long ago as in 1840—it was during the debate in the House of Commons upon what is now known as the Opium War with China—the allusion made by him, in one isolated sentence, to the British Flag, as then in peril, he declared (by being thus hoisted in protection over an infamous contraband traffic), of causing us to ‘recoil from its sight with horror,’ never again feeling our hearts thrill, as—said he—‘they now thrill with emotion when it floats proudly and magnificently on the breeze.’

His extraordinary volubility has very frequently, but more particularly of late years, been brought against him as a matter of reproach; and, as a

rule, it must be said, with only too much reason. He has no appreciation whatever, one would think, of the charm, or, still more, of the value of terseness. Even in answering some casual inquiry in the House, he will indulge himself (and not always, it should be said, his audience) with an explanation amounting almost to an elaborate harangue.

At moments—if one might venture to speak thus of so great a master of rhetoric—there has been a latent terror among the representatives of the people lest he might, by the sheer force of his copiousness, degenerate into a bore. Such is his capacity for words that, only as recently as towards the close of this last General Election, it was selected as the subject for an eccentric calculation in a paragraph of the *Times*, as to how many hundreds of thousands of words Mr. Gladstone had uttered within a given interval, as recorded by the flying pencil of the shorthand writer, to be afterwards telegraphed, composed, and stereotyped, during the prosecution (ineffectually, too, as it happened) of his electioneering labours in South-West Lancashire.

It is remembered with amusement as having been said of Lord John Russell by that arch-wag the Rev. Sydney Smith, that in his own estimation he felt perfectly competent, among other things, to

undertake, upon emergency, the command of the Channel Fleet, or even the performance of the delicate operation for calculus. Whether that last-mentioned exceptional feat might, at any time, be reasonably adventured upon by our present Prime Minister, may be left open to conjecture. But one surgical achievement, there is, of a far more exceptional character than the operation for stone, which, if any man could ever perform it, hardly anyone would hesitate to admit must certainly be within reach of Mr. Gladstone's capabilities, the extraordinary operation proverbially spoken of as—talking a horse's hind leg off.

And yet at times—mostly times these are, however, when he is, so to say, taken by surprise, when he is necessarily quite unprepared—upon one or two rare occasions, we have known Mr. Gladstone, that usually inexhaustible out-pourer of words by the thousand, by the hour, by the column, come to the point with the happiest effect in a few charmingly *àpropos* sentences.

It was precisely thus with him a very few months back, one summer's evening, at an artist's dinner-table in the Langham Hotel, when he found himself unexpectedly called upon to propose the health of the American poet, Professor Longfellow. He then,

it seemed to us, by the fewest words that anyone could have employed for the purpose, syllabled precisely what we all of us felt and what we were all desirous of having articulated—appreciation, namely, of the author of ‘Hiawatha,’ and cordial friendship for the great country of which he was there amongst us for the moment as the unofficial emissary.

Those who would listen, however, to Mr. Gladstone when at his best, those who would hear him and see him to the very greatest advantage, must witness one of his grand achievements as an Orator, upon a Field Night, in the very thick of the session, within the walls of the House of Commons. And, in order to appreciate him thoroughly, they must look at the man himself, as well as at the rhetorician.

His outward appearance, his expression, manner, features, voice, movements, the very carriage of his head, the very flash of his eye, are all worthy of examination. When he first entered the House of Commons in the heyday of his youth, his looks earned for him the ‘sobriquet,’ which he preserved in effect for some years afterwards, of ‘Handsome Gladstone.’ The handsome looks are gone, but it is a noble face for all that—a far nobler countenance

than it was then in its earlier bloom and freshness. Lined with thought; paled by years of toil; the dark hair thinned; the dark eyes caverned under brows habitually contracted—it is essentially the face of a Senator, of one of the ‘*Patres Conscripti*.’ And there are subtle traits of character, readily enough discernible at a glance, by those who care to look for them, subtle though they are, in those nervous lineaments. A blending of generosity and scorn in the play of the nostrils—an alternating severity and sweetness in the mobile mouth. It is a face betraying every emotion, concealing nothing—incapable of concealment.

We speak of this, as of something not by any means to a debater’s, and still less to a party leader’s, advantage. It is a very considerable and a perpetual disadvantage to Mr. Gladstone. He ‘wears his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at.’ He will visibly writhe under an ungenerous taunt while it is being uttered. His visage darkens with indignation while his adversary is yet speaking.

When he is bent upon replying, he will evidence in an unmistakeable manner his impatience for the opportunity. When it comes—he will spring to his feet with the animation of an athlete. And, supposing his wrath to have been really roused, he

will seek no means to limit or moderate the intensity of its expression. We have seen him in a moment of more than usual excitement, in order to emphasise a sentence, snatch a book up, any book, the first that came to hand, and hurl it flat upon the table of the House with his impassioned utterance of the last words.

In his pronunciation there is, ineradicably noticeable, the provincial twang of Lancashire. As for his voice, it is like a silver clarion. And the charm of that harmonious voice is this—that, after the delivery of a speech, four or five hours in its duration, and ('teste' Hansard!) there have been such speeches, the closing words of the peroration will ring as clear as a bell upon the ear, without the faintest perceptible indication to the last of anything like physical exhaustion. It is a peculiarity of Mr. Gladstone's, moreover, that, throughout the longest of his parliamentary orations, he never once refreshes his palate by means of either of those immemorial 'institutions' at Westminster, the 'carafe' or the orange.

Instead of that he sips, at rare intervals, when any more than usually prolonged cheering on the part of the House occurs to afford him the opportunity, from a little colourless flask or cruet that

looks rather medicinal than convivial. Seeing that incomparable masters of biography, such as Plutarch and Suetonius, have not shrunk from minute details, such as the mention of Julius Cæsar's habit of scratching his head, daintily, with a single finger, so as not to disarrange his curls, one may here casually mention a kindred peculiarity Mr. Gladstone has of doing the like back-handedly with his thumb.

The merest, the most insignificant tricks of manner, such as these, not unnaturally assume a ludicrously disproportionate importance, by glaring upon recognition in the instance of one who, as is the case with every great orator, stands conspicuously forth for hours together in the presence and hearing of a large assembly—as in the instance of Mr. Gladstone, in the presence of an august assembly like the House of Commons—the central figure upon which the gaze of every individual present is converged, the ‘observed of all observers,’ literally ‘learned in a note-book—set and conned by rote,’ with every look, accent, gesture, syllable, the subject of ceaseless and searching observation.

His Budget speeches have acquired a celebrity of their own : and they have won their peculiar fame deservedly. For the first time they rendered

matters of finance—we will not say comprehensible, because that had been done frequently of course before by Chancellors of the Exchequer, but—wonderfully attractive and profoundly interesting.

As expositions of necessarily immense complications of detail, they were of admirable lucidity throughout—a lucidity arising no less from the inimitably arranged sequence of the facts and figures enumerated, than from the exquisite precision and distinctness of their separate, and clearly individualised, explanation. The introduction of anything like rhetorical grace into the body or substance of these expositions was, as a matter of course, never in reason to be dreamt of. And hence it may have seemed at moments—as it evidently did in fact upon one occasion, to a cluster of the young princes of the royal family, grouped together among the listeners in the gallery immediately over the clock—a subject of amazement that there could ever, under any conceivable circumstances, have been oratorical fame acquired by discourses, the most telling portions of which, sentence after sentence, would ring out in the midst of thunders of applause, with some such closing syllables as these—‘Three millions, two hundred and ninety-five thousand, four hundred and seventy-six pounds [and then,

after a momentary pause, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer glanced at a scrap of memoranda in his hand] fifteen shillings, and two-pence three-farthings.'

Nevertheless, even in these, the more purely business portions of his harrangue, there was—for those at least among his hearers who were really experts, so to speak, in the matter of financial statements—awakened an interest amounting to nothing less than fascination. Listening to him at these times as, with incomparable dexterity he luxuriated among his figures—doing, it seemed, just exactly what he liked with them—dealing with them sportively, now and then, in a sort of 'abandon' of arithmetical vivacity—it was for all the world like watching one of those Oriental performers—those Asiatic paragons of sleight-of-hand—tossing up their gilded balls, some light as pith, some heavy as lead, and scattering among these, here and there, a whirling cloud of knives, catching each by the handle with unfailing adroitness, as they all passed from hand to hand in a glittering and circling maze, perfectly wonderful to see !

But, in the end—after by the hour marshalling his figures thus with admirable precision, sustaining the interest of his audience unflaggingly all the

while, his voice, as we have already said, still ringing clear and silvery as a bell down to the very close, his animation in no appreciable degree diminished, but on the contrary enhanced, his words—gaining force and strength, as he felt himself approaching the conclusion of his harangue—after the manner of the prairie fires—would seem at last, it is hardly hyperbolic to say, in their perfect mastery of all the figures he had been enumerating, to pour onward like a flame, sweeping the whole world of them before it. It was like the advance of the Homeric army—

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὥσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

Of those financial statements, however, we have now had the last—they are historical—they cannot be repeated. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, from 1852 to 1855, and afterwards from 1859 to 1866, altogether for about ten years, and those ten years, as nearly as might be, consecutively, is now, in 1869, First Lord of the Treasury. In his new capacity, Mr. Gladstone has to do, not as hitherto, exclusively with the organisation of a department, but with the moulding, chiefly under his own hands, of the whole policy of the Imperial Government. He has to justify, as Head of a Ministry, the

reputation already won for himself as a departmental administrator.

Will he, by the vigour of his, now for the first time, fully developed policy, fulfil the expectations he himself has awakened? The answer rests with himself. He has the ball at his foot. The present is for him an immense opportunity. By seizing it, by rightly using it—this, for him, golden opportunity—will he enable it to be said, according to the Poet Laureate's noble celebration of the Reign of Victoria, that he especially was foremost among those—

‘ ——— statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom broader yet

‘ By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.’

Abundant materials there are, just now scattered all around us, for the production, not of one alone, but of very many of these august decrees, each of which, without exception, is eminently worthy of concentrating upon itself the energies of even the most ambitious Minister, of one aspiring to vindicate his right to the title at once of Patriot and of Philanthropist.

The diminution of Pauperism—the repression of

Crime—the extension of Education—the strengthening of the National Defences—the economising of the National Expenditure—the Codification of the Laws—the succouring more effectually, because more systematically, of the very helpless, by means of a wise and humane revision of our present system of Poor-Law Relief: these, and a variety of other, scarcely less urgently demanded, improvements, alike in the condition of the people and in the governance of the realm, open up before the responsible advisers of the Crown a series of magnificent opportunities for the display of their sagacity as statesmen, of their loyalty as subjects, and of their beneficence as men.

Upon Mr. Gladstone in particular devolves the responsibility, at this moment, of so directing the councils of his colleagues that, if such may be in any way possible, not one of these magnificent opportunities shall be lost. He has actually in his hands the power, as we conceive, of realising the majority at least of these dearly cherished popular aspirations. While, in his Cabinet, we shall hope to the very last that there will be found both the courage and the sagacity, through the united application of which, alone, to that end, the immense expectations of the hour can be fulfilled.

Supposing that hope to be well-founded, supposing, that is to say, that the political courage and the administrative capacity are there in this newly installed Ministry—Mr. Gladstone has around him, now, visible and reliable guarantees that the labours of his Government may be carried to a successful issue. Inside the walls of the House of Commons he is backed by a body of supporters so powerful, numerically, that their majority is simply overwhelming. Out of doors, he is sustained by the whole force of Public Opinion. Out of doors, too, he has, besides this, distinctly in his favour, through the recognised organs of that Public Opinion, the active and energetic assistance of the great mass of the free and thoroughly outspoken Press of this country.

Immediately confronting him, moreover, he has that always heartening incentive to a powerful Minister—an united, a vigilant, and, as we at least do firmly believe, a not ungenerous Opposition. Added to all which, supported as he is by the Press, the Party, and the People, the Minister now undertaking the responsibilities of Office, possesses, as absolutely as any one of his predecessors, the earnest and cordial sympathy of the most Constitutional Sovereign who ever graced the glorious throne of England.

THE LORD HATHERLEY,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

1

THE LORD HATHERLEY.

As Chancellor, every occupant of the Woolsack becomes, by right of his high office, Keeper of the Royal Conscience. Originally the fact of his doing so arose from the circumstance that this eminent dignitary was, almost by necessity, certainly by rule, an ecclesiastic. Since the time, however, when the custody of the Great Seal was awarded, in 1530, to Sir Thomas More, by King Henry VIII., that symbol of sovereignty has been committed to the care of lawyers, of courtiers, and of churchmen, indiscriminately; though it may be added, that since its being placed, in 1592, in the hands of Serjeant Puckering, its possession has almost invariably been secured to a member of the legal profession.

In point of fact, within the interval of nearly three centuries which has since then elapsed, there has been but one solitary instance in which the

direction of the Court of Chancery has been entrusted to any one but a lawyer—namely, between 1621 and 1625, when the Seal was held by Dr. Williams, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, but at that time Dean of Westminster. Notwithstanding all this, in spite of the secularisation thus, as it may be termed, of the august office of the Chancellorship, the purely legal or forensic occupants of the Woolsack have continued to retain, have inherited, it might be said, from their ecclesiastical predecessors the prerogative of being, at one and the same time, Custodians of the Great Seal and Keepers of the Royal Conscience.

And it is, especially as we take it, in that almost sacred capacity—namely, as Keeper of the Royal Conscience—that the noble and learned Baron, now taking precedence of every temporal peer of the realm, has been advanced to the position of Lord High Chancellor. For, it undoubtedly so happens that the particular question, at this moment, pressing more urgently than any other upon the consideration of the legislature, the very question which may be said, quite accurately, to have called the present Ministry into existence, is one in a really peculiar manner affecting the conscience of the Sovereign.

It is a question so directly affecting the conscience of the Sovereign, in truth, that its settlement involves to a certain extent a revision, or at any rate a reconsideration, of the Coronation Oath. Having said which, we would here at once add that, everything considered, perhaps no wiser selection could by possibility have been made than the very one which has now led to the promotion of the Lord Justice of Appeal to the supreme dignity of the Chancellorship. Distinguished already himself as one of the most scrupulously conscientious Judges upon the bench, Lord Hatherley is at the same time a consistent and thorough-going Liberal, and, as a Churchman, one of the most zealous and devoted supporters of the Protestant Establishment. Her Majesty's Conscience is in tolerably safe keeping, therefore, we may take for granted, while entrusted to his guardianship.

The Right Honourable William Page Wood, now Lord Hatherley, was born on the 29th of November, 1801, being the second son of the late Sir Matthew Wood, Baronet, by Maria, daughter of John Page, Esq., of Woodbridge, Suffolk. Sir Matthew himself was a man of mark, for inasmuch as he was for many years (for as many as thirty-seven years altogether) Member for the City, having besides

that been twice Lord Mayor of London. His rise in life, indeed, was sufficiently remarkable.

Born now more than a hundred years ago—namely, in 1767, Matthew Wood, afterwards famous as a Liberal politician, as a Merchant Prince, and as one of the most enthusiastic champions of George the Fourth's unfortunate wife, Queen Caroline, was the son of a serge manufacturer, of Tiverton, in Devonshire. As a child of eleven, he worked as one of the small 'hands' in his father's factory. At fourteen years of age, however, he was bound apprentice to one Mr. Newton, a Chemist and Druggist, of Exeter; and, after serving his seven years, was engaged for a while in the drug trade as a traveller.

Drawn towards the metropolis, like so many other ambitious aspirants, by a natural wish to better his fortunes, he established himself in London first of all as a Chemist, but afterwards as a Hop Merchant. In the latter capacity his energies and abilities soon rendered him eminently successful. He acquired, in fact, a very considerable fortune by his industry and perseverance; was chosen Alderman; served as Sheriff; and eventually, in 1815, the year of the Peace, was elected Lord Mayor of the City of London.

Such was the popularity won for himself during his Mayoralty, moreover, that, upon the approach of the time when the year of office would, in the natural course of things, run out, Alderman Wood was re-elected. And it was during his second year of Mayoralty, namely, in 1816, that he was for the first time returned by his brother-citizens as M.P. for the City of London.

That seat—to which he was invariably returned at the head of the poll, save only upon two occasions (1832 and 1841), when he was second—he retained, as already mentioned, uninterruptedly during the extraordinarily lengthened interval of seven-and-thirty years altogether; in point of fact until his death, in the October of 1843, full of years and of honours, a city magnate and a veteran reformer. The Baronetcy, which was accorded to him in 1837, on her Majesty's accession, during the Premiership of Lord Melbourne, may be said to have been so awarded to him in that twofold character, namely, as a city magnate and as an eminent reformer. And he was worthy of the distinction.

The 'bloody hand' might well have been stamped upon the corner of his escutcheon, if only in remembrance of his courageous conduct as Lord Mayor, on

the 2nd of December, 1816, when, rushing through the Royal Exchange for the purpose of intercepting them, and accompanied only by seven other civilians, he met an armed mob, 'red-handed,' as one may say, from shooting a man down on Snowhill, and himself seized several of the ringleaders. Subsequently, when the riots of 1816 had, through four years of chronic insubordination, developed into the notorious and infamous Thistlewood Conspiracy, Alderman Wood, it is still remembered, upon the morrow of the execution of the Ringleader and his accomplices, reprehended in the House of Commons, in the strongest terms, the conduct of the Government in engaging the services of George Edwards, the miserable spy and informer.

Whether justified or not in uttering those burning words of indignation, in 1820, he was more than justified, he covered himself with honour, in 1816, by generously saving from the gallows three unhappy men, who had then been doomed to death at the hands of the hangman upon the perjured evidence of three wretched policemen. Whatever opinions may have been entertained by his contemporaries in regard to the public conduct of Alderman Wood, but one feeling prevailed throughout the country in reference to the course pursued

by him in that lamentable matter of dispute between George the Fourth and Queen Caroline.

Immediately before the King's coronation, it was he who accompanied the Queen from St. Omer, through Calais and Dover, on by rapid stages to London, where her Majesty, on the evening of the 6th of June, 1820, passed through the crowded streets in the midst of the most enthusiastic cheering, to her temporary place of residence in the metropolis for some little time to come—Alderman Wood's town house, in South Audley Street, Mayfair. There, in effect, Queen Caroline remained until her removal, on the 3rd of August, to her own suburban dwelling at Brandenburg House in Hammersmith. Sustained as the unhappy Queen was throughout her trial by the resplendent genius and indomitable determination of her two illustrious counsel, Lord Denman and Lord Brougham, then, of course, still both of them commoners, there can be no question whatever that her Majesty received comfort and assistance of inexpressible importance to her at that time, from the chivalrous hands of the brave-hearted and loyal Alderman.

Although the fortune acquired by Sir Matthew Wood, through his own commercial enterprises, was, as we have already said, very considerable indeed, it

was enormously increased by the property bequeathed to him some years afterwards by old Jammy Wood, the Banker, of Gloucester. Allowing for all the deductions that had to be made from that property, as a whole, in the way of litigation, before the moneys could actually be secured and handled, Sir Matthew Wood, it is calculated, must have obtained, by that one 'coup,' at the least, some 250,000*l*. And it is not to every Miser's hoardings that so fair an end is ensured.

It is worthy of notice here that, among the possessions thus obtained by the family of the present Lord Chancellor, was that very estate of Hatherley in Gloucestershire, from which he has selected his title on being raised to the peerage. And we are here tempted to remark, by the way, that among the very earliest recollections of our own childhood, is that same old ivy-mantled dwelling-house of Hatherley Court, now so intimately associated, from this time forth, with the eminent dignity of the Chancellorship.

Educated first of all at Winchester, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, William Page Wood even in his academic career won for himself distinction. He graduated with high, if not the highest honours. He was the twenty-fourth wran-

gler on obtaining his degree of B.A. in 1824; three years afterwards, becoming M.A., namely in 1827.

Between those two dates, namely in 1825, he obtained a Fellowship, which he retained for upwards of four years, in point of fact until his marriage in the January of 1830, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Major Moor, of Great Barkings, Suffolk. Prior to his marriage, he had, in the Michaelmas Term of 1827, on the 27th of November, been called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, of which he has long since become one of the Benchers. His silk gown he received in 1845, as the reward, under the cabalistic initials of Q.C., of eight-and-twenty years' devotion to his profession.

In our rapid enumeration of the salient incidents in his life, it will be enough to mention here the fact that the whole of his Parliamentary career extended over less than six years altogether. Entering the House of Commons for the first time as Member for the City of Oxford, in the autumn of 1847, having been returned by that constituency during the General Election which had just then taken place in August, he was again returned at the next General Election, namely, in that of July, 1852.

By the 5th of January in the following year, however, his seat was vacated. For, he had then, in point of fact, received his nomination to the Vice-Chancellorship.

Within this brief interval of no more than six years in the House of Commons, nevertheless, he had held two offices of some—one of them, indeed, of considerable—importance. He was in the first place for about two years—it was between 1849 and 1851—Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. While, in the March of the year last mentioned, he was nominated to the Solicitor-Generalship, receiving immediately afterwards, as a matter of course, the honour of Knighthood.

Before one twelvemonth had elapsed, however, he had resigned his enviable post as Solicitor-General. He has himself very recently, in the course of a reply to a congratulatory address presented to him by his brother parishioners of Westminster, explained the cause of that purely voluntary resignation. Placed by the Liberal party in that position, he found that 'it entailed upon him so large an amount of late work and so interfered with his duties of domestic life and comfort of home that he felt bound to relinquish his honourable position.' The resignation thus ex-

plained must be pronounced to have been in every way eminently characteristic.

