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ART. I.—*Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of F. M. Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* [In continuation of the Former Series.] Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1867–1871.

THE career of the late Duke of Wellington, considered as a statesman, divides itself naturally into two parts. Throughout one of these he is either the Indian administrator, negotiating treaties and ruling conquered provinces; or he is the master-spirit which guides the councils of his own and of the Governments in alliance with it, and carries them, often against their will, to the successful issue of a great European war. Upon this portion of his public life we do not, on the present occasion, intend to touch. It needs no panegyric, it stands far above censure. But the other, as it brings him nearer to a level with ourselves, so it offers a fair subject of discussion and even of criticism. We propose, therefore, in the following pages to speak of the Duke exclusively as an English statesman—first, as a member, and by-and-by, as the head of a not very well assorted English administration; the proceedings of which, when examined in detail, may furnish matter of grave reflection, both because of the light which they throw upon the motives and actions of public men just passed away, and on account of the influence which they have undeniably exercised over our own destinies, and must continue to exercise over the destinies of generations yet unborn.

Of Sir Arthur Wellesley's management of affairs while Chief Secretary for Ireland in

the Portland Administration, it is unnecessary to say much. The times were sadly out of joint; wherefore over the means considered necessary to sustain the influence of the Government and to keep the peace in a province thoroughly disaffected, the sooner the veil of forgetfulness is drawn the better. Sir Arthur, it must be admitted, had some disagreeable work to do, and he did it. It was the common condition of things handed down by one Administration to another, of which nobody was ashamed, because all alike took part in it. And it is fair to add, that, in after life, he never spoke of his two years of official life in Ireland, except as of time mis-spent. But outside this process of barter of place and pension for votes, he found opportunities of doing the State some service, and he embraced them. To Sir Arthur Wellesley Dublin is indebted for the efficient police of which it still boasts. He laboured, by persuasion and appeals to their patriotism, to diminish the evils of absenteeism among Irish landowners. He compelled by legal process many clergymen of the Established Church, who had been accustomed to spend their time in England or abroad, to reside upon their benefices. His views on the subject of national education were in advance of the age in which he lived.* It is evident like-

* 'The great object of our policy in Ireland should be to obliterate, as far as the law will allow us, the distinction between Protestant and Catholic, and avoid anything that can induce either sect to recollect or believe that its interests are separate or distinct from those of the other. I would apply this principle to the education which you intend to propose to the Board.'—Letter to R. S. Tighe, Esq., one of the

wise that of the real state of parties in Ireland, and of the steps to be taken, with a view gradually to soften down its bitterness, he entertained thus early convictions which time only confirmed. He was convinced, for example, that nothing which the Government proposes to do will make the Irish people contented, and therefore loyal. Their passion is to recover from the gentry, whom for the most part they regard as usurpers, the land which their fathers owned, and anything short of the accomplishment of that object will fail to satisfy them. As to the priests, they are disloyal to a man, and were the case otherwise they could not venture, circumstanced as they are, to preach loyalty to their flocks. In the first place, being themselves peasants by birth, they naturally think as other peasants do. In the next, being dependent for subsistence on the voluntary gifts of their people, they must float upon the crest of public opinion or starve. Their own convictions may not always coincide with this opinion, and from time to time they may make an effort to guide it into a new channel; but, right or wrong, they invariably fail, and end in putting themselves at the head of the movement. Observe how completely the Duke's view of the case foreshadows the condition of Ireland at the present moment, and the course into which events are rapidly falling. The priests were opposed to Home Rule when the movement began in Meath. They resisted and were beaten, and now they make no secret of their determination to support for the future only such candidates as shall go to Parliament pledged to bring about the dissolution of the Union. The Duke understood all this by anticipation, and by anticipation suggested a rational mode of dealing with it:—

‘If what Grattan and Ponsonby declare be true, respecting the position of the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, and I believe that it is, there can be no objection to giving stipends to the Roman Catholic clergy, excepting the general objection of stirring the question at all during the King's life, and those which might be started and are felt by Perceval and some of the red-hot Protestants, to making any concession whatever, as it only creates fresh demands of greater danger to the State.’

After two years thus spent, Sir Arthur relinquished his office and quitted Ireland, never, we believe, to set foot in it again. He landed in Portugal on the 10th of April, 1809, a young Lieutenant-General and a Commoner. He returned to London in July, 1814, a Field Marshal and a Duke. By

Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Education in Ireland.

and-by came the stern interlude of Waterloo, which to his previous glories added the greatest of them all, the overthrow of Napoleon in person. Then was his sword sheathed. He had conquered for Europe a peace, which, so far as England was concerned, suffered no interruption during the remainder of his days, and these stretched themselves out well-nigh to forty years. But not with the cessation of war did the country dispense with his services. Lord Liverpool's feeble administration threw itself for support upon the prestige of his great name; and he became in consequence, contrary to his own wish, a party politician and a leader of parties. There were many among the most devoted of his friends and admirers who regretted at the time his taking that step; there are some who regret it still; but the arrangement was inevitable. His perfect mastery of military subjects, not less than his knowledge, founded on experience, of the tempers and objects of foreign courts, made his presence in the Cabinet invaluable to men, whom his triumphs in war, much more than their own success in statesmanship, had raised to be the arbitrators of the fate of Europe.

And yet, as the event proved, this thorough acquaintance of his with the views and tempers of foreign Governments lay at the root of almost all the difficulties that by-and-by arose in the Liverpool Administration. So long as Lord Londonderry lived, all went smoothly enough. After his melancholy death troubles came. Not that the interval between 1819 and 1822 proved to be, either to the Duke or his colleagues, a season of quiet. It was the era of Manchester massacres, of Luddite conspiracies, of risings in the North of England and in Scotland, and of the Six Acts. A sudden transition from a state of war, with its profuse expenditure, to one of peace, with its large reductions in all the public establishments, threw the social machine out of gear, and only by measures, strong doubtless, but necessary, was revolution averted. Perhaps the Englishman's jealousy of the interference of soldiers with civil affairs was never more curiously illustrated than by the measure of blame which the leaders of the Opposition cast upon the Duke in reference to these transactions. Earl Grey, writing to Lord, then Mr. Brougham, speaks of the ‘influence of the military mind’ in proceedings ‘which can only end in the destruction of liberty, or in a convulsion, which may too probably produce the same result.’ While Brougham, advertising to Earl Fitzwilliam's removal from his Lord Lieutenancy, says, ‘Milton and I agree in thinking Wellington's hand appears

in it? Now, no insinuations could be more unjust than these. Be the domestic policy of that era wise or unwise, just or unjust, the Duke had little or nothing to say in determining it. Both then and for some time afterwards he considered himself to be only a learner in the art of constitutional government, and followed, on domestic questions, the lead of men of greater experience. His hand, therefore, if it appeared at all, appeared only through the excellent advice which he gave to officers commanding troops in the disturbed districts. In the management of his own office, on the contrary, he took the greatest interest, remedying defects, correcting abuses, and systematizing details, till the Board of Ordnance became, under his manipulation, the perfect machine which every Committee that afterwards sat to inquire and report upon it pronounced it to be. Our rulers found it expedient, first to dislocate that model Board at the opening of the Crimean War, by placing the Master-General at the head of the expeditionary army, and then, throwing the blame of their own shortcomings on what they were pleased to call the system, abolished it altogether.

There is nothing in the Duke's published correspondence to show how far he was a consenting party to the measures which resulted in what is commonly called the Queen's trial. We find indeed an account of the abortive attempt that was made to escape, through his agency, from the embarrassing dilemma, and it agrees in the main with that given by Lord Brougham, himself the Queen's representative in the negotiation. But, this incident apart, the Duke has thrown no new light upon the subject. Nobody can pretend to regret this. It was a discreditable business from first to last, and it ended in a fiasco. After carrying their Bill of pains and penalties in the House of Lords by a bare majority of nine, the Ministers found that they could not venture to go farther. In the House of Commons certain defeat awaited them, in order to avoid which, the Parliament was prorogued and the Bill abandoned.

We are inclined to believe that the Tory party—we are satisfied that the Liverpool administration—never recovered the loss of prestige which followed these unhappy proceedings. It was damaging enough to have embarked in an affair, which, be the facts of the case what they might, the people of England could never be brought to regard except as cruel and iniquitous. It was still worse to fail. Nor did the mischief end there. Mr. Canning, unwilling to push matters to an extremity, resigned. The

King, furious at the issues, declared his intention of dismissing the rest of his Ministers. Against this resolution, the Duke sent in a respectful and statesmanlike remonstrance, and the King changed his mind. But Lord Liverpool never regained his Majesty's confidence, and his Majesty permitted no opportunity to escape him of showing that such was the case.

Lord Liverpool was one of those statesmen to whom Nature seems to have denied the qualities that belong to leaders of men. Not wanting in ability, by no means deficient in prudence, he arrived at decisions rather on the advice of others than by following the dictates of his own judgment. There were two members of the administration whom he consulted on all occasions, the Duke and Mr. Canning. The Duke's devoted loyalty to himself gratified him; the Duke's straightforward honesty of purpose commanded his respect. Mr. Canning threw a spell over him of a different kind; his wit, his eloquence, the prestige that attached to him as the favourite pupil of Pitt, took captive the imagination of a not very imaginative person. Lord Liverpool's reason did not always approve Mr. Canning's suggestions, as it did those of the Duke, yet he was moved to action just as frequently by the one as by the other. If these two happened to agree on any one point, opposition from other quarters was useless. If they differed, he might waver for a time, but the end invariably was some attempt at a compromise. The loss of Mr. Canning to a Government so circumstanced was a serious misfortune, and the King refusing to take him back, the Prime Minister announced to the Duke his intention of resigning. The following letter in reply to this communication puts in a curious light the acts and motives of princes in the Georgian era:—

'The question arises, ought you to make it (a threat of staking the existence of the administration on the return of Mr. Canning to office) without being determined to carry it through? Your continued opinion, mine, that of several others of your colleagues, and of many of your friends, that it is highly desirable that Mr. Canning should be in the Government, and the claim preferred in the last letter of the 29th of June to bring his name again under the King's view, show that you ought to propose him to the King; not only under present circumstances, but whenever an opportunity may offer; his own conduct and opinions in relation to the Government being the same as they are at present. I would recommend you to propose him to the King, then, not in the spirit of hostility, not as an alternative to be taken between Mr. Canning and us, or anything else the King can find as a Government, but as you did at first, as an

arrangement calculated for the strength of the Government, the benefit of the country, and the honour of the King himself. . . .

'In respect to Lord Conyngham, your line is quite clear ; you have nothing to propose, but you desire to remonstrate if the King should propose to appoint him Lord Chamberlain. This, you may rely upon it, he will not be allowed to do. If he does, I think the appointment of Lord Conyngham, unaccompanied by a satisfactory arrangement of the question of Mr. Canning or of the Government, would give you a good ground for quarrel. But why should we look for a quarrel ? Is it not rather our duty to endeavour to settle this petty question, which, after all, is a mere trifle, and can affect us, and never was considered as affecting us, except as a point of honour ? I don't mean to depreciate the importance of a point of honour to the Government ; but, I would observe, that the prevention of this particular appointment became a point of honour and importance to the Government, after the rejection of Canning in June, the questions of the Irish peerages and of the green ribbons, and all the follies of the coronation. . . . As I told you at Walmer, the King has never forgiven your opposition to his wishes in the case of Mr. Sumner. This feeling has influenced every action of his life in relation to his Government from that moment ; and I believe to more than one of us he avowed that his objection to Mr. Canning was, that his accession to the Government was peculiarly desirable to you. Nothing can be more unjust or more unfair than this feeling, and as there is not one of your colleagues who did not highly approve of what you did respecting Mr. Sumner, so there is not one of them who would not suffer with you all the consequences of that act.'

The Mr. Sumner referred to here was tutor to Lord Conyngham's son. He had laid the family under a serious obligation, and Lady Conyngham pressed the King to promote him in the Church. Lord Liverpool could not recognise his merits, and declined to recommend him ; but Mr. Canning, when, through Lady Conyngham's influence, he obtained by-and-by the object of a life's ambition, proved more compliant, and Mr. Sumner became, and long continued to be, the pious and highly respected Bishop of Winchester.

Convinced by this reasoning, Lord Liverpool kept his place, and the machine of the State worked on a little longer without Mr. Canning's assistance. But just as Canning was on the eve of embarking for India, the death of Lord Londonderry was announced, and the necessity of strengthening his administration by reconnecting with it his old colleague, presented itself with renewed intensity to Lord Liverpool's mind. There were, however, great difficulties to be surmounted. Not the King only, but his

brothers also, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, were averse to the arrangement, and in the Cabinet itself a strong feeling prevailed that Canning was not to be trusted. Lord Eldon took this view of the matter, so did Lord Westmorland, so did others : their opposition must therefore be overcome ; and who would undertake to grapple with it ? Once more the Duke was appealed to. Now, it would be not only absurd, but untrue, to assert that the Duke's confidence in Mr. Canning was greater than that of his colleagues. He knew that Mr. Canning's talents were of the highest order ; he knew also that his energies were irrepressible. In or out of office, he seemed always to have some end in view, which could be attained, or which he fancied could be attained, only by finesse. At the time of Mr. Perceval's assassination, he had taken an active part in the endeavour to set up a new Government ; but though acting with Lord Wellesley, he never intended that Lord Wellesley, or Lord Grey, or Lord Hastings should be Prime Minister : that office he meant for himself. When associated with Lord Castlereagh in the same Cabinet, he took advantage of the failure of the Walcheren expedition to intrigue for the transfer of the business of the War Department from the Colonial to the Foreign Office. Singularly handsome in his personal appearance, and endowed with manners the most attractive, he laid himself out for popularity, and achieved it. Finally, he courted the press. Himself a graceful and indeed a brilliant writer, he delighted in the society of men of letters, and took care to comprehend under that category the editors of influential newspapers. A statesman with these associations and tastes was not the sort of person in whom the Duke could repose unbounded trust. Yet, when appealed to by Lord Liverpool to be the medium of communication with the King, he at once consented. Was there any inconsistency in this ? We think not. The Duke had before him a choice of difficulties. He might refuse to co-operate with Lord Liverpool, in which case Lord Liverpool would resign and the Government would break up ;—he might co-operate with Lord Liverpool, and, carrying his point, bring into the Government a Minister, in dealing with whom it would be necessary to be much on his guard. But the breaking up of the existing administration would be tantamount in his eyes to the overthrow of all government ; because, in his own party, there were none outside the Cabinet possessed of talent and experience enough to conduct the business of the country ; and of the Whigs, he believed that they were in-

capable of carrying on the government at all except by conceding so much to their allies the Radicals, as to endanger, perhaps to overthrow, the Constitution. How far events have or have not justified this vaticination, our readers must judge for themselves.

Thus reasoning, the Duke set himself to overcome the King's scruples, and succeeded. He prevailed also in winning for Mr. Canning the place of all others, short of that not then vacant, which Mr. Canning coveted. The following are his reasons for acting thus. They were written out in order to reconcile Lady Londonderry to an arrangement which could not be other than painful to her feelings :—

‘When the misfortune occurred, it was necessary for the Government to consider what measures should be adopted for its reorganization. We could look to two persons to take the lead in the House of Commons, and to two modes of arranging the offices of the Government. If we looked to Mr. Peel we had only one individual who could pretend to take a great line in Parliament; and giving him every credit for talents, we could not believe that he would prove himself more capable than him whom we had lost to carry on such a concern alone and unsupported. His health is not very good, and he had more than once complained in the last Session that he was not equal even to the moderate share of the labour which had devolved upon him; and we could not expect that alone he would be equal to the whole. Then we knew, and were informed, that a large number of the supporters of the Government—some even in office—had, during the last Session, lamented that a person of Mr. Canning’s parliamentary talents should have been allowed to go away; and it was found that many individuals, some in office, declared, that they could not support, if, under existing circumstances, an attempt was not made to detain Mr. Canning in the country. These individuals were principally those who favour the Roman Catholic cause, and what I call the *Liberals* among the supporters of the Government; and I entertain no doubt that if we had determined to carry on the Government without making an offer to Mr. Canning, we should have lost the support of all these and of Mr. Canning’s particular party; and we should, moreover, have left ourselves, in respect of parliamentary talents, in a situation far inferior to that in which we had been for many years. It was determined to recommend the King to recall Mr. Canning to his councils. When this was determined, the question was—to what situation he should be called.

‘Upon this point, common sense, strengthened by former experience, could leave no doubt. Nothing can be so erroneous as to place any individual of great activity and talent in a situation in which there is no scope for his activity, and in which he must feel that his talents are thrown away. His views must always be directed to disturb rather than preserve the existing order of things, in order

that, out of a new arrangement, he may find himself in a situation better suited to him. He must be the leader in the House of Commons, and as such he must be either Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of State in one of the three departments. I believe it would be impossible to place two leading men in the Treasury; there remained, then, only the offices of the Secretary of State. Mr. Peel cannot talk French, and is totally unaccustomed to the Foreign Office; and Lord Bathurst’s office in time of peace is certainly less important than either of the others. It was, therefore, deemed advisable to place Mr. Canning in the Foreign Office, on the principle above laid down (which is undeniable), of placing him in the situation in which there will be ample room for his activity and talents.’

Mr. Canning resumed the seals of office at a very critical period. Abroad there was a general upheaving of society; peoples complaining of breach of faith by their rulers, rulers striving to keep down with a strong hand what they called the revolutionary spirit of the age. Greece had gone into open revolt against Turkey. Brazil and Portugal were at variance. The South American colonies, with the exception of Cuba, were breaking loose from Spain, and Spain herself had constrained her King to accept a democratic constitution. We cannot enter into details explanatory of the part played by England in these transactions. She had never been a member of the Holy Alliance—she made common cause with absolutism nowhere throughout the world. Her policy, inaugurated by Lord Castlereagh, had been one of honourable adherence to treaties, with a fixed determination not to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, and an anxious desire to dissuade her allies from acting on an opposite principle. These are facts, better understood now than they were fifty years ago, and every day brings them more prominently to light. But it did not suit the purposes of the new Foreign Secretary to represent matters thus to the world. He managed, on the contrary, so to play his cards, that he should get the credit for whatever was or appeared to be liberal in the dealings of England with foreign States. Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means intend to charge Mr. Canning with wilfully falsifying the policy or the character of his predecessor; that is out of the question. But he permitted no opportunity to escape him of speaking contemptuously and even indignantly of men and measures with which his predecessors had of necessity been a good deal mixed up. Now a line of conduct such as this was particularly disagreeable to the Duke, as were the terms of intimacy on which Mr. Canning was understood to live and even to correspond with the leaders of

the Opposition. Nor, in truth, can it be said that there was much unanimity of sentiment between the two men on almost any of the great questions which then agitated the public mind. Canning was eager to receive Greece, with a widely extended frontier, into the comity of nations. The Duke dreaded the growth of Russian influence in Europe, and desired to sustain Turkey in force enough to operate as a barrier against her Westward march. Canning, whether approving of the revolution in Spain or being indifferent to it, would have dragged England into war rather than see the Spanish constitution thrust aside by French bayonets. The Duke, protesting against the invasion, declined to go further, and gave his reasons:—

‘If the Spanish people,’ he said, ‘be unanimous in their determination to maintain the existing order of things, past experience proves that they will maintain it in spite of all that France can do. If they be divided, no interference on our part will stop the French or save the constitution.’

Again, Canning, bent upon establishing the independence of the Spanish Colonies, urged his colleagues in 1824 to announce this policy in the King’s Speech. The Duke stopped the arrangement at that time by a letter, which we cannot resist the temptation of inserting at length. It is addressed to Lord Liverpool, whom the Foreign Secretary had won over to his own views:—

‘MY DEAR LORD—I have read with attention the paper in the box, and I sincerely wish that I could agree with your opinion on the subject to which it relates. I have likewise read with attention the papers on the subject of the Spanish Colonies, now on the Cabinet table, and although I admit that we must, at some time or other, establish some relations with those countries which shall tend to recognize their existence as independent States, I am convinced that in view of our internal situation, to our relations with foreign Powers, to our fair fame, and to our existing relations with Spain—considering the mode in which the contests with these States has been carried on,—and to our own honour and good name, the longer the establishment of such relation is deferred the better. I am further convinced that the reasons for the decision of July last (they were adverse to recognition) exist at present in a still stronger degree than they did at that time. Nay more, I believe that if the Cabinet had then known the real situation of what is called the State of Buenos Ayres, that the limited measure then determined upon was to be left to the discretion of Mr. Parish, and that that discretion would be exercised in signing a Treaty of Commerce with the city of Buenos Ayres alone, even that measure would not have been adopted.

‘I will not now enter into a discussion of

the question. But before you decide that you will pledge your Government in the King’s speech to Parliament to a substantial recognition of these States, the existence of each of which is here acknowledged even by these reporters to depend upon the result of a pending contest, I earnestly entreat you to ascertain the real opinion of your colleagues and that of the public. Excepting one, I believe the former are either disinclined to stir further in the question, or are indifferent about it. All that they wish for is that the peace should be uninterrupted.

‘As far as the opinion of the public can be judged of in society, I should say, it is decidedly in favour of continued peace, and particularly that no steps should be taken in this question which can lead to discussion with other States. The opinion of many intelligent men is—that the moment you will formally recognize the independent existence of these States, your influence over their conduct will be at an end. But has it never occurred to you, that we lost the best fruits of the late war, by our connivance at the private wars of the King’s subjects in those countries, and that the state in which we find ourselves in Europe at present is to be attributed in a great degree to our conduct in this question?

‘Is it quite clear that we do not by further measures expose ourselves to the risk of war, and that the worst of all wars for us—one with a power whose only strength is its nakedness; to which, putting the Havannah out of the question, we can do no mischief, after we shall have established these independent States. Will such a war not be followed by other contests?

‘But there is another opinion which it is desirable you should reconcile to your measure before you go further with it, and that is that of the King. Such measures are inconsistent with all his opinions, and with everything which he feels a pride in having done, since the establishment of the Regency; and you will find it most difficult to obtain his consent to pledge his Government in his speech to Parliament to any measures for finally separating these States from the mother country.

‘As for my part, I came into the Government to support yourself and the principles upon which you had been acting, and for which we had struggled in the field for such a length of time. I should wish to go on as I have done, and nothing makes me so unhappy as to differ in opinion with you. But as you know, I am not inclined to carry these differences farther than is necessary. I have advised, and shall invariably advise his Majesty to follow the advice of his Cabinet. But I can easily conceive that it must be equally irksome to you to have a colleague, whose opinion on many subjects is so decidedly different from yours; and I am ready, whenever you wish it, to ask the King’s leave to retire from his service.’

The concluding sentences in this letter give a pretty clear insight into what was already the condition of the Cabinet. Within

two years of Mr. Canning's return to office it had split up into hostile camps. Nor can there be any doubt as to the immediate cause of this division. Mr. Canning, be his merits in other respects what they might, could not serve. He must be chief of all, or, failing that, he would make himself the head of a party. He did so on the present occasion to such good purpose, that his party comprehended, ere long, not only many members of Lord Liverpool's Administration, but a considerable following from both Houses of Parliament, as well of the professed supporters of the Government as of those who sat upon the Opposition benches. It is curious to observe likewise how soon his correspondence with the Duke begins to grow cold. For a brief space the Duke is or appears to be his Mentor. To him he submits all his despatches before they pass into other hands, and asks advice. But the Duke's advice proves to be sometimes distasteful, and Canning, in thanking him for it, is little careful to conceal his own chagrin and mortification. On the other hand, it was one of the Duke's peculiarities that by whomsoever his advice might be asked he expected it to be followed. A querulous reply led accordingly to a stiff rejoinder, and the two men soon stood apart. Is this difficult to account for? We think not. Both were fond of power; both were tenacious of their own opinions; both were proud, and to a proud man there is nothing more intolerable than the sense of some heavy obligation, which he can never hope to repay. Mr. Canning knew that but for the Duke's interference, he must have abandoned his career in Parliament and gone to India. We would not willingly do him wrong; but it appears to us that the Duke's action in this matter stirred Mr. Canning's jealousy, more than it awakened his gratitude.

How this alienation operated on occasions when the Duke represented the British Government at foreign Courts and Congresses, the plan of the present article precludes us from showing. An opportunity of remedying the defect may occur hereafter; but in the meanwhile it must suffice to state, that amid many jars and difficulties, the Liverpool Administration held together for three years more, and that it originated in that interval some excellent measures, for which the Administrations that came after it took care that it should not obtain the credit. From two great questions, however, more important perhaps than all the rest, the Liverpool Administration turned studiously aside. The Government opposed, as a Government, every motion that was

made to introduce any change, however slight, into the electoral system of the empire. The Government shrank, as a Government, from dealing with the Catholic question. Fatal errors both; and the more to be regretted that, whatever their views might be in regard to the former point, we now know that on the latter the Duke and Mr. Canning thought alike. But the King was become by this time as averse as his father had ever been to break in upon the Constitution of 1688; and though there was no such compact with him, as Minister after Minister had entered into with George III., the First Lord of the Treasury approved his sentiments, and was besides too timid to move in opposition to them, however judicious or even necessary he might have felt such movement to be.

A good deal may be said in extenuation, if not in actual justification, of the Government policy in regard to Parliamentary Reform. The question had undoubtedly ceased in a great degree to occupy public attention. Lord John Russell, its consistent and persevering advocate, found himself session after session less supported in the House of Commons, and out of doors a thriving people seemed indifferent to the subject. That this appearance of content with the abuses of the borough system was fallacious we now know. We know likewise that opportunities were unwisely neglected of transferring to the great seats of industry electoral privileges, which by their own venality the lesser constituencies had forfeited. But, after all, the machine worked well, and *quieta non movere* is an accepted and not unreasonable maxim with politicians. The same thing cannot be said of what was by this time called Catholic Emancipation. Year by year the intelligence of the empire, so far as this was represented in either House of Parliament, expressed itself dissatisfied with the laws as they stood; and motions for their repeal, carried in the House of Commons, were thrown out in the Lords by continually decreasing majorities. Meanwhile the state of Ireland had become all but intolerable. There was little crime anywhere—using that term in its ordinary sense—for even agrarian outrages were rare; but from sea to sea the whole country was organized and the people brought under the absolute control of the Catholic Association. We recommend such of our readers as desire to refresh their memories on this subject, to read a paper which they will find at page 592 in the second volume of the Duke's recently-published 'Despatches.' The paper to which we refer was drawn up as early as 1825—whether with a view to bring the question before the Cabinet, or only as

the custom of the writer was to deliver his own mind, there is nothing to show. But it is a curious and very valuable document, not alone because of the grasp which it takes of the actual state of affairs, but because it foreshadows the course which the Duke himself followed when the means of guiding the policy of the Government were put into his hands.

After passing in review the state of public opinion on the subject, and adverting to the Concordat then recently entered into between George IV., as King of Hanover, and the Pope, the Duke describes Ireland as divided into two parties—

‘one consisting of the Protestant proprietors of land, the clergy, and the mass of the Protestant population; the other of the Roman Catholic bishops, clergy, and gentry, and the populace reckoned at six millions. Of the former party a few among the gentry may think well of the Roman Catholics, a few more desire concession as the only mode of tranquillizing the country, but the great bulk are political partisans, and all alike live in daily dread of a rising against themselves. On the other hand some of the Roman Catholic proprietors, and of the higher order of the clergy, and some even of the priests, occasionally exert themselves in the cause of order. But these are exceptions to the general rule, which has converted the Roman Catholic clergy, nobility, lawyers, and gentlemen having property into a sort of theocracy which is supreme over the populace, and by means of the Rent and through the agency of the Association, has acquired a knowledge of the means of organizing the masses which it never before possessed.

‘This,’ continues the document, ‘in my opinion is the great distinction between this and other religious parties in this and any other state. The Dissenters of different descriptions in England, however troublesome and factious, and the Greeks in Hungary are domestic parties, and have no connection with Foreign Powers. Nor have the Greeks even in the Turkish dominions, except by virtue of treaties between the Porte and the Emperor of Russia. But the Roman Catholic party in Ireland is, and acts in every respect as, and its existence has all the effects upon the prosperity and greatness of the empire, of a party connected with and protected by a Foreign Power.’

The inevitable hostility of this party to the Church of England, to the connection between England and Ireland, and to the Protestant proprietary of the soil, is next pointed out :—

‘Only the strength of England keeps it down, particularly in war. William III. fully understood this, and to obviate the danger arising from these causes, his laws were enacted. But his laws dealt almost exclusively with the clergy; they banished the higher order of the hierarchy, as well as the regular clergy of the Roman Church. They obliged the parish

priests to register their places of abode. They prohibited intermarriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and made attempts at conversion from Protestantism to Romanism penal. William, indeed, appears to have considered the Roman Catholics in Ireland as a beaten army, the heads of which were to be sent out of the country, and the lower ranks disarmed; and it does not appear that he thought of applying civil disabilities to keep in order a party, whose means consist principally in their numerical strength. Indeed the only disabilities found in his Irish laws, are those against solicitors, which can easily be understood from the previous forfeitures and renewed grants of the forfeited estates. It was not till the following reign that the war of civil disabilities in Ireland commenced, which having been extended in the three reigns following that of William, the system was at last relaxed in that of George III.; first by the Act of 1772, to enable all descriptions of his Majesty’s subjects to testify their allegiance to him, in which a new oath was enacted; and afterwards by the repeal of many of the disqualifying statutes in 1782–1792 and 1793.’

From these premises the Duke draws the conclusion that neither legislative harshness on the one hand, nor concession on the other, had produced the smallest effect for good; that the Roman Catholic party was the same in 1825 that it had been in the reign of William; that, in point of fact, it was become more formidable because the higher classes of its members were richer, and that the absence of all restraint upon the theocracy, co-operating with the liberal spirit of the times, had made it, especially of late, bolder and less scrupulous in approaching a breach of the law.

Glancing next at the various proposals made for getting rid of the disqualifying laws, and recognizing the enormous difficulty of the question, the Duke shows how the power of Rome is controlled in Continental States by special treaties, and how well, upon the whole, these treaties work :—

‘But,’ he continues, ‘as referable to Ireland, there are three parties to these questions—the King, the Pope, and the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Of these the last named are incomparably the most difficult to treat with; they will not hear of the interference of the Crown, to put an end to Papal encroachment and its consequences, and it is obvious that their object is to prevent the exercise of any inspection or control by the Crown, in order that the country may remain under the government of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. As long as the Roman Catholic religion exists, in this or any other country, out of the control of the Crown, it remains a system of secrecy and concealment, and therefore of danger. It has not been suffered thus to exist in any country in Europe, whether governed by a Roman Catholic or a Protestant sovereign; and we see

from antecedent transactions in Ireland, from the existing state of society in that country, and from what has come out in evidence before the Committee of the Lords, that of all the countries in Europe, Ireland is *the* one, in which such a system should not be suffered to exist.'

Enormous as the difficulty might be of settling this question, the Duke is of opinion that the time was come for attempting a settlement, and that the Ministers then in office were the persons by whom that attempt should be made. He believes that their Protestant friends, however angry they might be at the outset, would not act so suicidal a part as to go over to the enemy. Nor could success, supposing the attempt to succeed, be regarded as a party triumph in the Cabinet; because though heretofore it had been agreed among the ministers that the question should not be taken up as a Government question, still each individual minister was free to deal with it as he thought best; and if a careful review of the whole case should induce a majority to arrive at a fresh conclusion, why should not the minority, in the interests of the country and for the King's service, frankly give way? As to motives,—

'Surely,' he continues, 'it is more manly and consistent with our duty to our sovereign and to the public, so to conduct ourselves, as to be able to render most service in the particular crisis of the times, than to be looking about to see what imputations can be brought against us of supposed attachment to office, founded upon our continuing to hold our offices, after a question has been carried, or is about to be carried, contrary to our opinions, by our own friends in Parliament, and by the influence of those acting in the Cabinet with us.'

We refrain, for obvious reasons, from making further reference to this most interesting paper. The limits at our disposal forbid the proceeding, and if the contrary were the case the quotation would serve little purpose, because the plan laid down in 1825 underwent considerable modification in 1828, and in 1829 was entirely emasculated.

Between 1824 and 1827 various changes occurred in the composition of the Government. They were all calculated to strengthen Mr. Canning's hands, and proved in consequence highly distasteful to the Eldon party. Another effect produced by them was to draw closer the connection which had already begun to be formed between the so-called Liberal Tories and the Whigs in Parliament. The Whigs approved the commercial policy of their rivals, which they attributed entirely to Mr. Huskisson. They approved, also, the foreign policy of the Government, of which

they gave all the credit to Mr. Canning. The Whigs were mistaken on both points. So far as the commercial policy of the country was concerned, it had, up to a certain point, no steadier supporter than the Duke. A disciple of Adam Smith, he advocated free trade, so long as the matter was not pushed beyond the limits assigned to it by his master. He objected, indeed, to repeal the navigation laws, because, like Adam Smith, he believed them to be the great prop of England's maritime superiority. He was averse to tamper seriously with the corn laws, which he regarded as necessary for the maintenance of the influence of the territorial gentry. His disinclination to throw open the trade with China rested more upon political than fiscal reasons. He anticipated from the measure endless complications with that country, and it cannot be said that the result has falsified his views of the case. But these considerations apart, he was prepared equally with Mr. Huskisson, or anybody else, to sell in the dearest market and purchase in the cheapest. In like manner his views of what ought to be the foreign policy of the country may be gathered from his published correspondence. Revolutionary they certainly were not, but if it be true liberalism to leave foreign States as much as possible to settle their internal affairs for themselves, not to meddle and muddle with threats and remonstrances when these cannot be followed by more active measures, to maintain the faith of treaties, to be forbearing and moderate, to sacrifice much (provided the sacrifice involve no dishonour) rather than go to war,—then was the Duke of Wellington as liberal a minister as ever gave advice to the English Crown. The truth is, as we have elsewhere stated, that the Duke understood better than any statesman of his day both the tempers and designs of Continental Powers, and was wise enough (which is more than can be said always of others), in trying to settle differences with them or among them, rather to appeal to motives which they were capable of appreciating than to gain a little empty popularity by lecturing them on the abstract rights of man.

It is well known that in 1826 the Roman Catholic controversy reached its climax. The Duke of York made in London his not very judicious declaration, and Mr. O'Connell replied to it by a furious manifesto in Dublin. Parliament was dissolved, and England and Scotland sent to the new House of Commons a majority of representatives hostile to further concession, while the Irish members were, almost to a man, in favour of it. The result was that when the

division came to be taken the Commons rejected, by a majority of six, the same Bill which their predecessors had passed. Meanwhile in the Cabinet proposals had been made to modify the existing corn laws, and Mr. Huskisson, when addressing his constituents at Liverpool, spoke as if the laws in question were doomed. This offended the Duke as much as it embarrassed Lord Liverpool, whose life between the Liberals among his subordinates on the one hand, and the old Tories on the other, was becoming, day by day, more of a burden to him. Again he meditated a resignation, and went so far as to see the King upon the subject. This fact is curiously brought out in a portion of the Duke's correspondence, not yet, we believe, given to the public, which has reference to his own severance from the Cabinet in 1827. A letter from the late Lord Londonderry to the Duke describes an interview with the King, and puts the following words into his Majesty's mouth. The King appears to have been speaking confidentially to Lord Londonderry about Canning and his doings since 1822:—

'Liverpool announced to me, that they could not get on without Canning, and it ended, chiefly at the instigation of the Duke of Wellington, in my consenting to that measure of his introduction into the Cabinet, which was of all others the most disagreeable to me. I must, however, here do Mr. Canning the justice to say, that since he has served me, I have found him considerate, and behaving well to me in every respect. So things proceeded until the calamity of Liverpool, and what I formerly thought would have been a desirable event, has certainly turned out for me, one of the most unfortunate. It is true, however, that Liverpool would not have stayed in beyond the present session, and he declared to me, if he did not carry the Corn Bill, he would not remain Minister. *But had he gone out, he would have arranged matters, so as not to have placed me in the dilemma in which I now stand.*'

The elections were over, but Parliament had not yet met, when the Duke of York, whose health had long been failing, died. There could not be two opinions as to his successor at the Horse Guards. The King, indeed, attempted to become Commander-in-Chief of his own army, which he proposed to manage, as was done long ago, through a Board of General Officers and the Secretary-at-War. But the objections to the arrangement were too serious to be overcome, and his Majesty gave way. It followed, as a matter of course, that the command of the army was offered to the Duke of Wellington, and was by him accepted. Under ordinary circumstances the presence in the Cabinet of the Commander-in-Chief would

have been objected to as unconstitutional. But the Duke could not be spared, and, in order to maintain his connexion with the Government, it was arranged that, with the chief command of the army, he should continue to hold the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance, receiving pay, however, for only one of the two offices.

The Duke of York died on the 9th December, 1826. On the 17th February, 1827, Lord Liverpool was seized with that paralytic affection from which he never recovered. At once the question arose by whom should he be succeeded? The Duke in his correspondence appears to assert, and Lord Londonderry's conversation with the King gives great force to the statement, that for some time back an understanding had been arrived at in the Cabinet, and even with his Majesty, that whenever Lord Liverpool should resign—an event anticipated at this time from one day to another—a nobleman should take his place, entertaining the same views on the Catholic question which he had entertained, and that under him the ministers then in office would, if the King approved the arrangement, continue to manage the business of the country. Whether this understanding amounted to a positive agreement is not so certain, but that it was recognized in the Cabinet, and acted upon in spirit, admits of little doubt, because the business of the Government went on for awhile just as if Lord Liverpool had been in full vigour both of body and mind. No one openly moved to suggest a successor to him, but all, as it seemed, waited till circumstances should determine for them on whom his mantle was to fall. It has been said of late in more than one quarter,—it was said at the time, and at the time openly contradicted,—that the Duke intrigued to win the vacant place. No one pretends to deny now—few doubted, forty years ago—that such intrigue was pushed forward, but from another quarter. Mr. Canning had become by this time the intimate friend of his ancient enemies. The King, and the King's household, delighted in his society. He had obtained for Lord Conyngham the much-coveted Chamberlainship; he had taken Lord Conyngham's son as Under-Secretary into the Foreign Office; it was known that if the power rested with him, he would promote in the Church the clergyman whom Lord and Lady Conyngham patronized. The press clamoured for him as the only statesman in whom the country could repose confidence. How all this ended we need not stop to describe. The correspondence between him and the Duke is now a matter of history. Mr. Canning

became Prime Minister, and the Duke, Mr. Peel, Lord Eldon, Lord Westmorland, Lord Melville, and others, quitted the Government.

To his dying day the Duke maintained that he took the proper course on this occasion. His correspondence abounds with statements in justification of the act. In frequent conversations with individuals he adverted to it, and always in the same strain:—

‘Mr. Canning,’ he says in a memorandum on quitting office, which the reader will find at page 636 of vol. iii., ‘had, in a conversation which I had with him on the 2nd of April, explained to me, that in case his Majesty should consider of a scheme for the reconstruction of the Government, one of his designs was to propose that Mr. Robinson should be removed to the House of Lords and be made First Lord of the Treasury; and if the answer to my letter of the 10th had been, that this was the plan which he still intended to follow, it would then have been suggested by me, that he should think of an arrangement which might have been better calculated to keep the Government together.’

But the Duke, as is well known, went further. He resigned at the same time his command of the army; which, as the office was not a political one, there was no political reason that he should have done.* This was a se-

* *Memorandum of conversation between the Duke of Wellington and the Knight of Kerry, the latter a member of Mr. Canning's Government.*

‘The Duke entered fully into the circumstances of his abdication of the command of the army. He had acted from no feeling of enmity to Mr. Canning or any one else. Whilst discussions were carried on in private, differences were open to free and friendly explanation; but when charges on one side or another became public, then a man was bound by self-respect to sustain himself in the opinion of the world. When Mr. Canning introduced the King's name it made the case serious; and, considering his own position, it became necessary that his conduct should not be open to misconstruction or compromise. In writing to ask Mr. Canning who was to be the head of the Government he meant no slight or offence. The inquiry grew out of the very nature of their previous conversation, in which Mr. Canning had discussed, and with reference to various arrangements, without the supposition of himself being Prime Minister. The Duke was now convinced that at the time Mr. Canning wrote that letter he was not actually the Minister. As soon as he found that Mr. Canning put a construction of an offensive nature on his letter he wrote to disavow it; but Mr. Canning's letter to him, which he thought uncalled-for, and which was quite unlike his usual style of writing, remained at the present moment unexplained. He disliked politics, they did not suit him. He could have continued in command of the army, and Mr. Canning might have governed the country in Downing-street without any difference or objections; but with the correspondence unexplained, he did not know to what ebullitions of

temper he might be exposed, or how things could go on. He was perfectly ready to take the command of the army, whatever Mr. Canning's opinions on politics might be; but when he was asked to form part of a Cabinet, it was necessary that he should inquire before consenting who was to be the head of the Ministers. Otherwise they might all agree in the dark to form a Government which they might find at length without a head. His object and principle was to keep the old members of the Government together. The only advice he had given the King (and he saw him but once, viz. the day after his return from Brighton), was, “Sir, I advise you to make your arrangements complete, and take such a course as will keep together the members of the late Government.” His efforts had always been directed to preserve harmony. He had over and over again composed differences which arose between individuals. Many a time some hasty decision, or letter, which was probably repented of the moment it was written, had led to broils which he had to remedy. In fact he was always called in on such occasions. Mr. Canning's temper was very unhappy, *as we would soon find out*. He had originally recommended to the King to take Mr. Canning into his service at a time when, from particular circumstances, he had very great influence with the King, and he had done his best at all times to keep things right. He could not, therefore, be supposed to bear any enmity of feeling towards him, and he had none. All these considerations forced on him the answer he sent to the King's letter; and when Mr. Canning dictated that letter, he knew that his former conduct had placed him in a position which left him no alternative. That letter was most affectionate and friendly, and in the tone in which the King was used to write to him; but they clearly saw that no other arrangement could be made for the army. There really was no person to put into the situation; but if that bar had not existed, he could have carried on the command of the army without meddling in politics, which would be a great relief to him. He expressed again the *disgust* he felt for politics. He might differ in opinion on particular points with the members of the Government, but that could not affect him in his military position. He spoke a great deal more in detail.

About a month or more after his resignation, the Duke, at Sir Herbert Taylor's request, sent to him a copy of the correspondence which had passed between himself and Mr. Canning, subsequently to the explanation which he offered to the House of

temper he might be exposed, or how things could go on. He was perfectly ready to take the command of the army, whatever Mr. Canning's opinions on politics might be; but when he was asked to form part of a Cabinet, it was necessary that he should inquire before consenting who was to be the head of the Ministers. Otherwise they might all agree in the dark to form a Government which they might find at length without a head. His object and principle was to keep the old members of the Government together. The only advice he had given the King (and he saw him but once, viz. the day after his return from Brighton), was, “Sir, I advise you to make your arrangements complete, and take such a course as will keep together the members of the late Government.” His efforts had always been directed to preserve harmony. He had over and over again composed differences which arose between individuals. Many a time some hasty decision, or letter, which was probably repented of the moment it was written, had led to broils which he had to remedy. In fact he was always called in on such occasions. Mr. Canning's temper was very unhappy, *as we would soon find out*. He had originally recommended to the King to take Mr. Canning into his service at a time when, from particular circumstances, he had very great influence with the King, and he had done his best at all times to keep things right. He could not, therefore, be supposed to bear any enmity of feeling towards him, and he had none. All these considerations forced on him the answer he sent to the King's letter; and when Mr. Canning dictated that letter, he knew that his former conduct had placed him in a position which left him no alternative. That letter was most affectionate and friendly, and in the tone in which the King was used to write to him; but they clearly saw that no other arrangement could be made for the army. There really was no person to put into the situation; but if that bar had not existed, he could have carried on the command of the army without meddling in politics, which would be a great relief to him. He expressed again the *disgust* he felt for politics. He might differ in opinion on particular points with the members of the Government, but that could not affect him in his military position. He spoke a great deal more in detail.

‘N.B.—It appeared to me that whether or not this disinclination to politics existed originally in the Duke's mind, he has now brought his opinions to that point.’

Lords, of the causes which induced him to retire from the command of the army. Sir Herbert was struck with the tone of the Duke's letters, and ventured in reply to 'express an earnest and anxious hope and solicitude, that the door was left open to further communication and explanation, and that they may lead to the result which the country and the army had equally at heart.' Here is the Duke's answer:—

'London, 21st May, 1827.

'MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have received your letter of yesterday. I stated in Parliament, as well as on every occasion elsewhere, that I considered that there was nothing of a political nature which ought to prevent me from taking the command at the Horse Guards equally as of an army in the field. I resigned the command, because I had received a rebuke for which I had given no provocation, and in which the authority of the King's name was very unnecessarily introduced. I believe there is no difference of opinion between us on this subject, any more than there is—that this rebuke was such a signal mark of want of confidence, as that I could not continue to hold my office with advantage to his Majesty. Considering this rebuke as proceeding from the highest authority, I have never thought this affair a private matter, requiring what is called reconciliation. Those in authority will decide whether I was mistaken in the view which I took of these communications (which they have never yet said), and whether confidence exists, and under what circumstances, and in what manner, and at what time such decisions will be made. It will then remain for his Majesty and his servants to decide, whether it suits his Majesty's service and his purposes, that I should resume the command. But it appears to me quite clear, that till they will have made up their minds upon the first point, it is needless to think of the last.'

To the above there is a note appended in the Duke's handwriting, which runs thus:—

'This is a letter I wrote to Sir Herbert Taylor, which Mr. Canning saw in the morning of the day on which he advised the King to write to me, viz. the 21st of May.'

Concerning the objects of the above letter there cannot be two opinions. It was a frank avowal of the Duke's readiness to resume the command of the army, provided he were assured that Mr. Canning's letter of the 11th April did not convey, and was not meant to convey a rebuke to the Duke from the King. And had the King seen the letter, there can be as little reason to doubt, that he would have at once detected this meaning and removed all the Duke's scruples. Mr. Canning, however, by whatever motives guided, did not think fit to submit the Duke's letter to the King, but contented himself with making a communication,

which drew from his Majesty the following letter to the Duke:—

St. James's Palace, 21st May, 1827.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I learn from my Government, as well as from other quarters, that you have obligingly expressed your readiness to afford your advice if required, upon any matter of military importance or detail that might occur. These circumstances renew in me, those feelings towards you, which God knows as you must know I have so long and so sincerely felt, and I hope on all occasions proved, at least it was always my intention to do so. I cannot refrain, therefore, from acquainting you that the command of the army is still open, and if you choose to recall that resignation which it grieved me so much to receive, you have my *sincere* permission to do so.

'Ever your sincere Friend,

'G. R.'

Permission to recall his resignation was not that at which the Duke had hinted. He desired to receive a distinct declaration such as should satisfy his keen sense of honour, that there had been no intention on his Majesty's part to rebuke or withdraw his confidence from him; and such declaration the King would have undoubtedly required his Minister to make, had he seen the Duke's letter. But Mr. Canning, having for his own purposes withheld the letter, and himself avoiding the subject, the Duke believed that he had no alternative except in a dignified and respectful manner to decline withdrawing the resignation:—

'I earnestly hope that your Majesty,' he wrote in reply, 'will have the goodness to refer to the reasons which I stated to your Majesty on the 12th April, and more fully to your Majesty on the 6th May, as having imposed upon me the painful necessity of offering to your Majesty my resignation of the command of your Majesty's forces. I humbly entreat your Majesty to bear in mind, that those reasons still continue in force, and that were I under such circumstances to recall my resignation, I should by that act admit that I had not been justified in retiring.'

Thus far we have dealt only with that particular act of the Duke, which it suited the purposes of party to represent as gratuitously vindictive. Looked at from his own stand-point, the defence of this proceeding appears to us to be complete. But another and a graver question arises—Was it worthy of the Duke,—did it consist with that high sense of duty which on all other occasions seemed to guide him—of duty to his King and to the country, both sorely beset at the moment,—and never more in need of the support which he could render them—to quit the Government for no other reason, than because Mr. Canning had been selected

by the Sovereign to be his Prime Minister ? With all possible reverence for the memory of the Great Duke, we think that it was not. Undoubtedly Mr. Canning's conduct throughout the transaction admits of no justification. From first to last it was untrue towards his colleagues ; pregnant with mischief to the party of which he professed to be one of the leaders ; and ungenerous to the Sovereign. And the means employed by him to bring about the end which he had in view, the abuse of an influence in itself illegitimate, cannot be too severely censured. But there were points to be considered by a man in the Duke's high situation, of far greater importance than these. To leave the Crown in Mr. Canning's hands, was to break up the Tory party, and to break up the Tory party was tantamount, according to his view of the case, to the overthrow of Constitutional Government. No doubt the Duke's temper was sorely tried. The King appears to have been a good deal alienated from him of late. The Cabinet was mystified, and he naturally, and as the event proved justly, attributed these evils to Mr. Canning's underhand proceedings ; and to serve *with*, much more *under* a man whose notions of public morality stood so far apart from his own, could not be thought of except with horror. Still, when the option lay between enduring this personal torture and handing over the Government of the country to persons of whom he was convinced that they would abuse it, we confess that the Duke in resigning his seat in the Cabinet, appears to us to have made a wrong choice. For our further conviction is, that had he submitted to this painful necessity, every one of the Ministers who resigned with him, would have submitted likewise. In this case Mr. Canning, whatever his sinister intentions might be, would have found himself powerless to carry them into effect, because the voice of a Prime Minister if he be in a minority in his own Cabinet, is not more potential than that of one of his colleagues. But it was not so to be. The Duke allowed personal feeling for once to obscure his judgment, and the Liverpool Administration fell to pieces.

It may be urged, perhaps, that had the Duke consented to serve on carrying his friends with him, Mr. Canning would have found ways and means to trip them up, in the event of their assuming an attitude of extreme watchfulness towards himself. A Prime Minister may not be able to dictate a policy to a Cabinet, but if he have private access to the Sovereign, and is not over-scrupulous in using it, he can always manage to create antipathies in that quarter

towards individuals, and thus get rid, one by one, of such of his colleagues as turn rusty. To a certain extent we admit the fact, which was undoubtedly present to the Duke's mind, for he refers to it in more than one of the many letters which give the reasons for his own resignation. Still the stakes at issue were of such enormous importance, that even this consideration, weighty as it was, ought not, in our opinion, to have hindered the experiment from being tried. The Liverpool Administration, with Mr. Canning at its head, might have broken up in a year, but the effect of such catastrophe by whatever causes produced could not have been more disastrous to the party, and therefore to the country, than the voluntary surrender of power by the Tory statesmen, who refused to serve under Canning at all.

Mr. Canning, as is well known, enjoyed but a brief tenure of power. Defeated in the House of Lords, and ill-supported in the Commons, his administration and his life came to an end together, within a few months after he had achieved the object of his ambition. His fate is, indeed, one of the saddest in the history of party and of party men. Genius, industry, eloquence, knowledge, all were his in no common degree. His views, on many subjects, were most enlightened, his objects noble, perhaps grand ; yet he failed to carry the country and the Legislature with him, because he was not always true either to others or to himself. His jealousy of the Duke had become latterly morbid, and it was shared with him by all the more intimate of his followers. They seemed to live in constant fear lest the King should become reconciled to the Duke, and they kept the place of Commander-in-Chief open, in the hope that the Duke might lower himself in public opinion by accepting, perhaps applying for it, on their own terms. But the Duke was not to be caught by such a bait. Having resigned, he kept himself studiously at a distance from the Court, and once only, when informed of the King's mortification at such marked coldness, went over from Strathfieldsaye to pay his respects at Windsor on his Majesty's birthday. The consequence of this solitary visit was, that immediately the tidings of Mr. Canning's death got abroad, the Duke was by public opinion marked out as his inevitable successor. For that issue, however, neither time nor circumstances were as yet ripe. Lord Goderich took Mr. Canning's place, and for a few more months the vessel of the State staggered on under his feeble guidance.

We have nothing to do with the difficul-

ties which attended the formation of Lord Goderich's Government. To the creation or prolongation of these, the Duke was no party. But Mr. Canning's death removed the only obstacle that stood in the way of his resuming, without loss of self-respect, the command of the army. Lord Palmerston, in his Autobiography, describes Lord Anglesey as being terribly put out by this arrangement. He had been employed by the Cabinet to convey their invitation to the Duke, and returning with his reply, exclaimed, 'I have brought you the Duke's acceptance as Commander-in-Chief, and by God, mark my words,—as sure as you are alive, he will trip up all our heels before six months are over our heads.'—'Before six months were over,' says Lord Palmerston, 'the Duke was in, and our heels were up.'

It is not for us to affirm or deny the accuracy of the above statement of facts; but for the inference drawn from it there is not the shadow of a justification. The Duke had no more to do with the break-up of the Goderich Administration than with the untoward battle of Navarino, which was the proximate cause of the catastrophe. Lord Goderich's Administration expired of pure imbecility, after having done, in the course of a brief existence, incalculable mischief to British interests. And now at last that to which his friends had long looked forward came to pass. The Duke was summoned to Windsor. Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, went with him, and he thus describes the interview:—

'London, 9th Jan. 1828.

'MY DEAR PEEL,—I enclose a letter which I received from Lord Lyndhurst this morning, in consequence of which, having received him shortly after 8 o'clock, he told me that the Government being dissolved, the King wished to speak to me along with him. I went to Windsor with him immediately, and his Majesty told me to form a Government for him, of which I should be the head. I told his Majesty that I was so situated professionally that I could not say that I would form a Government of which I should be the head without consulting others; that I would not say that I could form a Government at all without such previous consultation, but that if he would give me a little time, and leave to go to town to consult with others, I would inquire and see what could be done, and report to him the results.

'I then inquired what he desired, whether he had any wishes for particular persons or objections to any? He said that he thought the Government must be composed of persons of both opinions in respect to the Catholic question, that he approved all his late and former servants; and that he had no objection to anybody except Lord Grey. He afterwards expressed a wish to retain the Duke of Devon-

shire and Lord Carlisle in his service; but upon the whole he left me *carte blanche*, with the single exception above mentioned, and he repeatedly desired that I would form for him a strong Government. The Chancellor was present. Now my dear Peel, I entreat you to come to town, in order that I may consult with you, and have the benefit of your co-operation in the execution of this interesting commission. You will see that the whole case is before you for discussion. I have declined to make myself the head of the Government, unless upon discussion with my friends it should appear desirable; and excepting Lord Lyndhurst, who it must be understood is in office, everything else is open to all mankind except to one person. I have sent for nobody else, nor shall I see anybody till you come, which I hope you will do early in the morning. I send to your house to desire that a room may be prepared for you, in case you should come this night.

'The King said that it was to be understood that the Roman Catholic question was not to be made a Cabinet question; that there was to be a Protestant Lord Chancellor, a Protestant Lord-Lieutenant, and a Protestant Lord Chancellor of Ireland.'

We have given this letter *in extenso* because it gets rid for ever of the idle rumour set afloat at the time, and subsequently repeated, that the Duke intrigued for office. Of intrigue, in the sense usually applied to that term, the Duke was incapable. He neither stood in the way of a summons to Lord Wellesley, as has somewhere been asserted, nor did he, directly or indirectly, make the slightest attempt to fix the King's eye upon himself. On the contrary, he would have infinitely preferred to serve as Master-General of the Ordnance, under one of his old friends, if to another, and not to him, the King had entrusted the task of forming an administration. But neither the King nor the Tory party appears to have had any confidence in any one except himself. This was made clear to him by the letters and conversations of those whom he consulted; and he took upon him, in consequence, a burden which galled him from the first and to which he appears never to have become cordially reconciled.

That we have fairly stated the case as between the Duke and his political detractors, a thousand expressions in his speeches, in his memoranda, and in his letters, now for the first time published, make clear. His memorable defence of himself in Parliament, when first accused of intriguing for power, was perfectly honest:—

'Does any man believe that I could give up such gratification' (the command of the army, and the opportunity of benefiting and holding familiar intercourse with his old comrades) 'in order to be appointed to a station, to the du-

ties of which I was unaccustomed, in which I was not wished, and for which I was not qualified?—‘He detested politics,’ says the Knight of Kerry, quoting the Duke’s own words: ‘they did not suit him.’—‘You will have heard,’ he wrote to Lord Hill on the 1st of February, soon after his administration was formed, ‘that in consequence of my being employed in the Government, I have been under the painful necessity of resigning my office of Commander-in-Chief. I certainly did not contemplate this necessity as being permanent, when I undertook for his Majesty the service of forming his Government. But even if I had, I don’t think I could have declined endeavouring to perform the service.’

Again, on the 5th April he writes to the Prince of Orange:—

‘I have been under the necessity of undertaking to perform the duties of a most arduous situation, under circumstances of great difficulty and in most critical times; a situation for the performance of the duties of which I am not qualified, and they are very disagreeable to me.’

But the most convincing proof of all that such were his real sentiments, that with him personal aggrandisement weighed as a feather in the scale against public duty, is afforded by the course which he judged it expedient to take on two subsequent occasions. In 1835, William IV. gave him *carte blanche*. Single-handed he kept the Government open for Sir Robert Peel, and, with all the offices connected with it, handed it over to him on his return from Rome. Again, in 1846, when Peel for the second time lost the confidence of his supporters, the Duke, though averse to the policy which had produced this effect, stood by him. Had he taken the other line, had he seceded from Peel’s Administration, and pronounced for maintaining the Corn Laws, does anybody doubt that he would have been lifted into power, and supported there by the same majority which Peel threw over! Compare his conduct in these respects with that of Mr. Canning, of Lord Palmerston, and—may we not add?—of certain leading statesmen of the present day. Canning preferred office to old ties of political association, and to his own avowed opinions on one important subject. He broke up a Government with which he had long served, in order to secure the premiership, and made a compact with the King, never, as Prime Minister, to plead for Catholic emancipation. Lord Palmerston, when entrusted by the late Lord Derby with a delicate commission, delivered himself of it to Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Herbert in such a way as effectually to defeat its object. He became, in consequence, First

Lord of the Treasury himself. As to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli, their best friends will scarcely deny that principles often enunciated and ably defended, became thin air when they stood between them and the great object of their ambition. What was the Duke’s answer to the many appeals that were made to him during the momentous crisis in 1846?—‘I think that it is of more importance to the country that Sir Robert Peel should continue Prime Minister, than that the Corn Laws should be maintained, or any other laws.’ He who thought and wrote thus, might be deficient in some of the qualities that are necessary to make a successful English Minister; but surely it cannot be said of him that he was a slave to personal ambition, much less that he was wanting in that highest order of statesmanship which can detect the quarter whence real danger to the State will come, and is ready to guard against it, even at the cost of outraged personal prejudice.

What the King’s intentions were in placing the Duke at the head of his Government, there can be no doubt. His Majesty had stipulated with Mr. Canning, the consistent advocate of Emancipation, that so long as he held office the weight of his authority should not be thrown into the scale of Repeal. He contented himself with reminding the Duke that Repeal was not to be made a Cabinet question, and that certain great functionaries of the State were to be what his Majesty called Protestant. The Duke found a Lord Chancellor in office, whom, whether Catholic or Protestant, the King desired him to retain, and he retained him. He found a Lord-Lieutenant who was not a Protestant, but with whom also the King expressed himself satisfied, and the Duke took no steps to remove him. Other offices he set himself to fill, after consultation with Lord Lyndhurst and Mr. Peel, so as to meet, as far as circumstances would allow, the exigencies of the times. These the Duke, in his letter to the Prince of Orange, describes as critical, and they were so. Turkey, her fleet destroyed, lay at the mercy of Russia. Portugal was passing through a crisis. Of France, the internal condition was little satisfactory, and Spain and Italy were both ripe for fresh revolts. But still more difficult to deal with was the state of things and parties at home. In the feeble hands which had recently wielded them, the functions of government had become paralysed. Ireland was at the absolute disposal of the Central Association, and in England and Scotland a desire of change had begun again to show itself, as invariably happens when States have ceased to respect

their rulers. The Duke's first care was to apply a remedy, if such could be found, to the latter evil. Was this to be done by reinstating the old Tory administration, and trying to conduct the affairs of the empire on a principle of evasions and mutual concessions? The Duke had seen too much of this state of things to desire a renewal of it. Toryism, as it existed in Lord Liverpool's day, was dead. Neither could he look exclusively to the Whigs, believing, as he did, that they must shape their policy so as to secure the support of the Radicals, without whom they were powerless. But to him and his advisers it appeared possible to construct out of the two a third party, which, acting solely for the public good, might command the support of moderate men of all shades of opinion, and ultimately set the nation on its legs. It was a delicate operation to undertake, but they set about it with an honesty of purpose which deserved more success than actually attended it. The death of Mr. Canning, and Lord Ripon's collapse, had advanced Mr. Huskisson to the leadership of the Canning party. With him the Duke immediately communicated, writing, however, at the same time, and separately, to Lord Dudley and Ward, to Lord Palmerston, and to Mr. Charles Grant. There was some delay in getting an answer, and the answer, when it came, read ominously:—

Somerset Place, 17th January, 1828.

