




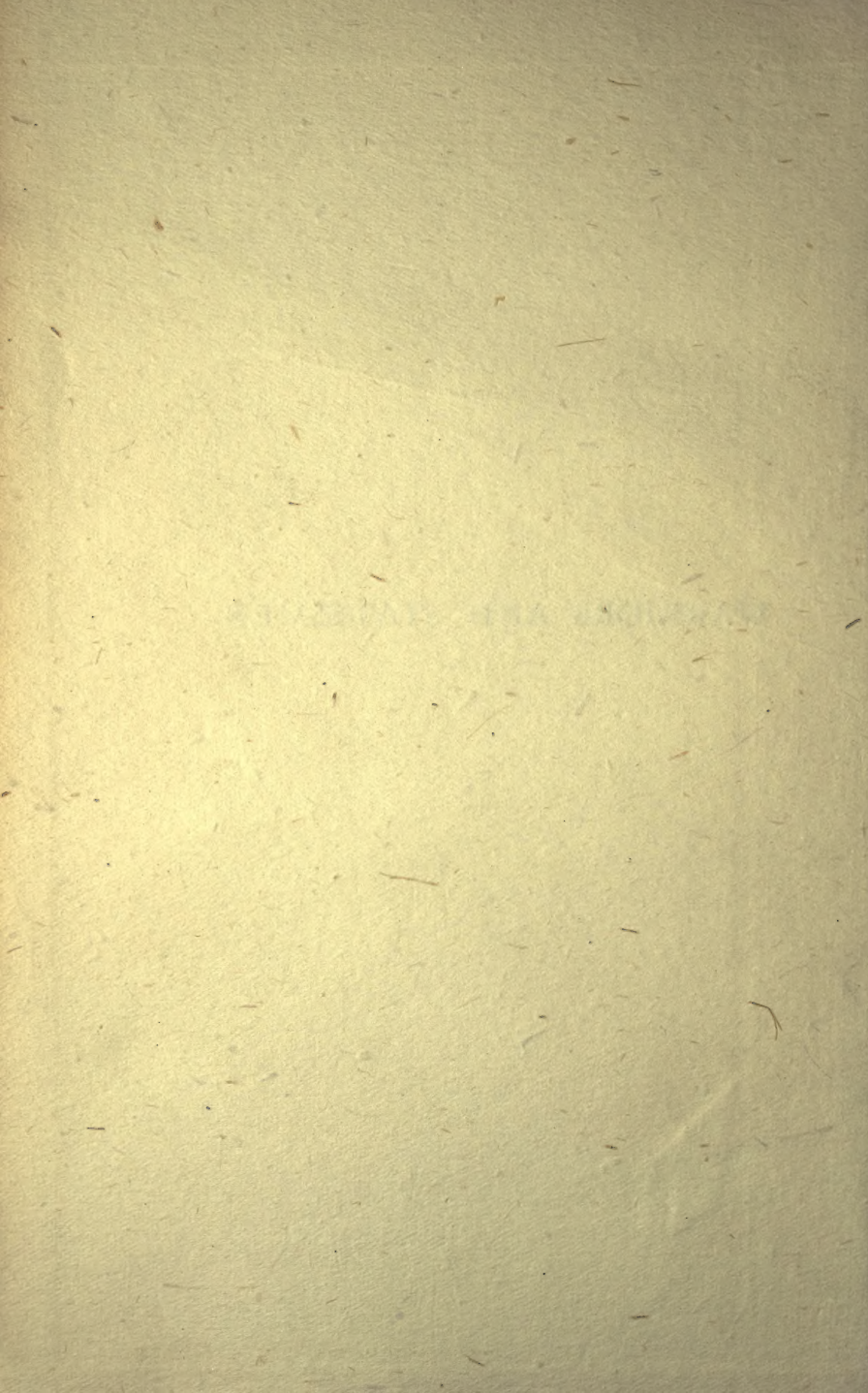
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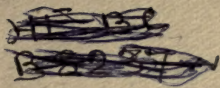


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WARRIORS AND STATESMEN





WARRIORS AND STATESMEN

FROM THE "GLEANINGS" OF
THE LATE EARL BRASSEY

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
HORACE G. HUTCHINSON



LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1918

425623
7.7.44

PRINTED BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BECCLES, ENGLAND.



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PREFACE

BY

THE LATE EARL BRASSEY

READING has been one of the great pleasures of my life. It has been a constant habit to mark passages, some of which have been collected and printed for distribution among personal friends as "Gleanings." A beginning was made in 1898. A second volume followed in 1899, and, later again, a third, which was condensed from a vast accumulation of material, and was entitled "Faith and Work." No deed of friendship could have brought a richer reward, or more cordial acknowledgment.

There were further stores at hand, too copious to be dealt with unaided, and the work of revision of this small library was placed in professional hands. In the prosecution of the task, piles of extracts and cuttings were discovered which the librarian thought should not be thrown away. His services in the preliminary selection and arrangements were offered and gladly accepted. Incapacitated from further work, I have been fortunate in securing the invaluable help of my old friend, Mr. Horace Hutchinson. The functions of an editor could not be in abler hands.

INTRODUCTION

SHORTLY before his death, the late Lord Brassey did me the honour of asking me to arrange his "Gleanings" for the public, and wrote the foregoing "Preface." Its too kindly reference to myself I should have begged leave to modify, had not the writer's lamented death given me no alternative but to let it stand. To a certain public in a restricted sense the Gleanings are already not unknown. In his lifetime Lord Brassey printed and privately circulated two volumes of selections from the literary grain which he garnered in the course of a remarkably long and useful life; they have been highly appreciated by those who have been privileged to possess them, and all who have read them agree that their choice shows quite unusual sense of what is good in literature, and that they are, moreover, selections not of the hackneyed kind. They reflect the individual taste and bent of their collector. Though quoted, they have an originality and personality. It is this high and wide appreciation of those former collections which inspires the hope that the third volume may prove equally acceptable to a larger public.

Churchill," by Mr. Winston Churchill; for "Life of Adam Smith," by Mr. F. D. Hirst; for Lord Morley's writings; and for his "Life of Mr. Gladstone" (as to which last thanks are also due to the executors of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone); for Mr. Goldwin Smith's appreciation of Washington. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, and Messrs. Sampson Low, for Mr. A. T. Mahan's "Life of Nelson." And to Mr. Elliot Stock for Mr. Birrell's appreciation of Cardinal Newman. Also to proprietors and editors of the following: *Fortnightly Review*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Review of Reviews*, and *Westminster Gazette*. I believe the above list to cover my indebtedness, but if any to whom thanks are due has been overlooked, I trust that he will equally overlook the unintentional omission and accept this acknowledgment.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

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WARRIORS AND STATESMEN

QUEEN VICTORIA

(1819-1901. Accession to throne, 1837)

THE first fact . . ., which we are required to recognise if we wish to comprehend the character of Queen Victoria, is that it was, to an unusual degree, a complete one. It was not brilliantly full at some points and void at others; it had no strong lights and shades. It presented to the observer a kind of mosaic, smoothed and harmonised by circumstances into a marvellously even surface. There was no one element in her mind which would certainly, in other and untoward conditions, have made itself prominently felt. It was this, indeed, which constituted the very essence of her originality, her completeness on so many sides, her marvellous unity and efficiency, the broad, polished surface which she presented to all the innumerable difficulties which beset her path in life. It might be hazarded, as a paradox, that her originality lay in her very lack of originality, in the absence of salient eccentricity. Her character was built up of elements which are usually antagonistic, but which in her case were so nicely balanced that

they held one another in check, and facilitated, instead of embarrassing, that directness of purpose and instinct of going straight to the mark, which were indispensable to success in her sovereign career.

We speak for a moment of the Queen's character, not as it had been in earlier and more tentative years, but as it has revealed itself, since the death of the Prince Consort, to those who have publicly or privately been brought into relations with her. There are none now living who have known this composite mind of hers in any other condition than completed. The Lehzens and the Melbournes did something to prepare the surface of it; they helped to fit the pieces into the tessellated floor. But in the memory of living man it has never presented any but a finished appearance. The originality of it, as it has presented itself in recent times, was discovered, when it was closely studied, to be formed of a singular conjunction of shrewdness, simplicity, and sympathy. It will be found, we think, that it was upon a kaleidoscopic combination of these qualities in ever-varying proportions that almost every characteristic act of Queen Victoria was based. Montaigne understood how, in the case of persons fenced in from the combat of life, each little impact lays its stamp on some facet of character. "Chaque parcelle," as he might have put it, of the temperament of the late Queen, was the result of some pressure from these her three cardinal qualities.

Her discriminating shrewdness was at once

an invaluable gift and a dangerous weapon. There is no question that it had more than anything else to do with her prolonged success as a politician. It is not difficult to see that it might have proved a peril to her. She early recognised that indulgence in it might lead her astray in the direction of obstinate prejudice, and she was always on her guard against its vagaries. No one that knew her late Majesty well will be inclined to deny that her extraordinary pertinacity, her ingrained inability to drop an idea which she had fairly seized, might naturally have developed into obstinacy. By nature she certainly was what could only be called obstinate, but the extraordinary number of opposite objects upon which her will was incessantly exercised saved her from the consequences of this defect. She was obliged to cultivate her powers of discrimination, and to introduce into her actions that element of deliberate and conscious choice which is fatal to the blind indulgence of prejudice. The habit of suspending her judgment, in other words, prevented her from ever resting too absolutely on one order of ideas. The old Pythagorean tag tells us that adversity is the touch-stone of character. In the case of Queen Victoria the same effect was produced by the isolation of extreme prosperity.

It followed that her will, so trained and fortified, usually kept the Queen on a high plane of action. She was actuated by an extraordinary singleness of purpose, from which, however, it is only human nature that she should sometimes descend. It was in these moments

of moral relaxation that she was exposed to the danger of yielding to prejudice, for in these conditions obstinacy, in the true sense, would take hold of her. Conscious as she was of the vast round of duties in which she had to move and take her part, she was sensitive about the quantity of time and thought demanded of her from any one point. Hence, if she thought one of her ministers was not thoughtful in sparing her unnecessary work, she would with difficulty be induced to believe that his demands were ever essential. She would always be suspecting him of trying to overwork her. Her prejudice against Mr. Gladstone, about which so many fables were related and so many theories formed, really started in her consciousness that he would never acknowledge that she was, as she put it, "dead beat." In his eagerness, Mr. Gladstone tried to press her to do what she knew, with her greater experience, to be not her work so much as his, and she resented the effort. He did it again, and she formed one of her pertinacious prejudices. The surface of her mind had received an impression unfavourable to the approach of this particular minister, and nothing could ever in future make her really pleased to welcome him.

To form an accurate opinion of human beings who were presented to her attention was so important a part of her whole function as a sovereign that it took a foremost part in her intellectual exercise. She was thoroughly convinced of the importance of being correct in reading a character, and she devoted her full

powers to it. In her inspection of a strange minister or a newly appointed member of her household, she had a method well understood by those who observed her narrowly. She received the unfamiliar person with a look of suspended judgment in her face. Her eyes and her mouth took on their investigating aspect. She could be seen to be making up her mind almost as though it were a watch which had to be wound up. If the analysis was easy, and the result of it satisfactory, the features would relax; a certain curious look of amenity would pass across her face. But if the presented type was complex or difficult, those who knew the Queen extremely well would perceive that her mind was not made up after all. The lines of the mouth would continue to be a little drawn down; the eyes, like sentinels, would still be alert under eyebrows faintly arched. But sooner or later she would succeed in her analysis, and an almost unbroken line of examples served to give her a justified faith in her acumen. She was scarcely ever wrong, and she was slow to admit a mistake. The judgment formed in that cool period of suspended observation of which we have spoken, she was content to abide by; she defined the personage after her own acute fashion, and such as she had seen him first so she continued to see him.

The religious position of the Queen, as a human being, can be very simply defined. The old peasant at her cottage-door, spelling out a page of the Bible, was an image that particularly appealed to her. She was full of beautiful and

perfectly simple devotional feelings, she was confident of the efficacy of prayer. She looked upon herself quite without disproportion, not as a Queen, but as an aged woman who had been sorely tried by anxiety and bereavement, and by the burden of responsibility, but who had been happy enough to see through it all that it was the will of God, and to feel that that lightened the load. It was her cardinal maxim that all discomfort comes from resisting that will. To her parish priests she always showed particular kindness; and some she honoured with her confidence. Dean Wellesley, in many ways like-minded with herself, was long her trusted confidant. Nephew of the great Duke, he was a noble type of the enlightened statesman-priest, and he was the latest survival of all those men who were grouped around the Queen in her early youth. He exercised a paramount authority in matters of Church preferment, where the Queen never questioned his wisdom, for she had proved him to be raised above all sectarian prejudice by the remarkable elevation of his character. Dean Wellesley was aware of the importance of his advice to the Queen, and refused bishopric after bishopric from unwillingness to leave her. At his death, in 1882, she was deeply afflicted. No later chaplain could hope to exercise quite the same power as Dean Wellesley; but Dr. Davidson* (the present Bishop of Winchester), who, after a short interval, succeeded him in the Deanery, obtained in later years an influence closely resembling that of his predecessor. In

* Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

the Established Church of Scotland, no minister received clearer marks of her Majesty's favour, and none, it may be added, deserved them better, than Dr. Norman Macleod, whose elevated and lovable character, compounded of strength and kindness, good sense, humour, and sympathy, was animated by a form of religion specially attractive to the Queen.

After the death of the Prince Consort the Queen gradually found herself at the head of a little staff of confidential officers. These consisted originally of General Grey, and then of General Ponsonby, as private secretary, with Sir Charles Phipps originally, and then Sir Thomas Biddulph, as keeper of the privy purse. Eventually there was an arrangement by which Sir Henry Ponsonby combined the two offices, with the aid of two assistants. Still later, there was a return of the original arrangement; and Sir Arthur Bigge was private secretary, and Sir Fleetwood Edwards keeper of the privy purse, to the end. This staff, never officially acknowledged in the fullness of its functions, had to exercise the most complete self-effacement, and become in effect an expansion of the Queen's personal power in action. The watchword of the lives of her private secretaries was devotion to the will of the Queen. The secret of the power they exercised was faithfully kept from the public, and will always be kept. These men gave their lives to her service, without demur or reserve, and it is as much to her honour as it is to theirs that she inspired such complete devotion in men of such remarkable gifts.

The duties of the private secretaries included not merely communication, on the Queen's behalf, with the principal Departments of the Government, but the reading through of all the despatches, and the digestion for the Queen's use of all documents—the keep-watch, in short, upon everything of public importance which went on in and out of Parliament, and the scheduling it so as to save the Queen's time as much as possible when it became necessary for her to form a decision. Not till many years have passed by will the real work of the private secretaries be fully known, but history is sure to confirm the verdict that, whatever their duties may ultimately prove to have been, they carried them out with complete self-effacement.

Through periods of crisis nothing could equal the firmness with which the Queen supported the decisions of her ministers. This was peculiarly the case during the South African War, when her loyalty to the Government never flagged for a moment. That she regretted that she had not seen the end of the war was true, but that she wished it to be prematurely stopped, or stopped by weak concessions, is absolutely untrue. A story has been circulated by some interested persons to the effect that, in her last words to the Prince of Wales, she ordered him to "stop the war." This is a sacrilegious falsehood, to which it is proper that the most direct denial should be given. Such inventions do real mischief, and distort the popular conception of the Queen's character. Having decided as head of the Army that war with a foreign nation was

necessary, the Queen never drew back. She had a soldierly feeling which supported her throughout, and weak remorse was never one of her failings. The kindly and humane expressions which she used in individual cases could only by wilful violence be distorted into an appearance of disloyal opposition to her ministers in regard to a national question of vital importance.

At the same time, the Queen was less ready to yield to ministerial dictation than was commonly supposed. She did not admit it at the time, but she allowed it afterwards to be felt, that if she had made up her mind on a question of principle, she would not yield without a struggle. Of her relations with various Governments much has come to light which it would be otiose to repeat here. Less is known of her intercourse with Lord Clarendon, whom she liked, although she was a little intimidated by his sarcasm and his bright, free speech. She had a certain *nuance* of dislike in her relations with Lord Palmerston; she thought him a *roué*, and his jauntiness was not to her taste. The rebuff* she once administered to him, as Foreign Secretary, is a matter of history. Lord Granville was excessively fortunate in all his dealings

* At one time or other the Queen administered more than one "rebuff" to the over-masterful Foreign Secretary, but presumably that here referred to is the memorandum of August 12, 1850, communicated by the Queen to Lord John Russell, and laying down in very strict and explicit terms the way in which she expected the duties of the Foreign Secretary to be conducted.

with the Queen. A finished actor and a finished man of the world, he contrived in all conditions to maintain exactly the correct tone. The remarkable gifts of this astute statesman never appeared to such brilliant advantage as during his interviews with the Queen, whom he exhilarated with his gaiety and sprightly wit. Of Lord John Russell she said amusingly that he would be better company if he had a third subject; for he was interested in nothing except the Constitution of 1688 and himself! She esteemed Lord Derby, but she considered him a little boisterous. On Lord Aberdeen she placed a deep reliance; he was easy and explanatory in his official dealings with her, and in somewhat grim fashion he always contrived to make his interviews pleasant to her. For Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) she had an indulgent appreciation, although she once described him as "the only person who has ever flatly contradicted me at my own table."

None of these statesmen, however, approached the remarkable ascendancy which Disraeli exercised over the Queen. No one, it is certain, ever amused her so much as he did. After she had overcome the first instinctive apprehension of his eccentricity, she subsided into a rare confidence in his judgment. She grew to believe that on almost all subjects he knew best. With his insinuating graces, his iron hand under the velvet glove, his reckless disregard of court etiquette, Disraeli was almost the exact opposite of Lord Granville; but from him the Queen bore what she certainly would have resented

from almost any one else. He was never in the least shy; he did not trouble to insinuate; he said what he meant in terms—the most surprising, the most unconventional; and the Queen thought that she had never in her life seen so amusing a person. He gratified her by his bold assumption of her knowledge, she excused his florid adulation on the ground that it was Oriental, and she was pleased with the audacious way in which he broke through the ice which surrounded her. He would ask across the dinner-table, “Madam, did Lord Melbourne ever tell your Majesty that you were not to do” this or that? and the Queen would take it as the best of jokes. Those who were present at the dinner when Disraeli suddenly proposed the Queen’s health as Empress of India, with a little speech as flowery as the oration of a maharajah, used to describe the pretty smiling bow, half a curtsy, which the Queen made him as he sat down. It is still remembered how much more she used to smile in conversation with him than she did with any other of her ministers.

Quarterly Review.

LETTERS TO AND FROM QUEEN VICTORIA

Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians

“Windsor Castle, February 13, 1844.

“MY DEAREST UNCLE,—I received your dear, kind but sad letter of the 8th on Sunday, and thank you very much for it. God knows, poor dear Uncle, you have suffered *enough* in

your life, but you should think, dearest Uncle, of *that blessed* assurance of *eternity* where we shall *all meet again never* to part: you should think (as we constantly do now) that those whom we have lost are far happier than we are, and *love us* still, and in a far more perfect way than *we can* do in this world!"

The King of the Belgians to Queen Victoria

"Laeken, May 3, 1844.

". . . With me, even from the moment in January, 1820, when I was called by a messenger to Sidmouth, my care for you has been unremitting, and never has there been a cloud between us. . . .

". . . *The heart and not the head, is the safest guide in positions like yours*, and this not only for this earthly and very short life, but for that which we may hope for hereafter. When a life draws nearer its close, how many earthly concerns are there that appear *still in the same light?* and how clearly the mind is struck that nothing has been and still is of *real* value, than the nobler and better feelings of the heart; the only good we can hope to keep as a precious store for the future. What do we keep of youth, beauty, richness, power, and the greatest extent of earthly possessions? NOTHING! . . ."

Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians

"Windsor Castle, October 8, 1844.

". . . I cannot reconcile myself to be *here* again, and pine for my *dear* Highlands, the

hills, the pure air, the quiet, the retirement, the liberty—all—more than is right. The children are well. I am sorry to hear that you are not quite so yet.”

Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians

“Windsor Castle, October 29, 1844.

“ . . . By-the-by, dearest Uncle, have you read the Continuation of Consuelo, called the ‘Comtesse de Rudolstadt’? It is *dreadfully* interesting.”

“Osborne, March 3, 1846.

“ . . . It is a relief to be away from all the bitterness which people create for themselves in London. Peel* has a very anxious and very peculiar position, and it is the force of circumstances and the great energy he *alone possesses* which will carry him through the Session. He certainly acts a most disinterested part, for did he not feel (as *every one* who is fully acquainted with the *real state* of the country must feel) that the line he pursues is the *only right* and sound one for the welfare of this country, he never would have exposed himself to all the annoyance and pain of being attacked by his friends. . . .”

* The curious position of Peel at this time may be estimated in the light of the fact that whereas he came into office in 1841 to maintain the Corn Laws, in 1846 he repealed them!

Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians

“Buckingham Palace, July 7, 1846.

“ . . . I had to part with Sir R. Peel and Lord Aberdeen,* who are irreparable losses to us and the Country; they were both so overcome that it quite upset me, and we have in them two devoted friends. We felt so safe with them. Never during the five years they were with me, did they *ever* recommend a *person* or a thing which was not for my or the Country's best, and never for the Party's advantage only; and the contrast *now* is very striking; there is much less respect and much less high and pure feeling. Then the discretion of Peel, I believe, is unexampled!

“ . . . What may appear to you as a mistake in November was an inevitable evil. Aberdeen very truly explained it yesterday. ‘We had ill luck,’ he said; ‘if it had not been for this famine in Ireland, which rendered immediate measures necessary, Sir Robert would have prepared them gradually for the change.’ Then, besides, the Corn Law Agitation was such that if Peel had not wisely made this change (for which the *whole* Country blesses him), a convulsion would shortly have taken place, and we should have been *forced* to yield what has been granted as a boon. No doubt the breaking up of the Party (which *will* come together again, whether under Peel or some one else) is a very

* The Government went out on failure to carry the Irish Coercion Bill.

distressing thing. The only thing to be regretted, and I do not know exactly *why* he did it (though we *can* guess), was his praise of *Cobden*, which has shocked people a good deal."

Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians

"Windsor Castle, September 29, 1846.

"... Our conduct has been throughout *honest*, and the King's and Guizot's the contrary.* *How* the King *can* wantonly throw away the friendship of one who has stood by him with such sincere affection for a *doubtful* object of personal and family aggrandisement, is to me and the whole country inexplicable. Have *confidence* in *him* I fear I never can again, and Peel, who is here on a visit, says a *war may* arise any moment, *once* that the good understanding is disturbed; think, then, that the King has done this in his 74th year, and leaves this inheritance to his successor; and to whom?—to a *Grand-child* and a *Minor*! And for Nemours and Paris, *our* friendship is of the greatest importance, and yet he prefers the troubles of governing Spain, which will be a source of constant worry and anxiety, to the happy understanding so happily existing between our two countries! I cannot comprehend him. Guizot behaves shamefully, and so totally without good faith. Our protests have been presented. I feel more than ever the loss of our valuable Peel."

* This specially refers to the "Spanish marriages"—the design to marry the young Queen of Spain and her sister to the Dukes of Cadiz and Montpensier, the latter of whom was a son of Louis Philippe.

Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians

“Ardverikie, September 7, 1847.

“... This horrid Praslin tragedy* is a subject one cannot get out of one's head. The Government can in no way be accused of these murders, but there is *no* doubt that the *standard of morality* is *very low* indeed in France, and that the higher classes are extremely unprincipled. This must shake the security and prosperity of a nation. In my opinion, nothing has gone on well since the *unfortunate* false move of the Spanish marriage. . . .”

“... Really, when one thinks of the *very dull*, and particularly the life of constant *self-denial*, which my poor dear Albert leads, he deserves *every* amusement in the world, and even about his amusements he is so accommodating that I am deeply touched by it. He is very fond of shooting, but it is all with the greatest moderation. . . .”

* “*The sensational murder in Paris of the Duchess de Praslin, daughter of the diplomatist, Sebastiani, by her husband, who committed suicide. This event, as well as the affair of the Spanish marriages, largely contributed to the Orleanist catastrophe of 1848, for it was suspected that the Court and the police had not merely connived at, but had actually furnished the means for, the Duke's suicide, in order to prevent certain exposures which would have resulted from his trial.*”

The King of the Belgians to Queen Victoria

“Laeken, February 12, 1848.

“The human race is a *sad* creation, and I trust the other planets are better organised, and that we may get there hereafter. . . .—Your devoted Uncle, LEOPOLD R.”

*The King of Prussia to Queen Victoria**

“February 27, 1848.

“If the revolutionary party carries out its programme, ‘The sovereignty of the people,’ my minor crown will be broken, no less certainly than the mighty one of your Majesty, and a fearful scourge will be laid upon the nations: a century (will follow) of rebellion, of lawlessness, and of godlessness. The late King did not dare to write ‘by the Grace of God.’ *We*, however, call ourselves King by the Grace of God, because it is true. Well, then, most gracious Queen, let us now show to men, to the peoples threatened with disruption and nameless misery, both *that* we understand our sacred office, and *how* we understand it. God has placed in your Majesty’s hands, in the hands of the two Emperors, in those of the German Federation, and in mine, a power which, if it now acts in union and harmony, with reliance on Heaven, is able, humanly speaking, to enforce with certainty the maintenance of the peace of the world. This power is *not that of arms*, for these, more than ever, must only afford the *ultima ratio*.

* This letter sufficiently indicates how remarkable has been the change in the views of the Prussian monarchy since it was written.

“The power I mean is ‘the power of united speech.’

“Now, I bless Providence for having placed Lord Palmerston at the head of your Foreign Office, and keeping him there at this very moment. During the last quarter of the past year I could not always cordially agree with him. His genuine British disposition will honour this open confession. All the more frankly may I now express the hopes which rise in me, from the very fact of *his* holding that office at the present moment: for a more active, more vivid, more energetic Minister of foreign affairs, a man that would more indefatigably pursue great aims, your Majesty could probably never have. If at this grave hour he sets himself to proclaim that our forces are united: if he himself utters his message as befits St. George, he will earn the blessing of millions, and the blessing of God and of the world will rest on your Majesty’s sacred head. That I am your Majesty’s and Old England’s most faithful and most devoted brother and companion, you are aware, and I mean to prove it. On both knees I adjure you, use for the welfare of Europe, ‘Engellands England.’”

The King of the Belgians to Queen Victoria

“Laeken, March 12, 1852.

“. . . Without, at least, comparative security by means of well-regulated measures of defence, no country, be it great or small, can be considered as possessing National Independence. . . .”

Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians

“Buckingham Palace, April 27, 1852.

“I shall certainly try and read Thiers’ ‘Révolution, Consulat, et Empire,’ but I can hardly read *any* books, my whole *lecture* almost being taken up by the immense quantity of despatches we have to read, and then I have a good deal to write, and must then have a little leisure time to rest, and *de me délasser*, and to get out. It is a great deprivation, as I delight in reading. . . .”

“Balmoral, September 17, 1852.

“. . . He* was the pride and the *bon génie*, as it were, of this country! He was the GREATEST man this country ever produced, and the most *devoted* and *loyal* subject, and the staunchest supporter the Crown ever had. He was to us a true, kind friend, and most valuable adviser. To think that all this is gone. That this great and immortal man belongs now to History and no longer to the present is a truth which we cannot realise. We shall soon stand sadly alone: Aberdeen is almost the only personal friend of the kind we have left. Melbourne, Peel, Liverpool—and now the Duke—all gone!”

The King of the Belgians to Queen Victoria

“Laeken, September 17, 1852.

“. . . rarely fickle Fortune permits a poor mortal to reach the conclusion of a long career,

* The Duke of Wellington, who died on September 14, 1852.

however glorious, with such complete success, so undisturbed by physical or moral causes. The Duke is a noble example of what an Englishman may be, and to what greatness he may rise in following that honourable and straight line."

A. C. BENSON (*Letters of Queen Victoria*).

PRINCE ALBERT

(1819-1861. Married Queen Victoria, 1840. Assumed title of Prince Consort, 1857.)

"YESTERDAY (Dec. 6, 1845) Sir Robert Peel arrived here and explained the condition of affairs.*

"On 1st November he had called his Cabinet, and placed before its members the reports of the Irish Commissioners, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Playfair, and Dr. Lindley, on the condition of the potato crop, which was to the effect that the half of the potatoes were ruined by the rot, and that no one could guarantee the remainder. Belgium, Holland, Sweden, and Denmark, in which states the potato disease had likewise deprived the poorer classes of its usual food, have immediately taken energetic means, and opened the harbours, bought corn, and provided for the case of a rise of prices. Sir Robert proposed the same thing for England, and, by opening the ports, a preparation for the abolition of the Corn Laws. His

* In the critical position created by the Irish potato famine and the Anti-Corn Law agitation.

colleagues refused, and of the whole Cabinet Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sydney Herbert voted with him. Sir Robert hoped that in time the opinions of the others would change, and therefore postponed a final decision. In the meanwhile the agitation of the Anti-Corn League began: in every town addresses were voted, meetings were held, the *Times*—barometer of public feeling—became suddenly *violently* Anti-Corn Law, the meetings of the Cabinet roused attention, a general panic seized on the mass of the public. Sir Robert called anew his Cabinet. In the midst of their deliberations, Lord John Russell issues from Edinburgh an address to the City of London.*

“The whole country cries out: the Corn Laws are doomed.”

Memorandum by the Prince Albert

“Windsor Castle, December 20, 1845.

“We just saw Lord John Russell, who came in order to explain why he had to give up the task of forming a Government. He had written to all his former colleagues to join him in his attempt, amongst others to Lord Grey, who answered, ‘that he could only belong to a Government which pledged itself to the principle of absolute free trade and abolition of all protection; that he had his own views upon the sugar question (as to which he advocated the admission of slave labour) and upon the Irish question (as to which his principle was to establish entire religious equality); that he hoped that in the

* Declaring for the total and immediate repeal.

formation of a new Government no personal considerations should stand in the way of a full attention to public duty.’”

Memorandum by the Prince Albert

“ Windsor Castle, December 25, 1845.

“ Sir Robert has an *immense scheme in view* ; he thinks he shall be able to remove the contest entirely from the dangerous ground upon which it has got—that of a war between the manufacturers, the hungry and the poor against the landed proprietors, the aristocracy, which can only end in the ruin of the latter ; he will not bring forward a measure upon the Corn Laws ; but a much more comprehensive one. He will deal with the whole commercial system of the country. He will adopt the principle of the League, *that of removing all protection and abolishing all monopoly*, but not in favour of one class and as a triumph over another, but to the benefit of the nation, farmers as well as manufacturers. . . .”

The Prince Albert to Lord John Russell

“ Osborne, April 10, 1848.

“. . . I have inquired a good deal into the state of employment about London, and I find, to my great regret, that the number of workmen of all trades out of employment is *very* large, and that it has been increased by the reduction of all the works under Government, owing to the clamour for economy in the House of Commons. Several hundred workmen have been discharged at West-

minster Palace: at Buckingham Palace much fewer hands are employed than are really wanted: the formation of Battersea Park has been suspended, etc., etc. Surely this is not the moment for the taxpayer to economise upon the working classes! And though I don't wish our Government to follow Louis Blanc in his system of *organisation * de travail*, I think the Government is bound to do what it can to help the working classes over the present moment of distress. . . .”

Memorandum by the Prince Albert

“February 25th, 1851.

“Returning to the offices to be filled, Lord Stanley said he should have to propose Mr. Disraeli as one of the Secretaries of the State. The Queen interrupted him by saying that she had not a very good opinion of Mr. Disraeli on account of his conduct to poor Sir R. Peel, and what had just happened did not tend to diminish that feeling.† . . .”

“Buckingham Palace, March 22, 1852.

“We came to town from Osborne the day before yesterday, and saw Lord Derby yesterday afternoon, who is in very good spirits about the prospects of affairs. . . .”

* Alluding to the *Ateliers Nationaux*, to be established under the guidance of a Council of Administration.

† Later Mr. Disraeli, of all her Ministers, was the one whom the Queen appeared to like best, and who could venture most remonstrance with her.

“ He anticipated that there would be returned a large proportion of Conservatives, some Free Traders, some Protectionists : but not a majority for the re-imposition of a duty on corn, *certainly* not a majority large enough to justify him in proposing such a measure. . . .”

Memorandum by Prince Albert

“ Windsor Castle, November 28, 1852.

“ Before the Council held yesterday we saw Lord Derby, who seemed much pleased with the result of the Division, though a good deal galled by the tone of the Debate.

“ . . . On my question why Mr. Gladstone could not lead, he replied that Mr. Gladstone was, in his opinion, quite unfit for it : he had none of that decision, boldness, readiness, and clearness which was necessary to lead a Party, to inspire it with confidence and, still more, to take at times a decision on the spur of the moment, which a leader has often to do. Then he said that he could not in honour sacrifice Mr. Disraeli, who had acted very straightforwardly to him as long as they had had anything to do with each other, and who possessed the confidence of his followers. Mr. Disraeli had no idea of giving up the lead.

“ Lord Derby owned (upon my blunt question) that he did not think Mr. Disraeli had ever had a strong feeling, one way or the other, about Protection or Free Trade, and that he would make a very good Free Trade Minister.”

A. C. BENSON (*Letters of Queen Victoria*).

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

(1841-1910. Accession to the throne, 1901)

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY

A Great Memory and Example

WE are still dazed under the blow which has befallen us. It is too soon as yet to attempt to realise its full meaning. But this at least we may say at once and with full assurance, that he has left to his people a memory and an example which they will never forget—a memory of great opportunities greatly employed, an example, which the humblest of his subjects may treasure and strive to follow, of simplicity, courage, self-denial, tenacious devotion, up to the last moment of conscious life, to work, to duty, and to service.

No Better Man of Business

King Edward, be it remembered, was a man of many and varied interests, a sportsman in the best sense, an ardent and discriminating patron of arts, as well equipped as any man of his time for the give and take of social intercourse, and wholly free from the prejudices and narrowing rules of caste; at home and in all companies, an enfranchised citizen of the world. To such a man, endowed as he was by nature, placed where he was by fortune and by circumstances, there was open, if he had chosen to enter it, an

unlimited field of self-indulgence. But, Sir, as every one will acknowledge who had been brought into daily contact with him in the sphere of affairs, his duty to the State always came first. In this great business community there was no better man of business, no one by whom the humdrum obligations of punctuality, method, preciseness, economy of time and speech were more keenly recognised or more severely practised.

No Self Apart from His People

He was animated every day of his Sovereignty by the thought that he was at once the head and the chief servant of the vast and complex organism which we call the British Empire. He recognised in the fullest degree both the powers and the limitations of a Constitutional Monarchy. Here, at home, though no politician, he was, as every one knew, a keen social reformer. Already as Prince of Wales he had entered with zeal into the work of two Royal Commissions, one on the housing of the working classes, the other on the problems connected with the aged poor. His magnificent services, both before and after his Accession, to our hospitals will never be forgotten. He loved his people at home and over the seas. Their interests were his interests, their fame was his fame. He had no self apart from them.

In external affairs his powerful personal influence was steadily and zealously directed to the avoidance not only of war, but to the

causes and pretexts of war. He well earned the title by which he will always be remembered—the Peace Maker of the World.

MR. ASQUITH.

The Peace Maker of the World

He was a great Monarch, and it was because he was able naturally, simply through the incommunicable gift of personality to make all feel—to embody to all men—the friendly policy of this country, that he was able to do a work in the bringing together of nations which has fallen to the lot of few men, be they King or be they subject, to accomplish. He had that which no Minister, no Cabinet, no Ambassadors, neither treaties, nor protocols, nor understandings, which no debates, no speeches, no banquets, were able to perform. He, by his personality, and by his personality alone, brought home to the minds of millions on the Continent, as nothing that we could have done could have brought it home to them, the friendly feelings of the country over which King Edward ruled.

MR. BALFOUR.

His Unremembered Acts of Kindness

Many will turn to the personal touches of character, the little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness, unremembered, indeed, by their doer, but not forgotten by him for whom these things were done. Those who in different degrees were honoured by personal intimacy with the King can recall hundreds of instances

of these kindnesses, and they never could forget his dislike for affectation in every form, his qualities of courage, of generosity of thought and deed, and of the toleration which only recoiled from anything which was hard or insincere.

LORD CREWE.

*The Warm and Sincere Friend of the Working
Classes*

The King, by his noble life, by his heroic services, has brought the great mass of the working men to realise that, after all, those in high places have used their enormous powers to make their lot happier and brighter. Of no one may it be so truly said as of the late King, that he worked and toiled for the good of the people. While his immediate associations were with those whose lot was better in the world, the great mass of the people at the base of society found that in the King they had a warm and sincere friend. I am satisfied that in the length and breadth of the land to-day there will be one feeling and one only, and that is that they have lost, all of them, one of their warmest friends, one of their best friends, and their prayers and sympathy will go out to those who are left to mourn that they may be comforted and sustained in their great trial. I myself feel that the lot of the great mass of the country during the reign of the last two Monarchs has considerably improved, and when I realise the enormous effort the late King made to make those in this island, and in the

whole Empire, happier and better, I quite see that the greatest eulogium that will be paid to any one will be that which comes from the lowest strata of society, and from the enormous mass of men, women, and children who have learnt to love and respect him. Nowhere will sorrow be truer, more sincere, or deeper than among the humblest of the poor. In thousands of cottage homes will go up in rare sincerity the honest prayers of honest men and women that the Queen Mother may be sustained in her sad and serious loss.

MR. ENOCH EDWARDS.

His Irrepressible Kindliness

His Majesty's position at home and abroad was certainly not due to any studied endeavour to force himself into a position of prominence either on the national or international stage. It was not due to any deliberate pursuit of popularity for the sake of popularity, but it was due to the spontaneous, instinctive, I would almost say irrepressible kindness and consideration and good temper of his character, which was a second nature with him, and which never forsook him through life. It was the possession of these qualities which enabled him to feel what his people felt, to share our emotions, our joys, and our sorrows, to take part in our aspirations and hopes, to rejoice with us in our achievements, if anything was achieved and well done; and it was the possession of these qualities which made the people of this country regard his late Majesty, not only as a ruler, but as a friend, and to

reverence in him, not only the Sovereign, but the man.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

I suppose no King has ever reigned of whom we have any record who has attained the marked and real popularity—popularity in the true sense of the word—which was attained by King Edward. We loved and venerated his mother. His mother, leading a more secluded life, had not the same personal popularity in every part of the Kingdom which was attained by King Edward. How was that? Was it not because he was so essentially human? When it behoved him to be a King he was a King, but all the time he was a man with a man's heart, a man's nature, and more than a man's compassion for those who were less well placed than himself. He loved peace, and he loved the poor. No heart could have gone out more earnestly than his to the other grave, not open but closed, below the sea at Whitehaven,* where so many scores of brave men lie to-day. It is not too much to say that our late King—I say it in my heart and conscience—in view of the character and the weight that he had established in the Councils of the world, in view of the efforts that he was constantly making for the promotion of peace, in view of the sympathy by which he was enabled to knit together nations other than his own, was at the time of his death one of the greatest agencies for good existing in the world.

LORD ROSEBERRY.

* This refers to the explosion at the Wellington Pit colliery, by which 136 lives were lost.

When King Edward ascended the throne, at an age when all that needed to be learned must have been learned beforehand, men hoped more than they expected of his reign. But soon to the qualities that all knew that he possessed other hopes were displayed, the nation recognised that the sceptre was in the hands of a Prince who was possessed not only of attractive but of right kingly attributes. His rare sagacity, his unerring tact, his happy alluring grace of manner were enough to transform foes into friends, and lukewarm friends into staunch champions; but beyond all these there was in him that royal rectitude of spirit, which never descended to intrigue, never sought, as other monarchs have been tempted to do, to create a king's party; in short, he knew that he was a Constitutional Sovereign, and he unflinchingly accepted those limitations which often meant the lonely endurance of much anxious responsibility; and, in spite of conditions which must have made him crave for sympathetic conference with old and trusted friends, he went through his task with heroic silence and remained chivalrously loyal to his constitutional advisers. It is not given to every man to know when and how to speak; it is given to few to know when to be silent; it is given to fewer still to keep silence, even when silence is best. But King Edward the Seventh was able to do this with such constancy and consistency that it is not too much to say that he was himself a martyr to his own ideal of constitutional duty. In this he showed that quality which, as Tennyson sang, marked

the Prince Consort's character—"sublime repression of himself." Thus he could keep silence, but wherein he could rightly express himself he was happy in his utterance; when the needs of others were the theme, he could plead warmly and bravely on their behalf. In all good causes he sought, and successfully sought, to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of others. In this the recognised loyalty of his nature increased the range of his influence; he was able without transgressing the code of diplomatic etiquette to promote the spirit of personal friendliness, which of itself works against international friction. He knew personally the leading men of other lands, and he was able, as Lord Lansdowne said, to create that "atmosphere" which was favourable to the growth and development of friendly international relationships.

When we ask what was the secret which made the late King such a strong national and international power, the answer is to be found not in the record of definite actions or conspicuous achievements, but in the unconsciously exercised power of his personality. This was the power which created the atmosphere of which Lord Lansdowne spoke. It was the effluence of a characteristic personality—genuine, loyal, single-minded—which made his influence strong. His power was not due to deliberate effort, but for that reason it was more effective than any conscious exercise of force. For, as love is stronger than logic, because it is the output of the whole personality, so is that influence which springs from what is the essential being

more powerful and more abiding than the mere intellectual forces, however brilliant and attractive they may be.

The powers and gifts of the late King were in a great measure hidden. As clear water conceals its depths, so his attractive manner and unmistakable kindness concealed the real force which lay behind.

The final lesson of the King's reign is the simple lesson and continuously true: it is the value of personality. We are tempted in estimating life to attach wrong value to things; we rate our powers of mind too highly; we adorn with fictitious importance our theories; we cling superstitiously to the narrow range of prejudices which we call our opinions; meanwhile we forget that the total man is more than his views: the aura of his influence widens or shrinks, not by what he thinks or says, but by what he is: the outflow of his personality spreads further than his words and flows into other hearts with penetrating power.

"We have lost a great King, one of the greatest in history." This sentence, from an admirable leader in the *Times*, may seem premature in judgment, but there is a sense in which even to-day we may recognise the truth. Greatness is not of one kind alone. The greatness of conspicuous action is not open to all; but there is a greatness if not dazzling that is of abiding value. There is a greatness which recognises clearly the limitations of its activity, which discerns what may be done within the limits assigned by Providence. In the final

verdict upon men and their lives, the judgment will not be according to the public splendour of their deeds, but according to the use they have made of their gifts within the limit of their legitimate opportunities. In other words, it is the character inspiring and directing our activities which gives them their true value.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON (*Nineteenth Century*).

LORD RODNEY

(1718-1792. Georges Brydges Rodney. Principal victories: over the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, 1780, and over the French off Dominica in 1782. In recognition of latter victory he was created Baron Rodney the same year.)

RODNEY was one of the many men of brilliant capacity who had been brought into the front rank by Pitt during the great French war. He had bombarded Havre and destroyed the preparations for an invasion of England in 1759, and he commanded the squadron which in the beginning of 1762, captured Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Grenada. He afterwards became a baronet, vice-admiral, and member of Parliament; but he ruined himself at the gaming-table, and was obliged to fly to France from his creditors. He was a somewhat vain and boasting man without any high principle, and a complete slave to women and to play; but on sea he ever showed himself almost recklessly daring in seeking danger, and eminently prompt, skilful, and self-possessed when encountering it.

The capture of Jamaica by a combined French and Spanish force was the next great enterprise which the enemy proposed. In the beginning of April, 1782, a powerful French fleet was collected at Martinique for that purpose. It consisted of thirty-three ships. Rodney, however, had arrived at Barbadoes on February 19th with twelve ships of the line. He soon after joined Hood at Antigua, and the arrival of some other English ships, which had been sent out to St. Lucia, made him for a time equal to the enemy. If a blow could be struck before the Spanish fleet arrived, Jamaica might yet be saved.

Rodney succeeded in his design, and a slight and indecisive action on April 9th was followed on the 12th by a great English victory near the island of Dominica. The battle itself lasted for nearly eleven hours. For some time the hostile guns almost touched, and the English fire was poured with a tremendous effect into the dense ranks of the French. The English did not lose a single ship, and their * loss in killed and wounded is said to have amounted to nine thousand men. Six ships of the line and two smaller vessels were captured or sunk, and, as night drew in, the remainder fled in confusion. The *Ville de Paris*, after an heroic resistance, was compelled to strike her flag. She was then little more than a wreck, and only three men—one of them being the admiral—were unwounded on the deck.

W. E. H. LECKY (*History of the Eighteenth Century*).

* *I.e.* that of the French.

LORD NELSON

(1758-1805. Horatio Nelson. Principal battles: Battle of the Nile, 1798; Copenhagen, 1801; Trafalgar, 1805. Created Baron, 1800; Viscount, 1801.)

IF a man consults whether he is to fight, when he has the power in his own hands, *it is certain that his opinion is against fighting.*

Mr. Matcham said: "Lord Nelson in private life was remarkable for a demeanour quiet, sedate, and unobtrusive, anxious to give pleasure to every one about him, distinguishing each in turn by some act of kindness, and chiefly those who seemed to require it most.

"During his few intervals of leisure, in a little knot of friends and relations, he delighted in quiet conversation, through which occasionally ran an undercurrent of pleasantry, not unmixed with caustic wit. At his table he was the least heard among the company, and so far from being the hero of his own tale, I never heard him voluntarily refer to any of the great actions of his life."

During the last two years and a half of Nelson's life, the chaplain of the *Victory* was associated with him in close intimacy as confidential secretary, with whom he talked freely of many matters. "He was," said this gentleman, "a thorough clergyman's son—I should think he never went to bed or got up without kneeling down to say his prayers."

"This is an odd war," he said, "not a battle!" Tying himself to the ship, in profound sympathy

with the crews, he never went ashore from the time he left Malta in June, 1803, until he reached Gibraltar in July, 1805; nor was he ever outside of the *Victory* from July 30, 1803, the day he went on board her from the *Amphion*. "Always shut up in the *Victory's* cabin," as he himself wrote, "cannot be very good for the constitution. I think you will find me grown thin, but never mind." Other officers, especially of the frigates, got their occasional runs ashore; but his slight figure was continually in view, walking the front of the poop, to the unconscious contentment of the men, thus reminded ever that their admiral shared their deprivations.

He breakfasted in summer about six, and at seven in winter; and if not occupied in reading or writing despatches, or examining into the details of the Fleet, he walked on the quarter-deck the greater part of the forenoon; going down to his cabin occasionally to commit to paper such incidents or reflections as occurred to him during that time, and as might be hereafter useful to the service of his country.

He possessed such a wonderful activity of mind, as even prevented him from taking ordinary repose, seldom enjoying two hours of uninterrupted sleep; and on several occasions he did not quit the deck during the whole night.