For fifteen years Sir William Page Wood discharged with unfaltering assiduity the high judicial duties devolving upon him as Vice-Chancellor. From the January of 1853 to the February of 1868, he evidenced that serene impartiality and that imperturbable equanimity which have obtained for him, quite as certainly as either his profound learning or his penetrating judgment, the eminent reputation he has so long enjoyed as an equity lawyer. Advanced at the latter date, that is in the February of last year, to the yet higher post of Lord Justice of Appeal, he found himself, before the close of 1868, quite unexpectedly, as he frankly tells us, raised to the highest post of all—that appertaining to the Lord High Chancellor. ‘I never had the least hope,’ these are his own words, ‘I never had the least hope that I should ever occupy the high and distinguished position I now hold.’ Simultaneously with his election to the Woolsack he was created a Baron, being called to the House of Peers by the title of Lord Hatherley.

Associated with one of the two ancient Universities in the character of an ‘alumnus,’ and with the other in that of a Parliamentary representative,

it seems only natural to find that in 1851 he was made an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, and in 1865 an honorary LL.D. of Cambridge. It is interesting, also, in the remembrance of the Premier's intimate relations with that particular College, to recall to mind the fact that the eminent lawyer, who has now been selected by him to be the new Lord Chancellor, was, some time since, enrolled at Oxford an honorary Student of Christchurch.

In recognition of his high intellectual attainments, Lord Hatherley has long ago been numbered among the Fellows of the Royal Society, as well as of the Royal Society of Literature. One contribution of considerable importance he has made, within this last twelvemonth, not simply to our own but to the world's literature. It is a work published by Mr. Murray, in 1868, entitled 'The Continuity of Scripture as declared by the Testimony of Our Lord and of the Evangelists and Apostles.'

It evidences in a remarkable manner his critical acumen and his biblical erudition, but far more than either his profound and absolute faith in the Divine Truth of Revelation and Christianity. There is something more than a mere coincidence to be discerned in the circumstance that, in an age exceptionally and not very enviably distinguished

by its having produced so many instances of peculiar, and some of them unparalleled, audacity in unbelief—when a French Hosee has laid his unhallowed hand upon more than the Ark of Salvation, when an English Niebuhr, or rather would-be Niebuhr, has dealt with the Pentateuch as though it were some blotted and spurious Palimpsest—that precisely in the midst of these astounding manifestations of incredulity in regard to all that Christians of every denomination cherish with a love and veneration beyond all the powers of language to express, there should have been very conspicuously here amongst us two gifted claimants for immediate elevation to the woolsack—lawyers, not ecclesiastics—who should, each of them, in a signal manner, have given, as Sir Roundell Palmer has done, as Lord Hatherley has done, attestations of their implicit credence in the great fundamental truths of religion, the one by an exquisite contribution to Hymnology, the other by a profound and thoroughly logical exposition of the Continuity of the Scriptures.

Sir Roundell Palmer, by reason of his conscientious antagonism to the proposed disestablishing and disendowing of the Irish Church, has been debarred from all hope even of attaining, at this

juncture at least, the highest dignity of all in his profession. Lord Hatherley, as a consistent Liberal, has had the grandest of all the judicial prizes drop, unsought, into his possession. Senior by eleven years, though the latter is, to the member for Richmond, they are, in one sense at least, contemporaries; their popularity has advanced side by side; their reputations have been matured at least simultaneously.

And simultaneously, it has so happened in regard to these two eminent lawyers, or very nearly simultaneously, they have—quite apart from any notion whatever of in any way furthering their professional fortunes or personal ambition—given to the world, in the days of M. Renan and of Dr. Colenso, the most striking and emphatic evidences of their own unwavering faith in the articles of belief common to all Christendom. Again, we say, this is more than simply a coincidence. It is a fact full, as we conceive, of a profound and consolatory significance.

It is a significance, the consolatory force of which may be regarded as applicable also to the very question now at this moment, more urgently than any other demanding the consideration of the Legislature, now when her Majesty's Ministers are

proposing to both Houses the sweeping away of the Irish Church as an institution, and when the responsibility of carrying that proposition successfully through the Lords will be entrusted to no less earnest and devoted a Churchman than the noble and learned lord now Prolocutor of that branch of the Legislature and—we end where we began—Keeper of the Queen's Conscience.

•

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The paper then discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States in the context of the current political and social climate.

2.

THE EARL DE GREY AND RIPON,

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE EARL DE GREY AND RIPON.

A PRESIDENT of the Council has hitherto implied a personage combining within himself a number of remarkable qualifications. The office has seemed to necessitate the mingling together, in its possessor, of ancient descent, mature age, lengthened Ministerial experience, and a widely recognised reputation. A great patrician, a large landed proprietor, a Nestor in politics, a privy councillor, entertaining, it may be, strong party opinions, but with a judgment, nevertheless, held in equilibrium by an almost judicial equanimity, such would, by preference be the man selected, beyond all others, for this position, by any statesman entrusted with the responsibility of constructing an Administration.

And, perhaps, no better instances could be adduced of perfect fitness for the Presidency of the Council than two which may be here at once particularised, both occurring in the present reign, one

under a Whig Government, one under a Tory Government, one in the Cabinet of Lord Russell, one in the Cabinet of Lord Derby—the Marquess of Lansdowne and the Marquess of Salisbury. Each from a party point of view, of course—that, however, being inevitable, under any circumstances—might, without anything like exaggeration, be spoken of as a sort of ideal President of the Council.

Remembering them, we become fastidious. Mr. Gladstone, however, has had to choose from the materials immediately around him, and to succeed in his Cabinet-making as he best might under the actual emergency. Looking about in search of the likeliest peer for the place, that is, according to his own notion as to the fitness of things in this matter of the Presidency of the Council, he has selected the Earl de Grey and Ripon as, everything considered, the one best fitted in his estimation for that distinguished office, the holder of which has precedence by a statute as remote as the 31 Hen. VIII., c. 10., next after the Lord High Chancellor.

The selection thus made, it should be said at once, is not precisely what the public had anticipated. But the occasion out of which the present Ministry has emerged, has, no doubt, had its exigencies—many of these, moreover, being altogether

beyond the reach even of our conjectures. Accepting the decision of the responsible Minister for such as it is, nevertheless, the choice made is not altogether without its accompanying solace, seeing that the President of the Council of to-day is the immediate successor, in that illustrious position, of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

The Right Honourable George Frederick Samuel Robinson, third Earl de Grey, second Earl of Ripon, second Viscount Goderich, fourth Baron Grantham, was born in London, on the 24th October, 1827, his father, known to fame previously in English history by the whimsical nickname of 'Prosperity Robinson,' being at the time Prime Minister.

It was in more ways than one, as it happened, an exceedingly odd, if it were not even a wholly unparalleled, distinction, his having being born thus during the period of his father's Premiership. For, among all Ministries, that very one, the Ministry of Lord Goderich, was incomparably the most short-lived, the most feebly held together from its commencement, the most agitated during the narrow term of its existence, the most colourless in its general character, the most fatuous and bungling in its indications of anything like a policy, and certainly, of all Cabinets that could be named, the

one least of all regretted when it happily died the death through the sheer force of internal dissensions.

It was while Lord de Grey and Ripon's father, the future Premier during an interval of scarcely five months altogether, was presiding over the financial department as Chancellor of the Exchequer, towards the close of Lord Liverpool's Government, that he earned for himself that name of 'Prosperity Robinson,' which still preserves to after-times the remembrance of his sanguine views as to the material condition of the country immediately before the disastrous panic of 1825. In entertaining those hopeful and even confident views as to the prosperity of the whole mercantile community, there is little question, nevertheless, that he was then, in a great measure, justified by appearances. His auguries for the lengthened continuance of that, as it proved, most fleeting prosperity, were appallingly falsified, almost immediately afterwards, by a series of ruinous bankruptcies, the results simply of gambling investments, and of the most wantonly extravagant speculation.

Secretary of State for the Colonies in Mr. Canning's Administration (an office filled by him afterwards in the Cabinet of Lord Grey), Viscount

Goderich found himself, on the 8th of August, 1827, by reason simply of the untimely and lamented death of his political chief, suddenly thrust forward into the, for him, unduly conspicuous position of First Lord of the Treasury. That position, through contentions and heartburnings the most galling that could well be imagined, he retained only until the 8th of the following January, by the 26th of which month the slackened reins of the Government were gathered up anew in the iron grasp of the Duke of Wellington. Meanwhile, on the 24th of October, as before mentioned, that son had been born to the Prime Minister, Lord Goderich, who is now President of the Council in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet.

During his father's lifetime, the present Earl de Grey and Ripon was already earning for himself a repute of his own politically—as a member of Parliament, that is, simply, not as an administrator. For some years he occupied a seat in the House of Commons, as representative for one or other of the great constituencies of Yorkshire. On the 9th of July, 1852, for example, he was first of all returned as M.P. for Kingston-upon-Hull. Having been unseated on petition, however, in 1853, he was, on the 23rd of April in that year, elected by the

Liberals of Huddersfield, for which borough he sat until the dissolution of Parliament in 1857.

At the general election immediately ensuing, he was chosen knight of the shire for the West Riding, a seat illustrious as having been already occupied by Richard Cobden, and Henry Lord Brougham. That seat Lord Goderich continued to hold until—now exactly ten years ago—he succeeded, in 1859, first of all on the death of his father, and afterwards on the death of his uncle, to the honour of the peerage, inherited by him in the shape of two distinct earldoms. It was a coincidence, his acquiring both of them thus within the same twelvemonth, within a few months of each other—succeeding his father, Frederic John, as Earl of Ripon, on the 28th of January, and succeeding his uncle, Thomas Philip, as Earl de Grey, on the 14th of November.

Of the latter it may be here remarked, by the way, that if he had not achieved the distinction, such as it was, obtained by the former, of having been five months Prime Minister of England, he had at any rate in his time for three years been the Viceroy of Ireland. Together with his estates in Lincolnshire and in Yorkshire, the heir to those now united titles, came into possession—besides his barony of 1761, his viscountcy of 1827, and his

brace of earldoms, the one of 1816, the other of 1833—of an ancient baronetcy dating back as far as 1690.

Already—eight years before coming into his double inheritance—married, in 1851, to Henrietta Anne Theodosia, the eldest daughter of Captain Henry Vyner and grand-daughter, also, it should be said, of the first Earl de Grey—the present Earl de Grey and Ripon was, while yet known simply by his courtesy title as Viscount Goderich, receiving evidences of anticipatory recognition, as it may be called, of his future position as a county magnate. A Deputy-Lieutenant and a Magistrate of both his counties, that is of the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire, and of Lincolnshire as well, he was taking part conspicuously, even then, in that popular movement towards the organisation of something like a National Guard here in England, his interest in which makes him claim now among his titles that of Honorary Colonel of the first battalion of the West Yorkshire Rifle Volunteers.

Viscount Goderich, however, no sooner passed from the House of Commons into the House of Lords, on the death of his two predecessors, than the member of Parliament developed into an

administrator. Between his inheritance of his father's earldom in January, and of his uncle's earldom in November, he had—it was on the 18th of June, 1859—taken office in Lord Palmerston's Government. The position then allotted to him was that of Under-Secretary of State for War: and the duties of the post he continued to discharge with creditable assiduity until the January of 1861, when, because of the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert's removal to the House of Lords upon his elevation to the peerage as Lord Herbert of Lea, the Earl de Grey and Ripon was transferred for a while to the position of Under-Secretary of State for India. Eventually, however, he was restored to his former position as Under-Secretary at the War Office, a position he still continued to occupy, until the death of the then Secretary of State for that department, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, on the 13th of April, 1863, led to his immediate advancement.

That vacancy afforded him for the first time a seat in the Cabinet. Before April had passed by he was sworn in a Privy Councillor: and from the 1st of May, 1863, until the Premier's death on the 18th of October, 1865, Lord de Grey and Ripon was the Secretary for War in the

Palmerston Government. The reconstruction of the Cabinet immediately afterwards, under Earl Russell's premiership, left Lord de Grey and Ripon for a while still at his post as War Secretary ; but from that Secretaryship of State he was, in the February of 1866, removed to another, the Secretaryship of State for India coupled with the Presidency of the Council of India, his tenure of which office, however, terminated as soon afterwards as the 26th of the following June, when the Ministers collectively gave in their resignation.

Scarcely five years at the War Office, therefore, constitute the sum total of the Earl de Grey and Ripon's claim upon public consideration in his capacity as an administrator. He has the advantage, however, among his contemporaries, of finding himself raised above the mass of them by a head and shoulders—standing as he does upon a sort of double elevation—that of two earldoms rolled into one.

The son of a Prime Minister, the nephew of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, heir to both ; himself ex-M.P. for the West Riding, ex-Secretary of State for War, ex-Secretary of State for a brief while for India, he has now become Lord President of the Council. We can't help seeing him through

a lens so very magnifying. We can't help hearing him, he talks to us through such a big speaking trumpet.

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY,

LORD PRIVY SEAL

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY.

THE office of Lord Privy Seal is one so purely ornamental of its kind, that it would really seem only in the fitness of things that it should, under present influences, be forthwith abolished. Scarcely have Ministers been installed in power, when a Commissionership in the Inland Revenue Office, becoming vacated by death, is swept away as superfluous. Hardly have the sticklers for administrative economy had time to congratulate themselves and the country at large upon this yearly saving of a couple of cool thousands, when a gallant old Admiral, breathing his last at Greenwich Hospital, enables them to exult over the saving of three thousand a year more, because of the authorities immediately resolving that the thereby vacated Governorship of our English Invalides shall be filled up no longer—the snuggest berth of all for poor Jack being thus cleared out of view as quickly as

though it had been by the rolling up and dropping overboard, well-shotted, of a worn-out old hammock.


Simultaneously, there is a talk about Minutes carrying dismay to the subordinates in one department, and about Regulations of the most sweeping character being limited almost among those of another, and—strangest things of all, like the revival of the dodo, or the reanimation of the dinornis—an announcement authoritatively makes its appearance, to the effect that a wonderful official creature is hitherto about to start into existence in the interests of economy under the astounding title of *Per-memor, Per-mitter, Per-inspector*, or some other cognate title. This is, for all the world, like our old friend the Clerk of the Hanaper, or that amazing entity, *once upon a time* somewhere really in the flesh, Deputy-Assistant Chief-Wax!

There is *nothing* more alluring in its way,—we are perfectly conscious of that,—than some new raid like those now being adventured upon against the vast and populous multitude of our Governmental extravagancies. To have at them there is no necessity for any elaborate beating about the bush. We need but fire at random, and the result is like a 'battue.'

As the small deer are being brought down, however readily enough and in abundance, one marvels

how a stag of ten can be found browsing undisturbed in the foreground, actually rubbing the elbows of the deadliest marksmen, and answering only a single purpose, that any body can mention, namely, that of lending to the whole scene the added charm of one more touch of the picturesque.

The character of the individual Minister appointed to an office in itself superfluous, can happily, as we know, impart to it, for the time being, a certain air of importance. It is because of this, perhaps, that even those colleagues of Lord Kimberley, who are the most zealous advocates of a systematic and comprehensive retrenchment in regard to our administrative expenditure, reconcile themselves to the anomaly of countenancing the stately sinecure he now enjoys, regarding his nomination as Lord Privy Seal with sentiments, even, it may be, of complacency. For, although as yet but in the early prime of his life, the noble lord has already distinguished himself in several eminent and most responsible positions, evidencing during the course of his, even now, varied career, abilities of no ordinary kind—administrative, diplomatic, and governmental. He has been a great ambassador; he has been two years Viceroy in Ireland; he has had upwards of six years' experience as Under-Secretary



of State at the Foreign Office, and has, besides that, discharged for a while the same functions at the India Board.

A statesman of forty-three years of age with such credentials—who has already been Envoy Extraordinary to Russia, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Under-Secretary of State in two administrations—may be tolerated for an interval while he takes his seat for the first time in a Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal, if only in remembrance of his previous good services to the State, and in remembrance also of his long line of official predecessors. Antecedent to the date of her Majesty's accession, the nation assented without complaint to the induction to the office of Lord Privy Seal, of Ministers like Lord Duncannon, and the Earl of Rosslyn, and the Duke of Portland; it may, therefore, be expected now to tolerate for a while the instalment, in that same comfortably padded Chair of State, of a Minister who has already laboured so assiduously in the services of the Crown and country as its present occupant, the Earl of Kimberley.

The Right Honourable John Wodehouse, third Baron of that title, and first Earl of Kimberley, was born on the 7th of January, 1826—succeeding to the Barony of Wodehouse a little more than

twenty years afterwards, on the 29th of May, 1846, upon the death of his grandfather. At the time of coming thus to his titles—for he inherited, besides the barony created in 1797, a baronetcy created as far back as 1611—he was still, as the date shows, in his minority, he had still to complete his academic education. That education had commenced at Eton, and was finished at the University of Oxford, where, as a Student of Christ Church, as his colleague the Prime Minister had been before him, he graduated, with some distinction, in 1847, at the time of his receiving his degree as B.A. being first-class in classics.

Succeeding his grandfather, John, the second Baron Wodehouse, as we have seen, while he himself was yet in his minority, the young peer, on coming of age, had to enter upon a parliamentary career as a patrician under the disadvantage of having had no parliamentary experience of the popular branch of the Legislature. He, nevertheless, gave such indications of a genuine aptitude for political life, that, barely six years had elapsed after his attainment of his majority, when he was selected by Lord Aberdeen, on the formation of the memorable Coalition Government, as one of the Under-Secretaries of State, and that one, moreover, in some

respects the most important of them all, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

To that office, Lord Wodehouse was appointed in the December of 1852, and he continued to occupy it uninterruptedly during upwards of four years, first of all under the premiership of Lord Aberdeen, and afterwards under that of Lord Palmerston, until, in 1856, he was especially chosen by the latter to undertake—and that, too, remember, immediately after the close of the Crimean war—the delicate and responsible mission of reviving amicable relations with the Court of Russia, as her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

The selection of Lord Wodehouse for such a mission, at such a moment, and by such a statesman as Lord Palmerston, himself a consummate master of diplomacy, and as keen-sighted a man of the world as ever presided over the councils of a Government, was in itself as a blue ribbon, a gold medal, a crown of honour to the young Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, so going forth, with those weighty credentials, from Victoria to Alexander. At the Court of the Czar, his Excellency remained for about two years, namely, from 1856 to 1858, acquitting himself of his ambassadorial duties throughout the whole time in a

manner satisfactory alike to his own and to the Russian Government.

Having returned to England from his successful mission at St. Petersburg, Lord Wodehouse, immediately upon the formation of Lord Palmerston's second Cabinet, on the breaking up of Lord Derby's second Administration, was replaced, on the 19th of June, 1859, in his former office as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At that, to him, familiar post he remained, in effect, until the 14th of August, 1861, when he retired from the administrative toils of the department.

During the course of 1863, he was sent out once more by his political chief on another diplomatic mission of similar delicacy to, but of far greater difficulty than, the one already committed to his hands, in 1856, by Viscount Palmerston. It was a special mission this time, to the North of Europe, with a view to the adjustment, if possible, by pacific negotiations, of those extraordinary dynastic and international complications known as the Schleswig-Holstein question—a gordian knot impossible to be unravelled, as the event proved, and only to be snapped asunder at last, and shattered to atoms, by the blinding fusillade of the Prussian needle-guns on the field of Sadowa.

It was in 1864, Lord Palmerston being still in the plenitude of his ministerial power, that Lord Wodehouse was, for awhile, Under-Secretary of State for India, from which post he was speedily enough removed, however, to one of considerably more importance. As the autumn advanced, it became evident to all who had the happiness of knowing him, that the late Earl of Carlisle, then the popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, could not possibly long survive the only too painfully-manifest break-up of his constitution. He breathed his last, in point of fact, on the 5th of December. It was urgently necessary, however, some time before then, that his successor, as Viceroy, should be appointed. And again the Premier showed his sense of the general capacity of Lord Wodehouse, by selecting him for the vice-regal office, as he had some years previously selected him for the office of Ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg.

From the November of 1864 to the July of 1866, Lord Wodehouse conducted the government of Ireland so wisely and sagaciously, during a period of profound solicitude, that he secured to himself, by his mingled firmness and humanity, the reputation of having been—in the very teeth of Fenianism—one of the most generous, as well as one of the very

ablest of her Lord-Lieutenants. His occupancy of the vice-regal throne only ceased, it should be added, because of the disappearance of Lord Russell's Government, and the installation of the new Cabinet, involving, according to rule, a change in his high and enviable appointment.

The ex-Premier had not, however, placed his own and his colleagues' resignation in the hands of the Sovereign, without, according to her viceroy in Ireland, a signal evidence of the national recognition of his distinguished services—services obviously of the very first importance, preserving intact, as they had been conspicuously instrumental in doing, the loyalty and tranquillity of an integral part of her Majesty's dominions. Hence, and distinctly for that reason, Lord Wodehouse, on the 1st of June, 1866, was created Earl of Kimberley. As a contemporaneous, but, of course, comparatively insignificant circumstance, it may be mentioned that, in the same year, he was appointed Lord Steward of Norwich Cathedral.