'MY DEAR DUKE,—Having now received the opinions of Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Grant, that under all the circumstances of the case with which they are acquainted, there is nothing which should preclude me from accepting office with Mr. Herries in a new government, consistently with a proper regard to my personal honour and public character, I lose not a moment in informing you that I mean to abide by their decision. I do so on the following understanding:—that it is not your intention to continue Mr. Herries in the situation of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that there is to be a Finance Committee; that Lord Althorpe shall be proposed as a member of that Committee. Upon this last point Mr. Herries and I were from the first entirely agreed, the difference arose respecting the chair.'

It could hardly be agreeable to the Duke to find that among those with whom he was about to act, a cabal had already been formed, and that the head of the cabal showed a disposition to begin their official connexion by dictating terms. If such feeling arose he suppressed it, and wrote to Mr. Huskisson frankly acceding to all his wishes. The case was different, when, a little later in the season, Mr. Huskisson went out of his way to explain to his constituents that he

had consented to serve under the Duke only on the clear understanding that both the foreign and commercial policy of the country should be the same of which he had heretofore approved. The Duke having entered into no such agreement, took the earliest opportunity of saying so in the House of Lords, and Mr. Huskisson was obliged to get out of the difficulty as best he could. Again, Mr. Herries having, through inadvertence or otherwise, allowed the editors of certain newspapers to divulge ministerial arrangements, as yet incomplete, the Duke did not hesitate to express his displeasure:—

'It is absolutely impossible,' he writes, 'to transact public business in this country without secrecy. By secrecy I don't mean mystery, but I mean that a member of the Cabinet should understand it, and make it a rule of his conduct, never to mention or make known to any person whatever, much less to a person likely to publish it in a newspaper, anything of which he has obtained a knowledge in his situation as a member of the Cabinet Council.'

The Duke's attempts to conciliate the Whigs failed. They do not appear to have been very strenuously made, or to have taken a wide range; but Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Devonshire, and one or two more, whom he offered to retain, declined to serve. His Government therefore, when formed, consisted of himself, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Peel, Lord Bathurst, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Herries, and Mr. Goulburn—with Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Grant and Mr. Wynne, representing the Canning party.

If we may accept as true Lord Palmerston's account of the matter, the Cabinet thus put together worked inharmoniously from the outset. Mr. Huskisson pressed at once for the same change in the Corn Laws which the Duke, when in opposition, had prevented. The Duke naturally resisted the proposal, and was with difficulty prevailed upon by Mr. Peel and Lord Lyndhurst to consent to a compromise. Questions, likewise, arose in the department of foreign affairs, on which the Duke and Lord Dudley disagreed; and the Duke was exceedingly annoyed at reading one day in the 'Quarterly Review,' an accurate and able *résumé*, not alone of the points most in dispute, but of the arguments used on both sides, as well by correspondence as in the Cabinet. These, with other incidents which we need not stop to particularise, soon destroyed whatever hope had been entertained of living down differences which were supposed to have their source rather in personal feeling than in diversities of principle. Meanwhile, outside the Cabinet parties which had nothing

in common aided one another in trying to bring the Government into disrepute. The old Tories went about denouncing as an act of unparalleled treachery the coalition between the Duke and the Canningites. The Whigs, indignant with the Canningites for joining the Duke and throwing them over, foretold all manner of evil to the State. As to the Radicals, they spoke according to their wont, of liberty threatened, and their just rights withheld from the people. It was a bad beginning, which foreshadowed no triumphant or successful end.

The first decided reverse that befell the Government overtook them on Lord John Russell's motion for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Ministers opposed the measure, Mr. Huskisson and Lord Palmerston taking prominent parts in the debate; but finding that the sense of the House was against them, they withdrew in a body, before the division was taken. Subsequently the Ministers adopted the measure as their own, introduced into it some trifling changes, passed it, and gained no strength from the proceeding. By-and-by came on the troublesome question of Penryn and East Retford, the details of which are too well known to require explanation here. The general results were these:—Mr. Huskisson, after reluctantly consenting in Cabinet to follow a particular course, voted, when the division was taken, against his leader, and in breach of this agreement. That proceeding he followed up by writing, ere he went to bed, a letter to the Duke, in which this sentence occurs, 'I owe it to you as the head of the Administration, and to Mr. Peel as the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands.' All that arose out of this communication is a matter of history. Mr. Huskisson's quarrel was taken up by the members of his party. Lord Palmerston and Lord Dudley both saw the Duke, and argued that their leader had no intention whatever of resigning; that he meant no more than to leave to the Duke to determine whether he ought to retire from the Administration or not; and therefore that it was the Duke's part to say that retirement was unnecessary. Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, took a somewhat different line. He proposed either that the Duke should state explicitly what he required Mr. Huskisson to do, or else that the quarrel between them should be referred to the King. The Duke was immovable. He had said enough to indicate indirectly that Mr. Huskisson might, if disposed, withdraw his first letter. Further he declined to go. Having explained to

Lord Francis that anything like an appearance of collusion between the parties would damage both, he adds 'But I will say this, that the mode suggested by you—I say nothing of the details—would be most objectionable; first, as it would involve His Majesty in the affair; secondly, because it would be a verbal arrangement of an affair of which the details had been conducted in writing.'

His memorandum on the interview with Lord Palmerston is worth perusal, were it only because of the contrast which it presents to the elaborate account of the same matter given in Lord Palmerston's diary: and we regret that our limits will not permit us to give it at length. It bears date 28th May, 1828, and will not escape the attention of any who study these remarkable papers.

In speaking of the Duke's refusal to join Mr. Canning's Administration, we expressed some doubt as to whether either his personal honour or the best interests of the country imposed that obligation upon him. A calm review of the difference between him and Mr. Huskisson and his party, must, we should imagine, satisfy all reasonable persons that he had no alternative except to act as he did. Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Grant, were, doubtless, men of mark, as well as influential in Parliament. But the Duke felt, and in our judgment he was right, that the loss of their services to the Government was a misfortune, serious indeed, yet infinitely less so than would have been incurred had he stooped to solicit a reconciliation on the terms suggested by them. Lord Palmerston's biographer more than insinuates that the Duke seized the first occasion that presented itself of severing his connexion with the Canningites. We find no proof of this in the Duke's correspondence. But so much is made manifest that the occasion offered was one which he could not overlook; that he did not overlook it, or affect to do so; yet that for six whole days he left a door of reconciliation open, which either the Canningites could not see, or, seeing, did not care to take advantage of.

Reference has been made to the effect, upon both the Whigs and the old Tories, of the unnatural coalition, as they called it, between the Duke and the Canningite party. The resignations which came in towards the end of May, 1828, produced a marvellous change of opinion on both sides. The Tories became reconciled with apparent cordiality to the Duke. The Whigs condoned the baseness of the Canningites and drew them towards themselves. But the Duke's difficulties were not thereby remov-

ed. A cry arose that the Canningites had left him, because his policy was becoming retrograde and arbitrary. One by one the Liberals in minor office threw up their places, and several noblemen and gentlemen, to whom the Duke made advances, excused themselves from serving under him. Surprised, perhaps mortified, the Duke was not thereby cast down. He called to his counsels old friends in civil life and old companions in arms. Lord Aberdeen took Lord Dudley's place at the Foreign Office; Sir Henry Hardinge succeeded Lord Palmerston at the War Office; Sir George Murray became Colonial Secretary, in Mr. Huskisson's room; and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, went to the Board of Trade, *vice* Mr. Charles Grant. From among the ultra-Tories Lord Westmorland alone was solicited to take office, and he did so. But in the constitution of the Irish executive the only change that took place was the appointment of Lord Francis Leveson-Gower to be Chief Secretary in place of Mr. Charles Lamb. Lord Anglesey, though by profession a follower of Canning, made no proposal to resign, and the Duke willingly retained him.

In every Cabinet, as in every Board of Directors, there is, we presume, what the Americans call a 'caucus': in other words, a select few who take intimate counsel together, and on important points determine what the policy of the ruling body shall be before proposing it to their colleagues. The state of Ireland, and how to deal with it, seems to have been to the select few in the Wellington Administration a subject of frequent and anxious discussion. The Duke, Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. Peel were all convinced that to go on much longer as they had heretofore done was impossible. Every day brought in fresh evidence that, unless decided measures were adopted to take the government of the country out of the hands of the Catholic Association, there could be no security in Ireland to life or property, nor any force in law. But on what principle these measures should be based, and how framed so as best to secure the desired object, these were points on which, as the event shows, no agreement was reached. Nor is this surprising. Though the Government had undeniably been formed with a view to bring about, sooner or later, a settlement of this difficult question, the various sections of which it was composed never so far forgot their minor differences as to justify the head of the Administration in opening his mind to them on the subject. With the King avowedly hostile to concession, and a Cabinet which met only to

wrangle, it was manifestly hopeless to attempt, on a question so momentous, a decided move in one direction or another. For if he were to propose measures of severity, though the King might agree, his colleagues would reject them; if of concession, no matter with what conditions weighted, the King would offer a determined resistance. And could it be supposed that the recalcitrant section in the Cabinet would fail to take advantage of his Majesty's humour to get rid of a chief whom they both feared and hated? Hence his delay in occupying ground, which, had it been seized a little earlier, might have been held, but which not even his great influence with a reconstructed Cabinet enabled him to keep, after the Government had been forced into a capitulation on the Test and Corporation Acts.

We have seen how much and from what an early date the Catholic question filled the Duke's mind. His memorandum, drawn up in 1825, shows that by that time his ideas had matured themselves into a plan. But in 1827, during his memorable tour in the Northern counties, he made the acquaintance of one who, even more than himself, was master of the subject, and with whom he entered immediately into confidential and close correspondence. Dr. Phillpotts, then Rector of Great Stanhope, afterwards Dean of Chester, and subsequently Bishop of Exeter, was a man of extraordinary talents and great learning. Had he lived in earlier times, and been a Churchman, nothing could have stood between him and the management of empires. Had he chosen the Bar as a profession in his own day, he must have reached and adorned the Woolsack. As it was, he appeared before society as the ablest and keenest controversialist of his day. The world credited him with uncompromising hostility to Romanism as a form of Christianity, and to the admission of Roman Catholics to an equality of civil rights with their Protestant fellow-subjects under the British Crown. The world was so far in the right that Romanism, as a gross corruption of Christianity, he held in marked disesteem; but to the removal from Roman Catholics of the civil disabilities under which they laboured he was only so far opposed as that he was unable to discover in the terms of accommodation proposed by them any sufficient guarantee for the maintenance of the Protestant Constitution in Church and State. This difficulty was the Duke's also, and the two men soon understood one another. The Duke invited the Rector of Stanhope to set forth his views, not hiding

from him the truth that he was himself anxious to discover a safe road to concession; and in a series of letters, all of which either are or soon will be accessible to the public, Dr. Phillpotts delivered his mind. No reader who compares these letters with the Duke's memorandum of 1825, can fail to be struck with the similarity of thought, and even of reasoning, which pervades them. In certain conclusions at which they arrive they differ; but the differences are slight, and the Duke, like a wise man, readily yielded his own judgment on such points to those of one who satisfied him that he had reason on his side.

Dr. Phillpotts' scheme is in substance as follows:—

'He is prepared to admit the Roman Catholic laity to a full participation in the privileges of the English Constitution; he is not prepared to do so on terms arranged, either by concordat or otherwise, between the English Crown and the Court of Rome. He is willing that the Irish Roman Catholic bishops and priests shall be paid by the State, but the payment is not to take the shape of an endowment. The bishops must be accepted as persons to whom the full powers of the episcopal order belong, but they are not to be recognized as vested with jurisdiction each in his own diocese, or See. His reasons are, that the recognition of a Romish diocesan episcopate, and the assignment to each See of a specific endowment, would be not only to acknowledge, but absolutely to establish a co-ordinate episcopacy, hostile to the episcopacy of the Established Church, and not less inconsistent with its just and essential rights than the acknowledgment of another King of Great Britain would be incompatible with the rights of the sovereign. The question of interference in the choice of persons to be Roman Catholic bishops he treats very summarily. Let there be no attempt of the kind. Leave the Irish Roman Catholic clergy free to elect whom they will, and to get the Pope's confirmation as best they may; but provide by Act of Parliament that the persons so chosen and approved shall not execute any episcopal function, except under control of the State. But this must be done both delicately and effectually. Might it not be best to avoid altogether meddling with or recognizing their elections or nominations, nay, even to avoid the mention of Roman Catholics in particular, and to make a simple and general engagement, that no person not being a bishop of the Established Church shall exercise any episcopal functions, or pretended episcopal functions, without first obtaining a licence from the Crown, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department in England, or the Secretary for Ireland—in cases arising in that country—or the ————[blank, so left in MS.] in Scotland, in which last country the Protestant bishops will be subject to the same restraint; a matter perfectly reasonable and proper in a country where the Presbyteri

Church Government is established by law, and likely to make the matter more palatable to all parties by being equal in its operations.'

These recommendations the writer founds on arguments drawn, some from Roman decretals, others from the acts of foreign Governments, especially that of Russia. He is equally clear in his views as to the securities to be required of the Roman Catholic laity, that they shall not abuse, to the detriment of Church or State, the power put into their hands. He advises that the declarations against transubstantiation and the Mass be abolished; that instead of the array of oaths then in force, members of Parliament, without distinction of creed or nationality, shall be required to swear that they will maintain and support the Bishops and Clergy of the Protestant Church of England and Ireland, by law established, in all such rights, privileges, and possessions as do or shall belong to them, and not exercise any political power or privilege to weaken or destroy the Protestant religion, by law established in the realm:—

'An oath like this,' he continues, 'would be a great constitutional recognition of the essential union of the Protestant Church and State. It would carry with it a more direct benefit to the Church; it would bind all who have seats in Parliament, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants, to abstain from all acts hostile to it. At present, none who sit there are so bound, the only security there sought or given is in the declaration against Popery. The Protestant enemies of the Church, whether in the number of its nominal members, or avowed dissenters from its whole scheme of doctrine and discipline, may at present prosecute their plans of hostile legislation without any check whatever, except that which is presented by the King's Coronation Oath, and which it is obvious could only be brought into action by a most unpleasant, if not perilous, conflict of the Crown with the Parliament.'

The paper from which we have just quoted was in the Duke's hands before he became Prime Minister. It so far commended itself to his mature judgment, that when the time came for acting in the case, he founded his own scheme upon the conclusions to which it led up. Now, if he had only found his Cabinet, as first constructed, more amenable than it was to reason, it is quite within the range of probability that Lord John Russell's move for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts would have been anticipated, and that by one wise and comprehensive measure all the grievances of which both Roman Catholics and Dissenters complained might have been removed, not only without weakening the connexion between Church and State, but by giving to it

additional stability. *Non Deus sic voluit* The Dissenters carried their point by submitting to take an oath which still marked them as with a brand. The Roman Catholics, when their turn came, did the like. But men do not care to be distinguished from their fellow-men by engagements which curtail for them that freedom of action which others enjoy. Roman Catholics and Dissenters equally kicked against their special oaths, and where are the oaths now?

Time passed, and the state of Ireland became, week by week and day by day, more alarming. Whatever else of good the Government succeeded in achieving—the great reduction of expenditure at home, the maintenance of peace abroad, was rendered nugatory by the presence of one fearful shadow, the constant dread of an outburst in that unhappy country. The difficulties, too, of dealing with the evil appeared to grow continually more formidable. The Duke, of course, kept his own counsel. To none, except to Mr. Peel and to Lord Lyndhurst, was his mind opened, and even with them he appears to have discussed general conclusions only. But his subordinates—some because the wish was father to the thought, others because the secret oozed partially out—soon began to speak and act as if the game were drawing to a close, and that the Catholics were to win it. Lord Anglesey, in particular, committed indiscretions which were quite unwarrantable. His sons attended meetings of the Catholic Association. He himself, carrying the Irish Lord Chancellor with him, became the guest of Lord Cloncurry, a leader in that body. He threw, in short, the whole weight of his office into the scale of sedition. Nor did Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, though less indiscreet than his chief, exhibit either the firmness or loyalty to the Government that might have been expected of him. Add to this the result of the Clare election, the misconduct of Dr. Curtis in making public the Duke's confidential communication to himself, the uprising of Brunswick Clubs, Mr. Dawson's ill-timed speech at Derry—and some idea will be formed of the chaos into which Ireland was falling, and of the reasons for it. Till this state of things should be put an end to, and the law's authority at least partially re-established, the Duke felt that measures of conciliation, however wise in themselves, would be misunderstood. He set himself, therefore, in the first instance to allay the ferment by remonstrating with some, and dealing more rigorously with others, of those to whose lack of judgment he mainly attri-

buted the mischief. Here is a specimen of the style in which he expressed himself on those occasions:—

‘Cheltenham, 26th August, 1828.

‘MY DEAR PEEL,—I return Dawson's letter. A Mr. Pleman, who is here, has just sent me a letter from him of the 22nd, containing the same sentiments and opinions as he has given you. Dawson should recollect that he is the servant of the Government; that he is supposed as the Secretary of the Treasury to be in my confidence; and as your brother-in-law to be in yours. He should be a little more cautious. I likewise return Lord Anglesey's letter. He is conducting himself in a very extraordinary manner. I understand that his whole conversation and every answer he gives to an address contain some insinuation or invective against the Government. He has been repeatedly heard to say that his hands were tied up by the Ministers, otherwise he would do every thing that was wished. He declared openly that he would not have accepted office, and would afterwards have resigned, if Lord Holland and Sir John Newport had not advised him first to accept and then to stay. I think that you had better inquire whether it is true that he intends to disarm any of the yeomanry; otherwise the order might be given and even partially carried into execution, or resisted, previous to our knowing anything about the matter.’

Mr. Dawson, as our readers may recollect, resigned his office. With Lord Anglesey a graver tone was taken,* which failing to effect its purpose, he was in due time recalled.

Thus ill-served by his representatives in Ireland, the Duke had to encounter at home—the King's prejudices, the hostility of the old Tories, the growing alarm of the Protestants of both kingdoms, and the timidity of his own colleagues. His intention had been to keep the details of his measures secret up to the last moment; to get order restored in Ireland, not by entering into compromise, but by asserting the supremacy of law, and then, and not till then, to lay before the King a well-digested scheme of Catholic emancipation. Lord Anglesey's indiscretion, the sharp-sighted jealousy of Lord Eldon and his friends, and the King's acuteness, disconcerted that plan. The Duke found himself under the necessity of opening his mind to the Sovereign before the times were ripe. Having in some degree prepared the way for the proceeding by drawing his Majesty's attention to the alarming nature of the despatches from Dublin, he addressed a letter to the Sovereign on the 16th of November, enclosing a scheme

* The Duke's letter to Lord Anglesey, dated November 11, 1828, well deserves perusal.

which appears to have been prepared as early as the 7th of August preceding. The scheme in question has been given almost verbatim in the popular edition of Mr. Gleig's '*Life of the Duke of Wellington*.' We content ourselves, therefore, with stating here only the principal heads of it.

The Duke proposed to repeal the 9th clause of the 33rd George III., which disabled Roman Catholics from holding certain offices; to suspend for one year so much of the Act of Union as required members of Parliament to take the oath of supremacy and subscribe the declaration against transubstantiation; so far to alter the freehold qualification as that the franchise should be exercised in Ireland only by persons paying annually five pounds to the county cess; to throw open the doors of both Houses to Roman Catholic laymen, on the easy condition of taking the oaths of 1774 and 1793, and to render them eligible to every place under the Crown, except only those of First Lord of the Treasury, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord High Chancellor of England, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Chancellor of any of the Universities and Heads of Houses, Provosts, Fellows, and Masters of Colleges and of Schools of Royal Foundation. His plan left it for future consideration whether a limit should be set to the numbers of Roman Catholics in either House—an arrangement, however, to which he expressed himself individually averse, because 'the best chance of restoring the influence of Protestant property over the elections in Parliament will be to afford no foundation for the assertion that the Roman Catholics are placed on different grounds in respect to their claims for constitutional privileges from other sects, and to prevent entirely or to regulate the exercise of the elective franchise by forty-shilling freeholders.' As to the clergy, his proposal was, that whether bishops or priests, they should be left free to manage the internal affairs of their Church as they saw best, but should officiate within the realm only under licence from the Government, and all alike be salaried out of a fund, which he estimated at three hundred thousand a year. They were not, however, to assume outside their places of worship the titles of dignity which belonged to the clergy of the Established Church, nor to set up or maintain ecclesiastical establishments, except by licence from the Crown:—

'It must be observed,' the memorandum says, 'that the whole system proposed will be created by the English law, and carried into execution by virtue of its enactments. Popery

is of foreign growth, and it would be more consistent with the dignity of his Majesty's crown that his Majesty should licence the dependants of the See of Rome to exercise their ecclesiastical functions within his dominions, than that he should accept from the Pope any pretended authority to nominate these dependants, or any check upon such nomination by the Pope himself.'

The Duke, it will be observed, was not forgetful of the caution given to him by the King at the interview which terminated in his receiving a command to form an administration. He felt himself restrained by it from making Repeal a Cabinet question till he should have obtained his Majesty's formal consent so to do. More than once, indeed, he had urged the King to withdraw the restriction from his Government so far as to allow them to take into consideration the whole state of Ireland. He now did more, and in a letter, which we regret that our limits will not permit us to extract at length, he implored his Majesty well to consider his plan, and assigned the reasons for pressing it on his Majesty's attention. Unfortunately, he added,

'Before your Majesty shall decide that you will not take these questions into consideration, and that you will not adopt this plan, I entreat you to allow me to lay it before the heads of the Church; I mean the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Lincoln, Chester, and Oxford.'

Here is the King's reply:—

'Royal Lodge, 17th November, 1828.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am unable to use the pen myself; I can therefore only dictate. I have no objection to your sending the paper to the Bishops; but then let it be under your own authority, and not from my recommendation, as the only means of avoiding all comments in respect to myself. I also think that Mr. Peel should see the paper as well as your letter to me; but all this must proceed from yourself. I consider your paper very able; but on the point in question I need not tell you what my feelings are.'

The permission thus afforded was acted upon. Copies of the proposed scheme were sent to the several prelates for their consideration, and Mr. Peel was invited to study and criticize it, and then in earnest the Duke's difficulties began.

It appears to us that no competent judge of such matters will accuse the Duke of legislating, or endeavouring to legislate, on this great question in a hurry. Throughout a long course of years his mind had disciplined itself to consider the subject in all its bearings, and when the time arrived for

merging thought in action, even then he held back till his own views should be tested by the opinion of the ablest constitutional divines in the Church of England. His main error lay, perhaps—if under the circumstances we may so express ourselves—in not taking up the question and carrying it to an issue as soon as his ministry was formed. Undoubtedly, too, the passing, as a separate measure, of the Test and Corporation Abolition Act, told against him for reasons explained elsewhere; and it is not less certain that he made a mistake when he admitted the heads of the Church into his confidence before receiving the cordial support of the whole of the Cabinet. But all these proceedings are characteristic rather of one in whom prudence was carried to a fault, than of a headstrong and precipitate statesman. The results were fatal to his scheme. The bishops, taking an exclusively religious view of the subject, shrank from giving the countenance of the State to error in any form. Mr. Peel took exception to some details, and assented coldly to others. He objected to making the suspension of a clause in the Union Act a temporary and tentative measure. Individually he had no objection to pay the Irish priests, but he could not see how this was to be effected, except by setting up two rival Church establishments in Ireland. Strange to say, he was in favour of fixing a limit to the numbers of Roman Catholics to be admitted into Parliament. He forgot that the precedents to which he appealed gave no support to his opinion, because, whatever arrangements were made at the Union of England with Scotland, and of England with Ireland, were made by agreement between independent legislatures. Whereas an act of limitation, such as he proposed in 1828 or 1829, as it would have been directed against the professors of a particular creed, so it would have undoubtedly encroached both upon the prerogatives of the Crown and the constitutional rights of the subject. At once, therefore, dissension arose in the Cabinet; nor was this all. The prelates to whom the scheme was submitted communicated with other prelates. These took the opinions of their clergy. The King opened his mind to the friends with whom, apart from his ministers, he was in the habit of conversing freely, and the whole Realm became moved. We find among the Duke's papers, as yet unpublished, a memorandum bearing date November 30th, 1828, which gives in few words an interesting account of the state into which affairs had by this time fallen:—

'In consequence of the state of affairs in Ire-

land at the close of the last Session of Parliament, of the election for the county of Clare, and other events, I drew up the annexed paper, No. 2, and sent it with the letter marked No. 1, to the King on the 2nd of August.* Shortly afterwards accounts were received in England of the speech made by Mr. Dawson at a meeting at Londonderry. This speech proceeding from such a person excited the greatest suspicions of the King's ministers. Brunswick Clubs were established in Ireland; Lord Kenyon and the Duke of Newcastle published their letters in England, and there was every appearance that the public mind was not in a state to receive and consider with calmness any proposition for the settlement of Ireland. What was passing did not fail to have its effect upon the King's mind; and this circumstance, and his Majesty's indisposition, induced me to postpone the communication to his Majesty of anything further upon the subject.

I attended the King at Windsor early in October; when his Majesty expressed himself as being strongly affected respecting the state of affairs. He was anxious to dissolve his Parliament; to encourage the formation of Brunswick Clubs throughout the country; and to take advantage of the feelings which occasioned the formation of those Clubs to go to a general election. The King's state of health prevented me from having much conversation at that time with his Majesty. I therefore wrote him a letter of which No. 3 is the extract.† At length, on November 16th, finding that his Majesty was better in health, I sent his Majesty the letter and paper marked No. 4 and 5 [of which we have just given the substance].'

Up to the receipt of the Duke's letter of November 16th, with its enclosure, the King had affected to believe that his minister was as much averse to concession as himself. It was under this pretended conviction, indeed, that he offered to dissolve Parliament, and proposed to the Duke that Lord Eldon should be appointed to the office of President of the Council then vacant. The Duke respectfully, but firmly, resisted both proposals. Now the terms on which the King lived with Lord Eldon were as intimate as those on which Lord Eldon lived with the Duke of Cumberland. While, therefore, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon appealed to the Protestants of the empire through the press, and Lord Winchelsea and Sir Edward Knatchbull held their monster meeting on Penenden Heath, the Duke of Cumberland, who happened to be abroad, suddenly announced to the Prime Minister, in a letter full of expressions of confidence, his intention of returning home. Against

* The paper and letter in question will be found at page 564, vol. iv. of the 'New Series.'

† This letter will be found *in extenso* at page 133 of a volume now in the press, but not yet published.

that move the Duke remonstrated with the King, but to no purpose. Meanwhile Ireland was stirred to its inmost heart by the recall of Lord Anglesey. Considerable difficulty was experienced in finding for him a successor. One nobleman after another declined the proffered honour, and the correspondence with the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, with the Earl of Westmorland and many other Tory leaders, ceased to be that hearty interchange of thought that it once was. In the midst of this ferment the Duke of Cumberland arrived. The following letter to the King on that occasion is both interesting and characteristic :—

'London, 28th July, 1829.

'I enclose to your Majesty a letter which I have received this day from his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; his Royal Highness afterwards did me the honour of calling upon me. But as the letter above mentioned did not afford any ground for hope that anything I could say would have the effect of inducing his Royal Highness to go abroad, I did not mention the subject to him. Reports have since reached me of his Royal Highness having communicated with members of Parliament in your Majesty's name, but without proof of their truth. Considering the state in which political parties are placed at this moment, and the active part which his Royal Highness will undoubtedly take, it cannot be believed that his Royal Highness will not be accused of making such communications, and that proof of them will not be anxiously looked for in order to injure his Royal Highness if I should be obliged to notice them, or me if I should refrain from noticing any of them. I am, therefore, anxious at once to put an end to all this mischief by addressing to the Lords of your Majesty's household the letter of which I enclose a draft, which is written in the terms which I stated to your Majesty yesterday.'

Enclosure 1.

From the Duke of Cumberland to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

'St. James's Palace, 1 P.M.

'MY DEAR DUKE,—I am but this moment arrived in town, and therefore after the time appointed to be with you. A doubt has risen in my mind while driving up to town, which I wish to express to you before I call, as to the propriety of my doing so. What I mean by this is, that it is utterly impossible either that I should call on you or you on me, without its being known; and in the present state of things I should feel considerable difficulty in not explaining to some of my friends what passed at such a meeting, for I must do nothing that can give umbrage to any of them, and my character must stand clear before them all, that they may say that I have acted honourably. Therefore if you have no objection to my communicating to Lord Eldon and some few friends

what passes at such a meeting, I shall call at any hour you may now appoint.

'Believe me,' &c.

Enclosure 2.

'London, 28th July, 1829,

Half-past 2 P.M.

'SIR,—I have just had the honour of receiving your Royal Highness's letter of one P.M.

'I assure your Royal Highness that I have nothing to talk to your Royal Highness upon, respecting which I care whether it is stated to the whole world. I have no business to transact except his Majesty's, and I do not care who knows what I say or do in the transaction of that business. I am now going out, but shall be at home in less than an hour.'

The letter to the Lords of his Majesty's household required them in the usual terms, to be present in the House of Lords, and there give their support to his Majesty's ministers.

Their Royal Highnesses, the King's brothers, appear to have been thorns in the side of the King's minister. On first taking office, the Duke found the Duke of Clarence at the head of the Navy, in which capacity as Lord High Admiral his Royal Highness's proceedings were as eccentric as they were costly. After repeated remonstrances, and a voluminous correspondence, all of which is now published, the Duke found himself under the necessity of advising his Royal Highness to resign. The resignation was sent in, and it is but fair to add that, neither as Duke of Clarence nor subsequently as William IV., did the ex-High Admiral retain an angry recollection of the pressure which had been put upon him. But the Duke of Cumberland, as he was an abler man, so he proved during the great struggle of parties a much more formidable antagonist. He was constantly at the King's elbow, or else by letters and messages encouraging his Majesty to throw over both the measure and its authors. 'Between the King and his brothers,' wrote the Duke on one occasion, 'it is next to impossible to govern this country.' But the die was cast. The King tried to recall it and failed, and, on the meeting of Parliament, that famous speech was read which broke up what remained of the Tory party, never again under the same name to be reunited.

We must hurry over, and we do so with great regret, what yet remains to be told of this most important and critical portion of English history. The King, encouraged by his brother and the great party which followed his lead, wavered to the last. Even after the Bill was passed for putting down the Catholic Association, even after the Catholic Relief Bill itself was drawn and

about to be brought forward, he did his best to find a way of escape out of the policy to which he was pledged. In this course nobles, prelates, clergymen, and commoners, supported him, ceasing to address their petitions to Parliament and appealing direct to the Throne. At last, however, on the 5th of March, 1829, Mr. Peel made his famous statement, and laid his Bill on the table of the House of Commons. It is not too much to say that the measure, shorn of its statesmanlike provisions, disappointed everybody except the extreme abolitionists. Lord Salisbury, who had promised to move its acceptance in the Lords because of the control which (as originally concocted) it promised to give to the Government over the Irish priesthood, wrote to the Duke, and said that he 'could not support the measure as one affording support to the Protestant establishment,' though it remained for him to consider how after considerations might induce him to accept or reject it as one of unqualified concession to the Catholics. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, after denouncing the measure as violating all the laws of God and man, went on to say, 'But the Bill has not yet passed either House of Parliament; and, whatever be the issue of the present struggle for and against the Constitution, the Protestants and lovers of the Bible are never without hope.' But the most extraordinary proceeding of all was the publication, at his own desire in the 'Standard,' of a letter from Lord Winchelsea to Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, in which he announced his intention of withdrawing his name from the list of subscribers to a fund for the endowment of King's College, London.

The letter ran thus :—

'I was one of those who at first thought the proposed plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University. I was not, however, very sanguine in my expectations, seeing many difficulties likely to arise in the execution of the suggested arrangement, and I confess that I felt rather doubtful of the sincerity of the motives of some of the prime movers in this undertaking, when I considered that the noble Duke at the head of his Majesty's Government had been induced on this occasion to assume a new character, and to step forward as the public advocate of religion and morality. Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party; that the noble Duke who had for some time previous to the period determined upon breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688, might the more effectually under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our

liberties, and the introduction of Popery in every department of the State.'

The Duke had borne with extraordinary patience the waywardness of the King, the intrigues of the King's friends, the abuse of Tory newspapers and magazines, the lectures of Bishops, and the desertion of old friends. He had submitted to the mutilation of his own scheme, and consented, though with reluctance, to take up in place of it the bald measure which ultimately became the law of the land. But an attack of this sort seemed to him to present an opportunity from which, as a politician, it would be unwise to turn aside, and he immediately addressed to Lord Winchelsea the following letter :—

'London, 16th March, 1829.

'MY LORD,—I have just perused in the "Standard" newspaper of this day, a letter addressed to Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., dated Eastwell Park, March 14th, 1829, signed *Winchelsea and Nottingham*; and I shall be very much obliged to your Lordship if you will let me know whether that letter was written by you and published by your authority.

'I have the honour to be.'

No answer having arrived on the 18th to this communication, the Duke wrote again, enclosing a copy of his original letter; and on the 19th he received Lord Winchelsea's reply :—

'Eastwell Park, Ashford,

18th March, 1829.

'MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's letter of the 16th inst., and I beg to inform you that the letter addressed to H. N. Coleridge, Esq., was inserted in the "Standard" by my authority. As I had publicly given my approbation and sanction to the establishment of King's College, London, last year, by becoming a subscriber to it, I thought it incumbent upon me in withdrawing my name, also publicly to state my reasons for so doing.

'I have the honour to be, &c.'

A short note, enclosing the above, explained that the Duke's two letters had reached the writer together, and that he intended to be at 7, Suffolk Street, London, on the morrow, between four and five in the afternoon.

Busy as he was, the Duke did not allow a moment to pass without answering this note :—

'London, 19th March, 1829.

'MY LORD,—I have had the honour of receiving your Lordship's letter of the 18th instant. Your Lordship is certainly the best judge of the mode to be adopted in withdrawing your name from the list of the subscribers to King's College. In doing so, however, it does not appear necessary to impute to me, in no measured terms, disgraceful and criminal

motives for my conduct in the part which I took in the establishment of the college. No man has a right, whether in public or private, by speech, in writing, or in print, to insult another by attributing to him motives for his conduct, public or private, which disgrace or criminate him. If a gentleman commits such an act indiscreetly in the heat of debate, or in a moment of party violence, he is always ready to make reparation to him whom he may thus have injured. I am convinced your Lordship will, upon reflection, be anxious to relieve yourself from the pain of having thus insulted a man who never injured or offended you.

‘I have the honour to be.’

Lord Winchelsea not embracing the opportunity thus calmly and with great dignity offered him of retracting a calumny and apologizing for it, the Duke requested Sir Henry Hardinge to wait upon him. The results of this interview appear in a memorandum by the Duke, which we transcribe:—

‘London, 20th March, 1829,

In the morning.

‘Sir Henry Hardinge has read me a memorandum written by Lord Winchelsea, and delivered to him by Lord Falmouth, from which it appears that his Lordship is anxious that I should justify myself from the charges made against me contained in his Lordship’s address to Mr. Coleridge, published in the “Standard” newspaper.

‘I may lament that a nobleman for whom I feel the highest respect should entertain a bad opinion of me. But I don’t complain as long as that opinion is not brought before me. I cannot admit that any man has a right to call me before him, to justify myself from the charges which his fancy may suggest. That of which I complain is that the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham should have published an opinion that I was actuated by disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago.

‘His Lordship, unprovoked, has insulted me by stating in writing, and authorizing the publication of this opinion. For this insult I believed, and am not willing to part with the belief, that his Lordship will be anxious to give me reparation.

‘WELLINGTON.’

This memorandum was carried by Sir Henry Hardinge to Lord Falmouth, who submitted it to Lord Winchelsea. It drew forth a rejoinder from Lord Winchelsea, which, however, contained neither explanation nor apology. A further correspondence ensued between Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Falmouth, wherein the latter, acting for Lord Winchelsea, formally declined either to withdraw the published letter or to express regret for its contents, and then came:—

‘Sir Henry Hardinge to the Earl of Falmouth.

‘11, Whitehall Place,

20 March, 1829.

‘MY LORD,—I send your Lordship a letter from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Winchelsea, on my communicating to his Grace your note of 3 P.M., declining, on Lord Winchelsea’s part, to make any reparation, or give any explanation, &c., of his Lordship’s conduct towards the Duke of Wellington; and in order to avoid the possibility of any mistake, I repeat what has already been arranged verbally between us, that the Duke of Wellington will be at the place appointed at 8 o’clock to-morrow morning.’

‘The Duke to the Earl of Winchelsea.

‘London, 20 March, 1829, 6½ P.M.

‘MY LORD,—Sir Henry Hardinge has communicated to me a memorandum signed by your Lordship, dated 1 P.M., and a note from Lord Falmouth dated 3 P.M.

‘Since the insult, unprovoked on my part, and not denied by your Lordship, I have done everything in my power to induce your Lordship to make me reparation;—but in vain. Instead of apologizing for your own conduct, your Lordship has called upon me to explain mine. The question for me now to decide is this. Is a gentleman who happens to be the King’s minister to submit to be insulted by any gentleman who thinks proper to attribute to him disgraceful or criminal motives as an individual? I cannot doubt of the decision which I ought to make on this question. Your Lordship is alone responsible for the consequences.

‘I now call upon your Lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give.

‘I have the honour,’ &c.

Of the memorable duel which followed, Dr. Hume, who, at the desire of Sir Henry Hardinge, attended on the ground, wrote out on the morning after the occurrence a detailed and interesting account, and copies of it in MS. were given to many of his friends. It is now printed and will in due time appear among the Duke’s papers. It gives a very vivid picture of the whole scene—of the calm self-possession of the Duke, of the nervous excitability of Lord Falmouth, of the astonishment of the writer when he discovered on whom as principal in an affair of this kind he had been called upon to attend, of Lord Winchelsea’s modest courage, and of the manly and dignified bearing of Sir Henry Hardinge.

The place of meeting was Battersea Park, then known as Battersea Fields, and Lord Winchelsea, having received the Duke’s fire, raised his pistol and discharged it in the air. A conference ensued between the seconds,

which led to the production by Lord Falmouth of a paper stating that—

‘Lord Winchelsea did not hesitate of his own accord to declare that he regretted having unadvisedly published an opinion which had given offence to the Duke of Wellington, and offered to cause the expression of regret to be published in the “Standard” newspaper, as the same channel through which his former letter had been given to the public.

‘The Duke who had come nearer and was listening attentively, said in a low voice—“This won’t do, it is no apology.” On which Sir Henry took the paper to the Duke, and walked two or three paces on one side with him—but immediately came back, saying, “I cannot accept of this paper unless the word apology be inserted.” He then took a paper from his pocket, and was proceeding to read it, saying, “This is what we expect;” when Lord Falmouth, interrupting him, said, “I assure you what I have written was meant as an apology;” and he entered into a discussion, asserting that the admissions contained in his paper were the same as those, or were quoted from those, in the Duke of Wellington’s own Memorandum. Sir Henry Hardinge said, “My Lord Falmouth, it is needless to prolong this discussion; unless the word apology be inserted, we must resume our ground.” And, turning to Lord Winchelsea, whom Lord Falmouth had taken aside to converse with, he said, “My Lord Winchelsea, this is an affair of the seconds;” on which Lord Winchelsea returned.’

The word ‘apology’ was then inserted, and so the matter came to an end.

Mr. Gleig, in his biography of the great Duke, makes a curious statement in reference to this affair :—

‘It is a curious feature in this somewhat unfortunate occurrence, that when the moment for action arrived, it was found that the Duke did not possess a pair of duelling pistols. Considering the length of time he had spent in the army, and the habits of military society towards the close of the last century, that fact bore incontestable evidence to the conciliatory temper and great discretion of the Duke. Sir Henry Hardinge, therefore, who acted as the Duke’s friend, was forced to look for pistols elsewhere, and borrowed them at last from Dr. Hume, he himself being as unprovided as his principal.’

The same writer details a conversation which he had with the Duke two or three years subsequently to the meeting. Replying, as it would seem, to some expression of regret, that one holding the Duke’s high position should have been involved in an affair of the kind, the Duke said :—

‘You speak as a moralist, and I assure you that I am no advocate for duelling under any circumstances; but my difference with Lord Winchelsea, considering the cause in which it originated, and the critical position of affairs at

the moment, can scarcely be regarded as a private quarrel. His attack upon me was part of a plan to render the conduct of public affairs impossible to the King’s servants.’

The same original view of the case is taken and set forth in greater detail, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, dated 21st April, 1829 :—

‘London, 21st April, 1829.

‘MY DEAR DUKE,—I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 6th, which I received this morning. The truth is that the duel with Lord Winchelsea was as much part of the Roman Catholic question, and it was as necessary to undertake it and carry it to the extremity to which I did carry it, as it was to do everything else which I did do to attain the object which I had in view. I was living for some time in an atmosphere of calumny. I could do nothing that was not misrepresented as having some base purpose in view. If my physician called upon me, it was for treasonable purposes. If I said a word, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, it was misrepresented for the purpose of fixing upon me some gross delusion or falsehood. Even my conversations with the King were repeated, misrepresented, and commented upon; and all for the purpose of shaking the credit which the public were inclined to give to what I said. The courts of justice were shut, and not to open till May. I knew that the Bill must pass or be lost before the 15th of April. In this state of things Lord Winchelsea published his furious letter. I immediately perceived the advantage it gave me; and I determined to act upon it in such a tone as would certainly put me in the right. Not only was I successful in the execution of my project, but the project itself produced the effect which I looked for and intended that it should produce. The atmosphere of calumny in which I had been for some time living cleared away. The system of calumny was discontinued. Men were ashamed of repeating what had been told to them; and I have reason to believe, moreover, that intentions not short of criminal were given up in consequence of remonstrances from some of the most prudent of the party, who came forward in consequence of the duel. I am afraid that the event itself shocked many good men. But I am certain that the public interests at the moment required that I should do what I did. Everything is now quiet; and in Ireland we have full reason to be satisfied. We must, however, lose no time in doing everything else that is possible to promote the prosperity of that country.’

Here we must stop for the present. The scandal of the duel died out; the Duke carried his measure—mained as it was, and sorely damaged in its progress towards Parliament. But for that there was no help. Any measure of relief, looking to the general state of the country, was better than an attempt which must have certainly failed, to keep things as Lord Liverpool left them. Indeed, we will go further. Had the King

been true to his Minister after the Bill was passed, and the Tories been wise enough to accommodate themselves to circumstances, the Catholic Relief Act, imperfect as it was, might have worked well. But the King was not true to his Minister. The Tories, instead of taking counsel with reason, followed the bent of passion. The Duke certainly contributed to bring matters to this pass, and so far failed to show himself a successful English Minister. But only a great statesman would have ventured to face the difficulty at all, and a statesman's work would have been done, and well done, had not the timidity of some and the perverseness of others interposed to prevent it. Such is the price which we pay for living under a constitutional government.

ART. II.—1. *Parentalia ; or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens.* London, 1750. Folio.

2. *Sir Christopher Wren and his Times.* By James Elmes. London, 1852

3. *Fund for the Completion of St. Paul's. Appeal presented at the Public Meeting held at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, the 13th of July, 1870.*

4. *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral.* By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., late Dean of St. Paul's. London, 1868.

5. *Completion of St. Paul's. A Letter to the 'Times.'* By Wyatt Papworth, F.R.I.B.A. June 8, 1872.

THOUGH man is born unto trouble, rejoicing and thanksgiving are happily not uncommon in the world. These strong emotions are often quiet and subdued, but among all peoples there is an impulse to express them by some fit sacrifice and national display whenever a great public benefit has been secured. Thus travellers used to tell that in the Islands of the Southern Sea some fated families supplied the human victims who became the chief thank-offering to the gods, and the supreme enjoyment of the people at their sacred meal. These devoted persons passed their lives in commonplace obscurity, but when the fatal designation had been made, the future sacrifice became the object of much popular solicitude and friendly care. Chiefs and princes paid him visits. Priests and people praised him, he was flattered, cooked, and gastronomically finished, and the repast was memorable as the sagacious combination of a pious offering to the protecting deity with suitable enjoyment for devout and otherwise successful men. Tastes vary with circumstances,

and so with us the sacrifice is different though the mode is much the same. We are not precisely cannibals. Our taste is rather for the 'remains of our ancestors' than for contemporary flesh, and a supply of venerable and devoted buildings is always at command. These, too, are usually treated with neglect or empty praise, but, on occasion they are one by one selected for 'completion.' We have had in our time many such memorial sacrifices, and the restoration and defacement of some hundreds of our ancient buildings are the sad testimony of the joyful acknowledgment of our benefits received, or of our thankful memory of departed worth.

Of course, in the selection of our sacrifice a due proportion and significance must be maintained; and now, on the recovery from alarming illness of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, a most important victim is required, and thus we all are called to take a part in some mysterious undiscovered work that, we are told, will give the proper church-like splendour and completion to St. Paul's.

As our grand old friend is therefore in a dangerous state, and the great change may possibly be near at hand, we now propose to note the genesis and character of the one English Protestant Cathedral, and to show what are its merits that impress the world, and how some defects that seem unfairly to discredit its great designer may without costly or incongruous change be screened or modified. And then, referring to the possible 'completion,' we desire to give our readers some foretaste of the special treat that connoisseurs and clergy are preparing for their pious admiration and æsthetic joy.

Few Londoners know anything about St. Paul's. People have been accustomed all their lives to that amazing mass of nigritude with the big round dome, huge and o'ershadowing without, and dingy, dull, and cavernous within; but of the artistic value and constructive merits of the great building they have no thought nor any valid comprehension. In order therefore fairly to appreciate the work, our minds ought to be cleared of all deluding prejudice, and then by careful study thoroughly informed. This, then, is our object, and probably we shall utter nothing new; but as simply as the subject will allow, and with regard for uninstructed rather than for *dilettanti* readers, we shall endeavour to supply a detailed critical description of St. Paul's.

There need be no artistic superstition about Wren. He often failed, and between Walbrook and Temple Bar he certainly exhibits many grades of merit and demerit.

It will not do to hold objectors cheap or to make criticism sacrilege. We are invited to 'complete' his church, and not to worship him; and, ere accepting any scheme to 'finish' the chief work of our great master of the picturesque, the public should be well instructed; and there should, at least among our educated men, besides an ample knowledge, be a cultivated and discriminating taste.

St. Paul's is in direct descent from Roman ancestry. The simple Doric temples of the Greeks, and the columnar temples and basilicas of Rome, are only distantly related to our subject. Its near connexions are the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Triumphal Arches, and the Maxentian Basilica, in which the pier and arch are the constructive features and the 'Order,' of column, entablature, and cornice,* is a mere frontispiece or overlay. This massive arcuated method of construction was continued into mediæval work, but there, instead of slavish repetition of the classic Orders, there was either an avoidance of such forms or else the details were designed with picturesque variety and freedom. The churches of St. Sophia at Byzantium and St. Mark at Venice, St. Vitale at Ravenna and the Minster at Speier, are varied and emphatic illustrations of the romantic outgrowth of this ancient Roman style. But at the classical 'revival' these spontaneous poetic works were speedily condemned as 'barbarous and rude, and Michael Angelo and others made the details of St. Peter's strictly regular. Wren at St. Paul's used the more recent fashion. Sir Christopher was not a real architect or 'master-builder,' he had attained no mastery of detail, nor any of that workman's fancy that gives life to every stone. He was a very able and accomplished man, with quick appreciation of geometric rules, a taste for symmetry, and an exceeding sensibility for grace of outline. These, and his great good sense, his perfect temper, and a little study of 'the styles,' supported by the generous liberality of those who made the laws, and voted ample means that others should supply, enabled him to build the noble church that now we hear has yet to be 'completed.'

To our travelled readers the mere mention of St. Paul's calls up the memory of the great Basilica at Rome. The two churches have so much resemblance in their form and style, and yet so much of contrast, that when their architecture is discussed, comparison becomes inevitable. Of course Wren knew

* The Entablature comprises the Architrave, or chief beam immediately over the columns; and the Frieze, the plain or carved face above the architrave, and below the cornice, the crown-moulding and protecting moulding.

St. Peter's by report and drawings; and it evidently influenced his own design. And since, by critical comparison of the two buildings, each will be better understood, we may include St. Peter's in our scope and discuss together the two chief classic shrines of Protestant and Papal Christianity. For our further aid some illustrations from Mr. Fergusson's elaborate 'History of Modern Architecture' are placed at our disposal, and will doubtless give an interest to the subject that otherwise it hardly would attain.

The first impression that each building makes is one of size. This was of course intended, but though St. Peter's front is greatly bigger than St. Paul's—much more than twice as large—the columns and the Order are so huge that the apparent size is greatly diminished. In Wren's first model for St. Paul's a similar arrangement of the Order was designed, and, notwithstanding all we read of Wren's vexation at the failure of his plan, it is quite clear that these larger columns and the concave curvature of the four aisle walls made the design less picturesque, and for the most part far inferior to the present building. Here the two-storied Orders of a moderate height give proper scale, and render possible a western front that has no rival in the world. Objections have been made to this two-storied portico, and to the coupled columns, but the former may have been required in expectation of future Papal ceremonials, and the coupled columns are a very common-sense and practical arrangement. Where intercolumniations are, as in the side range of a Doric temple, uninfluenced by special accidents of plan, they should of course be equal, but even in the very formal building we have named, the angle intercolumns are all made narrower than the rest. The columns at the Propylæa at Athens are also placed at various distances with reference to the openings in the wall behind. And at St. Paul's the columns of the portico are coupled and arranged to give due space and light for doors and windows. The two front lantern towers are well composed, and free from vulgarity or commonplace or foolish trifling; and though evidently mere picturesque and fanciful excrescences, they still, by their frank truthfulness, maintain the dignity of the whole building and assert their own. Their merely ornamental use is clearly both intentional and undisguised. But the side walls are a sad contrast; half being built-up sham, and the whole coarse, graceless, and undignified.

The Dome is perfect. Critics do complain that the surrounding columns are too large, and should have been proportionately

smaller than the Orders used below ; but this irregularity we easily excuse, for while the graceful outline of the dome engages our attention we can scarcely see the lower columns or compare their size. The beauty of the dome is very greatly due to the proportions of the lantern, which though built of stone, is with the gilt ball and cross full one-half higher than the great metal-covered dome itself. This, the most charming and effective feature of the church, we owe to Wren's constructive adaptation of a cone of brickwork underneath the dome, which gives a firm and durable support to all the upper masonry and woodwork, and is a good example of the simple means by which in building, as in other things, the greatest excellence can be attained. It is to be observed, however, that as the upper half of the side walls is a mere screen to hide the walling of the nave clerestory, so the outer dome is not concentric with the dome within, but stands nearly its whole height above it.

St. Peter's dome externally is scarcely visible above the front, and is of value only as a picturesque and noted landmark in the distant view. So far St. Paul's is manifestly the superior work. The east end certainly is very poor, and wants a second transept or some slight extension north and south ; unless indeed the apse could be removed, and the whole width of choir and aisles combined in one broad front. But the entire building suffers grievously from the neglect and grime of centuries. Perhaps, except the *Liebfrauen-Kirche* at Dresden, no such vast display of dirt connected with religion can be seen. And then, lest any, without due authority, should dare to touch the building, it is so palisaded round by a stockade of hideous iron balusters and piers, that the clear footing of the building on the ground is never visible. The church has consequently no direct association with the people as they pass. Not one beholder in ten thousand knows what the first twenty feet above the ground is like. All glance up to the dome, and mentally regard the church as a mysterious and unclean mass, that no one cares for, but that very much obstructs the way.

We go back to St. Peter's, and with no sense of pleasure from the view of its great cumbrous front, we enter by the smaller door. The first view is merely of an aisle, not reaching to the dome ; and yet the length would reach beyond the dome were it St. Paul's. The sudden termination of the view is very fortunate, though clearly accidental. The eye has just sufficient time to get itself accustomed to the tone of light, and to the style and details of the building ; and so, when by a few sidelong steps we reach the nave,

the full effect, not of its size, but of its proportions and enrichment, is at once appreciated. And among works of similar construction in the classic style, nothing can rival this interior in graceful amplitude and decorative splendour—qualities, it is true, of a secondary order, but which it is satisfactory to find for once so well displayed.

As size, particularly in interiors, is a very important element of architectural impressiveness, we shall, as we proceed, give approximately the leading dimensions of the two churches. It is only by studying these figures that the buildings can be thoroughly comprehended. The interior of St. Peter's is 590 feet long, St. Paul's nearly a quarter less, 460 feet. At the transepts, St. Peter's is 416 feet wide, St. Paul's 240 feet, or rather more than half. St. Peter's nave is longer than the nave and the dome area of St. Paul's, and the nave and dome of St. Peter's would at St. Paul's reach to the apse or tribune in the eastern wall ; St. Peter's dome alone covering a larger area than St. Paul's choir and aisles. At St. Paul's the nave and aisles are only half as wide as at St. Peter's. The heights of the two crosses are 440 feet and 350 feet respectively, and in cubical measurement St. Peter's is three times the dimensions of St. Paul's. Thus, in comparing the two churches, we have to consider not merely the effect produced, but the great disproportion of the means provided, and we may further state that St. Paul's was five-and-thirty years in building, and the cost was principally raised by taxes in one town. St. Peter's took three times as long in building, and put all Europe under tribute to complete the work.

Though such dimensions as we now have given are those most generally quoted, they are in fact often misleading. Few of them are at once perceptible on looking at the building, and it is only where the entire distance can at one glance be seen that measurement is of value in comparisons. So for the future we shall consider chiefly visible dimensions. And now, standing at the east* door of St. Peter's, let us compare the naves of the two churches. We first observe that, though the windows of St. Peter's are but small, yet there is ample light, with a slight increase as we reach the dome. But in St. Paul's the light is always dim and dirty-looking, and though the windows may be glaringly obtrusive, yet they seem only to make a murky darkness visible. At Rome there is clear air and brilliant sky, but in London the interior of the church becomes almost invisible from smoky atmosphere and cloud and

* St. Peter's faces the east.



View of St. Peter's, from the south-east. (See page 184.)



View of St. Paul's. (See page 184.)

fog. St. Peter's is all cheerfulness, and bright with light reflected from the clean white stone and polished marbles, but St. Paul's seems abjectly to cower in its sad disreputable dirt.

The classical Corinthian Order is employed to decorate St. Peter's nave. It rises from the floor to the full height of the main piers, and the arched ceiling springs from a few feet above the cornice, which reaches to a hundred feet above the pavement. The simplicity of architectural arrangement, the grace of outline, and the impression of solidity and strength, combined with sufficient lightness and expanse, all gained apparently with much facility and ease, is very charming. The proportions of the work are beautiful, and if at first sight there is a failure to appreciate the magnificent dimensions of the building, the standard explanation is that these proportions are so good and delicately accurate that the eye is at first unable to take measurement of size. This passes for criticism, and is the accepted explanation of a chief defect in the most celebrated church in Christendom. Such reasoning would prove that we habitually fail to estimate the size of any well-grown tree, and that Antinous or Apollo would look smaller than a Satyr or a Faun. The failure is in fact due not to an excellence, but to an exorcism. The building is brought down by the Order, and so one-third at least of the expense of making it so big is practically thrown away. The mediævalists, who worked with clear unprejudiced intelligence and a progressive art, found that the classic forms were totally unable to produce the infinite variety of architectural expression and artistic detail that their inventive faculty required, and so they arranged their columns, arches, piers, and domes with careful reference to special size and picturesque effect, and not to classical authority. But with the 'revival,' pedantry and rule soon took the place of fancy and judicious thought, and so the 'Orders' must be strictly used at any cost of injury to the church. If then there is at first a common failure to perceive the grandeur of the work, the defect is due not to refinement of proportions, but to the gigantic details. In an exterior view, a monumental building may depend upon the smallness of its neighbours, to secure a prompt impression of its size, but when we enter this criterion of scale is wanting, and the more obtrusive well-known building-forms impose their customary measure as a scale for their surroundings. At St. Peter's the Corinthian Order is of excessive size. This the incautious captivated eye does not at once perceive, and so without consideration uses the

pilasters as a scale for the whole building, and only when the tendency to gaze upwards has begun to cease, and the small moving figures on the floor come frequently within the sphere of vision, do the really gigantesque dimensions of the church become apparent, and with due effect impress the wondering beholder. So, when we see the rising moon or setting sun look twice as large as they appear when at the zenith, there is no real difference in their measurement, but only an illusion due to the influence of known terrestrial objects in comparison with the adjacent disc.

This is the explanation of the fact merely, and not at all its justification. There is here an evident and blameful want of art, when art was at the time supposed to be supremely manifest. But it must always be remembered that these works were done by architectural composers, not by artists. These men planned nobly, and could build with great magnificence, but they had no power of expression or of artist-like design in detail. And we may here remark, that both St. Peter's and St. Paul's are actually triplex designs. There are the inner and constructive core, and the external and internal architectural façades; and when we all admire these two great churches, it is really to the hidden core that our chief thanks are due. Both Wren and Buonarroti were, in classical details, mere imitative men, using the scholarly and dead, but falsely called 'revival' fashion for the time. Their power is not shown in detail. There is no prompt and artist-like expression in their work, but mere blank copying, just as if they themselves had worn a 'classic' masquerade of Roman tailoring.

The associations of the revival were at that time absolute in art, nor have those associations yet ceased to have an influence on the public mind. It would even now take much persuasion to convince a sensible admirer of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, that if the Orders were entirely removed the churches would be relieved of a damaging encumbrance, and not denuded of an appropriated decoration.

In spite of this great error of detail, St. Peter's nave will still command much admiration. But at St. Paul's the architecture of the nave is awkward, and the space narrow and confined. Unfortunately the present entrance to the church tends to increase these bad impressions. We enter almost underneath the dome, and with the immediate influence of its vast size look right and left along dark burrow-looking passages, of which the largest is no bigger than the cross aisles at St. Peter's, and which can hardly, without care, be distinguished as the main avenue and the religious climax of the church.

This change in the respective architectural worthiness of the two churches is very sudden, a complete inversion from their relative exterior value. That so great a failure in his noblest work should thus occur to the designer of the dome and west front of St. Paul's, and of the interiors at Wallbrook and St. James's, Westminster, must be due to some extraneous influence. We shall endeavour to detect the fundamental error in the plan, and having ascertained its cause, will trace its ill effect throughout the church.

The dome at St. Peter's is 136 feet wide, and the openings to the main annexes are all 80 feet in width. At St. Paul's the corresponding dimensions are 107 feet and 40 feet. These are mere comparisons of size, but we call particular attention to the proportions that the main arches bear to the domes in the two churches. At St. Peter's they are just three-fifths of the diameter of the dome, but at St. Paul's little above one-third—a lamentable diminution, hardly appreciable in words or figures, but including the entire difference between amplitude and meanness.