"Setting aside his heroism," wrote Dr. Scott after Trafalgar, "when I think what an affectionate, fascinating little fellow he was, how dignified and pure his mind, how kind and condescending his manners, I become stupid with grief for what I have lost." "He is so cheerful

and pleasant," wrote the public secretary, Mr. Scott, "that it is a happiness to be about his hand." Dr. Gillespie notes "his noble frankness of manners, freedom from vain formality and pomp (so necessary to the decoration of empty little great men) which can only be equalled by the unexampled glory of his naval career, and the watchful and persevering diligence with which he commands his fleet." "Nelson was the man to *love*," said Captain Pulteney Malcolm, who knew intimately both him and Wellington.

"Either the distances between the different quarters of the globe are diminished," wrote Mr. Elliot from Naples, "or you have extended the powers of human action. After an unremitting cruise of two years in the stormy Gulf of Lyons, to have proceeded without going into port to Alexandria, from Alexandria to the West Indies, from the West Indies back again to Gibraltar; to have kept your ships afloat, your riggings standing, and your crews in health and spirits—is an effort such as never was realised in former times, nor, I doubt, will ever again be repeated by any other Admiral. You have protected us for two long years, and saved the West Indies by only a few days." Thus truly summarised, such achievements are seen to possess claims of admiration, not to be exceeded even by the glory of Trafalgar.

This realisation of the possible fruitfulness of a defeat, or rather, of a battle wisely lost, as contrasted with what Jomini calls the sterile glory of fighting battles merely to win them—is

one of the most marked and decisive features of Nelson's genius as a general officer. It recurs over and over again.

Nelson, however, gave one general admonition to the Cabinet which is worthy to be borne in mind, as a broad principle of unvarying application. What is wanted, he said, is the annihilation of the enemy—"Only numbers can annihilate."

The following view is attributed to Nelson during the chase to the West Indies. "He knew the French had no three-decked ships in their fleet, and he reckoned on the great superiority in close action of three batteries of guns over two. With this may be joined a quotation from himself involving implicitly the same idea: 'Two (two-deckers) alongside the enemy are better than three-deckers *a great way off*.' This evidently suggests the idea that one three-decker was better than two seventy-fours, conditions being similar.

"At half-past ten drove from dear dear Merton,* where I left all which I hold dear in the world, to go to serve my King and Country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfill the expectations of my Country; and if it is his good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the Throne of His Mercy. If it is His good Providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me, that I may

* He was then starting for his last and greatest battle.

leave behind. His will be done: Amen, Amen, Amen."

The possibility that he himself might fall was, as always, present to his thoughts, and never did life mean more to him than it did now; yet, as the twilight deepened, and the realisation of danger passed gradually into a presentiment of death, he faced the prospect without gloom—steadfast still in mind. "Let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and His will be done! I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it. Do not think I am low-spirited on this account, or fancy anything is to happen to me; quite the contrary—my mind is calm, and I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe."

The combined fleets put to sea on the 19th of October, 1805, with the fixed purpose of daring the hazard of battle, which they could scarcely expect to avoid. They numbered thirty-three ships-of-the-line, eighteen French and fifteen Spanish, and were accompanied by five frigates and two brigs, all of which were French.

In the allied force there were four three-decked ships, of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guns, all Spanish, of which

one the *Santissima Trinidad* was the largest vessel then afloat. Among Nelson's twenty-seven there were seven three-deckers, of ninety-eight to one hundred guns; but in the lower rates the British were in a disadvantage, having but one eighty-gun ship and three sixty-fours, whereas the allies had six of the former, and only one of the latter. All the other vessels of the line-of-battle were seventy-fours, the normal medium type, upon which the experience of most navies of the day had fixed, as best fitted for the general purpose of reinforcing the critical points of an order of battle; an aim that could not be as effectively attained by the combination of two ships under two captains.

Nelson was on his knees writing. . . . "May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

These things being done, Nelson said to Blackwood, "Now I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

Blackwood, who was standing by him at the

forward end of the poop, took his hand and said, "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the *Victory*, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your Lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes."

Nelson replied, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again."

Upon the four ships which led, the *Victory* and *Temeraire*, the *Royal Sovereign* and *Belleisle*, fell one-third of the entire loss in a fleet of twenty-seven sail.

Wars may cease, but the need for heroism shall not depart from the earth, while man remains and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.

A. T. MAHAN (*Life of Nelson*).

What was his work, and what was the secret of his success?

In few words the result of his labours may be described as having saved the world from internecine war and the British Empire from destruction. And this stupendous work was achieved by numberless engagements on many seas and in many lands, but more especially at the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, where he overthrew the three projects of the most conspicuous soldier that the world has ever known—a genius whose objective included the destruction of all existing constitutions and institutions, substituting for them a military despotism which was to be entirely incarnated

in one man—Napoleon himself. Nelson, who accomplished all this, was a man who suffered so much and so constantly from wounds and from exposure, that it may almost be said that he knew not what it is to feel well in his body, or to be free from pain; but that marvellous spirit that burned within him was so fed by the most unselfish devotion to duty and love of country, that it kept him up against attacks that would have prostrated any one else.

In order to find out in what his power lay, it is necessary to point out his leading characteristics, and prove them from the history of his life and time; and these were—his worship of his King and country, his devotion to duty, his flame-like imagination, and his magnetic power of attraction, which made him the most beloved and irresistible leader of men that the history of the world has produced. Other geniuses have shone as bright, but to none of them was given, in the same degree, that extraordinary power of holding the love as well as the confidence of his followers. He understood them, and they trusted and believed that they understood him.

In February, 1799, *Le Génèreux*, one of the two ships of the line which had escaped from the battle of the Nile, was sighted. Nelson was in a fever of excitement lest the *Northumberland*, which was in company with him, should sail past his flagship, the *Foudroyant*, and so have the honour of capturing the French admiral's ship. As the pursuer came within range, the chase commenced to shoot, and the first shot

passed over the quarter-deck of the *Foudroyant*, and close to the head of a young midshipman who was receiving his baptism of fire. The boy turned pale and stopped in his walk, but a moment later he felt a hand laid gently on his shoulder, and heard a voice say kindly and quietly in his ear, "You don't like the music; but Charles the Twelfth ran away from the first shot that he saw fired, and was afterwards called 'Great' for his bravery, so we will expect great things from you."

He said to his captains: "Do not imagine that I am one of those hot-brained people who fight at immense disadvantage without an adequate object." This he never did. In every action of his strenuous life he thoroughly calculated the cost, and considered whether the venture was worth the risk from the country's point of interest. Nor must it be imagined that his unique genius for strategy grew on him without work. Genius, which may be defined as "the capable application of great imagination," has only one quality ready-made. The imagination is the gift, but the capable application takes years of study. Nelson succeeded because he had the first born in him, and the second he acquired through a lifetime of work and experience. Mahan rightly said of him, "No man was ever better served than Nelson by the inspiration of the moment; no man ever counted on it less."

Looking through the history of those times, the student must, perforce, be struck with the singular manner in which every one of Napo-

leon's three colossal schemes was frustrated by the genius of Nelson. From his dream of a splendid Oriental empire, Napoleon was roughly awakened by the thunder of the guns at the Nile. His second enterprise, the coalition of the Northern Powers of Europe, was shattered in the desperate engagement off Copenhagen; while his final effort to destroy the sea-power of Great Britain, the only thing that barred him from the sovereignty of the world, was completely and for ever wrecked by the destruction and annihilation of the combined French and Spanish fleets off the shoals of Trafalgar.

ADMIRAL MARK KERR (*Nineteenth Century*).

DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(1769-1852. Arthur Wellesley. Principal battles: Assaye, Vimiero, 1808; Talavera, 1809; Fuentes d'Onoro, 1811; Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca, 1812; Vittoria, 1813; Quatre Bras and Waterloo, 1815. Created Viscount Wellington, 1809; Earl and Marquis, 1812; Duke, 1814; Prime Minister, 1828-1830.)

No other man in our time ever held the position in England which the Duke of Wellington had occupied for more than a whole generation. The place he had won for himself was absolutely unique. His great deeds belonged to a past time. He was hardly anything of a statesman; he knew little and cared less about what may be called statecraft; and as an administrator he had made many mistakes. But the trust that the

nation had in him as a counsellor was absolutely unlimited. It never entered into the mind of any one to suppose that the Duke of Wellington was actuated in any step he took, or advice he gave, by any feeling but a desire for the good of the State. His loyalty to the Sovereign had something antique and touching in it. There was a blending of personal affection with the devotion of a state servant which lent a certain romantic dignity to the demeanour and character of one who otherwise had but little of the poetical or the sentimental in his nature. In the business of politics he had but one prevailing anxiety, and that was that the Queen's Government should be satisfactorily carried on. He gave up again and again his most cherished convictions, most ingrained prejudices, in order that he might not stand in the way of the Queen's Government and the proper carrying of it on. This simple fidelity, sometimes rather whimsically displayed, stood him often in stead of an exalted statesmanship, and enabled him to extricate the Government and the nation from difficulties in which a political insight far more keen than his might have failed to prove a guide.

It was for this simple and unswerving devotion to the national good that the people of England admired and revered him. He had not what would be called a lovable temperament, and yet the nation loved him. He was cold and brusque in manner, and seemed in general to have hardly a gleam of the emotional in him. This was not because he lacked affections. On the contrary, his affections and friendships were

warm and enduring; and even in public he had more than once given way to outbursts of emotion such as a stranger would never have expected of one of that cold and rigid demeanour. When Sir Robert Peel died, Wellington spoke of him in the House of Lords with the tears which he did not even try to control running down his cheeks. But in his ordinary bearing there was little of the manner that makes a man a popular idol. He was not brilliant or dashing, or emotional or graceful. He was dry, cold, self-contained. Yet the people loved him and trusted in him; loved him perhaps especially because they so trusted in him. The nation was not ungrateful. It heaped honours on Wellington; it would have heaped more on him if it knew how. It gave him its almost unqualified admiration. On his death it tried to give him such a public funeral as hero never had.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY (*History of our own Times*).

“ I look upon Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, as my three best battles; those which had great and permanent consequences. Salamanca relieved the whole South of Spain, changed all the prospects of the war, and was felt even in Russia. Vittoria freed the Peninsula altogether, broke off the armistice at Dresden and thus led to Leipsic, and the deliverance of Europe; and Waterloo did more than any other battle I know of towards the true object of all battles—the peace of the world.”

J. W. CROKER (*Croker Papers*).

DUKE'S DESPACHES

The sixth volume appears to me among the most extraordinary of human productions, ancient or modern. It is not the mere power of sagacity, vigilance, acute and comprehensive reasoning, or, in short, the intellectual perfection of the book, various and wonderful as it is, which affects my mind most deeply; it is the love of justice, the love of truth, the love of humanity, the love of country, the fine temper, the tolerance of error, the mildness of reproof, the superb morality of the great and masculine spirit displayed throughout it, which it is impossible for an honest man to observe without affection and admiration.

Lord Anglesey gave me his speech at the Waterloo dinner to read.

“At the opening of the session the country was involved in difficulty and under very considerable embarrassment; the spirit of faction had crossed the Atlantic; the demon of discord was abroad; one of the most favoured and interesting of all colonies was in revolt. The noble Duke saw this and seemed at once to decide that it would require all the energy of the mother country to crush the hydra at its birth. Accordingly when any measure was brought forward tending to support the dignity, to uphold the honour, and secure the integrity of the empire, the noble Duke invariably came forward and nobly supported those measures. But the noble Duke did not stop there; spurning the miserable practices of party spirit, he upon many occasions offered his sage and solid counsel

to the Government which he had not been in the habit of supporting. Gentlemen, I declare to you that this conduct has made a deep impression on me. It appears to me that this is the true character and conduct of a real patriot; such conduct is, in my estimation, beyond all praise."

ED. H. REEVE (*Greville Memoirs*).

NAPOLEON

(1769-1821. Emperor, 1804-1814. His last victory, Dresden in August, 1813. Abdicated, April, 1814. Surrendered, after Waterloo, to Admiral Hotham at Rochefort, July 15.)

THE most imposing of all incarnations of the doctrine that reason of State covers all, is Napoleon. . . . Napoleon, a Cæsar Borgia on a giant scale, deliberately called evil good and good evil; and alone among the past masters of all the arts of violence and fraud, he sacrificed pity, humanity, faith, religion, and public law, less for the sake of the State than to satisfy his own ravening egotism and exorbitant passion for personal domination. . . .

LORD MORLEY (*Romanes Lecture on Machiavelli*).

Two things, at least, Napoleon accomplished; he opened the way for ability of all kinds, and he dealt the death-blow to the divine right of kings and all the abuses that clung to that superstition.

O. W. HOLMES (*One Hundred Days*).

The emerging of Napoleon from his uniform, and his first contact with civil government, are much the most interesting period of his career after his first triumphs. His success in administration must have seemed not more probable than if Joubert had been the Cæsar, as he was intended to be; not less doubtful than if Moreau or Massena had been placed in such a position. But from the first, in the face of obstacles of all kinds, he was triumphant, and threads his way, through snares and ambushes, and rancours, with unerring sagacity.

At last the Man of Promise arrives obscurely in Paris. He appears before the Directory as it were *incognito*, dressed in the costume of a civilian, in a dark green overcoat, with a Turkish scimitar. In this grotesque attire he seems sun-burnt, emaciated, dried up; only in his eyes is there life.

In ninety burning pages M. Vandal describes the two dramatic days of the 18th and the 19th of Brumaire, the 8th and the 9th of November. Here where the complication is great, our historian is supreme. He marshals the actors, keeps the groups separate, and elucidates the facts with a master hand. No reader can begin the narrative and willingly lay it down. We breathe the air, we hear the tumult, we are led through the confusion by a sure guide. We are in the scene, though not of it. Between five and six in the morning a picked selection of the Ancients are roused from their beds to attend an

extraordinary session at seven. As the shivering members thread the dark streets, these are seen to be empty, though troops presently are on foot, marching for a purpose of which they are absolutely ignorant. The necessary decree is promptly agreed to. Briefly the Councils are to meet next day at St. Cloud, and Bonaparte is entrusted with the execution of the mandate. Meanwhile all the leading officers of the army are thronging to the house, outside which a squadron of Dragoons forbids any one to leave. But Gohier has become suspicious, and has refused Josephine's invitation. Suddenly the door opens and Bonaparte appears, followed by a swelling crowd of officers, joined by Siéyès, who has profited by his equestrian lessons, and who is attended by two aides-de-camp. He rides triumphantly to the Tuileries, where he finds a joyfully expectant crowd. There he takes the oath, somewhat incoherently, before the Ancients, and that Council breaks up. Then he enters the Garden and faces his troops. Here he is in his own atmosphere, and is coherent enough. His wrath falls on a shuddering emissary of Barras, come to watch events. "What have you done with that France," he asks imperiously, "which I left so brilliant? I left you peace and I find war. I left you victories, I find defeats. I left you millions from Italy, I find misery and laws of spoliation. What have you done with a hundred thousand Frenchmen, whom I knew, the companions of my glory! They are dead." And after this poignant exordium he proceeds, in words scarcely less

fervid, to proclaim that a change is necessary and imminent. This short speech produced a profound impression at the time, and has survived to brand the Directory with the opprobrium of history. It is, in fact, the epitaph of that corrupt and disastrous Government.

The young General—for he is only thirty years old, how incredible that seems!—haggard and emaciated, toils feverishly for eighteen hours a day, sees every one of every party, works to bring order out of confusion. Of this prodigious operation no epitome is possible; the reader must have the pleasure of studying it in the vivid and entrancing pages of the historian.

Then there is the Constitution, no light task. Siéyès now has one ready, ingeniously contrived to reduce Bonaparte to a pompous nullity. It is not safe as yet to dispense with Siéyès, so a compromise has to be found between the plan of the ex-Director, who wants Bonaparte to be a “pig for fattening,” and that of Bonaparte who means to be everything. The work is at high pressure, the Committee breaks down. He himself survives, indefatigable, vigorous, feverish with anxiety to get the Constitution settled. Sometimes he has moments of fierce impatience. He gnaws his nails, stamps his feet, yields to an irrepressible outburst. But he soon recovers himself. At last it is settled there are to be three Consuls; two with a deliberative voice, but that the decision of the First Consul is to be final. This, of course, settles the question of who is to be master. Siéyès is consoled by the presidential chair of the new Senate, and by a

rich estate. He also by a touch of Corsican finesse is made to nominate the three Consuls, who should have been elected. The process is comically unscrupulous, in Bonaparte's later style. On this occasion the illegality signifies little. The man or woman in the street, as so often happens, says the last word on the Constitution. It is being proclaimed in the streets. "I have not heard a word," says one. "I have not lost a word," says the other. "What is in the Constitution, then?" asks the first. "There is Bonaparte," replies the second. "A Constitution," said the First Consul later, "should be short and obscure;" this one was apparently short and clear.

The living and admirable part of the Constitution, besides the First Consul himself, is the Council of State, the ideal helpmate of the ideal Dictator. It is composed of men of all parties. "I use those who have the will and capacity to work with me," says the First Consul. The Council is his laboratory, his palace of Truth; there he tests, experiments, consults, discusses vigilantly and precisely all projects, and produces his own for criticism. Such a department, severely and conscientiously worked, is a priceless critic and assistant for a strong ruler. Moreover, as auditors of this body, he trains the choicest young men for the service of the State. Fortunate is the country which is privileged to possess such an institution, worked and developed by Napoleon.

His main determination is to restore order, to put an end to violence, uncertainty, and civil

war. He puts out feelers of conciliation in every direction. He has long talks with the Royalists; he buries the pope with dignity, and Turenne with splendour; he allows priests, and opens the churches; he shuts his eyes, or gives open toleration, when emigrants return; "Nous autres nobles," once escapes his lips. But all this has to be done with extreme caution before the closing but suspicious eyes of the Revolution.

His eyes are beginning to pierce clearly into the future. He must have a Church to conciliate France, even though it displease a loud minority. France in its depths, M. Vandal tells us, was still Catholic, and the movement towards the recognition of Christian faith proceeds of its own accord. *Décadi* gives place unofficially to Sunday. In churches where there are no priests, peasants assemble spontaneously for common prayer, "pour faire le geste religieux." France is nearly ripe for the Concordat. And as the churches open, emigrants creep back. They wander sadly about trying to localise the Paris they remember. "Vous souvenez-vous! C'était la. C'était ici," are murmured everywhere.

LORD ROSEBERY (*"The Coming of Bonaparte,"*
Fortnightly Review).

. . . Napoleon hated writing, and had almost lost the art, for what he did write was illegible. It was recorded that on his marriage he with incredible difficulty managed to write a short note to his father-in-law. With infinite pains his secretaries contrived to make it presentable. He could only dictate; and he dictated with a

vengeance. On one occasion at Longwood he is stated to have dictated for fourteen hours at a stretch, with only short intervals.

. . . Next to Corneille he seems to have loved Racine. But he was catholic in his tastes, and would readily turn to Beaumarchais and the "Arabian Nights," though these may have been concessions to the frailty of his audience. Like Pitt, his great adversary, he relished "Gil Blas," but thought it a bad book for the young, as Gil Blas sees only the dark side of human nature, and the youthful think that that is a true picture of the world, which it is not. He frequently read the Bible; sometimes, in translations, Homer and Virgil, Æschylus or Euripides. From English literature he would take "Paradise Lost," Hume's "History of England," and "Clarissa Harlowe." With Ossian, to whatever literature that poet may belong, he would commune as with an old friend. For Voltaire's "Zaire" he had a positive passion. He had once asked Madame de Montholon to choose a tragedy for the evening's entertainment: she had chosen "Zaire" till they groaned in spirit at the very name.

He had always been a great reader, though he declared that in his public life he only read what was of direct use for his purposes. When he was a scholar at Brienne the frequency of his demands for books was the torment of the College librarian. When he was a lieutenant in the garrison at Valence he read ravenously and indiscriminately everything he could lay hands on. "When I was a lieutenant of artillery," he

said before the collected princes at Erfurt, "I was for three years in the garrison at Valence. I spent that time in reading and re-reading the library there." . . . And though he declared that his reading was purely practical, he always had a travelling library of general literature with which he took great pains. . . . Even at Waterloo he was accompanied by a travelling library of 800 volumes in six cases—the Bible, Homer, Ossian, Bossuet, and all the seventy volumes of Voltaire. . . . Now, in his solitude, he devoured them—history, philosophy, strategy, and memoirs. Of these last alone he read seventy-two volumes in twelve months. Nor was he by any means a passive reader; he would scribble on margins, he would dictate notes or criticisms. But the reading aloud was almost entirely of works of imagination, and the selection does not inspire one with any passionate wish to have been present. Nor, as we have seen, did the actual audience greatly appreciate the privilege.

. . . Napoleon's real leaning seems to be to Mahometanism; his objection to Christianity is that it is not sufficiently ancient. Had it existed, he says, since the beginning of the world he could believe it. But it had not; nor could it have sustained itself till now without the Crucifixion and the Crown of Thorns, for mankind is thus constituted. . . .

Mahometanism, on the other hand, is more simple; and, he characteristically adds, is superior to Christianity in that it conquered half the world in ten years, while Christianity took three hundred

years to establish itself. Another time he declares Mahometanism to be the most beautiful of all religions. And once he even says, "We Mahometans."

As to man, he proclaims himself a materialist. . . . What are electricity, galvanism, magnetism? In these lies the great secret of nature. Galvanism works in silence. I think myself that man is the product of these fluids and of the atmosphere, that the brain pumps up these fluids and imparts life, and that the soul is composed of these fluids, which after death return into the atmosphere, whence they are pumped into other brains.

"When we are dead, my dear Gourgaud, we are altogether dead. What is a soul? Where is the soul of a sleeper or of a babe?"

Another time he breaks out: "Were I obliged to have a religion, I would worship the sun—the source of all life—the real god of the earth."

". . . I believe there are more honourable men in England proportionately than in any other country—but there are some very bad, they are in extremes." Again: "The English are quite a different race from us, they have something of the bulldog in them, they love blood. They are ferocious, they fear death less than we do, have more philosophy, and live more from day to day."

. . . He could not understand, and posterity shares his bewilderment, why the British have derived so little benefit from their long struggle and their victory. He thinks that they must

have been stung by the reproach of being a nation of shopkeepers, and have wished to show their magnanimity. "Probably for a thousand years such another opportunity of aggrandising England will not occur. In the position of affairs nothing could have been refused to you." It was ridiculous, he said, to leave Batavia to the Dutch, and Bourbon and Pondicherry to the French. He would not have given a farthing for either, had it not been for his hope of driving the English out of India. "Your ministers, too," he says, "should have stipulated for a commercial monopoly in the seas of India and China. You ought not to have allowed the French or any other nation to put their noses beyond the Cape. . . . At present the English can dictate to the world, more especially if they withdraw their troops from the Continent, . . . and remain a purely maritime Power."

Of his wives he is not chary of talking, nor is he sparing of the most intimate details about both. He wonders if he ever really loved anybody. If so, Josephine—a little. . . . Her greatest defect was a vigilant and constant jealousy. However, she was not jealous of Marie Louise, though the latter was extremely susceptible as to her predecessor. . . . He always praises Marie Louise, and gives, in sum, the following account of her. . . . She was always truthful and discreet, and courteous to all, even those whom she most detested. She was cleverer than her father, whom alone of the family she loved. . . . She was a charming child, a good woman, and had saved his life. And yet, all said and done, he

loved Josephine better. Josephine was a true woman, she was his choice, they had risen together.

. . . He considered Louis XIV. the greatest of French sovereigns.

. . . Eliza, the member of his family who most resembled him in character and talents, and whom perhaps for that reason he disliked, he scarcely mentions.

. . . He was supposed when Emperor to disdain female society ; he admits the fact, and explains it.

“ . . . War,” he says, “ is a strange art. I have fought sixty battles, and I assure you that I have learned nothing from all of them that I did not know in the first. Look at Cæsar ; he fights in the first battle as in the last.”

“ . . . A perfect army . . . would be that in which each officer knew what to do according to circumstances ; the best army is that which is nearest to this.”

It was not because of Arabia or Judæa that Napoleon regretted Egypt. He reveals his secret aim in a laconic sentence. “ France mistress of Egypt would be mistress of India.” And again : “ The master of Egypt is the master of India.” And again, “ Egypt in possession of the French, farewell India to the British. This was one of the greatest projects I aimed at.” He would have constructed two canals—one from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, the other from the Red Sea to the Nile at Cairo. He would have extended the dominion of Egypt to the south, and would have enlisted

the blacks of Sennaar and Darfur. With sixty or seventy thousand of these, and thirty thousand picked Frenchmen, he would have marched in three columns on the Euphrates, and after making a long halt there, would have proceeded to conquer India.

One point is clear in all the discussions on Waterloo and its sequel. . . . Whatever Napoleon may occasionally say in retrospect, with regard to placing himself at the head of a popular and revolutionary movement after Waterloo, we are convinced he was deluding himself, or toying with his audience. . . . He had seen too much of the Revolution to face any such contingency. . . . No eye-witness of the Terror was affected by a more profound reaction than Napoleon. It had left him with a horror for excess and a passion for order.

“No! I cannot forget that I was brought from Cannes to Paris amid sanguinary cries of ‘Down with the Priests! Down with the Nobles!’ I prefer the regrets of France to her crown.” During that famous march, the passions of the people, stirred by the brief government of the Bourbons, had made the deepest impression on him. Had he consented to associate himself with their fury at the suspected attempt to resume the land and the privileges which were lost in the Revolution, he could, he was convinced, have arrived in Paris at the head of two millions of peasants.

Lavallette tells us the truth in one pregnant sentence—the eleven months of the reign of Louis XVIII. had thrown France back into

1792. Even during that short period discontent had crystallised into conspiracies. But their object was to place Louis Philippe as a constitutional monarch on the throne, not to bring back the banished despot. On his return the Emperor was alarmed. He found that the face of Paris was changed—respect and regard for him had visibly waned. Had he realised at Elba, he said, the change which had taken place in France he would have remained on his island. . . . Even had he returned victorious, he would, says Lavallette, have had to face great danger from internal troubles. Indeed, it was soon evident that what the country desired was less the return of the Emperor than the departure of the Bourbons. When these had gone, enthusiasm promptly cooled. Napoleon, with characteristic perception, had seen this at once.

Why did he not put himself at the head of an uprising of revolutionary France? . . . The First Consul would not have hesitated. But the Emperor saw clearly, we think, that there would in that case have been no question of a dynasty, that the dictatorship would have been a personal one, that he would have been Sylla or Marius, not Augustus or Charlemagne.

. . . Order, justice, force, symmetry, these were his administrative ideals, tempered always by the personal equation. . . . To the people he stood for the Revolution, and to the army for glory. . . .

. . . Napoleon was quite aware of the advantage that his memory and cause would derive from his imprisonment. His death in lonely

captivity cancelled all his errors and all his shortcomings. His memory, purged of all recollection of his iron rule, of his insatiable demands on the blood and resources of France, of the two invasions of her territory which he had brought about, became a tradition and a miracle. The peasantry of France had always been, next to the army, his main support, for they had considered him their sure bulwark against any return of feudal rights or feudal lords, against any restitution of the estates confiscated during the Revolution. The peasantry then were the jealous guardians of his fame. Among them long lingered the tradition of his supernatural achievements.

Scavenger is a coarse word, yet it accurately represents Napoleon's first function as ruler. The volcano of the French Revolution had burnt itself out. He had to clear away the cold lava; the rubbish of past destruction; the cinders and the scoria, the fungus of corruption which had overgrown all, and was for the moment the only visible result. What he often said of the Crown of France is absolutely true of its government. "I found it in the gutter, and I picked it up on my sword's point." The gutter government he replaced by a new administrative machine, trim, pervading, and efficient; efficient, that is to say, so long as the engineer was a man of extraordinary energy and genius.

Then he is a scourge. He purges the floor of Europe with fire. As the sword and spirit of the Revolution, though in all the pomp of

the purple, he visits the ancient monarchies, and compels them to set their houses in order. True, after his fall they relapse. But it is only for a space, and reform if not revolt is soon busy among them. Had it not been for Napoleon this could not have happened; for, when he assumed the government, Europe seems at last to have stemmed the Revolution.

We do not discuss his military greatness; that is universally acknowledged. It would, moreover, require an expert and a volume to discuss it with authority. To the civilian eye he seems, at his best, the greatest of all soldiers. His rapidity of movement and apprehension, his power of inspiring his armies to perform extraordinary feats, his knowledge of detail combined with his gigantic grasp, his prodigious triumphs, make cool judgment difficult.

Then he was a great legislator. The positive and permanent part of his work is, of course, the Code. Wars end, and conquests shrink—so much so, that Napoleon, after all, left France less than he found it. Indeed, the only trace of his reign now visible on the face of Europe is the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden, which is not the direct result of conquest, or indeed the direct work of Napoleon. All that of this kind he planned and fashioned passed away with him. But the Code remains, and profoundly affects the character of the nation, as well as of the other races to which it has been extended. Few enactments, for example, have had a more potent effect in moulding the social and political life of a community than the

provision of the Code for the compulsory division of property. It checks population, it enforces equality, it constitutes the most powerful and conservative of landed interests.

. . . But if common men love to risk chances in the lottery or with the dice, on the racecourse or the Stock Exchange, if there they can find the sting of excitement, war is the gambling of the gods. The haunting risk of disaster; the unspeakable elation of victory; the gigantic vicissitudes of triumph and defeat; the tumult and frenzy and divine sweat; the very scorn of humanity and all that touches it, life and property and happiness, the anguish of the dying and horror of the dead: all these sublimated passions not merely seem to raise man for a moment beyond his fellows, but constitute a strain which human nerves are not able long to endure.

. . . In the final deteriorated phase of his character there is no trace of friendship. In one or two instances he may have felt it. But he had no friends. Duroc most nearly approached to that intimate character.

(*Napoleon, The Last Phase*), by the EARL OF ROSEBURY.

MACHIAVELLI

(1469-1527. Niccolo. Chiefly known by his great book, "Il Principe" (The Prince), published in 1513.)

MACHIAVELLI's active life was passed in council-chambers, camps, courts; he pondered over what he had seen in the light of the few books that

he had read—Livy, Polybius, Tacitus, some portion of Aristotle's "Politics," Dante, Petrarch. Nobody borrowed more, and yet few were more original. If he had ever read Thucydides, he would have recalled that first great chapter in European literature, still indeed the greatest of its kind, of reflections on a revolution, where, with incomparable insight and fidelity, the historian analyses the demoralisation of the Hellenic world, as it lay a prey to intestine faction and the ruinous invocation of foreign aid. These terrible calamities, says Thucydides, always have been and always will be, while human nature remains the same. Words cease to have the same relations to things, and their meanings are changed, to suit the ingenuities of enterprise and the atrocities of revenge. Frantic energy is the quality most valued, and the man of violence is always trusted. That simplicity which is a chief ingredient of a noble nature, is laughed to scorn. Inferior intellects succeed best. . . .

Like most of those who take a pride in seeing human nature as it is, Machiavelli only saw half of it. . . . His estimate was low. Mankind are more prone to evil than to good. We may say this of them generally, that they are ungrateful, fickle, deceivers, greedy of gain, run-aways before peril. While you serve them, they are all yours—lives, goods, children—so long as no danger is at hand; but when the hour of need draws nigh, they turn their backs. They are readier to seek revenge for wrong, than to prove gratitude for service. . . . They are taken in by appearances. They follow the event.

They easily become corrupted. Their will is weak. They know not how to be either thoroughly good or thoroughly bad; they vacillate between; they take middle paths, the worst of all. Men are a little breed.

All this is not satire, it is not misanthropy; it is the student of the art of government, thinking over the material with which he has to deal. . .

. . . Man is what he is, and so he needs to be bitted and bridled with laws. . . . Machiavelli . . . does not argue pale opinions, but passions and interests in all the flush of their action.

. . . The central secret of the ruin and distraction of Italy was weakness of will, want of fortitude, force, and resolution. The abstract question of the best form of government—perhaps the most barren of all the topics that have ever occupied speculative minds—was with Machiavelli strictly secondary. He saw small despotic states harried by their petty tyrants. He saw republics worn out by faction and hate. Machiavelli himself had faith in free republics as the highest type of government; but whether you have républic or tyranny, matters less, he seems to say, than that the governing power should be strong in the force of its own arms, intelligent, concentrated, resolute. . . . Clear intelligence, backed by unsparing will, unflinching energy, remorseless vigour, the brain to plan and the hand to strike—here is the salvation of States, whether monarchies or republics. The spirit of humility and resignation that Christianity had brought into the world, he condemns and re-

pudiates. That whole scheme of the Middle Ages in which invisible powers rule all our moral affairs, he dismisses. . . .

A wise prince neither can, nor ought to, keep his word, when to keep his word would injure either himself or the State. . . . If men were all good, such a maxim as this would be bad; but as men are inclined to evil, and would not all keep faith with you, why should you keep faith with them? . . . For it is frequently necessary, . . . for the upholding of the State, to go to work against faith, against charity, against humanity, against religion. . . .

It would be well if he (the Prince) could be both loved and feared; but, if circumstances force a choice, then it is better that he should be feared. To be feared is not the same as being hated, and the two things to be most avoided are hatred on the one hand, and contempt on the other.

There have been, it is said, only two perfect princes in the world—Marcus Aurelius and Louis IX. of France. . . . Among the canonised saints of the Roman Church, there have only been a dozen kings in eight centuries, and no more than four popes in the same period . . . cherished in the memories of men—William the Silent, Henry of Navarre, and Elizabeth of England. . . . William the Silent changed from Lutheran to Catholic, then back to Lutheran, and then from Lutheran to Calvinist. His numerous children were sometimes baptised in one of the three communions, sometimes in the other, just as political convenience served. Henry

of Navarre abjured his Huguenot faith, then he returned to it, then abjured it again.

. . . Calvin, with a union of fervid religious instinct and profound political genius, . . . did in fact what Machiavelli tried to do on paper; he actually created a self-governed state—. . . made that little corner of Europe both the centre of a movement that shook France, England, Scotland, America, for long days to come, and at the same time he set up a bulwark against all the forces of Spanish and Roman reaction. . . . If Machiavelli had been at Jerusalem two thousand years ago, he would have found nobody of any importance in his eyes, save Pontius Pilate and the Roman legionaries. He forgot the potent arms of moral force. . . .

. . . If moral force and spiritual force is exhausted, with what hope are we to look for either good soldiers or good rulers?

The eighteenth century was a time of belief in the better elements of mankind. An illusion, you may say. Was it a worse illusion than disbelief in mankind? Machiavelli and his school saw only cunning, jealousy, perfidy, ingratitude, dupery, and yet on such a foundation as this they dreamed that they could build. What idealist or doctrinaire ever fell into a stranger error? . . .

It is true to say that Machiavelli represents certain living forces in our actual world. . . . This is because energy, force, will, violence, still keep alive in the world their resistance to the control of justice and conscience, humanity and right. In so far as he represents one side of that

eternal struggle, and suggests one set of considerations about it, he retains a place in the literature of modern political systems and of European morals.

LORD MORLEY (*Romanes Lectures*).

OLIVER CROMWELL

(1599-1658. Lord Protector from 1653.)

CROMWELL had little comprehension of that government by discussion which is now counted the secret of liberty. No man that ever lived was less of a pattern for working those constitutional charters that are the favourite guarantees of public rights in our century. His rule was the rule of the sword.

Clarendon's story of the Rebellion presented the great drama with a living vigour, a breadth, a grave ethical air, that made a profound and lasting impression.

The genius and diligence of Carlyle, aided by the firm and manly stroke of Macaulay, have finally shaken down the Clarendonian tradition.

As for those impatient and importunate deifications of Force, Strength, Violence, Will, which only show how easily hero-worship may glide into effrontery, of them I need say nothing. History, after all, is something besides praise and blame. . . . For the thirst after broad classifications works havoc with truth; and to insist upon long series of unqualified clenches in history and biography only ends in confusing questions that are separate, in distorting perspective, in exaggerating proportions, and in falsifying the

past for the sake of some spurious edification of the present.

It is not, for instance, easy for us who are vain of living in an age of reason, to enter into the mind of a mystic of the seventeenth century. Yet by virtue of that sense even those who have moved furthest away in belief and faith from the books and the symbols that lighted the inmost soul of Oliver, should still be able to do justice to his free and spacious genius, his high heart, his singleness of mind. On the political side it is the same. It may be that "a man's noblest mistake is to be before his time." Yet historic sense forbids us to judge results by motives, or real consequences by the ideals and intentions of the actor who produced them.

Posterity sees a whole. With the statesman in revolutionary times it is different. Through decisive moments that seemed only trivial, and by critical turns that seemed indifferent, he explores dark and untried paths, groping his way through a jungle of vicissitudes, ambush, stratagem, expedient; a match for fortune in all her moods; lucky if now and again he catch a glimpse of the polar star. Such is the case of Cromwell.

“. . . * Read a little history ; study the mathematics and cosmography. These are good with subordination to the things of God. . . . These fit for public services, for which man is born. Take heed of an unactive, vain spirit. Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History ; it's

* This is his counsel.

a body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of a story." "The tree of knowledge," Oliver exhorts Richard to bear in mind, "is not literal or speculative, but inward, transforming the mind to it."

These brief hints of his riper days make no bad text for an educational treatise. Man is born for public service, and not to play the amateur; he should mind and understand business, and beware of an inactive spirit; the history of mankind is to be studied as a whole, not in isolated fragments; true knowledge is not literal or speculative, but such as builds up coherent character and grows a part of it, in conscious harmony with the Supreme Unseen Powers. All this is not full nor systematic like Ascham or Bacon or Milton or Locke; but Oliver's hints have the root of the matter in them, and in this deep sense of education he was himself undoubtedly bred.

. . . Cromwell did not escape, nor was it possible that he should, from those painful struggles with religious gloom that at one time or another confront nearly every type of mind endowed with spiritual faculty. They have found intense expression in many keys from Augustine down to Cowper's "Castaway." Some they have plunged in gulfs of perpetual despair, while stronger natures emerge from the conflict with all the force that is in them purified, exalted, fortified, illuminated.

One of the glories of literature is the discourse in which the mightiest of French divines

commemorates the strange vicissitudes of fortune—the glittering exaltation, the miseries, the daring, the fortitude, and the unshaken faith of the queen of Charles I. As the delineation of an individual it is exaggerated and rhetorical, but the rhetoric is splendid and profound. Bossuet, more than a divine, was moralist, statesman, philosopher, exploring with no mere abstract speculative eye the thread of continuous purpose in the history of mankind, but using knowledge, eloquence, and art to mould the wills of men. His defence of established order has been called the great spectacle of the seventeenth century. It certainly was one of them, and all save narrow minds will care to hear how the spectacle in England moved this commanding genius.

Taking a text that was ever present to him, “Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth,” Bossuet treated that chapter of history in which the life of Henrietta Maria was an episode, as a lofty drama with many morals of its own. “I am not a historian,” he says, “to unfold the secrets of cabinets, or the ordering of battlefields, or the interests of parties; it is for me to raise myself above men, to make every creature tremble under the judgment of Almighty God.” . . .

. . . The great orator, with a command of powerful stroke upon stroke that Presbyterians in their war with Independents might well have envied, drew a picture of the mad rage of the English for disputing of divine things without end, without rule, without submission, men’s minds falling headlong from ruin to ruin. Who

could arrest the catastrophe but the bishops of the Church? And then turning to reproach them sternly as he had reproached their royal masters, it was the bishops, he exclaimed, who had brought to naught the authority of their own thrones by openly condemning all their predecessors up to the very source of their consecration, up to St. Gregory the Pope and St. Augustine, the missionary monk. By skilfully worded contrast with these doings of apostate kings and prelates, he glorified the zeal of Henrietta Maria; boasted how many persons in England had adjured their errors under the influence of her almoners; and how the zealous shepherds of the afflicted Catholic flock of whom the world was not worthy, saw with joy the glorious symbols of their faith restored in the Chapel of the Queen of England; and the persecuted Church that in other days hardly dared so much as to sigh or weep over its past glory, now sang aloud the song of Zion in a strange land.

Universal history has been truly said to make a large part of national history. The lamp that lights the path of a single nation, receives its kindling flame from a central line of beacon fires that mark the outward journey of the race. . . . About the time when Calvin died (1564) it seemed as if the spiritual empire of Rome would be confined to the two peninsulas of Italy and Spain. North of the Alps and north of the Pyrenees the Reformation appeared to be steadily sweeping all before it. Then the floods turned back; the power of the papacy revived, its moral

ascendancy was restored; the Counter-Reformation or the Catholic reaction, by the time when Cromwell and Charles came into the world, had achieved startling triumphs. The indomitable activity of the Jesuits had converted opinion, and the arm of flesh lent its aid in the holy task of reconquering Christendom. What the arm of flesh meant the English could see with the visual eye. They never forgot Mary Tudor and the Protestant martyrs. In 1567 Alva set up his court of blood in the Netherlands. In 1572 the pious work in France began with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1588 the Armada appeared in the British Channel for the subjection and conversion of England. In 1605 Guy Fawkes and his powder-barrels were found in the vault under the House of Lords. These were the things that explain that endless angry refrain against popery, that rings through our seventeenth century with a dolorous monotony at which modern indifference may smile and reason and tolerance may groan.

. . . Little worthy was Charles of so magnanimous a servant.* Attempts have been made at palliation. The queen, as is said, might have been in danger from the anger of the multitude. "Let him," it is gravely enjoined upon us, "who has seen wife and child, all that he holds dear, exposed to imminent peril, and has refused to save them by an act of baseness, cast the first stone at Charles." The equity of history is both a noble and a scientific doctrine, but its decrees are not to be settled by the domestic affections.

* As Strafford.

Time has stamped the abandonment of Strafford with an ignominy that cannot be washed out. It is the one act of his life for which Charles himself professed remorse. "Put not your trust in princes," exclaimed Strafford when he learned the facts. "I dare look death in the face," he said stoically, as he passed out of the Tower gate to the block; "I thank God I am not afraid of death, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to my bed." "His mishaps," said his confederate, Laud, "were that he groaned under the public envy of the nobles, and served a mild and gracious prince who knew not how to be nor to be made great."

. . . Philosophers have never explained how it comes that faction is one of the inborn propensities of man; nor why it should always be that, even where solid reasons are absent, almost any distinctions, however slender, fleeting, fanciful, or frivolous, will yet serve to found a party difference upon. "Zeal for different opinions as to religion or government, whether those opinions be practical or speculative; attachment to different leaders ambitiously contending for pre-eminence and power; devotion to persons whose fortunes have kindled human interests and passions—these things have at all times so inflamed men as to render them far more disposed to vex and oppress each other than to work together for the common good." Such is the language of Madison * about a singular law

* James Madison, President of the United States from 1809 to 1817.

of human things, that has made the spirit of sect and party the master-key of so many in the long catalogue of the perversities of history.

It was on the Church and its reform that the strenuous phalanx of constitutional freedom began to scatter.

. . . In November the news reached London that the Irish had broken out in bloody rebellion. . . .

Enormous confiscations had been followed by the plantation of Scotch and English colonists, and the clearance of the old owners and their people. . . . The great inquisition into titles had alarmed and exasperated the old English. The northern Presbyterians resented his (Strafford's) proceedings for religious uniformity.

. . . Maddened as they were by wholesale rapine, driven forth from land and homes, outraged in every sentiment belonging to their old rude organisation, it is no wonder if the native Irish and their leaders of ancient and familiar names found an added impulse in passion for their religious faith. . . .

The Irish in Ulster suddenly (October 23, 1641) fell upon the English colonists, the invaders of their lands.

. . . On August 22, 1642, one of the memorable dates in our history, on the evening of a stormy day Charles raised the royal standard in the courtyard at the top of the castle hill at Nottingham.

. . . Most of the nobles and upper gentry were stout for the king, while most of the middle sort, the able substantial freeholders, and

commoners not dependent on the malignants above them, stood for the Parliament.

. . . Wherever the Celtic element prevailed, as in Wales and Cornwall, the king had most friends.

. . . A fine instance of the fine and manly temper in which the best men entered upon the struggle is to be found in the words used by Sir William Waller to the brave Hopton. "God, who is the searcher of the heart," Waller wrote, "knows with what a sad sense I go upon this service, and with what a perfect hatred I detest this war without an enemy; but I look upon it as sent from God, and that is enough to silence all passion in me."

"I was a person," he (Cromwell) told his second Parliament the year before he died, "that from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater, from my first being a captain of a troop of horse, and I did labour as well as I could to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased Him. . . . I had a very worthy friend . . . Mr. John Hampden. . . . I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows, and,' said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons and persons of quality. Do not think that the spirit of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen and have honour and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of spirit.' . . . *I*

raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten.

“. . . It may be that it provokes some spirits to see such plain men made captains of horse. It had been well if men of honour and birth had entered into these employments; but why do they not appear? . . . I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a gentleman and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed.”

. . . The Westminster Assembly of Divines . . . was nominally composed of one hundred and fifty members, including not only Anglicans, but Anglican bishops, and comprehending, besides divines, ten lay peers and twice as many members of the other House. Eight Scotch commissioners were included. The Anglicans never came, or else they immediately fell off; the laymen, with the notable exception of Selden, took but a secondary part; and it became essentially a body of divines, usually some sixty of them in attendance. The field appointed for the toil was indeed enormous. It was nothing less than the reorganisation of the spiritual power, subject to the shifting exigencies of the temporal, with divers patterns to chose from in the reformed Churches out of England. Faith, worship, discipline, government, were all comprehended in their vast operation. They were instructed to organise a scheme for a Church;

to compose a directory in place of the Prayer-book; to set forth in a confession of faith what men must believe; to draw up a catechism for teaching the true creed. Work that in itself would have sufficed for giants, was complicated by the play of politics outside, and the necessity of serving many changing masters. The important point is that their masters were laymen. The assembly was simply to advise. Parliament had no more intention of letting the divines escape its own direct control than Henry VIII. or Elizabeth would have had. The assembly was the creature of a Parliamentary ordinance. To Parliament it must report, and without assent of Parliament its proceedings must come to naught.

Bacon in a single pithy sentence had, in 1606, foreshadowed the whole policy of the Commonwealth of 1650. This Kingdom of England, he told the House of Commons, "having Scotland united, Ireland reduced, the sea provinces of the Low Countries contracted, and shipping maintained, is one of the greatest monarchies in forces truly esteemed that hath been in the world."

Less than justice has usually been done to the bold and skilful exertions by which the Council of State had made the friendship of England an object of keen desire both to France and to Spain. The creation of the navy, by which Blake and other of the amphibious sea-generals won some of the proudest victories in all the annals of English seamanship, was not less striking and hardly less momentous than the creation of the army of the New Model.

For the first time, says Ranke, since the days of the Plantagenets an English fleet was seen in the Mediterranean, and Blake, who had never been on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war until he was fifty, was already only second in renown to Oliver himself. The task of maritime organisation was carried through by the vigour, insight, and administrative talents of Vane and the other men of the Parliament, who are now so often far too summarily despatched as mere egotists and pedants.