Scarcely a year after he had inherited his barony, not far short of twenty years before he had won his earldom, Lord Kimberley, then of course, Lord Wodehouse, in 1847, having but a few months before attained his majority, married the Lady

Florence Fitzgibbon, the eldest daughter of the third and last Earl of Clare—the title being now extinct. The earldom of Clare having passed out of view on the death of her father, the wife of the Lord Privy Seal has had the satisfaction of beholding another earldom secured to her own descendants by the blending together, in great public services to Crown and country, of that civism and loyalty from the union of which, as a rule, all the honours of the peerage are produced.

What opportunity there may be for any further display of either on the part of Lord Kimberley, now that, as one may say, he has been thus superbly cushioned in the Cabinet, as Lord Privy Seal, must remain problematical. But at least he can deliberate with his colleagues in regard to one or another of their respective departments—in which case, judging simply from his antecedents, we have the satisfaction at any rate of believing that he will advise them discreetly and sagaciously, as a statesman claiming to be at once a Liberal and a Constitutionalist.

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE,

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

1

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.

A REPRESENTATIVE man, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not. He represents, in point of fact, but one person, and that is himself. He has sat for sixteen years in the House of Commons, and within that interval has been returned to Parliament by three constituencies—one in Middlesex, one in Wiltshire, one in Worcestershire. And, of those three constituencies, there is but one alone that could be in any way accurately described, in the conventional meaning of the words, as a popular constituency. As for Calne, his late parliamentary resting-place in Wiltshire, that was so clearly and recognisedly a close borough, or a pocket borough, or however else it may be termed, that, among the moderate disfranchisements which took place in the carrying of the Reform Bill of 1867, it passed out of existence.

While, with respect to his present electioneering haven of repose, the newly enfranchised University of London, it might almost be spoken of correctly as a purely in-doors constituency, a constituency in a library, or at any rate in the halls and galleries of a great collegiate establishment, where the breath of popular clamour is altogether inaudible, and where, in the combined instances of so eminently intellectual a candidate, and—having regard to their aspirations at least—we may add of so eminently intellectual a body of parliamentary electors, the selection made is one honourable alike to the member thus chosen, and to the possessors of the franchise thus choosing him, we will not say merely unanimously, but by acclamation.

In reality, therefore, Mr. Lowe, during all these sixteen years of his legislative career, has, strictly speaking, we would insist, sat only for one while in the House of Commons as member for what is called a popular constituency. And then, by way of retaliation upon him for so doing, he very nearly got his head broken by his own constituents. The disgraceful incident, we should presume, must be still borne remorsefully in recollection at Kidderminster. But, whether or not the electors there have the decency now to regret it, the fact that their dis-

tinguished member, now lost to them as such for ever, was once mobbed through the streets of that borough, serves to emphasise our previous statement, as with the 'àplomb' of a brickbat, that he was then, that he is still to this day, that he must always continue to be, solely and exclusively his own representative.

Thoroughly realising the force and significance of the circumstance that Mr. Lowe is, as one may say, constitutionally disqualified from appealing with any chance of success to any body of men that could be named to return him to the House of Commons as really their representative, and thoroughly realising at the same time the value of his own individual opinions, even when we find that we can least agree with them, we regard the course pursued by the newly-created constituency of the University of London, in selecting him as their first member, with feelings only to be adequately expressed as those of gratitude. For, we could not have spared him from the House. There, in the political, not in the slang meaning of the word, he is in himself a Party. Crotchety he may be, one-sided he often is, fly off at a tangent his theories do occasionally—but, for all that, he is a Power down there at Westminster, wherever he may chance to sit at the mo-

ment, whether on a back bench, or below the gangway, or, as now, among the few chosen Ministers of the Crown having a seat in the Cabinet.

The Right Honourable Robert Lowe was born in 1811 at Bingham, in Nottinghamshire. He is the son of the late Rev. Robert Lowe, then the Rector of Bingham, by Ellen, the second daughter of the late Rev. Reginald Pynder, Rector of Madresfield, in Worcestershire. Having received the rudiments of his education at Winchester, he was removed thence in due course to the University of Oxford, where he was entered as a Student of Magdalen. In 1833 he graduated as B.A. with high honours, being first-class in classics, and second-class in mathematics. It was in 1836 that he took his degree as M.A., but the year prior to that he had been elected a Fellow of Magdalen. His fellowship he held, however, for scarcely one twelvemonth, in consequence of his marrying, in 1836, Georgina, the second daughter of George Orred, Esq., of Aigburth House, near Liverpool.

Settling in Oxford for some years, he there obtained considerable eminence as a private tutor, coaching in the academic curriculum, with the skill of maturity, many who were as nearly as possible of his own age; and that so effectually, that more than

one among them has since attained, thanks in no small degree to the influence of his instruction, distinction among his own immediate contemporaries. Having applied himself by preference, however, to the study of the law, he threw up his professional engagements in tuition at the University, shortly after the Hilary Term of 1842, having during that time been called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn on the 27th of January. His intention, nevertheless, was not to practise as a barrister in England; for in that same year, 1842, he took his departure from this country to the antipodes, settling down, as it appeared for some time, as a permanent resident in Australia. There, in fact, he remained for about eight years altogether.

Within a year after his arrival in the colony he obtained a seat in the Council, a seat which he continued to hold uninterruptedly for seven years namely, until 1850, the date of his return homewards. Two years before that date, however, the Hon. Robert Lowe had, in 1848, been elected as Member for Sydney to the Colonial Parliament.

Returning to England, as we have said, in 1850, two years after that—it was on the 8th of July, 1852—he was successful in obtaining an entrance into a far grander arena, one worthier of his powers

as a debater, and, we will now hope, yet more of his capacities as an administrator—the ex-Member for Sydney gaining admission then for the first time to the House of Commons as M.P. for the borough of Kidderminster. His maiden speech, delivered not very long after his entrance into the House, we ourselves perfectly well remember hearing—remember, as the phrase is, as though it were but an incident of yesterday. His Australian reputation had preceded him: added to which he had, already, since his return homewards, within that brief interval, acquired another and a wholly distinct reputation—the reputation of a journalist. Immediately upon his rising, amidst eager cries of ‘New Member’—there ensued, what is most unusual when merely a new member rises, a really breathless silence—one of those momentary pauses when, as the absurd expression is, ‘You might have heard [which you couldn’t possibly] a pin drop.’

Directly afterwards — when the Member for Kidderminster had begun speaking—there were whispered words, here and there faintly audible about the House, in explanation of this silence, words of tribute less to the man than to the great organ of which he was regarded as the representative—‘*Times! Times!*’ It was far rather as the supposed

representative of the *Times* than as simply the representative 'soi-disant' of Kidderminster that Mr. Lowe was, at that first moment of his appearance before us, an object of such eager curiosity and expectation. And his appearance itself had unquestionably something to do with the peculiar interest which was at once, at the instant of his rising, awakened. Regarded from a distance, he probably appeared to be a hale old man far advanced in years, with the silvery hair of an octogenarian. Regarding him near at hand, one could not but recognise at once in the whitened head and ruddy countenance peculiarities of constitution, and not the effects of time, the honourable member being then, in point of fact, only just turned forty.

As a maiden speech, that address of his, when for the first time speaking before the House of Commons, was in every way remarkable. It was clear, cogent, full of information, sinuous and elastic in the sequentially linked chain of its argument, audible in every syllable throughout the whole House, without an effort on the part of the speaker himself in his delivery, and evidencing from first to last the most admirable self-possession. It was a success. It was more than that, it was a success at once easy and brilliant. The House took to the new

member—appreciated him almost, as it were, by an instinct, for the subject afforded him but moderate opportunities for the display of the resources of his oratory—was in harmony at once with his abilities, not with his opinions, for which it more or less, even then, as it has mostly ever since, betrayed in effect a sort of general antagonism—and, beyond one moment's question, recognised the fact that the expectations which had been awakened had been to the full justified, that a new man of mark was now added to those already in the popular branch of the Legislature.

Before the year of his first entrance into the House of Commons had run out, Mr. Lowe had won for himself an official position. In the December of 1852, he was appointed one of the joint Secretaries of the Board of Control, on the formation by Lord Aberdeen of the Coalition Government. That post he occupied until the February of 1855, when the responsibilities of the Premiership were transferred, as with a sense of relief to everybody, himself included, from the hands of the Earl of Aberdeen to those of Viscount Palmerston.

In the redistribution of offices on the reconstruction of the Ministry, Mr. Lowe at first accepted no

place under the new First Lord of the Treasury. In the August of that same year, however, just upon the close of the session of 1855, he was nominated to the double post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster of the Forces. In that two-fold capacity he continued to discharge the duties of his office down to the February of 1858, which witnessed the instalment of Lord Derby's second administration. It was then, that is to say, upon his acceptance of office in 1855, that he was sworn in as a Privy Councillor. During the General Election of the year following his withdrawal from his double office, in common with the rest of the Palmerston Government, the country heard with disgust of his having been so shamefully maltreated by the electioneering roughs of Kidderminster. Discarding them, rather than being discarded by them, shaking the dust off his feet on quitting the borough for the last time, with a sense, we should imagine, of profound satisfaction, the now Member for the University of London found—until such time as that most suitable constituency, for him, the constituency of the University of London, came to be called into existence—a comfortable seat enough in the House of Commons, for nearly a whole 'decade,' from 1859 to 1868, as M.P. for the Marquess of

Lansdowne's snug little borough of Calne, now as dead as those parliamentary door-nails, Old Sarum and Gatton, or as those two legal ghosts, long since laid, John Doe and Richard Roe, of ridiculous memory.

Upon Lord Palmerston's return to power in the June of 1859, the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for Calne again took office, so to speak, like a political Siamese, or, as Mrs. Malaprop might say, like two gentlemen in one ; this time, however, not uniting together in his own person the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade and the Paymaster-Generalship, but becoming simultaneously President of the Board of Health and Vice-President of the Education Board of the Privy Council. Those positions he occupied for very nearly five years, namely, until the April of 1864, when he withdrew to the back benches. Under what circumstances he gave in his resignation, it boots not now to relate, through all the complications of misunderstanding by which it was eventually necessitated. Enough if we here add at once, that the resignation itself, we should still to this day regard with feelings only of regret, but for the satisfaction with which, in common with the whole country, we recognised in this temporary loss to the nation of Mr. Lowe's

great abilities in its service, as a practical administrator, a signal and even, it might be said, a resplendent illustration of the strength of his convictions and of his own thorough and absolute independence.

Little incidental tokens have been afforded, every now and then, to Mr. Lowe, of the wide-spread appreciation of his intellectual eminence by his contemporaries. In this way it is, that, one while he has been nominated a Trustee of the British Museum, at another has been enrolled as one of the senate of the University of London, at another has been created an Honorary D.C.L. of the University of Edinburgh. It has oddly happened with him, however, that, when least in harmony with public opinion, his fame as an orator has been most conspicuously in the ascendant. The multitude out of doors, the members within the walls of parliament, have seemed to take a perverse enjoyment in listening to over-night, or reading next morning, speeches of Mr. Lowe's, with which not another soul in the three kingdoms could anywhere be found to agree, but for the mother-wit, the terse and nervous eloquence, the subtle irony, the ingenious logic, the elegant scholarship, the daring paradoxes, and the rhetorical artifices of every kind woven into the warp and weft of which everybody, in any way

capable of appreciating them, had but one feeling, and that—admiration.

And yet—elaborate though they are in themselves, these speeches of Mr. Lowe's, elaborate more particularly as his three or four really great speeches on Reform (meaning, of course, against it) those speeches delivered in 1866, and again in 1867, one of which orations created so profound a sensation—in the manner of Mr. Lowe's delivery there is a simplicity so remarkable that it might be described, just in one word, as—conversational. Hear him speaking, observe him walking, and his method of progression—each way—seems to have an odd sort of a resemblance. Short, quick, quiet steps carry him over the ground rapidly. His lips or his feet, accordingly as he may chance to be walking or chance to be talking, seem to keep pace somehow with the swift, nervous, incessant blinking of his eyelids. He runs his sentences almost out of breath in his eager haste to give his ideas utterance, and appears, every now and then, surprised himself into a pleasurable appreciation of what he has been saying, by the loud applause or the sudden laugh his words have elicited.

As for the wrong-headedness of his views, sometimes, it were as superfluous to point out that suffi-

ciently obvious peculiarity of his speeches, as to point out their frequent brilliancy of thought and their invariable felicity of language. Remembering his disproportionate terror in regard to the Reform Bill of 1867, it was, so to speak, as though he dreaded the rolling in of a deluge simply because a sluice-gate was going to be opened. Observing his very genuine, but, as we all of us felt, most mistaken dread of the 'impious axioms' of democracy, one felt tempted to recall directly to his remembrance, from Dryden's Satire against Seditious, 'glorious John's' declaration nearly two hundred years ago in regard to precisely such bugbears as those, at the mere anticipation of which Mr. Lowe seemed to be nothing less than panic-stricken—

' Such impious axioms foolishly they show,
For in some soils republics will not grow : '

the words are rather more applicable now in the days of Queen Victoria than they were originally in those of King Charles II.—

' Our temperate isle will no extreme sustain,
Of popular sway or arbitrary reign ;
But slide between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest. '

Yet, the force of all this, so obvious to what (when compared with his) are merely very humble

and shallow intellects, his own—the intellect of this otherwise keen and observant satirist—has been the very last to recognise. We doubt, indeed, whether even now, with the Right Honourable Gentleman, the President of the Board of Trade, seated beside him in the same Cabinet, we doubt very much whether to this moment he has fully recognised it. Instead of accepting things around him for just exactly what they are, as we more matter-of-fact people are in the habit of doing, we who are content to walk upon the ground, and to look at what is under our very noses, he must needs fly off, time and again, into the empyrean of conjecture, in pursuit of the mere phantoms of his own wonderful imagination, transfixing them one after another as each in turn is overtaken, and shredding off with admirable dexterity the gossamer plumage in which they are enveloped. And he indulges in these same flights of his, at all times, so delightfully, that in spite of their fantastic extravagance, we can none of us, for the life of it, help watching him the while with a kind of wondering admiration. It is like witnessing the falcon of Virgil after its quarry,—

‘ Quàm facilè accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto
Consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam,
Compressamque tenet, pedibusque eviscerat uncis :
Tum cruor et vulsæ labuntur ab æthere plumæ.’

Weighted with the responsibilities of office, Mr. Lowe, we will hope, now, must keep strictly to the solid facts with which the statesmen now-a-days have to deal—more especially, seeing that the very office for which he himself has been selected is, in one sense, the most responsible of all, the one treating of pounds, shillings, and pence, having to do with ways and means, with national income and national expenditure. Figures in a sum, and not mere figures of speech, will be those he will henceforth have mostly to treat of, in his new capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Our expectations, in his regard, are probably all the more sanguine, because of our having hitherto, for some time past, cherished a belief that it only required in his instance the sobering influence of high office to transform a brilliant orator into an energetic and thoroughly practical administrator.

THE RIGHT HON. H. A. BRUCE,
HOME SECRETARY.

THE RIGHT HON. H. A. BRUCE.

AMONG the five Secretaries of State, the Secretary of State for the Home Department is, in two particulars, especially noteworthy. He is so because he, in the first place, takes precedence of the other four, by reason of course of his having to do, as his very title indicates, with the internal government of the realm ; and, in the next place, because he appears to be somehow, and that by reason, we are here left to presume, of his very office, the one alone among all those five great officials who is, seemingly by a sort of inevitable necessity, so exceedingly exasperating. Whatever he may do is at once pronounced, by a great variety of persons, precisely the very thing he ought not to have done. Possessing, as he does, the awful prerogative of interposition between a criminal condemned to death and his doom upon the gallows, it is all one, so far as his exercise of that prerogative is concerned, whether he decides in

any peculiar case upon interposing or upon not interposing. Whichever course he may pursue is pronounced at once to be the very one he ought on no account to have followed.

If he allows the judge's sentence to be carried out, he is accused of inhumanity; but, equally, as a matter of course, he is charged with weakness if he decides in favour of a reprieve. Exactly in the same way is it, in regard to any exceptional circumstance, such, let us say, as a threatened disturbance of the public peace. Supposing, for example, that precautionary measures are taken by him, with a view to the prevention of a riot in one of the public parks of the metropolis, he is interfering unjustifiably with one of the inalienable rights of the loyal subjects of the Crown—with the right, that is, of public meeting. Supposing, on the other hand, he evidences, by his very manner, by the expression of his countenance, by an inflection of his voice, a profound solicitude not to be regarded for one instant by his fellow-countrymen as in any respect indifferent to the risk of causing bloodshed amongst them by an interposition on his part otherwise clearly incumbent upon him, his not unnatural emotion is at once ridiculed.

We don't suppose, for instance, that, generously

considered, anything more creditable in its way was ever related of a responsible Minister of the Crown, conscientiously impressed with the conflicting necessities of his position, bound on the one hand to uphold the law, and on the other to avoid the hazard, while doing so, of producing anything like disastrous or sanguinary consequences, than the perfectly unaffected betrayal of emotion by Mr. Walpole a year or two back, when it was quite manifestly touch-and-go whether the People and the Military might not at any moment have been brought into deplorable collision. Yet, ever since then, it has been a standing joke against him; purely and simply, as we take it, because he was that official who is 'always in the wrong'—Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Illustrating anew very aptly this really painful peculiarity of his office, the recently appointed Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Government has scarcely had his nomination announced, when, at once, down upon his devoted head descends the contents, as it were, of a small shower-bath of condemnations. An alternative is thrust upon him in regard to a convict of the name of Bisgrove—an alternative as to whether he shall be hanged or reprieved. The Minister makes his decision, and it

is immediately pronounced the very worst he could possibly have arrived at. Again—in a matter, strictly speaking, more personal to himself—the Secretary of State for the Home Department, having been thrown over at the late General Election by his former constituency of Merthyr Tydvil, is found to be without any seat at all in the House of Commons, when, upon the change of Government, he is nominated to that office by his political chief.

The circumstance of his being without a seat in Parliament is forthwith regarded as a direct charge against Mr. Bruce, almost amounting to a charge of administrative incompetence. Nevertheless, no sooner is there the first glimmering of a hope that he may be returned for a seat somewhere in the far north of the United Kingdom, namely, as the representative of Renfrewshire, than the accusation assumes an entirely new form—he is going a begging ‘in formâ pauperis’ for a constituency! The meaning of all this being simply, of course, that the ex-M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil is now Home Secretary.

The Right Honourable Henry Austin Bruce was born, in 1815, at Duffryn, Aberdare, Glamorgan-shire. Originally his father’s patronymic was Knight—afterwards, in 1805, changed to Bruce—after-

wards, in 1837, to Pryce. The Home Secretary, in other words, is the second son of John Bruce-Pryce, Esq., of Duffryn, St. Nicholas, Glamorganshire, by Sarah, the second daughter of the Reverend Hugh Austin, Rector of St. Peter's in Barbadoes. So that his seemingly second Christian name of Austin, is, after all, a surname, of which commodity the family somehow appear to have a super-abundance. It may be added in regard to the new Minister, now that we are touching upon his family, that he is the nephew of the late Lord Justice Knight-Bruce; and that, further, he himself has been twice married.

His first wife—to whom he was married in 1846, but who died in the July of 1852—was Annabella, the only daughter of Richard Beadon, Esq., of Clifton, in Gloucestershire. His second wife—to whom he was married in 1854—is Norah, the youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., famous himself as the author of the 'History of the Peninsular War,' and distinguished, also, as the brother of the illustrious Conqueror of Scinde, that heroic Sir Charles Napier, who ought to have died (as, to the shame of his country, he did *not*) both a Field-Marshal and a Peer of the Realm, at the very least a Baron if not a Viscount.

At twenty-two years of age, namely, in 1837, Mr. Bruce was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn; but, after practising for about six years, withdrew his name altogether, in 1843, from the ranks of his profession. He has since then devoted his energies, and, as may be acknowledged, with considerable success, judging from the results, to public life, as a politician, and eventually as an administrator. While doing so, it should be said here, that he has in no way neglected his duties as a country gentleman. Nominated, in 1847, a Deputy-Lieutenant of his county, he adjudicated as Police Magistrate at Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare from May, 1847, to December, 1852, at which latter date, however, he gave in his resignation of his police magistracy. As evidencing his energetic devotion to the affairs and interests of his own neighbourhood, it may be mentioned that he is Deputy-Chairman of Quarter Sessions in Glamorganshire, a Director and Deputy-Chairman of the Vale of Neath Railway, and Captain of the Glamorganshire Rifle Volunteers, besides being fourth Charity Commissioner of England and Wales.

It was not longer since than in the December of 1852—and hence his withdrawal at that time from the position of local police-magistrate—that Mr.

Bruce was for the first time returned to a seat in Parliament. He was returned by his immediate neighbours, by those who knew him best, as M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil. As their representative, he has within these last seventeen years acquired his already distinguished parliamentary reputation. That he has, during this interval, given evidence of considerable ability, both as a debater and as a Government official of no ordinary capacity for the performance, with credit to himself, of the responsible labours of administration, is sufficiently apparent in the fact that he has been selected by Mr. Gladstone as the one best fitted among all the candidates for office, for the eminent post of Secretary of State for the Home Department.