At St. Peter's the four chief piers are solid, independent, full of power, in noble-looking contrast with the curve of the four great wide-spread arches and the lofty spacious hollow of the dome. The effect is thoroughly artistic; a simple plan and a magnificent result. The dome at St. Paul's rests on eight narrow arches. The piers are all weak-looking and confused, and in a complicated way are joined in pairs across the intervening arches, as if the whole affair were yet in embryo, and still undecided whether to be pier or arch, and being immature, and suddenly arrested in development, the piers, all needing help and lateral support, seem cautiously to cling to the external wall. The 'composition' of the intermediate arches with the piers, the intrusion of the subordinate segmental curve, and all the details of arrangement, are so faulty, that the spectator naturally seeks the cause of such egregious blundering; and, on referring to the plans, it will be seen that while, as we have said, St. Peter's aisles are not continuous along the church but terminate against the central piers, those at St. Paul's are complete vistas through the church each way across the dome. This was not the case in Wren's first plan. 'This design was a Greek cross. Wren, it is said, preferred it as a model for a Protestant cathedral.' 'The Byzantine cross, it is said, did not please the clergy in the Commission, as not sufficiently of a cathedral form,' and so the new plan was produced as 'the Gothic rectified to a better manner of architecture,' 'that is, the plan was that of the older cathe-

drals, the architecture in the later classical style.*

We do not much regret this former plan. It was not well designed, and might have been inferior to the present building. But the combination of two inconsistencies which the clergy in the Commission forced on Wren, made failure certain. To ensure success there must be simplicity of aim, whatever may be the variety of means, and when the incongruity is attempted of a cross-aisled church penetrating a circular dome, one or the other must give way, and thus, as we have seen, deformity results. Wren probably had Ely Cathedral in his mind when he arranged his plan. There, however, the octagon is an insertion, beautiful in itself, but destructive of the supremacy of the choir, and so far architecturally an error. Wren's present plan has thus been manifestly spoiled: the continuous aisles have first compelled wide intermediate arches; these contract the large main arches underneath the dome, which thus become narrow and mean, and so the church is damaged and degraded by the bad influence of its own clergy. This, unfortunately, is not all the injury. The evil is developed and extended throughout all the church, and to show how this occurs we give some further measurements. At St. Peter's the nave is 80 feet wide and 148 feet high; at St. Paul's the dimensions are 40 feet wide—one-half of St. Peter's—and 84 feet high, so that the opening of St. Peter's nave is nearly four times as large as that of St. Paul's, and if we stand in the centre of St. Paul's and imagine an opening three-quarters of the width of the dome, with the piers rising at the centre of the choir aisles to a cornice level with the whispering gallery, 100 feet high, and the arch curving upwards to the top of the windows underneath the dome, 148 feet from the floor, we shall have a direct comparison of the nave arches of the two buildings. The proportion between the height of the cornice and the width of the nave is in both the same; the cornice at St. Paul's being 50 feet above the floor, just half the height of that at St. Peter's. But the arch at St. Paul's is 84 feet high, and the springing is 64 feet, or 14 feet above the cornice. Here the disproportion becomes manifest and the result offensive. Of course Wren used an Order for the interior decoration of the church, but had he used it simply, for the entire elevation of the piers, as at St. Peter's, its size would have been excessive and quite disproportioned to the contracted opening of the nave. Wren, therefore, regulated the proportions of the Order

* Milman's 'Annals of St. Paul's.'

by the width of the nave, as at St. Peter's, and made out the necessary height by what is called an 'attic,' which is a plain or moulded wall built up above the cornice. This poor contrivance is legitimate, as Orders go, but very far from good when thus applied. The recognized idea associated with such walls is rather that of lightness than of strength, and its effect throughout the church is one of grievous instability. Thus the nave and choir have neither airy spaciousness nor impressive force, but a weak, narrow-shouldered, dislocated look, that makes dignity impossible. This is not all, however, for the fatal error still pursues us with injurious effects. The Order being low to suit the narrow nave, it became difficult to introduce the side nave arches under the entablature; so, to obtain sufficient height, the architraves, except above the main pilasters, are entirely cut away. This in itself is satisfactory, and the immediate result is good. No part of the church is more to be approved than the plain spandrels round the arches in the nave, but the remaining fragments of the architraves, with the most uselessly 'engaged' pilasters, and the broken cornices and mouldings, are such pedantic blundering as nothing can excuse. There really is no reason for any Order at all. It is a mere false artistic refuge for the destitute, an easy way to satisfy ill-educated connoisseurs, and by their patronage secure the silly admiration of the public.

Wren and the revivalists were not true artists, who make decoration the delight of workmanship—a natural and spontaneous growth. Here the 'Order' is a thing laid on, a 'cover-misery' at second-hand, and as it would not fit the members of the building it was cut and patched, eked out and distorted, so that grace of form and of association are entirely lost, and instead of a faithful reminiscence of the building work of ancient Rome, we have a ragged and disreputable masquerade that injures the effect of Wren's great church and altogether violates its dignity. The thing is but a foolish temporary fashion, and no more a necessary part of Wren's design than his long flowing wig, laced coat, and high-heeled shoes were natural or essential decorations for the little deputy-surveyor. Pilasters are perhaps excusable to carry on the rhythm of columnar 'compositions,' but when used as the chief ornament of interiors they have a power of absurdity that only cultivated dullness can fail to appreciate. These pilasters have the effect of painted shadows, without the necessary originating substance.

That all this 'classical' detail should be removed is probably a hopeless thought. That it exists and has cost money, and at

present no one knows what else to substitute, is a sufficient reason for the '*status quo*.' But we would warn our readers not to waste their admiration on such work, but in the way of healthy critical diversion let them think what would be gained if the great Arc de l'Etoile were invested in an Order, and then compare it as it still remains with the coarse pilasters and segmental pediments of the old gallery of the Louvre, and, with these fixed in the memory, extend their meditation to St. Paul's.

While standing in the centre of St. Paul's, let us again compare dimensions in the two churches. At St. Paul's the inner dome is 220 feet high, but at St. Peter's it is 333 feet from the paving. Our readers may have noticed at St. Paul's, in the far distant height that sometimes becomes visible above the inner dome, some small mysterious-looking windows. At their level then, far above the summit of St. Paul's interior dome, and in fact level with the base of the lantern above the outer dome, the upward curvature of St. Peter's inner dome begins, and its open internal lantern would enclose the gilt cross of St. Paul's, and leave a space of thirty feet beyond.

As we proceed towards St. Peter's dome, the whole church seems to open to the view. There is no darkness or confusion, nor such perplexing incongruities of form as vex us in St. Paul's. The central thought and object of the church is spaciousness; and to gain this the openings around the dome are wide and the recesses shallow; the tribune and the transepts not exceeding in their depth the measurement across the dome. Thus they seem to form part of the dome area, and give a charming sense of amplitude and light, in complete contrast with the long and narrow choir that makes St. Paul's look miserable. The open cubical content of the interior view from underneath St. Peter's dome is thrice as great as the space similarly calculated of the interior of St. Paul's.

St. Peter's dome is, then, the climax of the building. There the great services are held, and no indefinite extension leads the eye unsatisfied beyond. Thus in all respects, in plan and section, at St. Peter's we have found a building full of merit; an unsophisticated noble monument, bold in conception, and, in its form and outline, almost perfect. St. Paul's interior is a very different affair. The dome is well designed, and though but two-thirds the height of the St. Peter's dome, and also less in width, it looks as spacious for its size. From this one excellence the remainder of the church most sadly falls away. Still Wren may have deserved but little blame. We have already seen how the

requirement to build a 'Christian church' of clerical design spread disproportion throughout all the plan, and in Wren's time the nave and transepts of cathedrals were not, like St. Peter's dome, reserved and used as sanctuaries, but were, in fact, mere public promenades. The church was shut up in the choir, and all outside was of the world. St. Paul's was in effect two buildings with a continuous roof, and separated by the screen; and, while this screen retained its place, there was a sense of severance that allowed the mind to rest in observation at the dominating dome, without a wish or tendency to look beyond. Now that the screen is gone, the dome-space is a mere passage; bulbous above, hollow and widened out below, and leading nowhere, unless it be straight to the transept door, which is more promptly recognized than the long narrow choir, the lamentable anti-climax to the dome.

The choir is but a repetition of the mean and contracted outline and the 'execrable details' of the nave. At the east end is a small ill-proportioned apse, made uglier still by the uncouth pilasters and the coarse rib-moulding of the ceiling. The height and width are, with artistic cleverness, considerably diminished. If our readers will, on visiting the church, contrive to screen this apse while looking at the choir, they will observe that this at once appears full one-half larger. The walls are in appearance not an enclosure, but great masses of obstructive masonry. And for dull accumulation of material, entire deficiency of thought—except for injury and evil—great waste and barren ugliness, nothing excels the eastern termination of St. Paul's.

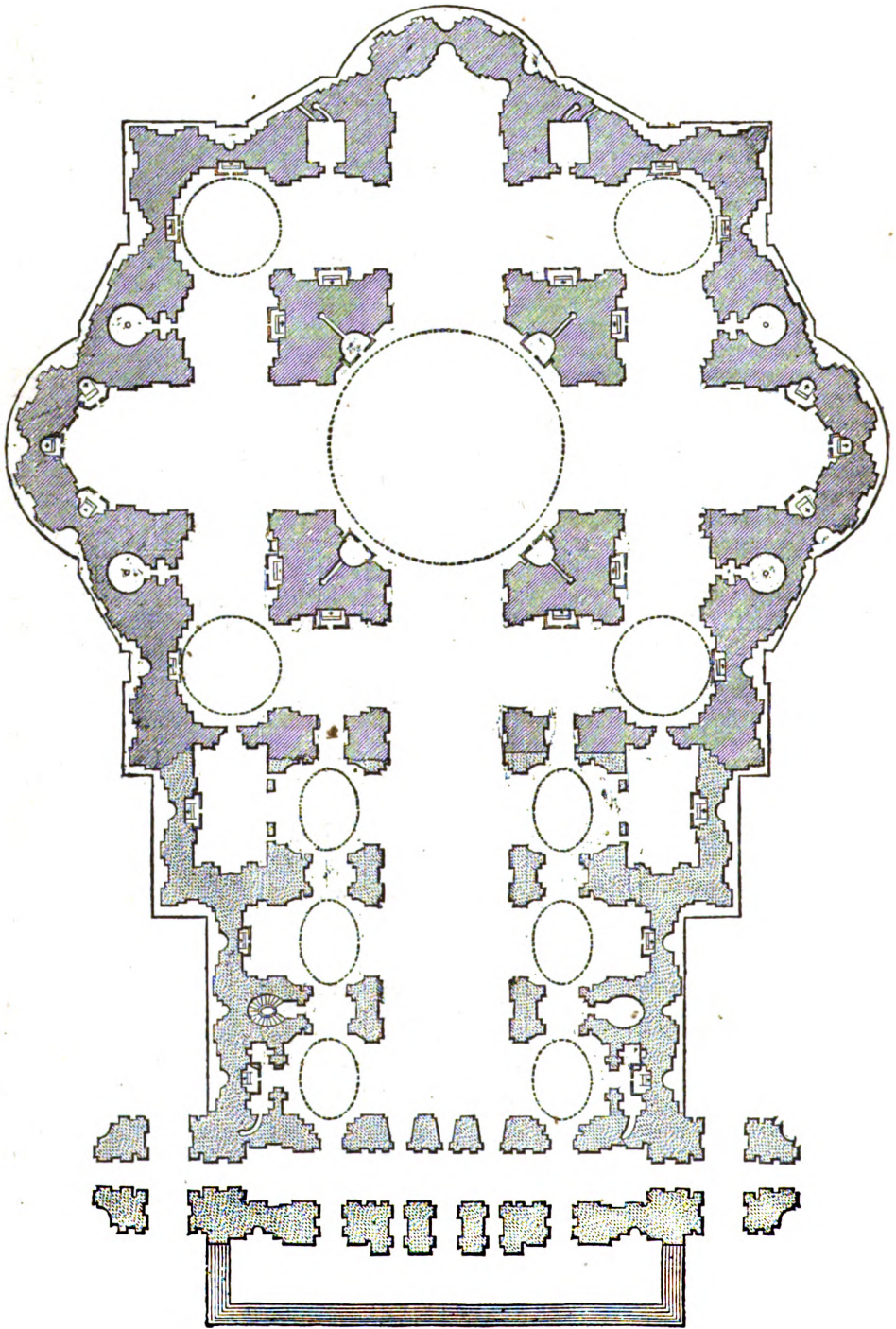
The whole interior is disappointing in its architectural arrangement and effect; and when to this we add imperfect lighting, dinginess of colour, want of tone from furniture and wood-work, and the total absence of the workman's fancy and imagination in the details of the masonry, it must be owned that the interior of St. Paul's is not a charming or ennobling spectacle.

Having thus 'plentifully declared the thing as it is,' we willingly would leave it; but, as the public expectation is aroused, and all admit that something must be done, we venture to suggest that, before any thought is given to a scheme of decoration for the church, it must be first restored to 'sweetness and light.' When Wren built the church, the London atmosphere was tolerably pure; the window space was ample and the work was clean. Now that the light is dirty and the air foul, more window opening seems to be required. The heavy iron bars and the old glazing should be first

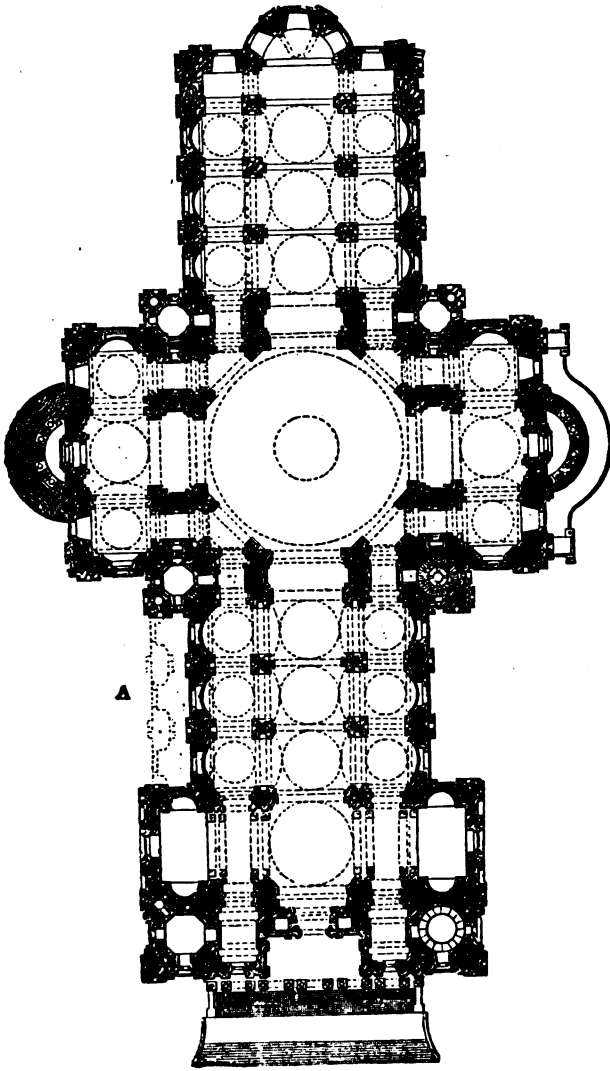
removed, and, for the present, new white glass with slender framing fixed throughout the church; and then the whole interior should be cleaned. When this is done, the wants and failings of the church will be more clearly understood. The light will probably be still deficient, and the spandrels on each side of the end windows of the nave and transepts might be opened out and glazed; and even at the nave and choir clerestory windows a similar enlargement might be made. Mr. Penrose, the accomplished surveyor of the cathedral, has himself proposed these openings. The range of windows in the upright wall below the dome is more than half obscured by the external colonnade and its entablature. If the roof of the external passage underneath these windows were removed, and they were lengthened a few feet to the level of the top base mouldings of the intermediate pilasters, the light into the dome area would be nearly doubled, without any risk or injury to the building. Then, as the lighting of the church is artificially obscured, reason suggests that it be artificially increased. Reflectors placed outside the windows of the clerestory and dome would make the ceilings bright and decorations visible, and be themselves unseen. Some cleansing of the interior is now in progress. Why the exterior was not first attacked is hard to understand. And were these works all put in hand, another year might possibly enable us at length to see the inside of the church.

St. Paul's is by inheritance and consecration a Cathedral, but in construction and in prospect of the future it is evidently a congregational church. It is, therefore, useless to propose to separate the choir and dome. For all practical and religious objects they are permanently united; and, if a screen is found essential, it must be placed west of the dome. In fact, the use and meaning of the separated choir is quickly vanishing. The dome is becoming sacred instead of secular, a place of worship instead of a mere covered area for processional displays. The clergy, then, should not be coy, but make a frank and sensible communion with their lay fellow-worshippers.

The entrance to the church is now, and generally has been, by the north transept; perhaps the worst point in the building for a proper architectural impression of the interior. One might as well begin to read a play at the fifth act. If it is worth while to undertake an elaborate completion of St. Paul's, it surely is advisable to use the building in a reasonable and artistic way. By entering at the transept, the great cavity of dome becomes the critical scale, and not the impres-



Plan of St. Peter's.—Scale: One Hundred Feet to an Inch.



Plan of St. Paul's.—Scale: One Hundred Feet to an Inch.

sive climax of the church; and as we pass the nave and choir, they seem but dull, dark passages, a howling wilderness of dismal stone. The transept doors might still be used occasionally as exits, but the west doors should be the only entrances. It was well argued lately that the entrances to the national galleries of art should not be ready and immediate, but that some length of corridor should intervene, and separate the building from the bustle of the street. And any one who goes to afternoon or morning prayers will find how much a similar retirement is wanted at St. Paul's.

The choir, as we have said, is painfully narrow, and now that it is an adjunct to the dome it seems so inconveniently and absurdly long, that the clergy at the altar might well take to speaking-trumpets to become audible beneath the dome. But it is further contracted and oppressed by the obtrusive heaviness of the carved woodwork of the galleries and boxes, which obscure and darken all the stalls. The choir, in fact, requires a total re-arrangement, and a proper and complete connexion with the dome. The two obstructive organs which contract the narrow choir should be removed and placed on columns at their present height, one in each of the two eastern intermediate arches of the dome. Their cases might be so continued upwards as to screen or efficiently divert the eye from some of the objectionable details that we have described. Thus two great failures would be neutralized, and the choir arch would look wider and more dignified by its contrasted isolation; and those to whom the vista of the aisles is pleasing might still be gratified by looking horizontally beneath the organ. The choir stalls then should be extended very slightly underneath the dome, and, with a decent pulpit to supplant the present 'tank,' should be arranged and architecturally composed with reference to the organ cases; and thus spreading out trumpet-fashion into the dome area, the choir would properly assert its due position and importance in the church, and become evident and recognised. A screen of suitable design, copied, if necessary, from some of Wren's own work, should then be built across the choir at half its length, or even one arch further westward, with height enough to hide the east end from the dome, but not to interrupt the vista from the western door. The choir would then be fairly well proportioned in connexion with the dome, the altar would be within the range of an attentive audience, and a retro-choir would be provided for occasional and sacramental services. To give still more importance and a cheerful aspect to the choir, the first or second flat 'brick cupola' or ceil-

ing dome from the west end, over the altar and the screen, might be raised up into the roof, and lighted from above.

The transept doors should be effectually screened, and for this purpose some of the surplus stall-work might be fixed across the transepts on the inner side of the cross aisles and outside of the piers. This would not at all diminish the effect of spaciousness beneath the dome. The area is too large, and the height too great, to suffer from such small obstructions, and as the entrance would be always from the west, the measurement of space would mentally be made by glancing eastward to the altar-screen. These stalls would give a warm and furnished look to what is now cold and repulsive. They might be the official seats of national or civic dignitaries, and the clergy would then have the choir all to themselves. The aisles beyond would become ample vestibules, and form side passages to the retro-choir.

All that we have thus proposed is practical, and could be easily and quickly done. It is essentially a mere re-adjustment of the windows and the choir furniture to the now altered use and circumstances of the church. If the amount of daylight Wren had calculated on is now diminished, it would be indifferent respect to him or to his work to leave it so dimly lighted. And when the congregation has outgrown the choir, and what he most efficiently made separate is now as thoroughly connected with the dome, some new arrangement of the furniture and details of the choir becomes imperative; and when this is done, judicious counsel will suggest that known and obvious defects in Wren's design, wherever possible, should be neutralized and screened, and due respectful thought be given to preserve and carefully illustrate and display the beauties of his work.

And now, returning to the exterior of the church. Let it at once be cleaned. The work is not difficult. The Mansion House and the Bank, Fishmongers' Hall and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, have all been properly relieved of their foul mask of dirt. Why should our Cathedral be left thus stained with accumulated filth, degraded from decency—a very outcast among buildings? We greatly fear that such examination as a thorough cleansing will alone make possible is urgently required, and it will be found that neglect of cleanliness brings as much injury to buildings as to men. Then, as the internal decorations must be made 'consistent with its character as a Christian church,' would it not be well to be similarly scrupulous for the outside of the Cathedral?

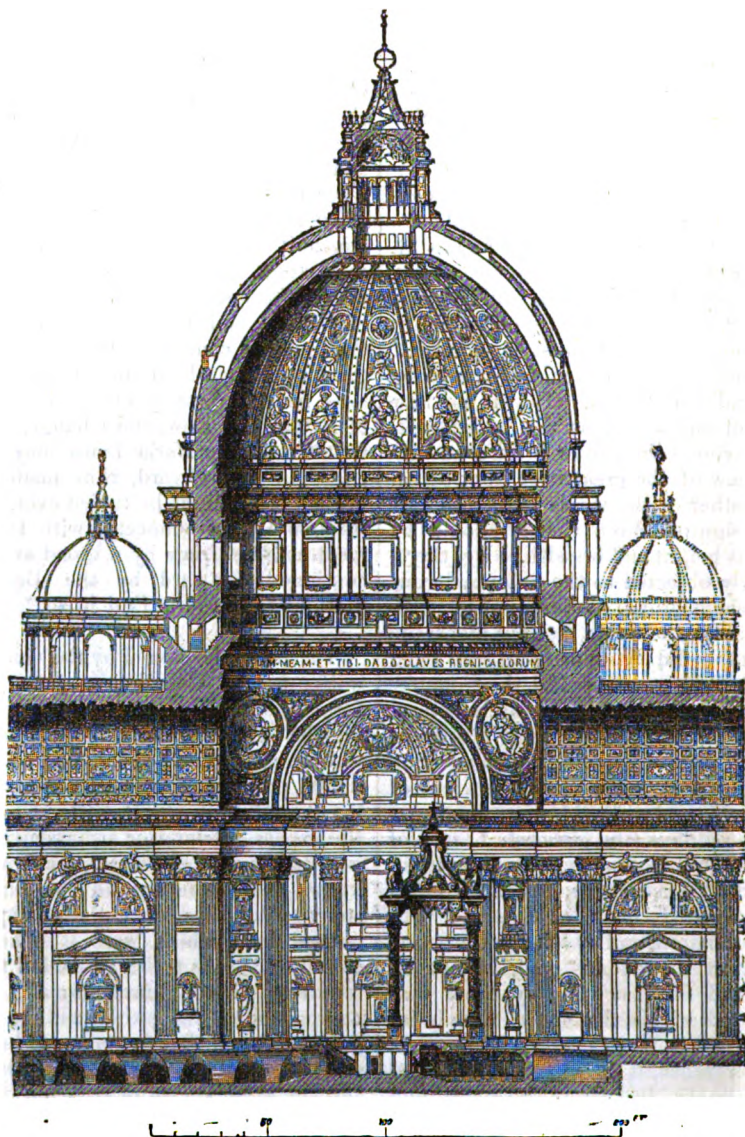
Would any stranger, looking the building in the face, say it was 'Christian'? Rather, he would fear to libel Christianity by such association, and suggest Hottentots or Hindoos as the possible proprietors, and the cross to be a mere fanciful cockade. If the Dean and Chapter wish the public to complete the interior of their church, might they not show an example of reverence for the building by the obvious work of cleanliness and good repair? If, further, they will withdraw their fences, and abolish them altogether, except in a light and unobstructive way around the burial-ground, the public will take an interest in the building that it is evident the cathedral dignitaries have no conception of. In matters of sight people are led by the eye or repelled by it; and at St. Paul's the repulsion is as complete as the greatest enemy of the church could desire. The building, like the institution of which it is an illustrious ornament, must be popular if it is to be influential, and social if it is to be respected and maintained. This is no new question, but one as old as the building itself. 'It involves the full or broken and interrupted view of the great west front of St. Paul's, or rather of the whole cathedral. It was the design of Wren that it should be seen in all its height and breadth. He, therefore, strongly objected to the tall ponderous enclosure which broke, obscured, or concealed the vestibule, the noble flight of steps, the whole of the solid base or platform from which the building arose. But the Commissioners, utterly blind to the architectural effect, proud of their heavy clumsy misplaced fence' (they were evidently 'connoisseurs'), 'which was cast at some works, now out of use, in Sussex, and thought marvels of execution in those days (the elaborate beauty of some of the old iron-work was forgotten), described Sir Christopher's design as mean and weak, boasted that their own met with general approbation, and so left the Cathedral compressed in its gloomy gaol, only to be fully seen, and this too near, by those who were admitted within the gates; usually inexorably closed. Wren's words were, "As for the iron fence, it is so remarkable and fresh in memory by whose influence and importunity it was wrested from me, and the doing it carried in a way that I may venture to say will ever be condemned."' Thus wrote Dean Milman, and we learn that there will be some re-arrangement of the western railings. This is a well-meant proposal, but is not carrying out 'Sir Christopher's intentions,' or prosecuting the Dean's 'endeavour.' The railings must be cleared entirely away. They are an insult to the people, and a disgrace to the church. The approach to God's

house should be open and direct and free, but the front steps and portico are a blank desert, and the front doors are gloomier and more repulsive than the gates of Newgate, and suggest the idea of exclusiveness rather than of 'comprehension.'

The fact is, that St. Paul's has not maintained the ordinary level of respectability, and people, though ready enough to praise its celebrated 'surveyor' more from his celebrity, however, than for any judgment of his work, do not respect the building. It is exclusive, timid, dirty, not quite true, and, vicariously, a sturdy beggar. All this the Dean and Chapter should entirely change; and when the church is brought within the sphere of well-conditioned decency, people will recognize it and feel honoured in its dignified association. We shall then find public appreciation becoming influential with the Board of Works; and it will soon be discovered that the time has come to get a clear view of the great building which so many praise, though none have favourably seen. The hither side of Paternoster Row, Old Change, and Cartor, Creed, and Ave Maria Lanes may be removed. The Churchyard, thus made thrice its present size, might be turfed over, lined with trees, and then connected with the embankment at Blackfriars by a broad avenue to be continued eastward by the Broad Street Stations to the Mile End Road.*

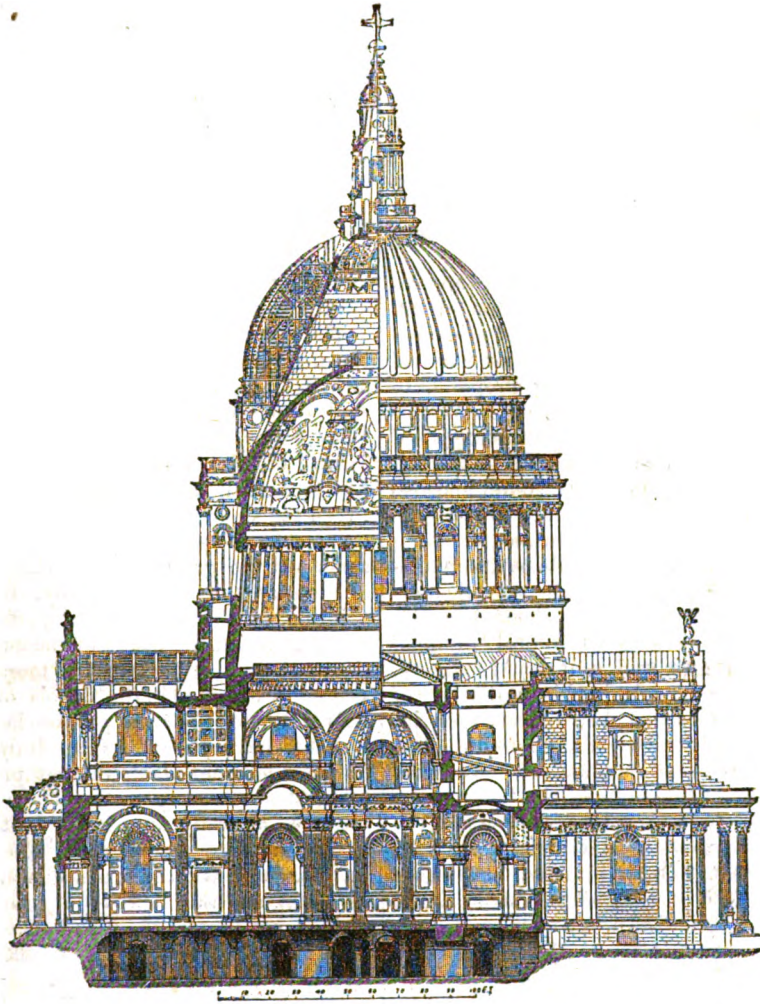
The pamphlet issued by the General Committee for the Completion of St. Paul's informs the public that 'the cost of maintaining the building in a thoroughly good condition would require permanently an additional 2000*l.* per annum, at least, simply for keeping the fabric in repair, without reference to the expense of interior arrangements.' This is a strange announcement, since all London knows that close around the building is a stony wilderness of entirely unproductive unused land which, were it offered to the Board of Works to be all added to the surrounding thoroughfares, would, under the compulsion of the public will, be promptly purchased, and thus funds would be provided for the constant reparation of the church, and the great stream of passengers would be relieved of a long execrated obstacle and nuisance.

* Might not the Great Eastern Railway be extended under this avenue from Broad Street to Blackfriars? Such an avenue from Battersea to Victoria Park, with the river and bridges, Westminster Palace, St. Paul's and Guildhall on its line, would be the finest in Europe, and the most useful. The view up to the front of the Cathedral from Blackfriars would be worth all the cost of that section of the work. But let us have a real avenue of trees, and not a lane of houses.



Section of St. Peter's.

NOTE.—To bring the section of St. Peter's to the same scale as that of St. Paul's, add one-tenth to the dimensions of the former.



Section of St. Paul's.

Half-section of transept and dome.

Half-section of nave and half-elevation
of dome and transept.

sance. Had this been done some twenty years ago, public opinion would have quickly followed suit, and we should long ere this have seen the southern side of Paternoster Row removed, a fine broad street laid out connecting Ludgate Hill directly with Cheapside, and the whole north elevation of the church made fairly visible. But while any of this land around the church remains enclosed, an application to the public to complete the building is on the face of it offensive and discreditable. Why should the people be invited to complete a building that so selfishly asserts that it is privileged and private? No wonder, then, that 'ever since Wren's death' St. Paul's has been 'crying aloud for assistance.' 'The present condition of the building,' truly, 'is nothing less than a' capitular, and not a 'national reproach and scandal.'

Among the many letters and appeals respecting the proposed decoration of St. Paul's interior, there are scattered evidences of four chief objects of popular or national desire. There is the leading proposal, to complete Wren's work according to Wren's own ideas or designs. This is the supposed initiating motive, and is made the public cry. Then there is the taste for sumptuousness and display, which looks for marbles, gilding, and stained glass, and, in fact, anything that may have show and colour, and a discoverable money value. The so-called ecclesiastical and Christian element comes next, and, having certain technical 'designs' or schemes for decoration, it would make St. Paul's a churchman's bauble, a display of the mean follies that half-educated clerics and a clique of semi-sanctimonious draughtsmen presume to call religious art. And then come the few 'chosen men,' the 'seekers for truth,' who, from their inexperience and the chaotic state of architectural affairs, are half, or more than half, bewildered, but whose judgment still is clear, because their aim is simple, and their feeling true.

'What were the views of Wren for the completion of his great work?'—is the opening question of Mr. Wyatt Papworth's useful and discriminating letter to the 'Times.' The answer, as he shows, is a very simple one; we have Wren's views in his own words:—'The painting and gilding of the architecture of the east end of the church over the communion-table was intended only to serve the present occasion, till such time as materials could have been provided for a magnificent design of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed' (or carved), 'of the richest Greek marbles, supporting a canopy, hemispherical, with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture, for which the re-

spective drawings and a model were prepared.'

Here then there is nothing about colour, unless the 'richest' Greek marbles may refer to tone of colour,—which, as they were to be carved, is improbable,—and this was only for four columns; of the rest, the 'decorations' were to be of 'architecture and sculpture.' These four questionable columns, not in the fabric of the church, but in a piece of furniture, are then all that Wren can be said to have proposed as colour decoration below the level of the ceiling. Wren, it is true, painted the inside of St. Paul's throughout, but his 'design thereby was not only for beautifying, but to preserve and harden the stone; and in order thereto gave particular charge to have it well supplied with oil, which accordingly was done.' Here is no question of colour. The object was merely preservation and the 'beautifying' of a smooth surface—in fact, an architectural cosmetic.

His proposed method for the ceilings and the dome is more interesting. Of the nave and aisle ceilings, which are arranged in circular sunk panels, dome shaped, he thus writes:—'The twenty-four cupolas of St. Paul's are formed of brick with stone wreaths' (carved ribs or bands), 'and, having large planes between the stone ribs, are capable of further ornaments of painting if required.' And again of the great dome—'The judgment of the surveyor was originally, instead of painting in the manner now performed, to have beautified the inside of the cupola with the more durable ornament of mosaic work, as is nobly executed in the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome. For this purpose he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession; but as this art was a great novelty in England, and not generally apprehended, it did not receive the encouragement it deserved. It was imagined also the expense would prove too great, and the time very long in the execution; but though these and all objections were fully answered, yet this excellent design was no further pursued.'

Here we have given the whole of Wren's views about colour decoration, and they are limited enough. The 'wreathed' columns may easily be introduced into the choir-screen when it is built, and we fortunately lose the unpleasant sight of Wren's painting and gilding of the east end, which was 'intended only to serve the present occasion.'

Wren's 'intentions and mode of treatment,' then, were to paint the whole interior 'for preservation,' to decorate the altar with carved marble columns, to paint the 'twenty-four cupolas,' and to 'beautify' the dome, 'with the more durable ornament of mosaic

work.' Nothing more whatever do we know. Let us now turn to the 'Appeal,' and see what is proposed, in order to carry out—we use the Committee's own words—'Sir Christopher Wren's intentions, his mode of treatment, and, as far as they can be authenticated, his very designs, *which are to be scrupulously kept sacred and followed.* With the structure itself nothing is proposed to be done. The Committee would be guilty of insincerity were they to conceal from those to whom their appeal is addressed that Wren's work, as Wren proposed it, will cost not thousands, nor tens of thousands, but as much perhaps in its final completion as 250,000*l.*' Our readers will perceive that we have reached the 'sumptuous' section. The 'Appeal' proceeds:—'Sir Christopher Wren's marble Ciborium or "Altar-piece," as he calls it,—Wren proposed no 'Ciborium,' nor did he call anything an 'Altar-piece;'—and a 'magnificent open Choir Screen which, with its architecture, metal work, and sculpture, should be a very gem of art'—would naturally fall to the part of the Committee; and we venture to say that, when it is made, instead of 'a very gem of art,' this 'magnificent open Choir Screen' will be a vile specimen of art-manufacture.

'The better to illustrate the idea of the magnificence which has been imagined'—by all means illustrate it; but does not the sentence itself 'illustrate the idea?'—'let the entrance be supposed at the west end, about to become'—this was published fifteen months ago—the easiest access to the Cathedral. On passing through bronze doors richly charged with devices'—a dangerous passage it would seem—the first most striking effect would be produced by the brilliant roof covered with mosaic patterns and rich with gold. The cupola overhead and the panels of the exquisite side chapels would be pictorially treated in the same material, the walls relieved with marble slabs and marble inlay; the pavement and the windows enriched with colour. All panels to be filled with coloured marbles or sculpture.' Now every word of this about marble in walls and panels, and colour in windows, is inconsistent with the tale of 'Wren's intentions' being 'sacred.'

'In the great dome,' the grisaille pictures cannot fail to give place to Sir C. Wren's cherished wish for mosaic pictures.' But Wren says nothing about 'pictures,' a misleading word, since in St. Peter's dome, to which Wren refers, almost the whole mosaic work is architectural in its design, with single figures in the panels; and in addition to these, the drum and the eight spandrels (the latter already commenced in mosaic) will af-

ford grand scope for the highest efforts of art and magnificence.' Yes, truly, 'scope' enough. But let us first examine the 'magnificent' results of these 'highest efforts.'

There are already two mosaics in the spandrels of the dome, labelled respectively 'Isaiah' and 'St. Matthew.' Isaiah, as we read his prophecies, appears supremely vigorous in mind, utterance, and imagination. As we see him here, he is no Seer of visions or inspired Prophet, but an aged worn-out copyist or scrivener, a purblind idiotic cripple, with some queer attendants, furnished with wings, which being 'property,' and ill-contrived, cannot unfortunately be made to close. The colouring is quite in harmony with the design—degraded, dull, opaque, and inconsistent; and the drawing suits the colour. St. Matthew is, in some respects, not quite so bad; but here we have a specimen of those 'highest efforts of art' that are to glorify the very 'essence of the building.'

'The roof of the choir should be a splendid and impressive work in mosaic. The windows of the apse will here also be more fully coloured; and the marbles, whether used structurally, as replacing the stonework of the principal pilasters, or in panels and inlaid patterns on the walls and pavement, would be arranged so as to impart a fuller idea of sumptuousness.' So then the 'noble and ennobling work,' that all ranks and classes of English society are called upon to aid, is not to complete Wren's church, but to impart a fuller idea of 'sumptuousness' where he designed simplicity and the dignified effect of true artistic contrast. Wren had no intention to insert 'stained glass,' or 'marble panels' and 'pilasters.' His 'idea of sumptuousness' was not so very 'full,' but kept within the bounds of common-sense and self-restraining manliness. What the Committee now propose is, with elaboration and great expense, to desecrate Wren's building, and to violate his evident intentions. This the public should be warned of, and before they answer the 'Appeal' its statements should be carefully sifted and quite clearly understood. When this is done, its inconsistent declarations will appear, and the Committee, touched by the 'insincerity' of their 'Appeal,' will quietly withdraw it, and inform the public that they have happily recovered, and are now in their right mind.

A few months ago there was some discussion in the newspapers about a reported scheme of iconographic decoration at St. Paul's. The announcement of this scheme was startling. People began to consider when Wren lived, and what his 'sacred' purpose might have been respecting 'icono-

graphy.' The Committee had not mentioned it in their 'Appeal,' nor is it discoverable in the 'Parentalia,' and it was soon found that the thing was, in connexion with St. Paul's, entirely new; that Wren knew nothing of it, and therefore that it could not come within the estimate of 250,000*l.* for the 'completion' of his work. We subsequently heard that the 'scheme' had not been quite adopted, but that the 'architect' who proposed it had been appointed to act with Mr. Penrose because he is said to 'possess' what is called the 'ecclesiastical element,' which 'element' Mr. Penrose was not known to 'possess.' Neither, however, we fear did Wren possess it. Rather it possessed him, and it pursues him still. This ecclesiastical element it was that, as Dean Milman told us, spoiled the plan of the cathedral, and by its clerical intervention caused those crippled and distorted forms and outlines which have made the interior a subject for apology instead of praise. And now we have this element of evil omen manifest again, prompt, ignorant, and conceited, and prepared to add defacing insult to its former injury.

The 'architect' in question is one of those sketching draughtsmen, who, by some cleverness with their pencil and bow-pen, obtain a notoriety among the half-taught people who take drawing to be architecture; and who, because their reading and observation have digressed into some remote regions of ecclesiasticism and professional technicalities that are not often explored by sensible men, are accepted as authorities on ecclesiastical 'properties' and inconographic or other furniture decoration. They generally affect the ritualist party in the Church, and their weak designs and trumpery church furniture and furbelows have gained a temporary popularity among the clergy that tends to mental degradation and religious coarseness. Their success is principally due to the entire want of workman culture. Weak-minded people can take easily to connoisseurship, and of course prefer to patronize some dapper draughtsman rather than risk their superfine gentility by giving personal and sympathetic aid or counsel to a true 'artist' working-man.

The gentleman who is to scheme the saintly decoration for St. Paul's refers us to his work at Worcester College Chapel, of which a reverend member of the College committee has written a careful description. He says, in a letter to the 'Guardian,' that

'Mr. Burges has covered walls, architraves, tympana, roof, niches, floor with exquisite designs, every one with a significant meaning. He found "a room" and he has left "a chapel" full of thought of genius well applied, of symbolism most effective. It is a perfect study

from end to end. It is the only building in England where the walls were designed for the windows, and the windows for the walls. There is no floor like it in England of elaborate mosaics. The massive seats of dark walnut inlaid with box, simply unrivalled. The stall ends each an artistic study in zoology or ornithology. I cannot think of a detail that has not been most carefully thought over in the studio, and artistically elaborated in the chapel itself. I venture to say that on this side the Alps there is no sacred building of the kind, that so impresses one as a building designed as a whole, and in its minutest detail for the glory of God and for the pious and religious uses for which it was intended as Worcester College Chapel. Mr. Burges may with pride and with confidence refer to his success there as the proof that he can handle an Italian building in the spirit of the style *without the introduction of a single Gothic detail.*'

We ventured lately to declare that in the decoration of their churches the clergy are habitually and very greatly subject to imposture. An illustration of this fact would have appeared personal and invidious, so we allowed the statement to appear in naked verity. Providence, however, has been kind, and here we have all the illustration that could be desired. The walls, &c., are indeed 'covered' with paint of many colours laid on in several kinds of pattern; but the colours have no harmony, and the patterns no significance. They are there evidently by accident, and because the 'architect' did not know what else to do. There is endless elaboration, but not the slightest beauty, and the whole is an affair of ill-assorted shreds and patches that might belong to a dozen different buildings, and which have no true combination either of colour or of form. The distinction that the reverend critic finds between a 'chapel' and a 'room' strikes us as strange. It serves to show that consecration is an affair of gilding, oil-colour, and varnish, and that not the dedication but the tattooing of a man reveals the saint. In Jacob's sleeping-place our reverend friend would evidently not have recognized the House of God, and to him the Gate of Heaven could not be manifest were it not properly painted.

On the ceiling of 'Worcester' chapel are some small paintings which, supposing worshippers used looking-glass reflectors, might be found 'full of thought;' but the queer figures that peer down from the lunettes below the ceiling are evidently portraits of Jew haberdashers selling ribands at a fair. The cinquecento patterns on the walls, and the misuse of colour, show singular ineptitude and ignorance. Below the windows is a long processional display of saints and angels, kings, archbishops, monks, and devotees. This we find

illustrates the 'Te Deum'; yet saints so terribly malformed and destitute of sense could hardly be esteemed a 'glorious company,' and then the angels are so ill-set upon their legs that there becomes an obvious necessity for wings. These figures are just twenty inches high, and distant twenty feet from the ordinary point of view; here, however, they become invisible, for the windows, filled with coarsely drawn and coloured pictures, overcome entirely the small figures painted just below.

On the dark wainscoting against the wall there are little panels some two feet apart, each enclosing three odd Roman letters, which, we may explain for future visitors, are dislocated fragments of the hymn 'Te Deum laudamus.' The stall-ends also have as 'ornaments' the emblems of the Passion of Our Lord. This may be called religiousness in Art, but most reasonable men will say that to make the 'Hymn of Praise' and the sad emblems of the Passion mere tricky ornaments for students' chapel benches, is abominably profane. Were these things expressed as lightly and familiarly in words by laymen there would be a painful sense of scandal and impiety. Here, then, the 'symbolism most effective' is in full display, and this we are assured is 'Christian Art.' Will clerics and their draughtsmen never understand that such free handling of solemn things tends to irreverence, and makes the observing man think sadly and with lessening respect of those whose want of wisdom causes such offence? Besides, there is no kind of artistic value in the work. No doubt it is 'laborious,' as such work must be, and yet is quite mechanical, and was certainly inlaid and put together in a workshop, and not, as our critic has it, 'in the chapel itself.' The mosaic floor is sprinkled with some scripture names, and its light colour and the heavy ceiling are in contrast like a thundercloud above a chalk-made turnpike road. Round about the altar on the floor we find a counterfeit presentment of the 'Sower and the seed,' each being duly labelled. And all this childish nonsense we are told 'impresses one,' and it was thus designed for the 'glory of God,' and that Mr. Burges may 'with pride refer to it.' Strange doctrine for a clergyman. We should have thought that deep humility would best accord with reference to a work so piously designed.

The chapel is a very simple building, a fit place for the religious services, devout or otherwise, of a few dozen students in whose domestic and collegiate surroundings we may assume that luxury and ostentation are not habitual. The 'Quad' is sober, picturesque, and plain. The chapel door

is opened and reveals a perfect contrast. Here is no

'quiet calm retreat

For humble prayer and meditation sweet;'

but an expensive bauble, an obtrusive job of decorator's work—dismal and gaudy, and most inartistic in conception and detail—a complete contrast to the unconscious dignity that, whether simple or sumptuous, should be the ruling characteristic of a college chapel. This work is Mr. Burges's pattern card, the sample of his capability in the cinque-cento style, and a more wretched exhibition has not been submitted to the public.

The church at Cork that Mr. Burges lately built is also quoted, and judging from a photograph of the west front, the 'taste and talent' of the architect are all inside the building. The front is poor and much beneath mere commonplace, the upper and the lower halves are totally at fault in scale. No true artist would have made so palpable a blunder. Again, if we examine the sketches made by Mr. Burges for the proposed new room at Harrow School, we find that the 'design' is scarcely worth the name. Trade Gothic details and a heavy wall, with no combining fancy, are said to be a Gothic building in the shape 'of a Greek theatre,' and, with similar discrimination, may be called a Grecian building made with Gothic details. By way of critical approval we are told that the architect will use the garden slope for the gradation of the seats. Such power of adaptation may, among these gentlemen, be worthy of remark; and possibly the slope may further serve to give sufficient current for the drains. The interior is fussy and draughtsmanlike, with the most abject poverty of fancy and invention. To screen this the decorator's workman is turned in to do his worst, and he, at any rate, succeeds. The Grecian-Gothic figure-drawing rivals the work at 'Worcester.' We commend these sketches to the subscribers and Committee of St. Paul's, and they can then imagine how 'complete' the church will look when covered 'ecclesiastically' after such a fashion, and when the walls become 'Christianized,' exhibiting, as in a decorator's show-room, rows of 'saints' and groups of 'martyrs' duly labelled.

Such is the style of work that at the present day attracts the connoisseurs, tickles the clergy, and makes the public stare. Its influence is altogether bad and so reacts even upon the draughtsmen. For instance, All Saints' Church, in Margaret Street, shows much able clerkmanship, but its natural sequence is the tawdry panelling at 'Winchester' Chapel and the mechanically copied

merry-andrew choir painting at St. Cross. We are told that this painting is a 'restoration.' Clearly, then, it is not 'art;' and to deface a noble building with such rubbish is the very insolence of bad taste. The latest result is the front of Keble College, where the 'All Saints' fiddle-faddle has been perfectly developed, and the enfeebling influence of draughtsman's work is made thoroughly manifest. Work such as this might be the play-thing of a child, or the light, half-considered relaxation of the working builder, but that any 'architect' should be able to sit down and patiently 'design' such imbecilities is a sad revelation. The association of this work with that at Balliol in common censure has been criticised. Still it was true, and yet there is a difference between these works that should be noticed. The one is worse than former buildings by the same 'architect,' the other work is only just as bad as its poor predecessors. At Manchester the clap-trap Law Courts 'composition' might, at a ladies' boarding-school, have gained a prize 'for prettiness,' and the coarse common-place at 'Balliol' is no worse. In character and antecedents the two buildings differ, but in value and position they have reached a pitiful equality.

With such obvious deficiencies in Mr. Burges and his work, there is some interest in the question how it came to pass that he was appointed to prepare a scheme for the complete defacement of St. Paul's. The true explanation seems to be, that owing to the general ignorance and disregard of building work, the Cathedral has again fallen into the clutches of the 'Connoisseurs.' One of Mr. Burges's sponsors, however, is an 'architect of eminence,' who has already 'decorated' and 'completed' another church of Wren's; and thus his taste and judgment can be seen—when the gas is lighted—in the interior of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. This 'architect's' experiment on Wren's work may be, therefore, taken as a specimen of 'that thoroughly religious, grave, and solemn character' which he presumes to say St. Paul's 'so much needs;' and so we recommend our readers to pay his 'ecclesiastical' kaleidoscope a short visit, when they will find that Wren's windows are blocked up with 'wheels' and other stock 'office' patterns, so that half the light is excluded, and the remainder is, by coarse stained glass, almost entirely obscured, and the church is thus sunk down to the most childish notion of sensationalism. Here, then, we see how, as this 'architect' assures us, 'the true and thorough ecclesiastical element gives the decorative arts that subordination to their architectural position which is essential to their true use, but which

was so entirely neglected in buildings of the period of St. Paul's.' What in the name of common sense is this 'ecclesiastical element'? Has it anything to do with the 'spiritualists' and Mr. Home, for they love darkness? Was Wren quite a fool? Did he make St. Paul's such a dark den that candles were essential at mid-day, a place for bats, or a cathedral for the blind? or so gild and paint the place with tawdry colours that light itself should be unwelcome? Nothing gives a more painful sense of the blank ignorance of the public in affairs of art than the emission of such 'grave and solemn' nonsense. People might be induced to think that this 'ecclesiastical element' had an architectural existence, or that it had, at any rate, some 'element' of meaning. The fact is, however, that it is a mere trade imposture, a windy sounding phrase just such as Bottom might have used. It has no meaning, and is best illustrated by the dull stupid darkness at St. Michael's Church. The public then have had, it would seem, more than enough of 'architects' and their opinions. These gentlemen are very well in their way as names for committees to quote, farmers of clerks, men of business, and generally traders who supply 'art notions' to the clergy and the more ignorant of the laity; but they are not architecturally 'artists,' and nothing is more discouraging in the present prospects of 'St. Paul's' than its ominous surrounding of architectural drawing-masters, the 'ecclesiastical element,' and connoisseurs.

And now, with great relief, we turn to men of sense accustomed to broad daylight; and to these we say, that what we now have written is entirely free from the possibility of personal or party feeling, or spirit of sectionalism in Church affairs. We write by way of warning; and when this is done, the evil must be strongly indicated and described without reserve.

The great desiderata at St. Paul's appear to be: first, that the church should be completed as its architect designed; and that in doing this, the sacred use and dedication of the church shall become manifest. We have already stated all that is known of Wren's 'intentions,' but we did not draw particular attention to the sound and sensible way that he proposed to get the work done well. 'For this purpose'—the dome mosaic work—he had projected to have procured from Italy four of the most eminent artists in that profession.' This is the key of the whole matter. Observe, here is nothing about schemes, or architects, or draughtsmen, or of the work being 'national.' Wren wanted 'artists,' which in his time meant not paint-

ers and drawing-masters, but cultivated and imaginative workmen. He does not ask for one man who would scheme or design the patterns, but for four men—a precise number—*who would do the work*. This is the true art method. But all the shows of art that we possess at Kensington and its affiliated schools, or at academies or institutes, are very much delusions.

In architecture, owing to the great supply of illustrated works, and the habitual want of original and independent workman's thought, the means of knowledge far surpass the power of analysis in either the 'professional' or the public mind. 'Knowingness' has in fact become a special curse. Architects are, like certain paralytics, always on the watch for some new manifestation that they may at once secure to be a help for their too manifest decrepitude. Every 'new thing' in detail is promptly seized and made available in any practicable way, and then the public are called to admire the great 'knowledge' of the 'architect' and how he has 'authority for every detail.' In the same way connoisseurs are wonderfully well informed about old buildings, but they have no clear discernment of the merits of new men. They wear their eyes in the back of their heads, and are consequently valueless as leaders of the public taste.

Art is often styled the handmaid of religion. The phrase has much unction and a touch of patronage, which, were it not entirely untrue, Art might be thankful for. Art is no handmaid, but a queen in her own right and by the grace of God; and Science and Religion are her sisters. Art and her sisters duly sympathize in their concern for human nature; but, though mutually helpful, they are entirely independent in their spheres and modes of operation. This should be clearly understood; and the distinction between mere conjunctive association and co-operative action should be carefully remembered. Religion purifies the heart of man. Art gives expression and development to the imagination, and Knowledge feeds and nourishes the mind. These processes are not common to the active powers, but only to the subject—Man; and their results are directly reflex. Art does not diverge into the domain of religion, nor does religion, unless tainted with presumption, trench on science. Each should retain its individuality if it would maintain its power. When, therefore, we are told that Art has an 'ecclesiastical element,' we fail to discover what the words can mean. The impression made is one of pure absurdity, and leads to scepticism. Are we to expect, further, the announcement that the Newtonian theory has

an 'element' of apostolical succession; that the path of religious duty can be found in the ecliptic; or that an artistic action is involved in sacramental influence and operation? Art, then, knows nothing of 'ecclesiastical elements,' and has no communion with them; and where they are intruded in the place of Art, the result is art negation, feebleness, and imbecility. Art is not in any possible way 'ecclesiastical,' but entirely and simply human; and is to be influenced for good or evil only through men's minds, and not at all by doctrines, creeds, or formularies of the Church. Ecclesiasticism has, in all ages, been either the obstacle or the ruin of Art. In Egypt the fine, varied fancy of imaginative work was limited in its scope, and oppressed almost to destruction by the priestly order. The Greeks, more than any other nation, set Art free from sacerdotal influence. Their gods and goddesses were the noblest ideals of the human form, and so they best illustrated divine thought and power as then conceived; but they were not 'religious' or 'ecclesiastical.' The Athenians of Pericles and Phidias had not become 'too superstitious,' but had strong belief in human nature, and expressed it well. Religiousness may poetically be imputed to artistic work just as it often is to objects in nature; but this imputation is an evidence that in actual fact religion is not there.

The mediæval paintings and mosaics were the work of little educated men, who illustrated the legendary stories about saints and martyrs in a simple, workmanlike, artistically conventional, and rudely fanciful way. There was no 'ecclesiastical element' in the art, but only legendary subjects for Art to work upon. The art itself was genuine, and if his knowledge of history and anatomy, and his theological views, were limited, and his pictorial statements consequently faulty, the artist in his works used what he did believe frankly, not as a doctrine, but as a popularly recognized and simple fabric, on which he might embroider and display, with his whole power of thought, the rude, or more refined expressions of his fancy.

Hence the impressive dignity in the uncouth frescoes and mosaics of what are called the 'dark' and middle ages: we see true, unsophisticated, manly work; strong, independent, careless of applause, and evidently uninfluenced by mere sacerdotal power. And if our admiration of the artists and their work must be conventional, it is at all events sincere. But when in later times painters became men of renown, had gained position, and, in fact, were of the world, the Church could then degrade them; and they were hired to paint, not what they believed,

or what they felt, but the weak falsehoods that the Church then used to mystify the vulgar. Thus their work fails to command respect. We recognize its cleverness, but we despise both work and workmen, and we thus perceive the decadence of Art. Those who most advanced the art of painting were just those in whom the simple human element is most pronounced. Giotto, Massaccio and Michael Angelo had small regard for the ecclesiastical element. They painted in churches and for the Church, but the Church was very glad to get them to paint their own and not 'ecclesiastical ideas.' There was no attempt or inclination in the Church to overstep the artistic boundary. Builders, and painters, and artificers were the designers, and the judges, among themselves, of their own work. In those days clerics and connoisseurs did not interfere in work beyond their skill, nor yet pretend to judge without due knowledge. Let us retain the idea of interference, and, somewhat changing the characters, suppose, for instance, that Mr. Penrose and the cathedral workmen were to invite Mr. Spurgeon, as a man of genius and vigour, to scheme the cathedral services for the coming century, and we may be led to perceive the present artistic aspect of this enterprise for the completion of St. Paul's. Whenever, then, the Church did intermeddle in Art, and the ecclesiastical element became obtrusive, Art sank into inanity. Weak men became the poor instruments of an aggressive priesthood, and in the churches of the Jesuits throughout the world we have the effect of the ecclesiastical element revealed in the lowest debasement to which Art has ever fallen.

In England we may see a corresponding decadence. We have already had to note the state of architecture; and now, with special reference to St. Paul's, we may add, that church furniture and decoration are in demerit well adapted for the bad character and style of building work with which they are associated; and all the showy brass and iron work that make our cathedrals look like 'metal courts' at an international bazaar, are, as works of art, purely mechanical, just on a par with bright steel fire-irons, or with Armstrong guns. Nomen of any worth would willingly take part in such mere drudgery. True artists will not work, as such, at second hand. Wren had not this to learn. Gibbons and Tijou did the wood-carving and the wrought-iron screen-work at St. Paul's, and both were like the old masons, 'free,' and so wrought out their individual fancy and design; and their work within the limits of the necessary style is excellent, and full of workman's thought. But almost all the showy

carving that is used to decorate our Gothic buildings is but a knack. The men know how to cut two or three forms of leaf, and these are constantly repeated. Why should they do otherwise? They are the carver's men; the carver is the builder's sub-contractor; the builder has no care except for his certificates; the clerk of works is but a deputy; the 'architect' is absent, and for the most part ignorant, and only glad that so much show can, with no cost of trouble to himself, be placed on his poor, miserable building, and also to his credit: and *he* receives much praise and thanks from the beguiled proprietor, the man of taste, who, far too fine and foolish to associate with any working people, pays money for this trash, and, for his pains, is just a simpleton.

Good artist's work can hardly come of such a system. We can scarcely recollect one piece of modern carving that would make one wish to know the workman. This desire is a good test of work, but varying, of course, in value with the susceptibility and discernment of the beholder. Among the clergy, the desire is not to see the workman, but that others should be pleased to come and see what their 'architect of eminence' has done to beautify their church. The motive here is vanity, not love of art: its object, vain display, and doubly vain applause. Art has no share in it; and, for anything the greater part of all the decorative work is worth, it might as well be printed off and pasted up by paperhangers, so that, the fashion changing, it might be easily removed. We lately heard some clergymen comparing notes about their newly 'decorated' churches, and the wonders that their 'architects' had done—the ladies also learnedly discussing their new wedding dresses 'fresh from the milliner's'—and we observed that, in artistic value of the subject, soundness of taste, and critical acumen, the ladies had by far the best of it: their dresses were, in fact, designed and made by an accomplished artist in her way, with careful study both of figure and complexion. But the church decorations were concocted by the working draughtsmen at a factory—called now a 'studio'—a hundred miles away, and then some labourers put the colours on, with no idea or care that every form and tint should, in its measure, add to the effect. This decoration is in fact a trade, dealing with areas and stock technicalities of colour and of form, and then with ignorant employers; and as it spreads throughout the country as an evidence of weakness and credulity among the clergy, it will eventually cause scandal and well-earned ridicule. Are there no men of sense among them who can discern the difference between

a trader's fashion and true art, between the genuine workman and the spurious 'architect'? Cannot the clergy see that, if their church is national, they best represent it when they pass the middle-men, and seeking those that 'labour and are heavy laden,' show them that work should properly alleviate itself by constant unstrained mental exercise; and, avoiding the delusion that the 'masses' can be 'elevated' merely by reading and amusements in their leisure, make every workman understand that, by a disciplined imagination alone can he be raised, and though this imagination should have higher aims, yet it can best be exercised upon his common daily work? Or are the clergy, instead of being active and judicious benefactors, to remain submissive, wondering dupes, combining with the self-seeking herd of business men in grasping and securing the material results by which a low success is measured, and neglecting those great duties whose supreme reward is beyond human scope or worldly estimate?

Much good has been anticipated from the Schools of Art, where drawing and design are taught; and to those who inspect the schools, and do not look beyond, there seems to be success. Really, however, these schools at present are to working-men of little value. They are an inversion of the proper course of things. A child is not taught to speak or read before it has ideas and observation. It would be useless to teach an idiot to make words on paper which he cannot understand, or to set a boy to copy Homer ere he had learned the language. The method at our schools of art is parallel to these; and drawing is now held to be essential to the making of an artist. We might as well suppose that poetry originates in perfect penmanship. What is required is not the art of drawing, but that imaginative freedom of the workman which will develop art in common work. A mason or a smith requires little drawing; a week's attention would suffice to give him all he wants for present work, and a few hours' application would help him through an occasional difficulty. *What these men want is direct patronage*, and such present guidance in their work as shall lead them to the habitual use of observation, judgment, and imagination, and while 'surveyors' and contractors exist this is impossible.

Some years ago, when Salviati's mosaics were first used at Westminster, we were informed that such mosaic work was found particularly useful, since it was designed, made at a factory, sent to any distance, and applied with facility and promptitude. All true enough, but the result is 'art manufacture' merely, without a touch of real art. On

the other hand, when security was sought against the forgery of bank notes, the most intricate patterns were proposed and infinite cleverness of printing and paper-making was suggested; but after long and careful search and consideration it was discovered that the working man was the true source of safety, and that the work of the best engraver to be found was after all the only security for the acceptance of these tokens of the financial credit of the country. Schemes and patterns were found valueless in comparison with true intelligent handiwork. *Art comes direct from the mind and hand of the designing workman.* Raphael's cartoons are works of artistic value, but the tapestries for which they were designed are articles of sumptuous furniture, not works of art. So again in painting, it is not the copy, in colour or otherwise, but the master's own work that is esteemed. In architecture, a perfect model would be of no value in comparison with the shattered fragment on the Acropolis. And an 'architect's' drawing or sketch may be of some small value, and thus it captivates the 'connoisseur;' but his building will artistically be worthless in comparison. Wren lived in a time of transition, and though 'surveyors' were required to design after the new manner, there was, as we have said, considerable freedom for the working man; indeed the working smith was not entirely subdued until the commencement of the present century, as the good iron-work in our old west-end squares will testify. Wren, as we have seen, proposed to send for four mosaic workers from Italy—a very sensible proposal, following unconsciously the true old English way. The venerable Bede relates how, a thousand years before Wren's time, Wilfrith and Benedict Biscop brought over workmen from Italy to teach our forefathers to build in stone, with the windows glazed 'that the unclean birds'—'decorators' imperfectly developed—'might not fly in.' Again Wren was imitating the example of 'Richard de Ware, elected Abbot of Westminster in 1260, who, going to Rome for consecration, found there Pietro Cavallini manufacturing mosaics. On his return he brought with him rich porphyry and other precious stones for the shrine of Edward the Confessor in his abbey-church; and for the pavement before the high altar. He also brought over fit artists for the work.' 'One Odorick' was the master workman, and the Abbot of Westminster had the care of the work.