. . . In the days of their struggle with Spain the Dutch did their best to persuade Queen Elizabeth to accept their allegiance and to incorporate the United Provinces in the English realm. Now it was statesmen of the English Commonwealth who dreamed of adding the Dutch Republic to the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

“ . . . It is not the manner of setting these constitutional things,” he (Cromwell) said, “ or the manner of one set of men or another doing it; there remains always the grand question after that; the grand question lies in the acceptance of it by those who are concerned to yield obedience to it and accept it.” This essential truth of all sound government he had in the old days proclaimed against the constitution-mongers of the camp, and this was the truth that brought to naught all the constructive schemes of the six years before him. For it became more and more apparent that the bulk of the nation was quite as little disposed to accept the rule of the army as the rule of the mutilated Parliament.

“What are all our histories,” cried Cromwell in 1655, “what are all our traditions of actions in former times, but God manifesting Himself, that hath shaken and tumbled down and trampled upon everything that He hath not planted. It was not long after that Bossuet began to work out the same conception in the glowing literary form of the discourse on universal history. What was in Bossuet the theme of a divine, was in Cromwell the life-breath of act, toil, hope, submission.”

. . . In adhesion to the general doctrine of liberty of conscience, he had never wavered. Perhaps it was the noblest element in his whole mental equipment. He valued dogmatic nicety as little in religion as he valued constitutional precision in politics. His was the cast of mind to which the spirit of system is in every aspect wholly alien. The presence of God in the hearts of men; the growth of the perfect man within us; the inward transformation, not by literal or speculative knowledge, but by participation in the divine, in things of the mind; no compulsion but that of light and reason—such was ever his faith. I am not a man, he said, scrupulous about words or names or such things.

. . . The old monarchy had a mystic as well as a historical foundation.

. . . The strongest advocates of the kingship were the lawyers, that powerful profession of which historians and politicians do not always recognise the permeating influence even through the motions of revolutionary politics. The lawyers argued for the king, and their points

were cogent. The office of a king, they said, is interwoven with the whole body of the law and the whole working of national institutions. The prerogatives of a king with all their limits and dimensions are well understood, and who can define the rights or the duties of a protector? The people, again, only love what they know; and what they know is the crown, the ancient symbol of order, unity, and rule.

The power of Spain had begun to shrink with the abdication of Charles V. Before the middle of the seventeenth century Portugal had broken off; revolt had shaken her hold in Italy; Catalonia was in standing insurrection; the United Provinces had finally achieved their independence; by the barbarous expulsion of Moors and Jews she lost three millions of the best of her industrial population; her maritime supremacy was at an end. Philip IV., the Spanish sovereign for a little time before the accession of Charles I. in England to a little time after the restoration of Charles II., was called by flatterers the Great. "Like a ditch," said Spanish humour—"the more you dig away from it, the greater the ditch." The Treaty of Westphalia (1648), the fruit of the toil, the foresight, and the genius of Richelieu, though others gathered it, weakened the power of the Germanic branch of the House of Hapsburg, and Mazarin, the second of the two famous cardinals who for forty years governed France, was now in the crisis of his struggle with the Spanish branch. In this long struggle between two states, each torn by intestine dissension as well as by an external enemy, the

power of England was recognised as a decisive factor after the rise of the republic ; and before Cromwell assumed the government Spain had hastened to recognise the new Commonwealth.

. . . A French writer, eminent both as historian and actor in State affairs, says of these negotiations that it is the supreme art of great statesmen to treat business simply and with frankness, when they know that they have to deal with rivals who will not let themselves be either duped or frightened (Guizot). The comment is just. Cromwell was harder and less pliant, and had nothing of the caress under which an Italian often hides both sense and firmness. But each was alive to the difficulties of the other, and neither expected short cuts nor a straight road. Mazarin had very early penetrated Cromwell's idea of making himself the guardian both of the Huguenots in France, and of the Protestant interests throughout Europe. In the spring of 1655 the massacre of the Protestants in the Piedmontese valleys stirred a wave of passion in England that still vibrates in Milton's sonnet, and that Cromwell's impressive energy forced in Europe.

Cromwell's government had gone through six stages in the five years since the revolution of 1653. The first was a dictatorship tempered by a military council. Second, while wielding executive power as lord-general, he called a parliamentary convention. Third, the convention vanished, and the soldiers installed him as Protector under the Instrument. Fourth, the system under the Instrument broke down, and for months the Protectorate again meant the

personal rule of the head of the army. Fifth, the rule of the major-generals broke down, and was followed by a kind of constitutional monarchy. Sixth, the monarch and the Parliament quarrelled, and the constitution broke down. This succession of expedients and experiments may have been inevitable in view of the fundamental dislocation of things after rebellion and war. But in face of such a spectacle and such results it is hardly possible to claim for the triumphant soldier a high place in the history of original and creative statesmanship.

. . . Chaplains, preachers, godly persons, attended in an adjoining room, and came in and out, as the heavy hours went on, to read the Bible to him or to pray with him. To one of them he put the moving question, so deep with penitential meaning, so pathetic in its humility and misgiving, in its wistful recall of the bright bygone dawn of life in the soul: "*Tell me, is it possible to fall from grace?*" "*No, it is not possible,*" said the minister. "*Then,*" said the dying Cromwell, "*I am safe, for I know that I was once in grace.*"

LORD MORLEY (*Life of Cromwell*).

Oliver Cromwell is by general consent a typical Englishman, having that union of somewhat incongruous forces which is to be found in the English people, which has made England—English in his courage, in his patience, his self-control, his masterful stubbornness, his pitiless crushing down of opponents when he felt

himself to be on the path of duty, his disdain of forms, theories, doctrines, and utopias, his passion for freedom with personal self-will, his Biblical religion, his sterling honesty of aim and yet great capacity for intrigue, his fierce hold on certain root ideals with a boundless spirit of compromise, opportunism, toleration of all things and all men that he judged to be instrumental to his ends.

A memorial of Oliver rests on the fact that he was the leader of a movement which transformed the course of English history, and then, for nearly five years, was the paramount ruler of the three kingdoms at an epoch eminent for skilful administration and national power. . . .

But it is as the instrument of a great political and social evolution, much more than as a consummate soldier, that we celebrate Cromwell; it is as statesman, not as warrior, that he stands to-day at the gateway of Parliament, looking down on the minor politicians in Parliament Square. . . .

F. HARRISON (*The Tercentenary of Cromwell*).

Every one I think—every one, at any rate, who is worth anything—has in his heart of hearts a pantheon of his historical demigods, not even demigods, for they would then be too far and too aloof from mankind, but a shrine in which lie the sacred memories of the past, of the best and noblest of born men. In that pantheon, in many English hearts, and those not the worst—whether the effigy of Cromwell be outside or inside Parliament, or altogether

invisible—will be found eternally engraved the monument and the memory of the Great Protector. LORD ROSEBERY (*Speech on the Tercentenary*).

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

(1676-1745. Prime Minister, 1715-1717 and 1721-1742.
Created Earl of Orford.)

. . . PUBLIC opinion (1721) made it impossible for Sunderland* to retain office. . . This brought about a re-casting of the ministerial parts, and at the request of the great territorial Whigs, Walpole undertook the task. He returned to his old posts, and once more became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Townshend was again Secretary of State.

Walpole held his offices practically without a break for twenty-one years. The younger Pitt had an almost equal span of unbroken supremacy, but with that exception there is no parallel to Walpole's long tenure of power. To estimate aright the vast significance of this extraordinary stability, we must remember that the country had just passed through eighty years of revolution. A man of eighty in 1721 could recall the execution of Charles I., the protectorate of Oliver, the fall of Richard Cromwell, the restoration of Charles II., the exile of James II., the change of the order of succession to William of Orange, the reactionary ministry

* Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, had been First Lord of the Treasury since 1718, but the collapse of the South Sea Bubble, and the discovery that he had been discreditably implicated in that enterprise, forced him to resign. He did the following year.

of Anne, and finally the second change to the House of Hanover. . . .

. . . The opposition in the beginning of 1741 introduced in both Houses of Parliament their famous motion, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty that he would be graciously pleased to remove . . . Sir Robert Walpole . . . from his Majesty's presence. . . .

Sandys opened the assault . . . and Carteret made the same motion in the House of Lords. . . . The great article of charge was that the minister had abandoned . . . Austria. . . . The standing army was of unnecessary numbers. . . . Parliamentary corruption was prevalent. . . . In a free government "too long possession of power is dangerous." . . .

The motion was thrown out by 290 against 106 in the Commons, and 108 against 59 in the Lords. . . . The issue . . . *marked Walpole out to the nation*. The advantage of concentrating attention on a single personality . . . is a cardinal maxim among the mysteries of electioneering. . . ." LORD MORLEY (*Walpole*).

As a statesman, the chief object of his policy was to avoid all violent concussions of opinion. He belonged to that class of legislators who recognise fully that government is an organic thing, that all transitions to be safe should be the gradual product of public opinion. . . . To the systematic moderation of Walpole it is in a great degree due . . . that the landed gentry were firmly attached to the new dynasty.

W. E. H. LECKY (*History of the Eighteenth Century*).

CHATHAM

(1708-1778. William Pitt. Prime Minister, 1766-1768.
Created Viscount Pitt and Earl of Chatham, 1766.)

“. . . It often happens that there is a member of Government whose merits do not appeal to the public, who is no orator, who passes no measures, whose conversation does not attract, and whose position in an administration is a puzzle to the outer world. And yet, perhaps, his colleagues regard him as invaluable. He is probably the peace-maker, and the man who walks about dropping oil into the machinery, and preventing injurious friction. This had recently been Pitt's position. He had been diligently and unobtrusively trying to keep the Government together. . . .

“. . . I have made a tour," he writes, "of four or five days in Sussex, as far as Hastings. Battle Abbey is very fine, as to situation and lying of ground, together with a great command of water on one side, within an airing; Ashburnham Park most beautiful; Hurtmonceux (*sic*) very fine, curiously and dismally ugly. On the other side of Battle: Crowhurst, Colonel Pelham's, the sweetest thing in the world; more taste than anywhere, land and sea views exquisite. Beach of four or five miles to Hastings, enchanting Hastings, unique; Fairly Farm, Sir Whistler Webster's, just above it; perfect in its kind, *Cum multis aliis*, etc. I long to be with you" (he is writing to John Pitt, his Dorsetshire kinsman), "kicking my heels upon

your cliffs and looking like a shepherd in Theocritus. . . .”

“ . . . The weight of irremovable royal displeasure* is a load too great to move under; it must crush any man; it has sunk and broken me. I succumb, and wish for nothing but a decent and innocent retreat. . . .

“ . . . I am not fond of making speeches (though some may think I am). I never cultivated the talent, but as an instrument of action in a country like ours. . . .”

. . . Pitt was occupied with something more vital to him than Fox or Newcastle, or the distant echoes of American warfare. He had come up from Wotton, the residence of George Grenville, where in the last days of September he had plighted his troth to Lady Hester Grenville, the sister of the Grenvilles, and he was now hurrying back to join her at Stowe. . . .

. . . The marriage marks a new ascent in Pitt's career; love seemed to have transformed him; always powerful and eloquent, he became sublime. Into his former qualities there had passed an inspiration kindred to the divine passion which makes the poet. The timid warblers of the grove, as he was afterwards to call them, the politicians who sought quiet lives and safe places, the archjobber himself † who had for years deluded him, were in an instant to realise that a new terror was added to life. For on November 25, he was once more in the House of Commons. At this time, just before

* Under which he always laboured.

† The Duke of Newcastle.

or just after the meeting of Parliament, he had come to open words with Newcastle. The Duke offered the usual palliatives. "Fewer words, if you please, my Lord," replied Pitt, contemptuously, "for your words have long lost all weight with us." Fox had said much the same to Newcastle in March. The new Minister had therefore been grossly insulted by the two first men in the House of Commons. He must have felt that there was menacing symptoms in the political horizon. . . .

. . . he was bullied by the disorderly chiefs in the House of Commons, and he was always chaffering, but always afraid. So he and his like are satisfied to bear the yoke for the semblance of power.

Of all strange confidants it was Bubb whom Pitt, on leaving Newcastle, proceeded to take into his inmost counsels. There are always parasites of this kind in politics, universally mistrusted, and yet constantly taken into confidence on grounds of convenience. Always sympathetic, always warm, always ready to betray at the first symptom of personal advantage, they were nevertheless useful parts of the political machine, and not so contemptible as might appear. They profess little, they deceive nobody except for a fleeting moment, and they are employed, and report the result, to suggest from their own base experience, to bring statesmen into relation with necessary people, and do the work with which statesmen will not soil their hands. But they are perilous and slippery agents, they attract in the warmth of

the moment excessive confidence, and while these indiscretions are still ringing in their ears they are already in the tents of the enemy. Still, such as they are, they will always exist, and always be utilised, for they are part of the fatality of politics.

. . . Three outraged women were directing the forces of three Empires against him (Frederick). He had nothing to rely upon but his own country, Britain, and himself. . . . This was the beginning of the world-wide struggle known as the Seven Years' War, and it occurred in September, 1756.

. . . Ministers had to bear the burden of the Russian and Hessian treaties, which the Speech from the Throne commended to the attention of Parliament. War with France was impending; indeed, a French invasion was daily expected. There was a new leader, and, consequently, a new opposition. Pitt was evidently prepared to launch thunderbolts at the Administration. Leicester House was said to be behind him. There was an animating sense of conflict in the air.

The debate in the Commons lasted till near five in the morning, an hour then almost unprecedented. It was distinguished by that famous effort which gave Single-speech Hamilton his nickname. Walpole, in recording and eulogising it says: "You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing but what was beyond what ever was and that was Pitt." Pitt, indeed, after sitting through the eleven hours of the debate, rose and delivered, with inimitable spirit and all the

dramatic force that the greatest actor of his age could impart, a speech of an hour and a half, which contains his most famous figure, and which perhaps he never exceeded. He surpassed himself, and then I need not tell you that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. . . .

Then he turned with the greatest contempt to Sir George Lyttelton: "A gentleman near me has talked on writers on the law of Nations. But Nature is the best writer; she will teach us to be men and not to truckle to power." As he proceeded, he slowly swelled into his famous burst. "I, who am at a distance from the *sanctum sanctorum*—I, who travel through a desert and am overwhelmed with mountains of obscurity—cannot so easily catch a gleam to direct me to the beauties of these negotiations. For there are parts of this Address which do not seem to come from the same quarter as the rest. I cannot unravel this mystery. But, yes!" he exclaimed with an air of sudden enlightenment, clapping his hand to his forehead, "I too am now inspired. I am struck by a recollection. I remember at Lyons to have been taken to see the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone. The one is a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and, though languid, of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent. Yet they meet at last. And long," he added, with bitter sarcasm, "may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and security of this nation."

He meant that Fox and Grenville were now practically one in opposition to himself.

(Dec. 8, 1755). Five days later, George, who

was afterwards Marquis, Townshend, brought forward a Militia Bill. Pitt took this occasion of responding to Fox's challenge by unfolding a plan of his own. . . .

His plan was made the groundwork of a Bill, which occupied much time in the Commons, but was lost in the Lords.

It provided for an infantry militia of fifty or sixty thousand men, to be summoned compulsorily by the civil power: to be exercised twice a week, one of these days to be Sunday, if the clergy did not raise too much objection. . . .

. . . Newcastle was near the end of his tether. Murray had gone. . . . Fox was going. . . .

. . . To a nation freshly smarting with the fall of Minorca, there came tidings of catastrophe from the East and the West. In June, Calcutta had been captured by Surajah Dowlah, followed by the horrors of the Black Hole. . . . Then in August fell Oswego, the most important British fortress in North America. Situated on Lake Ontario . . . Montcalm . . . marched on Oswego, and, investing it with a greatly superior force, soon compelled it to capitulate. Its garrison of 1400 men surrendered as prisoners of war. . . .

“. . . Oswego,” wrote Horace Walpole, “is of ten times more importance even than Minorca.”

“. . . Pitt does not seem to have seen much of society, for his health kept him a recluse; and as years went on he seems to have found it irksome and impolitic to see much of mankind. We fancy that he was a man, like his

son, of small and intimate companies; partly from haughty aloofness, partly because he could not partake of the pleasures of the table."

"... His first and only friendships were with Lord Lyttelton and his sister Ann," says Lord Camelford. In a later passage he adds: "He lived and died without a friend."

His great and singular power lay in his eloquence. . . . There was in those days no reporting. . . . Pitt the younger must have known, and he declared that no specimens of his father's eloquence remained. . . .

. . . Perhaps he was not so good a debater as his son, but he was a much better orator, a better scholar, and a far greater mind. Great subjects, great empires, great characters, effulgent ideas and classical illustrations formed the material of his speeches. . . .

In Parliament he never spoke but to the instant. . . . His diction flowed like a torrent, impure often, but always varied and abundant. . . . On the other hand, his matter was never ranged, it had no method. He deviated into a thousand digressions, often reverted back to the same ground. . . . He was the very contrast to Lord Mansfield, his competitor in eloquence, who never appealed but to the conviction of the understanding, with an arrangement so precise that every sentence was only the preparation for the force that the next was to obtain. . . .

. . . We should surmise, though not with certainty, that some of his more famous flights, such as the comparison of the Rhone and the Saone, were prepared to some extent, but that

there was nothing written. This is only guess-work, for of his method of preparation we know nothing. But his diction was habitually perfect. To improve it he had twice read through Bailey's Dictionary, and had plodded through masses of sermons, particularly those of Barrow, Abernethy, and "the late Mr. Mudge of Plymouth." "Every word he made use of," said Chesterfield, as early as 1751, "is the best, and the most expressive that can be used in that place." That was the result of constant and familiar effort. Like Bolingbroke, he had trained himself to spare no pains in ordinary conversation to attain accuracy of expression, so as to be sure of himself in public. . . . Assiduous study of words, constant exercise in choice language, so that it was habitual to him even in conversation, and could not be other than eloquent even in unpremeditated speech; this, combined with poetical imagination, passion, a mordant wit and dramatic skill, would probably seem to be the secrets of Chatham's oratorical supremacy. . . .

Some orators impress their audience, some their readers, a very few posterity as well. The orators who impress their audience rarely impress their readers, and those who impress their readers are usually less successful with their audience. Few indeed are those who reach posterity or indeed survive a year. . . .

Pitt's life marks itself out with singular distinctness into definite periods. From 1708 to 1734 is the period of obscure youth. From 1734 to 1745 is the period of reckless and

irresponsible opposition, when he is trying the temper of his weapons. From 1745 to 1754 he remains in the shadow of subordinate office. From 1754 to 1756, though still partly in office, he emerges as an independent figure of extraordinary and irresistible force. From 1756 to 1761 is the period of power, four years of which are unrivalled in the annals of Great Britain. From 1761 to 1770 is the period of detachment, or attempted detachment, from party. . . . And from 1770 till his death in 1778 he appears sometimes to be attempting to make his peace with the party system, having found it impracticable to stand alone : sometimes he seems to be retiring once more into his cell.

. . . Much in a man's life obviously depends on life ; much too depends on death. " *Felix opportunitate mortis* " is a pregnant saying. How many village Hampdens, how many Miltons have passed away, inglorious because mute, and mute from premature death. Had Cæsar or Marlborough died before middle age their military reputation would have been slender indeed. For how many men, on the other hand, has death come too late. What would have been the place in history of Napoleon III., had Orsini been a successful assassin ? What that of Tiberius, had he died at sixty ? The authors who have survived themselves are as the sands of the sea ; indeed, the exceptions are those who have not. The politicians in the same case are less conspicuous, for they crumble into the House of Lords. . . . He* was forty-eight, the

* Lord Chatham.

day before Devonshire, in his name, assumed the Government. That is a respectable age. The younger Pitt never reached it, though he had been Prime Minister near a score of years. Napoleon closed his career at forty-six. It is needless to detail examples. But at forty-seven the elder Pitt could only claim that he had been Paymaster of the Forces, and had cowed but not persuaded the House of Commons by his oratory. He had, too, the faith of the people, unearned except by vague echoes of purity and eloquence. . . .

There were, perhaps, few genuine tears save those of wife and children shed over the grave of the grim, disconcerting old statesman, for men of his (Chatham's) type are beyond friendship: they inspire awe, not affection; they deal with masses, not with individuals; they have followers, admirers, and an envious host of enemies, rarely a friend. . . .

LORD ROSEBERY (*Chatham, his Early Life and Connections*).

ADAM SMITH

(1723-1790. His "Wealth of Nations," which opened a new chapter in the study of political economy, was published in 1776.)

. . . GIBBON was no less delighted than Hume with the new philosophy. ("An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.") "What an excellent work!" he exclaimed; "an extensive science in a single book, and the most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicuous language." Gibbon's

judgment has been confirmed by the tribunals of Time, and the world places the "Wealth of Nations" in the small library of masterpieces. . . .

. . . Why is this one of the great books of the world? We would like to say simply: "It is the world's verdict; take it or not as you like; but whether you like it or not, it stands. . . . Adam Smith writes as one who has applied his mind to definite problems without neglecting a wider field of letters and learning. The store is rich and the steward is bounteous. . . he is very seldom disputatious or doctrinal. 'He appears,' says Wakefield, 'to be engaged in composing not a theory, but a history of national wealth . . .'"

. . . Modern ingenuity cannot improve upon the four practical maxims or canons of taxation:—

"1. The subjects of every State should contribute in proportion to their respective abilities.

"2. A tax should be certain, and not arbitrary.

"3. A tax should be levied at the time and in the way most convenient to the taxpayer.

"4. Every tax ought to be so contrived as both to take out and to keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over and above what it brings into the public treasury."

Of all taxes he (Smith) most dislikes taxes upon the necessities of life. . . . He makes it very plain indeed in his last, and perhaps his greatest, chapter "Of Public Debts," that the miseries and embarrassments of Europe are due

in the main to profligate expenditure of all kinds, and especially to the immense sums wasted on wars that ought to have been avoided.

What, then, was the practical policy which Smith recommended to the British Government? It had two main ends in view. First, to pay off the debt; secondly, to lessen and gradually remove all taxes which raised the prices of articles consumed by the labouring classes, or interfered with the free course of trade. . . .

Smith would have liked the British Government to renounce its authority over the colonies, and so not only relieve the revenue from a serious annual drain, but at the same time convert the Americans from turbulent and fractious subjects to the most faithful, affectionate, and generous allies. . . .

. . . If it were impracticable to extend the area of taxation, recourse must be had to a reduction of expenditure; the most proper means of retrenchment would be to put a stop to all military outlay in and on the colonies. If no revenue could be drawn from the colonies, the peace establishments "ought certainly to be saved altogether." . . .

"But countries which contribute neither revenue nor military force towards the support of the empire, cannot be considered as provinces. They may perhaps be considered as appendages, as a sort of splendid and showy equipage of the empire. But if the empire can no longer support the expense of keeping up this equipage, it ought certainly to lay it down; and if it cannot raise its revenue in proportion to its expense, it

ought, at least, to accommodate its expense to its revenue. . . . The rulers of Great Britain have, for more than a century past, amused the people with the imagination that they possessed a great empire on the west side of the Atlantic. This empire, however, has hitherto existed in imagination only. . . .”

. . . In France . . . Count Mollien was a professed disciple of the new economy. . . . It is perhaps the most dazzling of all Smith's posthumous triumphs, that he, through Mollien, should have been the philosophic guide of Napoleonic finance.

But his conquest of Germany was equally startling and momentous. The movement in that country can be directly traced to the university of Königsberg, where Kraus began to lecture on the “Wealth of Nations” in 1781. . . .

By the close of the Napoleonic war the officials as well as the professional economists were converts to the new ideas. Stein and Hardenberg, two truly great reformers, led the way. . . .

“I think,” said Robert Lowe, “that Adam Smith is entitled to the merit, and the unique merit, among all men who ever lived in the world, of having founded a deductive and demonstrative science of human actions and conduct.” True, he is not a systematic writer. He does not shine, as so many inferior geniuses have shone, in the art of comparing, correlating, and harmonising the great truths which it is his glory to have discovered and illustrated. He

puts us, as Lowe remarked with his usual felicity, in mind of the Sages of Ancient Greece, who, after lives of labour and study, bequeathed half a dozen maxims for the guidance of mankind.

. . . The statesman or lawgiver who attempted to direct private people how to manage their business and spend their money would not only be overloaded with work, but would be assuming an authority "which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever."

. . . All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbours, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or, what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for. What is prudence in the conduct of every private family can scarcely be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry, employed in a way in which we have some advantage.

. . . The encouragement of exportation, and the discouragement of importation were the two great engines by which the mercantile system proposed to enrich every country. . . .

. . . If there was anything more odious to Adam Smith than a protective duty, it was the discriminating or preferential duty which had been invented for the purpose of tying

up the trade between Great Britain and her colonies. . . .

. . . What Ireland most wants, he (Adam Smith) writes, are order, police, and a regular administration of justice both to protect and to restrain the inferior ranks of people. . . . "Ireland must continue to want as long as it continues to be divided between two hostile nations, the oppressors and the oppressed, the Protestants and the Papists." . . .

"So long as the doctrines of protection exist—and they seem likely to do so, as long as human interests are what they are, and human nature is what it is—Adam Smith will always be quoted as the great authority on Anti-Protectionism, as the man who first told the world the truth, so that the world could learn and believe it."

F. W. HIRST (*Life of Adam Smith*).

BURKE

(1729–1797. Entered Parliament in 1766. His great speech on American Taxation was made in 1744.)

" . . . I * HAVE nothing to do here with the abstract value of the voice of the people. But as long as reputation, the most precious possession of every individual, and as long as opinion, the great support of the State, depends entirely upon that voice, it can never be considered as

* "I" = Burke. In case of so great a master of the language, both Lord Brasseley and Mr. Payne have doubtless done wisely in quoting his own words very largely.

a thing of little consequence either to individuals or the Government. Nations are not primarily ruled by laws; less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed either in force or regulation, the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations are governed by the same methods, and on the same principles, by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals or his superiors; by a knowledge of their temper, and by a judicious management of it. . . . The temper of the people amongst whom he presides ought therefore to be the first study of a Statesman. . . .”

“To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind; indeed, the necessary effects of the ignorance and levity of the vulgar. . . .”

“I am not one of those who think that the people are never in the wrong. . . . But I do say, that in all disputes between them and their rulers, the presumption is at least upon a par in favour of the people. . . . The people have no interest in disorder. When they are wrong it is their error, and not their crime. But with the governing part of the State, it is far otherwise. They certainly may act ill by design, as well as by mistake. . . . ‘*Pour la populace, ce n’est jamais par envie d’attaquer qu’elle se soulève mais par impatience de souffrir.*’ . . .”

“ . . . Constitute Government how you please,

infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of the powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of Ministers of State. Even all the use and potency of the laws depends upon this. Without them, your Commonwealth is no better than a scheme upon paper; and not a living, active, effective constitution. . . . The due arrangement of men in the active part of the State, far from being foreign to the purposes of a wise Government, ought to be among its very first and dearest objects. . . . Men are in public life as in private, some good, some evil. The elevation of the one, and the depression of the other, are the first objects of all true policy. . . .”

“. . . *Every sort of Government ought to have its Administration correspondent to its Legislature.* If it should be otherwise, things must fall into a hideous disorder. . . .”

“. . . The virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation. It was not instituted to be a control *upon* the people, as of late it has been taught, by a doctrine of the most pernicious tendency. It was designed as a control *for* the people. . . . The House of Commons, as it was never intended for the support of peace and subordination, is miserably appointed for that service; having no stronger weapon than its mace, and no better officer than its Serjeant-at-Arms, which it can command of its own proper authority. A vigilant and jealous eye over executory and judicial magistracy; an anxious care of public

money, an openness, approaching towards facility, to public complaint : these seem to be the true characteristics of the House of Commons. But an addressing House of Commons, and a petitioning nation ; a House of Commons full of confidence, when the nation is plunged in despair ; in the utmost harmony with Ministers, whom the nation regard with the utmost abhorrence ; who vote thanks, when the public opinion calls upon them for impeachments ; who are eager to grant, when the general voice demands account ; who, in all disputes between the people and Administration, presume against the people ; who punish their disorders, but refuse even to inquire into the provocation of them ; this is an unnatural, a monstrous state of things in this constitution. . . .”

“ . . . It is no inconsiderable part of wisdom to know how much of evil ought to be tolerated. . . . But of all modes of influence, in my opinion, a place under the Government is the least disgraceful to the man who holds it, and by far the most safe to the country. . . . Our Constitution stands on a nice equipoise, with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it. In removing it from a dangerous leaning towards one side, there may be a risk of oversetting it on the other. Every project of a material change in a Government so complicated as ours, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a matter full of difficulties ; in which a considerate man will not be too ready to decide ; a prudent man not too ready to undertake ; or an honest man too ready

to promise. They do not respect the public or themselves, who engage for more than they are sure that they ought to attempt, or that they are able to perform. . . .”

“. . . When Ministry rests upon public opinion, it is not indeed built upon a rock of adamant; it has, however, some stability. But when it stands upon private humour, its structure is of stubble, and its foundation is on quicksand. I repeat it again—He that supports every Administration, subverts all Government. . . .”

“. . . That connection and faction are equivalent terms, is an opinion which has been carefully inculcated at all times by constitutional Statesmen. The reason is evident. Whilst men are linked together, they easily and speedily communicate the alarm of an evil design. They are enabled to fathom it with common council, and to oppose it with united strength. Whereas when they lie dispersed, without conceit, order, or discipline, communication is uncertain, counsel difficult, and resistance impracticable. . . . When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fail, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

“It is not enough . . . that a man means well to his country; it is not enough that in his single person he never did an evil act, but always voted according to his conscience. . . . This innoxious and ineffectual character . . . falls miserably short of the mark of public duty. The duty demands and requires, that what is right should not only be made known, but made prevalent. . . . When the public man omits to

put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effort, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust. . . .”

“ . . . Every profession, not excepting the glorious one of a soldier, or the sacred one of a priest, is liable to its own particular vices ; which, however, form no argument against those ways of life ; nor are the vices themselves inevitable to every individual in those professions. Of such a nature are connections in politics ; essentially necessary for the full performance of our public duty. . . . Commonwealths are made of families, free commonwealths of parties also. . . .”

“ . . . The best patriots in the greatest commonwealths have always commended and promoted such connections.

“ *Idem sentire de republica* was with them a principal ground of friendship and attachment. . . . The Romans carried this principle a great way. . . . They believed . . . that friendship was no mean step towards patriotism ; that he who in the common intercourse of life, showed that he regarded somebody besides himself, when he came to act in a public situation, might probably consult with some other interest than his own. Never may we become *plus sages que les sages*, as the French comedian has happily expressed it—wiser than all the good men who have lived before us. It was their wish to see public and private virtues, not dissonant . . . but harmoniously combined, growing out of one another in a noble and orderly gradation, reciprocally supporting and supported. In one of the most fortunate periods of our history this

country was governed by a *connection*: I mean a great connection of Whigs in the reign of Queen Anne. They were complimented upon the principle of this connection by . . . Addison. . . . Addressing himself to Britain—

“Thy favourites grow not up by fortune’s sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a Court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try’d faith, and friendship’s holy ties.”

The Whig of those days believed that the only proper method of rising into power was through hard essays of practical friendship and experimental fidelity. . . . They believed that no man could act with effect, who did not act in concert; that no man could act in concert, who did not act with confidence, that no men could act with confidence who were not bound together by common opinions, common affections, and common interests.

“Party is a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive, that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them to be of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of Government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends, and to employ them with effect. Therefore every honourable connection will avow

it as their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions in such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution, with all the power and authority of the State. . . . Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things ; and by no means, for private considerations, to accept any offers of power in which the whole body is not included. . . .”

“ It is an advantage to all narrow wisdom and all narrow morals that their maxims have a plausible air ; and, on a cursory view, appear equal to first principles. They are light and portable. They are as current as copper coin ; and about as valuable. They serve equally the first capacities and the lowest ; and they are, at least, as useful to the worst men as the best. Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men but measures* ; a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement. When I see a man acting this desultory and disconnected part, with as much detriment to his own fortune as prejudice to the cause of any party, I am not persuaded that he is right ; but I am ready to believe that he is in earnest. . . . I lament to see qualities rare and valuable, squandered away without any public utility. . . .”

“ . . . Men thinking freely, will, in particular instances, think differently. But still, as the greater part of the measures which arise in the course of public business are related to, or dependent on, some great *leading general principles in Government*, a man must be peculiarly

unfortunate in the choice of his political company if he does not agree with them at least nine times out of ten. If he does not concur in these general principles upon which the party is founded, and which necessarily draw on a concurrence in their application, he ought from the beginning to have chosen some other, more conformable to his opinions. When the question is in its nature doubtful, or not very material, the modesty which becomes an individual, . . . and . . . partiality which becomes a well-chosen friendship will frequently bring on an acquiescence in the general sentiment. Thus the disagreement will naturally be rare. . . . How men can proceed without any connection at all, is to me utterly incomprehensible. Of what sort of materials must that man be made, how must he be tempered and put together, who can sit whole years in Parliament, with five hundred and fifty of his fellow citizens, amidst the storm of such tempestuous passions, in the sharp conflict of so many wits, and tempers, and characters, in the agitation of such mighty questions, in the discussion of such vast and ponderous interests, without seeking any sort of men whose character, conduct, or disposition would lead him to associate himself with them, to aid and to be aided, in any one system of public utility?"

E. J. PAYNE (*Select Works*).

Burke had the style of his subjects, the amplitude, the weightiness, the laboriousness, the sense, the high flight, the grandeur, proper to a

man dealing with imperial themes, the freedom of nations, the justice of rulers, the fortunes of great societies, and sacredness of law. Burke will always be read with delight and edification, because in the midst of discussions on the local and accidental, he scatters apophthegms that take us into the regions of lasting wisdom. In the midst of the torrent of his most strenuous and passionate deliverances he suddenly rises aloof from his immediate subject, and in all tranquillity reminds of some permanent relation of things, some enduring truth of human life or society. We do not hear the organ tones of Milton, for faith and freedom had other notes in the seventeenth century. There is none of the complacent and wise-browed sagacity of Bacon, for Burke's were days of eager personal strife and party fire and civil division. We are not exhilarated by the cheerfulness, the polish, the fine manners of Bolingbroke, for Burke had an anxious conscience, and was earnest and intent that the good should triumph.

Of all Burke's writings none are more fit to secure unqualified and unanimous admiration than the three pieces on this momentous struggle—the Speech on American Taxation (April 19, 1774), the Speech on Conciliation with America (March 22, 1775), and the letters to the Sheriffs of Bristol (1777). It is not an exaggeration to say they compose the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or for practice.

LORD MORLEY (*Burke*).

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(1732-1799. First President of U.S.A., 1789. Re-elected 1793, and held office till 1797.)

WASHINGTON('s) . . . conversation had no brilliancy or wit. He was entirely without the gift of eloquence, and he had very few accomplishments. He knew no language but his own, and, except for a rather strong turn for mathematics, he had no taste which can be called purely intellectual. . . . A courteous and hospitable country gentleman, a skilful farmer, a very keen sportsman, he probably differed little in tastes and habits from the better members of the class to which he belonged, and it was in a great degree in the administration of a large estate and in assiduous attention to country and provincial business that he acquired his rare skill in reading and managing men.

He had a thorough knowledge of the technical part of his profession, a good eye for military combinations, an extraordinary gift of military administration.

Washington was to the confederacy all in all. Without him it would have been ten times lost, and the names of the politicians who had drawn the country into the conflict would have gone down to posterity linked with defeat and shame. History has hardly a stronger case of an indispensable man. His form, like all other forms of the revolution, has no doubt been seen through a golden haze of panegyric. We can hardly number among the greatest captains a

general who acted on so small a scale and who, though he was the soul of the war, never won a battle. In that respect Carlyle, who threatened "to take George down a peg or two," might have made good his threat. But he could not have stripped Washington of any part of his credit for patriotism, wisdom, and courage; for the union of enterprise with prudence; for integrity and truthfulness; for simple dignity of character; for tact and forbearance in dealing with men; above all for serene fortitude in the darkest hour of his cause and under trials from the perversity, insubordination, jealousy, and perfidy of those around him severer than any defeat. Some American writers seem anxious to prove that Washington's character is essentially different from that of an English gentleman. About this we need not dispute. The character of an English gentleman is certainly devoid of any traits that might be derived either from a plantation or from war with Indians in the backwoods. Yet an English gentleman sees in Washington his ideal as surely as he does not see it in Franklin, Samuel Adams, or Patrick Henry. It has been truly said that Washington and Wellington have much in common. Wellington contending with Spanish perversity and ministerial incompetence reminds us, with his calmness and self-control, of Washington contending with the folly and dishonesty of Congress and the fractiousness of the State militia. They write in the same even, passionless, and somewhat formal style, the expression of a mind always master of itself. In both of them there

was, though under control, the strong temper which is almost inseparable from force! Wellington might be more of an aristocrat than Washington, less of a democrat he could hardly be. Washington insisted that his officers should be gentlemen, not men fit to be shoeblocks. He drew a most undemocratic distinction between the officer and the private soldier.

Nothing would induce Washington to accept a third term. . . . He retired, a genuine Cincinnati, to Mount Vernon. At his departure he issued a farewell address, which ranks amongst the sacred documents of American history. In this he solemnly exhorted his fellow citizens to unity and love of their country, warning them against geographical divisions, against the excesses of party, and most emphatically against entanglements with European politics, and the indulgence of inveterate antipathies to particular notions and passionate attachments to others, which, as he said, made a nation a slave to its antipathies and attachments, and in both cases equally led it astray from the path of its duties and its interests.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

CHARLES JAMES FOX

(1744-1806. Foreign Secretary, 1782, 1783, and again in 1786.)

CHARLES JAMES FOX, a man whose name during the next thirty years occupies a foremost place in English history, and whose character and early life it will now be necessary to sketch. He was

the third son of the first Lord Holland, the old rival of Pitt. He had entered Parliament irregularly and illegally in November, 1768, when he had not yet completed his twentieth year, and in February, 1770, he had been made a Lord of the Admiralty in the Government of Lord North. . . . His early life was in the highest degree discreditable, and gave very little promise of greatness. His vehement and passionate temperament threw him speedily into the wildest dissipations. . . . Lord Holland died in 1774, but before his death he is said to have paid no less than £140,000 in extricating his son from gambling debts. . . . One of the friends of Charles Fox summed up his whole career in a few significant sentences. "He had three passions—women, play, and politics. Yet he never formed a creditable connection with a woman. He squandered all his means at the gaming-table, and except for eleven months, he was invariably in opposition."

He resembled Bolingbroke in his power of passing at once from scenes of dissipation into the House of Commons. . . . Yet like Bolingbroke he never lost the taste and passion for study even at the time when he was most immersed in a life of pleasure . . . few of his contemporaries can have had a wider knowledge of the imaginative literature of Greece, Italy, or France. He was passionately fond of poetry, and a singularly delicate and discriminating critic; but he always looked upon literature chiefly from its ornamental and imaginative side. Incomparably the most important book relating

to the art of government which appeared during his lifetime was the "Wealth of Nations," but Fox once owned that he had never read it. . . . From the time when Fox joined the Whig party his career through long years of adversity and of trial was singularly consistent. I cannot, however, regard a politician either as a great statesman or a great party leader . . . who failed so singularly during a long public life in winning the confidence of the nation. . . . His failure, much of it, was due to his private life.

He attained a dexterity in debate which to his contemporaries appeared little less than miraculous. "During five whole sessions," he once said, "I spoke every night but one, and I regret only that I did not speak on that night."

"Nature," says Horace Walpole, "had made him the most powerful reasoner of the age." "He possessed beyond all moderns," wrote Mackintosh, "that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the Prince of orators." . . . "He rose by slow degrees," said Burke, "to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world has ever seen. His finest speeches were wholly unpremeditated, and the complete subordination in them of all rhetorical and philosophical ambition to the immediate purpose of the debate has greatly impaired their permanent value; but even in the imperfect fragments that remain the essential qualities of his eloquence may be plainly seen."

. . . Charles, during the seven years that his father still had to live, spent at King's Gate

many of his most profitable and his happiest hours; if indeed for such nature one hour could be perceptibly happier than another. Here he laid the foundation of his profound and extensive acquaintance with history; a department of knowledge in which he was ere long reputed to stand on a level with Burke, and (which, indeed, was not difficult) to be greatly the superior of Johnson. . . . At King's Gate, too, he continued that minute and all-embracing study of the classics which enabled him to hold his own, and more than his own, with such a bookworm as Gilbert Wakefield on the most delicate points of scholarship which lurked unsolved in the least frequented nooks of ancient literature. . . .

. . . With health such as falls to the lot of one in ten thousand; spirits which sufficed to keep in good humour, through thirty years of opposition, the most unlucky company of politicians that ever existed; and courage, that did not know the meaning of fear or the sensation of responsibility—there was nobody whom Charles Fox shrank from facing, and nothing which he did not feel himself equal to accomplish. He, if any one, was a living illustration of Emerson's profound remark, that success is a constitutional trait. . . .

. . . It was no slight advantage, to a great extempore speaker, to have at hand an extensive and diversified stock of quotations . . . and for such a speaker it is essential that the voice, no less than the memory and the reasoning faculty, should be under absolute control. That laborious discipline in the theory and practice of elocution

—through which Fox was carried by his disinterested passion for the drama . . . gained him a command of accent and gesture which . . . gave his marvellous rhetoric the strength and simplicity of nature. The pains, which he had bestowed upon learning to speak the words of others, enabled him to concentrate his undivided attention upon the arduous task of improving his own. . . . The modulations of his voice responded exactly to the nature of his subject, and the emotion of his mind. When he was piling up his arguments—so correct in their sequence, and, as we read them now with cool and impartial judgments, for the most part so irresistible in their weight—every one of his massive sentences came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic, three thousand miles long. . . . “Fox during the American war, Fox in his best days, was declared by Grattan to have been the best speaker that he ever heard.”

W. F. H. LECKY (*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*).

. . . To comprehend the full prodigy of his (Fox's) parliamentary powers a single example will suffice: it was enough to read Pitt's great speech of February 3, 1800, and the reply which Fox delivered the moment he sat down. The first is a magnificent effort, but the second in dissolvent and pulverising power is super-human. . . .

Putting his fashionable vices aside, he reminds one of another colossal figure; another reformer who, though religious rather than

political, was not less bold, not less stormy, not less occasionally wrong-headed. To some it may appear a profanation to compare Fox with the German apostle of light and freedom. But with his passion, his power, his courage, his openness, his flashes of imagination, his sympathetic errors, above all his supreme humanity, Fox was a sort of lax Luther, with the splendid faults and qualities of the great reformer. Whether he would have been a great administrator we cannot tell; he had no opportunity and we have no experience; his marvellous abilities were almost always exercised in opposition. In him, therefore, we have only a portion of the life of a statesman. We judge of him as the limb of a fossil monster or the torso of a Greek god; and it is difficult, in judging from the part we possess, to place any bounds on our estimate of the possibilities of the whole.

It has been said that his private life was conspicuously disordered. And yet even when it was blamable it was lovable, and it mellowed into an exquisite evening. Whether we saw him plunged in Theocritus after a bout at faro which has left him penniless; or cheerfully watching the bailiffs remove his last stick of furniture; or drinking with the Jockey of Norfolk; or choosing wild waistcoats at Paris; or building with his own hands his little greenhouse at St. Anne's; or sauntering down its green glades with a book and a friend; or prone without either under a tree in the long summer afternoons; or watching the contests of Newmarket with the rapt frenzy of a boy; or chatting after

the races with Windham on the horses of the ancients and the precise meaning of *argutum caput*; or corresponding with Gilbert Wakefield about innumerable other niceties of classical reading; or, when crippled and aged, playing trap-ball with the children and with more than a child's keenness; or speechless with generous tears in the House of Commons when quivering under the harsh severance of Burke; or calmly on his death-bed reassuring his wife and his nephew—he still exercises over us something of the unbounded fascination which he wielded over his contemporaries. Scarce one of those contemporaries, whose records we know, but mourned his death as a personal loss. He charmed equally the affections of Carlisle and Fitzpatrick, the meteoric mind of Burke, the pedantic vanity of Parr, the austere virtue of Horner, and the hedgehog soul of Rogers. His nephew, the third Lord Holland, converted his matchless palace at Kensington into a sort of temple in honour of Fox's memory, where historians and poets, and authors and statesmen, vied with each other in burning incense before his shrine. It may fairly be said that the traditional estimate of Fox owes something to Holland House. But without such adventitious aids he stands forth as the negation of cant and humbug, a character valuable then, invaluable now; as an intellectual Titan, and as the quick and visible embodiment of every lovable quality in man.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY (*Pitt*).

CHARLES MAURICE TALLEYRAND

TALLEYRAND is one of the few persons who have risen to the very highest eminence by their skill in diplomacy. The diplomatic profession seems, indeed, singularly adapted for the production of but third- or fourth-rate men; and it is hardly possible to name a single member of it who, trained in the service, has attained distinction.

Noble by birth, an ecclesiastic by profession, a reformer by conviction, Talleyrand won his reputation by assailing the order from which he had sprung and the profession which he had chosen. He had been identified with the successes of the Revolution; he had held the first place under Napoleon in the Empire; he had advised the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. He had recommended the elevation of Louis Philippe in 1830. He had thus played a distinguished part in promoting every Government which had controlled the destinies of France for forty years. He had helped to change dynasties more frequently than the King Maker, and he had avoided the fate of Warwick.

SPENCER WALPOLE (*History of England*).

WILLIAM PITT (the Younger)

(1759-1806. Prime Minister, 1783-1801, 1804-1806.)

PITT's unique position in his generation is the outstanding fact which no evidence, new or old,

has yet shaken. He repeats in a most remarkable way the mystery of Chatham's achievement. In both we can see, as acute contemporaries saw, irritating pettiness, grave defects of temper, judgment and knowledge; we can wish, as they did, that the dross was less and the gold purer; we can even be baffled, as they were, by the inadequacy of the cause if contrasted with the undeniable effect. The historian's scrutiny of statesmanship invariably emphasises limitations in the masters of affairs, but in the arithmetic of political genius two and two seldom make four. Clearly there were in Pitt qualities of brain and personality which have evaporated from the documents. There was a "Pitt touch" as there was a "Chatham touch" and a "Nelson touch." The England that had lived through 1783, the Regency Bill and 1797, that had seen Addington on the Treasury Bench and Hawkesbury at the Foreign Office, was ready in 1804 to accept Grenville, Fox, and Grey; but it was to the wasted son of Chatham, with death in his face, that its heart, allegiance and hopes went out. Nations are always teaching the historian the salutary lesson "that there be grounds of confidence as of diffidence which lie not in proof."

Dr. Rose thinks, and we are disposed to agree, that Pitt attained the zenith of his power in 1790. The failure to maintain the *status quo* in Europe through the Triple Alliance, the consequence of that failure (emphasised by Dr. Rose) in the second dismemberment of Poland, which had such fatal results on the First Coalition, and the damaging Russian crisis

which shook the stability of the Cabinet and left England once more isolated, were very grave set-backs to national progress and to Pitt's policy. And the moral they suggest is confirmed by preceding episodes and events, which furnish an instructive insight into the political and personal conditions under which Pitt worked, and the clearly-marked limitations in the principles of his political system both at home and abroad.

C. GRANT ROBERTSON (*Quarterly Review*).

Each Pitt possessed in an eminent degree the qualities which the other most lacked: one was formed by nature for peace, the other for war. Chatham could not have filled Pitt's place in the ten years which followed 1783; but, from the time that war was declared, the guidance of Chatham would have been worth an army.