That elevated position he has not by any means attained, it should be said, however, 'per saltum.' He has served his political and administrative apprenticeship. He was first nominated to office by Viscount Palmerston. This was in the November of 1862—ten years after his first entrance into the House of Commons—when he was appointed, by that keen and sagacious judge of men and of their suitability for office, Under Secretary of the very department at the head of which he has now been placed by the new First Lord of the Treasury. As

Under-Secretary for the Home Department, Mr. Bruce continued to take part in Lord Palmerston's last administration for upwards of a year, namely, until the April of 1864, when he was appointed Vice-President of the Education Board of the Privy Council, on the retirement from that office, as before mentioned, of the Right Honourable gentleman now her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Bruce was himself at that same period, namely on his nomination to his new office as Vice-President, then, in April, 1864, sworn in for the first time as a Privy Councillor. During upwards of two years, that is until the August of 1866, he discharged the duties devolving upon that virtual Minister of Education for England, the Vice-President of the Educational Board. He then, together with the rest of his colleagues, withdrew to the retirement of the Opposition on the induction to power of Lord Derby's last Government. Between the November of 1865 and the August of 1866, the Right Honourable gentleman laboured assiduously, moreover, it should be here remarked, as one of the Church Estates' Commissioners.

Throughout his parliamentary career, Mr. Bruce has been, perseveringly and consistently, a Liberal politician. Upon one only subject of especial

importance has he had occasion to revise his originally expressed opinions. It is one, however, in regard to which many, we rejoice to believe now most firmly, will speedily find it advisable to follow the very course just recently pursued, frankly, and manfully, and without a moment's further hesitation, by her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. Hitherto Mr. Bruce has avowed himself to be, distinctly and resolutely, an opponent of the Ballot. He now confesses himself to be a convert to that great measure; and this, not in a half-hearted way, but boldly and confidently.

We who have been ourselves—meaning the writer of these pages—for upwards of three-and-twenty years among the most devoted and enthusiastic advocates of the Ballot, as the most effectual means that could by any possibility be contrived for the guarding against bribery and intimidation, for the ensuring, in other words, of a complete and thoroughly-reliable electoral independence, cannot, as a matter of course, but exult now over those rapidly multiplying signs of the times which point as clearly as any signs of the times could do, as by one accord to the certain triumph, sooner or later (and sooner, we believe, it will be than later), of a

.

great principle, for the ulterior success of which we have, during so protracted an interval as nearly one quarter of a century, through good report and through evil report, laboured, as we have laboured, earnestly and unhesitatingly. Accomplished the triumph of the Ballot will be ; and that it is coming, and that speedily, has been clearly enough indicated, since the present Government came into power, among others, by the Prime Minister himself, and by the First Lord of the Admiralty, but by none more clearly or more emphatically than by the Cabinet Minister now more immediately under our consideration—her Majesty's present Home Secretary.

Recognising at last the imperative necessity there is for the adoption of the Ballot, more particularly now that the electoral franchise has been placed upon the widened basis of Household Suffrage, the Home Secretary shrinks not from at once boldly and honestly avowing himself to be a convert to the cause of those who have long before him believed in its efficacy. Let him evidence anything like the same promptitude and the same resolute determination in regard to what we conceive to be the equally obvious necessity there is for dealing with the lawless ruffianism now stalking at noon-

day, and that any and every day of the week, through the public streets of our metropolis, and we shall have reason yet to feel grateful to the new Premier for having nominated Mr. Bruce, and no other than Mr. Bruce, to preside as Secretary of State over the affairs of the Home Department.



THE EARL OF CLARENDON,

FOREIGN SECRETARY.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

It is chiefly remarkable, in regard to the distinguished statesman now appointed once more to preside over the Foreign Department of the Queen's Government, that it is close upon half a century since he first entered the diplomatic service. So that, in thus presiding again over the whole of our vast and complicated system of diplomacy, he has, at any rate, the immense advantage of nearly fifty years' experience. And within that interval he has himself been a member of five previous administrations. Thrice before this he has been Foreign Secretary. Mr. Gladstone's is the sixth Cabinet in which Lord Clarendon has been seated as one of the most important members of the Government. He has been Lord Privy Seal, he has been President of the Board of Trade, he has been twice Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; but, besides that, he has been already three times, as we have said, her Majesty's Foreign Secretary.

Perhaps among all our administrators, now that Lord Palmerston is gone, he is the one whose name will carry the most weight in all our relations with the Courts of Europe. Upon two or three occasions of historical importance he has himself acted as Plenipotentiary. Added to this, for five years consecutively he was Viceroy in Ireland. And during the chief part of the thirty years which have elapsed since he succeeded to his title he has, now as a leading member of the Opposition, now as a leading member of the Government, taken a conspicuous part in the hereditary branch of the Legislature, in the deliberations of Parliament.

The Right Honourable George William Frederick Villiers, the fourth Earl of Clarendon, was born on the 12th of January, 1800. He is the eldest son of the late Honourable George Villiers, himself the third son of the first Earl of Clarendon. The grandfather of the present Foreign Secretary, first of all known as Baron Hyde by creation in 1756, was twenty years after that date, namely in 1776, for the first time invested with an earl's coronet. Paternally, Lord Clarendon is descended from the brother of James I.'s favourite, the famous George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Maternally, he is descended from the renowned Lord Clarendon,

Edward Hyde, Lord High Chancellor. Himself celebrated as the historian of the rebellion, *that* Lord Clarendon, as we all know, came to have his name intimately enough associated with the subsequent annals of his country through the medium of his daughter Anne, who, by her marriage with His Royal Highness the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., became the mother of Mary and Anne, each of whom in turn became Queen-Regnant of England.

Rapidly completing his education at Cambridge, the present Earl of Clarendon, then Mr. Villiers, entered the diplomatic service while yet in his minority, receiving his first appointment as early as 1820, as attaché at St. Petersburg. Three years afterwards he was nominated a Commissioner of Customs in Dublin—twenty-four years later on the scene of his Viceroyalty. It was in 1831 that he undertook his first diplomatic mission, arranging in that year, as he did, a commercial treaty with France, or, at any rate, what was then dignified with the title of a commercial treaty, though it becomes in a manner invisible as such by the side of a gigantic achievement like that arranged, some thirty years afterwards, by Mr. Cobden with the Government of Napoleon III.

At a comparatively brief interval after the successful accomplishment of the incidental mission last mentioned, Mr. Villiers was sent out to the Court of Madrid as British Minister Plenipotentiary. There he remained as Envoy until 1839, when he returned to England upon succeeding to his title, immediately after his arrival taking his seat in the House of Lords. This occurred upon the death, on the 22nd of December, 1838, of his uncle, John Charles, the third Earl of Clarendon.

At the very commencement of the year immediately preceding the close of Lord Melbourne's last Government, having been himself then just one twelvemonth a member of the House of Peers, the noble lord was, on the 3rd of January, 1840, sworn in as a Privy Councillor, on his nomination by the Premier to a seat in the Cabinet in the capacity of Lord Privy Seal. Before the end of that year the Lord Privy Seal, however, had been transformed into the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and it was at that post he remained in office until the autumn of 1841 witnessed the resignation of the Whig Ministry, and the instalment, in September, of Sir Robert Peel's famous Conservative Administration. Five years afterwards, when the triumph of Free Trade over Protection had led to the downfall

of the great Commercial Reformer, who was discarded by his party as no longer the leader of the Conservatives, Lord Clarendon, in the July of 1846, took office under Lord John Russell, who thereupon allotted to him a position which at that time had assumed to itself a character of more than ordinary importance in the presence of those grand mercantile changes and fiscal transformations which had been but so very recently inaugurated—a position presenting an extraordinary contrast, in effect, to the merely decorative post of Lord Privy Seal, being no other, in point of fact, than the Presidency of the Board of Trade.

A twelvemonth had not elapsed, however, before Lord Clarendon had handed over that office to his immediate successor in it, Mr. Labouchere, now Lord Taunton—the noble earl having been himself appointed to assume the high position of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which had but just then become vacant by the death of the Earl of Bessborough. Lord Clarendon's viceregal reign in the sister country, beginning on the 26th of May, 1847, continued for nearly five years altogether, terminating as it did only at the very close of the February of 1852, the 28th of that month being the date of Lord Eglinton's nomination. Those five

years of Lord Clarendon's government in Ireland were years, most of them, of the bitterest anxiety ; but, through all the troubles of the time, his mingled firmness and lenity maintained intact the authority of the Crown, and, while preserving the loyalty of the great mass of the population, covered himself with honour as the worthy representative of his Sovereign. It was in recognition of his great services to the State at this period that, in 1849, he received the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

Exactly one year after the termination of, the protracted and memorable interval of his Irish Lord Lieutenancy, the Earl of Clarendon for the first time assumed the responsibilities of office as Foreign Secretary, with which post, more than with any other in the Cabinet, his name has since then come to be so very intimately associated. This was on the formation by Lord Aberdeen of the many-coloured Coalition Government. That Government continued in existence, it will not very readily be forgotten, for precisely two years in all, namely, from the February of 1853, to the February of 1855. Within that renowned interval, England, France, Sardinia, Turkey, had all of them together, in an armed alliance, 'drifted' into war—the phrase was Lord Clarendon's—had 'drifted' through the Dar-

danelles, across the Euxine, towards Sebastopol, against the deadly threat of domination, through the Golden Horn, over all Europe, emanating from the half-barbaric, half-civilised power of the Russian Autocrat.

Notwithstanding the crucial ordeal through which Lord Clarendon's policy as Foreign Minister had been passing during those two years of his rule at the Foreign Office, between 1853 and 1855, between February and February, such was the universal recognition of the tempered wisdom and patriotic ardour by which it had been guided throughout, that when Lord Derby, during the early days of the Parliamentary session of 1855, was vainly endeavouring to construct a Government, he expressed himself desirous of retaining the noble earl's services as Foreign Secretary, could the latter but have consented to take office under his Administration. Realising the utter impossibility of his then forming any Cabinet having the smallest prospect of holding together, the leader of the Conservative Opposition abandoned the effort to build up, out of what was at that moment a too obvious minority, a Ministry capable of carrying on the great war in which England was then fully embarked.

The Coalition Government was thereupon, with certain notable modifications, reconstructed under the Premiership of Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Clarendon being, as a matter of course, reinstated as Foreign Secretary. It was in that capacity, and while he was yet her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for that department, that the noble lord, in the added capacity of Minister Plenipotentiary as well, signed at Paris, in 1856, as the diplomatic representative of his Sovereign, the Treaty of Peace, by which at the close of a historical Conference, the great war of the Crimea was formally terminated.

At that Conference, it is matter still to this day of profound regret, and must always, indeed, continue to be so, that Lord Clarendon in one lamentable instance paltered with his high position—acted as ill became his own illustrious antecedents—spoke at the Council Board in the presence of the assembled Plenipotentiaries of Europe as it befitted no British statesman to speak, more especially one representing as he did at that moment a throne graced by a Victoria, and a Government presided over by a Palmerston. The late Count Walewski was the wily charmer to whose insidious influence Lord Clarendon, then, for the time being, succumbed,

to the amazement of the assembled diplomatists, to the surprise, we should imagine, of the French Minister himself, to the indignation of all England, when England, a little while afterwards, came to learn the particulars of the incident.

Charmed he never so wisely, Count Walewski ought never to have been listened to by Lord Clarendon at that Conference, when the Liberty of the Press in Belgium was most unwarrantably insinuated as a theme for discussion among the plenipotentiaries, and insinuated, moreover, with such inimitable dexterity that there was left on record, as the result of it all, something very much like a condemnation or reprehension of what England at any rate ought unhesitatingly, on the other hand, to have sustained, and even eulogised. The incident, however, is altogether too painful to be descanted upon any further. We pass it by with head averted, adding, in justice to Lord Clarendon, nevertheless, while we thus speak of it, that it is one altogether exceptional in the history of his otherwise unsullied career as a diplomatist.

As Secretary of State the Earl of Clarendon continued, for exactly three years longer, to preside over the affairs of the Foreign Office after the substitution of Lord Palmerston for Lord Aberdeen as

Prime Minister; so that he was altogether at this time five years consecutively Foreign Secretary—two, as we have seen, from February, 1853, to February, 1855, under the Earl of Aberdeen—three, as we are now noticing, from February, 1855, to February, 1858, under Viscount Palmerston. Then came the interval during which the Earl of Derby, at the head of his second Ministry, conducted for nearly a year and a half, with evidences of admirable administrative ability on his own part, and on the part of his colleagues, the affairs of the empire, although representing all the while merely the minority in the lower house of Parliament.

At the close of that Government by a minority, Lord Palmerston, more powerful and more popular than ever, found himself restored to office at the head of the Liberal party, so firmly holding, in truth, the power thus restored to his grasp, that he was yet Prime Minister, with a greatly increased majority, returned in answer to his name alone in a newly elected Parliament, when he eventually breathed his last, on the 18th of October, 1865, at the ripe age of an octogenarian.

On the formation of Lord Palmerston's last Ministry, the Earl of Clarendon had no place allotted to him in the Cabinet. It was not, in

fact, until after it had been already in existence for nearly five years that, upon the 8th of April, 1864, he succeeded Mr. Cardwell as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, on the latter's promotion to the Colonial Secretaryship, upon the then recent death of the fifth Duke of Newcastle. This comparatively insignificant post of the Duchy of Lancaster, the noble earl exchanged, on the 3rd of November, 1865, for his old, and by this time, we may presume, his favourite office as Foreign Secretary, upon the reconstruction of the Government under Lord Russell's Premiership, consequent upon the decease already mentioned of Lord Palmerston.

Foreign Secretary, this time, however, he was only for about seven months altogether, the Russell Cabinet passing out of existence in the June of 1866, through the temporary disintegration of the Liberal Party under the unequal pressure of a lop-sided Reform Bill. That we take it was, really after all, the meaning of the adverse vote of eleven, and of the consequent Ministerial resignation. Going out with his colleagues, Lord Clarendon remained almost quiescent in Parliament during the nineteen months' existence of Lord Derby's third and last Administration, and the ten months' Ministry of the right honourable gentleman, the

member for Buckinghamshire. He now resumes office at his old, historical post—himself ‘aîné’ in the Cabinet, having just entered upon his seventieth year; nevertheless, in spite of his advancing age, still, as we believe, in the fulness of his powers and unquestionably strong in the scope and variety of his diplomatic and administrative experiences.

Married in 1839 to the widow of John Barham, Esquire,—the Lady Katherine Grimston, eldest daughter of James Walter, the first Earl of Verulam,—the Earl of Clarendon resumes office on the threshold of his seventieth year, whilst the young heir to his title and fortunes (his eldest son, Lord Hyde) is but just completing his education at the University of Cambridge. Lord Clarendon’s qualifications for high office, his personal bearing, his reputation, his antecedents, his surroundings, are all of them, as it seems to us, of a character eminently befitting a Minister entrusted with the responsibility of presiding over the diplomatic department of a great Government like that of England.

It is not simply, thus, in his regard, because he has been for these last twenty years a Knight of the Garter, because he is a Grand Cross of the Bath, a Privy Councillor of nearly thirty years’ standing, be-

cause he has been long ago eagerly enrolled in such honourable positions as Governor of Harrow School, and Governor of Wellington College, and Chancellor of the Queen's University in Ireland, because he has been so many times already Secretary of State, more than once Ambassador, and for a whole 'lustre' together Irish Viceroy—it is, far more than in all this, in the man himself that we recognise his peculiar suitability or fitness for the particular position to which he has now for the fourth time in his public career been most appropriately nominated.

It is a post especially adapted to a Grand Seigneur, to a great Patrician—and a Patrician of a noble type, a recognisable Grand Seigneur is unquestionably George Villiers, the fourth Earl of Clarendon.



THE EARL GRANVILLE,
COLONIAL SECRETARY.



THE EARL GRANVILLE.

It fortunately so happens, and it in some measure indeed accounts for the sovereignty of our race, that England, or more strictly speaking even, London, this particular point in England at which is situated the metropolis of the British Empire, lies exactly midway between all our forty colonial possessions, and not only that, but midway also between all the great kingdoms and countries of the two hemispheres. London is, therefore, the natural centre of our vast dominion. Geographically regarded, it is the appropriate stand-point of the imperial Government. From it, as from the core or heart of an immense labyrinth, our rule extends equidistantly to all parts of our enormous and scattered territories. Those territories, as the world knows full well, are distributed north, south, east, west, all over the habitable globe—in or around Europe at such points as Heligoland, Malta, Comino, and Gibraltar—in

or around Asia at such others as Bengal, Bombay, Madras, and Ceylon, or at such others as Aden, Penang, Labuan, and Hong-Kong—in Africa or around it at such localities as Sierra Leone, Ascension, St. Helena, and the Mauritius—in or around the two Americas, at such other places, yet, as Canada and the West Indies, as British Columbia and the Hudson's Bay Territory, as British Guiana and the Falkland Islands, as Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

Nor is even this all—for, at our antipodes, have we not those gigantic possessions in the Antarctic Ocean, spoken of for want of a better phrase as our distinct Empire in Oceania—possessions so colossal in their dimensions that Sir Archibald Alison in the continuation of his voluminous History of Europe, a continuation extending through eight big volumes, from 1815 to 1852, from the Fall of Napoleon to the Accession of Napoleon III., actually in referring to it (vide vol. i. p. 9; and it is really worthy any reader's while turning to and verifying the fact for himself) actually there speaks of it as 'a fifth hemisphere!' A superb bull—a prize one fattened on oat-cake—not, observe, a fifth quarter, though that would have been funny enough, but—a fifth hemisphere!

And from this pivot of London from which all our Governmental authority radiates, England, the power of England, the sway of her beneficent sceptre, still dominates over the whole of her Forty Colonies.

One dependency we have given up within recent remembrance. A goodly cluster of islands, it consisted of: Cephalonia, Zante, St. Maura, Corfu, Ithaca, Cerigo, what not: we handed them all over for absorption into Greece. Gibraltar is sorely wanted, just now, to be done the like with by the Spanish—which is it?—monarchical or republican Government. Suppose we meekly do by that to-day as we did by the Ionian Islands yesterday? Suppose we spike our guns there—sneak across to Ceuta—and abandon for once and for all that grand old trophy won by our arms, our gold, and our blood; that grim guardian of our road to India; that one rocky Pillar of Hercules, from the height of which our garrison, like warders on the keep, have held watch for a hundred years at the entrance to the Mediterranean.

Supposing we do all this, in the name of honesty let us go a step or two further. Let us at least be consistent. Let us deal with one after another of our various colonial possessions precisely in like manner. The arguments applicable to the Ionian

Islands, the arguments said to be applicable now to the hitherto thought-to-be impregnable rock of Gibraltar, are applicable equally to all the rest of our dominions. There was Professor Goldwin Smith only a few years ago outraging all our feelings of patriotism, all the most cherished among our national susceptibilities, proposing that, in plain terms, England—this ‘dear, dear England’ of Shakspeare, not of Smith—should cave in at once without any more ado, should strip herself of all her world-wide territories, should take the sacred fasces and deliberately unbind them, to the end of, first of all, distributing the rods of empire, and afterwards, we may presume, submitting herself allegorically to decapitation by the axe.

If we are going to give up Gibraltar, why not recall at once this wretched Professor Smith and install him permanently in Downing Street as our Disintegrating Minister or Lord Paramount? Against the advent of the Smithian Era, we possess happily at this moment, however, one—if only for that reason—most acceptable guarantee. We have installed here already at the Colonial Office—at that mystical centre of the vast and complicated network of our colonial system—a Minister, who like the majority of his illustrious predecessors in that

most distinguished and responsible office, cherishes, we believe, very dearly at heart the glory of the Crown and the honour of the country, and is himself in his very heart of hearts a thorough, downright Englishman.

The Right Honourable Granville George Leveson-Gower, second Earl Granville, was born on the 11th of May, 1815—being the eldest son of the first Earl, who was himself a younger son of the first Marquess of Stafford. The Colonial Secretary's father was, in 1815, when forty-two years of age, raised to the peerage as Viscount Granville, and in 1833, when sixty, was created simultaneously Baron Leveson and Earl Granville. Those three coronets were the rewards of his good service as British Ambassador at Paris and previously at St. Petersburg. He had married before his advancement to the House of Lords the daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire—the Lady Henrietta Elizabeth Cavendish—from whom was born to him, among other children, his son and successor, the present Earl Granville.

The latter, having been educated first of all at Eton, and afterwards at Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1834, being enrolled as honorary D.C.L. by his University, nearly thirty years later on, in 1863—was at twenty years of age,

namely, in 1835, appointed attaché at Paris under his father, then the British Ambassador at the Court of King Louis Philippe. So that Lord Granville's knowledge of the diplomatic profession dates back over considerably more than half his lifetime.

During nearly ten of the earlier years of his political career, the now Colonial Secretary, under his then courtesy title of Lord Leveson, sat in the House of Commons, first of all from 1837 to 1840, as Member for Morpeth, and afterwards, from 1841 to 1846, as Member for Lichfield. While yet representing the constituency of Morpeth, he was named for the first time to office by the then Premier, Viscount Melbourne.

This occurred in 1840, when the post allotted to him was, appropriately enough for an ex-attaché, that of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for that department being at the time no other than Lord Palmerston. At the close of the Melbourne Administration, in the autumn of the following year, September, 1841, he passed with the rest of his colleagues into Opposition. Upon the restoration of the Whigs to power nearly five years afterwards, in the July of 1846, under the Premiership of Lord John Russell, he was again inducted into place; this time, however, receiving a purely

Court appointment, namely that of Master of the Buckhounds.