We will then suppose that in a similar manner the Dean of St. Paul's, having by great care and study both of work and workmen made himself 'able to judge,' should undertake to choose 'four artists' and to

purchase the materials for the mosaic work. We would advise a visit to Italy for this purpose, and the best workman there should be engaged, with liberty to nominate three others younger than himself. They should be liberally salaried, and should be in direct communication with the Dean for all questions of design and general interest about the work, and with the Cathedral Surveyor for all special building or constructive matters. There should be no hurry to commence the work or to finish it. The workmen should be allowed to test repeatedly the effect of colours before commencing the mosaics, and they should begin, not as our 'sumptuous' friends desire, in the choir, but in the most obscure parts of the building. Wren proposed painting for the twenty-four cupolas, but we would take the liberty, which the 'surveyor' would no doubt gladly have conceded, to substitute mosaic for paint, as 'more durable;' and also as an opportunity for considerable practice and experience before reaching the main dome. The workman will have to become accustomed to the building, to study it hourly, daily, and throughout the year; and with experience and knowledge of the power of colour, in large or small surfaces, at a considerable height; and of light, greatly varying in direction, force, and combination. His attention must be unremitting, and his judgment always ready, lest a single tint should be inharmonious, weak, or exaggerated. The mosaic might even be fairly good in itself, or in part, and yet it might greatly damage the effect of the interior. Thus it would evidently be just as sensible for a painter to order a face or a feature from Italy to insert in his picture, as for any but a resident artist to pretend to complete the decoration of St. Paul's.

These men should not merely do the work, but should make the entire design. An intelligent workman is far more to be trusted than any of our sketchers and schemers. Great works 'of decorative' art can be done without great committees, and even without 'eminent architects,' but absolutely not without great workmen. These must be very much superior to any committee or 'drawing-master' before we can have works of art that would be worthy of the name. If the Dean would listen to the foreman at the Wellington monument, while he reviews the bas-reliefs that are inserted in the east and west walls of the chapel, he will perceive that it is not rank in a false artistic hierarchy that is a test or evidence of merit, or the want of it. This that we have described is the way of art, and there is none other. As to the general design, St. Peter's dome seems to be a satisfactory example, and so Wren considered it. The

architectural effect and character are well maintained. With the restraint of the classical Orders below, it would be incongruous to treat the ceilings and the dome with unrestraint. The object is to complement Wren's own work, to glorify his building, not to discredit it. A few simply drawn and flatly coloured figures might be introduced singly, or generally so, in the large panels—but as few feathers as possible;—and nothing of the ecclesiastical element or what schemers pretend is Christian art. The vulgar invocation or abuse of all sorts of 'Angels,' 'principalities,' and 'powers,' with a company of 'martyrs,' and some 'pious ladies,' is but an 'artistic' form of profane swearing—a mere expletive substitute for fancy and invention, that affects the nerves of young ladies and ecclesiastics, and is consequently supposed to be the utterance of 'a sanctified imagination.' It ennobles no one, but it degrades the subjects of such low freedom; and all the knowingness about precedence of 'choirs' and 'seraphim,' 'princedom' and 'dominations,' is just the sort of trash to fill and agitate the brain of a self-constituted master of the ceremonies to the angelic world.

Our working man would rise into no such visionary spheres. He would not first, as the 'Appeal' suggests, begin upon the choir or dome, but in a modest and judicious way would gently and with care make trial of his powers in the obscurest corners of the church, and then correcting and improving daily as he thoughtfully proceeds, would make the choir the climax of the work, and so, when all his years of multiplied experience and intellectual growth had made a master of him, he would finally by a seeming magic power illumine that dark cavity of dome with all the glorious splendours of the empyrean.

Such is the artistic way in which the work should be accomplished, but the 'Appeal' would never lead to any such achievement, and as its claims and its proposals are entirely inconsistent, one or both should be withdrawn. Then the Committee and the Dean and Chapter would be well advised to undertake first those works that would be most obvious and satisfactory to the greatest number and at the same time most beneficial to the building, and if the exterior and interior are made properly approachable, and cleaned, and lighted, much will be gained for further operations. Then, secondly, the interior might be made suitable for the future work of the cathedral; and, thirdly, Wren's suggestions for the decoration of the dome and ceiling should respectfully be followed. The inlaid marble work is no affair of Wren's, it would be entirely inartistic, and worse than a waste of money. Were there no pilasters

or 'Orders,' the plain walling might with propriety be decorated by a veneer of colour, a sort of large patterned mosaic; but in St. Paul's the parti-coloured marble panels and pilasters would be a feeble imitation of the low-bred extravagance displayed by the more disreputable Papal families at Rome. At St. Peter's the marble work and gilding 'impart a fuller idea of sumptuousness' than Wren ever thought of for St. Paul's, and make the interior look like a splendid vestibule for a huge palace. It is not simple but 'imposing,' and addresses itself to the low and worldly rather than to the more lofty and pure-minded portion of mankind. St. Paul's wants light more than colour, and the effect of coloured marbles would be to damage rather than to glorify the church. Some slight panelling of colour might, perhaps, with great care be introduced, but the contrast between the piers and walling, and the rich but—*emphatically*—not heavy ceiling should be well maintained. The floor should be of marble; dark, to give solidity to the building, mixed with verd antique, that the cool colour may by contrast make the walls look warm, and highly polished to reflect the light. A building such as this requires different treatment from the choir at Chichester. The stained glass, home and foreign, at St. Paul's is of various qualities and styles, but all alike abominable, and should be promptly sold to any bidder. We would advise advertisements to speculating builders. This glass is another evidence of the absurdity of entrusting decorative work to distant manufacturers. The workmanship and the material of Munich glass are excellent, but its principle is all erroneous, and its use entirely without appropriateness or artistic sense. We find stained glass used daily throughout England and the Continent, without the least regard for decency or fitness, till our churches have expressive rivals in the class of showily-dressed women, or disreputable-looking and bedizened scullery-maids. St. Paul's wants no stained glass, it has no 'storied windows.' The 'dim religious light' does very well as a poetic phrase, but it is nothing more. Windows were evidently *storied*, that in spite of all the 'richness' the light might *not* be dim. King's College Chapel is light enough, but, we apprehend, not therefore irreligious. Wren did not design St. Paul's for stained glass, and if Wren's intentions are to be regarded, then stained glass is out of the question. The building is entirely unsuited for it, and it for the building. The present light is insufficient, and all that can be gained will not be more than enough. The walls are thick, and the piers large and obstructive, so that the windows are not obvious at a glance, but

are only visible in small groups or one by one. Thus there can be no general effect of colour from the windows in conjunction with ample light, as in a Gothic building like the Chapel at 'King's,' but only a very stupid obscuration, with no religion in it, and some isolated and entirely incongruous patches of colour. Great men are not always wise, and can afford to learn: let the Committee remember St. Michael's, Cornhill. The glass then should be white, as at St. Peter's, or very slightly flecked with colour, to neutralize the dirty tone of atmosphere and light; the glazing delicately fine, with narrow bars, but the panes not large, in order to avoid the drawing-room effect of modern churches of the Italian style. Then all the childishness and fanciful profanity that assumes the name of 'Christian Art' should be quite cleared away, and carefully excluded from the church. We need not spend our time upon 'Te Deum' puzzles, or make playthings of the 'emblems of the Passion,' and then, like the 'Worcester' chapel critic, become 'impressed' by them, or seriously play the fool with all the Calendar. No man of any genius or power would degrade himself by taking any part in any such 'ecclesiastical' imposture, or so deliberately trifle with the childish public. That was not Giotto's way nor Buonarroti's. Their art was certainly not 'ecclesiastical,' but manly, dignified, progressive, original, and true, and also appropriate to the 'Sistine' and 'Arena' chapels; where no stained glass obscures the necessary light, and there are no obtrusive 'Orders,' but the paintings are the decoration of the buildings. When we produce a Giotto or Massaccio, and have sufficient knowledge and artistic sense to find him out, by all means let us seize him, shut him up in the cathedral, cut away all the 'Orders,' Wren notwithstanding, and let him glorify the building in a way not 'ecclesiastical,' but human and divine, a way that Wren himself had no conception of. Such men may be, perhaps, found when they are really wanted, but not certainly until we have considerably got beyond the people who call tenth-rate 'architects' and decorators men of eminence, or who declare that the 'ecclesiastical element' is wanted at St. Paul's. It is remarkable that at this stage of architectural depravity we should be unable to supplement its weakness by any other art. The figure carvings at St. Paul's do not afford us hope; they are, in fact, a group of national 'ex-votos,' with all the hideous deformity and bad taste that are the special characteristics of such 'thankful' and 'memorial' displays; and of the paintings that were shown this year, the most attractive seemed to be those that exhibited the ablest combination of man millinery with

knack and greed; but of the dignity and power of mind that indicate the master, and would be worthy to adorn a Christian church, not the least evidence.

The duty of the Committee is certainly a difficult one. They have to satisfy the public, whose intense ignorance must be beguiled by some name with which they may have that familiarity which is a substitute for confidence, and they have unfortunately taken to voting. Of course there must be two parties, and those who are best informed will perhaps, when judgments differ, be most decided in their views and advocacy, so that the wavering balance of decision remains with the less instructed or determined men. We are stating now the rule without any reference to the actual fact in the present case. But we may ask the several members of the Committee whether they are each of them ready to undertake the responsibility of a decision, or, putting the question less *ad hominem*, whether they are prepared to intrust it to any other member? for after this voting method, St. Paul's may at any time be at the mercy of some gentleman whose opinion on the subject in question may be entirely valueless. In such cases the result is almost always a misfortune, and then all blandly admit that, though there is a public injury, it is done in the most excellent and equitable way, 'and that, after all, is the principal thing.' Trial by jury is the British nostrum, but the true specific is the judge, the learned and life-long practitioner of the law, and he directs the jury; he is not a mere copyist or transcriber of old forms, but has personally practised long, a thorough working man, under the supervision of accomplished ablemen, not 'connoisseurs,' with anxious clients and astute attorneys, not a dull public or spasmodic clergy, looking on. So when the Dean tells us that 'we can judge' on Mr. Burges producing his designs, we must respectfully demur. There may be a decision, as is the manner of committees, anticipating or avoiding judgment; and this is headlong folly. But 'wisdom dwells with prudence to find out knowledge of skilful plans,' and the true method of such wisdom is not difficult to find. Let us listen to 'Socrates,' 'When the assembly meets to elect a physician or a shipwright, or any other craftsman (artist), will the rhetorician (cleric or connoisseur) be taken into counsel? Surely not. For at every election he ought to be chosen who has the greatest skill; and again when walls have to be built or harbours or docks to be constructed, not the rhetorician, but the *master workman* will advise.* The Master of Balliol has not overlooked the

value of the word *ἀρχιτέκτονες*, 'master workmen,'—not 'architects' as we call our drawing-masters, who are not master workmen at all. So here we find that the Greeks, avoiding the rhetoricians (committee-men), went direct to the craftsmen whose work Mr. Burges has actually 'studied at Athens.' Let the St. Paul's committee also go to the 'master workman,' and leave Mr. Burges to resume his studies at Athens.

Then, with reference to the qualifications of those entrusted with great public works, again let us hear 'Socrates':—'Well then, if you and I, Callicles, were engaged in the administration of political affairs, and were advising one another to undertake some public work such as walls, docks, or *temples of the largest size*,—ought we not to examine ourselves, first as to whether we know or do not know the art of building, and who taught us? Would not that be necessary, Callicles? Cal. (and the St. Paul's Committee). 'True.' Soc. 'In the second place we should have to consider whether we have constructed any private house, either of our own or for our friends, and whether this building was a success or not. And if upon consideration we found that we had had good and eminent masters, and had been successful in building, not only with their assistance but without them by our own unaided skill, in that case prudence would not dissuade us from proceeding to the construction of public works. But if we had no master to show, and no building or many which were of no worth, then surely it would be ridiculous in us to attempt public works or to advise one another to undertake them. Is not this true?' Cal. (and the Committee of St. Paul's). 'Certainly.*'

One word more for ourselves: 'And now by the God of friendship I must beg you, Callicles, not to jest or to imagine that I am jesting with you, for you will observe that we are arguing about the way of human life, and what can be more serious than this to a man that has any sense at all?'

ART. III.—*Denkwürdigkeiten aus den Papieren des Freiherrn Christian Friedrich v. Stockmar*. Zusammengestellt von Ernst Freiherr v. Stockmar. Braunschweig, 1872.

If reputation always followed desert, the question, 'Who was Baron Stockmar?' would not be so general as we fear it will be among our readers, on seeing the title of

* Plato: 'Gorgias,' p. 455 B.

* Plato: 'Gorgias,' p. 514 A—D.

this paper. His story is unique of its kind. In every sense a remarkable man,—remarkable in his gifts, in his career, in the extent and importance of his influence upon leading men and great events,—he was in nothing more remarkable than in that stern self-suppression, which was content with the accomplishment of the noble aims to which the whole powers of a long life were devoted, without a thought of the personal fame, which with most men is the chief incentive to high and sustained effort, and which, if it be an infirmity, is at least the infirmity of noble minds. With every quality to have made himself acknowledged throughout Europe, as among the ablest diplomatists and statesmen of his time, he preferred to keep himself in the background, leading what one of his friends called ‘an anonymous and subterranean life,’ and to let others have all the credit of making many a successful move in the great game of politics, which was in fact inspired by himself. Gifted with the intuition of true political genius,—at once acute and comprehensive in his views—he was not more swift to read afar off with the prescience of the philosophic observer the signs of the coming changes, political, social, and religious of the period of transition through which we are now passing, than prompt to grapple them with all the practical sagacity of the man of action. Possessing courage and tact equal to every emergency, and with opportunities to have gone to the front, had such been his ambition, Stockmar was certainly one of ‘the singular few,’ of whom Van Artevelde, in Sir Henry Taylor’s drama, speaks,—

‘Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.’

And if in any case the truth is to be admitted of the seeming paradox, to which these lines are the prelude, that ‘the world knows nothing of its greatest men,’ it would surely be in that of Baron Stockmar. For his is not the case of the men of whom this is generally asserted,—men who have made a great impression upon their own circle by some exceptional brilliancy of gifts or energy of character, but who have been shut out from a practical career by early death or other causes. Of these it must always be doubtful, whether they would have answered to the hopes of their admirers, or have turned out little better than ‘the ordinary of Nature’s sale-work,’ as so many promising men constantly do. But of Stockmar it could never be said, as it may be said of these, *Consensu omnium capax imperii, nisi imperasset*. His genius, on the contrary, was never more conspicuous than when

put to the severest test. It was not only pre-eminently practical, but it rose to difficulties with an elasticity which no obstacle could daunt, and a coolness of judgment which no contingency could surprise.

Working as he did through others, the full extent of Europe’s debt to him can never be known, and of not a little that is known it would be premature now to speak. But this much at least is certain, that wherever he had power, it was used to advance the welfare and happiness of nations. The bosom friend and counsellor of the heads of the Royal Houses of Belgium and England, his influence with them was due not to his personal loveableness or social qualities, great as these were, still less to the blandishments of the courtier, which *his* princes equally with himself would have despised, but to the skill and persistency with which he evoked all that was best in their own natures (in which his own nobleness happily found a kindred response), and impressed them with the paramount duty, imposed upon them by their position, of using it not for personal or dynastic purposes, but to make their subjects better, happier, wiser, and nobler in themselves, as well as the founders of a greater future for their successors. Europe is now reaping, in many ways, the fruits of his forethought and strenuous endeavour. It was no more than Stockmar’s due, that a cenotaph should be reared to his memory, as it was, above his grave at Coburg, ‘by his friends in the reigning Houses of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia.’ Never was tribute more thoroughly deserved, nor, we believe, more sincerely and lovingly rendered. But it is not alone by these friends that Stockmar’s name should be held in honoured remembrance. It is one which Belgium, England, and Germany, whose welfare was at once the dream and practical study of his life, should not willingly let die.

Christian Friedrich Stockmar was born at Coburg on the 28th August, 1787. His father, a man of culture and literary tastes, and some independent means, who held a small magisterial office at Rodach, a little town between Coburg and Hildburghausen, died suddenly, when Stockmar was still young. From his mother he seems to have inherited the combination of humour with strong practical sense, which formed a leading feature of his character. Her shrewd judgments on men and things were frequently clothed in language which only wanted the stamp of general use to become proverbial. One of these, ‘The Almighty takes care not to let the cow’s tail grow too long,’ was often in King Leopold’s mouth, in times

of domestic or political perplexity. Her thoughts in conversation ran naturally into quaint shapes; and in this her son resembled her closely. In one of his letters about the Coup d'État of December, 1851, he gives a good illustration of this peculiarity. 'My mother,' he writes, 'would have said, "Just try to cobble out of that a verse that will clink; if you manage to make the rhymes fit, you have my leave to bake yourself a cake of rusty nails and aqua vitæ." A clever, good woman,' he adds, 'with more practical sense in her little finger than Nicholas, Louis Napoleon, Schwarzenberg, and Manteuffel had in their whole heads.' It is recorded of himself as a boy, that he was of an eager, sanguine temperament; quick to observe, fond of fun, with a ready talent for characterizing men and things by apt humorous nicknames, and not indisposed for a mad prank when occasion served. He early showed a love for field sports, and he had turned sixty before he laid aside his gun.

After completing the usual curriculum at the Coburg Gymnasium, he spent the five years between 1805 and 1810 at the Universities of Würzburg, Erlangen, and Jena, in the study of medicine. To his professional training in the study and practice of physic he was indebted for the habit of exact observation, which is never misled into mistaking effects for causes, and which divines what is essential, what merely incidental, as well as for the patient courage which seeks by the removal of disturbing agencies to give full scope to nature, and to restore her normal and healthy action, rather than by active remedies to give apparent relief, at the risk too often of only aggravating the mischief which they profess to cure. It is in this gift of diagnosis that the genius of the great physician lies, and Stockmar appears to have possessed it in a high degree. The habit of mind which his medical studies induced was of infinite value to him in later life, when dealing with social and political phenomena, in the power which it gave him, 'of penetrating,' as his friend Carl Friedrich Meyer has said,* 'at a glance from single expressions and acts, the whole man, or the whole position of things; and, after this diagnosis, of straightway settling his own line of action.' Stockmar felt this strongly himself. Writing in 1853, about the calls made upon his sagacity and judgment by the distinguished personages who had for so many years leant upon his confidential coun-

sels, he says, 'It was a happy hit to have originally studied medicine; without the knowledge, without the psychological and physiological insight thereby obtained, my *savoir faire* must often have gone a-begging.' On Friedrich Rückert, the poet, who made his acquaintance at Würzburg, he left the impression of being 'a grave, industrious, young man, of somewhat retiring and dignified manners.' The strong humorous element in his character appears at that time not to have struck the poet, who in the life-long friendship which was afterwards formed between them had good reason to know it; but if their college acquaintance was, as it seems to have been, slight, this was no more than natural. The great humorist is ever sensitive and shy. Intensely sympathetic himself, he must be sure of sympathy before he lets out his heart in the fun, steeped in feeling, in which thoughts often the saddest, and emotions the most painful, sometimes find relief.

The time, moreover, was not one to inspire cheerfulness in a man who felt strongly, and who loved his country passionately, as Stockmar did. His student's years fell within the period of Germany's deepest degradation. The petty selfishness of the smaller principalities, the shame of her defeats, the grinding domination of Napoleon in his expressed determination 'to cut the wings of the Prussians so closely as to preclude the possibility of their ever again disturbing the French,'* the pitiful internal divisions which strengthened the invader's hands, were enough to banish smiles from the lips of the most heedless. These things sank deep into Stockmar's heart, and inspired it with that yearning for the unity and greatness of the Fatherland which burned within it to the last. These were the days when the assassination of Napoleon was freely talked of among the hot spirits of the universities as the one specific for their country's wrongs. 'This is the talk of boys: have done with it,' said an old Prussian officer once, when Stockmar was present. 'Whoever knows the world, knows that the French supremacy cannot last: put your trust in the natural course of events.' The words made a deep

* In an admirable memoir, which appeared in the "Preussische Jahrbücher," October, 1863. Herr Meyer, now Counsellor of Legation at Berlin, was for many years the Librarian and Secretary of the late Prince Consort.

* 'These haughty Prussians,' said Napoleon, speaking to a Russian officer, 'low as they are brought, still carry themselves very high. They breathe nothing but vengeance against France, and desire peace only as a means in time of executing it; but,' he added with great emphasis, 'they deceive themselves greatly if they expect to rise again to the height of a great power; for their wings shall now be so closely cut as to preclude all possibility of their ever again disturbing us.'—*Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson*, vol. ii. p. 167.

impression upon Stockmar. They breathed that confidence in the ultimate justice of Providence; they rested on the conviction that it is to themselves a people must look, if they are to become great and a power among the nations, which were ever afterwards abiding principles with him. The day of emancipation was far off, and much had to be done and undergone before it came. But not alone in this instance, but in reference to many other things, which, though desirable, seemed for a time hopeless, Stockmar never bated in heart and hope. His axiom was,—

‘Wait; my faith is large in time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.’

At the end of 1810, Stockmar returned to Coburg and commenced the practice of Physic under the guidance of his uncle, Dr. Sommer. He soon became conspicuous for his skill in diagnosis, and in 1812 he received the official appointment of *Stadt-und Land-Physicus*, in which capacity he had to organize and superintend a military hospital in Coburg. It was rapidly filled, at first with the sick and wounded of the French, and afterwards with Russians. The hospital typhus, following in the wake of the armies, established itself there with such virulence that the other physicians deserted the hospital in alarm, and the sole charge of it devolved upon Stockmar and an old surgeon. Contrary to the practice then universal, but now discarded, of shutting out fresh air from fever patients as much as possible, he flung open the doors and windows of the wards, even in severe weather, and with the best results. But at the end of more than a year of unrelenting toil, he was himself struck down by the illness in its worst form. After hovering for three weeks between life and death, he rallied, and that so quickly, that he was able to march, in January, 1814, with the Ducal Saxon Contingent to the Rhine as Chief Physician. On his arrival at Mayence, he was appointed Staff-Physician of the Fifth German Army Corps to the hospitals which had been established under the great Stein's directions in Mayence, Oppenheim, Guntersblum, and Worms. His introduction to Stein was somewhat of the roughest. Having no wounded of his own, Stockmar admitted wounded French prisoners into the hospital. This was no more than his duty. But all at once came an unexpected rush of German wounded. Stein, thinking only of the fact that there was no room for them, broke into a towering rage. An interchange of strong language ensued, in which Stockmar, according to report, proved fully a match for the great Baron.

He at no time wanted courage, and though recognising fully the greatness of his adversary, it was characteristic of the man, that, being in the right, he should, young as he was, maintain his position without flinching.

At the close of the campaign of 1815, Stockmar resumed his official post as physician at Coburg. But here he was not long to remain. He had during the preceding years come under the notice of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, who had then formed so high an opinion of him that, as soon as his marriage with the Princess Charlotte was definitely arranged, he offered him the appointment of physician to his person (*Leibart*). The marriage was to take place on the 2nd of May, 1816, and on the 29th of March Stockmar landed at Dover, in obedience to the Prince's summons. Halting at Rochester on the 30th, as his diary records, the roads being dangerous from highwaymen after dark (he must have thought of Gadshill and Prince Hal), he reached London on the 31st. ‘The country,’ he adds, ‘the houses, their arrangements, everything—at least in the neighbourhood of London—pleased me extremely; and, in fact, they put me into such spirits, that I often said to myself, “Here you cannot fail to be happy, here it is impossible for you to be ill.”’ The words were prophetic. In England he found the chief happiness of his after life, and its climate agreed well with a constitution never strong, and liable to serious intestinal disturbances. These, even in his student-years, had checked his energies and crippled the elasticity of his nature, clouding its natural gaiety and enthusiasm with the depression of hypochondria. This was aggravated during many years of his life by great weakness of the eyes. How much he suffered may be seen by the following allusion in one of Rückert's poetical epistles addressed to him:—

‘Friend, round whose dim eyes hypochondria's
snakefolds so closely
Coil, that thy spirit is vexed, dreaming of
blindness to be.’

The danger to his eyes passed away, not so the shadows of his besetting malady—a malady not the less poignant that its gloomy presagings are dissipated by the facts, and that despondency and self-distrust are often succeeded, when the pressure on the nervous system is removed, by spirits the most joyous, and by a very exuberance of power. Those who were most in contact with Stockmar in his later years, would often smile at what seemed in him the mere fancies of the *malade imaginaire*, when they contrasted his complaints of weakness with the vigour

and versatility of which he was at that very time a striking example, and when they saw him living on into a good old age amid the gloomiest anticipations of coming death. But that he suffered acutely during these chronic attacks there can be no doubt; and knowing well, as so skilful a pathologist could not fail to do, the organic disease from which they proceeded—a disease demonstrated in his case by a *post mortem* examination—his apprehensions were only too well justified.

For some time after his arrival in England, Stockmar was greatly out of health. His position in Prince Leopold's household in the first months, with little to do in his medical capacity, and mixing little in society, threw him upon his own resources for amusement. 'Surrounded by the tumult of the fashionable world,' he writes (October, 1817), 'I am solitary, often alone for days together,—my books my companions, my friends, my sweethearts.' Not the best condition of things for a man prone to hypochondria, and with faculties of the most various kind crying out for active occupation. It seems, indeed, to have given a shade of asperity to the sketches with which at this time he filled his diary of the Royal and other personages with whom he was brought into contact. Many of these are far from flattering. But there can be no question as to the artistic subtlety of touch which they display. Little, no doubt, did the distinguished objects of some of his sketches dream with what often uncomplimentary accuracy their mental and physical features were being photographed by the luminous brown eyes of the somewhat reserved doctor of the princely household. Here is the Grand Duke Nicholas, the future Czar, then only twenty, as he appeared at Claremont in November, 1816, sketched from the opposite side of the dinner-table, where he sat between the Princess Charlotte and the Duchess of York :—

'He is an extraordinarily handsome winning young fellow; taller than Leopold, without being thin, and straight as a pine. His face as youthful as Leopold's, the features extremely regular, the forehead handsome and open, eyebrows finely arched, nose peculiarly handsome, mouth small and well shaped, and chin finely chiselled. . . . His deportment is animated, free from constraint and stiffness, and yet very dignified. He speaks French fluently and well, accompanying what he says with gestures not unbecoming. If everything he said was not marked by ability, it was at any rate extremely pleasant, and he seems to have a decided talent for saying pretty things to women (*Cour-machen*). When he wants, in the course of conversation, to give special emphasis to any

remark, he shrugs his shoulders and casts up his eyes to heaven in rather an affected way. There is an air of great self-reliance about him, but at the same time a manifest absence of pretension.

'He did not pay special attention to the Princess, who turned to address him oftener than he did to her. He ate very moderately for his age, and drank nothing but water. When the Countess Lieven played the piano after dinner he kissed her hand, which struck the English ladies as extremely odd, but decidedly desirable. Mrs. Campbell could find no end of praise for him: "What an amiable creature! He is devilish handsome! He will be the handsomest man in Europe." Next morning the Russians left the house. I was told that at bedtime a leathern sack, stuffed with hay, was placed in the stable for the Grand Duke by his people, and that he always slept on this. Our Englishmen pronounced this affectation.'

The Mrs. Campbell, whose emphatic admiration of the Grand Duke found expression in a phrase then as common as it would now be startling in a drawing-room, was the Princess Charlotte's Bed-chamber Woman and Privy Purse. She must have been a stirring element in the small household at Claremont, and her portrait, as drawn by Stockmar, is admirable as a piece of character-painting :—

'A little spare woman of five-and-forty, a widow, sharp and angular in every feature and movement, pretentious, because she was once young and pretty, and very intelligent, and yet not insufferably pretentious, just because she is clever. Extremely well-informed and exact, she manages the Princess's correspondence and accounts with the greatest ease, and to perfect satisfaction. In our social circle she sets herself in opposition to everything she sees and hears, and encounters whatever people either say or do with such a consistent resistance, that we are able to calculate with certainty beforehand her answers to our questions. Then, too, this spirit of contradiction so completely masters her, that it is impossible for her to remain true to a side, and consequently she is now of the Court party, now of the Ministerial, now of the Opposition, now of the popular faction, just as she happens or not to have somebody to contradict. As a rule, she is without a grain of mercy, and then her language is cuttingly severe. Nevertheless, even she has her human days at times, on which she is acquiescent, nay, even lays down her arms—when her shaft has struck home and rankles. Some light is thrown upon a character so strange, when we hear that she has had bitter experiences of mankind, and was kept alive on brandy-and-water when ill during a seven months' voyage. This lady is at present the only regular female member of our circle, and we therefore concede to her, as the representative of her sex, a homage half spontaneous, half enforced.'

The Claremont household was, in other respects, very pleasantly constituted. It consisted, besides Mrs. Campbell, of Baron Hardenbroek, the Prince's Adjutant and Equerry, Colonel Addenbrooke, and Sir Robert Gardiner. Of all these Stockmar speaks in his letters of the time with warm regard, and the last of them continued through life to be one of his most devoted friends. But what, above all, reconciled Stockmar to his position, was his attachment to the Prince and Princess—an attachment which was met by equal confidence and regard on their part—and by the delight with which he watched their happiness, and the steady development of those qualities of heart and head which promised so fair a future for themselves and for England. And, indeed, nothing can be more charming than the glimpses which Stockmar's letters and diary afford of that happy interior, and of the chief actors in it, on which the eyes of England were at that time fixed, with an intensity only to be understood by those who have heard it spoken of by contemporaries. The story of the Princess's ill-treatment by her father, the sympathy with her position in relation to a mother whom she loved but could not respect, her spirited rupture of a betrothal which had been forced upon her with the Prince of Orange, rather than consent to quit the shores of England, had touched every heart. The delight was therefore universal to see her wedded to the Prince of her choice, who, although still only twenty-five, had already distinguished himself both as a soldier and a diplomatist. The unattractive person and rough and ready manners of the Prince of Orange were not forgotten in contrast with the distinguished bearing and presence of one who, as Napoleon said of him at St. Helena, was the handsomest man whom he saw at the Tuileries in 1806-7. Indeed, his manly beauty was of so high an order, that he was selected to impersonate Jupiter at the Court *Tableaux Vivants* of the Olympian Deities at Vienna in 1814. Those who had the best means of observation spoke of him with the warmest praise: 'Always calm, always self-possessed,' writes Baron Hardenbroek, 'he will never be overbearing in prosperity, and never without courage in misfortune. In a word, he is a man of brains and talent, and thoroughly good.' So early as October, 1816, Stockmar writes of him as his 'noble master, *einen menschlichen Fürsten und fürstlichen Menschen*,'—an untranslatable phrase, of especial value in the mouth of a man who had even then known enough of the princes of that epoch, to be aware by how little of the element of human-hearted-

ness they were distinguished. Two months later he writes of him:—

'The Prince's quiet dignity, his consistency and sound sense, create astonishment even in the English, who are, as a rule, by no means prompt to recognise and admire foreigners, and the exclamations, "He is the most amiable man I ever saw! What a complete English gentleman! He will be our hope in these dangerous times!" are to be heard on every suitable occasion.'

There could have been no fitter mate for the brilliant, impulsive, wayward spirit of the Princess Charlotte, unschooled as she was by the discipline and pure example of happy family life in those habits of self-control and consideration for others, which should be the distinction of princes. Clever, well-informed, bright, with warm feelings, and a disposition unspoiled even by persecutions that might well have soured even the most amiable, her sincere, affectionate nature could not fail to be moulded, under the influence of such a husband, into something as engaging and noble in the woman, as in despite, or perhaps even because of some eccentricities of demeanour, it had been interesting in the girl. Stockmar's introduction to her took place at Oatlands three days after her marriage. It is graphically told in a letter the same day:—

'It was in Oatlands that I first saw the Sun. Baron Hardenbroek walked towards the breakfast-room, I following, when all at once he made a signal to me with his hand to stay behind; but she had seen me, and I her. "*Aha! Docteur, entrez!*"'

Although he found her more beautiful than he had expected, the first impression was not favourable. This was apparently due to a volubility of speech and restlessness of manner for which he was not prepared; but that evening, he says, he liked her better. 'Dress,' he adds, 'simple and tasteful.' Later on (8th September, 1816), he records that he never saw her in any dress that was not; and he is then writing almost in the very atmosphere of the charm:—

'The Princess in good humour, and then it costs her little trouble to please. Her dress struck me as very beautiful—dark red roses in her hair, light blue short dress, without sleeves, &c.'

He had long before this become a favourite with the Princess, and she marked her partiality openly, even in the presence of guests of the highest distinction. No wonder, when one thinks of the rare union of experience, thoughtfulness, and humour, which he must have thrown into his conversation with her! Nor was she likely to be

the less drawn towards him that her husband was by this time so deeply impressed by his rare qualities as to call him 'the precious physician both of his soul and body.' Stockmar on his side loved her too well not to watch her with a critical eye. 'The Princess,' he writes (25th October, 1816), 'is full of movement and vivacity, amazingly sensitive, and nervously susceptible, and the feeling roused by the impression of the moment often determines both her conclusions and her conduct.' He notes at the same time the amazing progress she has made, under her husband's influence, in repose and self-command, and that every day makes it more and more apparent, how thoroughly good and sound she is at heart. The relations between herself and the Prince were perfect. A few days previously to the letter just quoted, Stockmar writes,—

'In this house reign harmony, peace, love—all the essentials, in short, of domestic happiness. My master is the best husband in the world, and his wife has for him an amount of love, which in vastness can only be likened to the English National Debt.'

And ten months later (26th August, 1817)—

'The married life of this pair is a rare picture of love and fidelity. Nor does this picture ever fail to produce a deep impression on all who see it, and have a morsel of heart left within them'

When the promise of an heir came to augment this happiness, and to gratify the yearnings of the nation, it was natural that the Prince and Princess should press upon him an appointment as one of her physicians. To most other men the personal honour would have been irresistible. Not so with Stockmar. It was never his way to look only at one side of a question; and, in this instance, his sagacity did not fail him. Though not the Princess's physician, he had occasionally prescribed for her, but from the moment of her pregnancy he declined to take any part in her treatment. His reasons were unquestionably sound. His position must of necessity have been subordinate to that of Dr. Baillie, the Princess's physician, and the appointment of a foreigner would have been most unacceptable, not merely to the medical profession, but to the nation. Had things gone well, the credit would never have been given to him; if, on the other hand, they went amiss, on him the blame would most certainly be cast. Nor would this blame, probably, have rested on him alone. It could scarcely fail to have recoiled on the Prince himself, for having trusted to the aid of a stranger, when the

whole English faculty was at his disposal. But Stockmar was no indifferent observer of the progress of affairs. A lowering system of treatment, then the fashion,* was adopted with the Princess. Satisfied that this was all wrong, Stockmar, after the first three months, spoke out fully to the Prince, and begged him to make the Princess's physicians aware of his views. These remonstrances were apparently without avail. Stockmar could do no more. Had it been otherwise, we cannot but feel that no personal consideration, no fear of violating that professional etiquette to which many a life has been sacrificed, would have held his hands. But although, as he says, he never apprehended the fearful result which ensued, his conviction as to the error in treatment was so deep, that he refused the offer made to him by anticipation, flattering as it was, that he should undertake the medical care of the Princess after her accouchement:—

'When I reflect once more upon the circumstances,' he says, writing two months after the fatal issue of that event, 'I feel only too vividly the greatness of the danger which I escaped. Trust me, all—ay, *all*—would now be rejoicing at my interference, which could not have been of the least avail, and the English doctors, our household companions, friends, acquaintances, the nation, the Prince himself, would find the cause of this seemingly impossible disaster in the bungling of the German doctor. And I should myself, with my hypochondriac tendency, have given credence to the imputations of others, and been driven, by the anguish inflicted from without, from self-torture to despair.†

The authentic story of the sad catastrophe is now made public for the first time from Stockmar's Diary. At 9 p.m. on the 5th of November, 1817, after a protracted labour

* At his very first meeting with Sir Richard Croft, the Queen's accoucheur, Stockmar saw the fatal weakness of his character. 'A tall, spare man,' is the entry in his Diary, 'past the prime of life—hasty, well-meaning; seems to possess more experience than knowledge and judgment.'

† Sir Richard Croft was so driven, and shot himself at a patient's house in February, 1818. 'I never knew anything more horrible than the death of poor Croft,' says Sydney Smith, writing to Lady Mary Bennett at the time. 'What misery the poor fellow must have suffered between the Princess's death and his own!' On the 7th November previous, the day after the Princess's death, Croft had written to Stockmar, whose warnings must then have recurred to him with a terrible pang, 'My mind is just now in a pitiable state. God grant that neither yourself, nor any one that is dear to you, should ever have to suffer what I experience at this moment!' Surely Dr. Baillie was not less to blame than Croft, especially as the error seems to have been one of treatment previous to as well as at the actual accouchement.

of 52 hours, which no artificial means were taken to abridge, the Princess gave birth to a dead male child. The mother seemed so well that the ministers and others who had been summoned left Claremont, believing that all danger was past. But, before they could have reached London, things had assumed a very different aspect:—

‘At midnight Croft came to my bedside, took me by the hand, and said, “The Princess is dangerously ill, the Prince alone—would I go to him and make him aware how matters stood?” The Prince had not left his wife one moment for three days, and, after the birth of the child, had retired to rest. I found him composed about the death of the child, and he did not seem to view the Princess’s state with any apprehension. A quarter of an hour later, Baillie sent me word that he wished me to see the Princess. I hesitated, but at last went with him. She was suffering from spasms of the chest and difficulty of breathing, in great pain and very restless, and threw herself continually from one side of the bed to the other, speaking now to Baillie, now to Croft. Baillie said to her, “Here comes an old friend of yours!” She held out her left hand to me hastily, and pressed mine warmly twice. I felt the pulse; it was going very fast,—the beats now strong, now feeble, now intermittent. Baillie kept plying her with wine. She said to me, “They have made me tipsy.” After this I went in and out of the room twice in about a quarter of an hour, and then the breathing became stertorous. I had just gone out of the room, when she called out vehemently, “Stocky, Stocky!” I returned, she was quieter; the death-rattle continued, she turned several times upon her face, drew up her legs, the hands grew cold, and about 2 A.M. of the 6th November, 1817, some five hours after her delivery, she was no more.’

On Stockmar devolved the task of announcing her death to the Prince:—

‘I did it,’ he says, ‘in not very definite terms. He felt convinced she was still not dead, and on his way to her he fell into a chair. I knelt beside him. He thought it was all a dream; he could not believe it. He sent me again to her to see. I came back, and told him all was over. He now went to the chamber of death. Kneeling down by the bed, he kissed the cold hands, then raising himself up, he pressed me to him and said, “I am now utterly forlorn; promise you will stay with me always!” I gave the promise. Immediately afterwards he asked me again, “Was I fully aware of what I had promised?” I said yes; I would never forsake him, so long as I felt assured he had confidence in me, and loved me, and that I could be useful to him.’

The pledge asked and given in that terrible hour was splendidly redeemed on the one side, while its conditions were most loyally fulfilled on the other. ‘I had no hesitation,’ writes Stockmar to his sister a

few days afterwards, ‘in giving a promise, upon which the Prince may perhaps set a value all his life, or may desire to dispense with the very next year.’ All doubt on that point was, however, soon at an end. Little, probably, had the Prince imagined, when calling Stockmar ‘the physician of his soul as well as body’ some months before, how deep a truth lay in his words. By his own avowal, years afterwards, he would probably have sunk under his bereavement, but for the support of Stockmar’s wise sympathy and friendship.* It was in truth a noble friendship on both sides, cemented by the tears which only such men weep for an affliction that, in King Leopold’s own words in 1862 (‘Reminiscences,’ in Appendix to General Grey’s ‘Early Years of the Prince Consort,’ p. 389), ‘destroyed at one blow his every hope,’ and took from life a sense of happiness which he never recovered. The shock to Stockmar himself was great, but the necessity of thinking for the greater sufferer acted upon him as a tonic both moral and physical. All he saw of the Prince deepened his affection and respect. ‘The favour of princes,’ he writes some weeks afterwards, ‘is, generally speaking, not worth a rush; but he is in every respect an upright, good man, and consequently an incomparable Prince.’ Leopold, in the end of November, gives him some of his letters to the Princess before their marriage to read, in which Stockmar finds that the Prince ‘figures with singular highmindedness, prudence, and goodness.’ Again, on the 21st December, Stockmar writes, ‘He is good, every day better; he turns all his misery to good. His calamity has made him shy of hoping much from the future; but that his soul will thrive, of that I can be sworn. It wants a great deal of heart to love him as he deserves.’

More than forty years afterwards, reading over the letter to his sister above quoted, in which he records his promise to the Prince, he comes upon these words—‘I seem to exist rather to take thought for others than for myself, and with this destiny I am quite content.’ The words struck the old man, and they might well do so, as prophetic of his future. But the comment of a man so independent, and so austere in his estimate of character and conduct, is such a tribute as it has not often been the lot of kings to earn.—‘Forty long years could in no way abate

* ‘Il a été témoin des jours de mon bonheur; plus tard, quand il a plu à la Providence de m’accabler de malheurs, que je n’avais presque la force de supporter, il a été mon fidèle soutien et ami.’—Letter by the Prince in 1824, introducing Stockmar to an eminent statesman.

the sentiment which the Prince's disaster then led me to express.'

After the Princess Charlotte's death Stockmar ceased to act as the Prince's physician, and became his Private Secretary and the Controller of his household. In this capacity his range of varied practical gifts had a freer scope. He gave early proof of his sagacity by persuading the Prince to remain in England, instead of going to the Continent for change of scene, as he was urged by his relatives and friends to do. The whole country was plunged in grief, and Stockmar rightly urged that good feeling and gratitude for the confidence and sympathy of the nation demanded that the Prince should remain to mourn with it in England. Moreover, although England no longer presented a field for his active ambition, to England the Prince was indebted for both fortune and position; and nowhere else could he either have enjoyed the same consideration or been so well placed for availing himself of any turn of events which might open a worthy career for a man still so young and of abilities so distinguished.

From this time till 1831 Stockmar resided with Prince Leopold in England; a residence only broken by journeys with the Prince to Italy, France, and Germany, and an occasional stay in Coburg. Stockmar married his cousin, Fanny Sommer, there in 1821, and established a home for his wife and children; but he was sometimes unable to visit it for years, and, until his seventieth year, he did so only at irregular intervals. 'No small sacrifice,' says his son, 'for a man of his warm feelings and strong domestic instinct.' The Prince's position in England was by no means an easy one, but he maintained it with unabated popularity to the last. For much of this he seems to have been indebted to Stockmar.

'The prudent, genial liberality with which he kept house,' says Meyer, in the "Memoir" from which we have already quoted, 'the fine tact with which he took up and kept a position outside of party, his well-measured attitude in his twofold character of German Prince and handsomely-endowed widower of the King's daughter, would scarcely have been maintained so well without the counsel and assistance of his new Secretary and Controller of the Household.'

During these years of comparative quiet, Stockmar had the best opportunities for observing all that was passing in Europe, both at home and abroad. Of England and its Constitution he made a special study. As the one Constitutional Monarchy of the world, it had a peculiar interest for a man of his strong liberal opinions. No man under

stood better the character and temper of the people, or foresaw more clearly the critical changes which were impending. For him, too, as well as for Prince Leopold, a special interest had arisen in the future of the country and its rulers, through the marriage of Leopold's sister, the Princess of Leiningen, in May, 1818, with the Duke of Kent, and the birth of the Princess Victoria in the following May. The Duke's death in January, 1820, in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment, threw upon the Prince the care of the future heiress to the throne. The happiest days of her childhood, Her Majesty has told us ('Early Years,' p. 392), were spent with him at Claremont; and she has recorded, on his monument in St. George's Chapel, that to her he had been as a father through life. Knowing what we now know of the character of the men, we see how natural it was that the Prince and his far-seeing friend should spare no pains to realize, through the Princess so singularly thrown upon their care, such a future for the people and monarchy of England, as before the catastrophe of 1817 they may have dreamed of effecting upon the succession of the Princess Charlotte to the throne. Such a task was especially fitted to the genius of Stockmar, and his passion for working for the good of others. And at a later period we shall see how zealously he seconded the efforts of his Prince towards this noble end.

The resolution of the Great European Powers, in 1829, to create a kingdom of Greece, broke the long period of political and personal inactivity to which Prince Leopold had been condemned, and which could not be otherwise than irksome to a man of his energy and ambition. The prospect of occupying its throne, while appealing not only to his scholarly enthusiasm, but also to a romantic element in his character, which the calm and undemonstrative bearing of the man, as he was known to the outside world, by no means prepared us to expect, seemed to offer such opportunities for making a name in history that the Prince grasped at it with an eagerness of which his wise friend and secretary did not approve. This led him, contrary to Stockmar's advice, to commit the imprudence of accepting the tender of the crown, without having previously settled the terms, both as to territory and finance, which on closer inquiry he found to be indispensable thoroughly to establish its independence, and to rescue the affairs of the country from internal confusion. The decision ultimately came to by the Prince, to withdraw from his promise when he found these terms could not be obtained, was, as events have proved, a wise one; but it exposed him at the time to much obloquy and misrepresentation, giv-

ing, as it unquestionably did, a semblance of truth to the charges of vacillation and irresolution, which those who had intrigued against his candidature were active in bringing forward. Nor did the charges stop here. His conduct, according to the Russian Ambassador, Matuszewicz, showed so much sinister design, so much bad faith, that he is delighted not to see upon the throne a man who would have betrayed the confidence of the Powers to whom he owed it.

'What say you,' writes von Stein, 'to the behaviour of Prince Leopold?—it is quite in character with the Marquis *Peu-à-peu*, as George IV. called him. Instead of surmounting the difficulties—instead of completing the task he had begun—he withdraws his hand cravenlike from the plough, calculating on the contingencies likely to arise upon the death, which cannot be distant, of King George IV. A man of this flaccid character is wholly unfit to grapple vigorously with life: he has no colour.'

All this, of course, was the mere idle conjecture of those supersubtle diplomatists who think it a libel on their sagacity to accept a simple and straightforward reason for a course of action, so long as a remote and mysterious one can be devised. The absurdity of the supposition, that the decision of the Prince was influenced by hopes of the English Regency is so outrageous that it can now only provoke a smile. The fact is, the Prince would have made almost any sacrifice for such a throne, could he have seen any prospect before him but failure under the conditions attached to its acceptance. For not only did his ultimate resolution cost him intense pain at the time, but long afterwards, when all the difficulties had been overcome which attended the establishment of the Belgian monarchy, and when he was generally looked upon as of all kings the most to be envied, he was haunted by regrets that his dream in connexion with the land of Homer and Sophocles, of Pericles and Plato, had not been realised. Greece to the last had a charm for his imagination, in the face of which the sober tints of Belgian life and of a Belgian sky looked cold and unattractive. Stockmar, with a wiser appreciation, lent no countenance to these wistful yearnings of a spirit, in which the toil and trammels of a monotonous, though busy and successful, life had been unable to quench the fire of romance.

'As for the poesy,' he wrote in reply to some such expression of feeling, 'which Greece would have afforded, I set small store by it. Mortals only see the bad side of what they have, and the good side of what they have not. Herein lies the whole difference between Greece and Belgium;' adding, with characteristic humour, 'although it is not to be denied that

when, after a host of vexations, the first Greek King shall have succumbed, his life may possibly furnish the poet with a splendid subject for an epic poem.'

To think that Stockmar had no sympathy with the poetical side of this or any similar question would be to do him wrong; but his imagination, like that of all thoroughly able men, 'had its seat in reason, and was judicious.' Day-dreams have their value at holiday seasons; but where men and states are in the crisis of formation, the duty of imagination is not to revel in ideal visions, but, looking at facts as they are, to anticipate all possible combinations, and to provide against all possible contingencies. When, therefore, the Belgians, after the revolution of 1830, offered to Prince Leopold the sceptre of the kingdom, which their leaders had determined to establish, he was not likely, with the experience he had gained, and with Stockmar at his side, to fall again into the mistake of a too hasty acceptance. No urgency could induce him to reply to the proposals of the Belgian Congress, until they had ratified the Articles known as the Eighteen Articles, which had been agreed on by the London Conference of the European Powers. It appears that even then he had grave misgivings, fearing that the new Belgian Constitution, from its extremely democratic character, would not work. He referred the matter to Stockmar. The manner in which the Baron dealt with the question is too remarkable not to be told in his own words, as reported by Professor Neumann, of Munich. The conversation during dinner, one day at the Professor's house in 1845, had turned upon Louis Philippe's Government, and the unscrupulous game of his advisers—how they falsified the Constitution, and were likely to hurry on a fresh revolution:—

— 'I have confidence in peoples as a mass,' said Stockmar; 'they feel to the very core, if not at once, at least after a time, who deals honourably by them, and who tries to beguile them with mere shams. I hold by our old-fashioned German proverb, "*Ehrlich währt am längsten*," or, as the English say, "Honesty is the best policy." This was the keynote of everything I said when the King desired to have my opinion about anything. I will give you an instance.

'After a careful study of the Belgian Constitution, my master doubted whether, with such laws, a State could be governed, and liberty and order, the two inseparable conditions of a civilized community, could be maintained. "Dear Stockmar," he said, "pray read over the Constitution, and tell me your opinion." I went through the new fundamental law with great attention, compared the different articles one with another, and found that, in point of fact, the power of the Government

is very greatly restricted. But my firm reliance on the people carried me through. "True,"—it was in something like these terms that I addressed my intelligent master—"perfectly true; the power of the King and his Ministers is very greatly limited by this Constitution. Make the experiment whether all this liberty is compatible with order; make the experiment of governing in the spirit of this Constitution, and do this in a thoroughly conscientious spirit. If you then find that with such a basis good government is impossible, send, after a time, a message to the Chambers, frankly stating your experiences, and indicating the defects of the Constitution. If you have really acted up to the best of your knowledge and convictions, the people will assuredly stand by you, and willingly concur in all the changes which are demonstrably necessary."

'King Leopold followed my advice. You know, Herr Professor, that no serious inconveniences have resulted, and that in many respects Belgium stands out as a model among European States.'—P. 165.

Here we see the courage and the faith of a man made to grapple with practical difficulties, who knows when prudence is a mistake, and when it is true wisdom to run even a great risk for a great end. This quality of Stockmar's mind was put to the proof in the critical events and difficult negotiations of the next three years. He accompanied the King to Brussels in July, 1831, where his immediate duty was the organization of the royal establishment. Neither then, however, nor at any future time, did he accept any official appointment in Belgium, but was attached only to the King as a private adviser and friend. Having been a member of Leopold's English establishment, provision very properly was made for him by one of the few pensions of a similar character which continued to be paid out of the provision of 50,000*l.* settled on the Prince upon his marriage. When he became King of the Belgians, Leopold placed this provision at the disposal of the English Government, subject to certain conditions as to the maintenance of Claremont, and the payment of his English debts and pensions, in a letter drafted by Stockmar, which silenced by anticipation the clamours of the Dikes of the period, who were thus deprived of the opportunity, for which they were lying in wait, to make capital for themselves out of the anomaly of a foreign king receiving an income from the English Exchequer. The arrangement of this transaction, which was full of difficulty, was carried through by Stockmar's tact and firmness with entire success. Reasonable as the King's stipulations were, there were not wanting cavillers, headed by a certain Sir Samuel Whalley, a re-

tired mad-doctor, who tried to get up a Parliamentary inquiry on the subject:—

'The case seems to me as clear as day,' Lord Palmerston wrote to Stockmar in 1834, in reference to Whalley's notice of motion, 'and, without meaning to question the omnipotence of Parliament, which, it is well known, can do anything but turn men into women, or women into men, I must and shall assert that the House of Commons has no more right to inquire into the details of these debts and engagements, which the King of the Belgians considers himself bound to satisfy before he begins to make his payments into the Exchequer, than they have to ask Sir Samuel Whalley how he disposed of the fees which his mad patients used to pay him before he began to practise upon the foolish constituents who have sent him to Parliament. There can be no doubt, whatever, that we must positively resist any such inquiry; and I am very much mistaken in my estimate of the present House of Commons if a large majority do not concur in scouting so untenable a proposition.'

The Whalley of that period no doubt got wind of what he had to expect, and, having some grains of discretion, allowed his motion to drop.

Stockmar's presence in London on this affair, between 1831 and 1834, as the King's confidential agent, enabled him to be of the utmost service in clearing away the numerous difficulties which had to be overcome before the guarantee of the independence of Belgium by the five great Powers was finally secured.* The position was one of extreme difficulty. On the one hand, Belgium, although it had been signally defeated in the field by Holland, and driven to shelter itself behind the bayonets of the French, clung obstinately to certain conditions, which, on the other hand, Holland, backed by the intrigues of Talleyrand, and availing itself of the jealousies of France entertained by England and the northern Powers, was equally pertinacious in resisting. To overcome the mutual distrust of the Five Powers, and the obstinacy of the two chief parties, was a problem which tasked all the ability of the distinguished men in whose hands the official negotiations on the side of Belgium rested. Stockmar's unofficial intervention, through his personal relations with the representatives of the different governments, was carried on, not only without wounding the susceptibilities of General Goblet and M. Van de Weyer, but with their entire concurrence. They knew too well his value in council and in negotiation, not to avail themselves gladly of his assistance; and their relations with him were, we believe, those of the most complete

* See on this subject, Lord Dalling's 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' vol. ii. p. 23, note.

confidence and the warmest mutual esteem. It was his special business, moreover, to strengthen the courage of the King under the discouragements and difficulties which tried the firmness and patience of Leopold to the uttermost. Thus, on the 10th September, 1831, he writes in these terms:—

‘Meanwhile I call upon your Majesty for only this much:—

‘1. Never to lose heart.

‘2. Never to relax in activity, *on which your enemies base their hopes.*’

He was, no doubt, familiar with the old charge, that the King’s character was ‘flaccid’—that he had no colour.

‘3. Not to forget the *civil* organization in the *military*. The nation must see that, in the very thick of the storm, the concerns of peace are being pushed on. That hopes of peace should be kept alive, even though they should come to nothing in the end, is of the utmost importance.’—P. 186.

When at length the London Conference had arrived at a fresh basis of settlement, known as the ‘Twenty-four Articles,’ some of these, as to the limits of territory, and the amount of National Debt to be charged on Belgium, were rejected by that country as too favourable to Holland, and fresh difficulties arose of a character so serious, that the King seems even to have meditated abdication. Here the admirable clear-sightedness and courage of Stockmar proved themselves equal to the emergency. In a letter of the 10th October, 1831, to the King, urging upon him the acceptance of these Articles unconditionally, after pointing out that the difference between the demands of Belgium and those conceded by the Conference is not so important as to affect in any way the welfare of the kingdom, he proceeds:—

‘The true welfare of Belgium depends at this moment on a speedy peace, the establishment of a good administration, the annihilation of parties at home, all which are especially secured by the prompt recognition of the independence of Belgium by the whole of Europe. . . . Abdication? For Belgium itself this would not be productive of the smallest advantage, but rather of extreme mischief. It would either lead to a general war, with a Restoration as its consequence, or to the union with France, or possibly to the partition of the country. To the King, moreover, resignation would bring no one real advantage, though irritated feeling may point to a different conclusion. At the most, the King may lose ground for a time by his acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles; that is, he may be less popular for a short time with the unreasoning, inconstant multitude. For this there is a sovereign remedy. Let him prove himself upright, firm, energetic, a king

of brains, and we shall see whether, in a very short time, he is not again the most popular monarch in Europe. On the other hand, abdication would ruin him in the eyes of Europe. He would appear weak, inconstant, short-sighted, incompetent for the task he had undertaken. *The King went to Belgium to secure peace for Europe, and to vindicate there the cause of Constitutional Monarchy. That is the mission, which he has pledged himself to Europe, to the Powers, to Belgium, to fulfil. That there are difficulties to contend with is no reason for throwing down his arms. The King’s task is a fine one, let him show himself worthy of it.*

‘Let him not lose a moment in forcing his ministers to an explanation, whether they will remain, if he accepts the Twenty-four Articles. If they will not, let him form a new ministry on the spot.’

The armistice between Holland and Belgium was on the point of expiring; the decision of the Conference, Stockmar had assured himself, was final; and every other consideration, he felt, was comparatively unimportant, when the independence, if not the very existence, of the new kingdom was at stake. The Twenty-four Articles abridged, in not unimportant particulars, the territory secured to Belgium by the Eighteen Articles; and Leopold, on ascending the throne, had sworn to maintain the integrity of the kingdom as thereby defined. His acceptance of the Twenty-four Articles, therefore, involved a point of honour. Stockmar, however, had this fully in view; and he was able to relieve the scruples of the King by conveying to him the decided opinion of Earl Grey,—than whom, as Leopold well knew, no one had a nicer sense of what was right in such matters,—that this was not a difficulty which should cause a moment’s hesitation. No time was to be lost, and Stockmar followed his letter to Brussels to enforce his views in person. The result is well known. The King resolved to follow his advice, as above given, to the letter. On the 1st November, the Twenty-four Articles were adopted by the Chamber of Representatives; and on the 15th, the treaty, based upon them, which secured the neutrality and independence of the country, was signed in London on behalf of Belgium by M. Van de Weyer. The decision thus come to was probably not influenced by the knowledge that, in a different event, the King had determined to appeal to the country, ‘and to abdicate, if the new Chamber persisted in the negative vote.’ *

Much had yet to be done, and numberless diplomatic difficulties to be surmounted, be-

* Juste’s ‘Memoirs of Leopold I.’ vol. i. p. 197. English edition.

fore the new kingdom could be said to be fairly established under the guarantee of the Five Powers. At every stage Stockmar lent his active aid—in counsel and in negotiation; and so essential was his continuous presence felt to be in London and at Brussels, that from 1831 to 1834 he was unable even to visit his home at Coburg. In the May of the latter year, however, things were so far settled that he felt himself free to seek the repose which the state of his health, shaken by the anxieties and fatigues of the three previous years, greatly needed. But from his quiet Thuringian retreat he continued to watch with wakeful eyes the progress of events in Europe, and he was kept, by his voluminous correspondence with the King of the Belgians and others, fully posted up in all the political movements and their secret history.

In 1836 his active services were called into play, in conducting the negotiations for the marriage of Queen Donna Maria of Portugal with Prince Ferdinand, the son of the younger brother of the then reigning Duke of Coburg. Intrigues were already on foot to secure the Queen's hand for the Duke de Nemours. These came to nothing, thanks to the firm attitude of the English Cabinet: a defeat which was probably not forgotten, when Louis Philippe, to his own ultimate ruin, carried through without scruple his wretched scheme of the Spanish marriages. One of Stockmar's difficulties was the young man's father, who, not liking the precarious aspect of things in Portugal, wished to stipulate for an English guarantee of his son's provisions under the Marriage Treaty. Stockmar had to tell him in plain language, that this was out of the question, and to remind him of the adage, 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' which he was just the man to do with an energy that admitted of no reply.

But the time had now come for Stockmar's entrance on a more serious task. The Princess Victoria was approaching 18, her legal majority, and in the ordinary course of events the succession to the throne could scarcely fail to open to her before many years. The unremitting affection with which the young Princess had hitherto been watched over by her uncle was now animated by the twofold duty of fitting her for the brilliant but difficult position in which she might soon be placed, and at the same time securing her happiness by marriage with a prince whose abilities and moral strength might safely be relied on in every emergency. No one could know so well as Leopold how pre-eminently qualified his bosom friend and adviser Stockmar was for the first of these

duties; for had he not himself, under his guidance, come to be recognised as a pattern of Constitutional monarchs? The Princess had, moreover, known Stockmar from childhood, and the prospect of such a counsellor, when presented to her by her uncle early in 1836, was naturally welcomed with a feeling of delight. The arrangement was that he should come to England in May, 1837, in which month the Princess would reach majority, so as to be near her as a confidential adviser and assistant. But in the mean time Leopold had taken earnest counsel with his friend as to the future husband of his niece. It is now well known * that her cousin, Prince Albert, had been from childhood designated in his own family for this honour. The King had, therefore, kept an anxious watch upon his nephew's boyhood and youth, and the result, to use his own language,† was the conviction that her union with him would be, of all others, the best for her happiness. Stockmar had seen less of the Prince, and it appears from his letters in this volume that he was too deeply conscious of the greatness of the stake to accept even Leopold's opinion on this subject:—

'Albert,' he writes in 1836, 'is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go well, may in a few years turn out a strong, handsome man, of a kindly, simple, yet dignified bearing. Externally, therefore, he possesses all that pleases the sex, and at all times and in all countries must please. It may prove too, a lucky circumstance, that even now he has something of an English look.'