. . . It may also be said that, though he generally saw what was right, he (Pitt) did not always ensue it. What Minister has or can? He had to deal not with angels but with men; with passions, prejudices, and interests, often sordid and misguided. He must, therefore, compromise the ideal, and do, not the best, but the nearest practicable to the best. . . . "I am no worshipper of Mr. Pitt," said Wilberforce in the House of Commons, long after Pitt's death; "but, if I know anything of that great man, I am sure of this, that every other consideration was absorbed in one great ruling passion—the love of his country." . . . For he ruled during the convulsion of a new birth at the greatest epoch

in history since the coming of Christ, and was on the whole not unequal to it. There let us leave him: let others quarrel over the details. From the dead eighteenth century his figure still faces us with a majesty of loneliness and courage. There may have been men both abler and greater than he, though it is not easy to cite them; but in all history there is no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure.

. . . His eloquence must have greatly resembled that with which Mr. Gladstone has fascinated two generations, not merely in pellucid and sparkling statement, but in those rolling and interminable sentences, which come thundering in mighty succession like the Atlantic waves on the Biscayan coast—sentences which other men have “neither the understanding to form nor the vigour to utter.” It seems, however, to have lacked the variety and the melody, the modulation of mood, expression, and tone, which lend such enchantment to the longest efforts on the least attractive subjects of his great successor.

. . . Lord Grenville, a consummate judge, declared that Pitt was the best Greek scholar he ever conversed with. He was, adds Wellesley, as complete a master of all English literature as he undoubtedly was of the English language. He especially loved Shakespeare and Milton, and recited with exquisite feeling the finer passages of “Paradise Lost.”

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY (*Pitt*).

Looking backwards, who could have imagined when Pitt reluctantly engaged in 1793, with the support of almost all Europe, in a conflict with a country which seemed utterly disorganised by revolution, that the great and haughty minister of England would be compelled within four years, and in almost absolute isolation, to sue for a peace not less really disadvantageous and scarcely less humiliating to England than that of 1783? Pitt was prepared to acknowledge Belgium to be a French province, and Holland a French vassal; to acknowledge all the French conquests in Germany and Italy: to restore to France, without compensation, all the colonial possessions which England had taken from her during the war. He stipulated only that she should retain the Cape of Good Hope and Trinidad; that she should retain Ceylon and Cochin, in exchange for the restoration of Negapatnam on the coast of Tanjore: that the Prince of Orange should be indemnified for his private property; and that Portugal, the last ally of England, should be included in the peace.

Though William Pitt was only just of age when he entered Parliament, he had already become, under the excellent instruction of his father, a consummate master of language and of parliamentary retort, and no such young man had ever possessed to an equal degree the qualities that are needed for a great parliamentary career. With stainless morals, with a complete concentration of all his powers on the aims of public life, he combined an almost unfailing

self-control, indomitable courage, boundless self-confidence, a judgment of the condition and prospects of parties which was at once singularly acute and strangely mature.

W. E. H. LECKY (*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*).

DANIEL O'CONNELL

(1775-1847. The "Liberator.")

"THE year 1843," said O'Connell, "is, and shall be, the great Repeal year." In the year 1843, at all events, O'Connell was by far the most prominent politician in these countries who had never been in office. O'Connell was a thorough Celt. He represented all the impulsiveness, the quick-changing emotions, the passionate exaggerated loves and hatreds, the heedlessness of statement, the tendency to confound impressions with facts, the ebullient humour—all the other qualities that are especially characteristic of the Celt. . . . He had a herculean frame, a stately presence, a face capable of expressing easily and effectively the most rapid alterations of mood, and a voice which all hearers admit to have been almost unrivalled for strength and sweetness. Its power, its pathos, its passion, its music, have been described in words of positive rapture by men who positively detested O'Connell, and who would rather, if they could, have denied to him any claim on public attention, even in the matter of voice. He spoke without studied preparation, and of course had

all the defects of such a style. He fell into repetition and into carelessness of construction ; he was hurried away into exaggeration and sometimes into mere bombast. But he had all the peculiar success, too, which rewards the orator who can speak without preparation. He always spoke right to the hearts of his hearers.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY (*History of our own Times*).

LORD PALMERSTON

(1784-1865. Henry John Temple. Succeeded to Viscounty, 1802. Prime Minister 1855 until his death, with brief interval of Lord Derby's Ministry, 1858-1859.)

PALMERSTON had, at an earlier time, espoused Canning's principle, that an interference in the international affairs of a foreign state was inadmissible, so long as the interests of England or of her allies was not endangered.

Pacifico * *question* . . . Palmerston . . . expounded his whole foreign policy. In doing so, he touched the most sensitive fibre of an English assembly ; for he spoke of the protection which even the meanest British subject ought everywhere to enjoy through the power of his country ; every such subject, he maintained, in

* *Pacifico* was a Portuguese Jew, native of Gibraltar, and a British subject. His house at Athens was sacked and burnt in the anti-Judas celebrations at Easter of 1847. The British Government supported his claim for compensation by the Greek Government, which appealed to France and Russia, and a *casus belli* nearly arose from it.

every spot on the earth's surface, should have the proud consciousness—" *Civis Romanus sum.*"

Palmerston . . . committed an enormous blunder in allowing the neutrality of England to be violated with impunity, by suffering the Southern States to have cruisers built for them in English dockyards. The excuse that this could not, according to English law, be prevented, was simply not true, the plea would not have been sound ; for every state is bound so to frame its legal enactments as to be in a position to fulfil its international obligations. . . . This policy in regard to the *Alabama* (though Palmerston would never listen to Napoleon's proposal, and recognise the South), cost England the lasting alienation of the North, the humiliating Treaty of Washington of 1871, and an indemnity of over £3,000,000 sterling.

According to his tendencies and traditions he was conservative ; he was in favour of the Reform Bill, because he regarded it as necessary ; and he placed himself unreservedly on the side of Free Trade. To a further and more comprehensive enlargement of the franchise, which Russell pressed forward for the sake of popularity, Palmerston was opposed, because he believed—and justly—that it would not raise, but lower, the mental and moral status of Parliament. . . . The Tories . . . might object to his constant meddling in the affairs of foreign states . . . but the proud, or rather defiant, manner in which the minister of England maintained the respect of foreign countries, flattered

the national vanity. . . . He made himself the best-hated man in Europe. . . . But all was forgiven, because the public . . . knew that England's honour, power, and place among the nations were safe in his hands.

Between Palmerston and the Radical party in England there was a growing coldness. He had not only thrown over Reform himself . . . but had gone in for a policy of large expenditure for the purpose of securing the country against the possibilities of French invasion. He had spoken of the commercial treaty with France as if it were a thing rather ridiculous than otherwise. He was unsparing whenever he had a chance in his ridicule of the Ballot. He had very little sympathy with the grievances of the Nonconformists, some of them even then real and substantial enough. He took no manner of interest in anything proposed for the political benefit of Ireland. . . . Palmerston ceased to be a statesman the moment he came to deal with domestic interests. . . . He was at home in foreign—that is, in Continental politics; for he had hardly any knowledge of American affairs, and almost up to the moment of the fall of Richmond was confident that the Union never could be restored. . . . When he read anything but despatches he read scientific treatises . . . but he cared little for modern English literature. The world in which he delighted to mingle talked of Continental politics.

Lord Palmerston never cared to go deeper in his speeches than the surface in everything. . . . No speech of his would be read except for the

present interest of the subject. No passages from Lord Palmerston are quoted by anybody. . . . He spoke for his hearers, not for himself; to affect the votes of those to whom he was appealing. . . . No other statesman of our time could interpose so dexterously just before the division to break the effect of some telling speech against him.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY (*History of our own Times*).

WE may doubt whether the foreign policy of Palmerston was either so wise or so beneficial as the foreign policy of Aberdeen. But (it was) . . . attractive to ordinary Englishmen. Men are only schoolboys of an older growth. The man, like the boy, is always ready to believe that the fellow who is not ready with his own blow is liable to be forced to submit to the blow of his adversary. The virtue of a smooth answer seems good enough for gospel or pulpit. But nine men out of ten think the maxim out of place in foreign politics. . . . Palmerston . . . was a man of action; and his despatches are those of a strong man, the representative of a strong nation.

SPENCER WALPOLE (*History of England*).

SIR ROBERT PEEL

(1788-1850. Prime Minister, 1834-1835, and 1841-1846.)

IT is just fifty years since the Corn Laws were repealed.* Sir Robert Peel, the author of that

* Written in 1896.

great reform, must always be remembered in the Conservative Party, which he founded, in the city of London, which lives under the laws of his making, and in the country whose finances he established, whose police he organised, whose penal code he mitigated, and to which he gave the gift of sound money and of cheap bread. In the days of Mr. Burke no one cared for Lord Bolingbroke, and who cares for Mr. Canning to-day? But with Sir Robert Peel it is otherwise: his actions have entered into the living structure of our commonwealth, his opinions are still cogent in existing controversies, and still as each succeeding session of Parliament is opened there may be some to wish that the author of the Bank Acts and of the repeal of the Corn Laws were in his place that day—

“Tuque tuis armis, nos te, poteremur, Achille.

But his memory will live, not only because his life was useful, but because it was dramatic. On the stage of the classics the scene would rise upon some monarch, Œdipus or Agamemnon, in the plenitude of honour and greatness, immovably strong; and next would display him fallen by some strange and sudden metamorphosis, fallen for ever from glory and power by the stern revolution of fate. So do we see Sir Robert Peel crowned at length with supreme authority, honoured with the hopes and confidence of the people, and so firmly established that it was supposed in the Cabinets of Europe that his tenure of office can end only with his life; and then that rainy summer of 1845, and

that spoilt potato crop, and the decision after a long agony, to repeal the tax on food, and the party that will not follow, and the furious revolt, and the disastrous fall from power.

He believed in the English people, for he knew them ; and they believed in him for the same cause. His life had been passed before the eyes of the public, and they saw by proof that beneath the conservative texture of his mind lay the forces of a masculine and unbiased reason which could cast aside all personal and party prejudices in the face of national necessity. M. Guizot, who knew him well, used to tell of the intense personal anxiety that the condition of the labouring classes caused to Sir Robert Peel ; and Sir William Stephenson, who was his private secretary at the Treasury, informs me that he would labour regularly for sixteen hours a day. And, indeed, the good of our people was his good, and his happiness was in their prosperity. He liked them too much to flatter them, and understood their interests too deeply to be always asking them what they would wish him to do. He told them to be bold and manly ; to rely upon themselves, and to seek salvation in their own great qualities.

“This night you will select the motto which is to indicate the commercial policy of England. Shall it be ‘Advance’ or ‘Recede’? Which is the fitter motto for this great Empire? Survey our position ; consider the advantage which God and Nature have given us, and this destiny for which we are intended. We stand on the confines of Western Europe, the chief connecting

link between the Old World and the New. The discoveries of science, the improvement of navigation have brought us within ten days of St. Petersburg, and will soon bring us within ten days of New York. We have an extent of coast greater in proportion to our population and the area of our land than any other great nation, securing to us maritime strength and superiority. Iron and coal, the sinews of manufacture, give us advantage over every rival in the great competition of industry. Our capital far exceeds that which they can command. In ingenuity, in skill, in energy we are inferior to none. Our national character, the free institutions under which we live, the liberty of thought and action, and unshackled Press, spreading the knowledge of every discovery and every advance in science, combine with our natural and physical advantages to place us at the head of those nations which profit by the free interchange of their products. And is this the country to shirk from competition? Is this the country to adopt a retrograde policy? Is this the country that can only flourish in the sickly, artificial atmosphere of prohibition?

“Choose your motto ‘Advance or Recede.’”

GEORGE PEEL (*Nineteenth Century*).

The retentiveness of his memory was most remarkable. Before he was nine years old he would . . . repeat on Sunday evenings both the morning and afternoon sermons which he had heard preached.

Byron was older by a fortnight than Peel,

but his early education had been neglected. The school lists show that in 1803 Peel was in the upper fifth, and Byron in the under fifth; in 1804 they spoke together, Byron as Latinus (sitting, to conceal his lameness), Peel as Turnus. The best known account of what Peel was at Harrow was found in one of Byron's note-books, in the characteristic form of a comparison with himself.

“Peel was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior, as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, etc., I think I was his superior, as well as most boys of my standing.”

Canning's death left Peel in permanence what Canning's coalition with the Whigs had made him for the time, the acknowledged leader of the Tory party in the Commons, and on the best terms with the Tory leader in the Lords. . . . He had not solved the Catholic question, but for six years as Chief Secretary he had governed Ireland, for over five years more as Secretary of State he had borne his full share in governing the United Kingdom. He had identified his name with Currency Reform, with Police Reform,

with Criminal Law Reform. And he was not yet forty years of age.

“Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.”

He knew how to wait, and had not to wait long.

C. S. PARKER (*Private Papers*, Ed. C. S. Parker).

It was the memorable reproach of Goldsmith that Burke to party gave up what was meant for mankind. Nearly the opposite was true of Peel. . . . Conscious of his own superiority, he did not care about the views of inferior men . . . he did not court the opportunity, to conciliate and educate his followers in unofficial hours.

In 1819 Peel reformed the currency; in 1829 he emancipated the Roman Catholics; in 1842 he reformed the Tariff; in 1843 he repealed the Corn Laws.

Inferior to Walpole in tact, to Chatham in vigour, to Pitt in his ingenuity of devising taxes, to Canning in his eloquence in expounding policy—in knowledge, in judgment, and perspicacity, he was superior to all these men.

SPENCER WALPOLE (*History of England*).

Sir Robert Peel is very agreeable in society, it is a toss up whether he talks or not, but if he thaws, and is in good humour and spirits, he is lively, entertaining, and abounding in anecdotes, which he tells extremely well.

GREVILLE MEMOIRS (*Ed. H. Reeve*).

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

(1792-1878. Created Earl Russell, 1861. Prime Minister, 1846-1852, and 1865-1866.)

IF he had not much pretensions to exact knowledge, his reading was wider than that of most of his contemporaries; and he had not merely a large acquaintance with authors of many nations, he had thought on what he read. His mind, too, had been enlarged by intercourse with superior men, and by the opportunities of foreign travel. Few men of his age, standing on the threshold of a career, had seen so much that was worth seeing. He had knowledge of every division of the United Kingdom. In London he had breakfasted with Mr. Fox, he was a frequent guest at Lord Holland's dinner table, he was acquainted with all the prominent leaders of the Whig party, he had already become a member of Grillion's Club. In Dublin he had seen all that was best in society; in Edinburgh he had mixed with all that was best in letters. He had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Moore in one capital; he was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Jeffrey in the other. He had dined with Mr. Parr at Birmingham, with Bishop Watson on Windermere; he had walked with Sir Walter Scott along the banks of the Tweed, and he had passed a night in the poet's home at Ashestiel. He had travelled through the highlands of Scotland, and had carefully examined the great manufacturing industries of England. Abroad his opportunities

had been even greater. He had read his Camoens in Portugal, his Tasso in Italy; he had traversed the Italian Peninsula from Naples to Venice; he had journeyed through the length of Spain; he had ridden with the Duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras; he had watched a French advance in force in the neighbourhood of Burgos; he had gazed from a British position near La Rune over Southern France. He had conversed with Napoleon in Elba; and he had hurried home to denounce in his place in the House of Commons the inception of the new war. Was there another man in England, who had not completed the twenty-third year of his age, who had seen so much and who had done so much as Lord John Russell? His desultory education had been appropriately ended by his leaving Edinburgh without taking a degree. But the deficiency had been amply repaired. He had graduated in the University of the World.

“Lord Durham, by Lord Grey’s desire, invited me* to consult with him on the formation of a committee for the purpose of framing a plan (of Parliamentary Reform, 1831). . . . Lord Durham and Sir James Graham were in the Cabinet: Lord Duncannon and I were not. Lord Althorp was not a member of the committee. . . .”

The plan . . . proposed the disfranchisement of all boroughs with less than 2000 inhabitants; the semi-disfranchisement of all boroughs with

* *I.e.* Lord John.

less than 4000 inhabitants; the extension of the franchise to £20 householders in boroughs; to £10 copyholders in counties; the grant of members to populous towns, and of additional members to the more populous counties. It further proposed the enforcement of residence, the registration of voters, the adoption of the ballot, an increase in the number of polling booths, the taking of the poll in the hundreds or divisions of counties, and the limit of the duration of Parliament to five years. In deference to the objections of Lord Grey the ballot was struck out of the scheme; in consequence of the criticism of the Cabinet the borough franchise was extended to £10 householders in boroughs. With these exceptions the Cabinet substantially approved the scheme of the Committee, and decided on confiding its introduction to Lord John Russell. . . . It was too frequently forgotten that the whole political power of England was virtually concentrated in 1831 in the hands of two or three hundred individuals, who returned a majority of the House of Commons, and sat in large numbers in the House of Lords. . . . Happily, in 1831, a large number of the borough owners were in favour of Reform. . . .

Lord John committed his own conclusions on his Irish tour to writing:—

“Phoenix Park, October 18, 1833.

“1. A Government party ought to be formed, and cemented by every possible means. For this purpose the Orange magistracy in the

North, and the Repeal agitators in the South, ought both to be repressed.

“2. The utmost firmness must be shown in maintaining the law everywhere. Nobody in Ireland expects this to be done, and nothing but the fact convinces them.

“3. In the course of improvement, and by reason of improvement, numbers of bad tenants are cut adrift, and from idle loiterers become White-boys and murderers. Independently of poor laws some remedy might be devised for this evil.

“4. On those estates which are not improving, exorbitant rents are exacted by the distress of the landlord, and from the distress of the tenant. Any scheme which should enable the Crown to purchase land on a large scale would give relief to such distressed landlords, and be the means for providing for great numbers of industrious tenants.

“5. There are three principal religions in Ireland—the Establishment, few in number, but strong in landed property; the Roman Catholics, numerous, and containing nearly all the very poor class; the Presbyterians, considerable in numbers, and remarkable for intelligence and commercial prosperity. All these ought to be provided for by the State.

“6. Further inquiry may lead to some diminution of the revenues of the Established Church after all its proper uses have been provided for. But this subject requires long and patient investigation before any decision is made.”

(The Irish Municipal Bill) . . . Lord John

in asking leave for its introduction,* made a great speech on Irish policy . . . quoting from a speech in which Mr. Fox had avowed his desire that the whole Irish government should be regulated by Irish notions and Irish prejudices, and his belief that the more Ireland was under Irish government, the more she would be bound to English interests, . . . Lord John added—

“Can we wonder at such things? . . . Your oppression taught them to hate—your concessions to brave you: you exhibited to them how scanty was the stream of your bounty, and how full the tribute of your fear.”

During the four succeeding years, though no arrangement had been made with the Irish, Mr. O’Connell had undoubtedly given a warm support to men who he could not fail to see were striving, as no Ministry has ever striven before, to do justice to Ireland. Lord John, on his part, could not help distinguishing between the support which he thus received from the Irish brigade and the abuse which English Radicals were perpetually heaping on him. Thus thinking, he wrote as follows:—

“Whitehall, May 9th, 1839.

“MY DEAR SIR,—It is a pleasure, which I cannot refuse myself, to acknowledge the constant and disinterested support which you have given to the Ministry in which I held a department chiefly connected with the affairs of Ireland.

“I am glad to see that you exhort your countrymen to abstain from acts of violence, and I feel little or no doubt that, although you

* 1837.

differ from me with respect to several measures relating to Ireland, you will persevere in refraining to press for Repeal while there is any prospect of equal justice to be obtained by other means.

“It is my opinion that there is not, as you sometimes allege, any hostility among the people of England to their fellow subjects in Ireland. But so much pains have been taken to persuade them that the Roman Catholics wish to subvert the Protestant religion that they act in ignorance of the real question in dispute. It has been my anxious wish to diffuse by calm argument more sound ways of thinking on the subject of Ireland, and to oppose freedom of conscience to the religious bigotry of Exeter Hall.—I remain, etc.,
JOHN RUSSELL.”

(*Colonial Policy.*) Lord John himself wrote—

“I soon became interested in colonial affairs. . . .

“I gave still stronger assurances to the British Provinces of North America, pledging to them the word of the Queen that, so long as they desired to remain her subjects, they should receive the support of the Crown and be defended as a part of the British Dominions.”

In his great speech on Colonial policy, in 1850 . . . he used equally firm language—

“I consider it to be our bounden duty to maintain the colonies which have been placed under our charge. . . . I anticipate indeed, with others, that some of the colonies may so grow in population and wealth that they may say, ‘Our

strength is sufficient to enable us to be independent of England. The link is now become onerous to us; the time is come when we think we can, in amity and alliance with England, maintain our independence.' I do not think that that time is yet approaching. But let us make them as far as possible fit to govern themselves. . . ."

The Budget of 1840 was not much more successful than the Budget which preceded it. . . .

No statesman under such circumstances could avoid dealing with the customs tariff. The twelve hundred duties which encumbered it had avowedly been placed on it, not for the purpose of revenue, but for the purpose of protection. . . . Those which had been designed for the protection of the home trade were based on the idea that foreign competition could and should be destroyed by the heavy taxation of foreign goods. Where protection was afforded to the colonies an intermediate plan was adopted. The colonial goods were taxed, and the competing foreign goods were taxed more heavily. The colonist, in short, was to enjoy an advantage as against the foreigner, while the home producer was to have a similar advantage as against the colonist. Taxation on cereals, again, was based on a third principle. Statesmen had taken infinite pains to devise what was known as a sliding scale, which, in spite of long experience to the contrary, they fondly imagined would equalise the price of corn, since the rate of duty

varied with the price, rising as it fell, and falling as it rose.

(To the Electors of the City of London.)

“ . . . I used to be of opinion that corn was an exception to the general rules of political economy, but observation and experience have convinced me that we ought to abstain from all interference with the supply of food. Neither a Government nor a legislature can ever regulate the corn market with the beneficial effects which the entire freedom of sale and purchase are sure of themselves to produce. . . .

“ . . . The struggle to make bread scarce and dear, when it is clear that part, at least, of the additional price goes to increase rent, is a struggle deeply injurious to an aristocracy which (this quarrel once removed) is strong in property, strong in the construction of our legislature, strong in opinion, strong in ancient associations, and the memory of immortal services. . . .”

Lord John . . . asked the support of the London electors—

“ . . . This great battle is, I trust, for the present nearly ended. It is most desirable that it should not be renewed. The Government of this country ought to behold with an impartial eye the various portions of the community engaged in agriculture, in manufactures, and in commerce. The feeling that any of them is treated with injustice provokes ill-will, disturbs legislation, and diverts attention from many useful and necessary reforms. Great social movements are required: public education is manifestly imperfect; the treatment of criminals

is a problem yet undecided; the sanitary condition of our towns and villages has been grossly neglected. Our recent discussions have laid bare the misery, the discontent, and outrages in Ireland; they are too clearly authenticated to be denied, too extensive to be treated by any but the most comprehensive measures. . . .”

SPENCER WALPOLE (*Life of Lord John Russell*).

CARDINAL NEWMAN

(1801-1890. John Henry. Joined Roman Catholic Church 1845. Created Cardinal, 1879.)

THE charm of Dr. Newman's style necessarily baffles description. . . .

. . . Dr. Newman's style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied: at times icy cold, it oftener glows with a fervent heat; it employs as its obedient servant a vast vocabulary, and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the bookworm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory. Dr. Newman's sentences sometimes fall upon the ear like well-considered and final judgments, each word being weighed and counted out with dignity and precision; but at other times the demeanour and language of the judge are hastily abandoned, and substituted for them we encounter the impetuous torrent, the captivating rhetoric, the brilliant imagery, the frequent examples, the repetition of the same idea in

different words, of the eager and accomplished advocate addressing men of like passions with himself.

Dr. Newman always aims at effect, and never misses it. He writes as an orator speaks, straight to you. His object is to convince, and to convince by engaging your attention, exciting your interest, enlivening your fancy. It is not his general practice to address the pure reason. He knows (he well may) how little reason has to do with man's convictions. "I do not want," he says, "to be converted by a smart syllogism." In another place he observes: "The heart is commonly reached not through the reason—but through the imagination by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history and by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, books subdue us, deeds inflame us." I have elsewhere ventured upon a comparison between Burke and Newman. Both men, despite their subtlety and learning, and super-refinement, their love of fine points and their splendid capacity for stating them in language so apt as to make one's admiration breathless, took very broad, common-sense, matter-of-fact views of humanity, and ever had the ordinary man and woman in mind as they spoke, and wrote.

Let us begin with a chance specimen of the precision of his language. The passage is from the prefatory notice the Cardinal prefixed to the Rev. William Palmer's "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Year 1840, 1841." It is dated 1882, and is consequently the writing

of a man of eighty years of age: "William Palmer was one of those earnest-minded and devout men, forty years since, who, deeply convinced of the great truth that our Lord had instituted, and still acknowledges and protects a Visible Church—one, individual and integral; Catholic as spread over the earth, Apostolic, as coeval with the Apostles of Christ, and Holy as being the dispenser of His Word and Sacraments—considered it at present to exist in three main branches, or rather in a triple presence, the Latin, the Greek, and the Anglican, these three being one and the same Church distinguishable from each other by secondary, fortuitous, and local, though important characteristics. And whereas the whole Church in its fullness was, as they believed, at once and severally Anglican, Greek, and Latin, so in turn each one of those three was the whole Church. . . . Moreover, since, as has been said, on a given territory there could not be more than one of the three, it followed that Christians generally, wherever they were, were bound to recognise, and had a claim to be recognised by, that one; ceasing to belong to the Anglican Church, as Anglican, when they were at Rome, and ignoring Rome when they found themselves at Moscow. Lastly, not to acknowledge this inevitable outcome of the initial idea of the Church, viz., that it was both everywhere and one, was bad logic, and to act in opposition to it was nothing short of setting up altar against altar, that is the hideous sin of schism, and a sacrilege. This I conceive to be the formal teaching of Anglicanism."

For examples of what may be called Newman's oratorical rush, one has not far to look—though when torn from their context and deprived of their conclusion, they are robbed of three-fourths of their power. Here is a passage from his second lecture addressed to the Anglican Party of 1833. It is on the life of the National Church of England. “In the present day mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions, which escape from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms, who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself from being supposed to exclude the contradictory, who holds that Scripture is the only authority, yet that the Church is to be deferred to, that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works, that grace does not depend on the sacraments, yet is not given without them, that bishops are a divine ordinance, yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have—this is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No. But, alas! reading sets men thinking. They will not keep standing in the same attitude, which you please to call sound Church-of-Englandism or orthodox Protestantism.”

A. BIRRELL (*Res Judicatæ*).

“In the spring of 1839, my position in the Anglican Church was at its height. . . . I held a large, bold system of religion, very unlike the Protestantism of the day, but it was the concentration and adjustment of the statements of great Anglican authorities. . . . As I spoke on occasion of Tract 90, I claimed, in behalf of who would, that he might hold in the Anglican Church a comprecation with the Saints with Bramhall, and the Mass all but Transubstantiation with Andrewes, or with Hooker that Transubstantiation itself is not a point for Churches to part communion upon, or with Hammond that a General Council, truly such, never did, never shall err in a matter of faith, or with Bull that man lost inward grace by the fall, or with Thorndike that penance is a propitiation for post-baptismal sin, or with Pearson that the all-powerful name of Jesus is no otherwise given than in the Catholic Church. . . .

“What will best describe my state of mind at the early part of 1839, is an Article in the *British Critic* for that April . . . it contains the last words which I ever spoke as an Anglican to Anglicans . . . was published two years before the affair of Tract 90, and was entitled, ‘The State of Religious Parties.’”

(Pp. 184-186.) “After . . . stating the phenomenon of the time . . . the Article proceeds to account for it. . . . First, I mentioned the literary influence of Walter Scott, who turned men’s minds to the direction of the Middle Ages. ‘The general need,’ I said, ‘of something deeper and more attractive, than

what has offered itself elsewhere, may be considered to have led to his popularity; and by means of his popularity he re-acted on his readers, stimulating their mental thirst, feeding their hopes, setting before them visions, which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten, and silently indoctrinating them with nobler ideas, which might afterwards be appealed to as first principles.' ”

NEWMAN (*Apologia*).

LORD DERBY

(1799–1869. Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley. Prime Minister, 1852, 1858–1859, and 1866–1868. Created Baron Stanley, 1844. Succeeded to Earldom, 1851.)

IN the interval between the passing and the practical operation of Mr. Gladstone's Bill,* on October 23 (1869), Lord Derby died at Knowsley, the residence of the Stanleys in Lancashire. His death made no great gap in English politics. He had for some time ceased to assert any really influential place in public affairs. His career had been eminent and distinguished; but its day had long been done. Lord Derby never was a statesman; he was not even a great leader of a party; but he was a splendid figure-head for Conservatism in or out of power. He was, on the whole, a superb specimen of the English political nobleman. Proud of soul, but sweet in temper and genial in manner; dignified as men are who feel instinctively that dignity pertains to them, and therefore never think of how to assert or maintain it, he was eminently fitted

* The Irish Church Bill.

by temperament, by nature, and by fortune for the place it was given him to hold. His parliamentary oratory has already become a tradition. It served its purpose admirably for the time; it showed, as Macaulay said, that Lord Derby possessed the very instinct of parliamentary debate. It was not weighted with the thought which could have secured it a permanent place in political literature, nor had it the imagination which would have lifted it into an atmosphere above the level of Hansard. In Lord Derby's own day the unanimous opinion of both Houses of Parliament would have given him a place among the very foremost of parliamentary orators. Many competent judges went so far as to set him distinctly above all living rivals. Time has not ratified this judgment. It is impossible that the influence of an orator could have faded so soon if he had really been entitled to the praise which many of his contemporaries would freely have rendered to Lord Derby. The charm of his voice and style, his buoyant readiness, his rushing fluency, his rich profusion of words, his happy knack of illustration, allusion, and retort—all these helped to make men believe him a much greater orator than he really was. Something, too, was due to the influence of his position. It seemed a sort of condescension on the part of a great noble that he should consent to be an eloquent debater also, and to contend in parliamentary sword-play against professional champions like Peel and O'Connell and Brougham. It must count for something in Lord Derby's fame that, while far inferior to

any of these men in political knowledge and in mental capacity, he could compare as an orator with each in turn, and—were it but for his own day, were it but while the magic of his presence and his voice was yet a living influence—could be held by so many to have borne without disadvantage the test of comparison.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY (*History of our own Times*).

RICHARD COBDEN

(1804–1865. Refused office, owing to his dislike to Palmerston's foreign policy. His chief "Political Writings," advocating Peace, Free Trade, and abolition of the Corn Laws, were published in 1867.)

THE ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE.—The real leader of the movement was Mr. Richard Cobden. Mr. Cobden was a man belonging to the yeoman class. He had received but a moderate education. His father dying while the great Free Trader was still young, Richard Cobden was taken in charge by an uncle, who had a wholesale warehouse in the City of London, and who gave him employment there. Cobden afterwards became a partner in a Manchester printed cotton factory; and he travelled occasionally on the commercial business of this establishment. He had a great liking for travel; but not by any means as the ordinary tourist travels; the interest of Cobden was not in scenery, or in art, or in ruins, but in men. He studied the condition of countries with a view to the manner in which it affected the men and the women of the present, and through them was likely to affect the future.

On everything that he saw he turned a quick and intelligent eye ; and he saw for himself and thought for himself. Wherever he went, he wanted to learn something. He had in abundance that peculiar faculty which some great men of widely different stamp from him and from each other have possessed, the faculty which exacts from every one with whom the owner comes in contact some contribution to his stock of information and to his advantage. Cobden could learn something from everybody. He travelled very widely, for a time when travelling was more difficult work than it is at present. He made himself familiar with most of the countries of Europe, with many parts of the East, and what was then a rare accomplishment, with the United States and Canada. He studied these countries and visited many of them again to compare early with later impressions. When he was about thirty years of age he began to acquire a certain reputation as the author of pamphlets directed against some of the pet doctrines of old-fashioned statesmanship ; the balance of power in Europe ; the necessity of maintaining a State Church in Ireland ; the importance of allowing no European quarrel to go on without England's intervention ; and similar dogmas. The tongue, however, was his best weapon. If oratory was a business and not an art—that is, if its test were its success rather than its form—then it might be contended reasonably enough that Mr. Cobden was one of the greatest orators England has ever known. Nothing could exceed the persuasiveness of his style. His manner was simple,

sweet, and earnest. It was transparently sincere. The light of his convictions shone all through it. It aimed at the reason and the judgment of the listener, and seemed to be convincing him to his own interest against his prejudices. Cobden's style was almost exclusively conversational, but he had a clear, well-toned voice, with a quiet, unassuming power in it which enabled him to make his words heard distinctly and without effort all through the great meetings he had often to address. His speeches were full of variety. He illustrated every argument by something drawn from his personal observation or from reading, and his illustrations were always striking, appropriate, and interesting. He had a large amount of bright and winning humour, and he spoke the simplest and purest English. He never used an unnecessary sentence or failed for a single moment to make his meaning clear. Many strong opponents of Mr. Cobden's opinions confessed even during his lifetime they sometimes found with dismay their most cherished convictions crumbling away beneath his flow of easy argument. In the stormy times of national passion Mr. Cobden was less powerful. The apostle of common sense and fair dealing, he had no sympathy with the passions of men; he did not understand them; they passed for nothing in his calculations. His judgment of men and of nations was based far too much on his knowledge of his own motives and character. He knew that in any given case he could always trust himself to act the part of a just and prudent man; and he assumed that all the world could

be governed by the rules of prudence and of equity. He cared little or nothing for mere sentiments. Even where these had their root in some human tendency that was noble in itself, he did not reverence them if they seemed to stand in the way of man's acting peacefully and prudently. Thus he never represented more than half the English character. He was always out of sympathy with his countrymen on some great political question. But he seemed as if he were designed by nature to conduct to success an agitation such as that against the Corn Laws. Mr. Cobden found some colleagues who were worthy of him. His chief companion in the campaign was Mr. Bright. It is doubtful whether English public life has ever produced a man who possessed more of the qualifications of a great orator than Mr. Bright. He had a commanding presence, a massive figure, a large head, a handsome and expressive face. His voice was powerful, resonant, clear, with a peculiar vibration in it which lent unspeakable effect to any passage of pathos or of scorn. His style of speaking was pure to austerity; it was stripped of all superfluous ornament. It never gushed or foamed. It never allowed itself to be mastered by passion. The first peculiarity which struck the listener was its superb self-restraint. The orator at his most powerful passages appeared as if he were rather keeping in his strength than taxing it with effort. His voice was for the most part calm and measured; he hardly ever indulged in much gesticulation. He never, under the pressure of whatever emotion, shouted or

stormed. The fire of his eloquence was a white heat, intense, consuming, but never sparkling or spluttering. He had an admirable gift of humour and a keen ironical power. He had read few books, but of those he read he was a master. The English Bible and Milton were his chief studies. Bright was a man of the middle class. His family were Quakers of a somewhat austere mould. They were manufacturers of carpets in Rochdale, Lancashire, and had made considerable money in their business.

There was something positively romantic about the mutual attachment of these two men, who worked together in the closest brotherhood, who loved each other as not all brothers do, who were associated so closely in the public mind that until Cobden's death the name of one was scarcely ever mentioned without that of the other. Each led a noble life; each was in his own way a man of genius; each was simple and strong. Rivalry between them would have been impossible, although they were every day being compared and contrasted by both friendly and unfriendly critics. Their gifts were admirably suited to make them powerful allies. Each had something that the other wanted. Bright had not Cobden's winning persuasiveness, nor his surprising ease and force of argument. But Cobden had not anything like his companion's oratorical power. He had not the tones of scorn, of pathos, of humour, and of passion. The two together made a genuine power in the House of Commons and on the platform.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY (*History of our own Times*).

LORD BEACONSFIELD

(1804-1881. Prime Minister, 1868, and 1874-1880.
Created Earl of Beaconsfield, 1876.)

. . . D'ISRAELI (the father) ceased to be a Jew.
. . . Benjamin himself was received into the
Church on July 31st, 1817. . . . He was trans-
ferred to "a school in Epping Forest where
there were about fifty or sixty boys." . . . The
head of the school was the Rev. Eli Cogan.

"The first class dealt with Aeschylus, Aristo-
phanes, Aristotle, Plato, and the Greek orators.
I never could reach this stage, though I listened
to many of the interpretations and expositions of
the master with interest and admiration.

". . . though I never reached the first class,
and was not eminent even in the second, I
learnt, or rather read a great deal in those years.
In Greek, all Herodotus; much of Thucy-
dides; the greater part of the 'Iliad'; some-
thing of the 'Odyssey,' the 'Ajax,' 'Oedi-
pus Rex,' and 'Antigone' of Sophocles;
the 'Medea,' 'Hippolytus' and 'Alcestis' of
Euripides; 'Theocritus,' the 'Idylls' (my copy
is now in the Library, with notes); and 'Xeno-
phon,' the 'Retreat' and part of the 'Cyro-
pædia.' In Latin he bathed us in Cicero, and
always impressed on us that, so far as style was
concerned, in lucid arrangement of subject, and
power of expression the 'Pro Milone' was
an education in itself; Cæsar; much of Livy;
something of Tacitus; all Virgil and Horace;
some of the best things in Catullus and the

elegiac poets ; the first book of Lucretius ; and all Terence."

. . . Questions have been sometimes raised as to the extent of Disraeli's classical acquirements, . . . he contrived . . . to make himself . . . a fair Latin scholar and retained in after life a moderate familiarity with the great Roman authors ; but his Greek was scanty in the beginning . . . and . . . remained scanty to the end.

. . . In course of time, however, appreciation grew, and Lucretius from the first filled him with enthusiasm—

" . . . Lucretius—most beautiful : his invocation to Venus is very elegant and his description of Religion with her head among the clouds is sublime. . . ."

. . . The events of the author's childhood and youth are viewed through the refracting medium of his subsequent experience. . . . When Disraeli wrote " Vivian Grey," his ambition was turned towards the world of action ; and when he wrote " Contarini " he was dreaming of winning fame by literary creation. It is the supreme interest of his character that he combined in such high degree the qualities that make for greatness in either sphere, the brooding temperament and glowing imagination of the poet with the practical energy, compelling will, and daring initiative of the man of action. . . .

John Murray to J. G. Lockart,

Sept. 25, 1825.

" . . . I left my young friend Disraeli to make his own way with you. . . . I never met

with a young man of greater promise, from the sterling qualifications which he already possesses. He is a good scholar, hard student, a deep thinker, of great energy, equal perseverance, and indefatigable application, and a complete man of business. His knowledge of human nature, and the practical tendency of all his ideas, have often surprised me in a young man who has hardly passed his twentieth year, and above all, his mind and heart are as pure as when they were first formed. . . .”

“ . . . In Mr. Gladstone’s diary for March 20, 1874, we find the entry, ‘Finished “Vivian Grey,” the first quarter extremely clever, the rest trash. What is still worth reading in the five original volumes of “Vivian Grey” is the first. . . .’

“ . . . Disraeli’s favourite doctrines. ‘Fate, Destiny, Chance, particular and special Providence—idle words. Dismiss them all, Sir! A man’s Fate is his own temper.’ ‘Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter.’ ‘No conjecture can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous it may appear, from which a man, by his own energy, may not extricate himself.’”

“ . . . I made the acquaintance of Lytton Bulwer, and dined with him at his house in Hertford Street. . . . Bulwer and I had, at least, written something; I, ‘Vivian Grey,’ and he, two or three years afterwards ‘Pelham.’”

The other three were Henry Bulwer, Charles Villiers, and Alexander Cockburn."

The journey on which Disraeli now embarked with his friend Meredith proved a capital event in his life and had marked effects on his whole subsequent career, both literary and political. . . . We can see the influence of the Eastern journey in "Contarini Fleming," in "Alroy," in "Tancred," and in "Lothair. . . . I travelled through the whole of Andalusia on horseback," Disraeli wrote to Austen; "I was never less than ten hours out of the twenty-four on my steed, and more than once saw the sun set and rise without quitting my saddle, which few men can say, and which I never wish to say again. I visited Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, and Granada, among many other cities which must not be named with these romantic towns! . . . On Wednesday morning I quit this place (Malta), where on the whole I have spent very agreeable hours, in a yacht which Clay had hired, and in which he intends to turn pirate. . . . Our yacht is of fifty-five tons, an excellent size for these seas, and bears the unpoetical title of 'Susan,' which is a bore; but as we can't alter it we have painted it out." "Their yacht," he told Austen, was "the only mode of travel for this sea, where every headland and bay is the site of something memorable, and which is studded with islands that demand a visit."

They spent a week at Navarino, "the scene of Codrington's bloody blunder,"* a superb, perhaps

* The Battle of Navarino, Oct. 20, 1827, in which

unrivalled harbour, with the celebrated Sphacteria on one side and old Pylus on the other." . . .

. . . From Napoli, where they also lingered, the travellers made excursions to Corinth, Argos, and Mycenae; and finally, on November 24, they cast anchor in the Piraeus.

. . . Early in December they continued their voyage round Sunium, of which they had "a most splendid view," and through "the clustering Cyclades" to Constantinople.

"We found ourselves again in the archipelago — the Sporades — and tried to make Rhodes; but a contrary wind, although we were off it for two days, prevented us. After some days we landed at Cyprus, where we passed a day on the land famous in all ages, but more delightful to me as the residence of Fortunatus than as the rosy realm of Venus or the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders. Here we got a pilot to take us to Jaffa."

"One morning with a clear blue sky and an intense sun, we came in sight of the whole coast of Syria, very high and mountainous, and the loftiest ranges covered with snow. We passed Beyrout, Sur, the ancient Tyre, St. Jean d'Acree, and at length cast anchor in the roads of Jaffa. . . . From Jaffa, a party of six, well mounted and well armed, we departed for Jerusalem."

". . . Except Athens, I have never witnessed any scene more essentially impressive. I will not place this spectacle below the city of Minerva. Athens and the Holy City in their

Sir Edward Codrington destroyed the Turkish Egyptian fleet, thereby playing directly into the hand of Russia.

glory must have been the finest representations of the beautiful and the sublime. The Holy City, for the elevation on which I stood was the Mount of Olives and the City on which I gazed was Jerusalem."

From the moment when Contarini sets out upon his travels the value of the novel as a biographic document rapidly diminishes . . . just as in "Vivian Grey," after the first volume, the creative impulse is now spent; the author has given us a picture of his inward experience as far as it has been carried, and he has to resort to book making to bring his story to an end. It is better book making than what we get in the second volume of "Vivian Grey," but little more can be said in its praise.

"Read French authors. Read Rochefoucauld. The French writers are the finest in the world, for they clear our heads of all ridiculous ideas. . . . Do not talk too much at present; do not *try* to talk. But whenever you speak, speak with self-possession. . . . Never argue. In society nothing must be discussed; give only results. . . . Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They, too, will rally you on many points, and as they are women you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance and of so much use to a young man entering life as to be well criticised by women. . . . Read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory."

Here are many characteristic formulas from

the Disraelian philosophy of life: "There is little mystery, there is much ignorance;" and with no less conviction, "Everything is mysterious;" "at the present day we too much under-rate the influence of individual character;" "patience is a necessary ingredient of genius;" "The magic of his character was his patience. This made him quicker, and readier, and more successful than all other men."

. . . He read his Bible, indeed, though less to edification, as his pious friend* would have interpreted the word, than as a record of exclusive interest to the race to which he belonged.

. . . His political stock-in-trade consisted, in fact, of a sincere and ardent patriotism, genuine popular sympathies, a strong and apparently instinctive antipathy to Whiggery, and an hereditary disposition to Toryism derived from his father, with the imaginative interest in its romantic aspects that was native to himself.

. . . The campaign at Wycombe proceeded almost without intermission. The unreformed Parliament was not actually dissolved till December 3,† but on October 1 Disraeli issued a fresh address, which is interesting as the first full and authentic exposition of his political opinions that has survived the chances of time. He comes forward again "wearing the badge of no party and the livery of no faction." He is "prepared to support that ballot which will preserve us from that unprincipled system of terrorism with which it would seem we are threatened

* "A lady of evangelical turn" (*v.* p. 197, vol. i.).

† 1832.

even in this town." He is "desirous of recurring to those old English triennial Parliaments of which the Whigs originally deprived us* ; and by repealing the taxes upon knowledge" he "would throw the education of the people into the hands of the philosophic student, instead of the ignorant adventurer." He is already occupied with that great question of the condition of the people in which he took an abiding interest.

" . . . I shall withhold my support from every Ministry which will not originate some great measure to ameliorate the condition of the lower orders. . . ."

With regard to the Corn Laws,

" I will support any change the basis of which is to relieve the customer without injuring the farmer. . . ."

" . . . Peace is now the policy of England. We have gained everything ; now it is our duty to preserve. . . ." Free Trade was a theory which "as a theory" he much admired. . . .

" It is wise to be sanguine in public as well as in private life ; yet the sagacious statesman must view the present portents with anxiety, if not with terror. It would sometimes appear that the loss of our great Colonial Empire must be the necessary consequence of our prolonged domestic dissensions. Hope, however, lingers to the last. In the sedate but vigorous character of the British nation, we may place great confidence. Let us not forget also an influence

* The Septennial Act was a device of Walpole's to keep himself in office, and to confirm the throne to the Hanoverian dynasty.

too much underrated in this age of bustling mediocrity—the influence of individual character. Great spirits may yet arise to guide the groaning helm through the world of troubled waters; spirits whose proud destiny it still may be at the same time to maintain the glory of the Empire and to secure the happiness of the People!”

. . . Disraeli in 1832 was impatiently eager to get into Parliament; but his opinions were the opinions of a man in complete isolation from the ordinary schools of political thought, and he was almost cynically indifferent to the conventions of party allegiance. Experience soon taught him that this indifference could not be maintained; he learnt in due course to pay the necessary tribute to convention, and as time went on he acquired some of the freedom which is the privilege of greatness.

. . . If he had been content to wear the livery of either party, he could with half the energy and ability he showed have speedily forced his way into Parliament. . . . He was a political freethinker at the beginning of his career, as he remained a political freethinker to the end.

. . . Even in 1832 all the elements of his finished political creed can already be detected. His faith in democracy on the one hand, his reverence for tradition and our traditional institutions on the other; his dislike of the selfish Whig oligarchy; his desire to secure a modification of the Corn Laws, but without the sacrifice of agriculture; his interest in the condition of the people . . . these are all to be found in the

speeches and writings of Disraeli's first year in politics.

"I passed the whole of this year in uninterrupted lounging and pleasure—with the exception of offering myself for Marylebone and writing a pamphlet. . . . My life has not been a happy one. Nature has given me an awful ambition and fiery passions. My life has been a struggle with moments of rapture—a storm with dashes of moonlight. . . ."

" . . . I am always exhausted with composition when I enter society, and little inclined to talk, and as I never get anything in return, I do not think the exertion necessary. In the conversation of society the most brilliant men I know are perhaps Spencer (now in Paris) and Tom Moore. As a lively companion, of ceaseless entertainment and fun, no one perhaps equals Charles Mathews, the son of the comedian. . . ."