Half-a-year prior to this, he had, upon the death of his father, on the 8th of January, 1845, succeeded to the peerage as the second Baron Leveson, and Viscount and Earl Granville. Having held the Mastership of the Buckhounds for two years, Lord Granville was, in 1848, removed to the somewhat more laborious and responsible office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. That position he occupied, in effect, until towards the very close of 1851, when, upon the 22nd of December, the Earl Granville was promoted to a seat in the Cabinet on his appointment as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in succession to Viscount Palmerston. The occasion which led to this appointment was in itself sufficiently memorable. It arose, as we all very well remember, out of the curt and all but insulting dismissal from office of one of England's greatest masters of diplomacy. The latter, however, as the nation will not very easily forget, was nevertheless as it happily fell out, destined, within little more than four years afterwards, to be magnificently avenged. Viscount Palmerston, in point of fact, having the Premiership then, in 1855, placed in his own hands as it were by acclamation—when the

Prime Minister of 1851, by whom he had been thus abruptly constrained to give in his resignation, upon the occasion just now referred to, consented four years afterwards to accept office under him as Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Before that wonderful turning of the tables could be brought about, however, several events of historical importance had occurred. Two Ministries had come and gone—Lord Derby's first Administration of less than a twelvemonth, and Lord Aberdeen's upwards of two years' tenure of office as head of the Coalition Government. Having been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs during merely the last few weeks (from the 26th of December, 1851, to the 21st of February, 1852) of Lord John Russell's nearly six years' Premiership, Lord Granville, on the 28th of December, 1852, became the President of the Council in the Coalition Cabinet then formed by Lord Aberdeen. That post he occupied until the June of 1854, when he was succeeded in it by Lord John Russell, he himself being removed at the same time to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster.

On the reconstruction of the Government in the February of 1855, however, under the Premiership of Viscount Palmerston, the Earl Granville was re-

instated in his former position as President of the Council, the Duchy of Lancaster being allotted to the Earl of Harrowby. In consequence of the adverse vote in the House of Commons upon the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, on the 20th of February, 1858, Lord Palmerston and his colleagues resigned, only to be restored to office, however, in the following year, on the 18th June, 1859, in greater strength than ever, with so considerable an access of strength, indeed, as a political party, that the principal Ministerial changes which occurred in the Cabinet, during its six years and four months of undisturbed existence, arose out of the deaths of the leading members of that powerful Administration ! From the death of the Lord High Chancellor, Lord Campbell, in the June of 1861. From the death of the Secretary for War, Sydney Lord Herbert, in the August of that same year, 1861. From the death of his immediate successor in the same office, Sir George Lewis, in the August of 1863. From the death of the Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Newcastle, on the 18th of October, 1864. And finally from the death on that very day twelvemonth, the 18th of October, 1865, of the venerable statesman, still retaining, tenaciously, to the very end within his grasp, the weighty responsibilities of the Premiership

Throughout the whole of that protracted interval of six years and upwards the Earl Granville was the Lord President of the Council under Lord Palmerston's Government. Prior to the original formation of that Government the noble earl had received that highest mark of honour which can be conferred upon a subject by his Sovereign—he had been sent for by the Queen in the June of 1859 and had been then requested by her Majesty herself to form an Administration. One important statesman's refusal of his assent to any such arrangement, alone, it is believed, prevented the instalment in office at that time of a Cabinet under Lord Granville's Premiership.

Viscount Palmerston's support was assured to him, but not the support of Lord John Russell. The negotiations fell through thereupon, and the last Palmerstonian Government was inaugurated. Upon the eventual reconstruction of that Ministry, immediately after the demise of the Premier, Lord Granville was, almost as a matter of course, continued in his office as President of the Council by the Earl Russell, the newly-installed First Lord of the Treasury. He was still holding that office when, in consequence of their defeat upon the Reform Bill, Ministers, on the 26th of June, 1866, gave in their collective resignation.

Altogether apart from his administrative and parliamentary labours as one of the principal leaders of the Liberal party and as an important member of five more or less distinguished Governments, the Earl Granville has, by his display of ability in more than one position of eminence, secured to himself the respectful consideration of his contemporaries. Much of the brilliant success attendant upon the first of the great International Exhibitions, the one held in the fairy-like Crystal Palace of 1851 on the greensward of Hyde Park, was directly attributable to his energetic furtherance of the enterprise, he himself, as we have seen, occupying at that time the position of Foreign Secretary in Lord John Russell's Administration. As Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of St. Petersburg, again, it is worth while recalling to mind, now, in his regard, that Lord Granville had entrusted to him, in 1856, the special mission of representing her Majesty at the coronation of the Russian Emperor, Alexander II.

On the 7th of September in that year he was one of the gorgeous group of the '*corps diplomatique*,' conspicuously placed there in the ancient cathedral at Moscow, when the young Czar, robed, anointed, and crowned, and bearing in his hand the orb and the sceptre, stepped forth from the porch for a

moment into the sunshine, his cheeks flushed, his eyes glittering, his lofty head raised with a look of pride—according to the *Times*' Correspondent's wonderfully vivid description—in the midst of the shouts of the assembled multitude, the thundering salutes of artillery, and the ringing together of all the bells of Moscow, distinctly audible above them all the grand 'bourdon' sounding from immediately above the roof of the sacred edifice, within the sanctuary of which the new Emperor had been just before enthroned.

Although twice married, Lord Granville has no direct heir to his title—his brother, the Hon. Edward Frederick Leveson Gower, now M.P. for Bodmin, being his heir-presumptive. Upon the Earl's first marriage, which took place in 1840, he espoused the widow of the late Sir Ferdinand Acton, the mother of the present Sir John Acton, eighth baronet, Marie Louise Peline, the only child of Emeric Joseph, the Duc de Dalberg. Left a widower in 1860, Lord Granville married again in 1865, his second wife being Castalia Rosalind, the youngest daughter of Walter Campbell, Esquire, of Islay. Among his titles of honour it may be mentioned that, besides being a Privy Councillor, the Earl has been for some years a Knight of the Garter, that he was long since elected

a Fellow of the Royal Society, that he is Chancellor of the University of London, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, to which last-mentioned office he was nominated upon its being vacated by the death of Lord Palmerston. Since his induction into the Lord Wardenship in 1865, Lord Granville has been Honorary Colonel of the First Administrative Battalion of the Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteers.

Conspicuous as Lord Granville is among the very ablest debaters of the Liberal party in the House of Peers, he is yet further remarkable as a speaker, for inasmuch as he can give utterance to his thoughts in a public address quite as fluently in the French language as in our English vernacular. He has evidenced this capacity on more than one occasion, not simply to our own insular admiration, but to that of our exquisitely fastidious, and, in a matter of that kind, not easily satisfied, neighbours. Experience at the Colonial Office Lord Granville has none, but at the least he has a thorough knowledge of the world, he is a keen observer of men, he is a practised master of debate, and long since, as we all know, his mind is well up, his hand is well in, to the responsible work of one of the great departments of Administration.



THE
RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL,
WAR SECRETARY.

THE
RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL.

THE Secretary of State for War stands intermediately among a very important group of our leading administrators—he is a central figure among the other heads of departments. Above him, as a matter of course, is the Prime Minister. Below him, in one sense, namely, as the very groundwork upon which his office especially is built up, is the Exchequer, presided over by that financial despot, its Chancellor. Around him, to the right hand and to the left, are those other administrative chiefs with whom it is, as it were, an absolute necessity to his ministerial existence that he should be incessantly in the most intimate accord, bound up together with them by ties of the most familiar relationship. Sensitively alive at all times to what might be almost spoken of without extravagance as the nervous system of our diplomacy; and keenly appreciating as well everything affecting, no matter

how remotely, any portion whatever of our vast and widely ramified colonial organisation—the War Secretary has perpetually to keep a watchful regard over the maintenance uninterruptedly of the most cordial associations between his own office and the offices, quite equally, of the Horse Guards and of the Admiralty.

As yet, in regard to his peculiar functions as, in an especial manner, the Ministerial Guardian of the State in its relations with the outer world, the Secretary for War is still in a position, it must be allowed, almost painfully abnormal. It was not until but very recently, as we all know, that the office itself was disassociated from that of Secretary of State for the Colonies. War and the Colonies went together. Why, it would be difficult even to conjecture, and almost impossible to determine. Disassociated they have at last been, however; so that where formerly there was but one Secretary there are now two—the Secretary for War and the Secretary for the Colonies. Nevertheless, standing apart as he does, at length, quite independently, the Secretary for War finds himself still hampered by many of those old anomalies of our administrative system which yet remain to be cleared away, as so many obsolete and utterly preposterous obstructions

to good government. Looking to the national service, that is, to the maritime service, for aid and co-operation, he still discovers there a clumsy and complicated association of Lords Commissioners, exercising in a cumbrous manner a sort of distributed authority ; instead of finding, as he ought to find in the Admiralty of England, a directing power holding within a single grasp, so to speak, the thunderbolts of our enormous naval armaments.

Looking, on the other hand, to the Commander-in-Chief for assistance, he actually still discerns in him a nominal chief of our land forces, exercising no sway whatever over what may be called our National Reserve, that is to say, over the Militia or the Yeomanry, over the Enrolled Pensioners or the Rifle Volunteers. Common sense, all the while, seeming to dictate, as the one rational means of simplification for all these complex absurdities, the gathering together under a single rule, here of our whole force ashore, there of our whole force afloat. Until that obvious and quite possible simplification shall have been arrived at, as we cannot for an instant doubt that it will be arrived at eventually, the Secretary of State for War must, clearly enough, be acting at all periods of emergency under stupendous difficulties, between an incomplete organisa-

tion at the Horse Guards, and a singular confused organisation at the Admiralty. To the present occupant of that vitally important position, the country is now naturally turning its regard with eager solicitude—desirous, as it is, of finding in him an administrator capable of dealing effectually with these ancient and portentous difficulties, of sweeping them away root and branch altogether, and of afterwards building up in their place a military and a maritime system in harmony with each other, though, as a matter of course, at the same time, completely and thoroughly independent.

The Right Honourable Edward Cardwell was born on the 24th of July, 1813, at Liverpool. He is the eldest son of a wealthy merchant of that city, the late John Cardwell, Esq., by Elizabeth, daughter of the late Richard Birley, Esq.; it being further noticeable here, in regard to the family of the present Secretary for War that he is the nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Cardwell, for many years both the Principal of Alban Hall, Oxford, and Camden Professor of Ancient History in that University. After receiving the rudiments of his education at Winchester, the future Secretary of State was elected to a scholarship in Balliol College, Oxford, whither he proceeded in 1832, and where he graduated as

B.A. in 1835, with the honourable distinction of a double first class. At a brief interval after this he won a fellowship in his college—and a good many years later on, it was in 1863, received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, in recognition of his public career and of his high political and administrative reputation.

Mr. Cardwell married, in 1838, Anne, daughter of the late Charles Steuart Parker, Esq., of Fairlie, Ayrshire, and, on the 16th of November in the same year, was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. While he yet pursued the practice of his profession, he was in the habit of going the Northern Circuit ; but a very few years sufficed to realise to him with sufficient distinctness that the bent of his career led in a quite different direction. The law courts were forsaken for the House of Commons, the barrister's gown was doffed, and an unnoticed counsel became, in a comparatively short time, a conspicuous member of Parliament. Mr. Cardwell's first constituency was that of Clitheroe in Lancashire, for which borough, although he had been nominally beaten by five votes on the 3rd of July, during the General Election of 1841, he was, nevertheless, immediately afterwards, seated on petition,

his opponent being declared to have been unduly elected.

As M.P. for Clitheroe, the young politician obtained his first successes in the Legislature, being regarded at that time as one of a select class familiarly spoken of, in those days, within the precincts of St. Stephen's, as 'Peel's Boys'—the head boy of the class being, it is hardly necessary to add, one W. E. Gladstone. As affording evidence that the Member for Clitheroe's abilities received the public recognition of his political chief, it is interesting to note, here, that for exactly one twelvemonth, from the February of 1845 to the February of 1846, Mr. Cardwell acted as Joint-Secretary to the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel's Government.

Upon the dissolution of Parliament in the following year, he abstained from appealing again to his former constituency, having, instead of that, during the General Election of July, 1847, the far higher distinction of being returned, at the head of the poll, as the representative of his native place, Liverpool. During precisely five years he retained that seat, namely, until the dissolution in the July of 1852; when, in the thick of the General Election immediately ensuing, he unsuccessfully contested

two seats, one in Ayrshire, the other his own just vacated seat at Liverpool. When the elections were over, he had the chagrin of finding the doors of the House of Commons closed against him.

At the very commencement of the year following, however, he was more than compensated ; for, on the 5th of January, 1853, he was first returned as a representative of what has ever since then continued to be, if we except merely one very brief interval, his most faithful constituency. He was then returned, in fact, without even a show of opposition, as M.P. for the City of Oxford—the opportune vacancy thus presenting itself to him arising out of the then late member’s promotion to the judicial dignity of Vice-Chancellor, that very Sir William Page Wood, who is now, as Baron Hatherley, one of Mr. Cardwell’s colleagues in the new Cabinet, on his promotion to the highest judicial dignity of all, that of the Lord High Chancellor.

One brief interval we have just now referred to, as exceptionally interrupting the otherwise unflawed friendship subsisting between Mr. Cardwell and his Oxford constituency, during a period already extending over sixteen years altogether. It occurred at the General Election of 1857, when he passed through the ordeal of a sharp contest, to all appear-

ance at first unsuccessful. Again, however, as upon the occasion of his earliest endeavour, fifteen years previously at Clitheroe, to obtain an entrance into the House of Commons, he contrived 'out of the nettle danger to pluck the flower safety'—his seemingly triumphant opponent at Oxford being unseated upon petition. In the July of that year, the ex-Secretary to the Treasury was re-elected for the City of Oxford, for which he has ever since then sat as its especially chosen and favourite representative.

It was upon the formation, on the 28th of December, 1852, of the Earl of Aberdeen's Coalition Government, that Mr. Cardwell was for the first time promoted to the high honour of a seat in the Cabinet. He was then sworn in as a Privy Councillor, on his nomination to the very office now allotted by Mr. Gladstone to the Right Hon. gentleman the Member for Birmingham. As President of the Board of Trade, he introduced, during his tenure of office, several important and valuable reforms, the beneficent operation of which, every year since their original introduction by him, has more and more clearly demonstrated. They are, as it were, the honourable mark he has left upon the department, and constitute of themselves conclusive attes-

tations of his good statesmanship. Upon the reconstruction of the Ministry, in the February of 1855, under the Premiership of Lord Palmerston, no post was confided to Mr. Cardwell in the Administration, the Presidency of the Board of Trade being awarded, through a still incomprehensible preference on the part of the new Prime Minister, to the Lord Stanley of Alderley.

Viscount Palmerston revised his opinion, however, a few years afterwards, when he resumed office on the 18th of June, 1859, as Head of his second Administration. In the first draft of the Cabinet, Lord Stanley of Alderley found no place whatever, whereas Mr. Cardwell was there as the Chief Secretary for Ireland. The former was subsequently introduced, in the September of 1860, in the capacity of Postmaster-General, in consequence of Lord Elgin being despatched to China as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. As Secretary for Ireland, but not as Cabinet Minister, Mr. Cardwell was succeeded in the July of 1861 by Sir Robert Peel; Mr. Cardwell himself thereupon becoming Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. That post he continued to occupy until the death of the Duke of Newcastle led to his advancement, on the 8th of April, 1864, to the Secretaryship of State for the

Colonies ; a position in which he was confirmed, after the demise of Lord Palmerston, when the Administration was reconstructed under Earl Russell's third Premiership. Passing into Opposition with his colleagues, in the July of 1866, Mr. Cardwell resumed office as Secretary of State for War in the December of 1868, upon the rapid formation by Mr. Gladstone of the new Liberal or rather Advanced-Liberal Government.

It is here mentioned by us simply as a matter of course in regard to Mr. Cardwell, remembering his origin and his birthplace, that he has long been enrolled as a Justice of the Peace for Lancashire. As far back as in 1853, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. And it is significant of the estimation in which he was held by his first political chief that, upon the death of Sir Robert Peel in the summer of 1850, Mr. Cardwell's name was found to have been inscribed among the number of that great statesman's Literary Executors. As Secretary for War he has now readily within his grasp the means of confirming and justifying his reputation, if only he cares to avail himself of the opportunity.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,

INDIAN SECRETARY.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

AMONG the new Government Offices in Downing Street, there is a reception-hall, worthy at last of the Imperial rule of England, worthy of that central seat of our Empire—Westminster. Spacious, lofty, symmetrical in its proportions, sumptuously decorated upon its walls and ceiling, approached by wide and noble staircases, and by corridors adorned with the richest marbles, and with encaustic paintings of ornate splendour and of extraordinary diversity—it is a hall in which, upon occasion, there might be holden, without any incongruity whatever, but, on the contrary, with a pomp in absolute harmony with Oriental notions of magnificence, a royal gathering of the native princes of Hindostan! A Durbar thronged by Rajah, and Nizam, and Vizier, and Begum, and Nabob—a hall, upon the tessellated floor of which one might fittingly count out lacs of rupees, measuring the Asiatic coin

by the bushel, like Ali Baba in the Arabian tale—an audience chamber, the only appropriate costumes for which would seem to be silken brocades and golden tissues, laden in profusion with ‘barbaric pearl,’ and precious stones.

A reception-hall of this resplendent and hitherto unprecedented character—unprecedented, at least, over here, in the midst of this sober and matter-of-fact atmosphere familiar to Englishmen—is at any rate befittingly associated with the new India Office, with the office of the newly established Secretaryship of State, to the care and conduct of which, only within these last few years, have been committed the destinies of our vast Eastern population. But little more than a single ‘decade’ has elapsed since, on the 2nd of August, 1858, by the magic utterance of the four simple words, ‘la Reine le veut,’ the memorable Act 21 & 22 Vict. cap. 106, was sanctioned and thereby completed, through which the whole fabric of our Indian Government was instantaneously transformed.

The old East India Company disappeared. The Queen of England became, in name and in fact, the Empress of Hindostan. The powers hitherto exercised by the Company in Leadenhall Street or by the Board of Control at Whitehall, became invested and

concentrated in the hands of another of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, the fifth as yet constituted, and known from that time forth, in Asia as well as in Europe, as, among the great governing departments of the British Administration, the Secretary of State for India. Under the directing authority of the Secretary of State, there is, as a matter of course, out in Calcutta, the executive authority of the Viceroy or Governor-General, appointed by the Crown, endowed with an annual income of 30,000*l.*, and aided by a Council of State, consisting of fifteen members, seven of whom are appointed by the Court of Directors, and eight by the Home Government.

Under the recently reorganised system it is that the sovereign sway of England, through the hands of the Indian Secretary of State, extends over a dominion the vast area of which is not far short of one million square miles ; and the influence is felt, more or less directly, by an Asiatic population, variously estimated at from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000. Throughout Bengal, Bombay, Madras, the Punjaub, and the North-West Provinces, the effects of our policy are profoundly and sensitively appreciated.

The Most Noble and Right Honourable George

Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyll, and now Secretary of State for India—the fifth in succession since that great administrative department came to be first established—was born on the 30th of April, 1823. The father of his Grace was John Douglas Henry Edward, seventh possessor of the Dukedom since the date of its creation, a hundred and sixty-eight years ago. That seventh Duke of Argyll, who died on the 26th of April, 1847—when he was succeeded in his long and magnificent array of titles by the now Secretary of State for India—had in his time been thrice married.

Neither by his first nor yet by his third wife did he have any issue—the mother of the present Duke being the second wife, Joan, daughter of John Glassel, Esq., of Long Niddry, in Haddingtonshire. Born, as we have just said, in 1823, the new Indian Secretary was but little more than twenty-three years of age himself—he had at any rate not yet reached the twenty-fourth anniversary of his birth—when he succeeded, on his father's death, to that array of titles already spoken of as so long and magnificent. They include among them, in fact, eight titles as Baron, two as Viscount, three as Earl, two as Marquess, and, the Aaron's rod of them all, the Dukedom.

The oldest barony, that of Campbell, dates back to 1445 ; the oldest earldom, that of Argyll, to 1457—there is another barony, the barony of Lorne, dating back to 1475—but the most extraordinary creation of them all was that of 1701, when the first of the house to wear the coronet of strawberry leaves was created, at one and the same time, Duke of Argyll, Marquess of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenilla, and Baron Inverary, Mull, Morven, and Tirey—all of the titles then and previously conferred upon the race being exclusively, however, in the peerage of Scotland. It was not until—less than a century since—in 1776, that a Duke of Argyll was enabled to take his place in the House of Lords, the Duke of that time being created, in the peerage of Great Britain, Baron Sundridge and Hamilton. As Lord Sundridge, it is that the Duke of Argyll takes his seat in the hereditary branch of the Legislature.

Before the present head of the house, the present Chief of the Clan of the Campbells, had taken his place, for the first time in the Upper House of Parliament, he had already, while known by his courtesy title as Marquess of Lorne, attracted some share of public attention to himself by his published writings. ‘A Letter to the Peers from a Peer’s

•

Son,' was the earliest of his literary productions. It appeared in 1842, when its author was little more than a stripling of nineteen. It had reference to a religious question then powerfully agitating the popular mind to the north of the Tweed. It related to the matter of lay patronage in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the abolition of which lay patronage, as in his estimation entirely anomalous, the Marquess of Lorne, then and there, distinctly recommended. His advocacy of those opinions, was further enforced by another and more comprehensive publication, proclaiming upon its very title-page, 'The Duty and Necessity of Immediate Legislative Interposition in Behalf of the Church of Scotland as Determined by Considerations of Constitutional Law,' the young and earnest writer giving, in the course of his argument, a rapid survey of the whole of the annals of Presbyterianism. His views were yet further expressed, within the very same twelvemonth, in a letter addressed to the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., on 'The Present Position of Church Affairs in Scotland.'