'But now the question is, How as to his mind? On this point, too, one hears much to his credit. But these judgments are all more or less partial, and until I have observed him longer, I can form no judgment as to his capacity and the probable development of his character. He is said to be circumspect, discreet, and even now cautious. But all this is not enough. He ought to have not merely great ability, but a *right* ambition, and great force of will as well. To pursue a political career so arduous for a lifetime demands more than energy and inclination—it demands also that earnest frame of mind which is ready of its own accord to sacrifice mere pleasure to real usefulness. If he is not satisfied hereafter with the consciousness of having achieved one of the most influential positions in Europe, how often will he feel tempted to repent what he has undertaken? If he does not from the very outset accept it as a vocation of grave responsibility, on the efficient fulfilment of which his honour and happiness depend, there is small likelihood of his succeeding.'

* 'Early Years,' pp. 17, 84, and 213.

† Letter to the Queen of 24th Oct. 1849. 'Early Years,' p. 231.

'Who,' he adds, 'should know more than myself of the mystery of such a career, who has thought over it so much, or had such experience of it?' Well might he say so. It must have engaged his thoughts from the hour when he first set foot in England, with a view to the position and duties of Prince Leopold as Consort of a future English Queen. It must have cost him long meditation with reference to the Princess, who had played about his knees, undreaming of the great future which was opened to her by the event which overthrew her uncle's hopes. And all its difficulties, and all the high qualities of mind and heart by which alone they could be met, must have been brought home to him, as to no other man, by the experience he had gathered in connexion with the creation of the Belgian kingdom, as well as by what he foresaw of the rapid growth of democratic tendencies in England. Till, therefore, he had full means of observing the Prince's character he declined to commit himself. If his scrutiny proved satisfactory, his opinion was that the very first thing to be done was to lay all the difficulties of the undertaking fully before the Prince. If he did not take fright at these, then two essential considerations came immediately into play. 'I. The Prince must be educated for his future career according to a careful plan, consistently carried out, with constant reference to the special country and people. II. Before appearing as a suitor, the liking of the Princess must be secured, and upon this liking, and this alone, the suit itself must be based.'

With his usual thoroughness, Stockmar at once grappled with the question of the place where the education of the future Consort of an English Queen could best be conducted. Coburg would never do. Able tutors might not be wanting there; but what chance had the Prince of learning what men are, or how to cope with them, at a small Court, where frank intercourse with other men on equal terms was impossible? Berlin, Vienna, the German Universities, were all undesirable. Berlin? 'The thing of primary importance, a just view of the present state of Europe, would scarcely be acquired there.' The Prince would hear everything there about politics, except the truth. Socially, too, the Berlin tone was formal and priggish, and for princes, at least, not to be commended. All that could be learned there would be the arts of administration and war, but whatever was essential in these directions could be learned elsewhere. Besides, profligacy in Berlin was epidemic, and to keep young men out of

harm's way in this respect was harder there than in any other place. Vienna? That was no school for a German Prince. The Universities? Their training was too one-sided and theoretical for a prince whose vocation would be to deal practically with men and things on a great scale. Brussels seemed to Stockmar to combine the most favourable conditions. The Prince would be there under the eye and influence of his uncle, who was living in the full stream of European politics, and working out the problem of Constitutional Government, where it had been hitherto unknown; and, whether the English plan was brought to bear or not, the Prince would be far more likely to profit by the study of politics in the free and stirring arena of a Constitutional kingdom, than in one where the whole machine of government was propelled from a monarchical centre. The advice was followed, and accordingly the Prince spent ten months in 1836-37 with his brother in Brussels.

Before going there the young men had, along with their father, visited the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace. Already there were numerous suitors in the field for the Princess's hand. The time for introduction Stockmar therefore conceived had arrived, 'but,' he writes (p. 314), 'it must be made a *sine quâ non*, that the object of the visit be kept secret from both the Prince and Princess, so as to leave them completely at their ease.' The desired impression was produced upon the Princess. Having ascertained this, King Leopold lost no time in making her aware of what was contemplated, and we have Her Majesty's assurance, that from that moment she never entertained the thought of any other marriage.* It was not until March, 1838, however, that the King communicated to the Prince what was proposed,† putting, as Stockmar

* What does Baron Ernst Stockmar mean by saying (p. 330) that the Queen tells us in the 'Early Years' 'she had never quite given up the idea of this marriage,' when Her Majesty's assurance that she never dreamed of giving it up is absolute? In the very next sentence the Baron informs us that the Queen, in the beginning of 1838, entrusted Stockmar with the duty of accompanying the Prince on his travels, with the express view of assisting in the completion of his education. Her Majesty may have hesitated as to the time for the marriage, and the remarkable outburst of contrition on this subject in the 'Early Years' (p. 220) is not likely to be forgotten; but surely this fact is in itself a tolerably conclusive demonstration that the hesitation extended no farther, although no pledge had been given, and no communication on the subject had passed between herself and the Prince.

† 'Early Years,' p. 217.

had suggested, the whole difficulties of the position fully before him.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the arrangement of the previous year, Stockmar arrived in England on the 25th of May, 1836, the day after the Princess attained majority. William IV. had been in a critical state since the 20th of that month, and on the 20th of June he died. At this important juncture the counsel and help of an adviser so wise and so experienced could not be otherwise than most precious.* The outside world, always jealous of any influence near the throne, became, of course, busy with insinuations as to the mysterious presence in the Palace of this foreign agent of a foreign King. That he was doing work from the highest and most unselfish motives, for which the nation's gratitude was really due, was not likely to enter into the imagination of the Quidnuncs of the club-houses, or the Sneerwells of political circles. Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, the Premier and Foreign Minister, had long known him, and appreciated the services which he was especially fitted to render to the young Queen. The former spoke of him to the Queen, as not only 'a good man, but one of the cleverest he had ever met,' and Lord Palmerston, in conversation with Bunsen many years afterwards, cited him as the 'only absolutely disinterested man he had come across in life.' His influence, they were well aware, could only be for good; but Lord Melbourne,—*Pocourante*, as Stockmar aptly named him—did not, it appears, much like the trouble of having to explain the true state of matters to captious members of his party, who taxed him with being too much under the influence of the Belgian King and his former Secretary. Things even went so far, that the speaker, Mr. Abercromby, threatened to bring what he called Stockmar's unconstitutional position before the House. 'Tell him,' was Stockmar's observation, 'to move in Parliament against me if he likes: I shall know how to defend myself.' On second thoughts, Mr. Abercromby happily dropped the subject, the agitation of which, in that period of strong party passion, could not have been otherwise than most inconvenient. Stockmar's constant aim at this time,—and this was the only point in which Lord Melbourne and himself could not agree—was to enforce the obvious but hitherto much neglected doctrine, which had been acted on by Leopold

in Belgium with marked success,—that the monarch belongs to the nation, and must never be made use of for the purposes of party. What he saw of the conduct of the Whigs in this respect, at that time and subsequently, was a source of deep vexation to him, ominous as he knew it to be, had it lasted, of the most mischievous consequences.

In December, 1838, Stockmar accompanied Prince Albert to Italy, and remained with him there till May of the following year, when he left him at Milan and returned to Coburg. In a memorandum quoted by his son (p. 331) the results of his observation of the Prince during this time are given. Read by the light of what the Prince subsequently became, it possesses a singular interest. The old physician's eye detected a weakness of constitution, which made him shrink from any sustained effort either physical or mental. 'His constitution cannot be called strong. After any exertion he is apt to look for a time pale and exhausted.' It was, no doubt, his knowledge of this constitutional weakness which led Stockmar to say, with prophetic truth, in 1844 to the distinguished author of the paper on the 'Early Years' in this Review,* 'If ever the Prince falls sick of a low fever, you will lose him.' With this physical drawback to contend against, the manner in which the Prince overcame the mental habits to which Stockmar next draws attention, and which must have been in a great degree due to constitutional delicacy, is most remarkable:—

'Full of the best intentions and the noblest resolutions, he often falls short in giving them effect. His judgment in many things is beyond his years; but hitherto, at least, he shows not the slightest interest in politics. Even while the most important occurrences are in progress, and their issues undecided, he does not care to look into a newspaper.'

Stockmar's apprehension plainly was, that there was a want of thoroughness in the Prince's character, as well as distaste for political affairs. Nor can we doubt that what he had seen then and observed for some time afterwards justified the apprehension, and made him press upon the Prince the necessity for such a discipline of his tastes and habits as was calculated to overcome every defect of natural inclination. How he triumphed, how soon the Prince became remarkable for thoroughness in everything he touched, for an activity that shrank from no fatigue, and for a mastery of political questions unusual even with veteran statesmen, needs not now to be told.

* Stockmar, in accordance with a rule he had long before laid down for himself, would accept of no appointment; although he lent his active assistance to the young Queen as her Secretary, when the duties of that office could not be performed by Lord Melbourne.

* See 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1867.

The strides made by the Prince in mastering the tendencies which his Mentor dreaded were rapid. So early as December, 1839, Stockmar writes to the Baroness Lehzen—'The more I see of him, the more I love and esteem him. His intellect is so sound and clear, his nature so unspoiled, so child-like, so predisposed to goodness as well as truth, that time and intercourse with Englishmen of experience, culture, and integrity are alone wanting to make him truly distinguished.' He had soon the satisfaction of seeing the admirable qualities of his pupil,—his fine judgment, tact, and moderation,—coming more and more to the surface under the difficulties, and they were many, of his new position. Much had to be smoothed within the Palace, and the hostility of political parties outside had also to be reconciled. Here Stockmar's experience and influence with the leaders on both sides were applied with the best results, and, among other things, it was chiefly due to his intervention with Wellington and Peel that the Bill vesting the Regency in the Prince passed with only the dissentient voice of the Duke of Sussex, although a formidable opposition by the Tories on one hand and the Ultra-Liberals on the other, fomented by some of the Royal Dukes, was at one time seriously apprehended.

The birth of the Princess Royal in November, 1840, found Stockmar again an inmate of the Palace, after a short visit to his home. The nursery department had to be organized, and in this his medical skill and forethought were called actively into play, and continued to be exercised for many years. 'The nursery costs me as much trouble,' he says in a letter, 'as the government of a kingdom could do.' It was the same at a later period with the education of the Royal children. In everything it was the habit of Stockmar's mind to look far ahead,—a course in which he was closely followed by the Prince Consort. Questions of importance were fully discussed long before they became pressing, and principles of action adopted, which it was thenceforth easy to pursue to a definite end. A glimpse is given of his masterly and exhaustive manner, in an extract quoted in this volume from a plan which he drew up so early as the beginning of 1842 for the education of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. But dealing as this extract does with merely general principles, it gives only a partial view of the writer's power, which was not less remarkably shown in his breadth of view than in the skill with which this was worked out into practical details. The Queen has placed upon record her gratitude for this portion of

his services in the 'Early Years' (p. 188), where Her Majesty says she 'can never forget the assistance given by the Baron to the young couple in regulating their movements and general mode-of life, and in directing the education of their children.'

Every day drew closer the ties which bound the Baron to the Royal household. 'The Prince,' he writes in October, 1841, 'waxes apace morally and politically; I can truly say, he is dear to me as a son, and he deserves to be so.' Again, on his return to England in April, 1843, from a winter residence in Coburg, 'the Prince is well and happy, though he frequently looks pale, worried, and weary. He is rapidly showing what is in him. He has within him a practical talent, which enables him to seize at a glance the essential points of a question, like the vulture that pounces on its prey and hurries off with it to its nest.' After this we hear no more of any misgivings as to lack of perseverance, or of interest in politics. A letter in 1847 shows us into what ten years of conscientious self-conquest and severe discipline had changed the youth from what his 'guide, philosopher, and friend' had found him in 1836:—

'The Prince has made great strides of late. He has obviously a head for politics, before whose perspicacity even prejudices quickly give way, which spring from education or want of experience. Place weighty reasons before him, and at once he takes a rational and just view, be the subject what it may. He has also gained much in self-reliance. His natural vivacity leads him at times to jump too rapidly to a conclusion, and he occasionally acts too hastily, but he has grown too clear-sighted to commit any great mistakes. He will now and then run against a post and bruise his shins. But a man cannot be an experienced soldier without having been in battle and getting a few knocks; and, being what he is, small wounds, while they make him cautious, will give him confidence in himself. That in these days of political discord with France he should make great political mistakes is not probable, for he is thoroughly dispassionate, and he has so keen and sure an eye, that he is not likely to lose his way and get into trouble. His mind becomes every day more active, and he devotes the greater part of his time to business without a murmur.'—P. 466.

Not less interesting is what he says of the Queen in the same letter:—

'The Queen also improves greatly. She makes daily advances in discernment and in experience; the candour, the love of truth, the fairness, the considerateness, with which she judges men and things, are truly delightful, and the ingenuous self-knowledge with which she speaks about herself is amiable to a degree.'

For some time before these words were written, Stockmar had become satisfied that events were impending which might alter the face of Europe. 'I foresee,' he says in the same letter, 'great revolutions.' On the 3d of April in the same year he had written to Bunsen: 'I am more and more convinced we are on the eve of a great political crisis.'

'Das Alte stürzt; es ändert sich die Zeit,
Und neues Leben blüht aus den Ruinen.*

The events of 1848 soon came to prove the justice of this forecast. They also brought Stockmar directly for the first time into the public ranks of political life. When the storm of February burst he was in Germany, and he threw himself with all his energy into the heart of the movement there, in the hope of advancing his long cherished vision of a united Germany. He appeared at the Diet as the accredited representative of Coburg, and he had even agreed to accept, upon certain conditions, the office of Foreign Minister. 'That would be a happy choice indeed,' said Lord Palmerston when told of this by Bunsen. 'He is one of the best political heads I have ever met with.'

Into all the tedious futilities of the then Teutonic upheaval this is no place to enter. Suffice it to say, two points were from the first clear to Stockmar, viz., that union under Prussia was the end to be aimed at, and that this result was not to be reached by peaceful means, but only through a war which should shut out Austria from further intervention in the affairs of Germany, and also extinguish the opposition of the smaller Principalities. In these views he went far ahead of the best political thinkers of his time. Amid every discouragement, his faith in the ultimate accomplishment of the end desired remained unshaken to the last. Scarcely, however, could he have divined that it would be reached so soon, and by such means; least of all, that an impulse so important was to be given to it by the insane folly nursed by the principles of Thiers, Guizot, and others, which, in prompting the French invasion of 1870, drew together into one focus, as nothing else could have done, the hitherto incoherent elements of a German nation.

It was at this period that Meyer first met Stockmar at Baron Bunsen's, in London; and we are indebted to the memoir already quoted for the following spirited sketch of him. He was then 59:—

* Stockmar's editor seems not to be aware that these lines, which he prints as prose, are a quotation from Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell,' act iv. sc. 2:—

'The old reels to its fall; the times are changing,
And new life bursts and blossoms from the ruins.'

'During breakfast Baron Stockmar was announced; when he entered and sat down, very soon dominating the conversation—an active, decided, slender, rather little man, with a compact head, brown hair streaked with grey, a bold short nose, firm yet full mouth, and what gave a peculiar air of animation to his face, with two youthful flashing brown eyes, full of roguish intelligence, and fiery provocation. With this exterior, the style of his demeanour and conversation corresponded; bold, bright, pungent, eager, full of thought, so that, amid all the bubbling copiousness and easy vivacity of his talk, a certain purpose in his remarks and illustrations was never lost sight of.'

When Stockmar found that nothing was to be expected for Germany from Frederick William IV., he turned his hopes from that eloquent and irresolute visionary to the present Emperor and Empress, then the Prince and Princess of Prussia. It was in accordance with his views of the best interests of both countries, that an alliance should be formed between the Royal Houses of Prussia and England. Our Princess Royal had been from childhood his especial favourite; and as he watched the development of her unusual gifts and distinguished character, the advantages to Germany of having such a princess for its future Queen became more and more apparent. 'From her youth up I have loved her,' he writes, in February, 1858, a few days after her marriage; 'have always expected much from her, and taken pains to be of service to her. I consider her to possess unusual gifts—in many cases amounting to inspiration.' It was with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that he saw his long-cherished wishes for this alliance happily realised; and to the last he took an almost paternal interest in the welfare of this second generation of princely pupils, which was met on their part with the warmest affection.

In the previous year, 1857, he had taken his farewell of the English Court, where he had so long lived, using all his great gifts with rare unselfishness, to guide, animate, instruct, and strengthen others; 'the beloved and trusted friend of all beneath its roof, from the Queen to the humblest member of her household.*' The Queen and Prince were not aware that he was never to return. But some weeks before his departure he announced his intention, in a letter to King Leopold from Windsor Castle, resigning into his old master's hands the trust which he had so worthily fulfilled.

'In the spring of 1837,' he says, 'now, therefore, twenty years ago, I came back to England, to assist the Princess Victoria, now

* 'Early Years,' p. 188.

Queen. This year I shall be seventy, and I am no longer either physically or mentally equal to the laborious and exhausting functions of a paternal friend, an experienced father-confessor. I must say good-bye, and this time for ever. The law of nature will have it so. And well for me that I can do this with a clear conscience; for I have worked as long as I had power to work, for ends which cannot be impugned. The consciousness of this is the reward, which alone I was anxious to deserve, and my dear master and friend, with full knowledge of the state of matters here and of those for whom I have acted, gives me frankly and spontaneously from the bottom of his heart the testimony that I have deserved it.'

The tie, however, was not one to be broken by absence. The most intimate communications by correspondence continued to be kept up by those he had left behind in England and in Belgium. The Queen and Prince Consort saw him together on two subsequent occasions, once at Babelsberg in 1858, and again at Coburg in 1860. The habit of sharing with this second father, not only his thoughts on public questions, but his private joys and sorrows, which had grown up through their long years of personal intercourse, was continued by the Prince Consort to the last. To him one of his latest letters was addressed. 'I am terribly in want of a true friend and counsellor,' writes the Prince; 'and that you are that friend you may readily understand.' In a month the Prince was dead.

This national loss seemed to Stockmar a death-blow to the great purpose of his life. 'A structure,' to use his own words, 'which was conscientiously reared for the accomplishment of a great and important object, with a devout sense of duty, and the toilsome effort of twenty years, has been shattered to its foundation.' In 1862 the widowed Queen sought the good old man at Coburg. 'My dear, good Prince!' he exclaimed, 'how happy I shall be to see him again! and it will not be long.' And it was not long. On the 9th of July, 1863, death brought his wearied spirit the release for which it had long been yearning.

The pains of weakness and age had for some years pressed heavily upon him, and added to the melancholy from which not even the retrospect of a well-spent life could protect him. It is sad to read in one of his latest letters to the King of the Belgians such words as these: 'I confess I was not prepared for so comfortless an old age. Often, very often, I am on the verge of despair. The riddles of life grow daily more difficult to me.' But such moods could only be the passing clouds of a soul unusually sensitive and sympathetic, and therefore

unusually suffering, to which a lifelong faith in the ultimate issue of all things for good, under the directing hand of a benign Father, had given a prevailing aspect of calmness and serenity. 'His reliance on the love and justice of God,' says his friend Meyer, 'and on the goodness of the human heart, never forsook him.'

Multum dilexit; and it was characteristic of the depth as well as tenderness of his feelings, that his loving nature, his sweet temper, his devotion to his friends, were often little to be surmised under what seemed, to those who did not know him well, to be Stoical reserve, or self-centred indifference. Christian to the core, Love, Duty, Truth were the mainsprings of his life, as they were the mainsprings of his influence. Thus it was, therefore, that he not only did and counselled

'the right because it was the right,
In scorn of consequence,'

but men of all ranks, and of the most varied opinions—kings, princes, diplomatists, politicians—those with whom he differed no less than those with whom he agreed, those whom he disliked no less than those whom he admired,—were so conscious that he had no ends of his own to serve, and that he was thoroughly to be relied on for fairness, for reticence, and for directness, that they caught in their dealings with him something of his own spirit, and yielded to him a confidence which they never had occasion to regret.

'If a young man just entering into life,' are his own beautiful words in a letter of his later years, 'were to ask me, What is the chief good for which it behoves a man to strive? I could only say to him, Love and Friendship! Were he to ask me, What is a man's most priceless possession? I must answer, The consciousness of having loved and sought the truth, of having yearned after what is good for its own sake! All else is either mere vanity or a sick man's dream?'

It was only consistent with this creed that, looking back in his last days on what he had done, well appreciating its importance, and not unconscious of the worldly honour and reputation which, had his aim been personal ambition, it would have been easy for him to achieve, he should have no feeling of regret for the course he had early chosen and deliberately pursued, of living for others and not for himself:—

'The singularity of my position,' he says, 'required me anxiously to efface myself, and to conceal, as though it were a crime, the best purposes I had in view, and frequently carried out. Like a thief in the night, I placed with liberal hand the seed within the earth, and

when the plant grew up, and became visible to other people, it was my duty to ascribe the merit to others, and no other course was open to me. . . . If circumstances and men commonly combine so to veil the best of my conceptions and ideas, and the enterprises based upon them, in darkness and night, that it is impossible to form the faintest conception as to the source from which they truly sprang, this will not cause me any great vexation.'

In the eyes of such a man, the work done, if noble in itself and in its fruits, was the all in all. He had shunned the glare of the world's honours through life. Was it likely that, in the contemplation of a greater Hereafter, he should sigh for the empty glories of a posthumous fame?

All the more fitting, however, is it, that such a life should not pass away without some adequate record. More will, no doubt, be heard of it in the promised memoirs of the Prince Consort's life. But the *Memorabilia* contained in the present volume, rich as they are in authentic information as to leading men and events from 1816 to 1863, and in the opinions of one of the most sagacious of political observers, form a contribution to contemporary history of the highest value. There are some things in the book which the wiser discretion of Stockmar himself would have kept in the secrecy of his own portfolio, and we are conscious at times of a hardness of tone, on the part of the biographer, which reacts unfavourably upon his subject, and has, we see, even already led to misconceptions of his father's character. But the general impression will, we believe, be that which we have attempted very imperfectly to convey, of a good and great man, working conscientiously for the welfare of mankind, at no time sparing himself, or seeking his own aggrandizement; and happy, that through the Love and Friendship—which bound him to his royal and princely friends—he was able to exert a beneficial influence upon social and political progress, which is even now actively at work.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Researches into the History of the British Dog*. By George R. Jesse. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1866.
 2. *Our Poor Relations*. By Col. E. B. Hamley. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, 1872.
 3. *The Reasoning Power in Animals*. By the Rev. John Selby Watson. 8vo., pp. 466. London, 1867.
 4. *Anecdotes of Dogs*. By Edward Jesse. 12mo. London, 1858.

5. *The Naturalist's Library*. Vol. XIX. *The Dog*. By Lieut.-Col. Charles Hamilton Smith. 12mo. London, 1865.
 6. *Canine Pathology*. By Delabere Blaine. 8vo. London, 1841.
 7. *Dog Breaking*. By Col. W. N. Hutchinson. 12mo. London, 1856.
 8. *The History of the Dog*. By W. C. L. Martin. 8vo. London, 1845.
 9. *The Dogs of the British Islands*. By Stonehenge. 8vo. London, 1872.
 10. *Dogs and their Management*. By Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S. 12mo. London, 1869.
 11. *The Animal World. A Monthly Advocate of Humanity*. Vol. III. Published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty.
 12. *The Dog*. By "Idstone." 12mo. London, 1872.

SCORES of books, of which the above are samples, offer us materials for estimating the capabilities and characteristics of dogs. With such wealth of experience, and aided by the sympathetic attention which many of us personally give to our favourites, it ought not to be impossible to construct something like an outline of Canine Psychology. We ought to be able to work out the problem, 'How a Dog Thinks and Feels,' if not with certainty, yet with what must approve itself as a near approach to truth. In the case of an Intelligence above our own, the attempt to realize its consciousness and conditions of being by any effort of thought—*wherever it surpasses us*—must obviously be futile, or, at best, can only supply us with such a 'representative truth' as the idea which a man born blind may obtain of the nature of colour. But the indolent assumption that the same inability attends us in the case of the lower animals, whose natures our own seem to comprise and overlap on all sides, is far from justified by any inherent difficulty in the matter. Extreme patience in working out details; caution in refraining from leaping to the conclusion that the possession of any single manlike faculty implies that of another; and above all, the 'scientific use of the Imagination,' warmed by sympathy with 'Our Poor Relations,' appear sufficient to supply the full equipment for our task. Proceeding step by step, and carefully distinguishing everything noteworthy which dogs have been observed to do, from that which experience proves to be beyond their powers, we may map out a line which shall approximately represent the circumference of their natures. Within this circle—as Thought is still Thought, in whatsoever brain it be carried on, and Love is

Love in every breast which beats with its emotion,—we are justified in assuming that there is a real correspondence and similarity between the mental processes and feelings of the animal and our own. When we endeavour in such manner to realize the consciousness of a dog by fancying ourselves circumscribed by his limitations, we are using no idle play of imagination, but pursuing our inquiry by a method almost as exact as that, so favoured by modern mathematicians, of applying one figure to another. How far the special attributes which distinguish us from all the lower animals, must modify each detail of thought and feeling; how Self-Consciousness must bring a new factor into every thought, and Moral Free Agency a new element into every passion, it should be part of our work to endeavour to trace. But, as above remarked, though it would be impossible for the lower being to add by imagination any such gifts to his consciousness, it is by no means an impossible task, albeit a delicate one, for the higher to imagine himself divested of them. The combination of the unconsciousness of infancy with the eager feelings and irresponsibility of childhood would not indeed accurately represent the state required, for, after the stage of strange physical similarity before birth between man and the dog, discovered by Professor Haeckel, there is no epoch in the life of the human child when a perfect parallel between it and the animal, either as regards body or mind, can be justly instituted. But picking out the points in our own experience which we share with the brute, and cautiously eliminating those which the brute does not share with us, we must needs be on the right track for constructing—as the well-worn joke would describe it—his consciousness out of our own. Our business, then, is neither like the old fabulists and modern writers of children's story-books, to talk of dogs as if they were men who had undergone metempsychosis and brought human thought and feeling into canine forms; nor yet to rest solemnly satisfied, like the old Egyptians, to treat our familiar companions as if they were so many four-footed Mysteries altogether beyond our comprehension. Modern Science is bound to show, both what the beast is in his *for intérieur*, and where and how he at present falls short of a man;—even if Mr. Darwin may hold out hopes that a million years to come the dog's posterity may develop into a race of saints and sages, of a loftier type than those whom we have known descended from the far less amiable and heroic Simian stock!

Before attempting to delineate the first

outlines of a Dog's Consciousness, it will be desirable to recapitulate as briefly as possible the principal circumstances which determine his physical condition relatively to our own, and thence work upward to the study of his emotional and mental characteristics. The dog, as compared to man, has against him:—

1st. Inferiority of size, keeping him always beside his master like a dwarf with a giant. The legs of men, rather than their faces, must form the prominent objects of his view; and the agreeable sense of looking down with condescension on something smaller than ourselves, so obviously enjoyed by a big dog over a little one, must be reversed into a deep sense of humiliation as regards the lordly race who tower over him.

2nd. The lack of hands, which forbids to the cleverest dog the use of the most rudimentary mechanical contrivance, even such as crushing a bone with a stone. A dog trying to roll himself in a blanket, or to leap up a tree, reveals the vast difference between his instruments and those of a cat whose claws will aid her to climb; or of a bird, whose beak answers the purpose of a single finger and opposable thumb.

3rd. The dog's vocal organs, though seemingly more like ours than the hard black tongues and beaks of parrots, are yet incapable of being used for the formation of sounds more articulate than belong to speechless human beings. He is emphatically what the Irish expressively call him, 'a poor dumb beast,' though he is able to understand human language to an extent which only those who carefully watch him can credit.

4th. Of the inferiority of the dog's brain to that of a man it is needless to speak, seeing that it is the point which doubtless determines most of the other conditions of the animal's being. A quadruped of the size of a dog, possessed of a brain of human dimensions, would, even if dumb, be assuredly something very different from a dog.

5th. Lastly, among the great disadvantages of the dog, one which most effectually bars his advance, is the shortness of his term of life. The oldest dog only attains the age when a boy begins to acquire his higher powers; and dies before reason and conscience, or even the stronger affections, are fairly developed in his human contemporary. We blame our 'stupid old dog' at ten years of age, when we should excuse our son's folly, with the observation, 'Poor little child!' What wisdom a dog would attain who should live to the length of our span, and could celebrate a "Golden" anni-

versary of devotion to his master, it is almost painful to think. The creature would have arrived at a point of intelligence whereat his physical defects would press on him as on a dumb or maimed human being; and, for ourselves, the pain of separation would be intolerable. The death of the fond companion of a dozen years is quite sad enough; that of a dog who had followed our steps from the cradle to old age would trespass too closely on the sacred borders of human bereavement.

These various physical disadvantages result, in the case of the dog, as in that of all the lower animals, in the supreme deficiency which cuts off the entail of progress at each generation. The brute has no tradition, oral or written, and, though he inherits propensities from his progenitors, and copies his parents when brought up with them, he receives so little direct guidance from them, that he is not perceptibly less intelligent when kept entirely apart from his own kind in such isolation as makes of a human child almost an idiot. Like our own, the 'set' of the dog's brain is determined by the habits of preceding generations, and the facility for receiving education is inherited from an educated ancestry. But the positive *information* which a human being receives from the hour he begins to understand language to the last moment of life, from nurse, mother, companions, teachers, preachers and books, is utterly denied to the dog, who must acquire every item of his knowledge directly through his own senses. When we think of all that this implies, and what infinitesimally small store of facts or reflections the most intelligent man could acquire on such terms in seventy years, the wonder becomes rather how much, than how little, is known by a dog who has but ten or twelve years in which to learn everything.

Against all these disadvantages—diminutive size, lack of hands, lack of language, small brain, short life, total want of traditional experience—a dog, so far as we can see, can only set one single special physical advantage which he possesses over us. With us the sense of smelling is but slightly developed, and though it is an inlet of pleasurable or disagreeable emotions, and possesses a singular power of awakening associations of memory, it is of extremely little use to us as 'an organ of mental information. Even when we do obtain an idea by way of the nose, we commonly treat it with distrust as more uncertain than one derived from eyesight or hearing, and hesitate to swear in a court of justice that we have positively smelled even such highly odorous things as brandy or gunpowder. But in

the case of our canine friend all this is altered. He learns from smell quite as much as from his sight or his hearing; and it is clear that he is even more disposed to rely on this sense than on any other. All day long that curious little black organ at the tip of his nose is inquiring actively whatever it can sniff out about people and things; and when his owner returns after an absence, though the dog partially recognizes his aspect and voice at a distance, he never gives himself up to rapture till he has smelt him, and so placed his identity beyond the hazards of a Tichborne suit.

But the dog's sense of smell differs from our own not only in superior acuteness, but also in another way which is not equally a subject of congratulation. The pleasures and pains he derives from odours seem to be nearly exactly the reverse of our own, and he loves what we hate and hates what we love. The explanation of this sad dereliction from the human standard of taste is not difficult to find. As the retired tallow-chandler desired to return to his work on melting-days, and the homeward-turning citizen of Edinburgh exclaimed with ecstasy, 'Ah! I smell ye again, dear auld Reekie!' so the dog has all his cherished associations of business and sport with animal odours, to us more or less disagreeable. He is entirely of the opinion of the huntsman who swore at 'those stinking violets' for spoiling the scent of the fox. In his various professions as sentinel, sheep-guard, hunter, and scavenger, he and his forbears have cultivated a taste very similar to that which we find among Esquimaux, Earthmen, and other humble human races, who never turn up their noses, except in ecstasy, at blubber or decomposed flesh. The intelligent Zulus, as their celebrated Bishop told us a year or two ago, in a letter to the 'Times,' are endowed with such a *penchant* for Ubomi (namely, as one of them defined it, 'carrion, with worms in it, but not too many of them'), that no other word excites in them such stirring emotions. The phrase 'to eat Ubomi' has thus become the synonym in Zulu for the loftiest imaginable felicity; and, in translating the Bible into that language, it was found unavoidable to employ it as alone suited to convey an adequate idea of the happiness of the Blessed in heaven. Very much the same ingenuous notion of where true joys are to be found pervaded the mind of poor 'Flush,' whose fond owner promised as a special favour:

'Stoppered bottle keep from thee,
Cologne distillations.'

Had Mrs. Browning taken him out walking,

Flush would probably have endeavoured to render himself delightful to her, by rolling over and over in the unspeakably noisome relics of a long-departed field-mouse. As no prospect yet appears of converting dogs to our views in these matters, it is to be feared that the love of objectionable odours must long cause a breach in the continuity of sympathy between us and our humble companions, just, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the passion for eating onions, unfortunately distinguishing the working classes, debars them cruelly from closer relationship with ladies and gentlemen. The subject is a painful one, and we must be excused for dropping it with a sigh. To confess the bad taste of a friend is perhaps more humiliating than to confess his crimes.

Whether we ought to consider the marvellous faculty possessed by dogs, cats, and many other animals, of finding their way for long distances by unknown roads, as an exhibition of their immense acuteness of olfactory perception, or rather as evidence of the possession of a specific sense different from any which we have yet recognized, is a question of great interest to which it would be impossible here to do justice. In all collections of anecdotes of dogs instances of the display of this faculty are put forward as evidences of the sagacity of the animal; but it is certain that no sagacity, in the ordinary meaning of the term, without the aid of a sense different from any known to us, would enable the creature to perform some of the feats so recorded. As cases guaranteed by living witnesses are more satisfactory than those of older date, we shall here cite two such illustrations. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, some years ago, took her Skye-terrier with her in a close barouche from Grosvenor Crescent to London Bridge. At London Bridge Lady Stanley embarked in a steamer for Gravesend, where she left Smeroch with her children, and returned to town. Next day the governess wrote to say the dog had escaped from her charge at Gravesend; and the same night the animal appeared in Grosvenor Crescent, alone, footsore, and covered with mud. An equally remarkable case was that of a hound, which was sent by Charles Cobbe, Esq., from Newbridge, county Dublin, to Moynalty, county Meath, and thence, long afterwards, conveyed to Dublin. The hound broke loose in Dublin, and the same morning made his way back to his old kennel at Newbridge; thus completing the third side of a triangle by a road he had never travelled in his life. Mr. George Jesse (vol. i. p. 136 *et seq.*) gives a series of similar stories: a butcher's dog, slipping his chain

and running home 120 miles, which he had been taken by railway; an officer's dog returning 180 miles, also originally traversed by rail, &c. Strangest of all is the account given by Sir John Harington, in a letter to Prince Henry, dated 1608, of his dog Bungey, who, he affirms, often carried letters for him, from his house in Bath (Somersetshire) to the Court at Greenwich.

It does not appear that this singular faculty is peculiar to dogs, or a mark of their superior intelligence. Cats, ducks, and many other creatures have made similar journeys; and, in truth, the annual migrations of so many tribes of birds and fishes can hardly be explained but as exhibitions of the same power. The only situation in which animals seem to lose themselves is in the streets of a great city, where the very cleverest of dogs, even notably retrievers (as the keepers of the admirable Home for Lost Dogs will testify), fail to find their way for very short distances. In the opinion of the writer, the theory which best explains the ascertained facts is, that the creatures in question have a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal Mariner's Compass, marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currents affect the needle, and the hypothesis that they may also affect living frames, with special organizations, seems no way incredible; while the fact that a dog, who can find his way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in a town, seems to point to the multitude of streets turning at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction.*

To realize, then, the physical conditions of a dog, we must imagine ourselves inhabiting a diminutive and prostrate form, without hands, without speech, and destined to die of old age as we enter our teens; also, as having for our special endowments a remarkable power of finding our way, and a preternaturally acute nose, accompanied by an unconquerable propensity for Ubomi, and all Ubominable things. It may be added

* We are indebted to Francis Galton, Esq., F.R.S., for two interesting facts corroborative of the above hypothesis. 'Reindeer kids,' says Dr. Rae, 'when very young indeed, having been deprived of their mothers and left quite alone, will, in spring, always turn towards the north, however much you may try to drive them the other way.' 'Buffaloes' (as stated by James Mackay, a noted Hudson's Bay Company's guide), 'whenever they are alarmed, always run southward. This habit is so constant and so well known, that, in making buffalo pounds, the entrance must always face the north, for, if it is not so placed, it is impossible to drive the animals into them.'

that we should conceive our bodies covered with hair; and that, beside the possession of great swiftness and agility, we are gifted with a peculiar caudal appendage, serving, so effectually, as a 'vehicle for the emotions,' that instead of availing, like language, 'to conceal our thoughts,' it should constantly and involuntarily betray our joy, sorrow, alarm, or rage.

Some of the immediate consequences of these physical conditions of the dog should be noted before we go further. In the first place, his inability to speak forces him to devise ingenious ways of making his wants understood; such as the artifice of a dog belonging to the writer, who, finding her bowl of water frozen in a frost, established herself in a corner where another bowl had been kept two years previously, and sat there looking mournfully at her owner till her sad case was perceived. When a brute lives with people too busy or too obtuse to attend to such signals, he becomes sad and depressed, and loses all originality, like a *femme incomprise*. The pantomime of dogs, their scratching at doors for admittance, their beseeching entreaties to be taken out walking, their ardent invitations to visit their puppies, are all somewhat affecting instances of the painful efforts of the creatures to express what we should say in two words.

Again, another consequence of the dog's lack of language, which curiously differentiates his life from ours, is that he can be told nothing beforehand, so that all his sorrows remain uncheered by hope, and all his pleasures have the keen charm of the *imprévu*. Few things are more pitiable than to see an animal after his master's departure going about miserably seeking him, unable to receive the consolation of the assurance that the being in whom his whole heart is centred will by-and-by return. After one such period of anxiety, terminated by the joy of restoration, he does not give way to equal despair, being supported by hope born of experience, but he knows perfectly well evermore how to interpret the signs of an approaching journey, and scores of times has been known to hide himself in his master's trunk, hoping to be carried with him. On the other hand, a dog's delights are never chilled or forestalled by expectation. It was not he who discovered the mournful truth that 'nothing ever proves so good or so bad as we anticipate.' As kings never know an unexpected pleasure, so, at the opposite end of the scale, dogs never lose the edge of their enjoyments by over-raised hopes. Rapture bursts on the brute out of the midst of despair, and the result is often

as with Ulysses' Argus, and the spaniel whose story is told by Jesse,* that the dog expires in the hour of his unendurable joy. Strange is it to reflect that this uncertainty belongs to the destiny of a creature who possesses a singular taste for regularity, and cherishes the 'Rites' almost as religiously as a Chinese. Every dog desires to do to-day what he did yesterday at the same hour, and claims, with the air of a man demanding simple justice, that he shall be allowed always to exercise every privilege once granted, and enjoy in full the boasted advantage of the British Constitution—a freedom 'slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent.'

Passing beyond the physical conditions of the dog and their immediate results, we now proceed a step further towards constructing an idea of his Consciousness, by studying his Emotions, and comparing them with our own. A little reflection shows that a dog approaches a man much more nearly in the matter of feeling than either of physical or mental characteristics. It is a startling fact, well brought out by Jesse in a synopsis of the dog's attributes ('Researches,' chap. v.), that there are very few human passions which a dog does not share.

A dog feels *anger* precisely as we do, and after provocation is sometimes vindictive and sometimes placable, according to his individual character. He is susceptible of *hatred* of the bitterest kind. He is so excruciatingly *jealous*, that his life becomes a burden in the presence of a favoured rival. His *envy* continually leads him to eat what he does not want lest another animal should take it, and to illustrate the fable of 'The Dog in the Manger.' *Gluttony* holds out to him temptations under which even his honesty sometimes succumbs; but, on the other hand, from *drunkenness* he is nobly emancipated. A dog mentioned by the Rev. Thomas Jackson ('Our Dumb Companions,' p. 48) having been once made so drunk with malt liquor that he was unable to walk upstairs, ever after declined to taste the pernicious beverage, and growled and snarled at the sight of a pewter pot. Again, as to *love*, Don Juan was a cold and unenterprising character compared to a dog; and as to *maternal affection*, the mother-dog feels it with heroic passion, starving herself to death rather than forsake her offspring. *Gratitude* may be almost said to be a dog's leading principle, supplying first the spring of allegiance to his master, and ever after reconciling him with true magnanimity to take evil from the hand from which he has accepted

* Vol. i. p. 3.

good. *Regret* and *grief* he feels so deeply that they often break his heart. *Fear* is a passion which dogs exhibit with singular variation, some breeds and individuals being very timorous and others perfect models of *courage*; the latter characteristic, and *fortitude* seeming to be more characteristically canine. A greyhound has been known, after breaking his thigh, to run on till the course was concluded; and in the excellent new volume 'On the Dog,' by Idstone (p. 39) is a frightful story of a foxhound whom its ferocious master flogged so savagely for 'babbling,' as to cut out its eye with his whip. The animal continued to hunt with the pack till the end of the chase, whereupon the human brute, a certain Colonel Thornton, 'took out his scissors and severed the skin, by which the dog's eye had hung pendent during the entire run.' As to *Hope*, no one can observe the dog watching for his master's step, as in Landseer's picture of 'Expectation,' without admitting that he knows the sentiment as well as we. *Pride* in a successful chase may be witnessed in every dog, and even felt in the quickened heartbeats of a greyhound when caressed and praised. That dogs have personal *vanity* appears from the fact that they are so manifestly dejected and demoralized when dirty and ragged by long exposure, and recover their self-respect immediately on being washed and combed. *Chivalry* and *magnanimity* may nearly always be calculated upon in dogs, and wife-beating is an offence to which the four-footed beast never descends. The stories are endless of big dogs generously overlooking the insults of small curs, or taking them into water and giving them a good ducking as a punishment for their impertinence, and then helping them mercifully back to land (see Jesse's 'Anecdotes,' p. 147). Sense of *property*, bifurcating into both *covetousness* and *avarice*, is common to all dogs. The kennel, rug, collar, water basin, or bone once devoted to his use, no dog can see transferred to another without indignation. Frequently he 'covets his neighbour's house,' and attempts to ensconce himself in it surreptitiously; and almost universally he covets his neighbour's bone, and purloins it, if he dare. Even from *avarice* he cannot be wholly exonerated, observing his propensity to bury his treasures. *Shame*, after transgressing any of the arbitrary rules imposed on him, a dog displays with ludicrous simplicity; but of the deeper sense of violated modesty which in human beings accompanies the commission of sin, the dog evidently knows nothing whatever. *Humour*, so far as it can proceed without language, the dog catches readily from a humorous master, and also the enjoyment of

such games as he can understand. As a baby crows with glee at 'Bo-peep,' so a dog barks with delight at 'go fetch.' Make-believe runs and false starts, romps and ticklings, rolling him up in a rug and letting him find his way out, throwing a ball for him to catch on the grass, or a stick to fish out of a lake, all supply him with pleasures perfectly analogous in their nature to that which boys and men find in Blind Man's Buff and Prisoner's Base, lordly cricket, and lady-like croquet. Lastly, *faith* in a beloved superior is perhaps the most beautiful and affecting of all the attributes of a dog. Whose heart does not grow sick at the reflection that this sacred trust of the dog in man should be so often betrayed,—that dull boors should lure him by mock words of encouragement to the death (to him so slow and agonizing) of the halter; and that far worse wretches, in the guise of cultivated gentlemen, should first fondle and then dissect him alive, while even in death he strives to show his confidence, and to lick their hands? Few of us, it is to be hoped, would purchase our own immunity from disease at the cost of scores of such cruel experiments, and the assurance of the vivisectioners who perform them, that they do so wholly for our sakes, and not from mere scientific curiosity, would be laughable, could we find it in our hearts to laugh at such a matter. It is surely time for the world to recognize that Science may be the Moloch of one age as Superstition was of another; and that even the noble love of knowledge may prompt offences, heinous and hateful as ever sprung from the lust of power or of gold.

We have now recapitulated, as shared by the dog with ourselves, the following long list of passions and emotions: anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, gluttony, love, fear, pride, vanity, magnanimity, chivalry, covetousness, avarice, shame, humour, gratitude, regret, grief, maternal love, courage, fortitude, hope, and faith. The line delineating the circumference of the dog's nature must include all these; and many of them in a highly developed form. We must leave outside, as passions of which the dog does not partake, 1st, the love of intoxicants (a passion having only its peculiar significance in a moral free agent); 2nd, modesty (also pertaining exclusively to beings possessed of self-control); and, 3rdly and finally, the whole lofty range of feelings which have abstract ideas for their objects, to which his intellectual status forbids him to ascend. The dog obviously cannot love art, science, or literature, simply because his mental faculties fall short of apprehending the topics concerned. That he has any æsthetic sense, any notion of the

beautiful or of the sublime in nature, is more than doubtful; and his insatiable curiosity which, if allied to higher powers would form the spring of scientific research, ends, in his case, with the accumulation of practically useful facts. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that the line which shall delineate the circumference of the dog's emotional nature must *exclude* all those passions of humanity which are directed to abstract objects, and *include* nearly the entire range of those which concern the gratification of the physical desires and personal affections.

To these cardinal passions, shared by all men and dogs, should next be added certain special propensities partaken by certain dogs with certain men. Foremost of these is the passion for the Chase—a sentiment which the gentlemen of England, at all events, cannot find it difficult to imagine as pertaining to their own consciousness. To describe the share it holds in the life of the majority of dogs, and the degree to which their intelligence unfolds in the congenial pursuit, would swell this paper to a volume. Another propensity which the dog partially shares with men is the Histrionic. Nobody who has watched a dog closely can doubt that he frequently amuses himself by performing an imaginary scene and representing an unreal passion. At one moment he acts a dog in a rage, and pretends to be savage, and the next he acts a dog in terror, and runs round barking wildly at a Mrs. Harris. Playing with a puppy half his size he pretends to fly with tail down and ears laid back, scampering as if for his life. With his companion dog or cat he constantly performs an impromptu drama of the sensational kind, whose '*motif*' is generally an imaginary quarrel. After a fearful amount of struggling, biting, and growling, in which excellent care is taken that neither of the performers receive the smallest hurt, he finally pretends to throttle his victim, and enacts the closing scene with a tragic *furor* equal to Salvini in 'Othello.' After the piece, like other great actors, he is wont to take a drink behind the scenes.

There remain now to be considered only certain higher feelings—the sympathetic, the religious, and the moral—whose possession by dogs are all commonly denied. It has been asserted, over and over again, that one of the chief distinctions between man and the races below him lies in his Sympathy; that brutes kill or forsake their disabled companions, and man alone pities and assists his brother. That the power to feel such sympathy is the divinest thing in man we are prepared to admit. Measured by the true standard of things, intellectual progress

is of small account compared to advance in the power of unselfish love. The lowest of human beings is, not the dullest and most ignorant, but the most unfeeling; and the highest is, not the cleverest or most learned, but he who has warmest sympathies; and if, indeed, the lower tribes of earth and air partake in no degree of such feelings, then is the gulf between them and our race far wider than is opened by their lack of power to follow the philosopher through his inductions, or the poet through his flights of imagination.

It is clear at first sight that animals have, as a rule, far *less* power of sympathy than civilized man, and that there exists in many of their tribes an instinct of a contrary sort (very painful to witness, though undoubtedly beneficent in its general action) to destroy the wounded and decrepit. Nevertheless it appears to be entirely an error to suppose that the higher animals are without that sense of pain at the sight of the pain of others wherein consists the first element of human sympathy. The care of birds to relieve the wants of their young can only be explained as springing from such a sentiment; and, if this be set down as a blind parental impulse, we have only to go a little further and find them, and many kinds of mammals, feeling manifest distress at the sight of the sufferings of their mates and companions. Elephants in particular positively refuse to drag a sick comrade against his will, and show their pity by every means in their power. To keep, however, to our special theme of canine character the following anecdotes seem to dispose of the more obscure part of the question—that of the sympathy of dogs with other dogs. The first is vouched for by Mrs. Montague Blackett, daughter of the Dean of Bristol:—

'The scene of Waif's adventures is Whitefield-hall, in Northumberland, belonging to Mrs. Blackett Ord. He was first seen in the spring of 1871: one of the girls noticed him near one of the lodges, and a little time afterwards a groom found him in a disused horse-box in the stables, and turned him out. After this he was seen occasionally about the woods, which are full of game, and so became "*suspect*" to the keepers, who tried to get near enough to shoot him, but never succeeded in catching the little wary beast off his guard. The children sometimes saw what one of them called a "ghost-dog," near the house, but could never get a good sight of it. I first saw him in November. It was cold, frosty weather, with snow lying on the ground; and looking out of my bedroom window, I saw the poor creature, with miserable, ragged and matted coat, and a half-starved wolfish look prowling about the shrubbery, looking for old bones left by the well-fed dogs of the house. I saw him attempt to speak to a Pomeranian lady, but she

rejected his feeble attempts at sociability with contempt, and he fled back into the woods. I offered a reward to any one who would bring him unhurt to me; but though he visibly grew weaker and weaker, and could not run very fast, he always escaped from his would-be captors. One day, about a fortnight after I first saw him, my cousin went downstairs rather early in the morning. It was bright and sunny, and the housemaid had left open the glass-door opening on some steps leading to the lawn. My cousin was going to shut it, when she saw the "wild-dog" approaching, looking up wistfully at a fine young dog, half St. Bernard half mastiff, who was answering the appealing glance by a friendly wagging of the tail. E—— kept very quiet, half-hidden behind the curtain, and watched what went on. Bernard marched a little way towards the steps, glancing round now and then encouragingly at his humble friend who followed timidly, and occasionally stopped with a "don't betray me" expression, quite pitiful to see. On this, Bernard would stop too, and cock his ears in a lively manner, and wag his tail, and altogether look so engaging, that by slow degrees, he coaxed the frightened creature right up the steps, and even induced him to go into the drawing-room, though he did not go in himself, only being allowed to do so on rare occasions. E—— judiciously remained hid and quiet, and the governess, who had also watched the proceedings, cleverly darted out of doors from another door, and shut the glass-door from the outside, and so there was our friend fairly entrapped, and Bernard coolly walked away, after looking at E——, as much as to say, "Now you look after the poor fellow—my part is done." Poor Waiif, when he found himself shut into the drawing room, was beside himself with fright, and was so like a wild beast, we were rather alarmed. We put down food, but he would not eat, and sat glaring and panting and growling ludicrously in a corner, a melancholy object. At last a valiant footman put on a pair of housemaid's gloves and suddenly seizing him by his neck, carried him off to the gamekeeper, who waited outside, and who "gentled" him most cleverly. In ten minutes the dog was perfectly tame and quiet, let himself be clipped and washed, and carried off to the keeper's own house, where he still abides in great peace and amity, much beloved by the keeper's children.'

The friendly St. Bernard, who here acted as 'guide, philosopher, and friend' to the poor little poodle, certainly proved himself capable of sympathy with his kind. So also did another large dog, whose mistress, Mrs. Charles Eden, has favoured us with the following details of his kindly actions:—

'Rover was a Labrador dog, and much attached to a small dog named Aline. On one occasion Aline was missing for several days, and at last it was discovered that she had a little family of puppies, which she had hidden in a hole in a bank on Ascott Heath, and thither for many days Rover had carried her

some of his dinner. Rover also fought with another dog, and wounded him severely, after which he persisted for a long time in bringing his enemy a portion of his own food till he had recovered.'

Another anecdote is equally good:—

'A large well-fed dog was observed on a very rainy day, sitting under shelter in his own den in the yard of a country house, and watching a strange dog who was standing drenched through, in miserable plight. After thinking about it for some time, the big dog suddenly sprang up, crossed the yard, jumped as he was accustomed at the latch of a wood-house till it opened, and then, leaving the door open for the wet dog to enter, returned to his own abode, and rolled himself up in the peace of a *mens conscia recti*.'

Again, a very pretty story is vouched for by the lady to whom the dog belonged, the wife of Archdeacon Bland:—

'The dog belonged to us at Whitburn. It was half Danish, and had a great attachment to my pony, which on one occasion was severely hurt. When the pony was well enough to be turned into a field, we constantly brought it carrots and other good things; and as constantly saw Traveller rush off into the garden, return with two or three fallen apples in his mouth, lay them on the grass before the pony, and then watch him eating them with the greatest demonstration of pleasure.'

Colonel Hamilton Smith ('Naturalist's Library,' vol. x. p. 86) says that he himself saw a water-spaniel plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a little cur, maliciously thrown into it.

These incidents are certainly sufficient to prove the most difficult part of our problem, namely, the capacity of dogs to sympathize with their own kind. As to their power of sympathizing with man, it is a matter concerning which no one possessed of an attached dog ever entertained a doubt. The dejection of the dog when his master is in affliction, his feverish anxiety when he is ill, his fury when he is struck by a foe or operated on by a surgeon, his fond efforts at consolation at sight of his tears, and his demonstrations of ecstasy at his restoration to health and cheerfulness, are all facts equally familiar and affecting. How many lonely, deceived, and embittered hearts have been saved from breaking or turning to stone by the humble sympathy of a dog. He who saw them alone can tell. The fact that an attached dog, almost like a fond mother, loves us, irrespective of our opinions, our worldly standing, our beauty, or our abilities; that he does not want to argue with us about our politics or our theology; that he will revere us none the less if we should become bankrupt in fame and fortune, and

admire us as much as ever when we grow old, ugly, and stupid; nay, further, that he shows his humble love and beseeches for ours, in those caresses for which many of us hunger in heart, though reserve and habit forbid us to ask or give them freely to our fellows:—in a word, that a dog should be so *much*, and yet, so fortunately, no *more*, like a human being, might surely prove a subject for curious speculation to those who believe that the faculty for developing such instincts came from no Divine foresight and that Jocelyn was all wrong to think

‘Et par quelle pitié pour nos cœurs Il vous donne,
Pour aimer celui que n’aime plus personne.’

In his awful description of the death of Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Froude tells us how her little dog was found to have followed her to the scaffold, hidden under her flowing robes, and that when her head had fallen, the poor creature, in the agony of its grief, lay down precisely in the severed place of the neck. Is it imaginable how the sympathy of a dumb mourner could be more forcibly expressed? Another story of a lighter sort was recently published in the entertaining pages of ‘Animal World,’ and illustrates the same sentiment in a less tragic way. We quote from memory:—

‘A lady was seriously ill, and confined to her bedroom, to which her favourite dog was rarely granted entrance. The servants of the lady daily made beef-tea for her, and threw the meat, after the juice had been extracted, to the dog. Apparently the brute came to the conclusion that his dear mistress was being starved, or at all events that his piece of meat would do her good. Waiting a favourable opportunity, in the evening he stole into her room with the beef in his mouth, and when she awoke she found it deposited as an offering of affection on her pillow!’

Beside our active sympathy with our kind, we human beings have all a certain passive sympathy, causing us to take pleasure in their approval and pain in their contempt. If they were only to us so many useful or hurtful machines, like steam-engines, this sentiment would be impossible; whereas, as we are actually constituted, we can no more help feeling a reflex of their feelings towards us than the earth and moon can help reflecting each other's light. We all live, like Don Quixote, if not exactly expecting a Sage to be engaged in writing our memoirs, yet with the consciousness that there are relations, friends, a great or a little world, taking note of our doings. A proof of the close alliance between dogs and men is that in this way dogs feel like ourselves. The dog who lives

under a sense of public disapproval in the household to which he belongs, nay, towards whom some one person habitually looks reprovingly, obviously suffers misery under the cloud. His spirits droop, he moves about in a humble and sneaking manner, and often, like an ill-treated child, adopts deceitful ways foreign to his original character. Only when some member of the circle caresses him and leads him far away from the ill-omened home, does his spirit revive and his tail reassume its normal elevation. Praised and petted dogs, on the contrary, manifestly develop all their finest qualities in a continual interchange of sympathy with their masters, whose characters re-act on theirs in the most singular manner. The creature ‘grows like the being he worships’ in all respects in which his nature permits of likeness. The dog of a brave man is brave, or of a coward, cowardly; ill-temper and suspiciousness in the master are reflected in his *hargneux* spaniel or terrier; and good-humour, sociability, activity, indolence, cheerfulness, melancholy, generosity, dignity, impudence, cringing, with a score of other human characteristics, are reflected in dogs even after a few months of association.

Further, beside the feeling of sympathy with man, a dog entertains towards his owner a sentiment of loyal *allegiance*, which may properly be considered as his own master-passion—the one which overrides his love of his own species, his desire for pleasure, or even, in many cases, his care for self-preservation. Like Rousseau, he thinks ‘être avec celui qu’on aime cela suffit.’ The princely motto, ‘Ich dien,’ might justly be his, for he lives but to serve and obey to the utmost of his strength and intelligence. He grudges nothing for his master, resents nothing that he does to him, and trusts him even when, like the miserable French vivisector, he tries on him an ‘*expérience morale*,’ and tests how much torture he will bear before his love turns to fear and hate.

There is nothing in ordinary human affections directed towards mortal superiors parallel to this passion of allegiance of the dog for his master. The loyalty of the old knight to King Arthur, of a Brahmin to his Guroo, of the Assassins to the Old Man of the Mountain, of the favoured slaves to Nero, of Boswell to Johnson, of a Jacobite of 1745 to the Chevalier—these are, in their various ways, the nearest parallels history offers of the exceptional development in man of dog-like allegiance towards a fellow-man. But there is another form of the same sentiment, widely diffused among mankind, namely, man's allegiance to God. When we endeavour to picture to ourselves how

a dog feels towards a just and kind master, we find the nearest parallel and illustration of his humble devotion in our own Religion. Nay, had one of the Hebrew prophets devised an acted allegory to illustrate to dull mortals the elementary feelings of religion, it would have been scarcely possible for him to have thought of one closer than the parable which is shown to us every day at our firesides by our humble dependants. There is, indeed, the touching change of characters in the scene which makes us lords in one case as we are servants in the other, and so allows our own mercifulness to become the measure of the mercy we have a claim to expect. But, beside this, how wonderful is the parallel! The obedience which hastens to follow joyfully every call; the gratitude which accepts every pleasure as a gift; the patient trust which, having taken good, is ready also to take evil; the loyalty which never swerves or questions whether it will pay best to serve one master or another; the love which is the lode-star of the whole life, and which gradually assimilates in a faint and far-off way the lower nature to the higher—have not all these things a real analogy with human piety? Even the terms on which we hold our faith have their counterpart in that of a dog. The animal knows his master only as his master—as the superior being who directs him, and allots his pains and pleasures. Of what he is in the higher region of his thoughts and purposes, as poet, philosopher, or statesman, the dog knows nothing, though he may be dimly conscious that he is powerful, and that he works for ends incomprehensible to his humble dependant. As the dog rises in capacity, and does useful service in field or on hillside, he begins to understand the hunter or the shepherd's intentions. But to the last there is a world in the man's nature hidden from the sight of the brute. In all this, is there not singular analogy between the animal's knowledge of us, and our knowledge of our great Master?—a knowledge *true, so far as it goes*; and even it may be to the faithful soul, in a certain sense, intimate; but yet so limited, that the insect, whose universe is an oak leaf, knows as much of the tree. For us, too, is there not the possibility, through obedient toil and development through this life, and all lives to come, to learn somewhat more of Him of whom old Hooker said well, that 'though to know Him be life, and joy to make mention of His name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him, and that our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, whereby we confess without

confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness beyond our capacity and reach'?

Thus in endeavouring to construct an idea of the Consciousness of a dog, we seem bound to include in it a sentiment corresponding singularly with that which in ourselves we name the Religious, but which differs from ours by two sad distinctions. First, the dog worships a being always imperfect, and often cruel; and, secondly, he worships him with a blind homage which never ascends to that rational moral allegiance of a free human soul, which adores supreme Power only when identified with supreme Goodness.

Superstition, or the awe of the Unknown, has been treated by some thinkers as the primary germ of religion, and by others, far more justly, as its shadow. This shadow certainly falls on the dog no less than on man. The bravest dog will continually show signs of terror at the sight of an object which he does not understand, such as the skin of a dead monkey, the snake of a hookah, a pair of bellows, or a rattle. That the animal fancies there is something more than merely dangerous, something 'uncanny' and preternatural about such things, is apparent from his behaviour, which in the case of real danger is aggressively daring, and in that of imaginary peril abjectly timorous. All the stories of the alarm of dogs in the presence of apparitions prove, not, indeed, that the dog sees the ghost, but that he is able fully to sympathize with human fear of spectres; while if he only caught scent of a burglar (the worst real foe which could well be in question), he would fly at his throat without a minute's hesitation. Dogs also frequently establish Fetishes for themselves in the shape of any odd-looking block or stone, in a manner singularly analogous to that still practised by the rural Hindoos, as described in Mr. Lyall's remarkable article ('Fortnightly Review,' January, 1872), 'The Religion of an Indian Province.' The writer's own dog has several times thus selected a stump in the woods as her fetish, and performed round it (at a respectful distance) a vocal and saltatory *cultus* extremely resembling that of a Howling Dervish. Interrupted in her devotions by her owner striking the fetish with an umbrella, the dog's shrieks of fear were instantly changed for the joyous bark of a triumphant iconoclast; and having been encouraged to approach her nose to the idol, its claims to reverence were always instantly and permanently dissipated,—a result perhaps not quite unparalleled in the history of human superstition.