"The world calls me *conceited*. The world is in error. I trace all the blunders of my life to sacrificing my own opinion to that of others. When I was considered very conceited indeed I was nervous and had self-confidence only by fits. . . . I have an unerring instinct—I can read characters at a glance; few men can deceive me. My mind is a continental mind. It is a revolutionary mind. I am only truly great in action. If ever I am placed in a truly eminent position I shall prove this. I could rule the House of Commons, although there would be a great prejudice against me at first. It is the most jealous assembly in the world. The fixed character of our English Society, the

consequence of our aristocratic institutions, renders a career difficult. Poetry is the safety-valve of my passions, but I wish to act what I write. It was in the plains of Troy that I first conceived the idea of this work ('The Revolutionary Epick'). Wandering over the illustrious scene, surrounded by the tombs of heroes and by the confluence of poetic streams, my musing thoughts clustered round the memory of that great immortal song, to which all creeds and countries alike respond, and which has vanquished Chance and defies Time."

"... Thus the most heroic incident of an heroic age produced in the "Iliad" an Heroic Epick; thus the consolidation of the most superb of Empires produced in the "Aeneid" a political Epick; the revival of learning and the birth of vernacular genius presented us in the "Divine Comedy" with the National Epick; and the Reformation and the consequences called from the rapt lyre of Milton a Religious Epick."

... Reverence for the past, a Semitic feeling for religion, an instinct for the positive, for order, for tradition, for everything that Carlyle embodies in the phrase "the everlasting yea"—all these things were strong within him, and it was in their development and expression, and not in the rôle of revolutionary leader, that his mission really lay. Yet to the end the revolutionary side was there; and it is just because Disraeli never lost his sympathy with the modern spirit, never felt any of that timorous shrinking from new political ideals which afflicts Conservatives

of the narrower type, that his conversation is so sane, so robust, and so fruitful; . . .

Though in general society he was habitually silent and reserved, he was clearly observant. It required generally a subject of more than common interest to produce the fitting degree of enthusiasm to animate him and to stimulate him into the exercise of his marvellous powers of conversation. When duly excited, however, his command of language was truly wonderful, his power of sarcasm unsurpassed; the readiness of his wit, the quickness of his perception, the grasp of mind that enabled him to seize on all the parts of any subject under discussion, those only would venture to call in question who had never been in his company at the period I refer to.

. . . Disraeli was presented to him (Melbourne) after dinner, and the two had a long conversation. The Minister was attracted more and more as he listened to the uncommonplace language and spirit of the youthful politician, and thought to himself he would be well worth serving. Abruptly, but with a certain tone of kindness which took away an air of assumption, he said, "Well now, tell me, what do you want to be?" The quiet gravity of the reply fairly took him aback—"I want to be Prime Minister." Melbourne gave a long sigh, and then said very seriously, "No chance of that in our time. . . ."

“. . . Triennial Parliaments to be a Cabinet measure, and an extension of the constituency, the ballot to stand on its merits—in short, a

revolution; for this must lead to a fatal collision with the House of Lords."*

Incidentally this letter reveals a growing estrangement on the part of the writer from the Radicalism of his first political campaign: triennial Parliaments and the ballot, the nostrums which had figured so prominently in his earlier political programmes, had now come to spell "a revolution."

Eventually Disraeli decided to enter on a third contest at Wycombe.† . . . The popular cry of the country is Church Reform; but he dislikes that "cant phrase," and hopes to hear less of Church Reform and more of Church improvement. Pluralities must be abolished, the great evil of non-residence must be terminated, and to achieve these all-important objects there must be an increase in "the value of the lesser livings and the incomes in general of the inferior clergy." Church reform leads him on to Ireland.

"I deem it absolutely necessary, even for the existence of the Protestant Establishment itself, that the question of the Irish Church should be forthwith grappled with; that it should be the object of a measure in its nature as final, in its operation as conclusive, as human wit can devise . . . nor do I deem it less urgent that the Protestant Establishment in that country should be at once proportioned to the population which it serves. . . . I for one will never consent that the surplus revenues of that branch of our Establishment shall ever be appropriated to any other object save the interests of the Church of England, because experience has taught me that

* Extract from a letter to his sister. † In 1834.

an establishment is never despoiled except to benefit an aristocracy. . . . I know the love that great lords, and especially Whig lords, have for abbey lands and great tithes: I remember Woburn, and I profit by the reminiscence.

“Then there are the claims of the Dissenters.

“. . . As for the question of the Church-rate, it is impossible that we can endure that every time one is levied, a town should present the scene of a contested election. The rights of the Establishment must be respected, but, for the sake of the Establishment itself, that flagrant scandal must be removed. These are concessions which, I think, are due to a numerous and powerful portion of our fellow-subjects; due, I repeat, to their numbers, to their intelligence, and their property, and consistent, in my opinion, with the maintenance of an Established Church, a blessing with which I am not prepared to part, and which I am resolved to uphold, because I consider it a guarantee of civilisation, and a barrier against bigotry.”

. . . In a famous and daring passage he expounds his doctrine of consistency:—

“The truth is, gentlemen, a statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstances, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character; and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or that subject; he is only to ascertain the needful and the beneficial, and the most feasible measures are to be carried on. The fact is, the conduct and the opinions of public men

at different periods of their career must not be too curiously contrasted in a free and aspiring country. The people have their passions, and it is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they have not sympathies, because the people must have leaders. . . .”

The failure of this third attempt at Wycombe seems finally to have convinced Disraeli that he could not hope for a political career unless he definitely identified himself with one or other of the two great parties. . . . Not many weeks after the Wycombe election he was nominated at his own request as a candidate for the Carlton Club, which had been founded a few years before by the Duke of Wellington and his friends, and had at once become the recognised social citadel of Toryism. The decisive step had now been taken. He had been exactly three years in politics, and his apparent course in those years had been that of a political comet, highly eccentric and irregular. Henceforth his place in the political firmament is fixed, or his orbit at all events conforms to the accepted laws of political motion.

It is no accident that there is a certain ambiguity about the party affiliations of nearly all our greater statesmen: Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone — none of these had an absolutely consistent party record. . . .

“. . . A dinner by the Chancellor to Lord Abinger and the Barons of the Exchequer. There was also George Dawson, myself, Praed, young Gladstone, Sir M. Shee, Sir J. Beresford, and Pemberton. . . .”

In "young Gladstone's" recollection of this dinner apparently neither the swan * nor Disraeli found a place; but he noted for his future guidance some counsel given them by Lyndhurst: "Never defend yourself before a popular assembly, except with and by retorting the attack; the hearers, in the pleasure which the assault gives them, will forget the previous charge"—a piece of wisdom which, if Disraeli failed to notice at the time, he was afterwards, as Lord Morley reminds us, to make his own, compressing it into one of his most effective phrases, "*Never complain and never explain.*"

He (Disraeli) had told them once before that the Conservative party was the really democratic party in the country who surrounded the people with the power of the Throne to shield them from the undue power of the aristocracy. . . . The question was between an hereditary monarchy on the one side and an elective executive on the other. . . . He was in favour of an hereditary monarchy because a King whose power and authority were so judiciously limited as those of the King of England was in effect the great leader of the people against an usurping aristocracy.

He was, he told them also, a steadfast supporter of the Established Church against "that misty, ambiguous, and impalpable thing, that sceptre of unsubstantiality, rising confusedly from the realm of darkness, that nameless thing called by some 'the voluntary system.'"

* The letter went on, "We had a swan very white and tender, and stuffed with truffles, the best company there."

. . . The Reform Act of 1832 had marked the triumph of the commercially-minded middle class with their unimaginative ideals. In the summer of 1833 Newman, with "fierce thoughts against the Liberals," hastened home from the Mediterranean, writing "Lead, kindly Light" in the orange boat that carried him from Palermo to Marseilles, to begin the Oxford movement; and in the winter of the same year the book which Carlyle had "hawked" round the publishers of London appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* under the title of "Sartor Resartus." Newman, Carlyle, and Disraeli were far different figures; but, little as they may have known it, they were in a sense spiritual brethren, engaged in a desperate fight against a common enemy . . . they had all three the same romantic temperament; all three had in them something of the artist; and all three were deeply imbued with the historical sentiment which is the fatal enemy of Benthamism, as of every kind of system-mongering. . . .

In December of this year (1835) there was published as a volume of 200 pages a tract entitled a "Vindication of the English Constitution in a letter to a Noble and a Learned Lord, by Disraeli the younger," the noble and learned Lord being, of course, Lyndhurst. This tract is the most important of Disraeli's early political writings, and the fullest exposition of his political creed that preceded "Coningsby." . . . The "Vindication" gave Disraeli what his fugitive efforts could never have given him, a recognised position as a political writer and thinker.

Disraeli begins the "Vindication" with an attack on his old enemies the Utilitarians. He had not only the instinctive antipathy of the born romantic to their unimaginative creed, but by training as well as by temperament he had all the intolerance of Burke for their practice of indulging in "barren assertions of abstract rights" dabbling in "*à priori* system of politics," and of framing "new constitutions on the principles of theoretic science." There are, indeed, frequent passages in the "Vindication" which sound like echoes of Burke, and show that Disraeli was deeply penetrated with the spirit and sentiment of Burke's later writings. "Nations have characters as well as individuals, and national character is precisely the quality which the new sect of statesmen in their schemes and speculations either deny or overlook. . . ."

The argument of the "Vindication" is largely based on a favourite doctrine of Disraeli's, the representation in Parliament of separate estates of the realm and the dependence of the balance of the Constitution on the maintenance of their several rights. . . .

. . . The House of Lords, on the other hand, though not elective, is truly representative, "the most eminent existing example of representation without election."

The House of Lords represents the Church in the Lord Bishops, the law in the Lord Chancellor, and often the Lord Chief Justice, the counties in the Lord Lieutenant, the boroughs in the noble recorders. This estate, from the character of the property of its members, is also

essentially the representative chamber of the land ; and, as the hereditary leaders of the nation, especially of the cultivators of the land, the genuine and permanent population of England, its peasantry.

You cannot, he is careful to observe, obtain a substitute for the House of Lords by merely collecting all the clever men of the country and giving them the august title of a senate. A nation will not allow three hundred men, however ingenious, to make laws for them, just because the sovereign power of the State chooses to appoint that such a number of its subjects shall possess this privilege. "The King of England may make peers, but he cannot make a House of Lords."

W. F. MONYPENNY (*Life of Benjamin Disraeli*).

The member who rose to comment on the explanation* of Sir Robert Peel had been for many years in the House of Commons. This was his tenth session. He had spoken often in each session. He had made many bold attempts to win a name in Parliament, and hitherto his political career had been simply a failure. From the hour when he spoke this speech, it was one long, unbroken, brilliant success.

The speaker who rose into such sudden prominence and something like the position of a party leader, was one of the most remarkable men the politics of the reign have produced. Mr. Disraeli entered the House of Commons as

* The explanation of his conversion to principles of Free Trade and of abolition of the Corn Law in 1846.

Conservative member for Maidstone in 1837. He was then about thirty-two years of age. He had previously made repeated and unsuccessful attempts to get a seat in Parliament. He began his political career as an advanced Liberal, and had described himself as one who desired to fight the battle of the people, and who was supported by neither of the aristocratic parties. He failed again and again, and apparently he began to think that it would be a wiser thing to look for the support of one or other of the aristocratic parties. He had before this given indications of remarkable literary capacity. His novel, "Vivian Grey," published when he was in his twenty-third year, was suffused with extravagance, affectation, and mere animal spirits; but it was full of the evidence of a fresh and brilliant ability. The son of a distinguished literary man, Mr. Disraeli had probably at that time only a young literary man's notion of politics. It is not necessary to charge him with deliberate inconsistency because from having been a Radical of the most advanced views, he became by an easy leap a Tory. It is not likely that at the beginning of his career he had any very clear ideas in connection with the words Tory or Radical. When young Disraeli found that advanced Radicalism did not do much to get him into Parliament, he probably began to ask himself whether his Liberal convictions were so deeply rooted as to call for the sacrifice of a career. He thought the question over, and doubtless found himself crystallising fast into an advocate of the established order of things.

No trace of the progress of conversion can be found in his speeches or his writings. It is not reasonable to infer that he took to Radicalism in the beginning because it looked the most picturesque and romantic thing to do, and that only as he found it fail to answer his personal object did it occur to him that after all he had more affinity with the cause of the country gentleman. The reputation he had made for himself before his going into Parliament was of a nature rather calculated to retard than to advance a political career. He was looked upon almost universally as an eccentric and audacious adventurer, who was kept from being dangerous by the affectations and absurdities of his conduct. He dressed in the extremest style of preposterous foppery; he talked a blending of cynicism and sentiment; he made the most reckless statements; his boasting was almost outrageous; his rhetoric of abuse was, even in that free-spoken time, astonishingly vigorous and unrestrained. Even his literary efforts did not then receive anything like the appreciation they have since obtained. At that time they were regarded as audacious whimsicalities, the fantastic freaks of a clever youth rather than as genuine works of a certain kind of art. Even when he did get into the House of Commons, his first experience there was little calculated to give him much hope of success. Reading over his first speech now, it seems hard to understand why it should have excited so much laughter and derision. It was a clever speech, full of point and odd conceits; very like in style and structure many of

the speeches which in later years won for the same orator the applause of the House of Commons. But Mr. Disraeli's reputation had preceded him into the House. The House was probably in the humour to find the speech ridiculous because the general impression was that the man himself was ridiculous. Mr. Disraeli's appearance, too, no doubt contributed something to the contemptuous opinion which was formed of him on his first attempt to address the assembly which he afterwards came to rule. He is described by an observer as having been "attired in a bottle-green frock-coat and a waistcoat of white, of the Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a network of glittering chains; large fancy pattern pantaloons, and a black tie, above which no shirt collar was visible, completed the outward man. A countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustering ringlets of coal-black hair, which combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek." His manner was intensely theatrical; his gestures were wild and extravagant. Mr. Disraeli made not merely a failure, but even a ludicrous failure. One who heard the debate thus describes the manner in which, baffled by the persistent laughter and other interruptions of the noisy House, the orator withdrew from the discussion defeated but not discouraged. "At last losing his temper, which until now he had preserved in a wonderful manner, he paused in the midst of a sentence,

and looking the Liberals indignantly in the face, raised his hands, and opening his mouth as widely as its dimensions would admit, said in a remarkably loud and almost terrific voice, 'I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last; ay, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me.'

Disraeli was not in the least discouraged by his first failure. A few days after it he spoke again, and he spoke three or four times more during his first session. But he had earned some wisdom by rough experience, and he did not make his oratorical flights so long or so ambitious as the first attempt. Then he seemed after a while, as he grew more familiar with the House, to go in for being paradoxical; for making himself always conspicuous; for taking up positions and expounding political creeds which other men would have avoided. It was very difficult to get any clear idea of what his opinions were about this period of his career, if he had any political opinions at all. He spoke on subjects of which it was evident that he knew nothing, and sometimes he managed by the sheer force of a strong intelligence to discern the absurdity of economic sophistries which had baffled men of far greater experience, and which, indeed, to judge from his personal declarations and political conduct afterwards, he allowed before long to baffle and bewilder himself. More often, however, he talked with a grandiose and oracular vagueness which seemed to imply that he alone of all men saw into the very heart of the question,

but that he, of all men, must not yet reveal what he saw. Mr. Disraeli was at one period of his career so affected that he positively affected affectation. Yet he was a man of undoubted genius; he had a spirit that never quailed under stress of any circumstances, however disheartening.

For some time Mr. Disraeli then seemed resolved to make himself remarkable—to be talked about. He succeeded admirably. He was talked about. All the political and satirical journals of the day had a great deal to say about him. He was not spoken of in terms of praise as a rule. Neither had he much praise to shower about him. Any one who looks to the political controversies of that time will be astounded at the language which Mr. Disraeli addresses to his opponents of the Press, and which his opponents address to him. The duelling system survived then and for long afterwards, and Mr. Disraeli always professed himself ready to sustain with his pistol anything that his lips might have given utterance to, even in the reckless heat of controversy. He kept himself up well to the level of his time in the calling of names and of swaggering. But he was making himself remarkable in political controversy as well. In the House of Commons he began to be regarded as a dangerous adversary in debate. He was wonderfully ready with retort and sarcasm. But during all the earlier part of his career he was thought of only as a free lance. He had praised Peel when Peel said something that suited him, or when to praise Peel seemed likely to wound some one else. But it was during the discussion

on the abolition of the Corn Laws that he first rose to the fame of a great debater and a powerful parliamentary orator.

Hitherto he had wanted a cause to inspire and justify audacity, and on which to employ with effect his remarkable resources of sarcasm and rhetoric. Hitherto he had addressed an audience for the most part out of sympathy with him. Now he was about to become the spokesman of a large body of men who, chafing and almost choking with wrath, were not capable of speaking effectively for themselves. Mr. Disraeli did therefore the very wisest thing he could do when he launched at once into a savage personal attack upon Sir Robert Peel.

From that hour Mr. Disraeli was the real leader of the Tory squires; from that moment his voice gave the word of command to the Tory party. Disraeli made his own career by the course he took on that memorable night, and he also made a new career for the Tory party. . . .

The marked contrast between the political aptitudes and tastes of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone . . . Mr. Gladstone delighted in the actual work and business of administration. Now Mr. Disraeli had neither taste nor aptitude for the details of administration. He enjoyed administration on the large scale; he loved political debate; he liked to make a great speech. But when he was not engaged in his favourite work he preferred to be doing nothing. It was natural that Mr. Gladstone's Administration should be one of practical work; that it should introduce Bills to deal with perplexed and

complicated grievances ; that it should take care to keep the finances of the country in good condition. Mr. Disraeli had no personal interest in such things. He loved to feed his mind on gorgeous imperial fancies. It pleased him to think that England was, what he would persist in calling her, an Asiatic Power, and that he was administering the affairs of a great Oriental empire. Mr. Disraeli had never until now had an opportunity of showing what his own style of statesmanship would be. He had always been in the office only, but not in power. Now he had for the first time a strong majority behind him. He could do as he liked. He had the full confidence of the Sovereign. His party were now wholly devoted to him. They began to regard him as infallible. Even those who detested still feared ; men believed in his power none the less because they had no faith in his policy. In the House of Commons he had no longer any rival to dread in debate. Mr. Gladstone had withdrawn from the active business of politics ; Mr. Bright was not strong enough in physical health to care much for controversy ; there was no one else who could by any possibility be regarded as a proper adversary for Mr. Disraeli. The new Prime Minister had therefore everything his own way. He soon showed what sort of statesmanship he liked best. In politics as in art the weaknesses of the master of a school are most clearly seen in the performances of his imitators and admirers. A distinguished member of Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet proclaimed that since the Conservatives came

into office there had been something stirring in the very air which spoke of imperial enterprise. The Elizabethan days were to be restored, it was proudly declared. England was to resume her high place among the nations. She was to make her influence felt all over the world, but more especially on the European Continent. The Cabinets and Chancelleries of Europe were to learn that nothing was to be done any more without the authority of England. "A spirited foreign policy" was to be inaugurated; a new era was to begin.

Perhaps the first indication of the new foreign policy was given by the purchase of the shares which the Khedive of Egypt held in the Suez Canal. . . . Mr. Disraeli gave the country another little surprise. He appointed Lord Lytton Viceroy of India. . . . At the beginning of the Session of 1876 Mr. Disraeli announced that Queen Victoria was to be called "Empress of India."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY (*History of our own Times*).

CARDINAL MANNING

(1808-1892. Henry Edward. Joined Roman Catholic Church, 1851. Created Archbishop of Westminster, 1865. Cardinal, 1875.)

HENRY EDWARD MANNING, born in 1807,* although a man of irreproachable life, had, while at Oxford, no very special interest in religious matters. He left the University before the

* The date usually, and probably more correctly, assigned for his birth is July 15, 1808, at Totteridge, in Hertfordshire.

fateful year 1833, and before the commencement of the Tract movement. His opinions, when he took orders, and for a long time afterwards, connected him with the Evangelical party. That party, however, at this period was very different to what it afterwards became. In those days its members were mainly occupied with what they would have described as "personal religion," and in various works of benevolence. It was not until the Tract controversy began to wax hot that they became violent and persecuting, very *domini canes* barking through more than a whole generation at every one who did not repeat their shibboleths. Manning grew more closely connected with this way of thinking by marrying a lady whose family belonged to it, and with whom he passed what were probably the most harmless and happy years of his long and busy life. After her death he was thrown back upon his immediate work as a clergyman, and became an anxious student of the literature which was then pouring in a continuous stream from Oxford, gradually modifying his religious views in accordance with it. He became rather intimately acquainted with Newman, but always remained outside the Oxford movement proper—the movement which was inspired and directed from Oriel. Soon his abilities and other very considerable gifts attracted the attention of his bishop; he was made archdeacon, and threw himself into the work of the diocese of Chichester with great earnestness. He re-knit his Oxford relations with Mr. Gladstone, as well as with Mr. Sidney

Herbert, and was soon exceedingly well known in the High Church circles of London. During this period he was being carried forward on a full tide of success, and would undoubtedly have become a bishop ere many years had gone by. Already, however, doubts of the Anglican position had begun to assail his mind, and the Roman Church had begun to attract him. He struggled against it long and fiercely, even preached at Oxford on the fifth of November so violent an anti-Catholic sermon that Newman, who had retired to Littlemore, refused to see him. On the day in 1845 in which it was first rumoured in London that Newman had actually gone over, he said to a friend, "I dare say the rumour is quite true, and Newman will end like Blanco White." More and more shattered, however, did his own conviction become. He used all his influence to prevent others from going over to Rome, till at length the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Gorham controversy, and the silly outcry about the so-called Papal aggression, broke down his last defence, and he too capitulated. No one who knew him only as an acquaintance in the world can read this portion of his history without thinking more highly of his conscientiousness. He had everything to lose and positively nothing to gain, save peace of mind, by taking the step which he did take. Yet his reasons for going over were about the worst that could be put forward. He was not carried over by a tempest of feeling. He went over because a series of baseless illusions had gradually come to

seem to him more coherent than a series of equally baseless illusions to which he had clung.

It is interesting to observe how Manning, no less than Newman, suffered from having been brought up without the slightest knowledge of natural science. In a letter, dated October 6, 1845, addressed to Robert Wilberforce, he says :—

“But it seems to me that our theology is a chaos; we have no principles, no form, no order, or structure or science. It seems to me inevitable that there must be a true and exact intellectual tradition of the Gospel, and that the scholastic theology is (more or less) such a tradition; we have rejected it, and substituted nothing in its room. Surely divine truth is susceptible, within the limits of revelation, of an expression and proof as exact as the inductive sciences. Theology must be equally capable of a history and philosophy, if we had a Master of Trinity to write them.”

Manning, when he joined the Roman Communion, did not make the mistake that was made by another distinguished Oxford convert who went over rather later, and instead of entirely identifying himself with his new friends, set to work to be even more troublesome to them than he had been to those with whom he had broken. Manning was a born politician, and saw instinctively alike where the central forces of his new Church resided, and what would be best for his own interests. The whole tendency of things, since Lamennais first appeared upon the scene, had been to exalt the

authority of the Pope as against that of the Episcopate, and *a fortiori* to sap the Gallican or national idea. Hence Manning, in whom ambition, which had been dormant during the last years in the Church of England, once more awoke, allied himself most closely with Cardinal Wiseman, and made himself useful to his ecclesiastical superior in innumerable ways, more especially by establishing at Bayswater the house of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, a congregation of secular priests, who received their name from offering themselves to their bishop for any work in which he might see fit to employ them. It was made clear by a long and important letter from Cardinal Wiseman to Father Faber (quoted at the commencement of vol. ii. of Mr. Purcell's book) that Cardinal Wiseman stood sadly in need of this kind of assistance—an assistance which he could not receive, thanks to their peculiar rule, from the Oratorians to whom he had at first appealed. The new convert made himself likewise personally agreeable to his chief. "How had it come about," said a young priest to Mr. W. G. Ward, "that the Cardinal likes Manning so much better than any of his old friends—above all, Archbishop Errington?" "The reason," was the reply, "is quite simple. Cardinal Wiseman has two sides—the lobster-salad side and the supernatural side. Errington will insist on seeing the lobster-salad side, while Manning will insist on seeing only the supernatural side. No wonder Wiseman prefers him."

It is pleasant to note that as Manning grew older he grew much more amiable, and the

excellent doctrine of invincible ignorance was stretched by him very far, to the advantage of those of his countrymen who were outside the Roman pale. This must be borne in mind by those who estimate either the man or the movement with which he was connected. Then, too, it should be remembered that by bringing the Roman branch of it into connection with the lives of multitudes who belong to entirely different schools of religious or irreligious thought he probably made them, as well as himself, more tolerant. He effected likewise some good by his constant endeavour to raise the standard of the secular or—as he would have preferred to call them—the pastoral clergy under his charge. At the same time it is far from certain that he would not have done better, both for his own fame and for many of the ideas which he most cherished, if he had become an Anglican Bishop or Archbishop, and worked on the same lines as he worked on at Chichester, with just so much concession to wiser and more liberal views as the increasing enlightenment amongst the Anglican clergy would have forced upon him. For, after all, the real work of the Oxford movement has been done within the Church of England. None of those who went over—not even Newman—has produced, or will produce, any very permanent effect on the mighty organisation which they joined. It has moved, and will move, by its own laws, little affected by anything they have brought to it; whereas those who did not go over (although personally far less able and interesting than some who did) have by their

united efforts produced immense effects—effects to which Manning himself bore very generous testimony.

(Edinburgh Review).

From the beginning to the end of his Roman career Manning was pre-eminently an Ultramontane. He believed intensely in the Papal See, as the heart and head and vital spring of Christendom, and all that savoured of Italy was sweet to his taste. Italian architecture, Italian vestments, the Italian mode of pronouncing liturgical Latin—all these flourished under Manning's wing; and as in small matters, so in great. He was the strongest, the most consistent, and the most indefatigable supporter of the Papal Infallibility and of the temporal power of the Pope. During the Vatican Council of 1869-70 he was regarded as the most strenuous advocate of the definition.

In those great conflicts between Capital and Labour* in which the Cardinal played so prominent a part . . . was an opportunity which the rulers of the Church of England singularly failed to improve; but in Cardinal Manning's hands it yielded the most signal advantage which the Church of Rome has won within living memory. In the realm of politics, again, Cardinal Manning was, if ever there was, a patriotic Englishman. Constitutionally and officially he abhorred disorder; and insurrectionary movements, if they clashed with the interests of his Church, stank in his nostrils.

* Notably in the Dockers' strike.

Yet all his sympathies were with the cause of Home Rule in Ireland. While considering it just and safe in itself, he saw also that to stand aloof from it would be to alienate the affection and confidence of that great proportion of English Romanists who have Irish blood in their veins.

(Quarterly Review).

W. E. GLADSTONE

(1809-1898. William Ewart. Prime Minister, 1868-1876, 1880-1885, Feb. to July, 1886, and 1892-1894.)

HE (Gladstone) was not a boy of special mark during the first three years at Eton. In the evenings he played chess and cards, and usually lost. . . . He was assiduous in the Eton practice of working a small boat, whether skiff, funny, or wherry, single-handed. In the masquerade of Montem he figured complacently in all the glories of the costume of a Greek patriot. . . . He was, in short, just the diligent, cheerful, healthy-minded schoolboy that any good father would have his son to be. He enjoyed himself with his brother at the Christopher, and is glad to record that "Keate did not make any jaw about being so late." Half a dozen of them met every whole holiday or half, and went up Salt Hill to bully the fat waiter, eat toasted cheese, and drink egg wine.

His daily reading in 1826 covers a good deal of miscellaneous ground, including Molière and Racine, Blair's "Sermons" ("not very substantial"), "Tom Jones," Tomline's "Life of

Pitt," Waterland's "Commentaries," Leslie on "Deism," Locke's "Defence of the Reasonableness of Christianity," which he finds excellent; "Paradise Lost," Milton's "Latin Poems" and "Epitaphium Damonis" ("exquisite"), Massinger's "Fatal Dowry" ("most excellent"), Ben Jonson's "Alchemist"; Scott, including the "Bride of Lammermuir" ("a beautiful tale indeed," and in after life his favourite of them all), Burke, Clarendon, and others of the shining host, whose very names are music to the scholar's ear. . . . In 1827 he went steadily through the second half of Gibbon, whom he pronounced "elegant and astute as he is, not so clear, so able, so attractive as Hume; does not impress my mind so much." In the same year he read Coxe's "Walpole," "Don Quixote," Hallam's "Constitutional History," "Measure for Measure," and "Much Ado," Massinger's "Grand Duke of Florence," Ford's "Love's Melancholy" ("much of it good, the end remarkably beautiful"), and "Broken Heart" (which he liked much better than either the other, or "'Tis Pity"), Locke on "Toleration" ("much repetition").

Mr. Gladstone never to the end of his days ceased to be grateful that Oxford was chosen for his university. At Cambridge, as he said in discussing Hallam's choice, the pure refinements of scholarship were more in fashion than the study of the great masterpieces of antiquity in their substance and spirit.

What interests us here is not the system but the man; and never was vital temperament more

admirably fitted by its vigour, sincerity, conscience, compass, for whatever good seed from the hand of any sower might be cast upon it. In an entry in his diary in the usual strain of evangelical devotion (April 25, 1830), is a sentence that reveals what is in Mr. Gladstone the nourishing principle of growth: "In practice the great end is that the love of God may become the *habit* of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: (1) the spirit of love; (2) of self-sacrifice; (3) of purity; (4) of energy."

Whether in Gladstone's diary or in his letters, in the midst of Herodotus and Butler and Aristotle, and the rest of time-worn sages, we are curiously conscious of the presence of a spirit of action, affairs, excitement. It is not the born scholar eager in search for knowledge for its own sake; there is little of Milton's "quiet air of delightful studies"; and none of Pascal's "labouring for truth with many a heavy sigh." The end of it all is, as Aristotle said it should be, not knowing but doing; honourable desire for success, satisfaction of the hopes of friends, a general literary appetite, conscious preparation for private and public duty in the world, a steady progression out of the shallows into the depths, a gaze beyond garden and cloister, *in agmen, in pulverem, in clamorem*, to the dust and burning sun and shouting of the days of conflict.

He was never very ready to talk about himself, but when asked what he regarded as his master secret, he always said "*Concentration.*" Slackness of mind, vacuity of mind, the wheels

of the mind revolving without biting the rails of the subject, were insupportable. Such habits were of the family of faint-heartedness, which he abhorred. Steady practice of instant, fixed, effectual attention, was the key alike to his rapidity of apprehension and to his powerful memory. . . . Toil was his native element. . . .

Very early, as we shall soon see, Mr. Gladstone gave marked evidence of that sovereign quality—Courage, which became one of the most signal of all his traits. He used to say that he had known three men in his time possessing in a supreme degree the virtue of parliamentary courage—Peel, Lord John Russell, and Disraeli. . . .

Lord Coleridge inquired of Mr. Gladstone whether he ever felt nervous in public speaking. "In opening a subject often," Mr. Gladstone answered, "in reply, never." Yet with this inborn readiness for combat, nobody was less addicted to aggression or provocation. . . . "This morning," a famous divine once said, "I preached a sermon all flame." Mr. Gladstone sometimes made speeches of that cast, but not frequently, I think, until the seventies. Meanwhile he impressed the House by his nobility, his sincerity, his simplicity; for there is plenty of evidence besides Mr. Gladstone's case, that simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect.

As to the problems of the metaphysician, Mr. Gladstone showed little curiosity. Nor for abstract discussion in its highest shape—for investigation of ultimate propositions—had he

any of that power of subtle and ingenious reasoning which was often so extraordinary when he came to deal with the concrete, the historic, and the demonstrable. A still more singular limitation on the extent of his intellectual curiosity was hardly noticed at this early epoch. The scientific movement, which along with the growth of democracy and the growth of industrialism formed the three propelling forces of a new age—was not yet developed in all its range. The astonishing discoveries in the realm of natural science, and the philosophic speculations that were built upon them, though quite close at hand, were still to come. Darwin's "Origin of Species," for example, was not given to the world until 1859. Mr. Gladstone watched these things vaguely and with misgivings; instinct must have told him that the advance of natural explanation, whether legitimately or not, would be in some degree at the expense of the supernatural. But from any full or serious examination of the details of the scientific movement he stood aside, safe and steadfast within the citadel of Tradition.

Fuel for excitement was supplied the same year (1841) in a fantastic project by which a bishop, appointed alternately by Great Britain and Prussia and with his headquarters at Jerusalem, was to take charge through a somewhat miscellaneous region, of any German Protestants or members of the Church of England or anybody else who might be disposed to accept his authority. The scheme stirred much enthusiasm in the religious world, but it deepened alarm

among the more logical of the High Churchmen. Ashley and the evangelicals were keen for it as the blessed beginning of a restoration of Israel, and the King of Prussia hoped to gain over the Lutherans and other of his subjects by this side-door into true episcopacy. Politics were not absent, and some hoped that England might find in the new Protestant Church such an instrument in those uncomfortable regions, as Russia possessed in the Greek Church and France in the Latin. Dr. Arnold was delighted at the thought that the new Church at Jerusalem would comprehend persons using different Liturgies and subscribing different Articles—his favourite pattern for the Church of England. Pusey at first rather liked the idea of a bishop to represent the ancient British Church in the city of the Holy Sepulchre; but Newman and Hope, with a keener instinct of their position, distrusted the whole design in root and branch as a betrayal of the Church, and Pusey soon came to this mind. With caustic scorn Newman asked how the Anglican Church, without ceasing to be a Church, could become an associate and protector of Nestorians, Jacobites, Monophysites, and all the heretics one could hear of, and even form a sort of league with the Mussulman against the Greek orthodox and Latin Catholics. Mr. Gladstone could not be drawn to go these lengths. . . .

The dominant note in Mr. Gladstone's mind was clear and it was constant. As he put it to Manning (August 1, 1845), "That one should entertain love for the Church of Rome in respect

to her virtues and her glories, is of course right and obligatory ; but one is equally bound under the circumstances of the English Church in direct antagonism with Rome to keep clearly in view their very fearful opposites."

From first to last he always declared the real tie with a colony to be the moral and the social tie. The master key with him was local freedom. . . .

His whole view he set out at Chester.* . . .

"Experience has proved that if you want to strengthen the connection between the colonies and this country—if you want to see British law held in respect and British institutions adopted and beloved in the colonies, never associate with them the hated name of force and coercion exercised by us, at a distance, over their rising fortunes. Govern them upon a principle of freedom. Defend them against aggression from without. Regulate their foreign relations. These things belong to the colonial connection. But of the duration of that connection let them be the judges, and I predict that if you leave them the freedom of judgment it is hard to say when the day will come when they will wish to separate from the great name of England. . . . Make the name of England yet more and more an object of desire to the colonies. Their natural disposition is to love and revere the name of England, and this reverence is by far the best security you can have for their continuing, not only to be subjects of the Crown, not only to render it allegiance, but to render it that

* Nov. 12, 1855.

allegiance which is the most precious of all—the allegiance which proceeds from the depths of the heart of man. . . .

“Whether,* as the Roman in days of old held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong?”

“† It is dangerous to put indefinite thoughts, instincts, longings, into language which is necessarily determinate. . . . Ireland, Ireland! that cloud in the west, that coming storm, the minister of God’s retribution upon cruel and inveterate and but half-atoned injustice! Ireland forces upon us these great social and great religious questions. . . .”

“‡ It is a great and noble secret, that of constitutional freedom, which has given us the largest liberties, with the steadiest throne and the most vigorous executive in Christendom. I (Gladstone) confess to my strong faith in the virtue of this principle. I have lived now for many years in the midst of its hottest and its noisiest workshops, and have seen that amidst the clatter and the din a ceaseless labour is going on; stubborn matter is reduced to obedience,

* “For five hours,” writes Lord Morley of the *Don Pacifico* debate in 1850, when Lord Palmerston used these words, “a crowded house hung upon his lips, and he then wound up with a fearless challenge of a verdict on the question, ‘Whether’”—as above. See p. 127, *ante*.

† From a letter of 1845 to Mrs. Gladstone.

‡ From a “strongly-written letter to a Scottish Bishop at the end of 1851.” The bishop was Dr. Skinner of Aberdeen.

and the brute powers of society like the fire, air, water and mineral of nature are, with clamour indeed, but also with might, educated and shaped into the most refined and regular forms of usefulness for man. I am deeply convinced that among us all, systems, whether religious or political, which rest on a principle of absolutism, must of necessity be, not indeed tyrannical, but feeble and ineffective systems; and that methodically to enlist the members of a community, with due regard to their several capacities, in the performance of its public duties, is the way to make that community powerful and healthful, to give a firm seat to its rulers, and to engender a warm and intelligent devotion to those beneath their sway."

Ruminating in the late evening of life over his legislative work, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "Selecting the larger measures and looking only to achieved results, I should take the following heads: 1. The Tariffs, 1842-60. 2. Oxford University Act. 3. Post Office Savings Banks. 4. Irish Church Disestablishment. 5. Irish Land Act. 6. Franchise Act. . . ."

"I have no mental difficulty in reconciling a belief in the Church, and what may be called the high Christian doctrine, with the comforting persuasion that those who do not receive the greatest blessings (and each man must believe his religion to be the greatest) are notwithstanding the partakers, each in his measure, of other gifts, and well treated according to their use of them. I admit there are schools of Christians who think otherwise. I was myself brought up

to think otherwise, and to believe that salvation depended absolutely upon the reception of a particular and a very narrow creed. But long, long have I cast those weeds behind me. Unbelief may in given conditions be a mortal offence; and only as such, only like other disobedience, and on like principles can it be punishable."

No theological book, wrote Mr. Gladstone in 1866, that had appeared since the "Vestiges of Creation" twenty years before (1844) had attracted anything like the amount of notice bestowed upon "the remarkable volume entitled 'Ecce Homo,'" published in 1865. It was an attempt, so Mr. Gladstone described it, to bring home to the reader the impression that there is something or other called the Gospel, "which whatever it may be," as was said by an old pagan poet of the Deity, has formidable claims, not merely on the intellectual condescension, but on the loyal allegiance and humble obedience of mankind. . . . Dr. Pusey found the book intensely painful. "I have seldom," he told Mr. Gladstone, "been able to read much at a time, but shut the book for pain, as I used to do with Renan's. What revolted him was not the exhibition of the human nature of the central figure, but of a human nature apart from and inconsistent with its divinity; the writer's admiring or patronising tone was loathsome."

To Sir George Grey, one important friend wrote (Oct. 30)*: "I think you are right, on the

* 1865.

score of health, to give him (Gladstone) the lead of the House; but you will see, with all his talents, he will not perceive the difference between leading and driving." Another correspondent, of special experience, confessed to "great misgivings as to Gladstone's tact and judgment." "The heart of all Israel is towards him," wrote his good friend Dean Church; "he is very great and very noble. But he is hated as much as, or more than, he is loved. He is fierce sometimes and wrathful and easily irritated; he wants knowledge of men and speaks rashly. . . ." . . . Graham said of him that he was "in the highest sense of the word *Liberal*; of the greatest power; very much the first man in the House of Commons; detested by the aristocracy for his succession duty, the most truly conservative measure passed in my recollection. . . . He must rise to the head of such a Government as ours even in spite of all the hatred of him."

Gladstone, with his deeply-lined face, his "glare of contentious eagerness," his seeming over-righteousness, both chafed his friends and exasperated his foes. As it was excellently put by a critic in the Press, "the House was indifferent, and Mr. Gladstone was earnest; the House was lax, and he was strict; it was cynical about popular equality, and he was enthusiastic; it was lazy about details, he insisted upon teaching it the profoundest minutiae." About this time, Lord Russell told Lord Halifax that he had gone down to see his brother, the Duke of Bedford, when he was dying, and had said to him

that things were drifting into the country being governed by Disraeli and Gladstone, and the Duke observed that neither of them was fit for it. And Halifax himself went on to say that Gladstone had, in truth, no sympathy or connection with any considerable party in the House of Commons. For the old Whig party remembered him as an opponent for many years; the Radicals knew that on many points, especially on all Church matters, he did not agree with them, and though they admired his talents, and hailed his recent exertions in favour of reform, they had no great attachment to him, nor did he seem to be personally popular with any of them. "In some other qualities of parliamentary statesmanship," says one acute observer of that time, "as an orator, a debater, and a tactician he has rivals; but in the powers of embodying principles in legislative form and preserving unity of purpose through a multiplicity of confusing minutiae he has neither equal nor second among living statesmen." The truth could not be better summed up.

Mr. Disraeli made inquiries from the Government respecting the differences between France and Prussia, and in so doing expressed opinions strongly adverse to France as the apparent aggressor.* Mr. Gladstone, in replying, admitted it to be the opinion of the Government that there was no matter known to be in controversy of a nature to warrant a disturbance of the general peace. He said the course of events was not

* In the Franco-German War.

favourable, and the decisive movement must in all likelihood be close at hand.

The Duke of Argyll put what was perhaps the general view when he wrote to Mr. Gladstone (Nov. 25, 1870), "that he had himself never argued in favour of the German annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, but only against our having any right to oppose it otherwise than by the most friendly dissuasion." The Duke held that the consent of populations to live under a particular Government is a right subject to a great many qualifications, and it would not be easy to turn such a doctrine into the base of an official remonstrance. After all, he said, the instincts of nations stand for something in this world. The German did not exceed the ancient acknowledged right of nations in successful wars, when he said to Alsace and Lorraine, "Conquest in a war forced upon me by the people of which you form a part, gives me the *right* to annex, if on other grounds I deem it expedient, and for strategic reasons I do so deem it."

While working in the spirit of cordial and even eager loyalty to the Prime Minister, Lord Granville disagreed with him on the question of diplomatic action against annexation. "Palmerston," he said to Mr. Gladstone in October, "wasted the strength derived by England by the great war by his brag. I am afraid of our wasting that which at present we derive from moral causes, by laying down general principles when nobody will attend to them, and when in all probability they will be disregarded. My objection to doing at present what you propose is,

that it is impossible, according to my views, to do so without being considered to throw our weight into the French scale against Germany, with consequent encouragement on one side and irritation on the other."

" . . . Feb. 17, '74—12½—6. Went to Windsor, and on behalf of the Cabinet resigned. Took with me Merchant of Venice and Thomas à Kempis, each how admirable in its way!"

Mr. Gladstone writes to his brother Sir Thomas (Feb. 13):—" . . . I do not see that I am wanted or should be of use in the House of Lords, and there would be more discrepancy between rank and fortune, which is a thing rather on the whole to be deprecated. . . ."

Mr. Bright wrote to him. . . . "The 25th clause, and Mr. Forster's obstinacy had done much to wreck the ship." Mr. Gladstone's own diagnosis was not very different. To his brother Robertson he wrote (Feb. 6)—" . . . We have been borne down in a torrent of gin and beer. Next to this has been the action of the Education Act of 1870, and the subsequent controversies. Many of the Roman Catholics have voted against us because we are not denominational; and many of the Dissenters have at least abstained from voting because we are. Doubtless there have been other minor agencies; but these are the chief ones. The effect must be our early removal from office. For me that will be a very great change, for I do not intend to assume the general functions of leader of the opposition, and my

great ambition or design will be to spend the remainder of my days, if it please God, in tranquillity, and at any rate in freedom from political strife."

A little later we have one of the best pictures of him I know, from the warm and vivid hand of J. R. Green, the historian—

Feb. 21, 1877. "Last night I met Gladstone—it will always be a memorable night to me; Stubbs was there, and Goldwin Smith, and Humphrey Sandwith, and Mackenzie Wallace, whose great book on Russia is making such a stir, besides a few other nice people; but one forgets everything in Gladstone himself, in his perfect naturalness and grace of manner, his charming abandon of conversation, his unaffected modesty, his warm ardour for all that is noble and good. I felt so proud of my leader—the chief I have always clung to through good report and ill report—because, wise or unwise as he might seem in this or that, he was always noble of soul. He was very pleasant to me, and talked of the new historic school he hoped we were building up as enlisting his warmest sympathy. I wish you could have seen with what a glow he spoke of the Montenegrins and their struggle for freedom; how he called on us who wrote history to write what we could of that long fight for liberty! And all through the evening not a word to recall his greatness amongst us, simple, natural, an equal among his equals, listening to every one, with a force and a modesty that touched us more than all his power.

“ . . . I begin to see that there may be a truer wisdom in the ‘humanitarianism’ of Gladstone than in the purely political views of Disraeli. The sympathies of peoples with peoples, the sense of a common humanity between nations, the aspirations of nationalities after freedom and independence, are real political forces ; and it is just because Gladstone owns them as forces, and Disraeli disowns them, that the one has been on the right side, and the other on the wrong in parallel questions, such as the upbuilding of Germany or Italy. ÷ . . . ”

The legislation of 1881 no doubt encountered angry criticism from the English Conservative, and little more than frigid approval from the Irish Nationalist. It offended the fundamental principle of the landlords ; its administration and the construction of some of its leading provisions by the courts disappointed and irritated the tenant party. Nevertheless, an attempt in later times to impair the authority of the Land Act of 1881 brought the fact instantly to light, that the tenant knew it to be the fundamental charter of his redemption from worse than Egyptian bondage. In measuring this great agrarian law, not only by parliamentary force and legislative skill and power, but by the vast and abiding depth of its social results, both direct and still more indirect, many will be disposed to give it the highest place among Mr. Gladstone’s achievements as lawmaker.

The middle of December, 1882, marked his political jubilee. It was now half a century since he had entered public life, and the youthful

graduate from Oxford had grown to be the foremost man in his country. Yet these fifty courses of the sun and all the pageant of the world had in some ways made but little difference in him. In some ways it seemed as if time had rolled over him in vain. He had learned many lessons. He had changed his party, his horizons were far wider, new social truths had made their way into his impressionable mind, he recognised new social forces. His aims for the Church, that he loved as ardently as he gloried in a powerful and beneficent State, had undergone a revolution. Since 1866 he had come into contact with democracy at close quarters; the Bulgarian campaign and Midlothian lighting up his early faith in liberty, had inflamed him with new feelings for the voice of the people. As much as in the early time when he had prayed to be allowed to go into orders, he was moved by a dominating sense of the common claims and interests of mankind. "The contagion of the world's slow stain" had not infected him; the lustre and long continuity of his public performances still left all his inmost ideals constant and undimmed.

His fifty years of public life had wrought his early habits of severe toil, method, exactness, concentration, into cast iron. Whether they had sharpened what is called knowledge of the world, or taught him insight into men and skill in discrimination among men, it is hard to say. He always talked as if he found the world pretty much what he had expected. Man, he used often to say, is the least comprehensible of

creatures, and of man the most incomprehensible are the politicians. Yet nobody was less of the cynic. As for Weltschmerz, world-weariness, ennui, tedium vitæ—that enervating family were no acquaintances of his, now or at any time. None of the vicissitudes of long experience ever tempted him either into the shallow satire on life that is so often the solace of the little and the weak; or, on the other hand, into the *sæva indignatio*, the sombre brooding reprobation, that has haunted some strong souls from Tacitus and Dante to Pascal, Butler, Swift, Turgot. We may, indeed, be sure that neither of these two moods can ever hold a place in the breast of a commanding orator.