Dr. Chalmers had hailed with particular satisfaction the interest evidenced by the Marquess of Lorne in the controversy then raging among the Scotch Presbyterians. Nevertheless, the young

pamphleteer hesitated not to avow, distinctly enough, his disinclination to go the length to which Dr. Chalmers himself had gone when declaring that, according to his opinion, lay patronage and spiritual independence were as immiscible as oil and water. More than this, he frankly avowed his antagonism to what was then known as the Free Church Movement. Subsequently, in 1848, the year after he had succeeded to the Dukedom, his Grace collected together his hitherto scattered writings upon these ecclesiastical subjects, and embodied them, in a considerably expanded form, in an elaborate essay, at once critical and historical in its character, under the title of 'Presbytery Examined'—an essay embracing within it a complete survey, from his own point of view, of course, of the ecclesiastical annals of Scotland since the period of the Reformation.

Another and a far more remarkable contribution to literature, it may here be added, now that we are touching upon the Duke of Argyll's labours in authorship, his Grace produced eighteen years later on—for the book we are now referring to was published as recently as in 1866—a thoughtful, and in parts a really profound treatise, entitled, 'The Reign of Law,' a treatise, in its scope and in its purport,

not unworthy of having engaged the attention of a statesman, and of an earnest and reverent student in the science of Christian Philosophy.

While he was yet designated, by courtesy, the Marquess of Lorne, the future Cabinet Minister married, in 1844, the Lady Elizabeth Georgiana Leveson Gower, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. About eight years afterwards—having, in the interim, not only succeeded to his hereditary seat in the House of Lords, and there made good his claim to be regarded as a debater of considerable ability—he became, on the 28th of December, 1852, as Lord Privy Seal, a member of the Coalition Ministry, under Lord Aberdeen's Premiership. As Lord Privy Seal, until the July of 1855, he continued to sit in the Cabinet, after its reconstruction in the February of that year by Lord Palmerston as the Head of the Government. Lord Canning, however, having been appointed Governor-General of India, his Grace the Duke of Argyll, towards the close of November, was removed from the position of Lord Privy Seal to the vacated office of the Postmaster-General. Upwards of two years after that he was still Postmaster-General, when, in the February of 1858, Ministers having been defeated by a majority of nineteen on Mr. Milner Gibson's motion, collectively resigned.

Upon the restoration of Lord Palmerston to power, on the 18th of June, 1859, the Duke of Argyll was replaced in his former post as Lord Privy Seal, a post retained by him uninterruptedly, not only until the demise of that Premier, in the October of 1865, but until the resignation, in the June of 1866, of his immediate successor, Earl Russell. Under the Premiership of the new Leader of the Liberals, Mr. Gladstone, the country learnt, without surprise, in the December of 1868, that the office accepted by the Duke of Argyll was one worthier of a statesman's energies than any previously allotted to him, was one in which he might have at last some opportunity of displaying, if he so pleased, his capacity as an administrator.

As a debater, he has often distinguished himself in the parliamentary arena, but almost exclusively as a debater. His manner when speaking, his very appearance, the tone of his oratory, are all of them eminently characteristic. When he strides to the table of the House of Lords, his shoulders thrown back, his head erect, his chin in the air, the skirts of his broadcloth coat one could almost fancy changed into the Campbell tartan. The bright orange-coloured hair feathering up from his forehead is as the eagle plume in the highland bonnet.

The free, bold gestures, are as the brandishing of the claymore. In the very ring of his strident voice there is the clang of the pibroch. It is M'Callum More who is there before us, rather than George Douglas, Duke of Argyll. The floor of the House is as his native heather, and his name and his fame are those of the Highland Chieftain of the great clan of the Campbells.

As an Administrator, we repeat, he has now at last the opportunity of making good his claims upon the national consideration. Hitherto, having been seated in preceding Cabinets merely as Lord Privy Seal, and for a couple of years as Postmaster-General, his Grace has, until now, really enjoyed no such opportunity. It now, therefore, remains for him to demonstrate that he has, in truth, the gift of statesmanship. Until now his administrative capabilities have had no room for play—they have been veiled and hampered. As Lord Privy Seal, he could no more hope to win honour to himself in statecraft, than in any one of his numerous honorary or hereditary capacities—as Hereditary Sheriff, let us say, or Lord Lieutenant of Argyllshire, as Master of the Queen's Household in Scotland, as Keeper of Dunstaffnage, Dunoon and Carrick Castles. Honours he has had showered upon him at intervals abun-

dantly, and a few of these have yielded him a chance, of which he has upon every occasion eagerly availed himself—the chance, we mean, of achieving for himself some adventitious intellectual distinction.

Badges, baubles, initials of honorary significance he has had bestowed upon him, as have others among our titled and untitled legislators. He has been created a Knight of the Thistle. He has been sworn in a Privy Councillor. He has been enrolled as LL.D. He has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He has been named a Trustee of the British Museum. Honourable distinctions enough, but these are not what we are here referring to. In 1851 he was made Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's. From 1854 to 1855 he was the Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1860 he was President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In the September of 1855 he presided, with conspicuous ability, at Glasgow, over the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The noblest opportunity that has ever come within his reach, however, is the one which is at this moment, not simply within his reach, but within his grasp—now, when as Secretary of State for India

CABINET PICTURES.

the power, if he cares but to use it, of
moulding with sagacity and with beneficence the
policy of our Asiatic Empire, vaster than any that
ever owned obedience to the conquering sword of
Alexander.

THE
RIGHT HON. HUGH CHILDERS,
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE
RIGHT HON. HUGH CHILDERS.

ENGLAND'S^{*} last Lord High Admiral was his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. The office as such was even then, it is true, purely honorary. But, at any rate, that is the latest known revival of even the designation. It occurred under Mr. Canning's Premiership. And the exceptional fact of the restoration, thus for one brief interval, of the grand old title, serves at the least this good purpose, that it emphasises in a remarkable way the abnormal and anomalous position into which our whole system of maritime organisation has been brought by the sheer force of official usage, aided by the assent, or complicity, one is almost tempted to say, of a long series of Administrations. How abnormal and how anomalous the position thus arrived at in regard to the whole of the executive or administrative arrangements at the Admiralty is, may be found indicated plainly enough in the

wonderfully cumbrous character of the very title by which its authority is announced.

Commissioners—their Lordships call themselves—for Executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and so forth. It is, for all the world, as if—despairing of our ever being fortunate enough to discover some ‘Quinbus Flestrin,’ or Great Man Mountain, such as our old friend Lemuel Gulliver, when he was disporting himself among the Lilliputians, some one who with a single hand, like a true Lord High Admiral indeed, might take the whole of our fleets together in tow as Swift’s hero did by the naval armament of the Blefuscudians—we contented ourselves by grouping in a cluster, down at the Admiralty, a number of mortals of ordinary stature, looking to our arriving at last at some happy result from the arrangement, rather through numbers than through capacity.

Hence, at this moment, we have, as Lords Commissioners constituting the Board of Admiralty, the official lord or First Lord of the Admiralty with a seat in the Cabinet, a couple of Vice-Admirals, a Post Captain in the Royal Navy, who is also an M.P., and another, a civilian Member of the House of Commons! That is the Board precisely as it is

at this moment constituted—with this additional circumstance, which may be as well particularised, that one of the two Vice-Admirals is himself also Controller of the Navy.

Such, in effect, are the five Lords Commissioners, whether official, naval, or civil, now wielding the authority or, to employ once more the titular definition, executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom. Under ordinary circumstances the arrangement, such as it is, pulls through somehow—it can hardly be said creditably or satisfactorily, but at any rate without anything like disastrous consequences. Nevertheless, there is the obvious risk about it that, under any really unusual circumstances, the affairs of the department might possibly, would probably, come to grief. According to the familiar old proverb, between two stools there is always hazard of coming to the ground. Yet, in very despite of the homely warning thus conveyed to us through ‘the wisdom of many and the wit of one’—we confidently rest the whole of our maritime system upon the quintuple prop of our Board of Admiralty—upon our five Lords Commissioners. Whatever another of those whimsical old axioms may tell us to the contrary, two heads are seldom better than one: but—five! It is like that direct

evil of all in a Campaign—a Council of War : the surest guarantee for victory all the while being, on the contrary, the direction of the forces in the field by a dictatorial Commander-in-Chief.

As it happens, there are just now visible among us two happy auguries of a possible change for the better in our management of affairs at the Admiralty. There is, in the first place, at this moment, a more vivid realisation than ever, both within and without the walls of Parliament, that the department demands, imperatively, a complete reorganisation. Added to which, there is a very general impression also—whether correctly founded or not, events must demonstrate—that, in the newly appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, there are both the capacity and the willingness to effect the required transformation.

The Right Honourable Hugh Culling Eardley Childers, was born on the 25th of June, 1827, in London. He is the only son of the late Reverend Eardley Childers, of Cantley, Yorkshire, by Maria Charlotte, the eldest daughter of the late Sir Culling Smith, Bart., of Bedwell Park, Hertfordshire. Having commenced his education at Cheam School, he completed it at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as B.A. in 1850. Obtain-

ing his degree thus, in the twenty-third year of his age, in that same year, 1850, he was married to Emily, the third daughter of George Walker, Esq., of Norton, Worcestershire. It was a date marking in every way his entrance upon life, on leaving the University, for, before the year was out, he had, with his young wife, taken his departure from England for the antipodes, going out in search of an active career, which he at once discovered and commenced, in Australia. Immediately upon his arrival in those 'fresh fields and pastures new,' he became a member of the then recently established Government of Victoria.

That independent Government had been called into existence by an Act passed in the Imperial Parliament during the session of 1850, the session just concluded when Mr. Childers set forth on his voyage to Australia. The enactment referred to, 13 & 14 Vict. cap. 59—For the Better Government of Her Majesty's Australian Colonies forming the Colony of Victoria—bestowed upon that portion of our antarctic possessions the priceless boon of a Representative Constitution. It also fully empowered the legislative body to levy customs, duties, and taxes of other descriptions.

In the inauguration of this new Government,

Mr. Childers, young though he was, had a very conspicuous share, both as an administrator and as a legislator. He was a member of the very first Cabinet formed in Victoria, and he was also one of the popular representatives in the very first Legislative Assembly which was there convened. His office in the Cabinet was that of Commissioner of Trade and Customs. His seat in the Victorian Legislature was as Member for Portland. That constituency he represented in 1856 and 1857. His Ministerial position he held, however, not simply during two but during as many as six years altogether, namely from 1851, the year of his arrival in Victoria, to the beginning of 1857, the date of his departure homewards. So that it has been with him, as it had previously been with his distinguished colleague, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer—he had learnt statesmanship in Australia before his entrance into the nobler arena of the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Lowe, it will be remembered, had returned to England in 1850, before Mr. Childers—his junior by sixteen years—had arrived, in 1851, in Australia. The former had been member of Council for seven years, from 1843 to 1850; the latter had been for six years, that is from 1851 to 1857, member, as we have seen, of the first Cabinet.

One had sat for two years (1848-1849) as Member for Sydney—one for two years (1856-1857) as Member for Portland. The Hon. Robert Lowe and the Hon. Hugh Childers returned homewards, each in turn, laden with Australian experiences—the latter to take his seat in the British Cabinet eventually as First Lord of the Admiralty, the former as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Tutored in the same school, they have together won their way to high office for the first time in the same Government.

It was in the character of Agent-General for the colony of Victoria that Mr. Childers, in 1857, arrived in England. Within a couple of years after his return, he had obtained a seat in the House of Commons. He entered the House, for the first time, in the February of 1860, as the colleague of Mr. Monckton Milnes, the poet (since created Lord Houghton), having been just then elected one of the two representatives of the borough of Pontefract. His acquisition, thus, of a place in the legislature, was not accomplished, however, without some difficulty. He had unsuccessfully appealed to that same constituency in the April of 1859, but, having afterwards petitioned against the return, the sitting member resigned, a new writ was issued, and the

future Cabinet Minister was elected, as we have said, for the first time as M.P. for Pontefract. As member for that borough, he has held his place in the House of Commons ever since then uninterruptedly. He was re-elected in the April of 1864, and again in the July of 1865, and now more recently, twice in rapid succession, as we all know, namely, during the last General Election, and immediately afterwards on the abrupt change of Government.

Within a year after his first entrance into the House, Mr. Childers was appointed, in 1861, Chairman of the Select Committee on Transportation. Two years afterwards he was gazetted as one of the Royal Commissioners instructed to inquire into laws relating to Penal Servitude: and four years later on, in 1867, was gazetted as a Royal Commissioner to investigate the Constitution of the Law Courts. It should be mentioned, in regard to his labours in connection with the earlier of these two Royal Commissions, that his individual recommendations, in respect to transportation, were eventually accepted and acted upon by Her Majesty's Government.

Nearly five years have now elapsed since Mr. Childers, after a career of no more than four years

in the House of Commons, was selected as worthy of office by the then Premier, Viscount Palmerston. He was, thereupon, this was in the April of 1864, appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty—the very department over which he is now presiding as a Cabinet Minister. Continued in that appointment until the August of 1865, he was then removed to the position of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, a position which he continued to hold in the Government reconstructed by Earl Russell immediately upon the death of his predecessor in the Premiership. As Financial Secretary to the Treasury Mr. Childers fully sustained and, so to speak, justified, the high reputation for administrative ability which he had brought back with him from Australia.

His career in the interim, outside the House of Commons, had been sufficiently active and energetic. In evidence of which, it may be here stated that, besides being the author of several vigorous pamphlets on Free Trade, on Railway policy, and on National Education, he is the Chairman of the Great India Peninsular Railway Company, and a Director of four companies as considerable as the London and County Bank, the Bank of Australia, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company,

and the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance. Entered some years since as a student of Lincoln's Inn, he has never yet been called to the Bar. He has been long since enrolled as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and has been for some time a Justice of the Peace for the West Riding of Yorkshire. The sagacity, but more than that, the resolution displayed by him upon two or three notable occasions during his brief term of office as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, yield the best sureties we now have of hope that his rule at the Admiralty will be that, not simply of an able administrator, but of a bold and comprehensive innovator.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT,

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

SINCE the days of Daniel O'Connell, the three kingdoms have produced no worthier claimant to the title of Tribune of the People than the Member for Birmingham. He has the matchless gift of oratory. He has the courage of a Gladiator. He is as thorough an Englishman as O'Connell was a thorough Irishman. Without the same lofty stature, he has, for his more moderate height, the same robust frame and vigorous proportions. Equally with his Celtic predecessor, and for a very brief time it might even be said contemporary—he has the raciest motherwit, the noblest voice, the rarest eloquence, and, together with these, he has the same unyielding determination, the same indomitable audacity, the same unconquerable perseverance. Occasionally, but it must be said in fairness, only occasionally, he will do what O'Connell did, as one may assert, persistently and by rule whenever the humour prompted him—

meaning that he will allow his tongue, what we at least must regard as, unwarrantable licence, when dealing mercilessly with an antagonist.

It was thus, when, with an air of insufferable scorn—a scorn, too, in no respect whatever justified, or in any way provoked—he reprobated the famous speech in which the late Prime Minister recounted the circumstances of a memorable interview with his Sovereign ; referring to that speech and reproaching it, as we have said, with an air of insufferable scorn, as a mixture of servility and arrogance. The epithets were in no way applicable. They were as absolutely inapplicable as though they had been words imputing to the then leader of the Government a distinct charge of untruth. Throughout the whole of the elaborate address which Mr. Bright thus most unjustifiably vilified—an address to every syllable of which we had listened, as had every one else in that crowded chamber, with the closest attention and the keenest scrutiny, from the first syllable to the last, there had not been the smallest indication whatever—we assert it—of anything like the merest approach even to servility or to arrogance. The words uttered were weighty, the explanation was minute, the tone from first to last was subdued and temperate.

The speech, in point of fact, was precisely the kind of speech in which a great statesman might reasonably be expected to relate, not 'with bated breath and whispered humbleness,' but calmly and deliberately, the incidents of an interview of a really momentous character between himself, as the responsible Minister of the Crown, and the reigning Sovereign. The unfairness of the taunt, thus hurled across the House at the Prime Minister, was all the more surprising, because, repeatedly before then, the Member for Birmingham had evidenced not only a generous recognition of the genius of the man he was thus assailing, or rather let us say, for the simple fact was so, traducing, but a direct sympathy with some of the leading attributes of that genius, and with one or two even of its life-long aspirations. Have they not both appealed more or less throughout the whole of their careers—from opposite directions if you will, but for all that none the less pointedly—to the same masses of their countrymen, the democracy? That Prime Minister he was reviling, had he not so far carried out his own, John Bright's, programme of Parliamentary Reform that he, Benjamin Disraeli, had endowed the people of England with Household Suffrage as the basis of representation?

Were they not akin too, are they not akin—more than any other two men who could be named, either in the last or the present House of Commons—in that, perhaps most sympathetic faculty of all, the faculty distinctive of a genuine and subtle humourist? Than the Member for Buckinghamshire, we doubt whether any one within the walls of the legislature, or out of it, more thoroughly enjoyed the exquisite appositeness of the suggestion by Mr. Bright that the late Member for Stroud had invited all those who were in any way discontented to assemble around him in a political Cave of Adullam; or, still more, the inimitable drollery with which, after congratulating Mr. Horsman upon having secured, at any rate, one recruit in the late member for Calne, now Mr. Bright's own colleague in the Cabinet, the Member for Birmingham reminded the House that some one had once entertained an opinion that two men could make a party—adding, with a twinkle of the eyes and a chuckle of contagious exhilaration, 'But there is one great difficulty, which it is impossible to ignore, as in the Scotch terrier which is so covered with hair, you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail.'

As unhesitatingly we would now, on the other hand, maintain that there is no member of the

House of Commons who has so thorough or so genial an appreciation of the casual masterpieces as a humourist flung off, carelessly, in a passing sentence, sometimes in the merest epithet, by that political novelist and Parliamentary satirist, whose boast it is, during all these, from twenty to thirty years last past, to be the leader of the Tory democracy. Fugitive sentences, accidental phrases as they almost seem occasionally, as when he referred, this last session, to the Right Honourable Member for Calne, whenever the bark from the opposite side became audible, emerging not from a cave, but from a more cynical habitation, and joining in the chorus of 'reciprocal malignity.' Or, as when, with an 'insouciant' air, in reply to the attacks of the Marquess of Salisbury, then in the House of Commons as Lord Cranborne, while admitting his possession of great vigour in invective, observing also that he displayed no lack of vindictiveness, he added, 'but I must say I think his invective wants finish.' Or, as when, to give a crowning instance, after complimenting the now Chancellor of the Exchequer upon being learned, although he despised history, and almost as skilled in logic as Dean Aldrich, he wound up by adding that, what was more remarkable than his learning and his logic,

was what particularly characterised him—his power of ‘spontaneous aversion.’ Paradoxical, though it may appear to say so, we should have expected—if only by reason of their sympathy as humourists, and still more by reason of the democratic kinship, distinctly traceable between them—between this proposer and this realiser of Household Suffrage as the broad and permanent basis of Parliamentary representation—that the Member for Birmingham, upon the occasion already particularised, would have directed, could have directed, no such ungenerous and unjustifiable aspersion as the one we have here objected to, against the leader of the opposite party—the Member for Buckinghamshire.

At intervals, during the course of his public career—happily, we repeat, at very rare intervals—that true Tribune of the People, the Member for Birmingham, has evidenced upon other occasions the same extraordinary lack of magnanimity. It has been thus with him, apparently in moments of political aberration, when, in terms that even the scurrilous Junius would have reprobated, he has at times scattered his ungrateful and ungracious gibes at some of the Leading Organs (not one jot less than himself) of Public Opinion here in England. Upon occasions like these, he might have learnt a hint of

some wise reticence from even one of the dead and gone leaders of the vanished political party of the Young Englanders—recalling to mind those generous words of George Smythe, the seventh Viscount Strangford, when he spoke, hyperbolically it may be, but with a noble and lofty hyperbole, of ‘England as governed by her journals, though the names of her journalists are unknown.’ When the Member for Birmingham is under oratorical excitement, however, his judgment is liable to get off its balance, his good taste is out of gear, his sense of propriety becomes askew. Take him at his best, and no public man now living is more magnanimous. Take him at his worst and he becomes what his favourites, the Americans, emphatically express in one word as—cautionary.

Perhaps no finer illustration of the President of the Board of Trade when at his best could by possibility be adduced than his magnificent tribute to the late Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, on the 28th of January, 1846, upon the very morrow of that great statesman’s grandest speech, and, as we conceive it to have been, the grandest act of his whole political life, his announcement that the Corn Laws were to be at last abolished. So magnanimous, so generous, so exquisite in their

manly evidences of appreciation, were the words then uttered in regard to that speech by the then Member for Manchester, that the Premier's emotion in listening to them was simply irrepressible. As the large-hearted orator spoke, as those burning words passed his lips—'You say the Premier is a traitor,' adding immediately, 'It would ill become me to attempt his defence after the speech he delivered last night—a speech, I will venture to say, more powerful and more to be admired than any speech that has been delivered within the memory of any man in this House'—as he went on to say—'I watched him as he went home last night, and for the first time I envied him his feelings. That speech has circulated by scores of thousands throughout the kingdom and throughout the world, and wherever a man is to be found who loves justice, and wherever there is a labourer you have trampled under foot, that speech will bring joy to the heart of the one and hope to the breast of the other'—as those words fell upon the hearing of Sir Robert Peel, as he sat there on the Treasury Bench, still Prime Minister of England, deserted by his party, forsaken by his friends, but beloved and honoured by the great mass of this vast commonwealth, from the Queen on the throne to the humblest cottager and the poorest artizan,

the tears started from his eyes, the great minister's heart was touched, his very conscience, we may say, in a moment of sore tribulation, was comforted. Yes—at his best, Mr. Bright can be more than magnanimous, he can be magnificent.