The Moral nature of dogs, which must now be discussed, offers the most difficult of the problems concerning them. In treating of it, we must carefully keep in mind the often forgotten distinction between the possession of the most generous and beautiful impulses, and the power to exert a choice between following them, or others of a lower nature. That the dog possesses the noblest impulses is beyond a doubt. Even the loftiest achievements of human virtue, the sacrifice of life for the welfare of another, has probably been more often attained by a dog than by a man; and a canine Curtius might be found in every street. But a dog has many low impulses, as well as many high ones; and before we properly recognize him as a moral agent, it would be needful to show that he can exercise discrimination between the two.

That a dog has a Will and choice of action in the vulgar sense, it would be idle to deny. Nothing, indeed, is more *wilful* than the animal thus understood, insomuch that 'bull-dog tenacity' has become a proverb. Obviously, too, he is often 'of two minds,' whether he will follow one person or another, obey his master or enjoy an escapade; and his final decision is made on the balance of his likings and dislikings, fears and hopes. Does this Wilfulness then constitute the dog a Moral Free Agent, and must responsibility accompany such exercises of volition? Certainly not. But to find ground on which to deny his responsibility while admitting his wilfulness, we must go far below the superficial idea of moral freedom commonly in vogue, and fall back on some such theory as that of Kant. Were man himself only determined by motives of liking and disliking, hope and fear, Necessarian philosophers would be perfectly justified in holding him to be nothing but a link in the unbroken chain of causes and effects. The freedom of the human will can only be logically maintained by those who believe that, besides his lower nature, blindly guided by such motives, man has also a higher will whose choice is independent of them, and is determined not by the agreeability but the rightfulness of the action proposed to it. By this real freedom alone, man is enabled, as Kant says ('Grundlegung der Sitten') to 'originate events independently of foreign determining causes,' being himself (as a *Homo Noumenon*) a cause in the supersensible world wherein lie the ultimate grounds of all phenomena. Only when man exerts this higher will is he truly free, no longer passive under his 'passions,' but an inheritor of 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' At other times, and when he yields either to the desire

of pleasure or fear of pain, present or future, though he *appears* wilful in the common sense, his actions are really as much locked up in the necessary sequence of cause and effect, as the development of a plant or the course of the stars. They are determined by the balance of his inclinations, and of the solicitations presented to them, and these are regulated by antecedent circumstances ascending back from the beginning of things.

That the dog has any Moral Freedom of the real sort is more than doubtful. Even in a deaf, dumb, and blind human being the possession of such freedom makes itself felt through the silence and darkness which encompass the soul; and, wherever it exists the whole range of intelligence and character of behaviour must, it should seem, differ widely from anything we recognize in the animal. If dogs possessed any inner law compelling them to place moral good before the gratification of desire, we must have perceived such a fact manifested on a thousand occasions in their conduct; and that we never observe such manifestations justifies our presumption that they are not responsible when they commit actions which would involve heinous guilt in a man, nor, strictly speaking, virtuous, even when they perform heroic deeds of self-sacrifice. The elements of the moral life are there. They have the passions and desires which form the *warp* of our own. But the *woof* of free choice, determined by love of Right for its own sake, they never throw; or if they do so, it is so rarely and obscurely as to elude our ken. And here we find ethical explanation of the fact that man may justly appropriate to himself the whole existence of an animal; whereas to reduce a fellow-man to similar slavery is a portentous crime. The dog, having no true moral freedom, is none the worse, nor are the ends of his being defeated by his will becoming absorbed in the will of his master. If he is made happy, his highest end is attained, and no wrong, but a benefit, is done him. But for the man, who possesses moral freedom, and whose proper end is the virtue to be worked out thereby, enslavement, whether physical like that of the Negro, or spiritual like that of the Jesuit, is the most grievous of all wrongs and injuries; and even the master who secures his absolute felicity in such a state of degradation, has still been guilty towards him of 'the sum of all villainies.'

To imagine, then, the moral state of the dog, we have only to conceive ourselves with nearly all our present passions and emotions, to each of which we should passively yield in turn as temptation offered, without

either thought of resistance or sense of guilt in so yielding. We should often balance in our minds which line of conduct would be most Pleasant, or most Prudent, but never which would be Right. We should live in much such a Golden Age, as the old poets sang, when there was no antithesis between virtue and pleasure, and no remorse for self-indulgence; but wherein, likewise, the sublime joy of triumph and the sacred hope of growing better and holier must be equally unknown.

Added to his possession of passions and lack of moral freedom, we must, in our estimate of the dog's consciousness, take into account the fact that he is the docile companion of a being who is morally free, and who is constantly teaching him some of the rules, though he cannot apprehend the principles of human morality. The dog is *frotté* with morality, though never moral. The influence of this reflex morality is very singular to notice, and would deserve more investigation than can here be given to it. There are regions of his nature wherein our culture and the intense sympathy he feels with us, almost seem to make the dog feel like ourselves. The external virtues of honesty and fidelity (always, historically, the earliest recognized and implying the lesser ethical development) he appears to learn. The more inward, personal virtues of temperance, chastity, &c., seem as much outside his comprehension at his loftiest elevation, as the friend of a Newton, as at his lowest degradation, as the slave of an Australian cannibal.

In view of these facts, we are inclined to propound the hypothesis that a dog's nature will best be understood by reverting to the analogy drawn a few pages back between his devotion to his master and human religious feelings towards God. The dog's virtues and vices are all those of a faithful worshipper who has no other law beside the arbitrary will of his Deity. If Ockham's heresy were true philosophy, if right and wrong existed only in the arbitrary will of God, if He could make good evil and evil good; and finally if this God were as weak and changeable as the human master whom the dog adores, then we should have almost a perfect analogue of the dog's moral state. He has no faculty for discerning what is good or evil in itself, or for loving the good independently, so as to prefer, like Mr. Mill, to 'go to hell' rather than flatter an evil master. Such as it is, however, we should do injustice to this religion of the dog if we omitted to remark that the reflected morality to which it leads him is something very different from the Utilitarianism of Paley and

Rutherford. If the dog can neither soar to the intuitive conception of a sublime 'categoric imperative,' demanding obedience to 'the law fit for law universal,' nor yet follow the teachers now in fashion by seeking a rule of action which shall tend to secure the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number,' he is nevertheless far above the level of a mere puppet, pulled only by the strings of hope and fear, reward and punishment. He acts continually from pure love and sympathy, with perfect disinterestedness. Nobody ever taught, or could teach a dog to attack a burglar, to rouse his master in case of fire (like the poor spaniel recently described in the 'Times,' who was burnt to death in the achievement), or to spend long years, like Grey-Friar's Bobby, mourning on his grave.

Those distinguished living philosophers who tell us that the human moral sense is nothing more than a 'mystic extension' of the sense of Utility graven on our brains by the experience of a thousand generations, may perhaps be willing to concede the existence of a similar 'set' of the canine brain towards Fidelity, going on since the remote era when the wolf was domesticated, and became ennobled into the dog, while the descendants of the gorilla rose into the man. But however this may be, it is certain that no self-interest, such as the dog can possibly understand, can account for a multitude of actions he has been proved to perform in behalf of his idol. That he loves to be ruled and guided, even to excess, by his master, and to be made sensible at every moment of the higher nature above him, is extremely clear. As a writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' blamed the English nation for not perceiving that Ireland would be more contented if she were 'much more governed,' and made to feel the strong hand extended from Downing Street every time a pump was wanted in Connemara, so the dog, like the Gaul and the Celt, decidedly enjoys being 'very much governed,' and directed what to do and to leave undone. His political views, in short, should we ever enjoy an opportunity of learning them by a *really* universal suffrage, will manifestly incline in favour of a Caesarism 'mitigated' by *panem et Circenses*, which he will interpret to signify 'bones, and the chase.'

In addition, then, to what has been said above regarding the consciousness of the dog on the side of morality, we may, in our endeavour to picture it, conceive ourselves attached to a superior being in such an absolute manner that his will should be our only law. 'All human virtue,' says Suabedissen, 'is a lawgiving to ourselves. Where

the lawgiving ceases sin begins.' Of such self-lawgiving our humble friend knows nothing. It is to be feared that the task of imagining what human life would be without it is one which experience renders only too easy to most of us; while few have ever intensely loved a fellow-mortal without being able at least to guess what it may mean to cast to the winds every other sentiment, and make his will our law, his love our heaven, and himself our god. Perhaps this study of canine psychology may not prove useless if it throw into relief the solemn truth, that all such idolatry addressed to a man and even such adoration of an invisible God as disregards His righteousness and is content to believe Him less than perfectly good and holy, are alike beneath the level of true human religion, and belong only to the order of feelings proper to the brute.

We now touch on the second problem. We have seen how a dog Feels, we must endeavour to form an idea how he Thinks. Recurring to our postulate that Thought is Thought in whatsoever brain it be carried on, and dismissing the vain attempt to distinguish between Instinct and Reason as probably arbitrary and certainly beside the purpose of our investigation, we may proceed to trace, so far as our materials permit, the circumference of the dog's mental powers. The following facts may serve as points to guide our outline. In the first place the mechanism of a dog's mind obviously includes several of the same wheels and pulleys as our own. He has *Memory* of persons, places, and events, extending backward to his early youth, and it is stirred, precisely like ours, according to the same law of *association of ideas*. When his master has deserted him, and in his despair the dog takes some cast-off garment and lies upon it for days together, growling at every one who tries to lure him away, what can we suppose he is doing? Obviously he is using the old coat or shoe, to bring him nearer to his lost friend; just as many of us have treasured a flower or a lock of hair; or as a hagiolater kneels beside the relics of his saint. Further, association of ideas enables him often in default of language to understand what men are doing about him. Having once seen guns elaborately cleaned preparatory to the 12th of August, the sight of the process next year fills him with rapturous anticipation of sport. The little differences of Sunday hours and costumes prove to him the hopelessness of an invitation to the walk which is to end at church. On other days the taking up of a hat, or stick, is enough to make him leap for joy, the exhibition of a whip to cringe, and the sight of a trunk,

to enter into paroxysms of anxiety. Beside memory and association of ideas—both working in his narrow sphere, probably, as perfectly as they act in our wider one—the dog may be proved to possess a certain share of *Fancy* or *Imagination*. The remarks made regarding his propensity to act little dramas, showed thus much, at all events, as also his habit of fancying something terrible in odd-looking objects. By his dreams it is manifest that he either exactly reproduces by involuntary cerebration the precise events impressed on his memory, or, as is much more probable, that his brain, like ours, weaves them into fresh combinations. In the latter case, and supposing the dog to have a real dream of an imaginary chase after a hare, or battle with a cat, it almost necessarily follows that he can exercise the same faculty of pure Imagination awake, and that when he lies blinking in the sun or on the rug, he follows out, in his own little way, a reverie much like our own, combining what has been and what might be, in a visionary scene of which either hope or fear acts as the scene-shifter. *Judgment*, or an intelligent decision between probabilities, is unquestionably one of the faculties of a dog. A clever dog is one of the best discriminators of character in the world. He distinguishes at a glance a tramp or swell-mob from a gentleman even in the most soiled attire. He has also a keen sense of the relative importance of persons, and never fails to know who is the master of the house.

By the help of these faculties, memory, association of ideas, fancy, and judgment, a dog can make plans and deliberately arrange how to compass his ends. His memory, for example, supplies him with a picture of a delightful chase; his imagination suggests the surreptitious enjoyment of another. Thereupon he contrives to steal away unperceived on a poaching expedition, whereto he probably invites a serviceable companion, and the two truants do the work of finding and catching game quite as cleverly as if under the guidance of their master. When the stolen sweets have been tasted, fear of punishment spurs the dog's imagination to the trick of getting back into his kennel, perhaps over a high wall, or, as has several times happened, of wriggling his head back into his collar. One of the cleverest devices of a dog in this line was the artifice of a poodle, recorded in Martin's 'History of the Dog' (p. 185), who, observing her master drop a gold coin on the floor in an hotel, sat for the whole day with the money in her mouth, refusing to eat, lest she should drop it, till her owner

returned, when she instantly laid it at his feet. Numberless other stories are recorded of dogs obviously acting with deliberate design to draw attention to facts, such as the murder of their master, &c. A story of this kind, which it is probable few 'general readers' have perused, is to be found in the 'Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln,' prefaced by the observation that Hugh was not 'apt in trifling talk,' but 'serious as became a bishop.' Nevertheless he guaranteed the veracity of the following narrative, which (translated from the monkish Latin) runs as follows:—

'Instigated by the Enemy the wife of a certain merchant, tenant of his father, and known to himself, killed her husband and buried him in a fallow field. Now, on bringing home his wares, this merchant had been wont to wait upon his lord. But on a time when all knew he had arrived, the lord began to marvel that he had not seen him. Wishing, therefore, to know what had happened, the lord went with his knights to the merchant's house. There the faithless woman, blandly saluting him, deplored her husband's going away so speedily: "Nay, after so long absence, he would lodge with me scarcely one night. He started at dawn. I know not when he will come back." All this while the house-dog (*canis domesticus*) by pawings, howlings, and gestures, was seeking to make known what he knew of the matter. Nor would he quit the lord at all, going on in front of him, leaping up as if to clasp him, or grovelling on the ground, moaning continually. The knights watched him, and presently he set off for the field. By sign and voice, as if he were pleading with the lord, he led on till he had brought them to the spot. Then, at the very furrow, which, as if by the plough, had been cunningly turned over, he set about tearing the clods with his teeth, scratching the earth with his paws. The men also digging with their hands, at length drew forth the corpse, and recognized it as that of the merchant.' (*Magna Vita S. Hugonis*, lib. i. ch. iii. pp. 15, 16.)

The better-known story of the Dog of Montargis ends with the dog fighting his master's murderer in regular combat. Plutarch ('*De Solertia Animalium*,' c. 13, quoted by Watson) tells a similar anecdote of a dog whom Pyrrhus adopted, having found him lying on his master's corpse. When attached to the king, the dog darted one day on two soldiers who proved to be the assassins. St. Ambrose, Giraldus Cambrensis, and Benvenuto Cellini, all tell parallel narratives.

The dog also frequently goes through the somewhat complicated mental process involved in conscious *deception*. He pretends to be asleep, or invents excuses to lag behind in a walk, or after stealing food, when he hears a step at the door, shrinks back

into his kennel, and lays himself down in an attitude betokening long unbroken repose. The most diverting instance of a beast's hypocrisy of this kind which we have heard is one thus described by Mrs. Symonds, of Clifton:—

'The dog was a poodle puppy, called Baldi. One night, after we had all gone to the play, supper having been laid ready for our return, we found the pigeon-pie in this condition: one pigeon having been abstracted, and the hole cleverly filled up with a bit of damp inky sponge, which my father' (the late Mr. North) 'always kept in a glass on his writing table to wipe his pens on. Baldi looked terribly guilty, and there was no doubt where the pigeon was gone; but why he should have thought of concealing his guilt by filling up the hole, I have not an idea.'

The delightful history of Japanese Wow, told in the 'Spectator,' describes how the little gentleman carried on his deceptions by the help of the cat, whom, by some unknown means, he persuaded to fetch up bones for their joint supper behind the curtain in his master's study.

Again, the great intuition on which so much of human reasoning is based—that the same cause will always produce the same effect—is manifestly possessed by the canine mind as by our own. The dog observes that a certain result follows on a certain action, *e. g.* the opening of a door on ringing a bell, and though it is more than doubtful whether he has any idea of the *modus operandi* of the charm, he uses his 'open sesame' with implicit faith. In one of the works at the head of this article, which now possesses a mournful interest from the horrible story of its author, 'The Reasoning Power in Animals,' by the Rev. J. Selby Watson, there is a series of authenticated stories of this kind. One is of an Italian greyhound, who noticed that knocking at the door of a certain house was followed by its opening, and who continued to leap at the knocker till he thus obtained admission. Another, more curious, is of a dog belonging to a convent in France, who observed that each of the twenty paupers fed at the *tour* rang a bell for his dinner, which was pushed to him through the hole. The dog regularly rang the bell and obtained a pauper's portion for himself for a long time till the mystery of the twenty-first applicant caused a watch to be set and the impostor to be detected. We are happy to be informed that the monks allowed this dog to ring for his dinner to the day of his death. Mr. Nassau Senior, in an article in this 'Review,' described how he himself saw a terrier seek to obtain entrance into the forbidden precincts of Merton Common Room by simulating a violent quarrel with another (ima-

ginary) dog at the door—a real quarrel the day before having led to his admission by his master to save his life.

Strangest and most suggestive of all the anecdotes recorded of dogs are the numerous histories of their drowning themselves, under conditions which almost compel us to class the act as voluntary and conscious suicide. Not long ago many newspapers copied a mournful story of a poor dog who was cruelly discarded in his old age by his master, and after ineffectual efforts to find shelter in another house, was seen deliberately to stand gazing at the rushing waters of the Loire, then painfully lift himself on his crippled limbs and leap into the stream. The spectator held out a stick to save him, but the beast gave him a look of despair, turned away his head, and floated down without an effort to save himself. Similar incidents are to be found in Jesse's 'Anecdotes of Dogs' (p. 145), where we are told of the suicide of a handsome and valuable Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. Floyd, a solicitor at Holmfirth. The animal showed low spirits for some days, and then was seen to throw himself into the water, where he endeavoured to sink by keeping his legs perfectly still. Being dragged out, he returned time after time to the river, till at last he succeeded in keeping his head under the water long enough to extinguish life. Mr. Nicol, of Pall Mall, told Mr. Jesse that he had likewise seen an old foxhound deliberately drown himself, and that he was ready to make oath of the fact. In the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is another tale of canine suicide; and Mr. George Jesse ('Researches,' vol. i. p. 157) gives from an 'original source' the account of a little Havana dog who drowned himself at Honfleur. It is hard to resist the conclusion that, if these tales be true, the creatures who thus acted both knew what death is, and also were able deliberately to decide that the short pain of death was better than the prolonged one of a miserable life. Even supposing the dog, however, to possess the very high mental faculties needed for such an argument, the further manifestation of deliberate will, powerful enough to conquer the natural clinging to life of all creatures, and to make the animal resolutely keep his head under water when a few strokes of his paws would save him, is most amazing. It is much to be wished that an anecdote of this class could be thoroughly sifted and verified.

From such a general view of canine intelligence, it appears an irresistible conclusion that all (or nearly all) the elementary machinery of the human mind is present and active in the brain of a dog. There are Memory, Reflection, Combination, Forethought, Asso-

ciation of Ideas, and that process of arguing from cause to effect which we are wont to consider as Reasoning, strictly so called. The limitations within which this mental machinery works are indeed narrow, seldom proceeding beyond three or four steps at furthest, and dealing only, so far as we can guess, with matters immediately perceived by the senses; but nevertheless it is incumbent on us to recognize that, *so far as it goes*, the thought of a dog is the same sort of phenomenon as the thought of a man, carried on doubtless with similar modifications of cerebral matter, and being to the creature who thinks, to all intents and purposes the same action.

To comprehend what it would be to think under the conditions which limit the thoughts of a dog, we have need in the first place, to endeavour clearly to realize what it would be to think without Language—not merely as a dumb individual in a speaking race, but as a dumb creature in a dumb race, not even possessed of hands wherewith to make an alphabet of signs. Under such conditions it is apparent that we should hold a wholly different intellectual rank from that which we possess as masters of this matchless instrument. It is not only for communication with our fellows but for all the higher processes of thought that words are indispensable, and without their use the finest human brain would be able to conduct its operations a very little way in comparison of the long ascents it performs with the aid of such a ladder. All thought which rises above mere reverie, is a more or less defined *thinking in words*; and the more serious and weighty are our lucubrations, and the more abstruse their theme, the more we need definite language to carry them on. When a man loses the free use of his native tongue in acquiring familiarity with another, he frequently observes the important influence on his thoughts exercised by the transition when he begins to think in the new language; and every one who has attempted to grapple with questions of metaphysics and ontology is well aware how indispensable to such labour are the tools provided by a philosophical vocabulary. Geometry could not proceed beyond the simplest propositions without an accurate terminology; and without the names or figures of numbers, our conceptions of the numbers themselves would hardly extend beyond the five fingers which limit the calculation of the savage. To conceive, then, the limitation of a dog's intellect, we must begin by supposing ourselves always thinking, without aid from language; remembering without any verbal mnemonics; observing, without power to give a name to the thing observed; and rea-

soning, without the stepping-stones of any formulæ, which, when once accepted, might serve as bases to the next operations.

It would carry this inquiry into regions of very abstruse speculation to argue the question which here arises, 'Is the lack of language and of abstract ideas so closely involved that the dumbness of the dog implies his want of such ideas? We can only remark in passing, that as a creature without words could seemingly make little or no use of such ideas, and as it is gratuitous to suppose that any creature possesses faculties both occult and superfluous, we may fairly assume that the dog possesses neither one nor the other.

Lastly, we reach the concluding problem of the dog's Consciousness. Human thought is not only occupied with its *objects*, but also carries with it more or less self-consciousness of its *subject*. It turns outward to the world, and also inward. Endless profound things have been written about this self-conscious 'Ich,' which we carry with us in every soaring and diving of imagination and reason—this 'Ego,' whose antagonism to the 'non-ego' is said to be the first perception of the awakening mind. But, whatever be its mysterious significance, are we bound to limit it to the mind of a man, and to hold that the dog's mind never turns inwards—that he never thinks that marvellous thought '*I am*'?

It has been long ago assumed that so it is; that the animal never gathers up memory and consciousness into one personality; never studies himself or compares himself with other beings, or thinks '*I am a dog*.' Such self-consciousness, the sense of moral responsibility, and the power of forming abstract ideas, are, in truth, it would appear, three phases of the same thing—three things which must exist together or not at all. If the evidence that dogs have no moral responsibility and no abstract ideas be sufficient, the further fact of their having no self-consciousness may be taken for granted; even if the absolute simplicity of their demeanour did not bear with it an assurance, beyond need of argument, that none of the doublings of self-introspection have ever disturbed the pellucid simplicity of their emotions and thoughts.

How, then, does a dog actually think, if he never carries his self-consciousness along with him? Let us remember the hours when that 'Old Man of the Sea' has sat lightest on our own shoulders; when, acting at the bidding of some strong feeling, or engrossed in some deep interest, we forgot almost entirely to reflect in our usual wearisome way that '*I*' am doing this, that, or the other. Let us study the mental condition of the

more light-hearted race of men, of children, and of savages. By a little further development of such experiences we shall find ourselves not far off from the point of the dog's state of mind. Merely to suppose ourselves always engrossed in what we are doing, as we are, for example, when we are reading or writing eagerly, watching a man in danger, or entering some sublime scene—and the feat is achieved. As we feel then, so the dog, in his own little sphere of interests, must feel always.

To sum up the conclusions arrived at in this paper. The dog's physical nature is, in every respect save his keener sense of smelling, inferior to our own. In the region of the passions and emotions he approaches us most nearly, falling short of us only where his intellect fails to apprehend the abstract objects which engage our feelings. Of moral free agency he does not partake; but his allegiance to man supplies him with a shadow of Duty and a Religion *minus* the moral element. Lastly, his mental faculties include all the fundamental machinery of the human intellect, and stop short only where the lack of language bars the path of consecutive reasoning, and the absence of self-consciousness makes self-introspection impossible.

If these views be correct, it would appear that a dog's consciousness lies in a circle wholly within the borders of our own. We do not differ from him (as Descartes so strangely supposed) as a living intelligence differs from a machine, nor yet (as many persons seem to think) as in a fairy-tale a man differs from an ogre or a fairy. The only true distinction to which we can lay claim, is that we have entered on a higher stage of being, albeit the elements of all our emotions and faculties remain essentially the same as those of the affectionate and intelligent animal. He lies indeed far beneath us in the scale of existence; but it is not at a distance wholly *incommensurate*. There is a proportion, albeit a remote one, between him and ourselves; nor can any popular error be more stupid than the cant (so common in the mouths of men of science) that they would freely torture hecatombs of dogs to relieve the smallest pain of a man. The glory of our human nature does not consist in the right to dip, like Cæsar Borgia, in a bath of blood; but rather in the power to feel, like God, compassion for the sparrow that falls, and pity for the meanest creature which suffers.

One point only remains to be touched, and that with great hesitation. Must our tenderness for our humble friends end at the hour when their brief lives come to a close? Is there no hope that something in the dog,

as well as something in man, may survive the dissolution of the fleshy frame? Undoubtedly many of the firmer grounds for human faith in immortality are wanting in the case of the creature who, so far as we discern, has no consciousness of such a destiny—no moral freedom, whose high purpose (so often failing here) must have fulfilment hereafter—no sense of that Divine communion which gives to the saint the assurance that 'God will not leave his soul in Hades, nor suffer His holy one to see corruption.' On the other hand, the unmerited sufferings of brutes lends warrant to the hope that perfect Justice will not leave them unrequited; while the veil which hangs over the 'how' and the 'whither' of the exodus of the human soul from the dissolving body, allows us at least room to speculate whether a similar law may not prevail with regard to the 'spirit of the beast,' when divided from its physical form. Referring to this last order of argument, after stating his reasons for believing that Thought and Will do not perish at death, Bishop Butler says ('Analogy,' p. 1, c. 1):—

'It is said that these observations are equally applicable to brutes; and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and, by consequence, capable of everlasting happiness. Now, this manner of expression is both invidious and weak, for the thing intended by it is really no difficulty at all. For, first, suppose the invidious thing were really implied (as it is not in the least in the natural immortality of brutes), namely, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become rational and moral agents, even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with. There was once, prior to experience, as great a presumption against human creatures, as there is against brutes arriving at the degree of understanding which we have in maturer years, for we can trace up our own existence to the same original with theirs. And we find it to be a general law of nature, that creatures endued with capacities for virtue and religion should be placed in a condition of being in which they were altogether without the use of them for a considerable length of their duration. And great part of the human species go out of the world before they come to the exercise of these capacities in any degree at all. But, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes does not in the least imply that they are indued with any latent capacities of a moral nature, and the economy of the universe might require that there should be living creatures (in the next world as in the present) without any capacities of the kind.'

These views of the great English philosopher and moralist, which would fill heaven with happy living creatures, may perhaps be supplemented by an argument, which has

the advantage of drawing a line between the higher brutes and the lower, whom we are commonly told must needs survive, if dogs and elephants be immortal. Accepting human immortality as a given basis of reasoning, we must admit that this wondrous heritage is acquired at a certain stage of being, and that there must be a stage antecedent to it. That the precise point on whose attainment such momentous consequences depend cannot be merely physical, or arbitrarily fixed at a given date, before birth or afterwards, appears equally clear. It must surely be determined by the development in the child of the mysterious—something above the purely vegetative or sentient life, for which that lower life is as the stalk to the flower, and the scaffolding to the temple. Now if this stage of development which ensures immortality be attained early in human life (let us say by a child of a year old), it would seem that an intelligent and devoted dog has certainly reached the same, and may, therefore, possibly have risen to the sphere of being wherein death is not extinction. The spark has been lighted which no longer goes out. Neither infant nor dog is yet possessed of either moral freedom, responsibility, or religion; but there are even more tokens in the brute than in the babe of an approach to, or at least preparation for, the reception of such high endowments, perhaps to be acquired when the narrow limitations of his present physical nature have been removed.

However these things may be in the unknown future world, it is clear enough that in the present our humble friends richly deserve our interest and our sympathy; and that we might render thanks for many a lesser comfort than a dog's affection, and preach on many a text less useful to remember than the quaint old words of the Zend Avesta ('Vendidad,' 13th Fargard, v. 75): 'The dog have I made, O Zarathustra, with his own clothing and his own shoes, with keen scent and sharp teeth, faithful to men; for I have made the dog, I who am Ahura Mazda.'

ART. V.—1. *Discurso Inaugural leído en la Sesión pública de la Academia Nacional de Nobles Artes de San Fernando.* (20 Noviembre, 1870). Por el Ilmo. Sr. D. Pedro de Madrazo. Madrid. 1870.

2. *Arte de la Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas.* Por Francisco Pacheco, vecino de Sevilla. Madrid, 1866.

We had occasion, in a recent article, to point out that to the genius of Giotto is to

be attributed the revival of painting in Italy at the beginning of the fourteenth century. The influence of his school, if not of the master himself, extended beyond the Alps, and to it may be equally assigned the revival of painting in other parts of Europe. Benedict XI. had invited him to decorate various public buildings at Avignon, but he was unable to visit that city, and the frescoes supposed to be by him are now known to be by Simone Martini (incorrectly called Memmi), who was of the Siennese school, which derived its principles and practice from Giotto. Later Gherardo Starnina, a Florentine 'Giottesque,' was induced to take service with 'the King of Spain,' for whom he executed many important works. Vasari says that being originally of a rude and boorish nature, he learnt manners from the Spaniards, and became genteel and courteous. There is reason to believe that in return he taught them the art of painting. He went to Spain in 1378, but was again in Florence in 1387. He was considered by his contemporaries a painter of ability, but none of his authentic works remain to enable us to judge of his merits. Again, in the first half of the fifteenth century Dello Delli, who enjoyed considerable reputation in Italy, established himself at Seville, where he appears to have been living and painting as late as 1466. After him a number of Italian artists—painters, sculptors, and architects—came to Spain. Even the art of enamelling on tiles, or 'majolica,' the invention of which is attributed to the Spanish Moors, was improved by a pupil of Lucca della Robbia, who on his works at Seville signs himself 'Niculoso Francisco Italiano.'

The influence of Italian art and artists throughout Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is in a great measure to be attributed to the cosmopolitan character of the Roman Catholic Church. Italian churchmen held episcopal sees and livings in Catholic countries, and those who could afford to do so sent for painters and sculptors from Italy to decorate their cathedrals, churches, and convents. In Spain another foreign influence contributed to form the national school of painting. The close connexion which existed after the accession of Charles V. between that country and the Netherlands brought many Flemish artists and pictures to the Peninsula. John Van Eyck himself, and other Flemings of eminence, had already visited Spain. The Spanish schools of painting of the fifteenth century show unquestionable evidence of this joint Italian and Flemish influence. Their peculiar or national characteristics, derived from national feelings and from local

causes, are a general sombre tone of colour, dark shadows, a strong coarse outline, a want of delicacy and refinement in drawing, expression and conception, and a complete absence of that exquisite poetical imagination which is the charm of the Italian schools even in their dawn. The art of painting was, no doubt, practised in Spain, especially in the northern provinces and Castile, before the Italian influence of the 'Giottesques' penetrated into the Peninsula, and the names of some ancient Spanish painters have been preserved; but their works are rude and barbarous. There probably existed in Spain, as in other parts of Europe, traditions of art derived from the Romans. We know of no early Spanish painting which shows their direct influence, but it may perhaps be traced in the metal and ivory-work, enamels, and architecture which are classed by Spanish writers under the general name of 'Byzantine.' The influence of the Arabs and Moors is principally seen in architecture and architectural ornamentation. The celebrated paintings on the ceilings of the 'Sala de Justicia,' in the Alhambra, are evidently the work of an Italian artist—perhaps a Florentine—and remind us of the Gaddi. In the Academy of History at Madrid is preserved a remarkable 'tabernacle' or reliquary from the convent of Piedra near Alhama, in Arragon, in which panels representing figures of angels and prophets, and subjects from the life of the Virgin and of the Passion of our Lord, of a purely Italian character, are inserted in a frame of a mixed Gothic and Moorish design. The date upon this curious altar-piece is 1390, and Señor Carderera, a very competent authority, suggests* that the paintings may be by one of the Tuscan artists, who were employed by the King of Arragon. The earliest undoubted Italian works with which we are acquainted in Spain are the frescoes in the chapel erected by Archbishop Tenorio in the cloisters of the cathedral of Toledo. They were executed in the second half of the fourteenth century. Their author not only belonged to the school of Giotto, but appears to have made use of his designs. The arrangement and treatment of the subjects, and the decoration applied to the architectural features of the building are such as Giotto had adopted at Assisi and elsewhere. Could these frescoes have been painted by Starnina? It is not impossible. If the name of their author could be found in the archives of the cathedral we should arrive at an important starting-point in the history of Spanish paint-

* 'Discurso leído á la Real Academia de la Historia,' por Sr Don Luis Lopez Ballesteros. 1852. Page 41.

ing.* In the chapels of the cathedral are triptychs, pictures on panel, and frescoes of the same epoch no less Giottesque in character; especially a 'retablo' in the chapel of S. Eugenio, in which some of the subjects, such as 'The Presentation of the Infant Christ in the Temple,' are almost reproductions of the cartoons of Giotto and his scholars. In the beginning of the sixteenth century (about 1511) a painter called by the Spaniards Juan de Borgoña, of whose origin and history nothing appears to be known,† decorated the winter Chapter House with a series of frescoes representing the history of the Virgin. They remind us of Gian Bellini and his school, and the painter, whatever may have been his nationality, must have learnt his art in Italy. He had begun painting in the cloisters of the Cathedral as early as 1495, and he executed various works in Alcalá, Avila, and other cities.

Numerous religious paintings of the early Spanish schools exist in cathedrals and churches in various parts of Spain.‡ A few are signed with the names of their authors. Several painters of the fifteenth century, such as Pedro Berruguete, Santa Cruz, the Rincons (father and son), and Gallegos, are mentioned by Spanish writers on art. None of them show the ability and originality of the great Italian and Flemish Masters of the same period, of whom they are more or less the imitators. They were chiefly employed in painting the 'retablos,' or series of subjects from the Scriptures, and from the lives of Saints, which are generally placed over altars in Spanish cathedrals and churches. These 'retablos,' so characteristic of Spain, bear some resemblance to the Italian altar-pieces of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which figures of saints and biblical subjects painted on separate panels are arranged in exquisite Gothic frames. But the Spanish 'retablo' is a more imposing struc-

ture—sometimes rising to the vaulted ceiling of the loftiest cathedral, and uniting, in gorgeous profusion, paintings, and figures of wood and marble, set in the most elaborate Gothic or renaissance carving, resplendent with gold and colour. The taste for these vast altar-pieces, which produce so grand and picturesque an effect in the gloomy interior of a Spanish church, prevailed until the eighteenth century, and some of the most famous Spanish painters, such as Roelas and Herrera, were employed upon them. In Italy the taste for such things passed away with the conventional treatment of religious subjects in the sixteenth century.*

Amongst the few Spanish painters of the sixteenth century for whom the Spaniards claim the merit of originality, was Joanes Macip, of Valencia, better known as Juan de Juanes. Little is recorded of his history. He undoubtedly studied in Italy, but he could not, as Palomino maintains, have been the disciple of Raphael, who died before he was born. His countrymen claim for him the proud title of the 'Spanish Raphael,' and declare that in his portraits he was not inferior to, if he did not excel, the great Italian. Even Mr. Stirling agrees with them in preferring his representations of the Saviour, weak and characterless as they appear to us, to those of Leonardo da Vinci and all other painters.† This is partial and exaggerated praise, especially when we remember that Juanes was born in 1523, and was painting as late as 1579. But Spaniards are never safe critics of their own countrymen, who must be the first in letters, arts, and arms. That he was a brilliant, if not original colorist, and that his paintings show energy if not refinement of expression, may be admitted; but in drawing, in composition, and in the highest qualities of his art, of which the works of the great Italian Masters could have furnished him models, he was singularly deficient. Judging from his pictures he might have lived nearly a century before his Italian contemporaries. Even his best in the Cathedral of Valencia, remind us by their dry manner of the early efforts of Gian Bellini, and those in the Madrid Gallery, from their raw colour and exaggerated drawing, bear a certain likeness to the works of Giulio Romano and other painters of Raphael's school or their Flemish imitators, whilst the details are executed with the care and minuteness of

* Don Bonifacio Riaño, a gentleman of remarkable industry and knowledge, and eminently qualified for the post, had recently been appointed keeper of those valuable archives, which have been wisely removed by the Spanish Government from clerical superintendence. Unfortunately, his premature and lamented death has brought to a close the researches which he had commenced into the artistic history of the cathedral, and which would have furnished valuable materials for the study of Spanish Art.

† Ceán Bermúdez merely mentions, with much praise, the works which he executed—paintings on panel as well as frescoes.

‡ A valuable collection of early Spanish pictures, obtained from suppressed convents and churches, exists in the Ministry of Public Works and Education at Madrid. But it is not arranged, and cannot therefore be studied. It will be added to the Public Gallery of Madrid when room can be found for its reception.

* A 'Retablo,' of no great merit as a work of art, in the South Kensington Museum, will give some idea of these altar-pieces, and of Spanish painting in the fifteenth century.

† 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' vol. i. p. 359. 'Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery,' by Don Pedro Madrazo, 1872.

the 'quattro centisti.' These remarks will apply even more strongly to another much overrated painter, Morales, a native of Castile, upon whom the Spaniards have conferred the pompous epithet of 'el Divino.' He painted up to 1586, and to the unnatural and exaggerated expression and stiff conventional drawing of the drier of the Italian painters of the fifteenth century, he united the minute finish and fused monotonous colouring of his Flemish contemporaries. Nevertheless he is placed by Spanish writers, and by Mr. Stirling, amongst those 'whose genius has obtained them a place amongst the Great Painters of Europe.*

In studying Spanish Art it must be borne in mind that Spain was from fifty to a hundred years behind most other European countries, and especially Italy. Unless this be remembered we should constantly fall into error in giving dates to Spanish architecture, sculpture, and paintings. The archaeologist and critic are equally liable to be deceived. Some Spanish Cavalcaselle is needed who will go through the labour of examining archives and contemporary records, identifying the authors and fixing the dates of monuments and pictures. If the architect attempts to assign a period to a gothic edifice in Spain by comparing its style with that of similar buildings in England or France, he will probably place it about a century too early. If it were not for the Christian emblems and the royal arms and devices which are intermingled with Moresque ornaments, the chapel of Villaviciosa, in the cathedral of Cordova, might be attributed to the Moors of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Pictures on panel, which in treatment and execution carry us back to the infancy of Italian or Flemish painting, belong to the end of the fifteenth century. These remarks apply to Spanish works of art of all classes, including jewelry, plate, embroideries, and wood-carving.

The influence of Flemish art, which predominated in Spain during the fifteenth century, was superseded in the sixteenth by that of Italy. A number of Italian painters who had settled in Spain, and of Spanish painters who had studied in Italy, prepared the way for the school which has the best claim to be called 'Spanish,'—that is, 'Spanish' in the sense that it shows the influence of the national character and of local circumstances upon an art which, in its origin and in its general aspects, was essentially foreign. We have not space to trace the development of this 'Spanish' school,

or to point out the share which such second-rate painters as the pupils of Leonardo da Vinci at Valencia, Tibaldi, El Greco, Caxes, Carducci, Nardi, and others, and Italian paintings brought to Spain, may have had in forming and directing it. But those who have studied the subject critically and without preconceived opinions, will have no difficulty in distinguishing that which is national in Spanish painting from that which was derived from Italy. With every desire to assign the place which it deserves to the Spanish school of the seventeenth century—the period when it attained its highest development—we can scarcely admit the claims of more than a dozen Spanish painters, including Velasquez, Murillo, Roelas, Alonzo Cano, Valdes Leal, del Mazo, Zurbaran, and Coello, to any eminence; and amongst them are some whom we might hesitate to place even in the second rank amongst painters.*

Velasquez may be considered as the best type and the truest representative of the Spanish school. He is the greatest and most original painter that Spain has produced. Although his style or 'manner' was derived either directly or indirectly from the Italian schools of the end of the sixteenth century, it was even more 'national' than that of Murillo. For various causes his reputation may have hitherto been less than that of his contemporary, but his influence over the painters of his own country, and on painting in general, has been far greater. He was born at Seville on the 6th June, 1599, and died at Madrid in 1660.† He

* Spanish writers on art have divided Spanish painters into several schools, such as those of Seville, Madrid, Valencia, and Castile. Velasquez is considered the head of the Madrid school, and Murillo of that of Seville, although both painters were born and studied their art in the latter city. It is unnecessary to enter into these distinctions, which are of no importance as far as our object in the present article is concerned.

† His name was De Silva, but according to a custom still prevalent in Spain, he called himself after the family name of his mother,—Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. He usually signed himself 'Diego de Silva Velasquez.' Like so many men who contributed to the former greatness and glory of Spain, he was of foreign origin, his family having originally come from Portugal.

In describing and classing the works of Velasquez, we have availed ourselves of the New Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery, by Don Pedro Madrazo, who has, with the most praiseworthy care, traced the history of the greater part of the pictures in that fine collection, and has accompanied his critical descriptions of them by biographical notices and data derived from documents preserved in various Spanish archives. This catalogue, which as yet only comprises the Italian and Spanish schools, is one of the best of

* 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' vol. i. p. 224.

began his career consequently after the eclectic or academic school of the Carracci had given a new direction to painting in Italy. This school may be said roughly to have preceded by half a century that of Velasquez and Murillo,* which, like most of the other schools of Europe, mainly derived its principles from the Bolognese painters. Velasquez' first master was the elder Herrera, a disciple of Luis Fernandez, a painter whose works are now unknown, but who enjoyed a considerable reputation in his day. Neither Fernandez nor Herrera seems to have been in Italy or to have studied under Italian masters. Herrera was a bold coarse painter, not without ability, but altogether wanting in sentiment and refinement, who had evidently formed his style on that of the Italian eclectics, or of their Spanish imitators. His violent temper soon led Velasquez to leave his studio and to place himself under Pacheco, who, like Herrera, had been taught by Luis Fernandez. Pacheco was a poor painter, but he was a scholar and a critic. He does not appear to have visited Italy, but he was well acquainted with the Italian schools and with their principles and practice, and wrote an elaborate treatise upon painting. He could, therefore, give his pupil technical instruction, although his pictures were of little value as examples. The painter who appears to have had the most influence upon the youthful Velasquez, and whose works seem to have contributed to form his first manner, was Luis Tristan, a follower of that clever, but eccentric and rather repulsive painter, Domenico Theotocopuli, commonly called 'El Greco,' who had acquired at Venice something of the manner of Titian and Tintoret, and whose best works show a strange mixture of powerful, though frequently false, colouring and execrable drawing. Tristan excelled in portraits. The Madrid Gallery possesses but one by him.† It hangs amongst some portraits by Velasquez, and shows how much he had learnt from Tristan.

But although Velasquez may have derived his technical knowledge from these masters, he did what all great painters have done—he applied his knowledge according to his own fashion and to the best of his genius. He took what he considered of

value from their works, but went to nature for his models and his inspirations. According to Pacheco, he felt from the first that she ought to be his principal teacher, and made a vow not to draw or paint anything which he had not before him, that is, except from the thing itself. Whilst in Pacheco's studio he made careful studies of animals, birds, fish, fruit, flowers, and earthen vessels for water, and drinking cups of curious forms, and Moresque colouring, such as are still used by the common people of Andalusia and other parts of Spain. Nor did he neglect the human form and expression, selecting his models from the sunburnt and ragged countrymen of his native province. He even kept a young peasant for this purpose, whom he drew in every kind of attitude and under every form of expression and emotion, such as crying and laughing, without seeking to avoid any difficulty. He was also in the constant habit of drawing heads in chalk, heightened with white, which gave him, says Pacheco, readiness and confidence in portrait-painting—an excellent practice pursued by the old Italian masters with regard to drapery as well as to heads. It was this earnest and constant study which gave him that extraordinary command over his pencil and brush afterwards displayed in his works, and that truthfulness of representation which constitutes his principal charm as a painter. Whilst thus carefully copying from nature, Velasquez was gathering knowledge of the principles of his art, and forming his style by the study of Italian and Flemish pictures, which at that time were brought in large numbers to Seville. To this period of his career belong the 'Adoration of the Magi' in the gallery of Madrid, the earliest known picture by him, painted when in his twentieth year, and dated 1619, the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' in the National Gallery, and the 'Aguador de Sevilla,' now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington. In 1622, having previously married, when only nineteen, the daughter of Pacheco, he went to Madrid, anxious to see the works of the great masters of the Italian and other schools, which had been collected there by the kings and grandees of Spain, and to make himself known as a painter.

Velasquez arrived at Madrid at a favourable moment. A reign which was disgraced by incessant failures in politics and arms, and by those calamities that led to the rapid fall of Spain from the first to almost the last place amongst the nations of Europe, is memorable as the brightest period of her history in letters and art. Whilst Philip IV. was king, Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, Gongora, Quevedo, and

the kind with which we are acquainted. The new numbers given by Don Pedro Madrazo to the pictures have been used in this article.

* Ludovico Carracci was born in 1555, Agostino in 1558, and Annibale in 1560; Guido in 1575, and Domenichino in 1581. It is important to bear these dates in mind in studying the Spanish school.

† That of an old man whose name is unknown, No. 1048.

others, amongst writers, and Velasquez and Murillo, amongst painters, were prolonging a traditional glory, which was rapidly being dimmed by her statesmen, her generals, and her diplomatists. Literature and the fine arts have usually flourished in a rising rather than in a declining State. To account for the appearance of so many men of genius during the disastrous reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV., we must search for the causes in an earlier state of things, when Spain was holding the first rank. The encouragement and patronage which enabled them to produce their immortal works may be attributed to the peculiar circumstances of the time in which they lived. Philip IV. was fond of literature and the arts. He was a connoisseur and a dabbler in both. He wrote indifferent verses and painted bad pictures, which received the praise usually bestowed upon royal productions. He was naturally indolent and disinclined to business. He had an ambitious and unscrupulous minister, who aimed at absolute power, and was eager, by gratifying the tastes of his master, to divert his attention from affairs of State. This he could best accomplish by encouraging the King's literary and artistic propensities, and by leading him to sacrifice to them the duties and cares of government. Thus whilst Philip took delight in artists and their works, it was as much in the interest of the Count-Duke Olivarez to find him good painters as to provide him for a similar object with beautiful mistresses. Olivarez himself was fond of the arts, and the discovery and protection of skilful artists became thus a matter of statesmanship to him and gratified at the same time his own tastes.

Velasquez had good friends in Madrid, and amongst them some who possessed influence at Court. They enabled him to see and study the royal collections in the palaces of Madrid, of the Pardo, and of the Escorial. But he did not achieve the success he had hoped for. He appears to have painted only a portrait of Gongora, a poet at that time at the height of his fame, which is still preserved in the Gallery of Madrid. His friends could not obtain for him the royal patronage, and he returned to Seville in disgust. In the following year, however, Don Juan Fonseca y Figueroa, a worthy canon of the cathedral of Seville, who held a small office in the Palace, succeeded in bringing the painter to the notice of Olivarez, who not only invited him to Madrid, but furnished him with the means of performing the journey. Velasquez was soon afterwards employed to paint the King's portrait, which he accomplished with so much success, that

Olivarez declared that no one had before so well portrayed his Majesty. Philip was equally pleased, and ordered all previous portraits of himself to be withdrawn from public exhibition, intimating that he should thenceforward sit to no other painter. The picture, which is supposed to have perished in the fire which destroyed the Palace, represented the King in full armour on horseback. It was exposed, like the works of the old Italian masters, to public criticism in the principal street of Madrid, and excited universal admiration, to the great jealousy of the fashionable artists of the capital. Pacheco was so delighted with the success of his pupil, that he composed a sonnet in his honour, in which the King and the painter were, of course, placed far above Alexander and Apelles.

A royal rescript, dated in 1628, fixes the manner in which Velasquez was to be paid for the works he had already executed for the King, and for the portraits of his Majesty that he might thereafter be called upon to paint. He was to receive 12 reals a day, and for this sum of 4380 reals a year Philip acquired the right of ordering any picture that he chose of the painter.* Velasquez was to receive in addition medical attendance, medicines, and yearly a dress of the value of 90 ducats, like his Majesty's dwarfs and buffoons, barber and shoemaker. The King had, therefore, made a very advantageous and one-sided bargain with the painter, and is scarcely entitled to the reputation of a munificent protector of the arts, which his early patronage of Velasquez has obtained for him. Philip indeed owed more to Velasquez than Velasquez to Philip. His position was, however, assured, and he received proof of the King's favour by his appointment as 'pintor de cámara,' or painter in ordinary. The most distinguished nobles connected with the Court sat to him, and when Charles I. paid his memorable visit to Madrid, he requested Velasquez to paint his portrait. It remained unfinished when Charles suddenly quitted Spain; but he presented the painter with 100 crowns. Although the picture is mentioned by Cean Bermudez and other Spanish writers, no trace of it can now be found. About the same time, he obtained, in competition with the most eminent painters of his time, the commission for a great historical picture, representing the expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain by Philip III. The king was so highly satisfied with Velasquez' work (which is unfortunately lost), that he named him an Usher of the royal chambers.

In 1628, Rubens visited Madrid for the

* The real is now worth about 2½d.

second time as ambassador from the King of England to Philip IV. He had already been in correspondence with Velasquez, who hastened to greet a painter whose works had long excited his admiration. The influence of Rubens, and his instructive comments upon the pictures of the great masters which adorned the royal palaces, and which they visited together, produced a remarkable change in Velasquez. He felt dissatisfied with the limited knowledge of his art that he could acquire in Spain, and determined to visit Italy, where he could study the masterpieces of the Italian schools. But Philip was unwilling that he should go, and it was not until the following year that he gave him permission to depart. To provide for the expenses of his journey, the King directed that he should be paid 100 ducats as the price of his picture of the 'Borrachos,' and 300 ducats for other works previously executed,* to which the Count-Duke added 200 golden ducats and a gold medal of his Majesty. Furnished with letters of recommendation to ambassadors, statesmen, and other illustrious personages, Velasquez sailed from Barcelona on the 10th August, in company with the greatest captain of the age, Ambrose Spinola.

With his first visit to Italy ends Velasquez' first manner. Its characteristics are powerful colouring without much variety, a general brown and sombre tone, usually associated with our notions of the Spanish school; strong contrasts of 'chiaroscuro,' or high lights with dark shadows; a decided and somewhat hard outline; broad and well-defined draperies; naturalistic treatment of common types; admirable truthfulness of representation; careful drawing and modelling, and good composition, according to the Italian maxims. Writers on Spanish painting have attributed Velasquez' first manner to the influence of Caravaggio and Ribera. The latter had left Spain before Velasquez could have profited by his teaching, but the works of both painters were then much prized, and many of them had been brought to Spain. There is no doubt that the general similarity of treatment between them and the early pictures of Velasquez is at first sight striking, and it is very probable that upon them, and from the precepts of Pacheco, he chiefly formed his first style. To this first manner belong, in addition to the 'Adoration of the Magi,' the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' and the 'Aguador de Sevilla,' already mentioned, the celebrated picture known as the 'Bor-

rachos,' or the 'Topers,' in the Madrid Gallery, and several portraits in the same collection. In the 'Adoration of the Magi,' the male forms are vulgar, and without any attempt at refinement. They are such as may still be seen any day amongst the Spanish peasantry. The Virgin is a comely country-woman. She holds up before the adoring kings the Child, whose limbs are swathed and bandaged in swaddling-clothes—still the fate of unhappy infants in Spain. The draperies are broad and conventional, with ample folds marked with decision. The tone of the picture is dark and rather monotonous, brown being the prevailing colour. The composition is that of the later Italian schools.

The 'Borrachos,' painted shortly before he left Madrid for Italy, shows a considerable advance in his powers, and in knowledge of his art. It is the best example of his first manner, and shows the influence of the works of Caravaggio upon him. The general tone has suffered from the effects of time and from repainting. The sky and some colours, especially the greens, which in all Velasquez' pictures have changed, have become black and opaque. This, with the darkness of the shadows, and the prevalence of browns, gives a sombre character to the picture. A peasant boy, a mock Bacchus, crowned with vine-leaves and half naked, is seated on a barrel. A man kneels before him to receive a garland, the prize of his tippling powers. To his right a half tipsy, unclothed youth lolls upon a bank and raises a glass in one hand; below him, his companion holds the wine-jar. On the other side is a group of men in various stages of tipsiness, some grinning and joking, others staid and solemn. The scene is just such a drunken orgie as might be performed by a party of Spanish peasants; and the subject is treated with a humour worthy of Cervantes. The truth and power of the picture are equally remarkable; the lights are skilfully contrasted with dark shadows; the drawing is free, though not always correct; the composition effective; the heads full of natural expression; the details—the earthen jug, the bowls and glasses—inimitable. These qualities are well calculated to delight those who are unable to appreciate the profound knowledge and wonderful skill of Velasquez's later works. It has been said that the 'Borrachos' was the picture by Velasquez which Wilkie most admired, and which most influenced him in his later or historical manner. But this may well be doubted, for in truth nothing can differ more from the careful and sober colouring of Velasquez, in

* This appears from a document preserved in the archives of the Palace of Madrid.

this as well as in his later works, than the hasty and dashing handling of Wilkie after his visit to Spain.

Of the portraits executed by Velasquez at this period, the most important, that of Philip IV. on horseback, which first established his reputation, is unfortunately lost. But we may perhaps judge of the manner in which it was painted by the fine full-length portrait of Philip's brother Don Carlos,* a prince of remarkable endowments, who died, to the great grief of the Spanish nation, at the early age of twenty-six. He was superior to the King in personal appearance as well as in ability and character, but he possessed the same strongly-marked Austrian features,—the narrow forehead, the large hanging nether lip, and the square, heavy chin. Velasquez has represented him in the usual black garb of the Spanish noble, slightly relieved by the collar of the Golden Fleece, and holding a glove in his right hand. The portrait is perfectly simple and yet dignified; the 'pose' as in all Velasquez' full-lengths, natural and easy. The flesh-tints are brown, and the shadows dark and somewhat heavy. Of the same period, and possessing the same characteristic qualities, are two portraits, one formerly attributed to Zurbaran, but now known to be that of the poet Gongora, painted by Velasquez on his first visit to Madrid, and the other that of a middle-aged man in black, with a ruff round his neck, whose name has not been identified.† They are forcible, but dark and bronzy in tone. Like them, but more sketchy, are the masterly likenesses of his wife and two daughters.

Even before Velasquez quitted Madrid for Italy, the counsels of Rubens had induced him to modify his early manner. This is shown by a portrait of Philip IV.,‡ painted shortly before his departure, in which the flesh tints are more transparent and warmer than in his previous works, without however the brilliancy of those of Rubens, and which is somewhat wanting in relief on account of the absence of shadows.

At Venice, Velasquez was received and entertained by the Spanish ambassador. The representative of the Republic at Madrid had already warned the jealous and vigilant Council of the Ten, that the painter was about to arrive in their city, and that at the request of the Count-Duke, he had given him a passport; but he as-

sured them that there was no cause to suspect the young man, whose only object, he was persuaded, was to improve himself in his profession. However, he considered it his duty, he wrote, to inform their Excellencies of Velasquez' approaching visit, that they might keep their eye on him. We can imagine the impression that the works of the great Venetian colourists, of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, must have made upon Velasquez. Undimmed by time, and undefiled by restorers, they were then in all their freshness and brilliancy. A new field must have opened itself to the vision of the Spanish painter. The exquisite beauty of the city itself—its canals and palaces, the magical effects of colour which met him at every turn—added to his delight. He ever afterwards looked back to his first visit to Venice as the most pleasing event of his artistic life. He set himself at once to copy the pictures which most struck him, and amongst them a famous 'Crucifixion,' by Tintoret (probably that in the Scuola di San Rocco), and a 'Last Supper' by the same master, for whom he formed the highest admiration. Compelled to leave Venice on account of the breaking out of War he went to Rome, passing through Florence and other cities, and being received on his journey with honour and distinction. He was offered rooms in the Vatican by Urban VIII., which he declined, but gratefully accepted the Pope's order for free access to all parts of the building, that he might study its treasures of art. He employed himself diligently in copying with pencil and brush from the great frescoes painted by Raphael and Michael Angelo a century before. Through the good offices of the Spanish ambassador, he obtained permission to live in the villa of the Medici, now the French Academy, on the Trinità dei Monti, and there occupied himself with drawing from many fine antique statues, and in sketching in the beautiful grounds of the palace. Some of the sketches he made are preserved in the Gallery of Madrid. They are masterly of their kind, and especially interesting, as showing how Velasquez viewed and sought to represent nature. He had not altogether abandoned his tendency to strong contrasts of light and shade, and to a general subdued, almost dark, tone of colouring. In these respects his Roman sketches bear a resemblance to the works of Canaletto, although painted with a freer and perhaps stronger hand.*

* No. 1073 in the Madrid Gallery, and not mentioned as that of Don Carlos by Mr. Stirling and other writers on Spanish art.

† No. 1103. The portrait of Gongora was numbered 527 in the old catalogue; it is now No. 1085.

‡ No. 1071 in the Madrid Gallery.

* This resemblance is less seen in the fine studies for the Gardens of Aranjuez in the Mad-

Velasquez remained a year in Rome, where he must have known Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, and other eminent painters residing there at that time. Whilst there, he painted two pictures, the 'Forge of Vulcan,' now in the Madrid Gallery, and the 'Joseph's Coat,' preserved in the Escorial. Both these works show the influence of the Italian colourists upon him, and the change which was rapidly taking place in his manner. In Spain, although he had painted the 'Borrachos' from half naked peasant boys, he had been unable to study fully from living models. The all-powerful and ever-meddling Inquisition had forbidden the representation of the nude, and especially of the female form, and a painter who had transgressed in that respect, might have found himself in its dungeons. The contrast offered by a collection of Italian and of Spanish paintings is very curious, not only on account of the gloomy and ascetic character of the latter, but from the almost entire absence in them of the naked figure. The sprawling Venuses and Cupids of the Italian schools are replaced by well-clothed saints and monks. The Virgin, like the queens and great ladies of Spain, may not even show her feet, and the Infant Jesus is usually swaddled up to the chin with the utmost care. Except in the 'supreme' moment of being skinned or boiled, a martyr cannot be seen without his clothes. At Rome, Velasquez found himself under no such restraint. He had ample opportunities of drawing from the life, and he had before him the noblest representations of the human form and features on canvas and in marble. But whether in consequence of his early education and training, or because the bent of his genius was in a different direction, the works he executed under the influence of Italian examples are inferior in every respect to his Spanish pictures. They prove that, with his unsurpassed ability to copy nature, he was deficient in the highest qualities of the painter—imagination and the power of idealizing his subject. The two pictures he painted at Rome, although their cleverness and mastery of execution must be admitted, are but vulgar conceptions of the subjects they represent. The models which he has chosen are accurately copied, but they are commonplace and without dignity. Vulcan and his companions are village blacksmiths; Apollo little better than a country boor, who is telling a farrier a bit of gossip about his wife. We observe, however, his usual power

of rendering expression, an increased facility and freedom of execution, and an absence of those heavy brown shadows which mark his earlier works, although the picture is subdued and low in tone, even to the fire and iron red-hot for the anvil. The 'Joseph's Coat' is treated in the same manner as the 'Forge of Vulcan,' and the models that were used for the Cyclops, figure as Joseph's brethren.*

After spending a short time at Naples with his imperious countryman Ribera, 'Lo Spagnoletto,' who had attained an extraordinary and undeserved reputation, Velasquez returned in 1631 to Madrid, after an absence of less than two years. He was warmly welcomed by the King, who ordered a studio to be provided for him in the Palace. For eighteen years, until his second journey to Italy, Velasquez enjoyed the highest favour at Court, Philip rarely failing to pass some portion of every day in his painting-room, to which he kept a private key. He was named 'ugier de cámara,' or gentleman usher, an office which caused him so much vexation and trouble, that he resigned it in 1634 in favour of the painter Del Mazo, who had married his only surviving daughter. He was soon afterwards appointed to another Court place, that of 'ayuda de la guardaropa,' but without being required to perform its duties, and subsequently promoted to that of 'ayuda de cámara,' or chamberlain. He was chiefly employed in painting the King, the members of the royal family and household, and the most illustrious grandees. He appears rarely to have treated religious or historical subjects. The Madrid Gallery possesses only two pictures of this class which belong to his second manner, a 'Crucifixion' and the 'Surrender of Breda.' He had altogether abandoned his first manner. Instead of approving brown tone, black shadows, and hard outline, he adopted a silvery-grey tone, transparent shadows, and a more natural gradation of tints. His heads were carefully modelled in warm and transparent colours, more after the manner of Rubens and of the Venetian masters. His landscape back-grounds are perhaps too blue, and are consequently somewhat monotonous in character. His execution is free, rapid and decisive. He rarely even took the trouble to paint over the 'pentimenti' or parts he had corrected, which are visible in most of his pictures. To this second period of his career belong the equestrian portraits of

Madrid Gallery, in which unfortunately the original colours have become dark and black, but which give a high idea of Velasquez's powers as a landscape painter.

* For a fuller description of these pictures, see 'Velasquez and his Works,' by Mr. Stirling, who has, we think, ranked them both too high. Mr. Ford's criticisms upon them ('Handbook for Spain') are more just.