Mr. Gladstone made an excellent tourist; was full of interest in all he saw, and, I dare say, drew some pleasure from the demonstrations of curiosity and admiration that attended his presence from the simple population wherever he moved. Long expeditions with much climbing and scrambling were his delight, and he let nothing beat him. One of these excursions, the ascent to the Voringfos, seems to deserve a word of commemoration, in the interests either of physiology, or of philosophic musing after Cicero's manner upon old age. "I am not sure," says Lady Brassey, in her most agreeable diary of the cruise, "that the descent did not seem rougher and longer than our journey up had been, although, as a matter of fact, we got over the ground much more quickly. As we crossed the green pastures on the level ground near the village of Sæbo, we met several people

taking their evening stroll, and also a tourist apparently on his way up to spend the night near the Voringfos. The wind had gone down since the morning, and we crossed the little lake with fair rapidity, admiring as we went the glorious effects of the setting sun upon the tops of the precipitous mountains, and the wonderful echo which was aroused for our benefit by the boatmen. An extremely jolty drive, in springless country carts, soon brought us to the little inn at Vik, and at half-past eight we were once more on board the *Sunbeam*, exactly ten hours after setting out upon our excursion, which had included a ride or walk, as the case might be, of eighteen miles, independently of the journey by boat and cart—a hardish day's work for any one, but really a wonderful undertaking for a man of seventy-five, who disdained all proffered help, and insisted on walking the whole distance. No one who saw Mr. Gladstone that evening at dinner in the highest spirits, and discussing subjects both grave and gay with the greatest animation, could fail to admire his marvellous pluck and energy, or, knowing what he had shown himself capable of doing in the way of physical exertion, could feel much anxiety on the score of the failure of his strength !”

Near the end of 1889, among the visitors to Hawarden was Mr. Parnell. His air of good breeding and easy composure pleased everybody. Mr. Gladstone's own record is simple enough, and contains the substance of the affair as he told me of it later :—

“Dec. 18, 1889.—Reviewed and threw into form all the points of possible amendment or change in the plan of Irish government, etc., for my meeting with Mr. Parnell. He arrived at 5.30, and we had two hours of satisfactory conversation, but he put off the *gros* of it. 19.—Two hours more with Mr. P. on points in Irish government plans. He is certainly one of the very best people to deal with that I ever knew. Took him to the old castle. He seems to notice and appreciate everything.”

(In conversation with Lord Morley.) He talked a great deal to-night about Homer; very confident that he had done something to drive away the idea that Homer was an Asiatic Greek. Then we turned to Scott, whom he held to be by far the greatest of his countrymen. I suggested John Knox. “No. The line must be drawn firm between the writer and the man of action; no comparisons there.”

J. M.—“Well, then, though I love Scott so much that if any man choose to put him first I won't put him second, yet is there not a vein of pure gold in Burns that gives you pause?”

Mr. G.—“Burns very fine and true, no doubt; but to imagine a whole group of characters, to marshal them, to set them to work, to sustain the action—I must count that the test of highest and most diversified quality.”

We spoke of the new Shakespeare coming out. I said I had been taking the opportunity of reading Vol. I., and should go over it all in

successive volumes. Mr. G.—“Falstaff is wonderful—one of the most wonderful things in literature.”

Full of interest in “Hamlet,” and enthusiasm for it—comes closer than any other play to some of the strangest secrets of human nature—what is the key to the mysterious hold of this play on the world’s mind? I produced my favourite proposition that “Measure for Measure” is one of the most modern of all the plays; the profound analysis of Angelo and his moral catastrophe, the strange figure of the duke, the deep irony of our modern time in it all. But I do not think he cares at all for this sort of criticism. He is too healthy, too objective, too simple, for all the complexities of modern morbid analysis.

Talked of historians; Lecky’s two last volumes he had not yet read, but—had told him that, save for one or two blots due to contemporary passion, they were perfectly honourable to Lecky in every way. Lecky, said Mr. G., “had real insight into the motives of statesmen. Now Carlyle, so mighty as he is in flash and penetration, has no eye for motives. Macaulay, too, is so caught by a picture, by colour, by surface, that he is seldom to be counted on for just account of motive.”

J. M.—“Whom do you reckon the greatest Pope?”

Mr. G.—“I think, on the whole, Innocent III. But his greatness was not for good. What did he do? He imposed the dogma of transubstantiation; he was responsible for the Albigensian persecutions; he was responsible for the crusade

which ended in the conquest of Byzantium. Have you ever realised what a deadly blow was the ruin of Byzantium by the Latins, how wonderful a fabric the Eastern Empire was?"

J. M.—“Oh yes, I used to know my Finlay better than most books. Mill used to say a page of Finlay was worth a chapter of Gibbon; he explains how decline and fall came about.”

Mr. G.—“Of course. Finlay has it all.”

He tried then to make out that the Eastern Empire was more wonderful than anything done by the Romans; it stood out for eleven centuries, while Rome fell in three. I pointed out to him that the whole solid framework of the Eastern Empire was after all built up by the Romans. But he is philhellene all through past and present.

In the evening Mr. G. remarked on our debt to Macaulay for guarding the purity of the English tongue. I recalled a favourite passage from Milton that, next to the man that gives wise and intrepid counsels of government, he places the man who cares for purity of his mother tongue. Mr. G. liked this. Said he only knew Bright once slip into an error in this respect, when he used “transpire” for “happen.” Macaulay set a good example also in rigorously abstaining from the inclusion of matter in footnotes. Hallam an offender in this respect. I pointed out that he offended in company with Gibbon.

Whether he was right, or whether he was wrong, in all the measures, or in most of the measures which he proposed—those are matters

of which the discussion has passed by, and would certainly be singularly inappropriate here; they are really remitted to the judgment of future generations, who will securely judge from experience what we can only decide by forecast. It was on account of considerations more common to the masses of human beings, to the general working of the human mind, than any controversial questions of policy that men recognised in him a man guided—whether under mistaken impressions or not, it matters not—but guided in all the steps he took, in all the efforts he made, by a high moral ideal. What he sought were the attainments of great ideals, and, whether they were based on sound convictions or not, they could have issued from nothing but the greatest and the purest moral aspirations; and he is honoured by his countrymen because, through so many years, across so many vicissitudes and conflicts, they had recognised this one characteristic of his action, which has never ceased to be felt.

With Mr. Gladstone's death the curtain may be said to have been rung down upon the epoch in which for nearly half a century he had been the most conspicuous figure. After him there may rise up some son of Anak like unto Mr. Gladstone, but it cannot be said of him as yet, as of the rising sun, that "far off the promise of his coming shone." Mr. Gladstone was distinctively the man of the nineteenth century. Prince Bismarck, who still lingers superfluous on the stage, is the only other statesman who can be named in the same breath with Mr. Gladstone.

The two sum up fairly the two great tendencies of our era; the one represents the pacific, the other the military side of the development of the Teutonic race.

Each in his way was his own pope, and neither brooked a superior. Both statesmen had an intense love of power; ambition, the last infirmity of noble minds, was theirs to the full. Not a low or unworthy ambition, but a lofty and daring ambition—the ambition of men knowing that they were highly gifted with faculties rarely possessed in such fullness by mere mortals, and were impatient of all obstacles which restrained them from the exercise of these faculties in the service of their fellows.

These two, Bismarck and Gladstone, were until the other day the compendium of Anglo-Germanic genius in the difficult art of government of men in the second half of the nineteenth century. Now Mr. Gladstone has gone, and Bismarck alone is left—for a little time. Before the twentieth century is out of its swaddling clothes Bismarck also will have been summoned hence. The old generation is rapidly passing away, and the new generation, no longer under the old leadership, stands confronting the new problems of the new time.

Preaching in St. Paul's on Sunday afternoon, May 22nd, Dr. Temple said: There were three great qualifications to enable a man to lead his fellows. He must have a sympathetic heart, he must have the insight of genius, and he must have that strong tendency of purpose which would hold its way in spite of obstacles. He

whom they mourned had all three qualifications in greater measure than most men. But there was a quality standing above the rest which marked him as one of the witnesses of the faith—in the use of all his gifts there was always a high purpose, there was ever the determination to obey the law of God. Never did he utter anything that was not inspired by a high moral principle; never did he act on any low or selfish grounds; never did he allow himself to think about himself and not about those for whom he was labouring. He raised political life altogether to a higher level. He exerted an influence even in early manhood on all those who surrounded him. The determination to square everything by the moral law of God continued through all his life. He changed his views in many ways as he went on, yet through every change, whatever it might be, there still was manifest that steady upholding of high principle in walks of life where high principle was sometimes derided as unpractical and foolish. To the end of his life he always maintained that the moral law must be the guiding rule in all politics, and still desired above everything else that all which guided and ruled human conduct should be in accordance with the will of God and with the religion that had been made known to us by the Saviour Christ.

VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN (*The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*).

JOHN BRIGHT

(1811-1884. President of Board of Trade, 1868-1870.
Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster 1873-1874, 1880-
1882.)

A HUNDRED years ago * to-day John Bright was born at Rochdale, and to-day Liberals and Conservatives alike pay their tribute of respect to his memory. We are all apt to take a kindlier view of our political opponents once they have passed away. Mr. Gladstone has already become the favourite authority on finance to whom Conservatives appeal when they are attacking Liberal finance; only on Tuesday at a discussion on foreign affairs we had a well-known Liberal deploring that "the last remnant of Liberalism at the Foreign Office died with Lord Salisbury." John Bright, it is true, had not to die in order to make himself acceptable to the party to which he had all his life been in active opposition, for his attitude on Home Rule made him one of the most valuable and powerful of allies to the Conservative party after 1886. But we look back, and as we note the general esteem in which he is held to-day, it is curious to remember the hatred he inspired in the ranks of his opponents when he was the great champion of Parliamentary Reform. A revolutionary Radical and a Quaker, he was looked upon as a thoroughly dangerous person, well calculated

* Nov. 16, 1911.

to land the country into what nowadays we should call "the end of all." As a fact, he was by nature of an extremely orderly and constitutional turn of mind. He did not hesitate to speak out for great reforms, but his campaigns were models of orderly agitation, and when, as in the case of the Lords' veto, he wished for constitutional change, he was insistent that what he proposed was in the true line of constitutional development. It is none the less true that he was a doughty controversialist, as Quakers are, indeed, apt to be. Everybody knows Lord George Bentinck's remark that "if Bright had not been a Quaker he would have been a prize-fighter." Certain it is that his opponents were compelled to a very wholesome respect for the politician they disliked, the politician who in the course of time was to be the first Nonconformist to have a seat in the Cabinet.

As we have said, Bright's determined and, indeed, vehement opposition to Home Rule helps to make his memory cherished by all parties, but it goes without saying to the Liberals that he remains the great champion of Free Trade, Parliamentary Reform, and Peace. Some of those who have in former times been stalwart supporters of Free Trade are now to be found in the camp of those who are attacking it, but without in any way praying in aid the help of the dead in living controversies there can be little doubt what Bright's attitude would have been if he had been alive to-day. He came into prominence as the friend of Cobden in the great attack on the Corn

Laws, and throughout all his life he never budged from the hostility against Protection which was the very core of his being. The story of how he came to embark on that campaign has been told in his own words, and familiar as the quotation is, it can never become hackneyed, and no appreciation of Bright can be complete without it:—

“At the time I was at Leamington, and I was, on the day that Mr. Cobden called upon me—for he happened to be there on a visit to some relatives—I was in the depths of grief, I might almost say despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend, and addressed me, as you may suppose, with words of consolation. After a time he looked up and said, ‘There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now,’ he said, ‘when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the Corn Law is repealed.’ I accepted his invitation. I knew that the description that he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description; I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation, and from that time we never ceased to labour hard on

behalf of the resolution which we had made. Now, do not suppose that I wish you to imagine that he and I, when I say 'we,' were the only persons engaged in this great question. We were not even the first, though afterwards, perhaps, we became the foremost before the public. But there were others before us; and we were joined, not by scores, but by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands, and afterwards by countless multitudes; and afterwards famine itself, against which we had warred, joined us; and a great Minister was converted, and minorities became majorities; and finally the barrier was entirely thrown down. And since then, though there has been suffering, and much suffering, in many homes in England, yet no wife and no mother and no little child has been starved to death as the result of a famine made by law."

There are many criticisms that have been made upon this . . . by Tariff Reformers—but the passage accurately reveals John Bright's moving eloquence and the motives which inspired him. "Crime has often veiled itself under the name of virtue," he said in his first speech in Parliament, "but of all the crimes against the laws of God and the true interests of man, none has ever existed more odious and more destructive than that which has assumed the amiable term of Protection." We live in days, perhaps, when we argue in less rhetorical form. Eloquence is out of fashion, but whilst there may be compensations we cannot help deploring the fact when we re-read the speeches

with which Bright was wont to move his countrymen. Certainly if he were alive to-day we are sure that his oratory would be as effective as it was when it was uttered. Maybe we have amongst us some Brights, as yet mute and inglorious, who in the days to come will revive the superb oratory that will always be associated with his name.

Nor should we forget that he was a master of homely wit and phrase. When he spoke of Disraeli's "fancy franchises" he destroyed them, much to the author's annoyance; whilst we all remember the Cave of Adullam, the Scotch terrier, the costermonger's donkey cart, and the twenty omnibuses that you cannot drive at once through Temple Bar. As we have already said, he became a Cabinet Minister, but it is not as such that he will be remembered. On the whole it is doubtful if he was well advised ever to take office, for he needed the freedom which is not compatible with collective responsibility in order to make his influence really felt. On the reality and greatness of that influence there can be no doubt, it is written large in the history of the late Queen Victoria. It is quite true that some of the causes in which he was keenly interested must by this time be considered lost causes. He was determinedly opposed to the State interference at home, just as he was to interference abroad, and although a generous and considerate employer, he resisted to the utmost of his powers all attempts to legislate as to industrial conditions. There we think he was wrong, but his attitude must be judged by the circumstances of

the time, and in any case we must not expect to find the true doctrine on all questions embodied in any one man. In his career and record as a whole we have abundant reasons for gratitude. As we look over his history we are fortunate in being able to rejoice in a long procession of good men who have served the State and left it better than they found it. In that procession there is no more characteristic and noble figure than that of the Quaker Englishman, John Bright, the centenary of whose birth is celebrated to-day.

(Westminster Gazette.)

ARCHBISHOP TAIT

(1811-1882. Bishop of London, 1856. Archbishop of Canterbury, 1868.)

CARDINAL. NEWMAN and Archbishop Tait—present, in the most acute form, the contrast between two opposite series of causes and effects which may operate in the diversity of religious life. The types of Christian excellence, which they offered, were widely different. To enrich the religious life-blood of the nation neither could well be spared; but it was well for the country that Tait set out, against the ecclesiastical type presented by Newman, a broader type, which commended itself to the laity of England as deserving of the highest reverence. In the one the ecclesiastical, in the other the lay, mind instinctively sought its ideal. The one was a man of genius, the other a man of marked

character. To the one the inward spiritual life, to the other outward practical activity, was the natural sphere of religious energy. The one was bent on things within, the other on things without. The one was steeped in the ecclesiasticism of the Middle Ages; the other evinced no sympathy for their ideals. The one was opposed to the progressive movements of the day, and regarded liberalism as synonymous with infidelity; the other was careful to study the spirit of the age, anxious to guide rather than thwart its expression, desirous, above all else, to liberate the Church and its institutions, to harmonise the differences which make religious men deficient in liberality, and liberal men lacking in religion, and, in a word, to create a deeply religious liberal party. The one left on the Church a doctrinal impression which is practically indelible; the other regarded common sense and reality as the permanent virtues alike of religious and worldly affairs, and moulded characters rather than shaped opinions. The subtle mind of the one excelled in dialectical refinements; the plain downright sense of the other was even deficient in some of the mental faculties which are regarded as the heritage of the Scottish race. The hold upon the nation of the one depended on his speculative, of the other on his practical, gifts. The one was a man of the past, or possibly of the future; the other essentially a man of to-day. The one took his stand upon the ancient ways, and endeavoured to mould Church life to primitive models; the other was ceaselessly anxious to organise fresh

improvements in the working system which should meet the wants of new conditions. The one was steeped in traditions, the other imbued with a sense of present needs. The one grappled with the mental difficulties of sensitive susceptible minds; the other passed them by to grasp firmly the practical necessities of the times. The one was, even unconsciously and against his will, a party leader, and, living in seclusion among men of kindred sympathies, developing the qualities of an advocate. The other yielded to no division or sect a partisan allegiance, and, in the administration of his responsible office, attained a degree of judicial impartiality, which, in a man of his intellectual eminence and decided views, was very remarkable. The nature of the one readily responded to every touch of spiritual, poetical, mystical, or ideal emotion; the temperament of the other, though for other men he did not deny the value of such impressions, was almost impervious to their influence, and with small inclination for the romance of history, with no passion for poetry, without imaginative fervour, and little taste for the Platonic philosophy, recoiled from everything that was vague, undefined, or mystical. The ideal of the one, absorbed as he was in exploring the mysteries of human nature and analysing the growth of moods of faith or of doubt, was the highest type of the mediæval monk. The ideal of the second was the practical active life of a Christian statesman, who seeks so to govern the Church that it may serve to the utmost in the great combat against the foes

of faith, morals, and the established order. The one, after long internal conflict, relapsed into a dreamy mediævalism and passive submission to Rome, withdrawing from the cares of the Church or of the world, living in seclusion with a small band of friends and followers, and exercising over the opinions of his generation a purely ideal influence by means of his writings and discourses. The other, less learned, less subtle, less versed in archaic theology, less daring, and therefore less full of inspiration to others, dedicated himself to the study of the pressing wants of his age, and, regarding them from the nineteenth-century standpoint, plunged with his whole strength into the administrative duties of his office, seeking with all his energies to enlarge the limits of the Church, to make it less sectarian and more national, to give it a more active and beneficent share in the best interests at once of the private life of society and of the public life of the nation. . . .

To London flowed a steady tide of the best intellects and brains of the country; from London again poured the stream of influence to the remotest districts of England. If London were once evangelised, the religious life of the nation would receive new youth. But a large proportion of the population was living in practical heathenism. The steady influx of the poorer classes was accompanied by the steady efflux of the rich. Streets of small houses rose by magic; public-houses multiplied themselves; seething alleys sprang up, in which no man of

rank or education was qualified to look after the accumulated masses. The Church organisation was paralysed by numbers, and by the mass of misery and vice by which it was surrounded. It could no longer conduct the attack; it was scarcely able to maintain the defence against vice and infidelity. . . . He (Tait) threw episcopal etiquette to the winds, and did not shrink from the sneers which were levelled at his undignified or Methodist proceedings. . . .

The stability of the Established Church depended on the extent to which the nation acknowledged that its best interests were identified with those of the Church. He looked facts straight in the face, and from a nineteenth-century standpoint. He believed that the value of the Establishment was inestimable, and that without it the national life of the Church must be starved and stunted. He gloried in the privileges and opportunities of the Established Church; he could not conceive of a State doing perfectly its duty as a State without the guiding principles of religion; he thought that disestablishment meant the surrender of inherited advantages, the sacrifice of long-proved agencies for good, and abandonment of unique responsibilities, the destruction of a wealth of historical association. But he also saw that the retention of the advantages which flowed from the connection between Church and State necessarily depended on the degree to which the Established Church justified her existence, retained the affections of the nation, answered to the test of practical utility, and represented with

the greatest comprehensiveness the faith of England. . . . The keynote of his episcopate was the care of the poor, of his primacy the nationalisation of the Church. . . .

The Archbishop was far less anxious to assail the so-called "Catholic" party, whose mediæval conception of the Church had largely supplanted the Tractarian appeals to a primitive or apostolic organisation, than to wage war upon the tendency to deny the supernatural elements of the Christian religion. He dreaded the inclination to give up the Incarnation and the Resurrection, to sublimate Christianity, to reduce it to a cold and powerless Deism, to substitute a great human benefactor for the Divine Saviour. . . .

(Edinburgh Review.)

PRINCE BISMARCK

(1815-1898. Otto Edward Leopold. Chancellor of German Empire, 1871-1890. Created Prince 1871; and Duke of Lauenburg, 1890.)

. . . IN the often-quoted Circular Despatch of 1870 it is observed: "Before the war with Austria broke out, proposals were repeatedly made to me,* sometimes by relatives of the French Emperor (Prince Napoleon), sometimes by confidential agents, all of which aimed at smaller or larger transactions in the nature of achieving territorial aggrandisement to both France and Prussia. . . . In May, 1866, these suggestions

* *I.e.*, Bismarck.

took the form of a proposal for a defensive and offensive treaty, the following bases of which remained in my hands:— . . . 7. Peace shall only be concluded on the following terms: Italy shall get Venetia; Prussia, the hereafter specified German territories with seven or eight millions of souls, as she shall select them, and Federal Reform in the Prussian sense of the word; France, the districts between the Moselle and the Rhine, with 500,000 souls, from Prussia. . . .”

“ . . . Napoleon played a double game, as was his wont. Whilst seeming to favour Prussia, and personally endeavouring to gain her over, he directed his Minister of Foreign Affairs (theretofore left in utter ignorance of the whole project) to negotiate with the Vienna Cabinet respecting the conditions of French neutrality, ardently wished and sought for by the Austrian Government . . . later on he spoke very decisively in this sense to a Guelphic agent . . . ‘ Old France found the House of Hapsburg opposed to it everywhere—in Germany, Italy and the Netherlands—and it therefore became the object of the Bourbon policy to contend against Austria in all directions, to shatter her power and undermine her influence. This is no longer the case. Wherever France formerly encountered the Hapsburg Empire in her path she now came into collision with Prussia. Prussia aims at the political and military unification of Germany; Napoleonic France, therefore, is called upon to advance in every direction against Prussia and on behalf of Germany.’ ”

The war between Prussia and Austria was soon brought to a close by Prussian victories. . . . Bismarck had scarcely got back to Berlin when Napoleon came to the front with new demands for compensation.

. . . Bismarck replied: "Very well; let it be war then!"

. . . Lavalette issued a Circular (September 16, 1866) to France's diplomatic agents abroad* :—

" . . . The new principle governing Europe is that of liberty of alliance. All the Great Powers have fully recovered their independence and can mould their destinies as they please. Prussia, augmented and emancipated from any kind of solidarity, ensures the independence of Germany. In this, France need not see any shadow cast over herself. Proud of her admirable unity and indestructible nationality, she cannot oppose or condemn the work of fusion going on in Germany, or subordinate to feelings of jealousy the principles of nationality which she professes and represents. . . . If Austria, freed from her Italian and German liabilities, no longer wastes her strength in fruitless rivalry, but concentrates it in Eastern Europe, she still constitutes a Power of five and thirty millions, parted from France neither by animosity nor interest . . . Nations . . . are summoned to new life. . . . An irresistible force prompts the peoples to gather together in massive conglomerations, causing petty States to dissolve and vanish. . . . The Emperor does not believe

* This is described as "a circular expressing 'the Emperor's views upon recent events in Germany, and explaining the motives of his policy.'"

that the greatness of a country is dependent upon the debility of the peoples that surround it ; in his opinion true equilibrium is to be found in the gratified wishes of European races. . . . The Imperial Government has for a long time past put in practice its principles with relation to territorial aggrandisement. It understands—and has always understood—that annexations dictated by necessity should only connect with a realm populations akin to its own in manners and national feeling. . . . France could only desire such territorial increase as should in no way affect her internal cohesiveness. . . . The successes of the late war teach us a lesson, which has fortunately not infringed upon our military honour ; they show us the necessity of perfecting our army organisations without delay so that we may be enabled to defend our territories.”

. . . Let us glance backwards for an instant. In his anxiety to establish his dynasty upon the throne of France, Napoleon had successfully striven to obtain German territory on the left bank of the Rhine, to bring about the cession of Luxemburg, and finally to effect the conquest of Belgium, endeavouring repeatedly to secure Prussia's friendship and support in the fulfilment of his projects. . . . He bethought him of seeking assistance from other Powers ; and he succeeded in acquiring a good friend in Beust,* who, when in Paris, had advised him to utilise a dynastic question for the attainment of his purpose. The transfer of the Spanish throne

* Count Beust, Chancellor of the Austrian Empire and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

to a Hohenzollern—although Prince Leopold was only distantly related to the royal house of Prussia, and indeed by extraction stood nearer in blood to the Emperor Napoleon than to King William—was available, as an “overgrowth of Prussian ambition.” It was believed in Paris and Vienna that the South-German Princes and peoples would remain neutral at first; and then—after a great French victory, deemed as inevitable as Austrian triumphs had been considered in 1866—would become Napoleon’s allies, with or against the grain. Irresolute, as he had ever been, the Emperor wavered for a long time, until at last his *entourage*, the Arcadians and Jesuits, induced him to adopt a fatal decision. The fault only cleaves in part to his memory. Far guiltier than he were the French upper classes, with their ignorance, mental opacity, and sinister insolence. Scarcely less blameable than them was the Gladstone Ministry, which, at the moment, had it in its power to avert a struggle between the two great continental nations, but—guided by its ill-concealed hatred and envy of rising young Germany—refused to send an earnest warning to Paris, and recommended humiliating behaviour to Prussia.

. . . Ollivier elicited tempestuous applause from the majority of the Second Chamber on July 15, 1870, when he uttered the silly boast: “Certainly a grave responsibility rests upon us; but we accept it with a light heart!” There was no lack of orators who disapproved of the Government’s conduct. . . . Gambetta insisted that the “Note,” which the Government had

suppressed and thereafter continued to suppress, should at least be submitted to the Chamber. Thiers and Favre asseverated that "the honour of France was not at stake," and that was no ground whatsoever for making war. The debate closed with the grant, by 543 votes to 101, of the credit asked for by the Government.

A confidential despatch (July 20), addressed by Beust to the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, contains instructions to the latter concerning the proposals made a short time previously by Napoleon anent a treaty between France, Italy, and Austria. . . . We have reason to believe that Russia adheres to her connection with Prussia. . . . Our participation in the struggle would be immediately followed by that of Russia, who threatens us on the Pruth and Lower Danube, as well as in Galicia. . . . We cannot ignore the fact that our ten millions of Germans regard this war, not as a duel between France and Prussia, but as the commencement of a national struggle; nor can we disguise it from ourselves that the Hungarians would be extremely reluctant to sacrifice their blood and treasure for the re-establishment of our former position in Germany.

It was now time for Bismarck to consider what Germany should demand as the prize of victory. . . . In his Circular Despatch (Rheims, September 13) he informed Favre and the Powers that might be disposed to support that person's policy, that "the all but unanimous majority of the Legislature, the Senate and the organs of public opinion in France proclaimed a war

of conquest against us so loudly and uncompromisingly that the isolated advocates of peace lacked courage to protest there against; and the Emperor Napoleon did not tell our King an untruth when he assured him (as he still does) that public opinion compelled him to make war. In the face of this fact we cannot accept French feelings as our guarantees for the future. We must not deceive ourselves, but must make up our minds to fresh attacks from France, not to a lasting peace, as the consequence of this war. The French nation will never forgive its defeats or our victorious resistance to its unprincipled onslaught. Were we now to withdraw from France without exacting a cession of territory, a war-contribution, or any advantage but the glory won by our arms, the same hatred of us, the same desire to avenge their wounded vanity and frustrated greed, would endure in the spirit of the French nation. . . . The German people must not be again exposed to such a tremendous ordeal as the present one. Therefore we can only be guided in our dictation of the terms of peace by the necessity of rendering it more difficult for France to attack us next time, and more especially to overrun the hitherto defenceless South German frontier, by advancing that frontier, thereby thrusting back the starting point of French attack, and by utilising the fortresses (with which France threatens us) as defensive bulwarks of Germany. . . . As long as France remains possessed of Strasburg and Metz, her offensive force—as far as the entire south and the north of the left bank of the

Rhine—is stronger than our defensive force. Strasburg held by France, is an ever open sally-port against Germany. In the hands of Germany, Strasburg and Metz assume a defensive character. In more than twenty past wars with France we have never been the assailants; nor do we demand anything from her now but that security, upon our own soil, which she has so often endangered. France, on the contrary, will regard any peace she may make now as nothing more than an armistice, and will attack us again, just as unscrupulously and as savagely as this year, in order to avenge her present defeat, as soon as she shall feel strong enough, either by herself or with foreign Allies to do so. By placing obstacles in the French aggressiveness, which has hitherto originated every disturbance and trouble in Europe, we are acting in European interests, which are those of peace.”

On May 6, 1872, Arnim sent a report to the Chancellor upon the situation in France, in which he asserted that, “according to a widely spread conviction, universal suffrage could only produce one of two results—Gambetta or Napoleon. It is indisputable that the former gains ground daily in the provinces, particularly in the South of France. Socialism and Red Democracy are rapidly recruiting adherents amongst the country-folk, and nowadays the peasants are more out and out Radicals than the Parisians themselves.”

When the Sultan transferred the occupation and administration of Cyprus to the English by Convention . . . Lord Salisbury remarked to

the Plenipotentiary, Waddington: "Do what you like with Tunis; England will raise no objections," . . . the German Chancellor was . . . favourable to the French enterprise. . . . Bismarck himself said to me, "When I first saw Lord Beaconsfield I told him he should make arrangements with Russia instead of quarrelling with her; should let her have Constantinople and take Egypt in exchange; France would not prove inexorable—besides one might give her Syria or Tunis! ". . . German interests prescribe no meddling on our part, if France looks to her own advantage in North Africa. On the contrary, her doing so will be doubly agreeable to us, in the first place, because whatever satisfaction she may obtain there or elsewhere across the seas will modify her discontent with respect to losses nearer home; in the second, because a country which once flourished exceedingly, and then was ruined through falling into the hands of savages, will be regenerated by a civilised people."

The Russian Press was all but unanimously unfavourable to the unification of Germany by Prussia, and therein faithfully reflected public opinion, which regarded the concentration of Germany's peoples into one mighty force as seriously injurious to Russian interests. Nearly all the Russian newspapers complained that the Germans kept their eyes greedily riveted upon Russia's Baltic Provinces. General Fadejeff, in his book "Russia's Fighting Strength," designated Prussia as "a historical accident," and stated that "the disastrous consequences of the European

cataclysm of 1866 weighed upon Russia alone." When the Franco-German war broke out all the Russian Press-organs except the *Journal de St. Petersburg* took part with France, and stuck to that line through the whole campaign, in direct opposition to their Government's attitude. Even after peace had been concluded, and after the signature of the London Protocol,* which gave the Russians free elbow-room in the Black Sea once more, the leading Russian journals kept up their anti-German demonstrations, and reproduced every lie to Germany's prejudice that was invented by Austrian Federalists, Belgium Clericalists, French Radicals, and Italian Mazzinians.

The politicians of Petersburg had long and vainly sought for an ally, who (in exchange for the privilege of doing as he pleased in Western Europe) should enable them to realise their plans in the East. This ally they believed they had found at last in New Germany, which they therefore strove to attach to Russia and to estrange from Austria—who, for her part, was still sulking over her 1866 reverses. They proposed, indeed, to divide the Danubian Realm between the two Allies, Russia's share being the predominantly Slav provinces, and indirectly, at a later date, the Turkish Balkan territories. Prince Bismarck, however, was by no means disposed to fall in with this arrangement. He perceived clearly that Germany would not gain by further territorial aggrandisement, but by the

* The Conference at which this was signed abrogated, to Russia's advantage, the neutrality of the Black Sea, which the Treaty of Paris had affirmed,

maintenance of peace, to which end the first thing needful was to reconcile Germany with Austria, and the second, to bring about friendly relations between Austria and Russia. Consequently he set on foot the negotiations that led to the Imperial Triple Alliance of 1872.

“ . . . I don't picture to myself a peace-mediator playing the part of an arbitrator, and saying, 'It must be so, or so, and behind me stands the whole length of Germany,' but a more modest one, something like that of an honest broker, who really wants to transact business. We are in the position to save any Power, entertaining secret wishes, from the embarrassment of encountering refusal or even a disagreeable rejoinder from its opponent in the Congress.

“ . . . That is the part I want to play; it tallies with our friendly relations to our two frontier-neighbours and to England, with whom we have no difficulty beyond trifling and transitory ones, connected with trade rivalry—not such as can possibly bring two industrious and peace-loving nations into hostile collision—so that I flatter myself we can just as well play the mediator between England and Russia as I am sure we can between Russia and Austria. . . .”

. . . The Congress . . . opened on June 13, 1878, and continued to function under the presidency of Prince Bismarck until July 13. . . . The chief subjects of negotiation were the Bulgarian question and the cession to Russia of Batoum.

. . . The Treaty of San Stefano had created a huge Slavonic State in Bulgaria, subjected to

Russian influence, swallowing up a Greek population in Thrace and Macedonia, and possessing ports on the Euxine and the Aegean. The Berlin Treaty replaced two-thirds of the territory in question under the direct political and military rule of the Sultan; Bulgaria was restricted to the Danube valley, obtaining no port in the Archipelago, and was only allowed to reach a point some twenty-five miles distant from the Aegean. . . . The mandate granted by the Congress to Austria-Hungary, to occupy and administer Bosnia and the Herzegovina gave that Power an important position.

During the debate on the Penal Laws (February 9, 1876) the Chancellor called attention to the prejudice frequently caused to public welfare by the Press.

“ . . . The weekly paper supplied to poor and ignorant people who have no means of testing the barefaced lies printed therein—the paper which is read by the impoverished and discontented classes of the population—finds it easy to work upon the common man (who knows only too well that he is badly off) in such sort that he fancies he can mitigate his own need permanently by labouring less and relying more upon the assistance of his fellow-citizens; that is if feasible, in fact, to work less and enjoy more than is prescribed by the common law of supply and demand. This sort of journalism has materially harmed us and thrown us back; the Social-Democratic agitation has largely contributed to the creation of the business depression under which we are suffering; it has

undoubtedly raised the price and lowered the quality of German labour, and is responsible for the fact that the German working day is not so productive as that of France and England.”

German Social-Democracy flows in two currents, which ultimately amalgamate, though their sources are wide apart. One of these streams took its origin in Lassalle and Von Schweitzer ; the other in Marx, Liebknecht, and Bebel. The former recognised the State and craved its assistance ; the latter was resolved upon its destruction, and desired to establish an entirely new order of social affairs, more or less Communistic. This is the party which, by reason of its readiness to go any lengths, gradually gained the upper hand of the other, and finally took possession of every variety of the German operative—of all the working men, in fact, who took an interest in public life.

Lassalle's* championship of the working-classes was due to the circumstance that the Party of Progress, to which his original views had inclined him to belong, failed to understand his ideas or to gratify his ambition. In that political clique he—a man of vast learning, a profound thinker, in every way an extraordinary being—had to do with a crew of mediocrities, as ignorant as they were pretentious. . . . The first item in his programme (addressed to the Committee of the Leipzig Operatives Club in March, 1863) was the so-called “Inflexible Wages-Law,” in virtue of which (and guided by the influence of demand and supply) the standard

* A Socialistic writer of great influence in Germany.

of wages was to be regulated by the minimum of popular requirements for supporting and propagating human life; the attempt being made to prove, with the aid of statistics, that the law in question would bear upon about 90 per cent. of the population of Prussia. Lassalle also asserted that self-help, as recommended by Schultze-Delitzsch, was inadequate to ameliorate the conditions of the working man, and demanded a State subvention for the establishment of productive associations, which by degrees should comprehend all the operative classes.

Of far greater moment was the clique of Social-Democrats made up of Communists who had for some time followed Lassalle's flag, and of anti-Prussianists converted to Communism. The head-quarters of this organisation was the Communist Club in London, chiefly composed of Germans. . . . The *spiritus rector* of this club was Karl Marx, a man of comprehensive economic knowledge, penetrating intellect and strict consistency in his views—a cold, bitter, insidious fanatic. His apostle in Germany was Wilhelm Liebknecht. The profession of faith of this sect is contained in the 1848 manifesto drawn up by Marx, and runs as follows: "Modern State-power is only a committee that administers the affairs of the *bourgeoisie* in general. The *bourgeoisie* has played a highly revolutionary part in history, having destroyed all feudal and patriarchal relations, and left no bond existing between man and men but rare interest—insensible ready-money transactions

(*baare Zahlung*). It has substituted a conscienceless Free Trade for countless recorded and well-earned liberties. The workman's outlay is well-nigh restricted to the necessities that are indispensable to his mere existence and reproduction of his species." (Here we see that Lassalle borrowed his "inflexible Wages-Law" from Marx.) "The Communists are distinguished from all other Operative Parties by the facts that they defend the common interests of the working-class, independently of nationality, and that they represent the interests of the general movement through the successive stages of development through which the struggle between operatives and capitalists must pass." "The Communists' immediate object is that of the other proletariat parties, namely, the overthrow of the capitalists' dominion by the acquisition of political power." The means to this end, according to Marx, were: 1. The abolition of private property in land; 2. The concentration of credit and means of communication in the hands of the State; 3. The establishment of national workshops; 4. The cultivation of all agricultural districts upon a uniform system; 5. The gratuitous education of all children, also upon a uniform system. . . .

The Communist League, which subsequently formed the nucleus of the *Internationale*, is further characterised in the address issued to the world at large by the "Central Board" from London in March, 1850, *e.g.*: "In opposition to the democratic petty *bourgeoisie*, which desires to bring the Revolution to a close, to procure

better wages and more certain employment for the working-man, and to do so partly with State assistance, it is our interest to make the Revolution permanent. . . . We do not aim at altering the conditions of private property, but at annihilating it—not at hushing up class-contrasts, but at abolishing classes—not at improving existing society, but at founding a new one.”

On August 7, 1869, the Social-Democratic Workman's Party met (at the Eisenach Congress, in which 262 delegates represented 150,000 members) and put forward a programme which was a mixture of Radical and Communistic principles. This new party, which subsequently became totally subjected to the influence of Liebknecht and Bebel, demands the “establishment of a free People's State,” and binds every one of its members to advocate “the suppression of existing political conditions, the achievement of equal rights and duties, the abolition of actual methods of production, the payment to the operative of the full profits upon his work, and political liberty in a democratic State.” The “next demands” of the programme are: “Universal, equal and direct suffrage; direct legislation; abolition of all privileges appertaining to rank, birth and religion; a people's host instead of a standing army; separation of the Church from the State and the schools; obligatory and gratuitous education; independence of the tribunals; establishment of jury and technical arbitrator Courts; public legal proceedings by word of mouth; gratuitous administration of justice; abolition of all Press, association and

coalition laws ; introduction of the normal working-day ; restriction of women's and children's labour ; abolition of all indirect taxes ; adoption of one progressive Income and Inheritance Tax ; State Subvention of Associations, and State credit for free production-associations under Democratic guarantees. . . ."

. . . Liebknecht's Volkstaat declared in 1874 : "The Social-Democratic party is a revolutionary party. We participate in the elections exclusively with the object of agitating. . . ." "Nothing short of a complete turning upside-down of society as it is," wrote the *Neuer Sozialdemokrat*, "can alleviate the misery of the masses. Our party-press must be the burning torch hurled into the powder-magazine of social suffering, in order to ignite whatever is combustible in the working-classes." The Volkstaat greeted "the immortal deeds of the Paris Commune as the first glow of the dawning terrible Revolution. . . ." Bebel announced in the Reichstag (April 24, 1871): "The Paris Commune has displayed a moderation which we could scarcely manifest under similar circumstances in Germany;" and a month later, in the same Assembly, he said: "Although Paris is subdued for the moment, let me remind you that the struggle there was not an affair of outposts, and that, ere a very few decades shall have lapsed, the battle cry of the Parisian proletariat 'War to palaces, peace to hovels, death to want and idleness!' will have become the watchword of the whole European proletariat. . . ." One of the songs sung by the Socialists at their gatherings, "The

War-Day of Mankind," ran thus: ". . . fired by sacred wrath, they shall smite thrones into splinters and drag off the whole brood of tyrants to the guillotine. . . ."

The Social-Democrats of Liebknecht's party did not care about ameliorating the working man's lot, but about destroying the ruling and proprietary classes with fire and sword. Above all, they were Nihilists, and therefore it became necessary to put them down. . . . To encounter this coalition of destructive forces it was desired to form a coalition of Governments. Austria and Russia readily agreed to the proposal; England declined it, and the other Cabinets manifested no special anxiety to carry it out. Consequently there accrued an exchange of views amongst the three Eastern Powers, resulting in their joint admission that mere repression would not suffice, and that the evil must be dealt with more fundamentally—in other words, that an attempt should be made to remedy it by supplying the real necessities and granting the equitable demands of the working-classes. . . .

. . . Therefore the Communist Party of Revolution went unhindered on its way until, in 1878, it aroused feelings in the operative world which found expression in the attempts made upon the Emperor's life in May and June of that year.

From that moment dates the revival in Bismarck's mind of his reformatory ideas. . . . To this end he brought about a Bill, towards the end of May, 1878. . . . During the debate

on this Bill the Chancellor spoke as follows, respecting—

“ . . . the establishment of an Association . . . to obtain a large share of the industrial profits and for reducing the hours of labour, as considerably as may be compatible with the limits imposed by competition, and the state of the manufacture markets. Associations of this class are no innovation in Germany. Five centuries ago they were as active as they are now, with varying success. But they invariably aimed at the attainment of positive results; and the notion of infringing the rights of third persons, of interfering with property, and of undermining belief in God and the Monarchy occurred to no man. . . .”

“ . . . As soon as the Social-Democrats shall put forward a practical scheme for improving the lot of the working classes, I, at least, will not refuse to consider their proposals in a benevolent and conciliatory spirit; nor will I shrink from the theory that the State should help those who help themselves. . . . But how do matters stand now? We find ourselves face to face with negation—with a resolve to pull the house down. . . . We have had the advantage of sitting with the Social-Democrats in this House for eleven years; can you recall any one of their lengthy orations in which was to be found the faintest shadow of a positive idea or proposition concerning the future—of the programme which these persons intend to carry out when they shall have battered down existing institutions? I know of none. . . .”

“ . . . If you hold out brilliant prospects to

people who can read, but cannot understand what they read . . . if you teach them scornfully and mockingly, verbally and in print, that all they have hitherto held sacred is nothing but humbug, lies, hollow phrases and a swindle; if you take from them their belief in God and our Kingdom, their attachment to their native country, families, property, their right to transmit their earnings to their children, it is by no means difficult to bring men of restricted intelligence to such a frame of mind that they shall clench their fists and exclaim, 'Curse hope, curse faith, and above all curse patience!' What remains to men thus spiritually poor and naked, but the frantic pursuit of sensual enjoyments—the only pleasure capable of reconciling them to existence?

“. . . When they* were actually the rulers of Paris did they propound a positive programme? . . . They did nothing but murder, burn, outrage, destroy national monuments—and if they had converted all Paris into one huge heap of ashes, they would have gazed at it blankly without in the least knowing what they wanted.”

. . . The Chancellor took the initiative in bringing about a reform inspired by the idea entertained by him so far back as 1871.

His first step in this direction was to prepare a Bill for insuring workmen against the consequences of accidents. . . .

At the time when the above measure was on the *tapis*, the Chancellor observed to me: “Anybody who has before him the prospect of a pension, be it ever so small, in old age or

* The Commune.

infirmity is much happier and more content with his lot, much more tractable and easy to manage, than he whose future is absolutely uncertain. . . . Contentment among the impecunious and disinherited classes would not be dearly purchased by an enormous sum. They may be made to understand that the State is of some use—that it does not only take, but gives to boot. . . .”

The Chancellor took occasion to deliver himself with respect to this project of reform during the debate on the Draft Bill in Parliament. . . .

“. . . ‘Let us not be too much governed!’ is the cry raised by English prophets of the new faith, and echoed (with variations) by German Free Traders. This phrase, could they have their way, would become the watchword of the statesmen directing the affairs of the Empire and the several States of Germany. Like the Gods of Epicurus, they should sit aloft, contemplating sub-lunar affairs, and trusting to the natural course of events to prove invariably beneficial and infallibly hit the right nail on the head. . . . The doctrine *à la mode* runs thus: ‘Individual interests necessarily concur with public interests, seeing that the public is only an agglomeration of individuals. Individuals always understand what suits them better than the Government does; therefore let them alone to do what they think fit. The ignorant and prejudiced masses, the weak, unthinking and inexperienced must not receive any impulsion, assistance, or protection from their intelligent rulers, and any law framed with that object is a bad law. Men must not be treated like children,

but like adults ; they must acquire wisdom by experience.' ”

The State concludes Treaties of Commerce and Navigation with Foreign Powers, regulates the transfer of estate, controls marriage contracts, provides for the instruction of youth, constructs roads, railways and telegraph lines, manages the postal service, keeps bridges and canals in good order, builds light-houses, constructs harbours, coins money, and regulates mines, enforces a uniform system of weights and measures, grants patents and guarantees author's rights, rewarding the labour of invention by investing it with a limited time monopoly. By insisting upon the registration of every patented discovery or improvement it prevents secrets of that class from dying out with their inventors and thus being lost to the public for ever. It expropriates for the common good, regulates the trade in shares, and takes measures for the protection and amelioration of public health. It looks after apothecaries, averts (by quarantine regulations) the importation of pestilences, keeps cities clean and enforces vaccination, fixes cab-tariffs, provides for the poor and insane, compels emigration agents to act fairly by emigrants, encourages higher instruction, art and science, and, although in principle it tolerates all religions and beliefs, does not permit any form of worship prejudicial to public morality.

In exercising all these functions the State restricts individual liberty for the benefit of the general public. But it extends its protection to the ignorant and helpless classes of the

population in many other ways. In Prussia it has regulated the working-hours of tenant labourers on estates, and abolished vassalage. It protects children and persons of tender years, lunatics and even spendthrifts by appointing guardians to them, prohibits the truck-system, regulates the employment of women and children in industrial establishments, keeps a watchful eye on pawnbrokers, punishes usurers, and forbids the sale of adulterated and unwholesome victuals. Important contracts, to be valid, must be made in writing and, in many cases, legalised by a notary. In order to obviate error or fraud, the law prescribes the form to be observed in drawing up wills. It requires that articles in the precious metals should be marked by a State official for the protection of the purchaser, who would otherwise be unable to ascertain to a certainty their genuineness, or the contrary. It regulates legal charges and lawyer's fees, the rights of emigrants on board ship, and the seaworthiness of trading and passenger vessels. It compels practising physicians to prove that they have sufficiently studied the science of healing. Experience shows that the average intelligence of the public is inadequate to guard against the enterprises of quackery.

After the rejection of his first Bill the Chancellor (May 8, 1882) brought forward another plan for insuring operatives against the consequences of accidents, having a short time previously laid before the Parliament a Draft Law for insuring workmen against losses incurred through illness, which measure, having undergone

certain alterations, was passed by the Reichstag, and is now in force.

The insurance of workmen against losses through illness is the first storey of the edifice which the Chancellor proposes to erect upon the *terrain* of social policy. Insurance against the consequences of accidents is the second. That the third—insurance against destitution in old age—will be speedily added to these two is doubtful. The chief obstacle to this measure lies in the difficulty of setting limits to it. “While inability to work is clearly indicated by the accident itself, no hard and fast line can be drawn respecting the production of that inability by age. Who is to decide whether an operative in advanced years be capable of work or should be supported on the Relief Fund?”