In that really memorable speech of his, that speech delivered by him in the House of Commons three-and-twenty years ago, on the 28th of January, 1846, there is one passage which, as it seems to us, is singularly appropriate at this moment in its application to himself. He is still commenting upon the then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, and, addressing himself especially while he does so to the recalcitrant 'soi-disant' supporters of the Government: 'You placed him,' he says, 'in office.' And he then adds these words—'When a man is in office he is not the same man as when he is in Opposition.' And observes, yet more, a moment afterwards—'There are such things as the responsibilities of office.' Fully ten years ago, Bulwer Lytton, in his masterly celebration of our great Parliamentary Orators, wrote of him, we will hope, prophetically—

'Let Bright responsible for England be,
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see.'

Yes, as the Member for Birmingham himself has said, 'there are such things as the responsibilities

of office.' These responsibilities are weighing honourably upon him at this moment, the 'fruits of a distinction fairly won,' as the *Edinburgh Review* has just now declared with admirable emphasis, 'won by no unworthy arts or time-serving strategy, but achieved by sheer force of power, energy, honesty, and genius.' Regarded for years as a Demagogue, the most brilliant Orator in the House of Commons has come at last to be recognised as a Statesman.

The Right Honourable John Bright was born on the 16th of November, 1811, at Greenbank, near Rochdale, in Lancashire. He is the eldest son of the late Jacob Bright, Esq., an enterprising cotton-spinner of that county, who was then established in Rochdale as the proprietor of a mill called Crankyshaw. The future Tribune of the People, now one of her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers, started in life without the advantages of an academic education. Years ago, while speaking in the House of Commons upon the Factory System, he volunteered the statement that he had never been at school since he was fifteen. His earliest instructions he received in Rochdale, completing his studies at the early age just named at a scholastic establishment in Yorkshire. After that, while yet a stripling, he devoted himself assiduously to the business avocations by

which he was surrounded. Those avocations he has never since then forsaken or neglected.

Laborious though his life has been as a politician, he has still, through it all, had regard to those mercantile pursuits to which his energies were applied even in the period of his childhood. He is still, to this day, one of the leading partners in the two large firms of John Bright and Brothers, Cotton-Spinners and Manufacturers, of Rochdale, and of Bright and Company, Carpet Manufacturers, of Rochdale and Manchester. Twice he has been married—first of all, in 1839, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Jonathan Priestman, Esq., of Benwell House, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and secondly, in 1847, to Margaret Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the late William Leatham, Esq., of Heath, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Bereaved, very shortly after his first marriage, by the death of his young wife in 1841, Mr. Bright had been sought out, in the first bitterness of his grief as a widower, by his then acquaintance during some half-a-dozen years—afterwards (until death separated them also) during some four-and-twenty years his intimate friend and illustrious associate—the late Mr. Cobden, who, after condoling with him under his affliction, challenged him, almost as though it were an anodyne to his

sorrow, to join him heart and soul in doing battle with the Corn Laws, never resting until such time as they should have secured their final abolition.

That warm-hearted challenge was accepted: those two men went forth and did battle for five years with the Protective system; and when those five years were completed, Richard Cobden and John Bright had the happiness of witnessing, as the reward of their great labours, the triumph of the principles of Free Trade by their formal incorporation in an Act of Parliament. The History of the famous League has been told by a Frenchman. It is related in a book written by Frédéric Bastiat, and entitled simply 'Cobden et la Ligue.' It is a record worthy of preservation, recounting, as it does, one of those peaceful and beneficent victories which are intrinsically as heroic as any blood-stained conquest ever achieved upon a battle-field, and the distinctive glory of which is that, unlike the successes won by the edge of the sword, they materially advance instead of actually retarding civilisation. It has all the unity of an epic, that simple narrative relating in eloquent terms the rise and progress, the rapid and gigantic development, the eventual and conclusive triumph of the powerful organisation known and still gratefully remembered as that of the Anti-

Corn-Law League, a League having Cobden as its Leader, with Bright as his Lieutenant.

During the Parliamentary Reform agitation of 1831 and 1832, the young manufacturer of Rochdale, then still a minor, had already begun to take an interest in the politics of his country, those politics which were afterwards to be so profoundly influenced by his unsuspected gift of oratory. When he was yet in his twenty-fourth year, namely, in 1835, he first met his senior by seven years, Richard Cobden, at that time a Calico-Printer of Lancashire, and then but very recently elected an Alderman of the newly-created municipality at Manchester. The occasion of this meeting arose simply out of the circumstance of the young Green-bank Cotton Spinner calling upon Mr. Cobden at his warehouse in Moseley Street, Manchester, with a request that he would attend a public meeting then coming off at Rochdale upon the subject of National Education. At that meeting it was that they first addressed an assemblage in each other's hearing. During the very next year, 1836, there was formed in London an Anti-Corn-Law Association.

The year afterwards, 1837, a year ever memorable in our annals as that which witnessed the death of the late King and the accession of the Reigning

Sovereign, was remarkable, among other things, for a General Election, at the close of which it was found that eight-and-thirty Free Traders had been returned to Parliament. It proved a magical number in its way—for, in the year following, namely, in the October of 1838, as the germ of the still undreamt of League, there assembled together, in a back room at Manchester, a little cluster of earnest advocates of Free Trade whose aggregate number within a very few days afterwards had been increased to thirty-eight, the catalogue of whose names was immediately announced in the local newspapers under the title of the Provisional Committee of the Anti-Corn-Law Association. What with the thirty-eight free-trade members in the House of Commons, and those thirty-eight Provisional Committeemen at Manchester, the year 1838 drew to its close with evil auguries for the Corn Laws, and happy auspices for the fast multiplying number of the Abolitionists.

Before 1839 had far advanced, the Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Association had expanded from a merely provincial into a comprehensive and really national undertaking, thenceforth known far and wide by its historical title as the Anti-Corn-Law League. In the November of that year, upon

the occasion of a public banquet at Bolton, in Lancashire, Cobden and Bright first addressed the same assemblage in their capacity as Free Trade Advocates. It was only, however, after the subsiding of the first anguish of his great home-grief, in 1841, that Mr. Bright, by way of responding to the generous appeal of his political associate, Mr. Cobden—from that time forth his fast friend—came before the public in any way conspicuously. In point of fact, it was not until Tuesday, the 8th of February, 1842, that he first delivered what may be called quite accurately one of his really great speeches. It was upon the occasion of an immense meeting of Anti-Corn-Law Delegates at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand.

Mr. Bright was then thirty years of age. He had as yet no seat in Parliament. He was simply there as a champion of free trade principles. He addressed the meeting, warmed to his work, spoke for a considerable time with impressive fervour, and at last, in the delivery of the peroration, with impassioned earnestness. His speech was greeted with acclamations. If he had never recognised the fact previously, he must have understood then at last that he had in his brain, at his heart, on his lips, that priceless gift for a public man, the

power of persuasion. And it is a gift which, ever since then, he has sedulously and most conscientiously cultivated. He has cultivated it with such happy results, moreover, that he has long achieved for himself the distinction of being one of the first orators in the annals of the English Parliament. His speeches, or at the least several of the most remarkable among his speeches, have recently been collected together in two substantial volumes, volumes having the fullest right to be ranged side by side with those of the greatest masters of oratory whose rhetorical triumphs in debate are among the most treasured traditions of the legislature.

Not long after Mr. Bright's earliest great success as a public speaker, he for the first time came face to face with Mr. Gladstone. Colleagues now in the same Cabinet, the one as Premier, the other as President of the Board of Trade, they had never until then, in 1842, been brought directly into communication. Mr. Gladstone was at that time, as already mentioned in those earlier pages of the present volume in which we have given, as accurately as possible, a rapid summary of his public career, Vice-President of the Board of Trade under Sir Robert Peel's Government. Over him there was still placed, at the head of the Board,

the Earl of Ripon, whom Mr. Gladstone was so soon afterwards to succeed in the capacity of President. It was as one of a deputation waiting upon those two administrators, in their official character, that Mr. Bright, now himself President of the Board of Trade, first met Mr. Gladstone, now himself First Lord of the Treasury.

A year afterwards the Rochdale manufacturer had won his way to a seat in the House of Commons. Having unsuccessfully contested the election for the City of Durham, with Viscount Dungannon, in the April of 1843, Mr. Bright in the following July—the candidate previously returned having been unseated on petition—contrived, upon the issuing of a new writ, to head his next rival for the suffrages of that constituency by a clear majority of seventy-eight. As Member for Durham he held his place in the House of Commons from the July of 1843 to the July of 1847, being exactly four years altogether. During his very first year in the House, namely, upon the 7th of August, 1843, he delivered his maiden speech in support of Mr. Ewart's motion for the further extension of Free Trade Principles. Ceasing to be Member for Durham upon the dissolution of Parliament in 1847, Mr. Bright had

the distinction of being returned in the ensuing general election, in the July of that year, as the colleague of Mr. Milner Gibson in the representation of Manchester. Re-elected with the same colleague by that same constituency at the next General Election, on the 9th of July, 1852, Mr. Bright continued in the House until the dissolution of 1857, as Member for Manchester. He had then the mortification of being signally defeated. His name was in ill-repute at the time, by reason of his powerfully expressed antagonism to the war with China, and his unquestionably conscientious advocacy of what were then scouted as the peace-at-any-price principles.

Rejected by Manchester, in the April of 1857, he was, nevertheless, in the August of 1857, immediately upon the death of Mr. Muntz, cordially welcomed by the electors of the great Liberal constituency of Birmingham. For Birmingham, ever since that time, he has sat in the House of Commons by right of re-election after re-election—his well-known place hitherto, whether on the side of the Government or on the side of the Opposition, accordingly as the Liberal Party has happened to be in or out, being the first seat on the second bench immediately below the gangway. Removed at

length from that familiar spot—denied the retention any longer of the character of an Independent Member—transformed into a Privy Councillor, and endowed with a responsible post in the Cabinet—Mr. Bright now assumes his place on the Treasury Bench, but it is still as Member for Birmingham.

Several years prior to his formal rejection by his previous constituency, Mr. Bright had alienated himself from the electors of Manchester by those views of his in regard to the sinfulness of war under any circumstances, which appeared to them, and in effect to the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, to be little less than craven, but which were, nevertheless, it must be admitted, only reasonable enough and perfectly consistent on his own part as a member of the Society of Friends. A comparatively brief interval had elapsed after the period of his last return to the House of Commons as Member for Manchester, when this country had been allowed to drift into a contest far more formidable than any mere war with the Chinese. Europe was in a flame from the Baltic to the Euxine; Russian territory was invaded by the armed forces of England and France, in association with those of Sardinia and Turkey; Sebastopol was besieged; Bomarsund and Eupatoria were bombarded; and throughout the

whole of those heroic exploits, while the heart of England was burning within her with patriotic ardour, the reproachful accents of this uncompromising antagonist of war under any and every conceivable pretext, was audible at intervals, in the House and out of it, in season and out of season, assailing the Government, lamenting the bloodshed, reprehending the whole policy of the country, as one diametrically opposed in its very nature to the whole principles of Christianity. If the electors of Manchester could have rid themselves of Mr. Bright

as their—for those reasons—most incongruous and inappropriate representative, they would have done so long before their final rejection of him in 1857. They delayed doing so until then, because only then was it that the dissolution of Parliament and the fresh appeal to them at the ensuing General Election afforded them the opportunity. The course pursued by him immediately before that in regard to the Chinese War, was merely the repetition of the course pursued by him during several years previously in regard to the war in the Crimea.

Almost simultaneously with the close at last of that great struggle between the allied armies and the legions of the Russian Autocrat, the Censor of all the combatants indiscriminately was, amidst the

profound regret of even those who sympathised with him the least, struck down by a severe and alarming illness, which necessitated his withdrawal altogether from public life, and compelled him for a time to travel in search of health upon the European continent. He was yet sojourning in Italy when he received tidings, in the March of 1857, of the defeat of Lord Palmerston's Government in regard to the Chinese gunboats. That defeat inspired hopes which, however, as we have since seen, proved to be altogether illusory. Seeking once more to be re-elected by his already estranged constituency, then it was that he had the chagrin of finding himself and his colleague disdainfully cast aside by the electors of Manchester. Whatever may be thought of his views in regard to the momentous alternative of War and Peace, there cannot be one moment's question as to the sincerity, any more than as to the consistency, of his always manfully avowed opinions. Those opinions he has invariably expressed, whether within or without the walls of Parliament, out of the fulness of his heart, and in obedience to the dictates of his conscience. And in his articulation of his profound and earnest convictions as an advocate of Peace, he has occasionally touched to the very soul an alien

audience by the noble thoughts and exquisite sentiments to which, in moving words, his impassioned lips have given utterance.

Upon other vitally important questions besides the question of peace, Mr. Bright has had occasion frequently, during his public career, to address wholly unsympathising hearers. Never once has he done so reluctantly. Opposition, seemingly, has been to him a direct incentive. As a financial reformer he has always been, in defiance of every obstacle, the strenuous supporter of the most bold and comprehensive innovations. As an untiring and devoted friend of the Federal cause throughout the whole of the great Civil War in America, he never once relaxed in his avowed and outspoken antagonism to the Confederates. Fired with indignation at the recognition of some monstrous wrong, no remedy whatever, so soon as he could once realise the fact that it was in any way likely to be one, has ever appeared to him too daring or too hazardous for its removal. He has hesitated not to propose the application of the system of free trade in land with a view to the removal or mitigation of the evils producing Irish destitution. Appointed, in 1849, one of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Official Salaries, he perceived

then, as he had perceived previously, as he has perceived, if that be possible, more and more clearly ever since, the necessity for more systematic and comprehensive efforts at administrative retrenchment than any upon which the legislature, at the instance of the Government of the day, has had the courage to adventure. As far back as in the session of 1853, he voted for the Ballot—sixteen years before his colleagues, the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Home Secretary, had the faintest glimmering of an idea that in the ballot-box there was any reliable guarantee for electoral independence.

Carried away by his zealous advocacy of some cause, then, it has happened, very near and very dear indeed to his heart and his convictions, Mr. Bright has upon two occasions run the imminent risk of striking a foul blow at what we can none of us but regard as the very root and basis of the constitution. He, more directly than any other man now living, has, at these critical moments, done his very utmost, and almost, it has seemed, with the greatest possible deliberation and, so to speak, with malice prepense, to bring the two branches of the imperial legislature into open and direct collision. Whereas, he ought in reason to have borne in mind—what has been nobly expressed

by Blackstone in his Commentaries in these solemn and most weighty words—that 'The Constitutional Government of this island is so admirably tempered and compounded that nothing can endanger or hurt it but destroying the equilibrium of power between one branch of the legislature and the rest.' The great Commentator adding, 'For if ever it should happen that the independence of any one of these should be lost, or that it should become subservient to the views of either of the other two,

there would soon be an end to our constitution.'

Beyond which it is worth while calling to remembrance the consideration that a radical and fundamental change, precisely of that kind, according to the philosophic view of Locke, no matter how it might have been effected, would result at once in 'an entire dissolution of the bonds of Government.' That harmonious combination in our administrative system of the usually independent authorities of a monarchy, an aristocracy, and a democracy—which was pronounced to be little better than a fastastic day-dream by Tacitus, but which was prophetically foreshadowed by Cicero as at once the wisest and directest mode of securing to a free people the advantages of an almost perfect sovereignty—that exceptional combination in one

system of those three elsewhere antagonistic powers, is precisely what has been possessed here in England during a long series of generations, what is among all things human our most treasured inheritance, what constitutes at one and the same time the glory and the guarantee of our liberties, that ægis and palladium of our rights, known the whole world over as the British Constitution.

Sacred beyond all our earthly possessions, that 'golden mean,' arrived at centuries ago, as almost by a happy instinct, is, in simple truth, what we have reason the most tenderly and reverently to preserve. Tread lightly, there — it is hallowed ground. Touch not that with an insensate hand — it is the ark of our freedom. Voltaire has seen it, and has said of it —

*'Aux murs de Westminster on voit paraître ensemble
Trois pouvoirs étonnés du nœud qui les rassemble,
Les députés du peuple, et les grands, et le roi,
Divisés d'intérêt, réunis par la loi ;
Tous trois, membres sacrés de ce corps invincible,
Dangereux à lui-même, à ses voisins terrible.'*

Happily now, most happily, as we believe, both for his own reputation as a loyal and patriotic citizen, and for the uninterrupted continuance of good government amongst those who are his immediate contemporaries, the Tribune of the People,

who has at intervals, in the ardour of his pursuit of reforms, in themselves of a most beneficent character, approached as nearly as might be without an actual invasion or infringement of the law, to the advocacy of the unsettling of this exquisitely-adjusted equilibrium of the three great dominant powers of the State, is now, when in the fulness of his own powers, and at the height of his career, weighted with those very responsibilities of office, the benignant influence of which, years ago, when he could have had himself no notion whatever of his ever becoming a Cabinet Minister, he was instant to recognise, and, upon a memorable occasion in the House of Commons itself, loudly and eloquently to proclaim.

Gifted, the country has long known him to be with all the graces of oratory. Conspicuous among the most eminent public men of our time, even his enemies have always recognised him as being for courage, perseverance, honesty of purpose, consistency, and indomitable determination. Let us now have reason to acknowledge in his instance, as crowning all those undoubtedly noble endowments or characteristics of his genius, what has hitherto been mainly wanting to them—moderation. We have an assured confidence that, at this great

turning-point in his career when, with his hair whitened in the unpaid service of his country, he takes his seat for the first time among his compeers on the Treasury bench as a Minister of State and a Privy Councillor of his Sovereign, he will not belie the expectations of his fellow-countrymen.

As a Parliamentary Orator he has for years past been first among the very first. Those even who have merely read the reports of his speeches will admit that he is so, and will admit it unhesitatingly. Those, on the other hand, who have actually heard him, and heard him repeatedly, will not hesitate to add that there is no extravagance whatever in that apparently exaggerated praise very recently bestowed upon him by a reviewer in the *Edinburgh*, where it is said, 'We doubt if our language possess a record of any speeches really spoken which are superior to them.' For ourselves, we say in reference to Mr. Bright's capabilities as an orator, that we have heard and seen him produce effects in the House of Commons as brilliant and startling as we should conceive it possible for any orator to have produced.

We have heard him speak by the hour together, with, at the close of every sentence, an explosion of applause, now from one side of the House, now from the other, now from both sides of it simultaneously.

His influence as a Tribune of the People we would here at length see tempered by his influence as a Constitutional Statesman. His fame as an orator he cannot surpass, but he can add to it, he can enhance it, he can crown it by the fame of a wise and sagacious administrator.

**THE RIGHT HON. CHICHESTER
FORTESCUE,**

SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

THE RIGHT HON. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE.

ARRANGING the fifteen members of the Cabinet strictly according to the order of precedence, the Chief Secretary for Ireland ought, perhaps, to be entered here by rights at the very close of the list of our principal administrators. The occasion, however, is one of so really exceptional a character, that an official always of importance in the Administration—what though he is one to whom is but very seldom allotted a seat in the Cabinet—assumes to himself at this moment an especial prominence among the leading Ministers of the Crown. Upon a question vitally affecting the future condition of that integral part of the United Kingdom which is peculiarly committed to his charge, there has been made, as we all know, within these last few months a direct appeal to the country, out of the unmistakable response accorded to which by the enlarged constituencies, the present Government started into

existence, even before the assembling of the new Parliament. The Secretary for Ireland is, therefore, more conspicuously brought at this moment under the scrutiny of the Legislature, at the very commencement of the parliamentary session, than the majority of his colleagues in the Administration. Every one must recognize in the instant that he is distinctly in the van where the great political struggle of the time is just beginning—that great parliamentary contest as to whether the Irish

Church shall be maintained or shall be abolished, to the settlement of which all political parties, Whig and Tory, Liberal and Conservative, Radical and Constitutionalist, are long since solemnly pledged and committed.

A Secretary for Ireland, perhaps, never had so golden an opportunity of winning credit to himself among the great mass of the population as the holder of that office in the Gladstone Government. When the Act of Catholic Emancipation was passed, the Secretary for Ireland had no seat in the Cabinet of the Duke of Wellington. It was reasonably enough decided, however, by the new Premier, immediately upon his being entrusted by her Majesty with the responsibility of forming an Administration, that to the Irish Secretary should be at once ensured, as had been done under the last few

Governments, the authoritative position of a Cabinet Minister. Any other determination than that on the part of the new Prime Minister would, in effect, in no way have harmonised with the magnanimity of the whole policy sketched out by him for the sister island, with a view to its better government. The course upon which he and his colleagues are now adventuring is distinctly and avowedly one of reparation. Hitherto Ireland, God knows, has had only too great reason to complain. The past is past, however; and England is resolved that she shall have cause for reproach no longer. The anomaly of the Irish Church has, for years upon years, been one among the most flagrant scandals in Christendom. It is forthwith to be swept away at last with a resolute hand, at whatever cost to ourselves. England has asserted this very recently and quite unmis-takeably. The overwhelming majority returned to the House of Commons through this last General Election is a majority pledged to the abolition of the Irish Church, pledged to its disestablishment, pledged to its disendowment. Expressly to fulfil that pledge, the new Ministry has been formed under Mr. Gladstone's Premiership.