Philip III. and his Queen, Margaret of Austria, and of Philip IV. and Isabella of Bourbon, his first wife. Mr. Stirling* pronounces that of Philip IV. the finest equestrian portrait in the world. If this high phrase be deserved, which we think more than doubtful, it is because there are so few with which it can be compared. Like all Velasquez' pictures, it is painted with great truth. Parts, such as the heads of the King and the horse, are as fine as anything by him; and placed as they are on a light ground, without any artificial relief or what the French term '*repoussoir*,' they are remarkable examples of his skill as a colourist. Philip is represented in half armour of steel and gold, across which is bound a crimson scarf, and wears a hat with a plume of white and brown feathers. He is mounted upon a powerful Andalusian bay, with mane falling to the stirrup, and a long bushy tail. In his right hand he holds a Field Marshal's baton of command. Philip thus wished to celebrate his triumphal entry into Lerida after the capture of the city in 1644. The four portraits were painted at the same time, and being intended for the decoration of a large hall in the Palace, are rather formal in composition, wanting the life that Velasquez has thrown into other works of the same class. The dresses and ornaments are, however, executed with the utmost care. A general bluish-grey tone pervades these pictures. The portraits of Philip III. and his Queen, whom Velasquez never saw, were probably taken from Pantoja or some other painter, and they are so inferior to his other works that we can scarcely persuade ourselves that they are by him, unless they have been entirely repainted.

More remarkable in character, and still better examples of the genius of Velasquez, are the two well-known equestrian portraits of Olivarez and of the Infante Don Baltasar Carlos. The Count-Duke, mounted on a prancing war-horse, and dressed in black and gold armour and plumed hat, raises in his right hand a Marshal's truncheon, as if directing the battle raging in the distance. He had never taken part in war, but it was said of him by his flatterers that it only required that he should have occasion to command in order that the world might confess that he was a great general. Velasquez may have

ministered a little to his vanity by representing him as the hero of an imaginary battle. He had, however, the reputation in his youth of being the best horseman in Spain. The head is admirably painted, and the likeness was no doubt perfect. It bears the impress of the character of the minister, who brought so many calamities on his country, and who never forgave or spared a rival—haughty, cunning, cruel, and unscrupulous—the very worst of Spanish types. The armour, the trappings of the horse, and all the other details, are rendered with extraordinary truth. The smallness of the horse's head has been, perhaps justly, criticized, and the rider sits too forward, apparently almost on the neck of the animal.

Near the portrait of the Count-Duke, by Velasquez, is that of Charles V., Titian. The two are so hung that they admit of ready comparison. The contrast between them is eminently instructive to those who would rightly appreciate the difference between the genius of those two great painters—between the 'idealist' and the 'naturalist'—the one looking at nature with a poet's eye, the other satisfied in reproducing literally and truthfully that which he sees before him. If there be any departure from truth in Velasquez' picture, it is in the somewhat artificial and mock heroic action of the horse and its rider—the horse rearing on the very edge of a ravine, the rider proudly directing a battle which he never witnessed. In Titian's grand portrait—the grandest of its class—there are united to the most poetical conception of the subject a calm quiet dignity and a natural movement entirely in harmony with the character and history of the Emperor. Charles is seen advancing, lance in rest, against the enemy on the fatal field of Muhlberg—so disastrous to the Protestant cause—where he himself commanded. The yellow dawn is just breaking through the rising clouds; the landscape—plain, hills, and trees—is in deep shadow, and the principal light of the picture is concentrated on the pale, earnest, and refined features and gorgeous gold-inlaid armour of the Emperor,* over which floats the crimson scarf, embroidered with gold—the badge of a General of the House of Burgundy. On his steel morion waves a plume of crimson feathers. His horse, an Andalusian bay—a present from Monsieur de Ri, Knight of the Golden Fleece and his First Chamberlain—nearly covered with velvet trappings, canters gently over the sward. The coun-

* 'Velasquez and his Works,' p. 91. Mr. Stirling has fallen into the mistake of Cean Bermudez in identifying this portrait with the first painted by Velasquez of the King on his return from Seville in 1624; which, as we have said, was destroyed. Philip was then a much younger man than he appears in the equestrian portrait in the Madrid Gallery.

* This suit of armour is still preserved in the royal armoury of Madrid.

tenance of the Emperor betrays the suffering which he had recently undergone, and which made him loth to put on his armour on that day. His voice was so feeble that it could scarcely be heard. But his pale emaciated face—the Protestants called him ‘the corpse’—has that determined, lofty, and high-bred look which became the greatest monarch and the first gentleman of the age, and shows the valour and energy which, historians say, animated his feeble body when the moment for action had come. In that face, indeed, is written the whole history of the man. There is a wonderful poetry in this picture, arising from the most perfect harmony of colour, feeling, and expression, which, although true to nature, is such as only a painter like Titian could have produced.* Velasquez, deficient in the highest gifts of the imagination, could not have thus conceived a subject. In the portrait of Olivarez, the likeness and the details are admirable for their truth, and the technical execution is as perfect as possible; but it wants that idealization, that poetical version of nature, which give an inexpressible charm to Titian’s Charles V. and to other masterpieces of that great painter.

The delightful equestrian portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar Carlos, the son of Philip IV., who died, still young, before his father, was probably painted in 1635. The young Prince, in his sixth or seventh year, is represented galloping on a breezy afternoon over the hunting-grounds of the Pardo on his chestnut pony. He is dressed in a tight-fitting jacket, embroidered with gold, and in high boots. His scarlet scarf flutters in the wind. His countenance has the animation and freshness of childhood; his action is full of life and enjoyment. As in the portrait of Olivarez, a silvery-blue tone pervades the picture, especially the landscape, with the distant snow-capped mountains. The shadow cast by the broad hat over the upper part of the boy’s face is as transparent as the shadows of Paul Veronese.

To the same period, or soon after Velasquez’ return from Italy, belong his fine full-length portraits of Philip IV., of the Infante Don Ferdinand of Austria, his brother, and of Prince Baltasar, all three represented in shooting dress, and accompanied by their dogs. ‘They were,’ his biographer says, ‘the admiration of all who saw them, and

they seemed to be alive.’ The well-known Austrian features are conspicuous in the three—the large under-lip and square chin, the pale complexion and light hair, and that weak and indolent expression which, at last, degenerated into the imbecile face of the unfortunate Charles II. Philip was then about thirty years of age; his countenance, not unpleasing, was dull and reserved, and it is said that he was never seen to smile.

We will conclude this list of portraits with that of Don Antonio Alonso Pimentel, 9th Count of Benavente, Governor of the frontiers of Portugal in 1641—about which time the picture appears to have been painted. He is represented in full armour, bare-headed, and with one hand resting upon a helmet. It is, for life-like representation, one of the most admirable of Velasquez’ portraits. The head is, in every respect, excellent. The painting of the bright damascened armour, with surrounding objects reflected upon it, is broad and masterly. It is not a little curious that this portrait should, even in the time of Philip V., have been attributed in the royal inventories to Titian. It is only recently that it has been identified and assigned to its right author. If it had been the portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, such is its marvellous truthfulness that we might almost credit the story told by Palomino that Philip, seeing, as he thought, the Admiral in Velasquez’ studio, asked him angrily why he was still in Madrid, and not away on the service upon which he had been ordered. Receiving no reply, and discovering that he had been addressing a portrait, he turned to the painter, and exclaimed that he had fairly been deceived. Unfortunately Pareja’s portrait, like those of Cardinal Borja, archbishop of Seville, and of other distinguished persons, including a lady of extraordinary beauty, mentioned by Cean Bermudez, have disappeared. That of the poet Quevedo, which was no less celebrated, is now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

In 1638 Velasquez painted a ‘Crucifixion,’ for the convent of the nuns of St. Placido in Madrid. It hung neglected in the sacristy until taken by the French invaders in 1808 to Paris, where it was sold by public auction to the Duke of San Fernando, and presented by him to Ferdinand VII. This is the only instance in which Velasquez is known to have treated a similar subject. Mr. Stirling observes of this picture, that ‘never was that great agony more powerfully depicted.’* The praise is not undeserved, although the death of Our Lord has called forth the

* This great picture was hung, with other masterpieces of the Italian, Flemish, and Spanish schools, in the principal hall of the royal palace at Madrid, in a black frame. In the fire which destroyed the building, it was injured in the lower part, where it has consequently been much restored and repainted.

* ‘Velasquez and his Works,’ p. 131.

powers of the greatest painters. Velasquez has shown in it that he could draw and model the human form skilfully and correctly. Its solemn effect is increased by the uniformly dark background, and by the concealment of a portion of the face of the Saviour by his falling hair.

In 1647 Velasquez was commanded by Philip IV. to paint an historical picture representing the great event of his reign—the surrender of Breda. Another Spanish painter, José Leonardo, received a similar commission. The two pictures were to hang in the ‘Salon de Comedias,’ a hall of the Royal Palace of Buen-Retiro. They are now in the Gallery of Madrid. They furnish an example of how differently two men can treat the same subject, and on this account, and on this account alone, invite comparison. The picture of José Leonardo, a painter who enjoyed a considerable reputation, and whose works still find favour with Spanish writers, is the conventional commonplace representation of the event, such as would suggest itself to a vulgar mind. Spinola seated on his horse, haughtily receives the keys of the city from Justin of Nassau, who kneels humbly before him. He is the arrogant conqueror humiliating to his utmost the brave man whom fate had made his prisoner. The composition and colour are as poor and weak as the conception. How differently has Velasquez conceived the same scene! Rejecting all conventional treatment, adhering strictly to nature, and representing the same event precisely as it might have occurred, he has placed before us two brave men, who, in the relative position of conqueror and conquered, meet each other as gentlemen and equals—the one acknowledging the skill and success of his victorious adversary, the other respecting the courage and misfortune of a gallant and honorable foe. We know of no finer historical picture. It shows the extraordinary power possessed by Velasquez of ‘realising’ an event, simply and naturally, and of expressing individual character. Justin of Nassau, after an heroic defence of nearly ten months, was compelled by famine to give up the city of Breda to the Marquess Ambrose Spinola, who, like most of the great men to whom Spain owes her ancient glory, was an Italian, and a victim to her mean jealousy of foreigners, and to her ingratitude. Although the garrison had surrendered without terms, Spinola scorned to sanction those atrocious deeds of carnage, lust, and rapine which have so often disgraced the Spanish arms, and generously permitted the garrison to march out with the honors of war, receiving their leader with the distinction and courtesy due

to his courage and rank. Velasquez has thoroughly understood and represented the character and feelings of the two generals. Spinola, to avoid showing any superiority over his fallen enemy, has dismounted from his horse, and receiving Justin uncovered, prevents him from kneeling, and kindly and courteously places the right hand upon his shoulder. His manner and expression are those of a humane man and a perfect gentleman. Velasquez had probably marked his countenance well during his voyage to Italy in company with the illustrious Genoese. Justin, with a noble look of resignation and sorrow, bends forward when delivering to Spinola the keys of the city. The meeting is witnessed by the Spanish and Flemish troops, who are drawn up on opposite sides. This arrangement of the composition was necessary to tell the story, but the two groups and the masses of colour are skilfully united by the extended arm of Spinola. Behind the Spanish General stand the Marquess of Leganés and several Spanish and Italian noblemen, and a fine head in the corner, in a hat and feathers, is supposed to represent the painter himself, although the features do not agree with those of his authentic portraits. The contrast between the Spanish and Flemish soldiers is shown without exaggeration or caricature. The Spaniards refined and haughty, the Flemish burly and honest. The strongest individuality of character and expression is given to each head. In the distance are seen the city, its detached forts, and the lines of the besiegers, and beyond a vast expanse of country, through which winds the river Merk. The effect of space and air is surprising. The colour is fresh and sparkling; the general tone a silvery blue. The numerous details are executed with the utmost care; the heads admirably modelled, the composition full of movement and life.

From the raised lances which cut the sky behind the Spanish leaders, this picture is usually known as ‘Las Lanzas.’ It shows perhaps better than any other of his works the versatility and originality of Velasquez as a painter of history, of portraits, of animals and of landscape—it is the triumph of his second manner.

Velasquez’s celebrated ‘Dwarfs’ were probably painted between the equestrian portrait of Philip IV. and the ‘Surrender of Breda.’ It was the custom in the seventeenth century for the kings of Spain, and indeed of other countries, to keep such deformed creatures about their Courts. Even the household of a wealthy Spanish noble was not complete without one. Velasquez has portrayed the most favoured of

the royal dwarfs, giving to each his individuality and his characteristic expression and gesture. 'El Primo' (the Cousin), as he was familiarly called, is seen seated on a rock, dressed in black, and wearing a broad hat of the same colour. He has an expression of solemn and haughty dignity, not unworthy of a grandee of Spain studying in the folio volume bound in parchment lying open before him, the genealogy of his ancient race.* 'Don Sebastian de Morra' has that forbidding and vindictive expression which so frequently distinguishes his kind. He sits doggedly on the ground, with his hands clenched and his feet stretched out. 'El Niño de Vallecas' gazes with a vacant and idiotic grin, holding a crust in one hand. 'El Bobo de Coria' crouches huddled up with his joined hands resting on one knee, and with an imbecile simper. In colour, modelling, and individuality these portraits are of the highest order. They are painted with a broad vigorous touch, and possess those powerful effects of 'chiaroscuro' or light and shade, in which Velasquez always delighted.

In 1643 Velasquez accompanied the king in his campaign against the Catalan rebels, when Philip displayed for a few months an ability and energy which so little agreed with his usual indolent and profitless life. He was present at the triumphal entry of his Majesty into Lerida, when he probably made the sketch for the equestrian portrait which we have described. By the fall of Olivarez, whose grasping ambition and reckless policy had brought continued disasters on Spain, and had reduced her rapidly to the second rank amongst nations, Velasquez lost a generous friend and patron. He did not hesitate to show his sympathy and respect for the fallen minister, and by doing so did not forfeit the favour of the king. This proof of his courage and independence is the theme of the wonder of Spanish writers, who have a very different idea of a courtier's duties.

In 1643 Velasquez was appointed 'Ayuda de Cámara,' or Chamberlain, and was in constant attendance upon Philip, who frequently consulted him upon important public affairs. It was probably at his suggestion that the king formed the design of founding an Academy of the Fine Arts in Madrid, and of adding to his splendid collection of pictures which he had recently increased by the purchase, through his agents, of the masterpieces of the Gallery of Charles I. He commanded the painter himself to

go to Italy to purchase for him statues and paintings for these purposes. Velasquez accordingly left Spain in company with the Duke of Naxera, who was proceeding to Trent to receive Maria of Austria, the second wife of Philip.

Velasquez revisited the principal cities of Italy, studying their schools of painting and collections. He returned with delight to Venice, and purchased there for the king several important pictures by his favourite masters, especially Tintoret. At Parma the works of Correggio principally attracted his attention. Passing rapidly through Rome he went to Naples to see the viceroy, the Count of Onate, who was charged with supplying him with funds for executing the royal commission. Having spent a short time with his friend Ribera, who was still enjoying an ill-acquired reputation, he returned to Rome where he was received with great distinction by Pope Innocent X. At that time no painter of any real eminence was to be found in that city. The great 'eclectics' were dead or had left it. Pietro da Cortona, a bold effective draughtsman, without true genius or originality, was the leading painter, and sculpture was represented by Bernini and his extravagant followers. Velasquez had nothing to learn from them. They might indeed have learnt a great deal from him, and have seen how much he had profited from that study of nature which they had abandoned. But the arts were then fast declining. Italy, torn to pieces by the rival ambitions of France and Spain, betrayed by her own princes, and impoverished by constant wars and oppression, had entered upon that stage of political and moral abasement which lasted for two centuries, and from which she is only now recovering. An Academy had been founded at Rome which did not tend much to the revival or promotion of the arts. It is not surprising that the portrait which Velasquez made of his mulatto slave, Juan de Pareja, who accompanied him on both his journeys to Italy, should have excited the admiration and wonder of the Romans.* Its success induced Innocent X. to sit to the painter. The portrait of the pontiff still hangs in the Panfilii Doria Palace, and is justly considered one of the chief treasures of a city so rich in great monuments, and is probably the finest work by Velasquez out of Spain. The Pope, as a proof of his satisfaction, gave Velasquez a gold medal with his effigy, and a gold chain. His nephew, Cardinal Panfilii,

* The portrait of 'El Primo' was probably painted in 1644 during Philip's expedition to Catalonia. It is No. 1095 in the new catalogue.

* This is probably the portrait now in the possession of the Earl of Radnor at Longford Castle. Waagen ('Art Treasures of Great Britain,' vol. iii. p. 141) calls it 'a portrait of the first class.'

and some of the great officers of his court, followed his example in sitting to the Spanish painter.

Velasquez had been two years absent from Spain, and Philip desired his return. He received a hint to that effect from his friend Don Fernando Ruiz de Contreras, and at once hastened back, reaching Madrid in the month of June, 1651. The king received him with much satisfaction. The office of 'Aposentador Mayor,' a kind of Quartermaster-General of the Palace, being vacant, Velasquez applied for it, and was selected by the king out of four candidates, although he had received less support than they had obtained from influential grandees about the court.* His principal duties were to direct public ceremonies and festivals, to provide lodgings and provisions for the king during royal progresses and journeys, to superintend the royal palaces, and to control various subordinate officers connected with them. Although the place was an honourable and lucrative one, and brought the painter in still closer relations with the king by giving him at all times access to the royal presence, it entailed upon him many irksome duties, and unfortunately occupied much of the time which he might have more profitably employed in painting. It involved him too in many quarrels trying to his patience and temper. Velasquez brought back with him from Italy many valuable pictures, some by artists then living, which now form part of the fine public gallery of Madrid. A renewed study of the Italian masters produced a further change in his manner of painting. Three of his works in the Madrid Collection illustrate the immediate effects of this Italian influence—the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' painted for the private chapel of the Queen, the 'God Mars,' and the 'Mercury and Argos.' In them he attempted, but unsuccessfully, to imitate the colouring of the Venetian school. The 'Coronation of the Virgin' shows his usual ability in representing nature, but is deficient in the dignity and religious feeling that become such a subject. The heads of the two Persons of the Trinity are commonplace in character; those of fine old men and nothing more. The Virgin is a handsome Italian model, such as he may have obtained in Rome. The heads of some cherubs are very cleverly painted. The general tone is much warmer than usual with Velasquez, and the whites and high lights sparkling and telling, but the color is monotonous and

of a purply hue. The draperies want variety, and are broken up into small folds, poor, and not well understood—a rare thing in Velasquez' works. Similar defects are observable in the two other pictures which he painted at the same time. The 'Mars' is nothing but a clever study from a model; the details are executed with Velasquez' usual care, but a monotonous red tone prevails, and the picture is uninteresting. The same may be said of the 'Argos and Mercury,' which is scarcely more than a sketch. Velasquez must have felt that he had failed, for his three pictures, painted at the same time, were the only ones he appears to have executed in this style.* He adopted a manner better suited to his genius, and differing altogether from that of the great colourists whom he most admired—Tintoret, Titian, and Rubens. In his second manner he had never approached them in brilliancy, and in that rich and harmonious colouring which forms the charm of the Venetian painters. But his second visit to Italy, and his further acquaintance with the Italian Masters, were not without advantage to him. Especially they led him to abandon altogether the hardness of outline and that of natural gradation in light and shade which are apparent in his earliest works. He even seems to have acquired from Andrea del Sarto, and some other painters of the Florentine school, what the Italians term the 'sfumatezza,' or that lazy blending of colour which distinguishes some of his later pictures. He produces the effect he desires, especially in details, by a much broader and simpler mode of treatment. His touch had become so sure and masterly that Raphael Mengs justly observed of one of his pictures, the 'Hilanderas,' that it seemed 'rather the result of his will than the work of his hand.' His later pictures are consequently better seen and understood from a distance than near. Their general tone is very low and quiet, almost sombre, as in the works of his youth; but his shadows are transparent, not heavy and brown, as in his first manner. The light and shade, contrasted with admirable effect, and the aerial perspective, are wonderfully true to nature, and convey an impression of reality, which, in some instances, as in the representation of interiors, is quite marvel-

* This appears from documents preserved in the archives of the Palace, which have been published by Don M. R. Zarco del Valle, in his 'Documentos Ineditos para la Historia de las Bellas Artes en España,' Madrid, 1870.

* Not having seen the 'Venus' (now in the possession of Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby) which he is said to have painted in imitation of Titian, we are unable to say whether this picture belongs to the same period as those above described. Of Velasquez' ability to paint from the model, we have ample proof in the 'Crucifixion;' but no example of his skill in representing the female nude figure—the most difficult feat in his art—exists, as far as we are aware, in Spain.

lous. Painted in this third manner are the fine pictures of the 'Meninas' and the 'Hilanderas' in the Madrid Gallery.

Most painters of original genius, from Raphael to Turner, have had their 'three manners' or 'styles.' The reason is easily explained. When under the immediate influence of their teachers they followed and imitated them to a certain extent, as Raphael did Pietro Perugino. As they felt more confidence in their own powers they emancipated themselves from early impressions, and struck out a way for themselves, forming their second manner, in which their individuality prevailed. Experience gave them confidence, and an increased facility of execution, and they adopted their third manner, in which they either produced masterpieces combining the highest qualities, or, as in the case of Turner, degenerated into wild extravagance, and contempt of the acknowledged rules and ends of painting.

Thus the 'Meninas' and the 'Hilanderas' belong to the period of the highest development of Velasquez' genius, and were both painted in the year 1656. They show his consummate skill and his complete knowledge of the technical part of his art. Of the one, Lucca Giordano declared that it was 'the Theology of Painting;' for, as theology was the first of sciences (as it was then considered in Spain), and embraced every other, so Velasquez' picture contained all that was necessary for the teaching and acquirement of the art. To Mengs' remark on the 'Hilanderas' we have already referred. Both criticisms contain a large amount of truth.

The 'Meninas,' or, as it was formerly called, 'la Familia,' represents Velasquez in his studio painting the royal family. In front of him are supposed to be standing Philip IV. and his Queen, Doña Mariana of Austria. They are not seen, but are reflected in a looking-glass on the opposite wall. In the fore-ground of the picture stands the little Princess Margarita Maria, attended by a misshapen, big-headed, female dwarf, named Maria Barbola. A well-proportioned but diminutive male dwarf, called Nicolasito Pertusato, is teasing with his foot a huge mastiff, which lies sleepily on the floor, and treats his tormentor with evident contempt. Behind this group are two attendants on the Princess — her dueña, Marcela de Ulloa, and a 'guarda-damas.' To their right stands the painter himself before his easel, brush and palette in hand. In the back-ground Don José Nieto, 'Aposentador' of the Queen, is seen through an open door ascending some steps and pushing back a curtain. The walls of the apart-

ment are hung with pictures, in black ebony frames, according to the general custom of that day.* The little Princess is a poor, sickly child, dressed in the extravagant court costume of the time. Her two 'Meninas,' or young ladies of honour, who seek to amuse her, especially Dona Maria Agustina Sarmento, afterwards a celebrated beauty, are pretty and sprightly girls. At first sight this picture may not produce a favourable impression, on account of its general dark and subdued tone. Even the colors which are introduced in the ornaments and dresses of the Princess and her attendants are kept as low as possible. We find none of the silvery blues characteristic of Velasquez' second manner, and there is a complete absence of warm flesh tints. The treatment is rather that of his first manner. But how different is the 'Meninas' from the 'Borrachos!' In it there are no strong or sharply defined outlines, no violent transitions of light and shade, no conventional draperies, and no black shadows. The colours are lightly laid on, and, although dark, are transparent, and fused so skilfully that they seem to melt insensibly into each other. The more we look at the picture, the more it shows us the mastery of the painter over his materials, and his wonderful power of rendering nature. For truthful representation it could not be surpassed by photography, which in certain qualities of *chiaroscuro* it resembles. But it exceeds photography in delicate gradations of tone, and in the subtle rendering of aerial perspective, rivalling the works of De Hoogh in effects of light and atmosphere, produced by the open door, and the subdued gleam of sunlight through the side-window. When Philip saw this wonderful picture, and was told by Velasquez that it was finished, he is said to have observed that it yet wanted something, and, taking a brush, painted with his royal hand the red cross of the order of 'Santiago' upon the painter's breast. It is to be regretted that stubborn dates throw a doubt upon the truth of a story which would be as honourable to Philip as to Velasquez.†

* It would appear from the inventories of the Royal Palaces, that pictures were almost invariably thus framed. It was the same in private houses. Whether this custom was derived from Holland, where black frames were also in common use, or whether it was adopted in consequence of a sumptuary law of the time of Philip IV., which forbade gilded furniture, we are unable to say. In Spanish churches, to which that law did not extend, gilded frames of the most elaborate description were employed.

† In the small repetition of this picture in the possession of Mr. Banks, of Kingston Lacy, Velasquez is seen with the cross of Santiago. If therefore, this be the original sketch, as some

Sir Charles Eastlake pronounced the *Meniñas* the 'triumph of chiaroscuro,' and declared that 'it was worth coming to Madrid to see.'

The '*Hilanderas*,' or '*Spinners*,' is less dark and sombre in colour than the '*Meniñas*.' Velasquez has introduced blues and reds more freely into the draperies of the principal figures, but of a quiet low tone, which produces a general harmony, adding much to the appearance of atmosphere in the picture. As in the '*Meniñas*' a strong light from an open window or door is concentrated upon an inner room in the background with the greater effect, as the foreground is skilfully thrown into shadow. The composition is simple and natural. The picture represents the interior of the royal tapestry manufactory of Santa Isabel in Madrid. In the foreground a group of poorly-dressed women are engaged in preparing and spinning the worsted for weaving. In the inner room attendants are showing a piece of tapestry to a lady, who stands with her back to the spectator. Such are the common-place incidents chosen by the painter.

To fully understand the extraordinary merits of this picture, it should be first viewed from the opposite side of the room in which it hangs. The delusion is complete. Nature herself is reproduced. We are at a loss which most to admire, the absolute truthfulness of representation, the exquisite harmony of colour, or the very semblance of air and light that the painter has produced. Our surprise is increased when we approach and perceive the simple means by which these results are obtained. The colours are laid on with the utmost freedom and confidence; yet there is no sign of undue haste or of carelessness. Everything is in its place; every touch has its value, and contributes to the general effect. We then feel the full meaning of Mengs's criticism, that this picture appeared to be the work of the will rather than of the hand.

In Velasquez's third manner are several portraits in the Madrid Gallery: amongst them may be especially noticed that of the Infanta Maria Theresa, afterwards the wife of Louis XIV., that of a sculptor wrongly

called Alonso Cano, and that of a favourite dwarf of Philip IV., known as '*Don Antonio el Inglés*.'*

In the full-length portrait of the Infanta the head is in Velasquez's second manner, whilst the remainder of the picture was finished after his second visit to Italy. It is painted with more than usual delicacy and warmth of colour. It is another example of his power of producing the most striking effects by the most simple means. The princess, in her tenth year, is dressed in the enormous hoop then worn at Court, called a '*guarda-infanta*,' of pink silk, richly trimmed with silver lace. Her hair is puffed out in large masses on both sides of her head, according to the extravagant fashion of the time, and adorned with a red feather. Her small and delicate hands, one holding some flowers, the other a white handkerchief, are exquisitely painted, as are the drapery and the glance of the silver embroidery. With all the disadvantages of an unsightly though gorgeous costume and a disfiguring head-dress, it is impossible to imagine a more charming portrait. The unfinished picture, representing a sculptor, is an example of Velasquez's more broad and forcible execution, but is equally remarkable for its truth. Close to it is the fine full-length portrait in Velasquez's second manner, usually known as '*the Comedian*,' but conjectured to be the one mentioned in the inventories of the royal palace of Buen-Retiro as that of Pablillos de Valladolid, an '*hombre de placer*,' or jester, in the service of Philip IV. He is represented with one hand extended and his legs apart, on a uniformly grey ground, with only just sufficient shadow to convey the appearance of an attitude of perfect firmness and ease. These three pictures hang side by side with the '*Borrachos*,' and there could not be a more instructive lesson to the artist than to trace and study, by comparing them, the gradual change and progress which had taken place in Velasquez during his career as a painter.

'*Don Antonio el Inglés*,' dressed in a gold-embroidered tunic, and standing by a huge dog, almost as tall as himself, upon which he rests his hand,—a truculent little fellow, the very type of a vindictive, spiteful dwarf—is another of those masterly produc-

maintain, it disproves the story related in the text. It has been suggested that the Kingston Lacy picture is a copy by Velasquez himself, but we doubt whether Velasquez, especially at the time when the '*Meniñas*' was painted, ever repeated, still less copied, his own works. It is too highly finished to be a mere study or sketch for the larger work. But it may be a copy by Del Mazo or some other imitator of the master. Velasquez's original sketch (*Boceto*) was, in Cean Bermudez's time, in the possession of Don Gaspar de Jovellanos.

* To Velasquez's third manner belongs the portrait of Philip IV. in the National Gallery. In the Gallery of Madrid there is a similar portrait by him (No. 1080). We have little hesitation in ascribing to another painter the '*Dead Warrior*' assigned to him in the National Gallery. The subject is one altogether foreign to the genius of Velasquez. The only Spanish master of the time who treated such themes was Valdés Leal, who may have been the author of this picture.

tions which show Velasquez' power of delineating character, and of producing the effect of detail by a few simple touches, as in the hat and feathers which 'Don Antonio' holds in his hand.

In the two full-length figures of Æsop and Menippus, also in the Madrid Gallery, we have examples of the tendency of Velasquez to avail himself of common and vulgar types for subjects which require idealization, and at the same time of conveying a true conception of character by expression. His Æsop has been described as 'a shirtless cobbler,'—and he is just such a one as may be seen any day in La Mancha—but he has a thoughtful and even wise countenance, worthy of the Greek philosopher. Menippus, wrapped in the dirty cloak of the Castilian peasant, and looking over his shoulder, has the cynical grin of a low Spaniard who has succeeded in cheating his neighbour as Menippus did. The heads in both figures are modelled in the most masterly manner.

We can only mention one more of Velasquez' works, 'St. Anthony the Abbot visiting the first Hermit, St. Paul, in the Desert,' painted in 1659, and his last. The expression and action of the two hermits in conversation are thoroughly natural. The landscape, with overhanging rocks and a distant meadow, is finely conceived and quite original in treatment. Wilkie observed of it that it possessed 'the very same sun we see, and the air we breathe, the very soul and spirit of nature.' Spanish writers claim for Velasquez the merit of having been the first painter who properly represented landscape. But he evidently followed Rubens, who exceeded him in the highest quality of a landscape painter—that of giving a poetical charm and character to nature. The general tone of the background in this picture is that silvery or greyish blue which is characteristic of his second manner. The composition is, as usual, simple and matter-of-fact. In this instance he has adopted the conventional treatment of the early painters, and has introduced into one canvas various episodes of the same story.*

* The following list of pictures by Velasquez in the Madrid Gallery, classified as nearly as possible according to the dates, may be useful.

First Manner.

- No.
1054. The Adoration of the Magi. Signed and dated 1619.
1085. Portrait of the poet Gongora. 1622.
1058. The 'Borrachos.' ? 1624.
1073. Full-length portrait of Don Carlos. ? 1626.
1103. Male portrait.
1086. Portrait of his wife.
1087, 1088. Portraits of his two daughters.

The office of 'Aposentador' of the King was no sinecure. Velasquez' time was so much occupied with its duties, that he was able to produce but few pictures during his later years. It would have been better for art had he been less honoured by the King. His labours and his troubles hastened his end. When Philip made a progress through the

- No.
1070. Portrait of Philip IV. as a youth.
1071. Id. Id.
1106, 1107. Views in the Gardens of the Villa Medici. Painted at Rome in 1630.
1072. Portrait of the Infanta Doña Maria, sister of Philip IV., and Queen of Hungary. Probably painted in Italy. 1630.

Second Manner (after his first visit to Italy).

1059. The Forge of Vulcan. 1630.
1074. Portrait of Philip IV. in hunting-dress. Between 1631 and 1635.
1075. Portrait of Don Fernando of Austria, in hunting-dress. 1635.
1076. Portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar, in hunting-dress. 1635.
1068. Portrait of the same, on horseback. 1635.
1055. The Crucifixion. 1638.
1069. Equestrian portrait of Olivarez. Between 1639 and 1642.
1109 and 1110. Views in the Gardens of Aranjuez. ? 1642.
1083. Portrait of the Infante Don Baltasar in his 14th year. 1644.
1066.) Equestrian portraits of Philip IV. and
1067.) Isabella of Bourbon, his Queen. 1644.
1064.) Equestrian portraits of Philip III. and
1065.) his Queen, Margarita of Austria. 1644.
1090. Portrait of the Conde de Benavente.
1060. Surrender of Breda. 1647.
1095, 1096, 1098, 1099. Portraits of Dwarfs. 1644. (? Whether No. 1099 may not be in Velasquez' third manner.)
1092. Portrait of a Jester—called the 'Comedian.'
1104. Portrait of a man unknown.

Third Manner (after his second visit to Italy).

1056. Coronation of the Virgin. 1652.
1102. The God Mars. 1652.
1063. Mercury and Argos. 1652-1653.
1093. Portrait of a Jester, known as 'Barbaroja.'
1077. Portrait of Philip IV. 1654-1655.
1062. The 'Meniñas.' 1656.
1061. The 'Hilanderas.' 1656.
1084. Portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa. (Probably commenced about 1646, and finished ten years later.)
1091. Portrait, called that of Alonso Cano.
1078, 1079. Two portraits of Doña Mariana of Austria.
1080. Portrait of Philip IV., about 55 years of age.
1081, 1082. Philip IV. and his Queen, at prayers.
1094. Portrait of a Jester, named 'Don Juan de Austria.'
1097. Portrait of Dwarf, called 'Don Antonio el Inglés.'
1100. Æsop.
1101. Menippus.
1057. St. Anthony and St. Paul the hermit. 1659.

northern provinces of his dominions to deliver his daughter, Doña Maria Theresa, to Louis XIV., to whom she had been affianced, it fell to Velasquez to make the arrangements for the journey. If, as historians relate, the royal cavalcade was no less than six leagues in length, and included not only the innumerable attendants of the Court, but a crowd of grandees who followed the King, his task could have been no light one. Even the erection and decoration of the temporary buildings on the Isle of Pheasants and on the banks of the Bidassoa, which were fitted up with every luxury, and adorned with the richest hangings and tapestry, and the splendid ceremonies which were celebrated in them, were under the painter's direction and charge. Velasquez was distinguished amidst the Spanish grandees and French nobles by his dignity and highbred courtesy, and by the taste and magnificence of his dress. 'He wore,' says Mr. Stirling, 'over a dress richly laced with silver, the usual Castilian ruff, and a short cloak embroidered with the red cross of Santiago; the badge of the order, sparkling with brilliants, was suspended from his neck by a gold chain, and the scabbard and hilt of his sword were of silver, exquisitely chased, and of Italian workmanship.'

The fatigue he underwent brought on an attack of fever, of which he died soon after his return to Madrid on the 31st July, 1660. His funeral was celebrated with all the honours due to his rank as one of the principal officers of the Court and as a Knight of the Order of Santiago, as well as to the greatest painter that Spain had produced. He left the reputation of an upright and honourable man, true to his friends, and a worthy representative of the dignity, courtesy, and chivalry of the Spaniard of the olden time. His wife died a few days after him, and their remains were placed in the same tomb. The church of San Juan which contained them was pulled down by the French in 1811, and the ashes of the great painter scattered to the wind.*

We have sought, in describing the series of Velasquez's works in the Madrid Gallery, and there alone can he be properly studied and understood, to convey to our readers a true idea of his genius, and of his place amongst

painters. He must be classed, as will have been seen, amongst the 'naturalists.' But he was a 'naturalist' in the best sense of the term. Nature was his chief, if not his only study; and he represented nature with wonderful truth and skill. Wilkie observed of him that he was 'Teniers on a large scale.' Yet no painter was less given to introduce into his pictures those trifling and irrelevant details, rendered with microscopic minuteness, which it is now the fashion to consider the peculiar characteristic of the 'naturalistic' school, and which only tend to confuse the mind, and to distract attention from the main subject. He reproduced on his canvas what he saw before him, in a simple, yet broad and forcible way, which conveys the exact impression of the scene or object as it presented itself to him. He gives to every object its proper place and relative importance by those perfect gradations of tone and colour, which constitute 'aerial perspective.' He was so successful in this respect, that it was said of him 'that he was able to paint the air itself.' He knew well that a picture, to be really effective, should contain not everything that is actually before the painter, but only that which a spectator could readily take in and observe at one and the same time. He had the power, moreover, of representing an event which he had not witnessed, as a man of a refined, honest nature, but not as a poet would have conceived it. In these qualities consisted his genius. He was equally great within these limits as a painter of portraits, of historical subjects, of domestic scenes, of landscape, of animals, and of still life. In works which required the exercise of higher faculties he was, as we have seen, less successful. He was inferior to the best Italian painters because he lacked the highest gift in painting as in poetry—the power of idealization, or the imaginative faculties. The grand religious and classic compositions of a Raphael or a Titian were as much out of the range of his genius as the sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo. He could deal with living men, but not with God, angels, or saints. Even his animals, masterly as they are, want that marvellous expression, amounting at times almost to that of human reason and feelings, so delightful in the dogs of Landseer.

As a portrait-painter Velasquez has been compared to Titian and Vandyke. The absence of that power of idealization which has made Titian the Prince of Portrait-painters, renders Velasquez unquestionably inferior to the Venetian master, as we have pointed out in contrasting the equestrian portraits of Charles V. and Olivarez. In

* The principal authorities for the life of Velasquez are Pacheco 'Arte de la Pintura,' Carducho 'Dialogos de la Pintura,' Palomino 'Vidas de los Pintores y Estatuarios eminentes Españoles,' and Cean Bermudez 'Diccionario de las Bellas Artes.' The Madrid Gallery contains no less than sixty-four pictures by Velasquez. It is to be observed that many of them have unfortunately been injured by repainting. The noxious race of restorers has been rampant at Madrid.

some respects he may be superior to Vandyke. He had less delicacy and refinement, but his portraits show more vigour and greater individuality than those of Vandyke, especially in his later or English manner. Vandyke—in his earlier works, such as the noble portraits of David Rickaert, the painter, and Henry of Nassau, in the Madrid Gallery, and others painted at Genoa, before he adopted a somewhat feeble and monotonous colouring, and a conventional treatment of details, such as in his hands—contrasts more favourably with his Spanish rival. Rubens exceeded Velasquez in glow and transparency of colour, but not in power and breadth, or in forcible delineation of character. The portrait-painter who, perhaps, most resembles Velasquez in feeling, though not in treatment, is Moroni, in his best portraits; such, for instance, as those in the Uffizzi and Pitti Palace at Florence, and that of the 'Tailor' in the National Gallery. There was also something not altogether unlike in the genius of the two men. Although Moroni could paint from nature with singular fidelity, he failed, like Velasquez, in works requiring imagination. Whilst his portraits are deserving of the highest place, his representations of sacred subjects are of very inferior merit.

In technical skill, in the use of his materials, Velasquez has, perhaps, not been surpassed by any painter. He had the most complete command over his brush, and his pictures are executed with a surprising mastery and ease. Sir Charles Eastlake, the most accomplished, just, and accurate, of modern critics, in his notes upon Velasquez' pictures in the Madrid Gallery extols the painter's 'free and liquid execution.*' The colour appears to have flowed from his brush, and to have produced at once the exact effect contemplated by the painter. There are no signs in his pictures of 'going over,' or stippling, or any other kind of laboured work. Consequently they have a remarkable transparency and clearness, even although their general quality of tone may be dark; and this is especially the case of those in his second and third manner. These qualities would have made Velasquez a great painter in fresco. But he appears never to have practised that branch of his art, although he superintended the frescoes of other painters who were employed to decorate the royal palaces at Madrid.

* It may be mentioned, as a remarkable instance of the conscientious care and industry of Sir Charles Eastlake, that, out of 2000 pictures in the Gallery of Madrid, there is not one, however worthless, which he did not examine, and upon which he did not make his notes.

The breadth and freedom of Velasquez' manner, which sometimes almost amounts to 'sketchiness,' and has even induced some critics to call him a 'scene-painter,' renders it extremely difficult to imitate, although it invites imitation. The so-called 'style of Velasquez' generally means, amongst modern painters, a tricky, careless mode of painting, violent contrasts of colour and of light and shade, and a crude, rough execution, which requires distance to convey any meaning. It is an excuse for hasty work, and serves to hide want of real knowledge and capacity. Nothing can be more fatal to a student than to fall into this error. Nor, indeed, is it less dangerous to experienced artists. Wilkie's later works furnish a caution. His visit to Spain and his attempt to imitate Velasquez have seriously injured his fame as a great and original painter, which his earlier pictures had justly acquired for him. We cannot but feel this painfully when we compare the 'Blind Fiddler' or the 'Village Festival' with the 'Preaching of Knox' in the National Gallery. Wilkie's genius was the very opposite of that of Velasquez. The one was essentially minute, the other essentially large, in the representation of nature. In endeavouring to form a new style, and to abandon that which had placed him amongst the first of English painters, Wilkie mistook the bent of his genius and failed. The English painter who, perhaps, profited most from the study of Velasquez, was the late Mr. Philip, whose colouring has many of the qualities, though wanting in the breadth and facility of that of the great Spanish master.

Amongst the scholars and followers of Velasquez may be mentioned his son-in-law, Juan Bautista Martinez del Mazo, his freed-man Pareja, and Carreño. We are not acquainted with any authentic portraits by Pareja by which we can form an opinion of his abilities in that branch of his art. He is said to have imitated his master with considerable success, and it is not improbable that some portraits which are attributed to Velasquez may be by him. In his large picture of the 'Call of St. Matthew,' in the Madrid Gallery, he appears rather as a follower of the Venetian school. Of Del Mazo the same collection possesses a fine full-length portrait of Don Tiburecio de Redin y Cruzat, a Knight of St. John and Quartermaster of the Spanish Infantry in the time of Philip IV. In this masterly work Del Mazo approaches Velasquez. The same may be said of a noble view of Zaragoza, also in the Madrid Gallery, in which the figures, painted with great spirit, are attributed, but we believe without reason, to Velasquez.

himself. According to Spanish writers on art, Del Mazo succeeded so well in imitating Velasquez, that his portraits frequently pass for works by his master. We have little doubt that many pictures which in public and private collections are assigned to Velasquez are really by his pupil.* Carreño, who was the favourite Court painter during the reign of Philip IV.'s successor, Charles II., was an able painter, but inferior to Del Mazo. His portraits are generally flat, and poorly modelled. His best is probably a full-length of a Muscovite ambassador, in the Madrid Gallery, which is cleverly painted, although somewhat monotonous in colour. The imbecile countenance of the king, and the pale Austrian features of the queen-mother, whom he constantly painted, did not offer the most attractive subjects for the painter's brush.

The golden period of the Spanish school of painting was of short duration. It ended with the seventeenth century. Until nearly the close of the eighteenth, no painter appeared who has the least claim to eminence or originality. The weak and bigoted princess who occupied the Spanish throne after Philip IV. did little or nothing for the encouragement of native art, and sent to Italy or France for their painters. Lucca Giordano, Tiepolo, Mengs, and other men of the same class, came to Madrid to decorate the royal palaces, and to paint portraits of the kings, their families, and their courtiers. Spanish artists filled churches with religious pictures, of the most childish description and beneath criticism, but to the taste of the clergy and of a nation of bigots. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a Spanish painter arose who possessed something of the genius of Velasquez. Had Goya lived at a more favourable time, and had he been under higher and nobler influences, he might have raised once again the fame of Spanish art. His originality, his facility of execution, his powerful colouring, and the simplicity of his style remind one of Velasquez.

* Considering the length of Velasquez' life, the number of pictures which can be confidently attributed to him is remarkably small. We believe that, even admitting some doubtful works, it would not much exceed one hundred, of which, as we have observed, no less than 64 are in the Madrid Gallery. Mr. Stirling gives a list of about 220 existing in different public and private collections, but many pictures included in it are unquestionably not by the master. Velasquez was unfortunately so much taken up by his official duties that he had not much time for painting, especially in his later years. He rarely signed his pictures: we can only mention two to which he affixed his name—the 'Adoration of the Magi' in the Madrid Gallery, and the portrait of Innocent X. at Rome.

Spanish critics dwell with patriotic enthusiasm upon this last representative of the national school, and discover in him a combination of Velasquez, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Titian, Paul Veronese, Watteau, and Lancret! Not being Spaniards, whilst admitting his merit we would be more rational in our praise. He witnessed the degradation of his country which preceded the French revolution, and the horrors of the French occupation. He has depicted some of its terrible episodes with much power, and has satirised in vigorous though somewhat coarse and fantastic caricature the vices of his countrymen and countrywomen which led to their misfortunes. The Spanish Bourbons whom, as court painter, he had constantly to represent, Charles IV. and his queen, and Ferdinand VII. with their numerous progeny and relations, were monsters of ugliness who were not improved by the absurdest of costumes. Goya has portrayed them and the infamous Godoy so to the life, that their portraits alone are sufficient to hand them down to the contempt of posterity. It is not surprising that, with such subjects to paint, Goya does not enjoy out of Spain the reputation which he deserves.

The present Spanish school of painting may be considered under the influence of Velasquez, and is, to a certain extent, endeavouring to form itself upon it. It gives good promise, and has already produced men of undoubted ability, who have met with a deserved success beyond the Pyrenees. The works of Fortuny and Madrazo are well known in France and England, and there are several young painters in Spain who may attain equal reputation. But there are two pitfalls in which Spanish artists are in danger of losing themselves—French influence, and a premature attempt to imitate Velasquez. Spanish pictures have of late years found a ready sale in Paris. But this success has been achieved by working for French dealers, and by conforming to French tastes. The result has been the sacrifice of good and honest work to that careless 'sensational' execution, or that violent and unnatural colouring which our neighbours call 'chic.' Men of such unquestionable ability as draughtsmen and colourists as Fortuny and other rising Spanish painters, are capable of producing better things than pictures to attract the crowds on the Boulevards, or to ornament the boudoirs of 'Lionnes.' They might again revive the national school of painting, although they can expect but little encouragement in their own country,

* See in Don Pedro Madrazo's 'Catalogue of the Madrid Gallery,' the notice of Goya, p. 405.

where those who are able and ought to encourage and protect art and native talent, with very rare exceptions, employ their time and money to very different ends. We have already referred to the dangerous temptation to a young artist of imitating what is called 'the manner of Velasquez.' The large and fair treatment which distinguishes that consummate master, was the result of great experience and of the most perfect knowledge of his art. Those who pretend to imitate him, being deficient both in the one and the other, endeavour to make up for want of them by hasty and tricky work, which they are foolish enough to suppose produces the same result. It is the fatal error of ambitious young painters to wish to begin where great men have ended. When they have studied and laboured like Velasquez, they may hope to paint like Velasquez.

ART. VI.—*Henri d'Ideville. Journal d'un Diplôme en Italie. Notes intimes pour servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire.* Paris, 1872.

It was an admired metaphor of Lord Plunkett's, alluding to the Statute of Limitations, that 'Time comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our rights, but, in his other hand, the lawgiver has placed an hour-glass by which he metes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence he has swept away.' It is to be regretted that Time is not similarly empowered to mete out the periods which shall justify the publication of journals, memoirs, and correspondence, more or less partaking of the official character: that there is not a statute of limitations to inform and protect the writers or their representatives; who are absolutely without a guide, except a varying rule of practice or propriety which only meets the extreme cases. No one thought of condemning Lady Jackson for publishing the valuable 'Diaries' of her deceased husband, which we reviewed in April last; and Lord Palmerston's journals, including notes of cabinet discussions, were freely used by his biographer, Lord Dalling. But Mr. Charles Greville's have been discreetly kept back: Sir William Molesworth's were sealed up immediately after his death by his representatives; and when the late Marquis of Normanby announced as forthcoming his book entitled, 'A Year of Revolution, from a Journal kept in Paris in 1848,' experienced di-

plomatists stood aghast at so glaring a departure from precedent and propriety. He had been British ambassador at Paris during this year of revolution; and the chief value of his journal necessarily centred in the most delicate transactions of his embassy. The Foreign Office remonstrated in the strongest terms: a sharp correspondence ensued; and the upshot was that everything gravely compromising, everything which had become known to his Lordship under the sacred seal of official confidence, was left out.

It stands to reason that a discretionary control in such matters should be vested in all governments, but nothing of the kind has been recognised in France since the rude subversion of the dynasty under which the existing race of statesmen and diplomatists have grown up. Ex-ambassadors, ex-ministers, and ex-commanders-in-chief, have been rivalling each other in their revelations; laying despatches, conversations, and secret instructions indiscriminately before the world; exclusively intent on shifting the blame from their own shoulders, and comparatively indifferent whether their imperial master or their colleagues are held responsible for the common downfall and disgrace. There is consequently no occasion for surprise, or much call for censure, when we find a young diplomatist of distinguished ability at the very commencement of a promising career, emancipating himself from official, professional and (in some respects) social restraint; telling us what he saw or heard in his privileged capacity behind the scenes; how the prominent personages in courts and cabinets looked and talked in their unguarded moments: with what bad faith, dissimulation, mean motives, and coarse language, great affairs may be conducted or mixed up. All this, and a great deal more that is curious and illustrative, may be learned or collected from M. d'Ideville's 'Journal in Italy;' the extraordinary frankness (not to say indiscretion) of which, far from being excused or palliated, is boldly put forward as its main merit and attraction in an introductory epistle by a distinguished member of the French press:—

'Monsieur,' writes M. Edouard Hervé, 'your Journal is about to be published by the excellent publishing firm of Hachette. The favour with which these private notes were received when they appeared by extracts in the "Journal des Débats," "Le Soir," and the "Journal de Paris," will follow them in their new and more complete form. The public are obliged to you for introducing them behind the scenes of the diplomacy of the Second Empire. You do more than awaken a frivolous curiosity. A patriotic interest is attached to your revelations. French diplomacy has not escaped the

universal decay of our institutions. You know better than I, Monsieur, that it is now destitute of those high qualities which so long made it one of the most powerful instruments of our influence and our grandeur. Forgetful of its traditions, it has lost even the secret of that fine language which it formerly wrote, and which all the foreign offices of Europe had learnt at its school. The permanent interests of France, of which it was the guardian, have been sacrificed to the caprices of personal power or to the necessities of revolutionary propagandism.

'You have also been personally present at this decline. You have seen, if not the causes—for they mount higher up—at least the effects, for they were beginning to be produced in their full force at the epoch of which you treat. Placed in a secondary post, and, consequently, better fitted to observe impartially than if you had played a leading part, you have been enabled to follow, day by day, since the conclusion of the war of Italy, the march of that short-sighted policy which, in favouring Italian unity and German unity, without demanding material guarantees to our advantage from either Italy or Germany, prepared the crowning disasters of the empire.'

Here, M. Hervé simply expresses the traditional policy of the majority of French statesmen, headed by M. Thiers; who conceives it both the interest and the right of France to have weak states upon her frontier. But in what respect did the Imperial Government deviate from the received doctrine? In going to war for an idea, the emperor had no intention of promoting Italian unity, or he would not have held his hand at Villa Franca; nor of neglecting material guarantees, or he would not have stipulated for Savoy and Nice. If he consolidated German unity, it was not by favouring but by opposing it; and he was never in a condition to exact a material guarantee from Germany. The remarkable circumstance, however, is, not that M. Hervé from his peculiar point of view, should condemn the foreign policy of the empire, but that, assuming it to have been ruinous, he should encourage and commend a subordinate engaged in carrying it out for exposing it.

After expatiating on the advantages enjoyed by M. d'Ideville in studying the character of Cavour, 'that Italian minister who did so much good to his own country, and so much harm to ours, because we so willed it,' M. Hervé continues:—

'What seducing or merely interesting types you have grouped around this grand figure! Here it is the prince whom you have somewhere termed "the mock Henri IV. of another Sully;" resembling the Béarnais rather in small points than great, and slightly Gascon, it must be owned, although not born on the banks of the Garonne. There it is the woman whose

beauty Greece would have deified and reserved as a model for Phidias or Praxiteles: an antique marble misplaced in our profane age. Alongside of her is another woman of whom you could do no more than indicate the strange and complex type: a little of the princess, a little of the *bel esprit*, sometimes *spirituelle* and always adventurous, whom one would not wish the wife of one's worst enemy, and who has been married twice. Further on it is M. Benedetti, the skilful diplomatist, who, you say, would have been without reproach if chance had not made him Italian instead of French: it is M. Ratazzi, one of those second-rate politicians abundantly produced by the Bar, men of words rather than of action, and amongst whom the tone of mind is not always on a level with the intelligence. I say nothing of other types, and among the most curious and the most striking. All this Italian society revives in your book, such as it was ten years since, when your happily indiscreet pen surprised and fixed its features. Your book will take its place in the grand inquest that France is at this moment instituting on the causes of her disasters. Wörth and Sedan were budding in the policy, the strings of which you saw at work. Competent writers have revealed the imperfections of our military organization: you initiate us into the weaknesses of our diplomacy.'

We have quoted these spirited passages because no words of ours could convey more pointedly or concisely an accurate impression of the 'Journal,' which, although extending over less than three years, comprises and lays bare some of the most curious and important events in history.

The author was named secretary of embassy to the French legation at Turin, and assumed the active duties of his post at the beginning of September, 1859. Italy and France, he states, were still under the emotion of the short and glorious campaign which had pushed back the Austrians behind the Quadrilateral. But the victory of Magenta (June 4) and that of Solferino (June 24) were already forgotten and their impression effaced by the peace of Villa Franca. This peace, it will be remembered, whilst securing the independence of the Milanese, and directly leading to that of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, threw a dark and menacing, although (as it proved) temporary, cloud over the bright dawn of Italian unity, and checked the soaring ambition of Cavour in mid-career. The estimate of it, therefore, naturally varied with the locality:—

'The discontent which this prudent and politic measure of the Emperor Napoleon caused in Piedmont strongly resembled ingratitude, and I was equally surprised and saddened on arriving at Turin to see the portraits of Orsini and the most violent pamphlets against France ostentatiously displayed in the shop windows of the engravers and booksellers.

'Whilst Turin was still grumbling against too precipitate a peace, Milan, hardly two months since capital of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, now a free Italian city, received her French liberators with a joy and an enthusiasm of which it is difficult to form a notion.'

The chief of the French legation at Turin at this time was the late Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, afterwards French Ambassador in England, to whose estimable qualities his quondam secretary bears a high and well-merited tribute. The French army of occupation was commanded by Marshal Vaillant, who with his staff was established at the Villa Bonaparte, the former residence of the viceroy of Italy at Milan. His traditional reputation for soldier-like bluntness may be collected from an anecdote. A lady petitioner, whom he had unceremoniously dismissed, had indignantly left the room, when he called after her: 'Pardon, Madame, mais vous me prenez pour un *sanglier*.'—'Oh, non, Maréchal, pas si sauvage.' After a moment's pause, he said half aloud: 'C'est-à-dire que je suis un *cochon*.' M. d'Ideville, who was the bearer of a delicate communication from the minister to the commander-in-chief whilst much depended on their effective co-operation, was delighted with his reception, and experienced none of the military roughness he had been led to apprehend. The marshal thus gave him the benefit of his observations and reflections:—

"They will only apply to me," were his words, speaking of the Austrians, "so great is their repugnance to considering Lombardy as belonging to Piedmont. It will be so till we have evacuated Italy. I am, moreover, well satisfied with their courtesy and my relations with General Degenfeld. I should say as much of the Lombards and the Piedmontese army, although there exists a shade of jealousy between our allies and us. Our young officers are probably more brilliant, more enterprising, than theirs, and your friends Vogüé, Louvencourt, and so many others, are more petted, more listened to, more favoured, I own, by the Milanese beauties than the new possessors of Lombardy."

This may have been so, but the same story is always told by French writers of the French. Whether captors or captives in the ruder fields of conflict with the male sex, they (by their own shewing) are invariably successful with the fair; and they boast of having, when prisoners in Berlin, revenged Wörth and Sedan by dint of the same personal gifts and accomplishments, which enabled them to improve upon Magenta and Solferino at Milan:—

"However," continues the general, "all goes well: all will have their turn, and our occupation will not be eternal. Note well! the Piedmontese is cold, but energetic, disciplined.

Remember what I tell you, my young friend: I have lived half a century in Rome and Italy: men do not change: I know my Italians and appreciate them at their value. To my mind the Piedmontese will be always the muscles of Italy: without muscles the body is inert: the finest head cannot act."

'The marshal, after showing me his garden, took me to his bed-chamber and pointed to his bed: "In that bed Marshal Radetzky died, but the Emperor, I hope, will not leave me in Italy long enough to die in it."'

We have always been given to understand that the Austrians in Italy were insulting as well as oppressive: that they treated the Italians as an inferior race; and circumstances have come to our knowledge which go far to substantiate the charge. For example, in 1857, an English family of distinction were travelling by the railway between Milan and Verona, when, in the middle of the night, they were summoned to vacate their carriage for the accommodation of an Austrian general and his suite. On making known their nationality, they were permitted to remain; and an Italian party in the next carriage were turned out. But M. d'Ideville, who heard both sides, says that, although the Milanese made it a point of honour to treat the Austrians as the Germans are now treated by the French, that is, to shun their society and hold no sort of friendly intercourse with them, 'still, to be just, these oppressors were the gentlest and the best of tyrants. Their only crime, and it was one, was to wear the white uniform and to speak the German language.' In illustration of the honest and enlightened character of their administration, he reproduces a statement made in his presence, by Cavour to the Baron de Talleyrand, who succeeded the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne as head of the French Legation:—

'Do you know who, during the Austrian occupation, was our most terrible enemy in Lombardy? the one whom I dreaded most, and the steps of whose progress I counted day by day with dismay? Well, it was the Archduke Maximilian, the last viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. He was young, active, enterprising. He had devoted himself heart and soul to the difficult task of reconciling the Milanese; and assuredly he would have succeeded. Already his perseverance, his kindly bearing, his just and liberal mind, had won numerous partisans away from us. At no time had the Lombard provinces been so prosperous, so well administered. I began to be alarmed; but, thank Heaven, the kind Government of Vienna intervened, and, as is its wont, seized, without hesitating, the occasion to commit a blunder, an impolitic act, at once the most fatal to Austria and the most salutary for Piedmont. The wise reforms of the Archduke had given umbrage to the old party of the "Gazette de Vérone," and the Emperor Francis Joseph, well-

advised for once, recalled his brother Maximilian from Milan. I breathed freely on hearing this news: nothing was lost: Lombardy could not escape us now.'

It has been said of Austria that she is always a year, an army, or an idea, behind-hand. In this instance it was the idea. But the reconciliation of a conquered community, an alien population, with the conquerors by dint of good government, is an event almost unprecedented in history. It may come to pass by the gradual blending of races, but not until the sharp line of demarcation, drawn by habits, manners, and language, has been worn away. It took two centuries to mould the Normans and Saxons into the English nation; and the hourly swelling cry of Home Rule is all the thanks we get for letting Ireland have her own way without her own way of having it.

The peace of Villa Franca led to the immediate resignation of Cavour, who was content to bide his time; convinced that the ball he had set rolling could not be stopped half way down the acclivity; and the Emperor Napoleon soon came perforce to the same conclusion. In open defiance of his known wishes, the minor sovereignties were practically annexed; and the sole remaining hope of preventing the complete failure of his policy in the eyes of French statesmen was to surrender the barren boast of having made war for an idea and exact a solid compensation for his services.

Each receding step of the Emperor of the French and each advance of the King of Italy at this crisis are keenly watched and noted by the French secretary. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, whose personal views were opposed to those of Cavour, was recalled, and received his audience to take leave on December 13, 1859:—

'I accompanied my minister, and, according to custom, waited with the aides-de-camp, in the adjoining *salon*. Towards the end of the audience, M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who had forewarned me, half opened the door, and made me a sign to enter. The *salon* in which I was introduced was very simply decorated: the only ornaments were some portraits, full-length, of princes and princesses of the house of Savoy: amongst them were cardinals, bishops, saints. The King, in uniform, was standing near a window. He held out his hand to me when I approached with an obeisance, and asked if I was passing my time agreeably at Turin, "a place of residence that you must find very melancholy on arriving from Paris." After some commonplace questions, the King resumed his conversation with the Prince. The future King of Italy seemed in remarkably good humour on that day. It was the first time I approached a crowned head, and I confess that the emotion which came over me on passing

the threshold of the door was speedily dissipated. His Sardinian Majesty expressed to the Prince the lively regret he felt at his departure, and asked several particulars relating to his successor, the Baron de Talleyrand-Périgord. Finally, as the Prince was about to take his leave, the King eagerly seized both his hands:—

"Now, my dear Prince, when are we to meet again? You are going to Berlin: I remain here, where I have still so many things to do."

"Great and good things, assuredly, Sire," said the Prince.