However this may be, the Chancellor is full of confident hope. “The State must take the matter into its own hands,” he remarked to me on the 26th of June, 1881, “not as almsgiving, but as the right that men have to be taken care of when, with the best will imaginable, they become unfit for work. . . .”

At an earlier date (May 12, 1869) he had alluded to the shady side of eloquence, whilst protesting against investing deliberative Assemblies with too much power, influence and importance. Upon that occasion (in the North German Parliament) he said: “Under the influence of the magnificent speech to which we have just listened, you are about to come to a decision in the excitement of the moment; whereas, if you were to read that speech at home

or to listen to its controversion by a speaker as ingenious as the last, you would probably hesitate and think to yourselves, 'There is, after all, a good deal to be said on the other side.' The gift of oratory is a very dangerous one; it carries people away, like music and improvisation. There must be something of a poet in every orator capable of moving his audience. But is the poet or *improvisatore* exactly the sort of man to whom the helm of the State, which requires cool, considerate manipulation, should be confided? And yet it is he upon whose eloquence Parliamentary decisions are immediately dependent; this is the case in any receptive Assembly. I may recall to memory the example of a celebrated statesman, now deceased—Herr von Radowitz—I never knew any speaker exercise so overwhelming an influence upon an audience as he, and those who have heard him will bear me out that his hearers were profoundly moved by certain of his speeches, so much so that they forthwith voted in accordance with them. I observed that one of my colleagues, sitting near me on one occasion, shared the emotion of the whole assembly to such an extent that he shed tears, and, when I coolly asked him, 'What are you crying about?' replied indignantly by accusing me of heartlessness. On the following day when 30,000 copies of the speech in question had been printed (it had put a stop to all discussion upon its subject), I asked that very same gentleman what I ought to have cried about, supposing I had possessed such a thing as a heart; and he answered, 'I don't know how it

is, but the speech does not make such an impression on me in print.' . . ."

" . . . A Constitution which has grown together with circumstances of a country for a century and more cannot be stripped off like a worn-out coat ; it is become, so to speak, a skin which must be loosened with surgical precautions, if maladies are to be averted." . . . "An Envoy, after all, is only a vessel which acquires its full value when filled with a Sovereign's instructions ; but it is of course desirable that the vessel should be of good quality and agreeable to contemplate—one, like an old crystal goblet, incapable of holding poison or gall without revealing the nature of its contents. . . ."

. . . During one of his Parliamentary evening parties he remarked : " Whilst I was sitting opposite the Emperor Napoleon for nearly an hour in the parlour of the weaver's cottage at Donchéry, I felt exactly like a young man at a ball who has engaged a girl for the *cotillon*, has not a word to say to her, and heartily wishes that some one would take her away. . . ."

In February, 1871, when Paris was thrown open again, the Chancellor told us one evening that he had met a number of people with furniture and bedding that afternoon between Versailles and St. Cloud, probably villagers who had hitherto been shut up in the besieged city—"The women looked amiable enough," he continued ; "but the men as soon as they caught sight of our Prussian uniforms, assumed a gloomy expression and heroic bearing. It reminded me of the *ci-devant* Neapolitan army, in which one of

the words of command was 'Faccia feroce!' 'Make a ferocious face!' . . ."

During the Franco-German war Bismarck gave us a word-sketch of Waldeck, formerly the leader and the idol of the Progressist Democrats. "In character he resembled Favre. . . . He would make a speech about a teaspoon with such profound solemnity and confidence that the spoon could not do less than stand upright in the cup. . . ."

". . . We find something wanting in Frederick the Great, who lived more than half his life childless and friendless; and it strikes us as unnatural, uncomfortable, and almost terrible that a surpassing genius should be forlorn of those relations. He seems to us grand, but dry, one-sided, incomplete, distant and cold."

The Prince had three children; a daughter, Countess Marie, born in 1848, and married about five years ago to Count Rantzau, and two unmarried sons, Counts Herbert and Wilhelm, younger than their sister. The former is in diplomacy, and has been attached to several Legations and Embassies. He is now at the Embassy at Petersburg. The latter, physically very like his father, adopted the legal career, and has been in Parliament. Both fought in the last war as privates in the Dragoons. . . . In the Cavalry charge at Mars la Tour Count Herbert was severely wounded. . . . Whilst Bismarck was Prussian Envoy at Petersburg he assiduously superintended his children's education. Every Saturday they came to him with

their school books, and had to give an account of all they had learned during the last week. He then examined them, exhibiting a minute scholastic knowledge from which their tutors derived many valuable hints as to the proper method of teaching. . . .

It may also be mentioned that Bismarck rejoices in the possession of three grandsons, Otto, Christian, and Henrich; sturdy little fellows who occasionally visit him in his palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, the eldest boy always wearing the foraging-cap of the Yellow Cuirassiers, his grandfather's regiment. . . . Intellectually, he takes after his mother, a highly intelligent woman of frigid disposition; his sensibility and warmth of heart he obviously got from his father.

His relations to his two sisters, as well as to his own immediate family, are of a very affectionate character. . . .

It would seem that the talent for learning foreign languages is more developed in the east of Europe than in the west. The French are least endowed with it; the Poles and Russians most so; the Germans stand about midway. We manage with tolerable ease to understand a book or newspaper in the idiom of a neighbouring country; but most of us experience great difficulty in speaking foreign tongues correctly and fluently, and are bad hands at mastering the accents of non-German languages. The Chancellor constitutes a brilliant exception to this rule. Speaking German absolutely purely, he had also made French his own tongue so completely that even a Genevese or Petersburger

of the upper classes could scarcely find fault with his pronunciation. He also speaks English with admirable facility, and understands Italian well enough to read the Italian newspapers. He is acquainted with Polish, and during his four years sojourn by the Neva he studied Russian so assiduously that he can converse freely in that tongue. . . . The Chancellor is not so well up in the dead, as in the living languages. "When I was in the first class at school," he told me at Ferrieres, "I could write and speak Latin very well. Nowadays I should find it difficult to do either; and as for Greek I have forgotten all about it."

Amongst the sciences, Prince Bismarck had always entertained a predilection for history, geography, and political economy. He is posted up in their literature and reads new historical works, such as Taine's admirable account of the rise and fall of the first French Revolution, with keen interest. In the matter of *belles lettres* he accords the palm to Goethe and Shakespeare. . . . Schiller is less sympathetic to him.

"Looking to the necessity, in a fight against an overwhelming Power, of being able, in extreme need, to use even revolutionary means, I had had no hesitation whatever in throwing into the frying-pan, by means of the Circular despatch in June 10, 1866, the most powerful ingredient known at that time to liberty-mongers, namely universal suffrage, so as to frighten off foreign monarchies. In a war of this sort, when it becomes a matter of life and death, one does not look at the weapons that one seizes. Moreover,

I still hold that the principle of universal suffrage is a just one, not only in theory but also in practice, providing always that voting be not secret.

* The gulf which diverse dynastic and family influences and different habits in life had in the course of history created between the south and north of the Fatherland, could not be more effectually bridged over than by a joint national war against the neighbour who had been aggressive for many centuries.

. . . The Bishop (of Mayence) having reproached the Chancellor with deserting his friends, Prince Bismarck replied, "Exactly so; but then, you see, I am not now in want of the support which the Catholics could give me, and can find it elsewhere. Believe me, however, when I do I shall change again. I much regret it, but I am the slave of circumstances for the country's good!"

MORITZ BUSCH (*Our Chancellor*, translated by W. Beatty-Kingston).

LORD GRANVILLE

(1815-1891. Granville George Leveson-Gower. Succeeded to Earldom, 1846. Failed to form Cabinet in 1859. Held various offices under Palmerston and Gladstone.)

(BILL for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Ireland.)

Owing to the action of Lord Salisbury, who led thirty-six peers into the lobby in favour of

* This is given as Bismarck's view.

the second reading, and through the abstention of the two English Archbishops and some other leading prelates, the second reading, the fate of which to the last hung in the balance, was carried by a majority of thirty-three votes early in the morning of June 19. . . .

. . . Lord Cairns, although regarded as one of the most unbending champions of Irish Protestantism, was prepared to face the inevitable. He had realised that in the then temper of the country the Bill must sooner or later pass; that further delay might prove dangerous to the interests which he represented, and that what he had to do was to agree with his adversary quickly, and make the best terms possible for his friends in Ireland while there was yet time, and close the bargain. . . .

* "The position of your Majesty's Government in the Lords is almost intolerable. The majority were wise enough at the last moment to pass the Irish Church Bill, supported as it was by the Commons and the country, but it is absolute in all ordinary matters of legislation, on which the credit and utility of a Government so much depend. It does not scruple to exercise that power, a course ultimately sure to create great dissatisfaction.

"Lord Bessborough has lost from his list of 1850, of those whom he used to summon, forty-five peers, whose peerages have become extinct, who are incapacitated, or who in their own persons or in that of their sons have become Conservatives.

* Lord Granville to the Queen.

“The majority is between sixty and seventy, without counting Bishops, or Liberals who vote oftener for the Opposition than for the Government. No one could pretend that a dozen peers could swamp such a majority, but your Majesty’s Government requires moral support in the House. They are not cordially supported by even the small minority, of whom the most eminent are ex-placemen, who many of them are not friends of Mr. Gladstone, and prefer the failure to the success of his colleagues. If only three or four peers are created, they get awed by the atmosphere in which they find themselves.

* “The notion of a Jew peer is startling. ‘Rothschild, le premier Baron Juif,’ does not sound as well as ‘Montmorency, le premier Baron Chretien,’ but he represents a class whose influence is great by their wealth, their intelligence, their literary connections, and their numerous seats in the House of Commons. It may be wise to attach them to the aristocracy, rather than to drive them into the democratic camp. The Carlton Club sent a Jew to be their candidate at Sandwich. Lord Shaftesbury wrote to Mr. Gladstone to press Sir Moses Montefiore’s claim to a peerage.

“The policy of your Majesty’s Government is to treat Roman Catholics for the future with equality in proportion to their numbers. Lord Granville does not remember the creation of a Catholic peer, notwithstanding their wealth and bulk. The old Catholic peers cannot speak. They cannot think for themselves and are under

* In letter to the Queen.

the direction of their bishops. Sir John Acton would be excluded by Dr. Manning had he the power to do so. He and Lord Edward are proposed as greatly superior to any Irish Catholic who would be recommended to your Majesty for the honour. Lord Redesdale, the strongest of Protestant Conservatives, stated in the House that he saw no objection even to Dr. Manning having a seat in the Lords."

. . . On May 15, 1876, Lord Granville actually found himself in the proud and entirely novel position of leader of a majority; for, in a full House, he succeeded in carrying a motion affirming that it was desirable to remove the Nonconformist grievances in regard to burial, by a majority of 142 to 92. . . .

" . . . That Lord Beaconsfield has played his part in English history, that he has rare and splendid gifts, and great force of character, no one can deny. I * doubt whether to many public men can the quality of genius be more fitly attributed. It was to his strong individuality, unaided by adventitious circumstances, that he owes his great personal success. Assisted by those social circumstances that Mr. Disraeli was without, I came into the House of Commons at an early age, and six months before he took his seat in that assembly. I thus heard him make that speech famous for its failure; a speech which I am convinced, had it been made when he was better known to the House of Commons would have been received with cheers and sympathy, instead of with

* Lord Granville, in speech to the House of Lords.

derisive laughter, but which, owing to the prejudices of his audience, he was obliged to close with a sentence which, like a somewhat similar ejaculation of Mr. Sheridan, showed the unconquerable confidence which strong men have in their own power. . . .”

. . . The fear of the hostility of Russia—of which the indications, at first doubtful and obscure, gradually developed themselves in the course of 1879—had reluctantly persuaded Prince Bismarck and even the Emperor William that it was necessary to take serious steps to provide for the security of the Eastern frontier of Germany against a Russian attack. The Austro-German treaty of mutual defence, signed October 7, 1879, provided not only the means of common defence in the event of war, but also a fresh security for the maintenance of the peace of Europe as established at Berlin. . . .

“. . . I * think you will find Prince Bismarck all you can wish, anxious for the most friendly relations with England, and willing to act in concert with her Majesty's Government when asked to do so. He earnestly desires peace for the welfare of Germany, and he likes the Anglo-French alliance, because he looks upon it as 'the basis of peace in Europe.' He dreads a Russo-French alliance against Germany, and makes up to France to keep her out of Russia's way, and he made the Austro-German defensive treaty to isolate Russia completely. . . . Meanwhile

* Lord Odo Russell, in letter to Lord Granville, March, 1881.

Prince Bismarck looks upon England as the leading peace power in Europe. . . .”

“Bismarck’s persistent preference for England as an ally for Germany is founded in his conviction that England is the Power best able through her great moral influence, to maintain the peace of Europe; and since he has created the German Empire, he requires peace to consolidate and strengthen his work, and promote Germany’s material prosperity.

“His nightmare has been a Russo-French alliance and the invasion of Germany from the north and from the west, which, if it did not break up the German Empire, would certainly ruin Germany for years to come. In truth, Germany has not yet recovered from the effects of the Thirty and the Seven Years’ Wars. . . .”

. . . But though intent on Eastern affairs and their peaceful solution, Germany, Prince Bismarck insisted again and again, had no direct interest in them. To settle the Turkish question, “he would not sacrifice the life of a Pomeranian soldier or the value of a pfennig.” He believed that the Berlin Treaty had given a new lease of life to the Ottoman Empire, sufficient at least to afford the Powers ample time to reflect and agree upon a pacific solution of the questions still remaining to be settled under the Berlin Treaty. . . . “Lasting peace,” he admitted, “there could be none in Europe, so long as the Oriental question remained unsettled as a whole.” In his opinion the final solution would be the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians. . . .

. . . Prince Bismarck's . . . solution of the problem when the Turkish Government collapses would be the peaceful division of influence in the Balkan Peninsula between Austria and Russia, the former to extend to the Ægean, the latter to the Straits, and Germany—that is, himself—to mediate between them. . . . England's interests are in Egypt and Asia, as those of France are in Syria and Tunis; and neither England nor France, he thinks, should busy themselves about the Sultan's European dominions. . . .

. . . What did Prince Bismarck think?

“I don't know,” Mr. Goschen wrote, “whether you would care to hear that he spoke rather strongly about the Transvaal business in a very friendly way, but giving it as his opinion that we ought to have done anything rather than fight the ‘white man’ in South Africa. . . .”

“. . . In regard to Eastern affairs, Bismarck has never concealed his anxious desire to see Austria occupy Bosnia, France occupy Tunis, and England occupy Egypt. . . .”

. . . (Prince Bismarck) advocated with the Emperor the necessity of avoiding—independently of the occasionally astounding policy of succeeding English Cabinets—every conflict with the British nation and public opinion in England which could influence the national feeling in England against us, so long as we are not forced into it by paramount German interests.

. . . (The Liberal Party in Ireland.) Lord Dufferin, the Earl of Bessborough, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Emly, Lord Monck, and Lord Carlingford, and the two De Veres, Stephen and

Aubrey, were the leaders of it. It had long been part of their policy to build up a middle party in Ireland and to seek to identify the Roman Catholic Church with the cause of law and order on the agrarian question. Landowners of the type just mentioned had themselves done much to endow the clergy on their own estates with houses and glebes. Lord Russell . . . had contended to the last in favour of the appropriation of a portion of the surplus of the Irish Church to this purpose; but their efforts were useless, as they were met on the one side by the opposition of the Tory and Orange party, and on the other by the resistance of Nonconformist and Radical opinion in England to the endowment of any form of religious belief.

. . . The Whig peers began one by one to leave the ship, because they considered that the law was not being effectually supported. . . . The Duke of Bedford also intimated that it would be difficult for him to support the Ministry much longer. . . . In the early part of 1880 Lord Lansdowne resigned the under Secretaryship of India owing to the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, a measure which amended and extended the Land Act of 1870; and the Duke of Argyll was with difficulty persuaded to remain in office a little longer. . . .

Lord Granville was in fact becoming more and more persuaded that the absence of any real sense of responsibility on the part of the people of Ireland for the management and administration of their own affairs was the root evil of the country. . . .

Lord Granville to the Duke of Bedford

"I have always thought that the action of the great aristocratic leaders of the Liberal party at important crises, like the great Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and others, though sometimes opposed to their wishes and feelings, had been a signal advantage to the country. I am afraid that their appearance now as advisers to the Lords to damage the Irish Land Bill will have anything but a Conservative result. . . ."

*Lord Granville to Sir William Harcourt,
April 16, 1881*

" . . . With Rosebery's great position in Scotland, chiefly created by himself, his extraordinary power of speaking, and the great services he has rendered to the party, any one will be blind who does not see the advantage of having him in the Government."

. . . Lord Granville did not feel "the slightest jealousy of the Germans acquiring colonial possessions." . . . "No colonies," Prince Bismarck had emphatically said in 1873; and he told Lord Odo Russell "that he desired neither them nor fleets." *

"Colonies, in his opinion, would only be a cause of weakness, because colonies could only be defended by powerful fleets, and Germany's geographical position did not necessitate her development into a first-class maritime Power. . . . Many colonies had been offered him—he had rejected them, and wished only for coaling stations acquired by treaty from other nations."

* Lord Odo Russell to Lord Grey, Feb. 11, 1873.

“The Crown Prince (Lord Ampthill wrote to Lord Granville in June, 1884) shared the national craving. . . . It is a remarkable fact that Prince Bismarck, contrary to his convictions and his will, had been driven by public opinion into the inauguration of the colonial policy he had hitherto denounced as detrimental to the concentration of German strength and power.”

“I am in perfect despair” (Lord Ampthill wrote in the early days of August) “at Prince Bismarck’s present inclination to increase his popularity before the general election by taking up an anti-English attitude. Compelled by the colonial mania, which has gradually come to the surface in Germany, to act contrary to his better convictions in the Angra Pequena question,* he has discovered an unexplored mine of popularity in starting a colonial policy, which public opinion persuades itself to be anti-English; and the slumbering theoretical envy of the German at our wealth and our freedom has awakened and taken the form of abuse of everything English in the Press. . . .”

Mr. Gladstone to Lord Granville, July 22, 1884

“I have seen Sir Henry Gordon. . . . I think I am not wrong in saying—

“The Nile is important for an expedition. Suakim and Berber the only route.

* A Bremen merchant, Lüderitz by name, had established a factory at Angra Pequena, in S.W. Africa, and entered into a treaty with a native chief; and this was the beginning of the German colonisation in that region.

"The only satisfactory solution is *to send Zebehr*. . . .

"Something ought to be done soon."

Lord Wolseley to the Duke of Cambridge,
July 27, 1884

". . . That Gordon will either have his throat cut, or fall into the Mahdi's hands when he runs short of gun and musket ammunition, may be looked upon as a certainty.

"If the former, in what position will the Government stand? If the latter, we shall have another costly Abyssinian expedition on our hands, for no Government would be strong enough to resist the cry there would then be for our army to go out to bring him back. A small cheap expedition now, perhaps only as far as Dongola, would avert these impending misfortunes."

Mr. Gladstone to Lord Granville, March 5, 1885

"After the 'cloth was drawn' at Rosebery's, with about nine round the table including John Bright, a general and free discussion arose, chiefly between Rosebery, Bright and me, H. Bismarck occasionally intervening on Colonies, Colonisation, Federation and the like, in a general way. When we went into the drawing-room, I did not use any words of approach, but H. Bismarck did. . . . He said, 'We are the youngest of the Great Powers, and we wish to undertake this function of colonisation, which belongs to a Great Power. But we only hope to do it in a very small and humble manner, and we are in doing it giving

to you the strongest proof of confidence in the future friendship of the two countries. For we know that if a Continental Power were to attack our little colonies, we could invade them in return. But we also know that you can assail our colonies with effect, and that we cannot get at you in return, as you are masters of the sea. . . .

“ . . . (March 6) Now I do hope that you are pressing forward the “ Pauncefote settlement ” of the north coast of New Guinea, which seems to me the main or only point remaining. It is really impossible to exaggerate the importance of *getting out of the way the bar to the Egyptian settlement.* These words, strong as they are, are in my opinion words of truth and soberness. . . . ”

. . . Gladstone in a speech of matchless eloquence * proposed a vote of credit for eleven millions, of which six millions and a half were to meet the case for preparations rendered necessary by the incident at Penjdeh. † Fortunately both nations shrank from the dread arbitrament of war, and eventually the contest was closed by an agreement which Lord Granville made with the Russian Government, that the disputed responsibility for the “ incident ” should be referred to an arbitrator, that the Russian advance should cease, and that communications between the two Governments should be resumed in London on the frontier question prior

* April 27, 1885.

† During the course of the delimitation of the Afghan frontier by a joint Anglo-Russian Commission in 1885, one of the Russian generals attacked and defeated an Afghan force on the Kushk river, and brought the two nations to the brink of war.

to the demarcation on the spot. On May 2, at the Royal Academy Dinner, Lord Granville was able to say, in the presence of the Russian Ambassador, that "the peace of the world would not be disturbed."

Lord Granville to the Duke of Argyll, July 17, 1885

"I could if I chose give you instances of when I have disagreed with Gladstone, and upon which I may disagree with him again; but I am convinced that as long as he remains a political leader he is a *Conservative* power which will not be replaced by Salisbury, Churchill, or some of the best Whigs."

(Lord Granville) "Dublin Castle rules with no support. Irish representatives have no share of administration. Education has changed a passive discontent with English Government into a determination to manage their own affairs. American Irish connection and combined literature have had a marked effect. economic condition of the country is bad. The masses feel their power and use it. The Irish representatives, supported by an immense majority of the population and by the Irish hierarchy, ask for a separate Irish Parliament.

"Landlords cry out for coercion. The extreme Press denounce the English, and cry for separation.

"Protestants assert that the Church of Rome is at the bottom of it. Others assert that the land question is really the only one.

"Strong desire in the North to maintain union. Parnell supported by four-fifths of

population demands Irish Parliament. Is the opinion of Irish representatives to be ignored?

“It is asserted that they are rebels. What is to be the course?”

“The integrity of the Empire must be maintained, but whatever is fair and just to Ireland must be advantageous to England.”

“Parnell’s plan gives power to raise their own revenue. The Irish are at the mercy of the English with regard to their markets.”

“Ireland would have no power to raise local forces.”

“Great Britain would retain those required, and for the present the Irish Constabulary. . . .”

. . . At Newport, on October 7, 1885, Lord Salisbury made a speech, a leading passage in which distinctly pointed in the direction of the establishment in Ireland of “a large central authority,” in which “the wisdom of several parts of the country will correct the folly and mistakes of one.” . . . This mysterious speech, following the declarations of policy by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Carnarvon on their assumption of office . . . was sufficient to obtain a transfer of the Irish vote at the polls to the Conservative candidates, under an order to that effect issued in a manifesto from Mr. Parnell on November 21st. Meanwhile, on November 9th, Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian had made a declaration in which he distinctly laid it down as obvious beyond any possibility of dispute, that “a demand from Ireland for larger powers of self-government” would have to be dealt with by the Parliament about to meet. . . .

. . . Lord Granville recognised that three of the greatest measures of the century—Roman Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the Reform Act, of 1867—had been carried by Conservative Governments, and he cordially agreed in the proposal to give Lord Salisbury the opportunity of dealing with the Irish question. . . . Mr. Gladstone, governed by the master passion of his life—the desire to do justice to Roman Catholic Ireland—had now determined to make the venture himself, without possessing that majority independent of the Irish party which, in one of his Midlothian speeches, he had indicated as the preliminary condition.

Lord Derby to Lord Granville, January 6, 1886

“It is simply an Irish Parliament . . . but the more I think of what an Irish Parliament would be, the more impossible it becomes to me to accept the proposal in any form. What is more important, I don't think even Gladstone can carry the Liberal party with him in support of it. But suppose he carried it in the Commons, it must be thrown out in the Lords. . . .”

. . . A nation will make a great alteration of its constitution in one or other of two sets of circumstances. It will do so either after long and careful inquiry, such as preceded the Act of Union with Scotland . . . or it may be forced by adverse circumstances, such as those which compelled the British Parliament in 1782 to grant complete legislative independence to Ireland, in the same year as that in which it had to

submit to the final loss of the American colonies and the unfavourable treaties with France, Spain, and Holland. Neither of these two sets of circumstances existed in 1886. The nation had not been prepared by previous discussion; and in the external relations of the country there was nothing to compel an unwilling consent to change. The violent conduct of the Irish members of Parliament, and the excesses of the land war, had alienated public opinion; and the fact that the Liberal party at the election of 1885 had been in opposition to Mr. Parnell did not fail to exercise an adverse influence on the reception of Mr. Gladstone's proposals of 1886. It was therefore not astonishing that the days of Mr. Gladstone's third Administration were few and evil. On June 7, 1886, the Home Rule Bill was rejected on the second reading by a majority of thirty votes. The numbers were 345 to 313.

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE (*The Life of Lord Granville*).

LORD NORTHBROOK

(1826-1904. Thomas George Baring. Viceroy of India, 1872-1876. First Lord of Admiralty, 1880-1885. Created Earl of Northbrook, 1876.)

LORD NORTHBROOK had never viewed with alarm the advance of Russia in Central Asia, which he believed to be in the main conducive to the interests of civilisation. He had no sympathy with the anti-Russian ideas which had so largely inspired the Indian policy of Lord Beaconsfield's administration: and he looked with apprehension on the rivalry which seemed

to be driving the two countries into war, and reprobated the dangerous talk which assumed it to be inevitable. . . .

* "As to the desire to annex or govern Egypt, I doubt if there is a responsible politician of any party who would wish to do one or the other. But we are not prepared to see Egypt in the hands of any other country, and we are not prepared to accept the responsibility of allowing Egypt to lapse into a state of anarchy considering the obligations which we have already contracted. With respect to the Suez Canal it is not our desire—we do not wish—to acquire the exclusive power of the Canal. But we are not prepared to allow Egypt to lapse into such a condition as to make it impossible that the Suez Canal could be stopped at any time against British ships, whether of peace or of war."

"One thing I dare say those who are present here do not know, but I know it and can speak of it from my own knowledge, viz. that before Sir G. Wolseley left England he placed his finger on the map of Egypt—I saw him do it myself—and on that place Tel-el-Kebir, and he said: 'That is the place where the action will be fought.' And a more extraordinary thing still, he said to a friend of mine in whom I have the utmost confidence, that the action would be fought on the 13th September, and it was fought on the 13th of September." (Speech at Liverpool, October 12.)

"Have you considered," wrote Lord Northbrook, "how such a determination can be"

* Speech to "a popular audience," Sept. 13, 1882.

reconciled with our policy from the time when the destruction of Hicks' Army was known? My impression of that policy is that we determined that neither Indian nor British troops should be sent to reconquer the Soudan. Then the Egyptian Government asked for an officer to help them to withdraw the garrisons. Did any one when Gordon was sent anticipate his support by any expedition? Certainly no such support was ever contemplated at the time. Are the circumstances such as to justify us in departing from this policy? I cannot see it. I cannot think it improbable that Gordon will be able to hold his own and come down when the Nile rises."

* (*The financial proposals.*) . . . " (1) Adequate provision to be made for the improvement and extension of the system of irrigation; (2) a prospect of the abolition of the corvée; (3) the acquisition by the Egyptian Government of greater freedom in the matter of imposing taxes on foreigners; (4) the abolition of the dual administration of the Diara Domains and Railways; (5) a reduction of the land tax, and of the taxes on the export and transit of produce; and (6) the issue of a loan of about £9,000,000, the interest of which was to be guaranteed by the British Government."

By this report Lord Northbrook definitely ranged himself on the side of single British control with all that it implied.

. . . At a meeting of the Cabinet within a

* These "proposals" are contained in a report to the Government, Nov. 20, 1884.

week of his return he noted : " Chamberlain on a piece of paper asked Dilke how many members of the House of Commons would support my proposals. Dilke answered, ' 0 ! ' I put on another piece of paper, ' You won't have the pleasure of my company here much longer.' Dilke wrote under it, ' I should be dreadfully sorry if I thought that were so. I can't think it.'

" I must observe upon the extraordinary mode of proceeding which was followed on this proposal (Mr. Childers)* having been sprung upon me at the Cabinet without any previous discussion, after the sacrifice I had made in undertaking the mission at Mr. Gladstone's earnest request, I may say, pressure, when the Government was in a difficulty. In fact, ever since my return I was treated more like a member of the Opposition than like a colleague whose only desire was to extricate the Government from a difficulty. Indeed, if the negotiations with Lord Salisbury about franchise and redistribution were compared with the preliminary deliberation upon the Egyptian question, it would be found that he was treated with greater confidence in the former than I was in the latter. And I cannot accuse myself of not having done my best to meet Mr. Gladstone's views. Almost all my time had been occupied, notwithstanding the rapid approach of a naval discussion, in carrying out his suggestion as to the form of my report."

* Mr. Childers' proposal was in the form of a compromise between the view of the Government, who were opposed to any loan to Egypt, and Lord Northbrook's propositions.

“The last crisis,” as he wrote long afterwards to Mr. John Morley (October 15, 1902), “was early in 1885”—(it was on the 21st of January)—“when Hartington, Childers and I by threatening resignation forced Mr. Gladstone to decline the international commission of the inquiry proposed by France into Egyptian finances.” . . . The long struggle indeed which England had carried on for the financial salvation of Egypt resulted, in March, 1885, in the signature of the London Convention, which empowered Egypt to raise a loan of nine millions sterling under an international guarantee and made the necessary modification in the Law of Liquidation; and on looking back Lord Northbrook may perhaps have felt that, though his mission was in the ordinary sense a failure, his efforts had at least provided one of the bases of a settlement which, such as it was, extricated Egypt from her most pressing financial difficulties. . . .

“. . . What with the Navy and Egypt,” Lord Northbrook had written before Christmas 1884, “I shall soon be the best abused man in England:” and a little later occurs the only personal allusion I have noticed to the agitation: “Beaumont thinks the *Pall Mall* attacks are doing me a great deal of harm.” However little Lord Northbrook noticed or cared about the personal aspect of the matter this was undoubtedly their effect, and it was therefore necessary to inquire what amount of justification there was in his conduct as First Lord of the Admiralty for the censure which public opinion at the time passed upon him. . . .

He showed . . . that what he had deprecated was the expenditure which had been urged upon him of an unlimited amount of money on the "present type of ships of war." It would, he thought, "be an extravagance to spend £2,000,000 of money in the construction of large ironclad ships. The great difficulty the Admiralty would have to contend with if they granted £3,000,000 or £4,000,000 to-morrow *for the purpose referred to*, would be to decide how they should spend the money. . . . The difficulty of the present time was whether it was desirable to increase the number of those enormous ships of war: and that was a difficulty felt not only by our Admiralty, but, as he knew, by those who had to conduct the naval affairs of other countries."

" . . . During the last five years we have laid down two ironclads to every one the French have laid down, and we shall spend this year nearly double what the French spend on ship-building. If this is not enough to satisfy people I am sorry for it."

" . . . In 1880, when the late Government came into office, we found the naval supremacy of this country in the respect to ships perfectly secure for the present, but we also found that, with regard to the future, matters were not so satisfactory, because our powerful friend and neighbour, France, in the exercise of her undoubted right and for very good reasons, was building a great many armour-plated ships, and their number was greater than that of those we were building ourselves. We found, moreover, that France was superior to us in respect, not to the number of the armament, but to the speed

of their cruisers. . . .* I am simply stating facts ; this having been the state of the case, I might have come to Parliament with a story of neglected state of the Navy under our predecessors, have been praised to the skies by all military papers, and have spent a large sum of money in ordering at once a great number of ships. I deliberately abstained from doing this. I did not wish to throw any blame on our predecessors, as I have said before ; but I had another and stronger reason for not stating the case publicly then. I did not want to proclaim our condition to the world, for if I had done so we might have been placed in an awkward position as regards our future supremacy at sea, for it would have been quite competent for our friends on the other side of the Channel to say, ‘ We now know in what state the English Navy is, and we have only to increase our expenditure to keep up our strength to theirs.’ That would have defeated the object I had in view.

“ In order that your lordships may feel satisfied that this description of our policy is not an after-thought, or invented for the occasion, I may mention that in 1891, when I was called by the Royal Commission upon the defences of the Colonies and Trade to appear before them, I gave my opinion respecting the general condition of the Navy ; and I stated then frankly the circumstances of the case, and explained that the policy of the Admiralty was to increase very considerably the number of armour-plated ships and of fast cruisers. My lords, that has been

* This was his statement in the House of Lords.

done steadily and gradually since. Year by year, as members of the other House know very well, the money spent upon shipbuilding has been increased, and year by year we have laid down more armour-plated ships and more fast cruisers; and when public opinion was roused upon this subject, I am bound to say long after the Board of Admiralty were aware of the facts and were engaged in dealing practically with them, we gladly took advantage of the feeling for the purpose of adding considerably to the rate of expenditure. As I was satisfied by carefully watching the progress made in the construction of ships of war abroad that there was no immediate risk, I believe we were right in moving gradually and in accordance with public opinion. . . .”

. . . It remains true, however, that they took a more sober and less imaginative view of the naval requirements of the day than their critics; that they were more or less content to cut their coat according to their cloth; that they were averse to presuming beyond a certain point on the willingness or the capacity of the taxpayers. Lord Northbrook, it may be admitted, was unfortunate in having presided at the Admiralty at a moment of transition. Without knowing it he stood on the threshold of an era of expansion in Imperial affairs and a corresponding change in public sentiment, which necessitated, or at all events was accompanied by, a hitherto undreamed-of growth of naval and military expenditure. No other explanation is required of the disparagement from which his naval

administration has suffered. As regards the Navy, the modest annual outlay which had been thought, and indeed had so far proved, amply sufficient not only for the protection, but also for the naval supremacy of the country, was suddenly discovered to be dangerously inadequate. Lord Northbrook's three millions turned out to be only a prelude to further naval programmes, to Imperial Defence Acts and Naval Defence Acts (considered necessary at the time to ensure continuity of policy), to annual increases in the estimates and enormous supplementary estimates; all enthusiastically endorsed by the public opinion of the day. "Almost untold millions," as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach expressed it when Chancellor of the Exchequer, were lavished on the Navy during the following fifteen years. The result was an overwhelmingly strong fleet, the value of which, as a guarantee of peace, has been incontestably proved in recent years. . . .

. . . The game of "beggar my neighbour" once entered on, the only safe course for this country was to show unmistakably her power to distance all competitors. Accordingly Lord Northbrook gave his hearty support to Lord George Hamilton's measures, approving of the expenditure proposed by him in 1889 of £21,000,000 on shipbuilding to be spread over five years.

BERNARD MALLET (*Life of the Earl of Northbrook*).

LORD DUFFERIN

(1826-1902. Frederick Temple Hamilton. Governor-General of Canada, 1872-1879. Governor-General of India, 1884-1888. Created Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, 1888.)

IN a letter to an English statesman, Sir G. Bowen wrote of Lord Dufferin—

“He has filled the highest offices, both in the diplomatic and colonial service, before he became the Viceroy of India; and always with success. My long experience leads me to endorse the opinion of Lord Stanhope in his ‘History of England,’ viz. that success, though not always a sure test of merit, is the best recommendation for promotion. Constant success, however, cannot be dependent on mere luck; and even if it were, other men serve best under chiefs on whom fortune smiles. I have always thought that Lord Dufferin’s career is an illustration of the maxim of Bias (quoted, with approval, by Aristotle) . . . ‘Office will show a man,’ for he has held very different posts, and proved himself eminently fitted for them all.”

Among those who have represented their Sovereign in any of the oversea dominions or at foreign Courts, Lord Dufferin’s name stands high. Few, or none, can approach his record of successful service in all parts of the world. For four and twenty years he occupied without a break, one after another, the highest posts which can be held by a subject of the Crown outside the United Kingdom, and from each new trial he emerged with an enhanced reputation. When

the facts of a man's career speak for themselves so plainly, his biographer need not fear the dilemma of the old epitaph-writer, who, divided between fear of the family and regard for the truth, lied so roundly as to the merits of the deceased that, while the family could not complain, posterity could not be deceived.

Among the gifts which go to the equipment of the ideal constitutional governor, none is so useful as that of ready and sympathetic oratory. Lord Dufferin's tutor at Eton nicknamed him, as a boy, "the orator," and an orator in the true sense he was throughout his life. Not only had he an abundant gift of forcible and picturesque language, but his tact and discretion never forsook him. He could deal better with the difficulties of a subject when making a speech on it than at any other time. It seemed as though all his mental faculties were then strung up to their highest point, just as some soldiers are always at their best in the stress of conflict, and it appeared as if then he could reach by a flash of instinct and intuition into the heart of the matter, at which other men, not less able, could only arrive by the hard and laborious process of logical thinking.

Lord Dufferin was far too broad-minded a man to be fantastic on the subject of parliamentary government. In Canada he had been the strongest advocate of its freest and unlimited application, but he had too much experience of the East to wish to transplant such a mature growth to alien soil. He had observed the fate of Midhat Pasha, the constitutional reformer at

Constantinople, and in Egypt he never proposed that his representative assembly should be more than a deliberative and consultative body with very limited powers of veto on new taxation. Later, in India, his attention was very much taken up by similar problems. The leaders of the National Congress were loudly demanding for all India a Government on the lines of the British Constitution. He sympathised very deeply with the sentiments which underlay those somewhat crude manifestations. He felt that "the time was passing when the British Government could afford to disparage the claims and aspirations of a party that the British system of education had deliberately created;" and that "the edifice of a great Empire over a miscellaneous population could not be constantly added to without distributing the pressure of administrative responsibilities." In spite of all the difficulties in the way, and not least the enormous numbers of the population, he thought that "their desire to take a larger part in the management of their domestic affairs seems to be a legitimate and reasonable aspiration." He therefore supported proposals for popularising the provincial Legislative Councils, and for admitting natives of India more freely to the Civil Service. At the same time he declared that, "having in regard to the relations in numbers, in condition, in status, and in qualifications for government, of what may be called the Europeanised or educated section of the Indian people, as compared with the masses that constitute the bulk of the nation, I am convinced that we shall be

falling into a grave error if, miscalculating the force and the value of Congress movement, and the influence of its supporters and advocates, whether in the Press or elsewhere, we were to relax in the slightest degree our grasp of the supreme administration of the country."

But Lord Dufferin was more than a successful diplomatist; he was also a statesman of a very high order, who possessed not only sound judgment, but the far rarer gift of imagination, and this is well brought out in the biography. There can be no higher tribute to Lord Dufferin's title to lasting fame than the fact that, were he alive to-day in the prime of his powers, as he was in the seventies and eighties, he would be universally acclaimed as the right man to send to either Australia or South Africa, to repeat the services he rendered to the Empire so brilliantly and so effectively in the case of the Dominion of Canada.

SIR A. LYALL (*Life of the Marquis of Dufferin*).

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

(1830-1903. Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil. Prime Minister, 1885-1886, 1886-1892, 1895-1900, and 1900-1902. Succeeded to Marquisate, 1868.)

To have successfully navigated the British ship of State over a period of fourteen years (1885-6, 1886-92, 1895-1902), a period which has bridged the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which has witnessed so many national vicissitudes and

involved so many complex problems, calls for more than passing comment. It includes the greatest war in British history, whether judged by its difficulties or its cost, and many Eastern and Western New World diplomatic complications; it has been a time in which, by reason of England's unbounded prosperity, all Europe has been consciously or unconsciously jealous of her ascendancy, and, in spirit, if not always in act, inimical to her interests; a time in which a comparatively newly-enfranchised democracy has held political sway, when a man at the plough has wielded almost as much political power as one on the judicial Bench; when the average politician has not had the courage to caution the thoughtless in regard to their own incapacity for political foresight, but has preferred the easier course of encouraging the belief that the man at the plough is as competent as the man on the Bench to make laws for the present and future of his country; a time when the people's personal gratification of the hour is demanded of the politicians as if it were the equivalent for the welfare of the race; and last, but not least, when two parties, guided in the past by dissimilar political principles, have, in the cause of Union, sunk their differences, but have had, nevertheless, to be mutually placated in the current legislation of the country: to have piloted his country through such a period as this, and yet be able to leave her name and reputation in the hands of others who succeed him, widely respected, and feared if not loved, by all other peoples, is to have accomplished a magnificent human feat,

and to have won a niche in the most exclusive gallery of fame.

(*Review of Reviews.*)

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

(1833–1908. Spencer Compton Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington. Succeeded to Dukedom, 1891. Lord President of the Council, 1895–1903. Declined Premiership in 1880.)

“ . . . I* (HARTINGTON) understood from him (Northbrook) that he got no instructions from Gladstone, and that the latter said very little to him about Egypt. . . . Did Northbrook give you any message from me as to what I had heard of Bismarck’s state of mind, and how convinced he appears to be that we only care about conciliating the French, and nothing about him? . . . ”

“ . . . † What I want to impress on you is that, in my opinion, if you do not invent and insist upon a policy, we are done, not only as a Government but as a country. You know enough of the helplessness of the Cabinet on this question to know that we shall never make up our minds on a mere report.”

. . . Lord Northbrook . . . wrote on 22nd December to Lord Hartington . . . “ Mr. Gladstone has paid no attention to the opinion I have given as to what should be done. . . . ”

* Lord Northbrook had gone to Cairo, in 1884, “with vague instructions” to look into the Egyptian finances, a matter which was much complicated by the then existing Dual Control. The quotation is from a letter of Lord Hartington to Lord Granville, September, 3, 1884.

† Letter to Lord Northbrook, September 11.

“I* have not been successful in inducing Mr. Gladstone to take any interest in the business. . . .”

The advance of the Russians in Central Asia had brought them to the Afghan border. A joint Russian-British Commission had been agreed upon to settle disputed points as to what that frontier actually was. The Russians had not behaved amicably, they had kept the British Commissioners long awaiting their arrival, and one day (March 30, 1885) their troops attacked some Afghan troops on the debatable ground, and occupied Penjdeh. . . .

. . . Mr. Gladstone attached an importance to the Russian crisis somewhat surprising in one who had always violently assailed war undertaken on a point of honour or prestige. On the 21st April he asked the House of Commons in a most impressive oration—that in which he said, “We cannot close this book and say we will look in it no more”—for a vote of £11,000,000. . . .

. . . Lord Hartington, in the autumn of 1883, held that the two closely connected measures of the extension of franchise and the redistribution of seats should be passed in the same session. . . . “The real representation of the loyal minority in Ireland is to be found not in any artificial devices . . . but in the 550 members for England and Scotland, the vast majority of whom agree more closely with the minority in Ireland than they do with the majority of the Irish members here. The real protection and the

* Lord Northbrook to “another correspondent.”

real safety of the minority in Ireland will be found in the English and the Scotch representation in this house." . . . Lord Randolph Churchill and others had warmly supported the inclusion of Ireland. . . . Lord Salisbury still held to the position that the Redistribution Bill must not be brought in, but passed, in the same session with the Franchise Bill.

*Notes of Conversation with Sir Michael Hicks Beach**

" . . . There were, no doubt, many of his (Sir M. Hicks Beach's) party who detested the whole question of Parliamentary Reform. . . . What he did believe to be possible was to prevent the passing of a Franchise Bill either without Redistribution or coupled with an unfair or inadequate Redistribution." . . . These preliminaries . . . led to those larger meetings in November between the chiefs of the two parties, in which Mr. Gladstone discovered that he was, in reality, more Conservative than Lord Salisbury. Lord Hartington had already made the same discovery with regard to himself and Sir Michael Hicks Beach. . . . The general lines of the Redistribution Bill were agreed upon . . . before the end of November, and the Franchise Bill then reached port . . . with immeasurable consequences. . . . The first and most immediate consequence, as Lord Hartington had foreseen, was the great force added to the leaders of the movement in favour of Irish national independence. . . .

* These are dated "War Office, October 29, 1884."

. . . The Whig wing of the Cabinet, adhering to Lord Spencer, were for a modified renewal of the Coercion Act, with the balm of a Land Purchase Bill, and a limited extension of self-government in local centres. The Radical wing were averse to coercion, and averse to a Purchase Bill. . . . Lord Hartington . . . throughout these discussions, held to the position that there should be no extension of self-government in Ireland which was not also made in the rest of the United Kingdom. . . . A few days later the Prime Minister gave notice of the introduction of a Land Purchase Bill. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke at once sent in their resignations. They would not assent to a Land Purchase Bill unless it were coupled with extension of local self-government.

. . . The Earl of Carnarvon, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, announced in the House of Lords (July 6, 1885) the decision of Government not to renew the existing Coercion Act, and in so doing used remarkable language. He referred to his experience as Colonial Secretary, and said: "Just as I have seen in England's colonies across the sea a combination of English, Irish, and Scotch settlers bound together in loyal obedience to the law and the Crown, and contributing to the general prosperity of the country, so I cannot conceive that there is any irreconcilable bar here in this native home to the unity and amity of the two nations." . . . He had an interview with Mr. Parnell, and discussed the possibilities of some kind of Irish self-government. . . .

Mr. Chamberlain, free from restraints of office, brought all his force into the field, and in a series of frank and vigorous speeches advocated ideas many of which have since then been more or less realised. . . . He did not disguise his desire for the disestablishment of the Church. He was in favour of triennial Parliaments. He advocated the equalisation of death duties on real estate, the graduation of income tax, judicial rents and right of sale of tenants' interest for British farmers, and decent cottages and allotments for labourers. . . . Increased power to local authorities was a main feature of his creed. . . .

“I* (Lord Hartington) had some talk with Chamberlain yesterday. He seems inclined to drop the Irish proposals altogether for the present. “He is going to devote himself chiefly to land questions, and seems to be most keen about giving power to local bodies to acquire land compulsorily, to be let or sold to labourers as allotments. . . . He also says that he is going for graduated taxation. . . . He . . . is also for free schools. In short, we are going as fast as we can in the Socialist direction.”

Lord Hartington wrote from Bolton Abbey, on September 20, 1885, to Mr. Goschen—

“I think that Mr. Gladstone's manifesto † on the whole bears out the character which I have heard of it, and leans to the side of moderation.

* Letter to Lord Granville, August 5, 1885.

† In its references to Ireland Lord Hartington saw no symptoms of the storm which was to break up the party so soon.

. . . I must admit, however, that it seems to be rather a weak production, and, if it were not that the party are ready to take anything from him, I think it would fall rather flat. Chamberlain's last speeches are, I think, very able, and he has the advantage over us of greater definiteness in his programme.

“. . . In the long run the active men will have their own way, and the future Liberal Party will be Radical. I see nothing for the Whigs but to disappear or to turn Tories. I think I shall prefer the former.”

. . . He* crossed to Ireland, and spoke at Belfast on November 8th. . . . He himself, he said, would not go beyond administrative re-organisation and the establishment of County Councils on an elective basis. “The extension of Irish management over Irish affairs must be a growth from small beginnings; it must be a superstructure raised on sound foundations.”

. . . After the elections (General, 1885) the Conservatives and Nationalists together just out-balanced the Liberals. From a purely strategic point of view it was hardly worth while for the Conservatives to retain office at the cost of an Irish alliance, for they would not have had a working majority. On the other hand, with Irish assistance, the Liberal majority would be a large one.