Naturally enough, therefore, it was resolved by him, while in the act of constructing his Cabinet, that a conspicuous and honoured seat in that Cabinet

should be accorded, as a matter of course, to the Irish Secretary. And to that now more than ever prominent office he at the same moment determined to reappoint the administrator who had already, under far less propitious circumstances, won a large amount of popularity for himself, even while in the very act of suppressing—how shall we express it?—the tendencies at least towards—an insurrectionary movement. Reinstalled in office as Secretary for Ireland, under circumstances so peculiarly auspicious, the present occupant of that position cannot but be heartened to the, no doubt, sufficiently difficult labours, now lying immediately before him, now when, after the comparatively easy task of furthering, in regard to the Irish Church, the work of disestablishment, there will have to be contrived some rational and satisfactory solution for the intricate and almost bewildering problem of disendowment.

The Right Honourable Chichester Samuel Parkinson Fortescue, now once more her Majesty's Chief Secretary for Ireland, was born on the 18th of January, 1823, being the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Chichester Fortescue, some time M.P. for Dromiskin, County Louth, by a daughter of the late Samuel Hobson, Esq., of Waterford. As lineally representing the ancient family of Fortescue, the elder brother of the Secretary for Ireland suc-

ceeded, in 1852, in having revived in his favour the Barony of Clermont, in the Peerage of Ireland. The Earldom of Clermont had previously, by default of male issue, become extinct. The revival of the Irish Barony, however, as we have said, was obtained by Thomas Fortescue, the present Lord Clermont, with remainder to his younger brother Chichester, who is still his heir-presumptive. In 1866 the actual possessor of the title was created Baron Clermont, also in the peerage of the United Kingdom ; but it is to the Irish Barony alone that his younger brother, the Irish Secretary, is the heir-presumptive.

Educated at Christchurch, Oxford, that youngest son of the late Colonel Chichester Fortescue, graduated as B.A. in 1844, being first class in classics, while he took his degree as M.A. in 1847, having the year before that obtained the Chancellor's prize medal for the English Essay. The county of Louth, it will be remembered, was represented for several years in the unreformed Parliament by the Irish Secretary's father, Colonel Fortescue. It was represented afterwards by the Colonel's eldest son, Thomas, now Lord Clermont. At the General Election, in the July of 1847, that same constituency of Louth returned, for the first time, to the House of Commons its old member's youngest son, Chichester, who has ever since then,

by re-election after re-election, continued to be its representative. It was in the very year, consequently, in which, as a student of Christchurch, Oxford, he had won his degree as Master of Arts, that Mr. Chichester Fortescue took his seat for the first time within the walls of the Legislature. After, as it were, serving an apprenticeship of seven years as a private member, he took office, in the January of 1854, as one of the Lords of the Treasury—a post which he continued to occupy for about a twelvemonth, namely, during the last year of Lord Aberdeen's Premiership. In the June of 1857, he was nominated by Lord Palmerston to the more responsible position of Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. That office he held until the spring of 1858, when the Ministry gave in their resignation. During the whole of Lord Palmerston's second Government, that is from the date of its inauguration in the June of 1859, until the Premier's decease in the October of 1865, Mr. Fortescue was again the Colonial Under-Secretary.

Within those six years and upwards of official life, while he was yet Under-Secretary of State, the future Cabinet Minister was, in 1864, sworn in as a Privy Councillor. During the year prior to that, he was married to Frances, Countess of Waldegrave,

daughter of the late John Braham, Esq., and already three times a widow: namely, by the death of her first husband, John Waldegrave, Esq.; of her second husband, the seventh Earl of Waldegrave; and of her third husband, George Harcourt, Esq., M.P. It was as a member of Lord Russell's third and last Administration, that the Right Honourable gentleman first assumed the office he now holds as the Chief Secretary for Ireland. That place he retained until the June of 1866, when the Ministry gave in their resignation—resuming it, however, in the December of 1868, on Mr. Gladstone's obtaining power as First Lord of the Treasury.

In his capacity as Secretary for Ireland, it will now be Mr. Fortescue's privilege to have a principal share, during this year of grace, 1869, in undoing the work cruelly commenced more than three centuries ago, in the sister island, when an alien Church was forced upon the acceptance of a so-called free people, and where it has ever since then been maintained by the strong arm of the law, and at intervals even, it should be said, only by the concentration in its support of the armed force of the Executive Government. Exactly forty years ago, that is, in 1829, England gave the first signal indication of her willingness to inaugurate a new

era of justice for Ireland, by means of the noble act of Catholic Emancipation.

Forty years afterwards—now in 1869—she evidences, not simply a willingness but an eagerness to perfect the good work she then commenced. Let her magnanimous determination in this matter—a matter of vital importance to herself as well as to Ireland—be carried out, promptly and energetically, and a stain that has been branded upon the national escutcheon during these last three hundred years, will at last, tardily but quite effectually, be erased. The statute, 39 & 40 Geo. III. c. 67, which was passed on the 12th of July, 1800, remains to be now supplemented and completed nearly seventy years afterwards by another statute, 32 & 33 Victoria—the number of the chapter of which, the date of the passing of which, have, within these next few months, to be decided by the Imperial Legislature. Then, at length, but not until then, Great Britain and Ireland, by means of that coming statute, will have become in fact what they have hitherto been only in name—the United Kingdom.

THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN,

PRESIDENT OF THE POOR LAW BOARD.

THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN.

PERHAPS at this moment the most enviable appointment of all those recently distributed among his colleagues, by the new First Lord of the Treasury, is the Presidency of the Board to which is confided the relief of the poor, and the mitigation, as far as possible, of the dreadful and fast-multiplying evils of pauperism. It is enviable, thus, beyond all the others, according to our thinking, for the obvious reason of its affording so wonderful an opportunity—as, in another sense, it most unhappily does—for the display of beneficence on the part of the selected administrator. The evils of pauperism have, during these last few years, both in the metropolis itself and far and wide throughout the country, been increasing and multiplying beyond all precedent, are still to this hour increasing and multiplying all around us in a manner the most portentous and almost appalling.

To cope with this gigantic difficulty, and to do so effectually, involves of course—necessitates, so to speak—an enormous labour; but the labour it involves is a labour of love. It is a responsibility, but it is also a privilege. The work that has to be done is one that will tax all the energies of a great administrative department. But it is work that, if done well, is in itself its own vast reward. It is the succouring of the very humblest and most miserable of our fellow-creatures. Utterly defenceless themselves, they look for aid alone from the State. Hitherto the State has been to them but as a cruel step-mother. Henceforth, it is as a tender and fostering parent, that it is alone intended it should act, in its treatment of the very aged, the very infirm, and the very destitute.

Than our existing system of Poor-Law Relief, nothing of that kind, perhaps, could very well be more faulty in its operations. It is a system bearing a terrible resemblance to those worst of ill-doers, the people who mean well. The endeavour is good, but the almost invariable effects of the endeavour are disastrous. Turning our regard simply to the state of things, here in the metropolis itself, what in any way can be more lamentable, what can reflect greater shame upon us, as the wealthiest and the

most thriving people on the face of the earth? It is said, that, at Paris, twenty-four hours never elapse without another stark 'cadavre' being contributed to the dripping marble slab of that ghastly receiving-house of suicide and murder, the Morgue.

It may be asserted as confidently, and, in its way, quite as painfully, that here, in London, one of the staple paragraphs of news 'cropping up,' as the phrase is, every now and then at uncertain, but only too frequent, intervals in the columns of our public journals, is one recounting, over and over again, almost in precisely the same words, certainly always under precisely the same circumstances, the fact of Another Death from Starvation. From Starvation! In London, of all places! Why, even Dives in the Gospel was more humane! Lazarus had at least permission to gnaw the broken meats upon the doorstep—he had, at least, the luxury of having his sores licked by the cur out of the kennel.

Not very readily, we should suppose, will it be lost to the popular remembrance how it came to pass that one of the youngest, and as it has ever since then shown itself to be, one of the very ablest, of our evening newspapers, leaped at once, as by a 'single bound,' into celebrity. Reading, as we all did, the statement there set forth, with a singularly

manly and affecting eloquence, by that noble-hearted and self-sacrificing Amateur Pauper Casual, who therein gave us his own personal experiences—experimentally acquired—of our system of Poor Law Relief, as it actually is, we recognised upon the instant, in the organ which had had the courage to set forth that startling and most impressive narrative, a journal penned by thoughtful men, men whose opinions it was worth one's while to ascertain and ponder over.

Standing in imagination beside the Amateur Casual as he plunged into that bath like weak mutton broth—pah! the flavour of which has not yet passed from our palate, merely from reading about it—we could understand even then, what the time that has since elapsed has very clearly demonstrated, that in emersing himself in that revolting liquid, the narrator, in his capacity as the representative, or 'alter ego,' of the young *Pall Mall Gazette*, had rendered it, in a measure, among our organs of public opinion, as invulnerable as Achilles, when he had been plunged into the Styx. Interesting as the incident was, as another added to the many interesting incidents recorded in the journalism, it was yet more profoundly
as a social revelation. It laid bare some

of the foulest ulcers on the body politic. The removal of those ulcers has yet to be accomplished. To the President of the Poor Law Board, we look for its accomplishment.

The Right Honourable George Joachim Goschen was born on the 10th of August, 1831. He is the son of a London merchant, of German origin. Mr. Goschen's grandfather is understood to have been a publisher of Leipsic. His father, the London merchant just referred to, was the late William Henry Goschen, Esq., of Austinfriars and Roehampton. As a schoolboy, the President of the Poor-Law Board was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Tait, now the ninety-second Archbishop of Canterbury. As a stripling, he went to Oriel College, Oxford, where in 1853, as first class in classics, he greatly distinguished himself, finding some difficulty in graduating, solely by reason of certain scruples of conscience in regard to the oath administered. Married, in 1857, to Lucy, daughter of John Dalley, Esq., Mr. Goschen—without any thought of having a political career opened to him within a very few years afterwards, and certainly never dreaming, at the time, that before he should be thirty-six he would have taken his seat in the inner circle of the Government as a Cabinet Minister,

and have been sworn in as one of her Majesty's Privy Councillors—settled down in the city of London to all appearance, permanently, as a man of business. He became a member of the firm of Fruhling and Goschen, in Austinfriars. From that establishment he eventually retired altogether, at the beginning of 1866, on his becoming a member of Earl Russell's last Administration. Statesmanship and Commerce were apparently deemed by him to be incompatible.

Before then, however, he had made his mark in the mercantile world as a thoroughly representative City-man, using that phrase with no reference whatever to the fact of his having been, since the May of 1863, one of the four members returned by the City of London to the House of Commons. As a theoretical financier, he was already noticeable, before his entrance into the House of Commons in his capacity, namely, as the author of a treatise entitled the 'Theory of Foreign Exchange'—a treatise which has already run through several editions, and which has long since come to be regarded, upon monetary matters, as an authority. The ability displayed by Mr. Goschen, first of all, in his brilliant academic career, and afterwards as the writer of a work like the one just now par-

ticularised, a work at once abstruse and practical, but above all, through the clear-headedness revealed by him within the knowledge of City-men in his character as a practical man of business, led, at the date last mentioned, namely, in the May of 1863, to his name being put forward, upon a death vacancy in the representation of the metropolis, as the carefully-selected Liberal candidate.

So favourable an impression had he produced, even then, in his private capacity upon that constituency—a constituency, moreover, not very readily satisfied in regard to an entirely new candidate's antecedents—that he was at once returned. He has been returned as M.P. for the City of London ever since by a series of re-elections—by a re-election in 1865, by another in 1866, and by another in 1868, sending him to the top of the poll as the first of the four representatives. Partly through his personal energy, partly through his unmistakeable intelligence, but partly also by reason of his being the representative—as one may say, the picked commercial and financial representative of a great constituency like that of the metropolis—the attention of the leaders of party was directed especially to Mr. Goschen, and that, too, with such happy results for himself that, when he had been only a year and a

half in the House, he was appointed to an office of no less importance and prominence than that of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In that office he had been barely a couple of months, however—that is, from the 20th of November, 1865, to the 26th of January, 1866—when, at the latter date, he was elevated to a seat in the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and sworn in as a member of the Privy Council.

So rapid a rise as this was almost, if it be not entirely, without precedent. It was regarded by many in the House as a something quite out of the range of its collective experience. The impression is, that the selection was wisely made, but that impression yet remains to be justified. Earl Russell's brief tenure of office, this last time, as Prime Minister, afforded Mr. Goschen no fitting opportunity for that justification. The opportunity, however, is now his. One of our most earnest wishes in regard to the new Ministry is, that he will avail himself of it so energetically, that under his auspices our present shameful system of Poor Law Relief may be completely reorganised.

THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON,

POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON.

RETURNED without opposition for the Radnorshire Boroughs as the locally-honoured representative of the electors of Presteign, Knighton, New Radnor, and Rhayader, a wonderfully self-abnegating member of the new Parliament had scarcely realised to himself the fact of his having been again sent to the House of Commons by his old constituency, when he became equally alive to another fact, in no way whatever, one might have thought, affecting himself—to wit, that the Postmaster-General in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet had no place whatever in the popular branch of the Legislature. The Postmaster-General was in no way known to himself personally. The Postmaster-General was heir-apparent to one of our great Dukedoms. The Postmaster-General had been recognised already as a Cabinet Minister seated upon the Treasury Bench, as Secretary of State for War during Lord Russell's last Premiership. Sitting

himself as member for the Radnorshire Boroughs in the last Parliament, the re-elected representative of that constituency had of course seen, and so far known as one actually in the flesh, the Marquess of Hartington, now again a Cabinet Minister—this time, however, in the capacity of Postmaster-General under Mr. Gladstone's Premiership.

Otherwise, the member for New Radnor had no personal acquaintance with the Postmaster-General. Fired, however, by a noble zeal for the public good, the former resolved upon at once making, in favour of the latter, a very remarkable sacrifice. Vacating his seat, he would cause a new writ to be issued, and would thus, most opportunely, make way for the Marquess of Hartington. It resembles, this extraordinary incident, occurring as it did, almost upon the morrow of the General Election and in the midst of the political excitement caused by the change of Government, it actually resembles, in its heroic self-forgetfulness, the mythical adventure related of that antetype of Quixote in Old Rome, the Knight Curtius. Here once more was the unsightly hole in the Forum, and into that hole incontinently plunges bodily, in the sight of all men, the member for New Radnor. Cynical commentators have been known, before now, it is true, to depreciate the magnanimity of the con-

duct of even the original hero of the story—the one whose fame was blazoned to all after-times, centuries ago, by the pen of the classic annalist. Homelier cavillers have cast a gibe of scorn even at the very chasm itself, speaking of it derisively, in the remembrance of the feat of Curtius, as a nice opening in life for a young man ! While, an unlettered Jack Tar, once upon a time, being by chance made aware of the exploit, was overheard marvelling audibly, aside, to himself, how ever anyone could possibly have let the lubber out on a horse !

Sarcasms, as a matter of course, have been directed against the emulator of the young Old Roman who has suddenly rendered himself so very conspicuous by ceasing to represent the burghs of Radnorshire. Imputations even have been cast upon him, to the effect that he had actually in all this been bartering away his old constituency for—a consideration. Insomuch, that he deemed it necessary to repudiate, in the presence of his intended successor in the representation of the burghs, the disgraceful charge of his having received money, favour, patronage, or any other return whatever, beyond mere written or spoken thanks, for his subordination of his own interests to those of the general community. For our own part, regarding the whole incident as gravely

as we possibly can under the circumstances, we cannot but, upon the instant, acquit the honourable member, who thus quietly goes out for the express purpose of allowing the unseated Cabinet Minister to come in, from any and every one of these, of course, wholly unjustifiable accusations. It is monstrous for one moment to suppose that in making the change he has made a bargain. Our only possible objection to him is in regard to his name—Green Price—which is at the least unfortunate.

The Right Honourable Spencer Compton Cavendish, Marquess of Hartington, was born on the 23rd of July, 1833. He is the eldest son of the most noble William Cavendish, seventh Duke of Devonshire, by the Lady Blanche Georgiana the fourth daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle. The Marquess of Hartington's father, it should be added, is not the son of a Duke of Devonshire, but the grandson of the first Earl of Burlington, whom he succeeded as the second Earl in 1834, inheriting the ducal coronet collaterally, in 1858, on the death of his cousin, the sixth Duke of Devonshire. The present possessor of the vast estates of the family in England and Ireland, William Cavendish, now second Earl of Burlington, and tenth Earl and seventh Duke of Devonshire, besides being a Knight

of the Garter, and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Derbyshire, has the distinguished honour of being the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The ex-Premier, Edward Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby, it will be remembered, became Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1852, upon the death of his predecessor in that high office, the late Duke of Wellington. The election of the Duke of Devonshire to the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge, took place on the 31st of December, 1861, in consequence of the lamented death, a little more than a fortnight previously, on the 14th December, of his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort.

The learned Chancellor of Cambridge, it should be added, was so chosen by reason of his eminent antecedents, as one of the 'alumni' of that great academical establishment—his Grace having been the Second Wrangler of his year on taking his degree as M.A. in 1829, being at the same time Senior Smith's Prizeman and First Class in the Classical Tripos. His eldest son, the Marquess of Hartington, has honourably followed in his footsteps, having been educated at the same college, Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating as B.A. in 1852, and as M.A. in 1854, besides receiving in 1862 the hono-

rary title of LL.D. Lord Hartington, it may here be mentioned, is a Deputy-Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace of both Derbyshire and Lancashire, and is Captain of the Lancashire Yeomanry Cavalry, Major of the 7th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, Major of the 2nd Derbyshire Militia, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Battalion of the Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. He was first elected a representative of the constituency of North Lancashire in the March of 1857, but was rejected by that constituency during the last General Election, after one of the severest electioneering contests known in recent times—a younger son of the Chancellor of the University of Oxford being pitted, then, triumphantly, against the eldest son of the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The Honourable Frederick Arthur Stanley, the successful candidate, obtaining 6832 votes as against the 5296 votes awarded by the electors to the Marquess of Hartington.

The noble Lord first took office in his thirtieth year, on his appointment as one of the Lords of the Admiralty. That office he held barely for one month, however, having been nominated in April, 1863, the Under Secretary of State for War in Lord Palmerston's Government. From that date

until the February of 1866, nearly three years altogether, he discharged the duties of War Under-Secretary, Earl Russell having in the meantime, in consequence of Viscount Palmerston's death in the October of 1865, succeeded to the Premiership. At the date just now mentioned, namely, February, 1866, the Marquess of Hartington was promoted to a seat in the Cabinet as Secretary of State for War, when he was sworn in as a Privy Councillor. The opportunity for his advancement arose out of the then Secretary for India's (Sir Charles Wood's) elevation to the peerage as Viscount Halifax, his vacated office as Indian Secretary being allotted to the Earl de Grey and Ripon, up to that time Lord Hartington's chief as head of the War Department.

Upon the 26th of June, 1866, however, the Earl Russell's Cabinet ceased its labours as an Administration. So that the Marquess of Hartington had then had scarcely four months' tenure of office as the leader of a department. Seven years prior to his earliest experiences as an administrator, he had been attached to the Earl Granville's special mission to Russia in 1856, upon the occasion of the reigning Czar's Coronation. Appointed for the second time to a seat in the Cabinet, in the December of 1868, the Marquess of Hartington found awarded to

him by Mr. Gladstone the position of Postmaster-General. That wonderful department of our administration will of itself afford him abundant opportunities for the display of his capacities as a statesman ; more particularly at the present moment when it is proposed that its beneficent operations shall embrace within them the regulation henceforth of the marvellous agency of the electric telegraph.

Since the 10th of January, 1840, the memorable date upon which Sir Rowland Hill's benign, and wonder-working system of the Penny Postage commenced, the astounding expansion and multiplication of the fruits of that system can be regarded as only comparable to the seemingly miraculous results of the arithmetical problem propounded by Mr. Barlow in the schoolboy's story of 'Sandford and Merton,' where the twenty-four nails of the horse's shoe, started from a farthing on the first, doubled to a halfpenny on the second, and so on through merely the two dozen nails, produce the bewildering sum total on the twenty-fourth, of upwards of seventeen thousand four hundred and seventy-six pounds altogether.

Immeasurably, however, beyond the responsibilities devolving upon the Marquess of Hartington in

his own individual department—great though those responsibilities undoubtedly are in themselves—is that other, that imperial and imperious responsibility appertaining to him as one of the Fifteen members of the Gladstone Government—a responsibility relatively or proportionately resting weightily upon each of them at this moment in his capacity as a Cabinet Minister—the responsibility of fulfilling as a Government some at least, if not all, of those immense expectations which the mere fact of their recent induction into power has unquestionably awakened. It will be well at the very outset of their labours, if he and his colleagues bear this above all things in their remembrance, that the realisation of the popular expectations in their regard is—far more than upon their energy or their capacity as administrators, about which we have few of us any doubt whatever—mainly dependent at this moment upon their tact and their discretion.

THE END.



LONDON :
BRADSHAW, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



Stanford University Libraries

	DATE DUE		