Certain newspapers published on December 17 a statement that Mr. Gladstone had made up his mind to the grant of a National Legislature to Ireland. . . .

* Lord Hartington.

*Mr. Gladstone to Lord Hartington, September 3,
1885*

“ . . . The subject of Ireland has perplexed me much even on the North Sea . . . ” (where he was yachting with Lord Brassey in the *Sunbeam*).

“ . . . The general development since that time of popular principles, the prolonged experience of Norway (I might perhaps mention Finland), and the altogether new experience of Austria-Hungary, along with them the great power we have placed in the hands of the Irish people, require the reconsideration of the whole position. . . . ”

“ I have laboured very hard at the Irish portion of my (possible) address. . . . ”

Lord Hartington to Mr. Gladstone

“ . . . I have incurred the violent abuse of the Tories and the patronising protection of Chamberlain and Dilke, which is more difficult to bear, my own friends are losing confidence and are slipping away from me. . . . ”

*Mr. Gladstone to Lord Hartington,
November 10, 1885*

“ . . . I wish to say something about the modern Radicalism. . . . The two most prominent causes of its forwardness have been—

“ 1. Tory democracy.

“ 2. The gradual disintegration of the Liberal aristocracy.

“ . . . I think the conduct of the Duke of

Bedford and others has been as unjustifiable as it is foolish, especially after what *we* did to save the House of Lords from itself in the business of the franchise.

“Nor can I deny that the question of the House of Lords, of the Church, or both, will probably split the Liberal Party. But let it split decently, honourably, and for cause. . . .”

Lord Hartington to Mr. Gladstone

“. . . I confess . . . that I feel as much opposed as ever to the attempt to create a great central body dealing with local government in Ireland; and that I do not see how such an attempt could be anything but a long step in the direction of complete legislative independence. Nor do I see how it would be possible sufficiently to guard the interests and rights of the minority, which consists, in my opinion, not only of the landlords, but of a large part of the inhabitants of Ulster.”

*Mr. Gladstone to Lord Hartington,
November 18, 1885*

“The main questions are, does Irish Nationalism contemplate a fair division of Imperial burdens, and will it agree to just provisions for the protection of the landlords? I do not think that, on the other hand, sufficient allowance has been made for the *enormous* advantage we derive from the change in the form of the Nationalist demand from Repeal of the Union (which would reinstate a Parliament having *original* authority) to the form of a Bill for a derivative Chamber

acting under imperial authority. The whole basis of the proceeding is hereby changed."

*Mr. Gladstone to Lord Hartington,
December 17, 1885*

"I consider that Ireland has now spoken; and that an effort ought to be made by the *Government* without delay to meet her demands for the management by an Irish legislative body of Irish, as distinct from Imperial affairs.

"Only a Government can do it, and the Tory Government can do it more easily and safely than any other.

"There is first a postulate—that the state of Ireland shall be such as to warrant it.

"The conditions of an admissible plan, I think are:—

"1. Union of the Empire and due supremacy of Parliament.

"2. Protection for the minority—a difficult matter, on which I have talked much with Spence, certain points, however, remaining to be considered.

"3. Fair allocation of Imperial charges.

"4. A statutory basis seems to be better and safer than the revival of Grattan's Parliament, but I wish to hear much more than this; as the minds of men are still in so crude a state on the whole subject.

"5. Neither as opinions nor as intentions have I to any one alive promulgated those ideas as decided on by me.

"6. As to intentions, I determined to have

none at present—to leave space to the Government—I should wish to encourage them if I properly could—above all, on no account to say or do anything which would enable the Nationalists to establish rival biddings between us. . . .

“Of our late colleagues I have had most communication with Granville, Spencer, Rosebery. Would you kindly send this on to Granville?”

Lord Hartington to Mr. Gladstone

“Harcourt, Chamberlain, Dilke, and I met this afternoon and had a good deal of discussion on the Irish question.”

Lord Hartington to Lord Granville

“. . . Chamberlain and Harcourt are as much opposed to Home Rule as I am. The former thinks Gladstone’s scheme (for there is practically a scheme) quite impossible and prefers another. But both of them are more impressed than I am with the hopelessness of resistance, in present circumstances, or of governing Ireland by repression.”

Sir William Harcourt, a man built mentally, as well as physically, on the large scale, was a most reluctant convert to Mr. Gladstone’s policy. . . .

Lord Hartington was followed by Lord Derby, Lord Northbrook, Lord Selborne, and Lord Carlingford, members of the late Cabinet. Sir Henry James was his faithful and useful adherent. John Bright declared against Home Rule. . . .

. . . In a speech made in November, 1890, Lord Hartington referred with kindness and regret to these events, and Lord Rosebery wrote to him—

“I read your words about the separation caused by politics with great pleasure; they are both kind and true. For myself I can sincerely say that the greatest sorrow I have ever known in public life was the severance from you and the manner of it.

“ . . . Goethe, in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, says—

“The most fearful manifestation of the dæmonic is when it is seen predominating in some individual character. During my life I have observed several instances of this, either more closely or remotely. Such persons are not always the most eminent men, neither morally nor intellectually . . . but a tremendous energy seems to be seated in them, and they exercise a wonderful power over all creatures. All the moral powers combined are of no avail against them; in vain does the more enlightened portion of mankind attempt to throw suspicion upon them as deceived, if not deceivers—the mass is still drawn on by them. Seldom, if ever, do the great men of an age find their equals among their contemporaries, and they are to be overcome by nothing but the Universe itself; and it is from observation of this fact that the strange, but most striking proverb must have arisen, *Nemo contra Deum nisi Deus ipse.*”

. . . Lord Hartington . . . spoke on April 9th,

1886. He described the position in which the Liberal party had stood before the elections. . . .

The country . . . had, before the elections, no idea of the vast proposal which was to be set before it if the Liberals came into power. He said—

“Although no principle of a ‘mandate’ may exist, there are certain limits which Parliament is morally bound to observe, and beyond which Parliament has, morally, not the right to go in its relations with the constituents. The constituencies of Great Britain are the source of the power at all events of this branch of Parliament, and I maintain that, in the presence of an emergency which could not be foreseen, the House of Commons has no right to initiate legislation, especially immediately upon its first meeting, of which the constituencies were not informed, and of which the constituencies might have been informed, and of which, if they had been so informed, there is, at all events, the very greatest doubt as to what their decision might be.”

The time might come, he (Lord Hartington) said, when not merely County Boards or Municipal Councils, but “some larger provincial, and perhaps even national organisation and co-ordination of local authorities may be required in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. When that time comes, let Ireland share in whatever is granted to England, Scotland, or to Wales; but when it comes, it will, in my opinion, be the outgrowth of institutions which have not yet been created. The

superstructure will be raised on foundations which have not yet been laid, and it would be unwise and impolitic . . . to attempt to begin at the top."

Lord Hartington pointed out the distinctions between the case of the United Kingdom and that of the self-governing colonies. The colonies were, at the nearest, 3000 miles away. The connection between them and ourselves was voluntary and not one which, if a colony manifested unmistakably its desire to terminate it altogether, we should maintain by force. . . .

With rare exceptions all the best thought in England was opposed to the disuniting policy* of Mr. Gladstone and his political followers or allies. It was a pity that Mr. Gladstone did not fulfil his long-delayed intention to retire, now that he was seventy-seven, after the elections of 1886, for the following years added nothing to his reputation. John Bright, now within a few months from his death, wrote sadly to Lord Hartington in the autumn of 1887: "Times are changed, and our old friend Mr. Gladstone has done much to make them incurably worse."

BERNARD HOLLAND (*The Life of the Duke of Devonshire*).

What is a Whig? No word has suffered more from the looseness of definition which has always been characteristic of politicians. Throughout the eighteenth century almost every statesman, Harley as well as Somers, Chatham

* In reference, of course, to the Home Rule Bill.

as well as Walpole, Burke as well as Fox, called himself a Whig. But Chatham and Burke, at least, were men of ideas; and as we look back and watch the essence of Whiggism gradually solidifying, gradually taking its proper and definite shape, we see that no man of ideas can really be a Whig. The beginning of Whiggism is the great Revolution, the most useful, and the most sensible, the most legal of Revolutions, but also the least glorious, the least imaginative, the least connected, either as child or parent, with ideas. The Whigs who made it might talk of such theories as the original contract; but what they had in hand was for them, as all subsequent questions were for their descendants, a matter of business and of common sense. Their whole turn of mind was equally far removed from the principle of the Divine Right of kings as taught by Anglican bishops, and from that of the inherent lawfulness of rebellion and the rule of the saints which inspired the conscience and excused the ambition of Cromwell. Things rather than words, practice rather than theory, a working solution for the moment rather than the establishment of any eternal principles—these were from first to last the characteristics of the Whigs. And no one illustrated them more exactly than their last and, perhaps, most honourable exponent, Spencer Compton Cavendish, who was for half a century one of the principal figures in English politics as Marquis of Hartington and finally as Duke of Devonshire.

We learn on the authority of Mr. Wilfrid Ward that he liked substantial food, could

exclaim on the arrival of roast beef to reinforce a too elegant and ethereal dinner, "Hurrah! something to eat at last," and twenty years later could still remember the dinner and the principal fact about it, which—in spite of the presence of Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Vaughan, and other great personages—was simply that "we had nothing to eat!" Again, we hear that he was so careless about engagements as to cause a certain hostess to say that, when she had invited Lord Hartington, she always asked one man to spare, on the principle of the twelfth man in a cricket team; that he forgot Queen Victoria's messages to Lord Salisbury, and King Edward's promises to dine with him; and that he so long omitted to get a new hat that five and twenty ladies of his acquaintance are said to have conspired each to send him one on his birthday; and finally that he liked children, and, while leader of the Opposition, was once found stretched on the floor playing knuckle-bones with Lady Granville's daughters. This last picture is one of the few that link him with the man who carried the Union which it was his own great achievement to save, the imperious and self-confident Pitt. Two others of the great names of the House of Commons, Walpole and Althorp, are recalled by his passion for hunting, but it did not last so long with him; nor, fortunately, did his love of cards ever go deep enough to recall the most famous of his predecessors in the leadership of the Opposition, Charles James Fox. Finally, he took the true "grand seigneur" interest in agriculture. Once

when some foolish peer was talking in the House of Lords about the proudest moment of his life, he was heard to murmur, "The proudest moment of my life was when my pig won the first prize at Skipton Fair."

A few more serious traits are given by Mr. Charles Hamilton and Mrs. Arthur Strong, both of whom worked in his service, and speak with equal admiration of his kindness as a chief, of his generous views of the claims made upon him, and of his strong sense of duty, and particularly of his own duty on the principle of *noblesse oblige*. Mr. Hamilton adds to his testimony what is less known, his reluctant but continuous hard work. Some people, again, will be surprised at Mrs. Strong's report that he was a large buyer of books, making constant additions to the Chatsworth Library; and still more at her account of the last time she saw him at Chatsworth, when she showed him the first edition of "Paradise Lost," and he proceeded, to her astonishment, to read the opening of the poem aloud. "He read on for quite a time, stopping once to say, 'How fine this is! I had forgotten how fine it was!' when the Duchess came in and, poking her parasol into his ribs, whimsically remarked, 'If he begins to read poetry he will never come out for his walk!'"

Foresight is the greatest quality of statesmen; but it is their misfortune that history is commonly inclined to demand it of them in impossible measure. Men are judged to have succeeded or failed, not in the light of the facts they had before them, but in the light of those

that lie open before the historian. In that light probably the great actors in the victorious struggle of 1886 will come ultimately to be judged. Much has happened already to justify them; much more may happen in the near future. For instance, if it turns out that a struggle for national existence lies before us, and if we emerge victorious from that struggle, history will certainly say that England owed her preservation largely to those who for twenty years pursued a policy of unification and not of disruption; who transformed the poor and discontented Ireland of 1886 into the prosperous and hopeful Ireland of 1911; who may be said almost to have discovered the idea of the British Empire as a thing conscious of itself; and who so conducted our foreign policy as to remove all avoidable causes of quarrel with foreign nations, and to substitute for hazardous isolation the understandings necessary for the preservation of European peace.

Again, when history comes to record the final destruction of the old parliamentary system in England, it will probably find that while parliamentary institutions had been for some time undergoing a process of decay, the year 1911 was the fatal year which made recovery impossible; and that, but for the Unionist combination, a measure resembling the Parliament Act might well have been passed much earlier. If so, it will not be the least of the claims to remembrance of Lord Hartington and his allies that they deferred the revolution for some ten or twenty valuable years.

To Mr. Gladstone's fiery and imaginative nature, Liberty was a kind of goddess whose worship was equally applicable everywhere, whose proper rites were free institutions of the English pattern, and whose voice, when it spoke through these holy channels, it was a kind of impiety to resist. To a plain man like Lord Hartington liberty was merely a sound general principle, the best on which to manage political affairs wherever possible, but entirely subject in its application to considerations of justice and expediency. For him, if Home Rule for Ireland was certain to prove a disaster both to Ireland and England, the fact that eighty Irish members wanted it was one that could not affect his attitude in the slightest degree. To Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, it was a fact of almost sacred significance and authority. His own mind, of his own accord and quite sincerely, had long been moving in the same direction; and of this his most intimate colleagues were aware. But he could not be got to see that, sincere as he was in his convictions, his attitude in the face of the party and the nation was, in fact, one of insincerity. His object, whether he was conscious of it or not, was really to lead his party blindfold across to the Home Rule side of the dividing river, and not to let them know it till the bridge behind them was broken down. And he would probably have succeeded if he had not had to deal with a man so resolute and so unamenable to management by phrases as Lord Hartington.

Hartington resembled in some respects the

man most unlike Gladstone in the world, the great Duke of Wellington, to whose distinctive title of "The Duke" he ultimately succeeded. He had what Napoleon called the first quality in a general, the "cool head which receives just impressions of things, which is never confused, nor allows itself to be dazzled or intoxicated by good or bad news." Mr. Gladstone's mind, on the other hand, was highly susceptible of all forms of excitement.

Quarterly Review.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

(1836-1914. President of Board of Trade, 1880-1885.
Colonial Secretary, 1895-1903.)

The Key to his Career.—From his boyhood up, Joseph Chamberlain had been consumed by a passionate longing to benefit the lot of the common people. To outward appearance shortsighted people might imagine that in his screw-making business days he was intent upon the interests of the capitalist, and in his late political developments, when he was basking in the smiles of duchesses, and being lionised in the stately palaces of our splendid paupers, that he was somewhat more sympathetic with the classes than with the masses. But to draw such conclusions would be to do Mr. Chamberlain wrong. Not John Burns, not Keir Hardie, not Louis Michel, is more constantly occupied by the necessity of doing something to make the cottage

of the labouring man less of a hovel and more of a home. It is true that his devotion to the disinherited of the world had not seemed to him to demand the sacrifices which were in vain suggested to the young man of many possessions in the Gospel. But Mr. Chamberlain denied himself this showy form of self-abnegation only in order that he might strengthen himself for the purpose of befriending the helpless poor.

The Tribune-Trustee for the People.—When unkind controversialists charge Mr. Chamberlain with inconsistency, their accusations only provoke a smile on the lips of that statesman. He has steered by the Pole star of this fundamental conviction. He has been a steward of the people, and his one thought is always whether he has been faithful to his stewardship. Whether it is his fortune—a considerable one, due chiefly to the success with which his firm crushed out the competition of all smaller firms in the screw business—his municipal influence, or his political position, Mr. Chamberlain recognises that he holds everything in trust for the people. To such a length does he carry this that he can never really bring himself to consider that he has any right to more than one-half of his own private fortune. The other half is not his, it is theirs—a kind of trust fund of which he is the administrator. It is this conception which gives unity to his career, that redeems it from all charge of self-seeking, and vindicates his unswerving consistency.

His Sole Aim in Politics.—To promote the welfare of the common man, to make the

miserable less wretched, and to make a little more comfort attainable by the disinherited of this world's goods,—that has been, in good report and in ill, the supreme object of his life. Others who did not know the secret purpose of his heart misjudged him. But Mr. Chamberlain never misjudged himself. He knew whither he was steering. He might tack to catch what wind he could in his sails. If he deviated from the straight course it was but that he might the more speedily urge his onward way to his destined goal. His career to those who have not that clue may seem a somewhat tangled mass of inconsistencies. To those who can see the end from the beginning in Mr. Chamberlain's case everything is clear. Nor can there be any mistake as to the one increasing purpose which runs through the busy years.

His Main Object in Life.—What is Mr. Chamberlain's objective? What is the one dominating principle of his life? Mr. Chamberlain has left us in no doubt on this subject, for he has himself defined it. His one great credo was thus stated by him ten years ago—

“I am confident in the capacity of a wise Government, resting upon the representation of the whole people, to do something to add to the sum of human happiness, to smooth the way for misfortune and poverty. We are told that this country is the paradise of the rich. It should be our duty to see that it does not become the purgatory of the poor. . . . What I say is, that the community as a whole co-operating for the benefit of all may do something to add to the

sum of human happiness—do something to make the life of all citizens, especially the poorest of them, somewhat better, somewhat nobler, somewhat greater, and somewhat happier.”

Henry George's Dictum.—It is little more than ten years ago since Mr. Henry George, the well-known author of “Progress and Poverty,” was lecturing at Liverpool. He made an allusion to the name of Mr. Chamberlain, which was loudly cheered; thereupon, interrupting his address, he uttered the following words: “Aye, cheer him and follow him; the man to raise the standard of the natural rights of man—he is the man to follow.” Mr. George was at the time an embarrassing admirer of Mr. Chamberlain. It is said that he regarded Citizen Chamberlain as the future President of the British Republic, and was indeed so effusive in his devotion that Mr. Chamberlain got his secretary to write to a correspondent to say—“In reply to your inquiry, Mr. Chamberlain desires me to say that he has no influence with Mr. Henry George, with many of his opinions he disagrees.”

Mr. Jesse Collings' Half-Truth.—Mr. Jesse Collings in 1884 called attention to the attacks made upon Mr. Chamberlain by the Tory party as having a meaning far beyond mere personal hostility. “The policy of the privileged classes is to attack, and if possible, to crush anybody who makes himself obnoxious to their order.” Therein Mr. Jesse Collings states a half-truth as if it were a whole. It is not always the policy of the privileged classes to crush those whose tireless and uncompromising sympathies with

the people constitute a danger to the monopolies of that class. It is often much more profitable to nobble than to crush.

Mr. Chamberlain as an Orator.—There is lacking in him something of the divine fervour which made Mr. Bright often remind his hearers of the old Hebrew prophets. From that deeper note which Mr. Gladstone touched, Mr. Chamberlain shrinks with a diffidence which is not usually considered to be one of his characteristics. On one occasion he declared he did not feel himself worthy to untie the shoe-strings of either of those great men; but that was when he was in a humble mood, and methinks he protested too much. I remember the first time I ever heard him, being agreeably surprised by the way in which he pleaded in his peroration for the Zulus, and other natives of South Africa, whose rights he considered had been trampled under foot by the Jingo policy of Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Beaconsfield. That speech was to many of us somewhat of a revelation. It really seemed to some of us, as we said at the time, as if Mr. Chamberlain after all had a heart. That criticism was just, for Mr. Chamberlain had a heart, and a warm one, although it is not equally warm all round. He is like our own planet, which has its torrid zone and its Arctic regions, but in his case those who have the good fortune to inhabit the equatorial belt are much fewer than those who inhabit the neighbourhood of the northern and southern poles. It is seldom in his speeches that he reveals the warmer side of his nature, but occasionally he lets himself go, and then

people discover to their surprise that Mr. Chamberlain is not a mere wire-puller and political huckster, but a man with a human heart and a human soul.

As a Debater.—Of his capacity as a debater there are no two opinions. Two very different men—Mr. W. C. Lucy of the *Daily News*, and Mr. H. T. Escott, formerly of the *Standard* and *Fortnightly Review*—recently expressed their opinions on the subject. Mr. Lucy (for I suppose it was he who wrote the sketch in the *Daily News*) said—

“As a Parliamentary speaker Mr. Chamberlain is almost faultless. He is not indeed eloquent, if by eloquence is meant what excites the passions or appeals to the heart. His perfect command of simple and vigorous English, his admirable lucidity of statement, his power of incisive criticism, his adroitness and readiness in reply, give him immense power in the House of Commons, even among those who dislike and distrust him.”

Mr. Escott's estimate is much the same—

“If the imagination, the humour, the capacity for emotion and sympathy possessed by the Birmingham statesman were proportionate to his clearness of vision and his strength of will, Mr. Chamberlain would scarcely be inferior to Mr. Disraeli himself, with whom he has more points in common than many persons may think. In his capacity of House of Commons debater, so far as readiness to discern his opportunity and to retort to his opponent's arguments go, Mr. Chamberlain is not far behind the man who

created the Conservative party as we know it to-day. As a rhetorical epigrammatist, Mr. Chamberlain in these, his later days, often displays a faculty which reminds the experienced palate of Mr. Disraeli himself."

Mr. Escott, in likening Mr. Chamberlain to Lord Beaconsfield, did not do Mr. Chamberlain a benefit. It used to be said by his critics that he was a Radical Disraeli, a theory which he indignantly repudiated. His ambition was to be a Radical Apostle Paul, and Liberalism was to him in those days the religion of humanity—a famous declaration which he has probably forgotten long ago.

The German Chancellor, by making him the object of an attack* which was at once clumsy and unjust, and by identifying his name with the honour of our army, naturally and inevitably made the nation, without regard to party, rally to his side. Its feeling that in this quarrel it must stand by him was increased by the blunt manner in which he responded to Count von Bülow's words of censure, and flung back at him the sneers in which he had indulged. The net result is that, for the moment, Mr. Chamberlain is master of the situation, and has been stronger as a member of the Government than he ever was before.

It is undeniable that the dignity and self-control with which Mr. Chamberlain dealt with a very delicate situation, and administered a grave and severe rebuke without the possibility of a rejoinder, reassured the country as to his

* In 1901.

admirable capacity in a branch of statesmanship about which there had previously been a certain measure of misgiving. The few crisp sentences in which he vindicated himself and the army, and instantly arrested the flood of foreign calumnies that had so deeply stung the people of the Empire, struck a responsive chord in every part of it. Their (in the best sense) Palmerstonian ring convinced the Empire that it had a Minister who could upon occasion speak for it as it would be spoken for. The voice which some had feared was only potent to raise storms was seen to be equally powerful to allay them. Since Parliament reassembled, the moderation and strength of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches have only served to deepen this impression. It is hardly to be wondered at if he has gained enormously in popularity and prestige, and has become "stronger in the Government"—and, what is more important, in the Empire—"than ever he was before."

But far more interesting and impressive than the tardy admissions of political opponents has been the striking demonstration at the Guildhall, where the Corporation of the City surrounded the presentation of its address to Mr. Chamberlain with all the dignity and magnificence which centuries of experience of such ceremonies have taught it to bestow. Nothing was wanting in the enthusiasm of the crowd in the streets, in the reception accorded to Mr. Chamberlain in the Guildhall itself, or in the words which were spoken, to heighten the compliment and to carry conviction to every mind of the sincerity of the tribute to a great minister.

And yet, favourable as recent events have been to Mr. Chamberlain, they are but passing incidents in a great and progressive career. They are rather the occasion for than the cause of a demonstration of regard. His real claim to the lasting admiration and gratitude of his country must be based upon his services to the cause of Imperial unity. It is for his conspicuous share in the knitting together and consolidation of the Empire that he will be remembered in history.

From the chaos of political parties, and the confusion of political aims, which have been so strange a feature of our national life during the last sixteen years, there has gradually emerged one great and striking personality, the idea of a united Empire, and the personality of Mr. Chamberlain.

When he took office as Colonial Secretary * the loyalty of the colonies was beyond question, and their desire for closer union with the mother country already showed vigorous signs of life. Statesmen at home of all parties had hitherto observed an attitude of cordial expectancy, but of great and very proper caution. Mr. Chamberlain set to work steadily, persistently, and without for a moment forcing the pace, to keep the idea of the Empire before the minds of his fellow-countrymen in every part of the British dominions. He showed the colonies how much a strong and sympathetic minister could do for them. Whatever his preoccupations and anxieties in wider fields, the smallest colony received its due share of his watchful attention.

* In 1895.

He gained the confidence of all by his care of their interests, and his scrupulous regard for their susceptibilities. Probably for the first time they realised that they were represented in the inmost councils of the Empire by one of the most powerful members of the Cabinet.

Meanwhile he lost no opportunity of educating the people at home. His remarkable power of simple and lucid statement has made his speeches upon all colonial and Imperial questions the best possible political training. The meaning of the Empire and the idea of Imperial unity and consolidation began to be widely understood. For every one who had read Seeley's "Expansion of England," a hundred heard or read Mr. Chamberlain's speeches. Others have made their fellow-citizens conscious of the Empire; Mr. Chamberlain made the Empire conscious of itself.

Review of Reviews.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

(1849-1895. Randolph Henry Spencer. Secretary for India, 1885-1886. Chancellor of Exchequer and Leader of House of Commons, 1886.)

" . . . WHEN I feel very cross and angry " (he writes, when only twenty-four years of age), " I read Gibbon, whose profound philosophy and easy though majestic writing soon quiets me down, and in an hour I feel at peace with all the world. When I feel very low and desponding I

read Horace, whose thorough epicureanism, quiet maxims, and beautiful verse are most tranquilising. Of late I have had to have frequent recourse to my two friends, and they have never failed me. I strongly recommend you to read some great works or histories; they pass the time, and prevent you from worrying or thinking too much about the future. Novels, or even travels, are rather unsatisfactory, and do one no good, because they create an unhealthy excitement, which is bad for any one."

Speaking at the meeting of the Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, 1877, he said that there had been in the ancient world three principal schools of philosophy: there was the school of the Stoics—a most disagreeable school; the school of the Platonists—a most unintelligible school; and the school of the Epicureans—a most attractive school.

"Perhaps," he continued, "I may be permitted to think that there is a connection, almost an intimate connection, between the philosophy of the Epicurean school and what is known as Conservative politics. To let things alone as much as we can; to accustom ourselves to look always at the brightest side; to legislate rather for the moment than for the dim and distant future, gratefully leaving that job for posterity, and thus making all classes comfortable—these are, as I understand them, the maxims of what we know as Conservative politics. . . ."

. . . The Primrose League sprang from the unveiling of Lord Beaconsfield's statue. Sir

Henry Wolff did not attend in his place to hear Sir Stafford Northcote's speech and Lord Salisbury's vote of thanks. . . . The well-known superintendent of the members' cloak-room, Mr. Cove, said to him, "You must have a primrose," and gave him one. Thus adorned, Sir Henry entered the Chamber and found the whole Conservative party similarly decorated with Lord Beaconsfield's favourite flower. The fact impressed him vividly, and he said to Lord Randolph Churchill, as they walked home together, "What a show of primroses! This should be turned to account. Why not start a 'Primrose League'?" Lord Randolph was instantly interested. "Draw up a plan," he said, "to carry out your idea and we will see what can be done."

* "University (Ireland) Education (1885).

This should take the form of—

1. The transference of Cork College to a Catholic board of management.

2. The endowment of the Catholic University College in Dublin.

3. The establishment of a Catholic College in Armagh.

4. The transference of the Belfast College to a Presbyterian board of management. . . .

"I assume two facts—

'1. That coercion is impossible now.

'2. That anything in the nature of an Irish Parliament is impossible always.'

Aims—"Similarity of treatment between England and Ireland in Local Government.

* These are Lord Randolph's notes for a programme.

“*Liberality* of grants from Treasury towards Irish objects.

“*Concession* to the Roman Catholic hierarchy on education questions.”

. . . Mr. Gladstone . . . had told the Queen two years before (*i.e.* in 1883) that the Irish question could only be settled by a conjunction of parties. . . .

. . . A proposal to establish by statute, subject to guarantees of Imperial supremacy, a colonial Parliament in Ireland for the transaction of Irish business may indeed be unwise, but is not, and ought not to be, outside the limits of calm and patient consideration. Such a proposal is not necessarily fraught with the immense and terrific consequences which were generally associated with it. A generation may arise in England who will question the policy of creating subordinate legislatures as little as we question the propriety of Catholic Emancipation, and who will study the records of the fierce disputes of 1886 with the superior manner of a modern professor examining the controversies of the early Church. But will not prove the men of 1886 wrong or foolish in speech and action.

“ . . . Do you not think,” he (Lord Randolph Churchill) asked,* “that the time has arrived—and fully arrived—when we might seriously consider together how we might form a new political party in England? Do you not think that that party might be an essentially English party? I say English from no spirit of prejudice whatever. I mean a party which shall be

* In a speech at Manchester, March 2, 1886.

essentially English in all those ideas of justice, of moderation, of freedom from prejudice and of resolution which are the peculiarities of the English race. Do you not think that such a party might be formed, which might combine all that is best of the politics of the Tory, the Whig or the Liberal?—combine them all, whether they be principles or whether they be men; and might not we call the party by a new name—might not we call it the party of the Union? Members of that party might be known as Unionists. Our opponents are the party of Separation, and they may be known as “Separatists,” because they are a party who, in one form or another, would adopt a policy which would be equivalent to the restoration of the Heptarchy. . . .

“ . . . I am afraid it is an idle schoolboy’s dream to suppose that Tories can legislate—as I did, stupidly. They can govern and make war and increase taxation and expenditure *à merveille*, but legislation is not their province in a democratic constitution. . . . I certainly have not the courage and energy to go on struggling against cliques, as poor Dizzy did all his life. . . .

“The Tory party is composed of very varying elements and there is merely trouble and vexation of spirit in trying to make them work together. I think the ‘classes and the dependents of class’ are the strongest ingredients in our composition, but we have so to conduct our legislation that we shall give some satisfaction to both classes and masses. This is specially difficult with the classes—because all legislation is rather

unwelcome to them, as tending to disturb a state of things with which they are satisfied. It is evident, therefore, that we must work at less speed and at a lower temperature than our opponents. Our Bills must be tentative and cautious, not sweeping and dramatic. . . .”

. . . The difference between the Leader of the House of Commons and the Prime Minister* [at the end of 1886] was fundamental. . . . It glows through the correspondence included in this chapter. It was a difference of belief, of character, of aspiration—and by nothing could it ever have been adjusted. There were many considerations and influences which worked powerfully for their agreement. In the Union they found a common cause; in Mr. Gladstone they faced a common antagonist. Lord Randolph’s fiercest invective did not jar upon the “master of flouts and jeers.” Neither could be insensible to the personal fascination of the other. Both rejoiced in a wide and illuminating survey of public affairs; both dwelt much upon the future; both preserved a cynical disdain of small men seeking paltry ends. But the gulf which separated the fiery leader of Tory Democracy—with his bold plans of reform and dreams of change, with his record of storm and triumph and slender expectations of a long life—from the old-fashioned Conservative statesman, the head of the High Church and High Tory family, versed in diplomacy, representative of authority, wary, austere, content to govern—was a gulf no

* *I.e.* between Lord Randolph and Lord Salisbury.

mutual needs, no common interests, no personal likings could permanently bridge. They represented conflicting schools of political philosophy. They stood for ideas mutually incompatible. Sooner or later the breach must have come; and no doubt the strong realisation of this underlay the action of the one and the acquiescence of the other.

The speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill in Parliament during the years from 1887 to 1890 were the best in manner and command he ever made. He stood alone, surrounded by enemies who were once his supporters, and faced by opponents whose plaudits he did not desire; but if he had still been leader of the House he could not have been more at his ease and more sure of himself. His style was serious enough to suit the dullest; and yet point after point was made with a clearness and rhetorical force to which the dullest could not be insensible. His voice penetrated everywhere without apparent effort. Every tone was full of meaning. He was sparing of gesture, and cared little for oratorical ornament. He was always heard with profound attention by the House, with obvious anxiety by the Government, and usually in silence by the Conservative party.

The influence which he exerted upon the course of affairs outside the ordinary divisions of party was palpable and noteworthy. With the full consent of the Government he moved (February 16, 1886) the Address to the Crown, which, being assented to unanimously by the House, called into being the Royal Commission

upon the alleged corruption and improprieties of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

“The Labour community” (he wrote in 1892) “is carrying on at the present day a very significant and instructive struggle. It has emancipated itself very largely from the mere mechanism of party politics; it realises that it now possesses political power to such an extent as to make it independent of either party in the State; and the struggle which it is now carrying on is less against Capital, less one of wages or division of profits, but rather one for the practical utilisation in its own interest of the great political power which it has acquired. The Labour interest is now seeking to do itself what the landed interest and the manufacturing capitalist interest did for themselves when each in turn commanded the disposition of State policy. Our land laws were framed by the landed interest for the advantage of the landed interest, and foreign policy was directed by that interest to the same end. Political power passed very considerably from the landed interest to the manufacturing capitalist interest, and our whole fiscal system was shaped by this latter power to its own advantage, foreign policy being also made to coincide. We are now come, or are coming fast, to a time when labour laws will be made by the labour interest for the advantage of Labour. The regulation of all the conditions of labour by the State, controlled and guided by the Labour vote, appears to be the ideal aimed at; and I think it extremely probable that a foreign policy which sought to extend by tariff over our

Colonies and even over other friendly States, the area of profitable barter of produce will strongly commend itself to the mind of the Labour interest. . . . It is our business as Tory politicians to uphold the Constitution. If under the Constitution as it now exists, and as we wish to see it preserved, the Labour interest finds that it can obtain its objects and secure its own advantage, then that interest will be reconciled to the Constitution. . . .”

Lord Randolph Churchill's name will not be recorded upon the bead roll of either party. The Conservatives, whose force he so greatly strengthened, the Liberals, some of whose finest principles he notably sustained, must equally regard his life and work with mingled feelings. A politician's character and position are measured in his day by party standards. When he is dead, all that he achieved in the name of party, is at an end. The eulogies and censures of partisans are powerless to affect his ultimate reputation. The scales wherein he was weighed are broken. The years to come bring weights and measures of their own.

There is an England which stretches far beyond the well-drilled masses who are assembled by party machinery to salute with appropriate acclamation the utterances of their recognised bugleman; an England of wise men who gaze without self-deception at the failings and follies of both political parties; of brave and earnest men who find in neither faction fair scope for the effort that is in them; of “poor men” who increasingly doubt the sincerity of party philan-

thropy. It was to that England that Lord Randolph Churchill appealed; it was that England he so nearly won; it is by that England he will be justly judged.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (*Lord Randolph Churchill*).

There is one letter published in the Life which is of supreme interest to Randolph's friends and admirers; a letter the pathos of which, to those who knew him, it is not possible to exaggerate; it is almost an epitaph. "So Arthur Balfour is really leader," he writes to his wife from Mafeking in November, 1891, "and Tory Democracy, the genuine article, is at an end. Well, I have had quite enough of it all. I have waited with great patience for the tide to turn, but it has not turned, and will not now turn in time. In truth, I am not altogether *déconsidéré*. . . . No power will make me lift hand, or foot, or voice for the Tories, just as no power would make me join the other side. All confirms me in my decision to have done with politics, and try to make a little money for the boys and ourselves. . . . More than two-thirds in all probability of my life is over, and I will not spend the remainder of my years in beating my head against a stone wall. I expect I have made great mistakes; but there has been no consideration, no indulgence, no memory or gratitude—nothing but spite, malice and abuse. I am quite tired and dead-sick of it all, and will not continue political life any longer. I have not Parnell's dogged, but at the same time sinister, resolution; and have many things and many friends to

make me happy without that horrid House of Commons' work and strife."

Randolph, moreover, from his official experience in Ireland, had imbibed a serious distrust and dislike of "coercion." "People sometimes talk too lightly of coercion," he said in one of his earliest speeches. "It seems that hundreds of Irishmen who, if laws had been maintained unaltered, and had been firmly enforced, would now have been leading peaceful, industrious, and honest lives, will soon be torn off to prison without trial; that others will have to fly the country into hopeless exile; that others, driven to desperation through such cruel alternatives, will perhaps shed their blood and sacrifice their lives in vain resistance to the forces of the Crown; that many Irish homes, which would have been happy if evil courses had been firmly checked at the outset, will soon be bereaved of their most promising ornaments and support, disgraced by a felon's cell and a convict's garb; and if you look back over the brief period which has been necessary to bring about such terrible results, the mind recoils in horror from the ghastly spectacle of murdered landlords, tenant farmers tortured, mutilated dumb animals, which everywhere disfigures the green and fertile pastures of Ireland." These, I doubt not, were his innermost and sincerest views. Has any orator even of Irish race protested more strongly against exceptional administration for the people? . . .

In later years Randolph drew up a memorandum in which he blamed himself for his compact with Parnell. "I believe," he says, almost

innocently, "that the decision not to attempt to renew the Crimes Act, more than any other event, finally determined Mr. Gladstone no longer to resist Repeal." This can scarcely be called a new light, for it is obvious that this decision was the starting-point of the new Liberal departure. . . .

. . . Lord Salisbury remained hostile to Home Rule, and had to return to the other alternative of coercion. Lord Carnarvon remained averse to coercion, and proceeded onwards towards Home Rule.

Randolph's personality was one full of charm, both in public and in private life. His demeanour, his unexpectedness, his fits of caressing humility, his impulsiveness, his tinge of violent eccentricity, his apparent dare-devilry, made him a fascinating companion; while his wit, his sarcasm, his piercing personalities, his elaborate irony, and his affected delivery, gave astonishing popularity to his speeches. . . .

Had the Prime Minister (*i.e.* Lord Salisbury in 1886) been in the habit of personally seeing his colleagues, there might have been a blowing-off of steam, and the situation might for the moment have been saved. But this was not Lord Salisbury's way. Mr. Churchill seems to feel some surprise that Lord Salisbury's reply did not suggest an interview. It would have been much more surprising if it had, as it is doubtful if Lord Salisbury ever suggested an interview in his life. . . .

He (Lord Randolph) had made another mistake, he sincerely believed in the necessity of

rigid economy; so did Mr. Gladstone; so did no one else. It was the great disappointment in connection with our new or renewed democratic bodies, parliamentary and municipal, that economy has no friends. . . .

. . . He was brilliant, courageous, resourceful, and unembarrassed by scruple; he had fascination, audacity, tact; great and solid ability welded with the priceless gift of concentration; marvellous readiness in debate, and an almost unrivalled skill and attraction on the platform; for he united in an eminent degree both the parliamentary and the popular gifts, a combination which is rarer than is commonly supposed.

He had also the vital mainspring of zest. To whatever he applied himself he gave for the time his whole eager heart. . . . He had, moreover, the fascination of manner—an invaluable endowment for a politician. Thus, when he chose, which was perhaps too rarely, he could deal successfully with men. He had also at his disposal the charm of conversation, and this was as varied as his moods. When he felt himself completely at ease, in congenial society, it was wholly delightful. . . .

Nor had he what might have been expected in so ardent a nature—any jealousy of others; none, at least, that I could discover. This is a merit of the rarest water—a real mark of superiority. The ambitious man who can watch without soreness the rise or success of a contemporary is much rarer than a black swan. . . . His lack of jealousy and his personal charm arose

from the same quality—that there was no perfection or claim of perfection about him. He was human, eminently human; full of faults as he himself well knew, but not base or unpardonable faults; pugnacious, outrageous, fitful, petulant, but eminently lovable and winning.

Randolph's method of preparation was, I think, to shut himself up absolutely for two days before the speech had to be delivered. During those forty-eight hours he was unapproachable, and then he issued forth with the speech red hot. From his biography I infer that he sometimes took less time, but the former statement comes from himself.

. . . Politics are the sport of circumstances, and principle the slave of opportunity. The Tory creed, so far as it implies maintenance of historical continuity and calculated, practical, well-meditated reform without unnecessary risk to precious institutions is a respectable and healthy faith. But there have been startling variations. Disraeli had long thrown out hints about Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Shelburne, and a Venetian constitution. What it all meant no one quite knew; and the world at large, especially the Tories, treated it with unseemly and unjust ridicule. No one who lived and mixed with politicians before 1847, or who had read the memoirs of that time, can forget the despair and distrust with which Mr. Disraeli inspired his followers. Might not salvation be found by shelving or discarding him, by such a combination, for example, as making the Duke of Somerset Prime Minister and relegating

Disraeli to the serene duties of Chancellor of the Duchy, or even to complete repose? This was the project of Cairns, Disraeli's closest political ally, who nevertheless seems at the time to have had an imperfect conception of the character and aims of his friend. To such straits was the party driven. Anything they declared but Disraeli; under him victory was impossible. What a mere adventurer he was! What a fantastic alien! What nonsense he wrote! But what if the nonsense should mean a majority? That, of course, would be a different thing. This majority came in 1874; and as at the sound of the sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer, the whole party fell down and worshipped. It seemed now clear that the gospel of Toryism was to be found in some spirited novels. . . .

. . . Disraeli died; and the Tadpoles and the Tapers were left wondering what Toryism was next to be. The prophet had vanished and had left not a shred of his mantle behind. With Lord Salisbury, a real Tory, who was something of a cynic and a pessimist as well, the policy assumed a new, or perhaps resumed an old shape. It defended the Church and property, or property and the Church; and was, if absolutely necessary, prepared to make some little advance under severe pressure. There was to be nothing spontaneous; the watchword was to be "needs must when the devil drives." The pressure came with more or less severity, firstly from Randolph Churchill, and secondly from Mr. Chamberlain.

. . . How did he (Randolph) end? By

claiming the sanction of Tory principle for free trade, secular education for the masses, extension of the franchise, the abolition of all religious disabilities, concessions to Dissenters, and the disendowment of all Church establishments, considering that the less the minister of heaven has to do with the affairs of the earth the better. . . .

Randolph was indeed the fruit and blossom of our parliamentary system. No more complete and extreme product of that historical arrangement has ever been seen. That system requires for its working two sets of protagonists. One does the administrative and legislative work of the country, and the other, in the mean time, condemns what is done. To the one side all is light, all is white; to the other side all is shade, all is black; there is no twilight and no grey. The outcome of this sometimes illogical but continuous conflict is the government and guidance of the British Empire. In the same way, justice, pure justice, is the result of the contest between two sets of advocates on two different sides. The only difference is that the politicians professedly speak from conviction, while the lawyers professedly speak from their briefs. In effect, however, the result is much the same. The advocates of the Government happen to find everything done by the Government right, and the advocates of the opposition happen to find everything done by the Government wrong. . . .

LORD ROSEBERY (*Lord Randolph Churchill*).

CECIL RHODES

(1853-1902. Cecil John. Prime Minister of Cape Colony, 1884-1890.)

THERE was no man so slandered in his lifetime as was Rhodes. He was represented as a mere bloodthirsty Shylock, a man who would wade through any misdeeds in order to obtain money, great piles of money, that he should spend on his own luxury and comfort. Now there never was a greater lie than that. No man ever spent less on himself; his life was the life of a Spartan. It is quite true that he valued money, but that was because he valued power, and money was one of the most obvious and effectual means of obtaining power; and so in a large way he sought for money as a means of power, and also as a means of posthumous power, of carrying out his great ambition after his death. And so I remember when people sympathised with him, with the way in which people who should have known better, and who did know better, were throwing every sort of dirt at him as a low money-grubber and a disgrace to the name of Britain in South Africa, he said: "All this does not worry me in the least. I have my will here"—as if he had it in his pocket—"I have my will here, and when they abuse me I think of it, and I know they will read it after I am gone and will do me justice after I am dead." Surely he was not wrong. When the hour came for him to go, many of his slanderers must have repented in dust and ashes, while the whole world rendered a willing homage at his tomb.

I am not here to claim that Cecil Rhodes was perfect. You, sir,* in your introductory remarks, intimated clearly that he was not perfect. No man is. He made great mistakes. No man knew it more quickly, or owned it more readily, or censured himself more unsparingly than he did. He made great mistakes; but I have heard one of the most eminent of the brilliant company of Ambassadors that the United States have sent over to this country—I mean Mr. Phelps—in a speech at the Mansion House, utter this great truth, that a man who never makes mistakes never makes anything. We know that Rhodes made one supreme mistake, but no man atoned for it more completely, or owned it more fully.

Again, I shall not attempt to disculpate him from the fault, if it be a fault, of high but not impersonal ambition. It was not impersonal, I admit, but in the main his ambition was entirely one for the British Empire, its good, and its greatness. His will, as we know, went far beyond the limits of the British Empire, but in his lifetime that was his aim. I dare say that he would not have weighed scruples very nicely if he had seen a clear path by which he could benefit the Empire directly—on that point I will not attempt to judge him. But I think we might remember that in the past century the three men who did most to change the map of Europe for the time—and he would have liked to, and did, change the map of South Africa—the three men who most changed the map of Europe for the time were Napoleon, Bismarck, and Cavour, and of none can it be said that they

* The Vice-Chancellor (the President of Magdalen).

were over-weighted with scrupulousness. But his fame was not impersonal, his ambition was not impersonal. I admit he had at one time a strong idea of posthumous fame. I remember arguing with him about it a long time ago. I used a stock argument: I said that fame was short, and that in the case of but very few people there was no fame to speak of, and even with them it did not last very long. I pointed to the millions of universes in the firmament, in each of which there may be millions of insects like ourselves striving for the same brief and futile hour of fame. But Rhodes would have none of it. He said: "No; I don't agree with you at all. I have given my name to this great region of Rhodesia, and in two or three hundred years my name will still be there, and I shall be remembered after two or three centuries. What does it matter?" So that with him, even then, it was only a question of degree. The last time I saw him, when the hand of death was upon him, and when sentence of death had already probably been pronounced to him, I found him in a very different mood. He said: "Well, after all, you are right; everything in this world is too short, life and fame and achievement, everything is too short." And he gave a groan as he thought of his own career, and his own ambition cut short.

Perhaps he and I were both wrong. I think his fame will survive his own anticipations and mine also. He has dug deep, he has dug broad, the foundations of his own reputation. In South Africa, that region of perplexity which will, at any rate, remain for all time a monument of

British generosity and, I hope, of British wisdom, the name of Rhodes will always be preserved; and in the British Empire, for which he worked with such sublimity of conception, such broad capability, and such unresting energy, he will always remain a prominent figure. I am not at all sure that it is not in the University of Oxford that his fame is most secure. You are going to honour him to-day by setting up a tablet, superfluous at the present moment, but not superfluous in ages to come, which may recall to the most ordinary passer-by the benefit he sought to confer on this University. In your bidding prayers, in your ancient services, I suppose the name of Cecil John Rhodes will always be remembered; but will he not be chiefly renowned as having summoned from all parts of the world, from two great empires, from the mightiest Republic that has ever existed, an affluence of new scholars ready to worship at the shrine of this ancient University, to imbibe its august traditions, and to take back to their homes and to their communities a message of peace, civilisation, and good-will? I do not know what other methods may be taken to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Rhodes in this country or in South Africa; but sure I am of this—that in this ancient University his surest and noblest monument will be the career, the merits, and the reputation of the scholars whom he has summoned within these walls.

LORD ROSEBERRY (*Speech at unveiling of Rhodes tablet in the Oxford Schools*).

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Brassey, Thomas Brassey, 1st
Earl (comp.)
Warriors and statesmen

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