"Doubtless," said the King, "but, happen what may, my dear Minister, I should not like you to leave me under bad impressions. I am sure that you, too, take me for one of the impious, for an unbeliever, as they are pleased to say. You are wrong. I am not a bad Christian. If I have Kings among my ancestors, I count saints also in my family. Hold! look around!"—and Victor Emmanuel pointed with animation to the portraits that tapestried the walls. "Well, do you suppose that there, on high, all these saints which belong to me have any other occupation than to pray for me? Then be at ease," added he, as if wishing to reply to a question which the ambassador refrained from putting, but to which the conversation naturally led: "if ever, some day or other, the question about going to Rome should arise, it is to Humbert alone, I swear, that I would leave the task. For nothing in the world would I set foot in Rome. I respect Pope Pius IX.; and I know that at the bottom of his heart he loves me much—even me, doubt it not. Besides, what can I wish for more? Have I not done enough for Italy?"

M. d'Ideville adds that these words, which he reports literally, were repeated by the King several times, and to other persons besides the French minister. Nor was his Majesty far wrong in supposing that the Pope had a weakness for him, and was disposed to regard him in the light of an unwilling instrument in the spoliation of the Holy See. His Holiness stated as much at a later period to M. d'Ideville at Rome: 'It is not the King with whom I am most angry: he is not ill-disposed; he is weak, vainglorious: I pity him, and I cannot forget that all his belongings have loved this church: so I hope he will some day or other be mindful of her.' Nor was his Majesty fairly chargeable with dissimulation or hypocrisy when he prided himself on his traditional Christianity, and vowed that no consideration should induce him to set foot in Rome. He meant what he said: he was fully capable of resisting temptation at a distance or in the abstract; and he was swayed by circumstances as they arose. His frank, open character suggests a defence which could hardly be made for the Emperor Charles V., who, when the Pope was made prisoner by his troops at the sack

of Rome, 'appointed prayers and processions throughout all Spain for the recovery of the Pope's liberty, which, by an order to his generals, he could immediately have granted him.*' M. d'Ideville adds in a note: 'The King has continued devout: like all the princes of the house of Savoy, he had strongly marked religious feelings in his infancy and his youth. Up to the present time (1872) he has performed his religious duties every year regularly at Turin. It is rumoured in Italy that, if he does not fear God as he ought to fear Him, he has great fear of the devil.'

The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne is described as surrendering his Italian mission without regret, and two incidents, warranted authentic, are set down as tending to disgust him with the post. One day, whilst Cavour was still president of the council, the Prince received from Count Walewski (then secretary for foreign affairs) a despatch to be read and communicated to Cavour. This time there was no mistaking the intentions of the court of the Tuileries. In clear and precise language, referring to the troubles and agitation fomented by the Sardinian cabinet in the duchies and Central Italy, the French government declared, without circumvention or qualification, to that of Turin that any attempt at annexation would be considered a breach of the treaties: in a word, that it was at his own risk and peril, and in contempt of French counsels, that the King was throwing himself at haphazard into enterprises which might prove fatal to him in the end. This despatch fell in exactly with the Prince's mode of thinking, and he gladly hurried with it to Cavour. 'My dear Count,' he began, 'I have a disagreeable duty to perform; but my government, as I have frequently given you to understand, energetically disapproves your attitude, and this is what Count Walewski requests me to communicate.' Cavour, his head buried in his hands, listened without interrupting, to the despatch from the French Foreign Office; then, when the French minister had finished, he replied with an affected air of confusion, 'Alas! you are right, my dear Prince; what M. Walewski writes to you is not, I must own, in a tone to encourage our hopes; we are roundly taken to task: but what would you say if, in my turn, I read to you what this time comes to me directly from the Tuileries, and from a certain personage of your acquaintance?' At the same time he drew from his pocket, with a knowing air, a letter, bearing the same date as the despatch, in which M. Mocquard confidentially assured him, on the part of the Emperor,

* Robertson's 'Reign of the Emperor Charles V.'

that the projects of annexation were favourably viewed, and that he need not trouble himself about the complications that might result. The Prince folded up his despatch, and was bowed out with a smile of triumph by the Count.

The compact between the French Emperor and Cavour was clearly understood on both sides to be of an elastic character, subject to modification from events, and there may have been moments when either of the contracting parties might have wavered or been disposed to draw back without incurring a suspicion of bad faith. In one of these the Emperor, inspired (it is suggested) by the Empress, wrote the King of Piedmont a letter in which he attempted to retreat from the most compromising of his engagements. The King's indignation after receiving it was such that he lost all power of self-control, and taking the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne into a side-room during a state ball, he apostrophized him in the rudest language, seasoned with phrases personally insulting to the Emperor: 'What, after all, is this fellow, this —? The last arrival among the sovereigns of Europe, an intruder amongst us. Let him remember who he, he is, and what I, I am!—the chief of the first and most ancient race reigning in Europe.' The unlucky minister listened to this unbecoming burst with perfect coolness, and simply said when it was spent, 'Sire, would your Majesty graciously permit me not to have heard a syllable of the words you have just uttered.' The King abruptly broke up the interview; but in the course of the evening, he rejoined the French minister, and, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, whispered in his ear, 'It is not indispensable, my dear Prince, is it, to report to Paris our conversation of this evening? Besides, did you not, you yourself, tell me that you had heard nothing?'

No French statesman or diplomatist will ever see anything wrong in a transaction by which France acquires territory, or anything right in one by which it is taken for her. Glossing over the treaty or family compact of Plombières, M. d'Ideville says that the first overtures on the subject of Nice and Savoy were made to the Piedmontese government whilst the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne was still at Turin.

'The Emperor, with his usual reticence, had hitherto not pronounced a word which could foreshadow his intentions; but no one entertained a doubt at Paris or Turin that the intervention must have another result besides giving Lombardy to the King of Piedmont. Moreover, the pretensions of the French government were perfectly legitimate. To say nothing of the moral ties that time immemorial had attached Nice and Savoy to France, or of their commu-

nity of manners and interests, it was impossible to suppose that the Emperor could have consented to lend himself to the aggrandisement of a neighbouring State, without securing for himself a territorial compensation which was, roundly speaking, a trifle in comparison of the sudden aggrandisement of the house of Savoy.'

This argument breaks down at once unless it can be contended that the house of Savoy, by dint of its new acquisitions, was likely to become formidable to France; and as for moral ties, could any be stronger than those which bound the royal family of Savoy to the hereditary domains, the cradle rich in tradition, rich in historical association, of their house? The subject was fully discussed in a former number (July, 1861), and we adhere to the conclusion at which we arrived then, that, whatever might be said for Victor Emmanuel and his minister, the conduct of France was indefensible. She compromised something more than her reputation for disinterestedness. She compromised her reputation for good faith, and sanctioned a doctrine which was speedily to be turned against herself.

The bargain for the cession of Savoy and Nice was kept secret till the war was over, and the moral support of England had become immaterial. When, after repeated evasions and denials, it was brought to light, it came upon the English friends of Italian independence like a thunderclap; and no one was more surprised or irritated than Lord Palmerston, the warmest supporter of the cause. He never forgave the ex-Emperor for what he deemed the slight and deceit put upon him; and thenceforth, to his dying day, regarded his imperial friend with suspicion and distrust; which would hardly have been lessened had he lived to hear of the Benedetti negotiations at Berlin. Nor did the mischief stop here. This doctrine of territorial compensation, of rounding frontiers, of annexing (so-called) homogeneous provinces or communities, will always be turned to account by the strongest; and the strongest for the time being should remember that they may become the weakest—

'Turno tempus erit, magni cum optaverit emptum

Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque Oderit.'

Savoy and Nice were freshly remembered when Alsace was reclaimed by Germany, and the warmest sympathizers with France could not deny that she was treated no worse than she meant to treat her adversary had she been able to fulfil the threat of dictating conditions at Berlin.

It was at Milan, where the French legation

were in attendance on the court, that, returning to his hotel about two in the morning from a ball given to the king by the notables and merchants, M. de Talleyrand received a pressing telegram from Paris, with an order to communicate it immediately to Cavour. It announced the order of departure given to the French army of occupation, and desired the French minister to resume without the delay of an hour, the negotiations of the subject of Savoy and Nice. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, M. de Talleyrand got into his carriage and drove to the palace where the president of the council was lodged:

'The King was alighting from his carriage with his minister when we drove into the court; and M. de Cavour, learning that the French minister, whom he had left half an hour before, desired an audience, received him on the instant.

'M. de Talleyrand requested the Count's permission for me to be present at the interview, and without more ado communicated the despatch. M. de Cavour appeared a little surprised at the (according to him) premature order of evacuation, which, he remarked, in being useful to Italy, must cause a real satisfaction at Vienna. "If the English," he added, with a laugh, "had occupied Genoa on the same conditions on which you occupy Milan and Lombardy, do you believe that they would have been in such a hurry as you to abandon Italy? At all events, it was foreseen: all is for the best, and we shall accept this decision of the Emperor with more pleasure than the second part of your despatch. So he holds firmly to Savoy and this unhappy city of Nice?"

'M. de Talleyrand hastened to reply that France and the Emperor considered the thing as done, and did not expect, on his part, to have any discussion on this subject with the Sardinian cabinet, except on the most advantageous mode for both governments of terminating the negotiation. Although in the different interviews of the Emperor with Cavour at Plombières and elsewhere, this important clause, express condition of our intervention in Italy, had always been reserved, the minister of Victor Emmanuel, once in possession of Lombardy, would certainly not have been the first to recall his promises.'

As M. de Talleyrand had acted up to the full spirit of his instructions, and carried them out with ability and tact, some surprise was excited by the arrival, two days before the signature of the Treaty of Cession at Turin, of M. Benedetti from the French Foreign Office in the capacity of second plenipotentiary. M. d'Ideville maintains that this appointment came too late for any useful purpose, and attributes it to an ungenerous desire on the part of M. Benedetti to share the honour of acquiring two provinces for France. According to him, the suscep-

tibility of Baron de Talleyrand was wound-ed to such an extent that he had serious thoughts of throwing up his mission and demanding to be placed upon the retired list. We have authority for stating that M. d'Ideville wrote under a mistaken impression upon this subject. M. de Talleyrand entertained no thoughts of the kind; and the arrival of M. Benedetti did, in fact, accelerate the execution of the treaty. It was formally executed on the 24th of March at three o'clock in the afternoon. M. d'Ideville prints the precise hour in italics—

'M. de Talleyrand had brought me with him to read the secret memorandum and the minute of the treaty destined for the Sardinian Government, whilst M. Artom, the Secretary of the Count de Cavour, followed me on the instrument destined for France. The other plenipotentiaries, MM. de Talleyrand, Benedetti and Farini, were seated in the little green cabinet at the angle of the palace, habitually occupied by M. de Cavour. He was walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent down. Never had I seen him so preoccupied, so silent: his unalterable gaiety, his proverbial air of *bonhomie*, had abandoned him. In this solemn moment, when the stroke of a pen was about to take from his master two provinces, of which one was the cradle of the House of Savoy, the self-concentration, and even the sadness, of the great Minister will be easily understood.

'After the reading of the treaty and the memorandum, the Count de Cavour took a pen and signed the two instruments with a firm hand. Immediately afterwards his physiognomy grew calm, and the habitual smile returned to his lips. He drew near to M. de Talleyrand, rubbing his hands, a gesture familiar to him, and said in a low tone, "Now we are accomplices, is it not so, Baron?"'

Here is a scene for an historical painter; but one of first-rate genius would be needed to throw into Cavour's face the complicated expression which must have accompanied the concluding words: words of the deepest signification, betraying the grasping and far-sighted character of his policy. It was not to fulfill an engagement, nor to keep what he had already got, that he signed away Savoy and Nice upon this day, but to secure the complicity of France in those meditated annexations and growing schemes of aggrandisement, which were to know nor stop nor stay—

'On Gaeta's walls till Piedmont's banners fly
And all be mine beneath th' Italian sky.'

Lord Palmerston was no believer in Italian unity. He thought that the attempt to unite the Two Sicilies under the same monarchy with the Northern and Central States, would prove as vain as the abortive experiment of moulding Holland and Belgium

into one. He had declared as much in the British Parliament: he had termed the French expedition in aid of Victor Emmanuel 'a noble enterprise,' under the belief that it was a disinterested one; and he was consequently left studiously in the dark till the confederates could venture to throw off the mask:—

'Never was negotiation kept more secret for the very day of the signature of the treaty, the presence of M. Benedetti was not generally known at Turin. The Count de Cavour, it is true, was greatly interested in keeping the facts secret as long as possible. A few days before Sir James Hudson had extorted from him the direct positive promise to oppose a categorical refusal to our pretensions to the county of Nice.

'The Count Brassier de Saint Simon, Minister of Prussia, and the Count de Stackelberg, Minister of Russia, happening to be at the club on the evening of the 24th, inquired of M. de Rayneval and me if it was true that the treaty was to be signed on the 30th, and that a second plenipotentiary had been named for the occasion: they had nothing in their minds beyond the cession of Savoy. It was very recently that the journals had begun to speak of the annexation of Nice; and up to the last moment, M. de Cavour had hoped that the Emperor would abandon his pretensions put forward recently enough, and would attach some weight to the protestations of the English Cabinet, and, above all, to the embarrassments that might result to Piedmont, from what they called too great a subserviency to France.'

Two days before the signature of the treaty, the Marchese d'Azeglio, then accredited minister from the King of Sardinia to the British court, was at Turin and had an audience with Cavour, whose parting words were: *Se potessimo almeno salvar Nizza!* ('If we could at least save Nice').

We really believe that the exigencies of the Emperor's domestic position at this time did not allow him to be generous, had he been so minded: he was obliged to act up to the traditional policy of France, which was never famous for disinterestedness and, with reference to this very transaction, was pointedly defined by a repartee. At one of Lady Palmerston's soirées, a French attaché on his way to the refreshment room, said to Lord Houghton, '*Je vais prendre quelque chose.*' '*Vous avez raison,*' was the reply: '*c'est l'habitude de votre pays.*'*

* The circumstances which led to the cession of Nice and Savoy are still involved in obscurity. The meeting between the French Emperor and Cavour at Plombières took place in the autumn of 1858; and down to February, 1860, Cavour persevered in stating that the king was under no engagement to 'cede, exchange, or sell' Savoy and Nice to France. At a prior period, in reply to inquiries from the Derby Government

M. d'Ideville's revelations are not confined to political events or political personages in their public relations. He describes and analyses the Society of Turin and Milan; treats us to lifelike scenes and pictures drawn from it; and takes us along with him into the inmost recesses of confidential intimacy with men and women who are, or have been, its ornament and its pride. Conspicuous, pre-eminent, resplendent among these is the Countess de Castiglione, who, if not exactly deified as she would have been in Greece, was pronounced in the leading capitals of Europe, with hardly a dissenting voice, the most beautiful woman of her time. Her face and figure, which seemed moulded after the finest models of the antique, were equally faultless. She completely realized the ideal of the poet:

'There's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's
light;
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made
tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.'

When M. d'Ideville made her acquaintance, she was living in a retired villa, the Villa Gloria, with her son, a boy of four or five, separated from her husband and secluded from the world. It was (he says) by an exceptional act of favour, only (and very rarely) accorded to his countrymen, that he was admitted to the shrine. He returned to Turin after the first visit with his equanimity undisturbed: 'the strange beauty of the woman, the perfect harmony of her form and features, seize and surprise, but admiration excludes every other sentiment.'

He returned five or six times to the villa, and the impression remained substantially the same:—

'I was, however, much less severe than those who spoke of her: "Vacant-minded, profoundly egotistical, solely occupied with her beauty, haughty, impertinent, capricious, she envelopes the whole world in an immense contempt; incapable of feeling an affection, and, strange to say, incapable of inspiring a true love—a serious passion." "She is too beautiful!" exclaimed the women; "and happily she

(acting on private information supplied by Mr. Kinglake), the Sardinian Cabinet had positively denied the existence of any 'treaty' to that effect. In July, 1859, Count Walewski formally assured Lord Cowley that the Emperor had abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy. The plausible solution is that there was no treaty, but a family compact including an agreement for the cession contingent on events. The project was anything but new; and when M. d'Ideville speaks of the negotiation being kept secret, he must mean merely the negotiation for the formal execution of the final and decisive act.

is no more than beautiful." I listened in silence to these generous estimates: at first they appeared just; at the same time they did not entirely satisfy me.'

She is an enigma that puzzles him, from which he cannot withdraw his thoughts. The voluntary exile to which she had condemned herself—this woman, whose appearance at Paris and London had never failed to create a sensation, had almost the importance of an event; her solitary life, her mysterious habits, her absolute indifference for what was passing in the world, kept his curiosity constantly on the strain. He cannot admit the possibility of her being unintellectual:

'To bear up against so complete a solitude, to support the horrible existence that she leads, she must infallibly be quite different from what she is supposed: she must have resources in herself unknown to the vulgar, a really superior intelligence, an extraordinary mind, unique, in fact, as her form. What is there in the depths of this heart, of which many deny the existence? It is impossible that a creature so wonderfully beautiful should be deprived of that vivifying breath by which even ugliness is illumined and transfigured.'

He had given up all attempts at solution in despair, and the interest was beginning to flag, when, in a moment of *ennui*, he strolled to the villa by himself. He is admitted, and finds himself, for the first time, alone with the recluse. Then the veil of reserve was lifted, the statue became animated, and flashes of thought, which electrify him, escaped from the chiselled lips. He went away, troubled and pensive, to return very shortly for another *tête-à-tête*, which lasted two hours and was the prelude to many more:

'I insensibly accustomed myself to take the road to the villa, and each time I returned charmed. She became confiding, expansive; who would have thought it? I soon learned a part of her life, and I saw she was happy in having found a confidant. We made long boating expeditions (on the Po) together; every day I learned to know her better, and she revealed herself with a charming *naïveté*. Now, I judge her without enthusiasm, without passion; and I believe myself to be one of the very few who know her value. . . . She is far from being, as people have dared to say, an incomplete creature. The soul is truly worthy of the body: the harmony is perfect; and it is, unhappily, the consciousness of her strength that renders her so proud, and causes her to envelope all humankind in an immense disdain. It is not her beauty of which she is most vain; it is the elevation of her character and her thoughts. She believes herself placed above others. "Scarcely have I traversed life, and already my part is played out," were her words. "I have been misplaced always and

everywhere," she continued; "I am not at ease and thoroughly myself except with those who are superior to me, or amongst simple people. Did you observe how my old boatmen adore me? Those only who have divined me love me. I was thought haughty with my equals, with those at least whom the laws of society compelled me to treat as such. Tell me, can I be otherwise? I have made earnest, sincere efforts to soften my pride; I have not succeeded; for, in my own despite, the society of most men and women that you call distinguished and intelligent, causes me a lassitude, a disgust, which resembles, I own, a sovereign contempt sufficiently to be mistaken for it. This is why I always find myself displaced; and I fairly own to you I find myself so far above others that I prefer living on my hill, sometimes tranquil, always independent, and above all, sheltered from those *banal* ties which I hate. Is not this the sole mode of escaping from everything which is stupid, vulgar, ugly, and false—from all, in a word, which is antagonistic to me?"

As a true friend and dispassionate admirer he should have told her it was not. He should have pressed her to suspend the habitual indulgence of solitary self-worship for an interval, and try the effect of a little honest self-examination, or of intellectual intercourse with minds of the higher order busied with other topics than her charms. But he was too fascinated to play the Mentor: he does not even see that the pleasure she took in telling him her story and detailing her impressions, in making him (as he says) her confidant, was, at best, a symptom of the mental and moral disease that, by her own shewing, was at its height. Completely under the spell of the enchantress, he is in the mood for idealizing her very caprices or her faults; and on the eve of his departure from Turin he shews her all the passages of his Journal (including those we have quoted) relating to her:—

"She read the preceding pages with interest. On returning my note-book, she said, "You will see what I have added." It ran thus: "*Il Padre eterno non sapeva cosa si faceva quel giorno che la messa al mondo; ha impastato tanto e tanto, e quando l'ha avuto fatto, ha perso la testa vedendo la sua meravigliosa opera, e l'ha lasciata lì, in un canto, senza metterla a posto. In tanto, l'hanno chiamato da un'altra parte, e quando è tornato l'ha trovata, fuori di posto.*"*

'For whoever has known her, this strange notion of herself, which she expresses with

such adorable *naïveté*, has I know not what of ingenuous and startling, that disarms all criticism.'

Such a character in a work of fiction would be deemed overdrawn, and when we find it in actual life, we are irresistibly attracted to the consideration of it, and anxious to know how it was formed, as well as to what extent it has been modified with advancing years. She was the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, the Marquis Oldoini, and born in Florence in 1840. M. d'Ideville errs in stating that she lost her mother in infancy, although she seems to have been emancipated from maternal control at an unusually early age:—

'She became the idol of Florence, that strange city, where, in the olden time, pleasure and folly were much more sovereign than the Grand Duke. At thirteen—this is authentic—Mademoiselle Virginie Oldoini had for her individual self her box at the Pergola, and her carriage at the Casine. A crowd of passionate admirers surrounded her; all her caprices were orders; and the little Marchesa, almost a child, already excited the jealousy and the hatred of her most courted contemporaries. Must we be very severe upon her, when we think of this sad education, of this precocious childhood, passed in the midst of the vanities and flatteries of the most frivolous society in Europe.'

She married at fifteen a man of twenty-two, the Count de Castiglione; and she gave M. d'Ideville the following brief dialogue as a specimen of the interchange of feelings and sentiments which preceded their union:

"But I entreat you, my dear Count, cease to demand my hand. I have no affection for you, no sympathy. I feel that you will always be for me the most indifferent of men." "What matters it?" was his reply; "you will never love me, be it so. But I shall have the pride of possessing the most beautiful woman of my time."

They lived (she added) a life of luxury and extravagance for some years; when, his fortune becoming dilapidated and the incompatibility remaining as fixed as ever, a separation was arranged, and she retired to the villa in which she was fortunately discovered and converted into one of the most sparkling gems of his journal by the diplomatist. We do not question his good faith, but from what we know from other sources of this far-famed beauty, we cannot help suspecting that she amused herself by mystifying him. Certain is it that her seclusion was temporary and occasional; that she never withdrew, or pretended to withdraw, from society; that her ordinary residence was at Passy, near Paris, till 1868; that she has continued taking a marked interest in politics; and that those who know her best fully acquit her of the fatuity of sup-

* 'The Father Eternal did not know what he was creating when he brought her into the world: he kneaded again and again, and when he had finished, he lost his head on seeing his wonderful work, and left her there, in a corner, without placing her. In the mean time, he was summoned elsewhere, and when he returned, he found her out of place.'

posing in right earnest, at any time, that there was nothing worthy to engage her attention or hold communion with her upon earth.

The Countess de Castiglione is not the only female celebrity who took M. d'Ideville into her confidence, with the obvious view of making him her medium of communication with the world. On the 31st August, 1861, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he received a note from Madame de Solms—arrived that very morning at Turin—requesting him to call on her at nine. Madame de Solms, afterwards Madame Ratazzi, *née* Bonaparte-Wyse, is the granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and the secretary of embassy of course treats her as a princess. He repairs to her hotel at the appointed time, and finds her in a *déshabillé coquet, mais toujours aussi négligée que d'habitude*. After informing him of her reconciliation with her cousin the Emperor, she is coquettishly calling him to account for neglecting one of her friends, when there is a knock at the door, and enter Count Cibrario, Grand-Chancellor of the orders of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, a man of letters and ex-minister, between sixty and seventy years of age, enjoying the repute of an ardent devotee of beauty, letters, and philosophy. His disappointment at not finding the lady alone is painted in his face, and he has scarcely time to recover his equanimity, when the door opens again, to admit the celebrated deputy, orator, and poet, Brofferio. This was too much for the unlucky Grand-Chancellor, who wished himself anywhere else. It was bad enough to find a Secretary of the French Legation with the lady; but to tumble upon Brofferio, the mischievous wit, the fiery deputy of the Left, was a more serious matter. After undergoing a series of pleasantries upon the fortunate accident which had brought them together, he was beginning to breathe more freely as the last corner rose to take leave, when a light and discreet tap at the door of the room announced a fresh visitor:—

'The lady did not hear it. "Come in," cried Brofferio with his powerful voice; and through the half-opened door we saw timidly advancing the slight person of the President Ratazzi. I have never seen a fox-like physiognomy more downcast than that of the new visitor at the sight of the three guests of Madame de Solms. Indeed it was difficult to find three individuals who were less sympathetic to him, or whose presence was more embarrassing. Instead of the *tête-à-tête* he had fondly anticipated when ascending the staircase of the hotel, he fell into the middle of an animated conversation, and saw clearly from Brofferio's smile and mine that his feelings were betrayed by his face.'

Cibrario fled the field: but Brofferio, from mere love of mischief and fun, immediately laid down the hat which he had taken up to depart, saying, 'I cannot do my president the injustice or the pleasure of going away on his coming in, and with your permission, Countess, I will stay a few minutes longer. It is so long since M. Ratazzi and I have conversed together, otherwise than from the tribune to the bench, and Heaven knows my president never addresses a word to me except to call me to order.' With you, dear madame, we are on a footing of equality, and on neutral ground: is it not true, M. le Président?'

The President did his best to reply in the same tone, and the conversation was sustained with tolerable spirit till Brofferio went away, and M. d'Ideville was about to follow him, when the lady gave him an imperative sign to stay and save her from the meditated *tête-à-tête*. Why she shunned it, does not appear, and may, with no lack of charity, be attributed to caprice when we find how rapidly she changed her feelings or her tone:—

'It was to Turin that M. de Solms came to die—that fabulous personage whose existence was denied by many. He came by order: the poor man arrived in most pitiable case, but had the wit to quit this world after passing some weeks under the same roof with his wife, in order, probably, that his decease might be duly certified, and that no doubt might exist as to the rupture of the purely social ties which bound him to the princess, nor as to the complete liberty of the young widow. Strange proceeding! which the French law would not have tolerated; the marriage between Madame de Solms and M. Ratazzi took place at Turin, fifteen days after the decease of her first husband.'

Prior to her second marriage, this princess of the Bonaparte stock was good enough to sketch her own character, in a studied epistle, for the edification of M. d'Ideville and (through his willing and authorised instrumentality) the edification of all others who may care to study it:—

'I am not so difficult to know as you imagine. I have a great deal of heart and a sufficiency of mind (*esprit*), a very bad head, and a great awkwardness in all things. I am frank, especially because it would weary me to take the trouble of being hypocritical, loyal through pride, firm in my conduct and my friendships through egotism. I am good-natured, because, up to a certain point, it is a grace in a woman, and I make a point of remaining woman, in spite of my blue stockings, as much as possible: I am not inoffensive, for it would be a deceit, and I am not religious enough to pardon nor even to forget injuries. To sum up all, I have great qualities and great defects; I believe, however, that, modestly apart, the former

outweigh the latter. I reckon among my good qualities the fixed resolve not to be and, above all, not to appear perfect. I have no good sense at all, but I have a very sure *caractère*. I have no pretension : I am consequently unable to endure affectation in others. To have done with my autobiography, I am the best friend that could be found : an honest woman, but an impossible wife that (M. Hervé's phrase) I would not wish to my worst enemy : you see that I am sincere.'

Why does so clever a woman paint herself in this fashion? Because she thinks she can afford to do so. Because she expects to leave a favourable impression upon the whole. Because she would rather leave an unfavourable impression than none. Because, like the Countess de Castiglione, she knows no pleasanter subject of analysis and speculation than herself. Rochefoucauld explains why two lovers are never tired of talking to one another by the fact that they are always talking of themselves. The female rage for confidential communication and self-delineation may almost always be resolved into the same principle.

The private lives of royal personages belong to history, and the Duchess of Genoa was too tempting a subject to be omitted. A princess of Saxony by birth, she was married to the Duke of Genoa, the king's brother, who died in 1855. The marriage was not esteemed a happy one, and shortly after his death, she privately and suddenly married M. Rapallo, a lieutenant in the army, of mean birth, who had belonged to the staff of her deceased lord. 'How came it to pass that this proud woman, who had never been suspected of irregularity, was hurried into startling the court of Turin by the scandal of a secret union and so strange a *mésalliance*?' The dramatic and mysterious stories that were whispered about are dismissed by M. d'Ideville as void of foundation, with the exception of one, equally apocryphal, which attributes the event to a fit of vexation and pique, to smothered anger resulting from disappointed ambition. 'She had dreamed, it was said, and there was nothing extravagant in the dream, of becoming queen of Sardinia. She was handsome, insinuating: the King, her brother-in-law, was already captivated. But at the first advances of the princess, and from the moment when she had declared the conditions on which she would accept the royal attentions, he drew off in terror. At this particular epoch, the thought of such a union was tinged with a sadness and fatality which frightened the superstitious monarch.'

Not long since, this same palace of Turin, within the space of fifteen days, had opened its gates to give passage to three coffins of

the royal family; the Queen, the Duke of Genoa, and the Queen-Dowager. Although still in love with his sister-in-law, his Majesty came to an explanation with her: on its conclusion there remained to the Duchess no hope of mounting the throne of Sardinia. Disappointed in her projects, maddened by resentment and eager for revenge, she was bent on humiliating the sovereign and exasperating the lover at any price. To attain this end, she did not hesitate to sacrifice herself. She was secretly married to Rapallo at night in a chateau some leagues from Turin; and, as soon as the ceremony was over, she caused it to be made known to the King. His anger knew no bounds: in the first burst of passion he resolved on banishing his brother's widow from his realm, take away her children, forbid her to bear the title of Duchess of Genoa, and send her back in disgrace to her father, the King of Saxony. But he calmed down by degrees: the representatives of Saxony at Paris and Turin interposed, and she was simply forbidden to abide in any Piedmontese town; the villa of Belgirate on the Lago Maggiore being resigned to her for a residence. Rapallo received the title of Marquis, and became the *chevalier d'honneur*, or lord in waiting of the Duchess. This, adds M. d'Ideville, was the sole function that he ever fulfilled at Belgirate.

Her exile was brief. The female nobility of the newly annexed states, Milan, Parma, Modena, and Florence, claimed the privilege of presentation, and there was no royal duty or prerogative for which the King felt more thoroughly disqualified or disinclined than that of holding a *levée* or a drawing-room. The Duchess was recalled to do the honours of the court, with a suite comprising two ladies-in-waiting. Their husbands bore the same title as the Marquis Rapallo, who was named chamberlain, and regularly took his stand in the antechamber to introduce the personages officially presented to his wife.

The amorous complexion of Victor Emmanuel is well known. He had this in common with Henry IV., as well as chivalrous bravery and a minister who, rivalling Sully in faithful service, far surpassed him in statesmanship. Nor do we altogether agree with M. d'Ideville, that the parallel cannot be fairly carried further, or that the boundless popularity of the King in his hereditary dominions is altogether owing to the monarchical sentiment of the people. 'There he is beloved and popular, as was formerly amongst us our Henry IV., whose head and heart he is far from having. Events and, above all, the genius of his First Minister have elevated him to the position he occupies

in Italy and in Europe. If ever his name is great in history, his unique merit, his sole glory, will have been to have let Italy work out her own destiny' (*d'avoir laissé se faire l'Italie*).

If this be true of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, it is equally true of Frederick William, Emperor of Germany; and it would be paradoxical to maintain that the startling changes which the map of Europe has undergone within the last twelve years have not been prodigiously accelerated by two master-spirits—by Bismarck and Cavour. But it is surely something to appreciate such men, to sympathize with them in their loftiest aspirations, to head armies at their bidding, to play for a throne or an empire in reliance on their calculation of chances or their foreknowledge of coming events! Did either of these do more than prepare the way for the bursts of feeling and opinion which electrified Italy and Germany by turns, and merged the local jealousies of centuries in the swelling far-resounding cries of unity and nationality? With regard to Cavour, M. d'Ideville clearly states that the rapidity of the popular movement after Villa Franca took him by surprise, and that he was a reluctant or passive instrument in the combinations which, by gaining Naples, most contributed to the proud position of his King.

'The audacious attempt succeeded, thanks to the valour and prestige of Garibaldi, powerfully aided by Neapolitan treason. Naples gave herself to Garibaldi, and Garibaldi made a present of his conquest to the King. But to whoever has followed events closely from Turin, it is evident that, far from providing and organizing the invasion of the Two Sicilies, Cavour did all he could, at least at the beginning, to oppose it. It was only when he understood that it was impossible for him to stop the enterprise, carried away as he was by the action of the Garibaldi party, that he held aloof; tolerating all, and ready to profit as he did by a conquest which, with good reason, he deemed dangerous and premature.'

Immediately on hearing of Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, the French minister, Baron Talleyrand, was directed to present a note to the Cabinet of Turin, in which the Imperial Government, complaining bitterly of this fresh violation of the law of nations, stated that it was not the dupe of the understanding existing between the Sardinian Cabinet and Garibaldi. After a frank explanation with Cavour, M. de Talleyrand requested to see the King, and speedily convinced himself that his Majesty was much less satisfied with the attempt of the hero than was supposed. '*Mon Dieu*,' he exclaimed to M. de Talleyrand, 'it would no doubt be a great misfortune; but if the Neapolitan cruisers were to

hang my poor Garibaldi, he would have brought this sad fate upon himself. Things would then be extremely simplified. What a fine monument we should raise to him!' Lord Melbourne took the same view of the mixed merits and demerits of O'Connell, when he laughingly proposed to hang the great Liberator and agitator on the highest gallows and raise the finest monument to his memory.

In a studied and by no means flattering sketch of the King, M. d'Ideville says that, like all mediocre men, he is jealous and irritable:—

'It may be laid down, without fear of contradiction, that his Sardinian Majesty is boastful, is a braggadocio, with no great regard for truth, and very indiscreet. He takes all occasions for speaking of his twenty wounds, and volunteering the fabulous recital of the dangers he has run in the battle or the chase. Every one, however, knows that, although courageous, and even rash, he has rarely been hit. As to his *bonnes fortunes*, he dilates upon them with a frankness and an absence of ceremony which have nothing of the *galantuomo*. What is more singular, he sometimes confounds the successes he has had with those he fain would have had. To listen to him, it is he alone who directs the affairs of the State: he is daily oppressed by the weight of work.'

In reality there is nothing the King dislikes and shuns more than work except ceremony. 'When he is obliged to attend at a great official dinner, he never even unfolds his napkin or tastes a dish. With his hands leaning on the pommel of his sword, he watches his guests, without trying to conceal his impatience and his *ennui*.' M. d'Ideville was an eye-witness of the royal demeanour during a very remarkable banquet—the one given to General Fleury in September, 1861—when, as imperial envoy, he brought the formal recognition of the kingdom of Italy by France:—

'Despite the democratic tendencies of the constitutional *régime*, the old etiquette of the House of Savoy was strictly observed. The table was sumptuously served: the family plate was of the finest, and in the best taste. An orchestra played during the dinner; which the King—the one person ill at ease and out of keeping with the scene—hastened to abridge as soon as he could do so without a glaring offence against propriety. General Fleury, placed on his right, felt bound to talk to him during the whole dinner. The King, perceiving that his guest imitated his sobriety, made a remark on the General's want of appetite: "Ah, sire, how can one eat on such an occasion?" was the reply. "You are right," said the King with a smile, showing that he felt the flattery. When the General, after two or three other entertainments, including a shooting party, left Turin, the King was repeatedly heard murmuring to

himself, "How I envy the Emperor a friend such as that."

He forgot that a subject can rarely, if ever, be a friend; the essential quality, independence, must inevitably be wanting: the most trusted minister or cherished favourite will never attain nor (if he is well advised) assume an attitude of complete equality. He will rise above it or sink below it. He will be guilty of superiority or subserviency. It was probably the sense of the tutelage under which he was kept by Cavour that made the king envy the Emperor such a (supposed) friend. 'The Count, it must be owned, had not habituated the sovereign to forms of respect and deference: he spoke to him not to say with familiarity, but often with an impatience and a rudeness, useful in business, no doubt, but little in accordance with the observances due to a King; who, whilst affecting to despise form and etiquette, is very mindful of his dignity, jealous of his prerogatives, and justly penetrated with the nobility and antiquity of his race.'

The royal susceptibility was therefore constantly rubbed against the grain whilst Cavour was in the ascendant. His successor, Ricasoli, pursued a different system. Cavour treated the King as a child: Ricasoli, on the contrary, deferred too much to him as King. Neither hit the happy medium: neither obtained his entire confidence:—

'Only one man has fathomed the king's character. This one man has succeeded by a curious mixture of suppleness and tact, and, let it be added, by sincere and disinterested devotedness, in becoming the counsellor, the friend, the sole confidant of Victor Emmanuel. With him the king finds himself at ease. He alone, admitted to the favours of royal intimacy, had access to La Mandria; he had managed to render himself the ally of Rosine, the Countess de Millefiori, whilst Cavour had several times attempted to drive the favourite from Turin, declaring to the king that he could not be permitted to marry this obscure mistress, if he wished to make Piedmont a great kingdom and have a name in history. Cavour greatly exaggerated the influence of the Countess de Millefiori, and he committed a capital mistake, in my opinion, in opposing himself to an attachment already of long standing, and which, all things considered, has never in any respect injured Victor Emmanuel; perfectly free, moreover, sovereign prince as he is, in his affections and his acts.'

This is rather a lax mode of treating the subject, and the general estimate of Cavour will be heightened not lessened by a course of conduct, which strikes us to be politic as well as honest and high-minded. The hold he retained on the royal mind to his dying day, reflects credit on both minister and king. It proves that they understood and rightly

valued each other. It would be difficult to exaggerate the dangers of the *liaison* in question, when, as M. d'Ideville states, it was frequently about to end in a marriage; so strong was the king's wish to legitimate his children, and so overwhelming his occasional scruples of conscience at living in sin.

Not the least attractive portions of M. d'Ideville's 'Journal' are those in which he records his impressions of Italian society. That of Turin in 1860 was the most exclusive of any European capital, with the exception of Vienna. The *Società del Whist*, the principal club, was strictly limited to the military and the aristocracy. The best houses were similarly closed against civilians, be their official rank or public services what they might, who were not privileged by birth! 'I well remember the comic despair of young Constantine Nigra, *chargé d'affaires* at Paris, when he came on leave to Turin: "See," he exclaimed to one of his friends, "what a singular country is ours! At Paris I am not only received everywhere: I am invited, made much of, and appreciated at the Tuileries, more than most French. Well, in my native city, here, it would not be possible for me to set foot in the drawing-room of the Marchioness Doria. Is it not the fact?"' A confirmatory anecdote is given as related by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. 'Some time after my arrival at Turin, I one day invited Cavour to dinner with some members of the diplomatic body. As I had often seen young Nigra at the minister's, and he had frequently been sent to me, I mentioned to Cavour my intention of inviting his secretary. "But my dear prince," said he, "can you think of such a thing? People don't invite Nigra." Yet Nigra was the Secretary through whom the most important affairs, those which Cavour most wished to keep secret, were transacted, including (it is said) the arrangements at Plombières and elsewhere with the French Emperor.'

Up to the day of their marriage the young ladies of Turin are never seen in a *salon*, but they are partially compensated for their seclusion by a *fête*, termed 'the ball of the *tote*' (Piedmontese for *demoiselles*) to which they are permitted to invite their friends of the other sex. It is given by a subscription amongst the great families, takes place in one of the finest apartments of the city, begins at eight in the evening, and terminates at eight in the morning: no father is admitted; the mothers alone do duty as *chaperons*:—

'I have rarely seen an assembly more marked by gaiety and enjoyment. An excellent supper, in which champagne makes a discreet ap-

pearance, divides the night: then the dancing recommences with renewed spirit, whilst the more confiding mothers sleep soundly as at the corner of their fire. After these twelve hours of uninterrupted dancing the young people separate with a stolen pressure of the hand or a whispered *au revoir* for the following year, unless in the course of this same year, a couple engaged that very evening, become man and wife, and thus see the ball of the *tote* closed to them for ever. Sometimes, but rarely, the young men are authorized to give a similar *fête* in return to the young ladies, but many mothers decline this invitation.

The *Kontessen* of Vienna (the unmarried daughters of the highest aristocracy), who have points in common with the *tote* of Turin, enjoy more liberty and exercise a much greater amount of influence. They have the dancing-room at a ball entirely to themselves and their partners: the mothers and fathers, with all the rest of the married people, young and old, being restricted to cards, music, or conversation apart: no jealous *chaperons* to tease by interruption; no 'frisky matrons' to fret by rivalry; and the exclusiveness of the assembly secured by a social *cordon* which it is impossible to overstep. The Turin *morgue* has been relaxed. Vienna is now the sole remaining stronghold of the manners, habits, and modes of thought which are traditionally associated with the Faubourg St. Germain. How long will this stronghold resist the constantly advancing waves of innovation and liberality?

Whilst full of grateful remembrances of the refined hospitality of Turin, M. d'Ideville dwells with the fondest enthusiasm on the social delights of Milan. 'Ah! the beautiful marchionesses, the charming countesses, all those adorable Milanese women, can they ever forget the *carnavalone* of 1860!—and the declarations, so frank, the *propos* so tender and so gay, of our young officers, those old friends of three months' standing?' The most splendid of these entertainments was a court ball at the palace, at which the King and Cavour were present. The King, buttoned up in his uniform, and as usual ill at ease, gave emphatic expression, by a coarse expletive, to his wish that the whole thing was over; whilst Cavour mingled with the brilliant throng, receiving congratulations or exchanging compliments and repartees. He was talking to the Countess Allemania, a beautiful fair-haired girl, who listened, flushed with pride and pleasure, whilst her partner impatiently waited for the colloquy to end. He happened to be one of Cavour's secretaries, high in favour, and just as the waltz was drawing to a close, he came close to his chief and murmured in his ear, 'Ah, Monsieur le Comte, is it not enough for you

to have Italy to yourself? *De grâce ne me prenez pas l'Allemagne (l'Allemania).*' Cavour smiled, and in another moment the young couple were whirling round the room.

The Milanese aristocracy, richer and more sumptuous than the Piedmontese, is also less exclusive: it is easily accessible, like the English, to all who have risen above the level by enterprise, public services, genius, learning, or accomplishment. 'Opulent and industrious, Milan possesses palaces and houses which rival those of the greatest capitals. The taste for luxury and comfort, and, above all, enlightened and wide-spread feeling for the fine arts, make it a most agreeable place of stay to visitors, without speaking of the amiable, expansive character of the inhabitants. The taste for horses and carriages is general; so that, at the drives on the Corso during the winter of 1860, we counted more than twenty carriages-and-four, as irreproachable in their appointments as any that could be seen at Paris, Vienna, or London.' At this time the Milanese were essentially *Anglomane*. Their exquisites adopted all the English fashions, and made all their purchases at London. 'The fondness for England is pushed to such a point amongst the Milanese, that the costume of their police agents has been exactly copied from that of the policemen of the British metropolis.'

In the course of a hasty tour through Northern and Central Italy, M. d'Ideville noticed many things which have escaped more pretentious travellers. Passing through Parma, he sets down:—

'The town is poor, behind the age, without industry and without commerce. A fact which seems improbable, and is, notwithstanding, literally true, will give an idea of the society. When the Duchess wished to give a *fête* or ball she was forced, in order to make sure of her company, to send to Paris for gowns and head-dresses, and distribute them among the principal ladies of the place. Without this precaution no one would have come. Whilst we were going over the palace, an old attendant who dated from the time of the Archduchess Marie-Louise, related certain anecdotes of her, very interesting, but difficult to repeat. In spite of all her extravagances the ex-Empress, it appears, was adored by the inhabitants of Parma.'

Familiar as we may be with the broad aspect or general outline of events, the narrative of an eye-witness or actor will seldom fail to render them present to the mind's eye with more fullness, accuracy, and life. M. d'Ideville was present at the memorable sitting of the Turin Chamber on the 18th April, 1861, when Garibaldi made his first appearance as a member, having not long before told a deputation of workmen at Genoa that the Gov-

ernment (Cavour's) was composed of cowards; that the Chamber was an assembly of lacqueys; and that the King was hurrying to destruction under the guidance of unworthy counsellors. The excitement was extreme; and whilst the galleries were crowded with enthusiastic followers of the hero, the great majority of the members were coldly and even unfavourably disposed towards him. He rose to reply to General Fanti, the War-Minister. The occasion was grand, and expectation was on the tiptoe—

'But, alas, the actor did not know his part. He had scarcely pronounced a few words when his memory failed; his phrases became incoherent and meaningless; he looked in vain, with his eyes aided by enormous glasses, on the notes which he held in his hand, for the thread of his ideas. The two acolytes at his side, N—— and S——, prompted him with phrases, and sought in vain to point out the forgotten passage on the notes, but every effort failed. The opening dragged painfully. The Left of the assembly, the Garibaldian deputies, were groaning under the deplorable effect produced by their chief, when, all of a sudden, abandoning the parliamentary forms which visibly put him out, Garibaldi pushed away angrily and bluntly the notes which lay heaped upon the table, and spoke extempore.

'The aspect of the scene was changed; from ridiculous and painful, it became tragical. It was then that, addressing himself with threatening voice and gesture to the ministerial bench, he declared that it would be for ever impossible for him to clasp the hand of the man who had sold his country to the foreigner; or to ally himself with a government whose cold and mischievous hand was trying to foment a fratricidal war.'

If Cavour had taken up the glove thus intemperately thrown down, he might have been fairly charged with fomenting a fratricidal war. Restraining himself by a strong effort, he made no allusion in his reply to the accusations and reproaches of Garibaldi, to whom the fitting rebuke was administered by Ricasoli. Ricasoli, affecting to disbelieve the report of Garibaldi's speech at Genoa, spoke thus:—

'A calumny on one of the members of this Assembly has been circulated: he is accused of having uttered words unworthy of every honest man. I know this man; I know how dear to him is his country; I know the sacrifices he has made. As for me, I dare assert it here, it appears to me impossible that the odious words attributed to him should have fallen from his lips. For who, great as he may be, would dare, in his pride, to assign himself in our country a place apart? Who would dare to claim for himself the monopoly of devotedness and patriotism, and elevate himself above the rest? Amongst us a single head should tower above all others; that of the King. Before him all bow down, and ought to bow down; any other attitude would be that of a rebel.'

The action of the orator is described as in keeping with his words. He struck the table with his clenched fist. There was a thrilling, menacing ring in the tones of his voice. He looked the feudal baron of the olden time, loyal, faithful, and brave. His touched a responsive chord; and the long pent-up feeling of indignation overflowed:—

'His discourse, strangely eloquent, the cry of the conscience of an honest man, excited transports of enthusiasm; people breathed more at ease. The King, the Parliament were avenged. On leaving the chamber the Count de Cavour, who had grasped Ricasoli's hand with visible emotion, as if struck by a sudden presentiment, exclaimed, "If I should die tomorrow, my successor has been found."'

Cavour died within two months, and he was succeeded by Ricasoli. What he underwent on this occasion is thought to have brought on the fever of which, aided by the Sangrado treatment of his doctors, he died. He returned exhausted, and embittered. 'If emotion could have killed a man,' he said the day after to Count Oldofredi, 'I should have died on my return from that sitting.'

The life and character of Cavour must be familiar to most readers, but some traits mentioned by General della Marmora to M. d'Iderville are new to us:—

"I was much attached to Cavour; we were friends from childhood; and, more than any other, I bowed down before his genius. He, on his side, had a friendship for me. But I cannot tell with what cruelty, with what disdain, Cavour treated the men from whom he believed he had nothing more to expect, or those who seemed to have become useless to his designs. I never knew a man more passionate in his affections and more prone to enthusiasm. He got infatuated with people with singular facility; he exalted them to the skies, sang their praises to all; then, one fine day, capricious as a child, he brutally hurled them from the pedestal which he himself had made for them. Irony, contempt, even insults,—nothing was spared the men he was exalting yesterday and thought he had reason to complain of to-day. Frequently, I allow—here again resembling a child—he manifested sincere regret at the evil he had caused. He frankly regretted his loss of temper and the violence of his language. But frequently, also, it was too late. When the wound was not too deep he knew how to cure it by a word, such was the power of seduction he possessed. How, moreover, could any one fail to be touched by so sudden a return?"

An instance follows of his alienating and offending, beyond all hope of reparation or forgiveness, a man whose capacity for being a useful ally or dangerous enemy was beyond dispute:—

"I shall never forget a letter which General Dabormida, that excellent man, addressed to

him: 'You have lost in me,' wrote the General, 'a true friend, but of another you have made an enemy who will never be reconciled to you.' That other was our colleague Ratazzi. We were all three well disposed to concede the first place to Cavour, but insults were useless. Ratazzi, on whom he was then trampling, had once been in his eyes the most intelligent, the most indispensable man in Piedmont. The day when he could no longer serve Cavour in his projects, all was changed. He found himself immediately transformed into a commonplace pretender, a marplot, without capacity or influence. He received no mercy. How many," added the General, "have attributed to Ratazzi sentiments of mean envy in regard to Cavour! There existed nothing of the sort. I knew them intimately, and I was in a position to appreciate the conduct of both. I can therefore certify that the hatred of Ratazzi for the Count sprang into life upon that day when Ratazzi, humiliated in the cruelest manner, was brutally turned out of the council, not as a useless minister, but as a citizen noxious and fatal to his country."

This liability of the great man to be swayed by passing impulses in his judgments may help to account for the different tone in which he spoke, according to his mood, of the French Emperor. One day, during a period of painful suspense in which he was kept by his Imperial ally, meeting M. d'Ideville under the arcades of the principal street of Turin, he took him by the arm and began, in his most coaxing manner:—

"Well! when is Talleyrand coming back to us? Have you need of him? It is melancholy," he went on: "your long fit of pouting is absurd. Certainly Rayneval, Bourgoing and you, represent France very well, but it is a minister that we want. Are we not good (*sages*) enough to deserve a chief of legation? Talleyrand or another. Look here, my dear D'Ideville," he added, shaking his head, "Your Emperor will never change: his error is to be always wishing to conspire. Heaven knows, however, if he has need of conspiracies now! Is he not absolute master? With a country so powerful as yours, a great army, Europe tranquil, what has he to fear? Why constantly, at all hours, disguise his thoughts, go right when he wishes to go left, and *vice versa*? Ah, what a wonderful conspirator he makes."

"But," I ventured to reply, "You ought to be more indulgent in this particular. Have not you, Count, you too, been a daring conspirator?"

"I? certainly: I have conspired; and could I do otherwise at that epoch? Were we the strongest and the most numerous? We were forced to hide ourselves from Austria; whilst your Emperor, mark me well, will remain eternally incorrigible. I have known him long. At this hour he could march straight, in the open light of day, following his end. But no, he prefers putting people out, throwing them on a false scent, conspiring in fact, conspiring ever. It is the peculiarity of his genius, the vocation of his choice: he practises it as an artist, *con amore*, and in this part he will always be the first and the strongest of us all."

In illustration of what he terms the imperial charm of manner and gift of persuasion, M. d'Ideville relates that, about the same time when Cavour spoke to him in this fashion, towards the end of 1859, the deputations from Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, came to Paris to claim, in the name of their fellow-citizens, the union of these provinces to Piedmont. On leaving the Tuileries the deputies were so charmed with their reception, that neither of them doubted the success of their mission. Strange to say, that very evening there met, in Paris the secret envoys of the dethroned princes of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany. After an audience of the Emperor, and an interview with Count Walewski, these luckless personages started in hot haste for Italy to announce to their Sovereigns that the promises of the Emperor and his Minister authorized every hope for the future.

Cavour's patience was never more severely tried than by the Pontifical Zouaves brought prisoners to Turin after the defeat of Lamoricière, who had so many of the first French nobility serving under him, that General Cialdini, on looking over the list of killed and wounded, exclaimed, 'Why, all historic France is there: one might fancy oneself reading a list of a *petit lever* of Louis XIV.' Proud of their acknowledged gallantry and their blood, carried away by youthful spirits, and forgetting their condition, the prisoners made the theatres and public walks the scene of language and demeanour offensive and even insulting to the Piedmontese. Cavour sent for the French Secretary and told him: 'I leave your young countrymen free, but, for Heaven's sake, do not let them insult us *because* they are vanquished.'

The French Legation received from the young officers of this corps the most edifying revelations touching the demeanour of the Pontifical authorities at the approach of the Piedmontese. A few days before the invasion of the province of Ancona, Lamoricière, discouraged by the ill-will he encountered at every step on the part of the Government he came to defend; alarmed, humiliated, disgusted by the disorders and scandalous abuses that he discovered at every step in this obsolete Administration, made a clean breast of it with unsparing frankness, and told the Holy Father that, in spite of devotion to his person and his cause, he must renounce the enterprise in which he was engaged, rendered impossible as it was by obstacles of every kind and the undisguised hostility of the Roman Administration and the Prelacy. 'Many causes,' it is added, 'made the General odious to the Roman element. He was a foreigner, a Frenchman, brave and (above all) honest. Charged by the Pope with the

organization of the army, he became, perforce, acquainted with the abuses which hitherto had remained hidden. Consequently nothing was neglected to weary and discourage the brave soldier, who had come in good faith to offer his sword and his services to the Sovereign of Catholicity.' Such was the position of the General at the moment when the crisis arrived. His resolution to abandon Rome was naturally adjourned, and he announced to the Holy Father that, in the new circumstances that had arisen, he would put himself at the head of the troops to repel the invasion:—

'From that moment, as I was assured by eye-witnesses, the General's aides-de-camp, there commenced in all the towns we were charged to protect, on the part of the delegates and all the authorities civil and ecclesiastical, a system of inertness, of ill-will, of hostility, which made us every moment ask ourselves, "What have we to do in this country?"'

One of the strangest episodes of the Italian revolution was the appearance of Alexandre Dumas as its annalist. His arrival at Turin, on his way to Naples, created a sensation; and M. d'Ideville, who had been acquainted with him at Paris, was commissioned by the Marchesa Alfieri (Cavour's niece) to ask if it would be agreeable to him to meet Cavour and some other persons of literary or political distinction at her *salon*. The invitation was declined:—

"Convey my warmest acknowledgments and deepest regrets to the Marchesa: it is impossible for me to accept. Would you like to know why? Well, then, I should meet her uncle, the Count de Cavour, and I would not see him for any money. This surprises you, my dear friend. I will tell you my reason. I leave Turin in twenty-four hours: I embark at Genoa: in three days I shall be with Garibaldi. I do not know him, but I have written to him: he expects me. This man is a hero, a sublime adventurer, a personage of romance. With him, out of him, I expect to make something. He is a madman, a simpleton if you like, but an heroic simpleton; we shall get on capitally together. What would you have me make out of Cavour; me, remember? Cavour is a great statesman, a consummate politician, a man of genius. He is a cut above Garibaldi; don't I know it? But he does not wear a red shirt. He wears a black coat, a white cravat, like an advocate or a diplomat. I should see him, I should converse with him, and, like so many others, I should be seduced by his play of mind and his good sense. Adieu to my promising expedition. My Garibaldi would be spoilt. On no consideration, then, will I see your President of the Council. He cannot be my man any more than I can be his. I am an artist, and Garibaldi alone has attractions for me. Although I visit no one here but deputies of the Extreme Left, Brofferio and others, tell M.

Cavour, I beg, that I fly from him because I admire him; and make him clearly understand why I quit Turin without seeing him."

Dumas judged rightly. He would have made nothing out of Cavour, and he made a very good thing out of Garibaldi; although not exactly as he had anticipated, namely, by treating him artistically and making him the picturesque hero of a romance. Garibaldi was too picturesque already to stand any fresh draping and colouring. As not unfrequently happens, no ideal could surpass the real, no fiction could improve upon the fact. He stood in no need of the *vate sacro*: in his case, the simplest chronicler was the best, and the simplest might well be suspected of exaggeration by posterity. Dumas' books on Garibaldi and his exploits never attracted much attention and are already forgotten. But the hero and the romanticist became sworn friends at sight, and Dumas was immediately installed in the palace of Chiattamone with the title and perquisites of Superintendent of Director of the Fine Arts. Here he lived at free quarters till the dictatorship ended and order was restored. Here, also, he founded a journal which lasted some months, and entered into an engagement with the Italian Government to write the 'History of the House of Bourbon at Naples' from secret archives which the revolution had brought to light. He was to receive 30,000 francs, and M. d'Ideville says that the engagement was faithfully kept on one side, as he himself was once commissioned by his chief to solicit, in the name of Dumas, the payment by anticipation of this sum; 'to which the Minister of the Home Department consented with the most perfect complacency, without caring to inquire whether our countryman had begun his history.'

The next time Dumas passed through Turin, M. d'Ideville met him at a supper party: Garibaldi became the subject of conversation, and it appeared that Dumas' enthusiasm had been in no respect lessened by familiarity:—

'Towards the end of the entertainment, to close the series of anecdotes relating to the dictator: "See here," said Dumas, with marked solemnity and unfolding a scrap of paper, "here are lines written by him which shall never quit me! You must know, my friends, that having had a fancy to see Victor Emmanuel, whom I do not know, I asked Garibaldi for a note of introduction to present to the King." "Here," replied Garibaldi, handing me these words hastily written, "this will be your passport." And the charming narrator passed round the scrap of crumpled paper, which contained this unique phrase: "*Sire, recevez Dumas, c'est mon ami et le vôtre.—G. Garibaldi.*" "You may well believe," added Dumas, respectfully replacing the

letter in his breast pocket, "that to preserve this autograph, which the King would doubtless have desired to keep, I deprived myself, without regret, of the acquaintance of King Victor. And now that the sovereign has shown his ingratitude towards Garibaldi, to whom he is so much obliged, you may judge whether he will not have a long time to wait for my visit."

The first part of the Journal now before us ends in March, 1862. 'The second, written at Rome, comprises a period of three years,—November, 1862, January, 1866,—during which I formed part, as Secretary, of the embassy directed first by the Prince de la Tour and afterwards by the Count de Sartiges.' This second part is understood to be speedily forthcoming, and we freely own that we shall be disappointed should it prove wanting in the frankness, boldness, and even occasional imprudence, which are so attractive and valuable in the first. Diplomats may complain, with some show of reason, that such want of reticence is fatal to their trade; but secrecy has its evils; mischievous intrigues are fostered by it; and there was a basis of truth in Joseph Hume's startling apophthegm touching ministerial reserve on the ground of delicacy: 'Wherever there is delicacy, there is something wrong.' M. d'Ideville's alleged betrayal of confidence is of the most venial character: the private conversations he has printed relate to public events or (like those reported by Mr. Senior) were spoken with an obvious view to publicity, and no great harm will be done if he gives the world his impressions of Rome with the same freedom which he has used in describing the political and social celebrities of Turin.

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa, 1871.*

2. *Despatches addressed by Dr. Livingstone to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1870, 1871, and 1872.*

3. *The East African Slave-trade, &c., as viewed by Residents in Zanzibar, &c. London.*

4. *A Letter to the Select Committee of the House of Commons.* By H. A. Fraser.

5. *The Slave-trade in Africa.* By Etienne-Félix Berlioux, Professor of History in the Lyceum of Lyons.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in the time at which the discovery of Dr. Livingstone has been accomplished. Lost as he has been

to the civilized world for these past years, as completely as the arrow shot into the darkness, the weight of his authority against the maintenance of the East African slave-trade was beginning to diminish. There was a perceptible slackening of general interest even as to the great geographical problems, to settle which, it seemed but too probable, that he had sacrificed his life. Another buried in those sands! Another lost in those swamps! Another stricken down by the irresistible fever! Another victim to Arab treachery! Till the heart of England somewhat sickened at the mention of the subject, and many were ready to acquiesce in the great traveller's own account of the African estimate of his researches, and to say with those whose answers to his eager questions concerning the fountains of the Nile he reports, 'We drink our fill of the river, and let the rest run by;' delivered with a look which meant 'This poor White is afflicted with hydrocephalus.'

But the voice of the living man sounds again in our ears. Mr. Stanley's courage and perseverance have enabled him to renew the long-suspended communications, and David Livingstone speaks to us out of Central Africa from the seven hundred miles of the great river's watershed, a 'bird's-eye view of which resembles the frost vegetation on window panes,' and trusts, by the sacrifice of one year more, to verify the assertion of old Herodotus as to the fountain-heads of the mysterious stream. It was in the temple of Minerva, at Sais, the old historian says, that he was told by the Steward of the Sacred Things, that from between two mountains, rising each to a peak, bearing the names of Crophi and Mophi, rise from unfathomable depths the sources of the river. Herodotus throws in the doubt whether the Steward of the Sacred Things was not laughing at him in his narrative. If perseverance can accomplish the object, Livingstone will be the revealer of the long hidden mystery.

All this is of deep interest in the cause of scientific Geography; but for a yet higher cause we deem the sounding of this voice in our ears to be, at the present moment, singularly apposite. The mind of the nation is just beginning to awaken to a sense of its duty in relation to the East African slave-trade. In both Houses of Parliament attention has been called to it. In the Lower House a most valuable Report of a highly intelligent and diligent Committee was printed in August, 1871; and in the House of Lords, after waiting till July for the papers on the subject, which are annually laid before Parliament, an Address to the Queen upon the subject was moved by Lord Camp-

bell, and seconded by the Bishop of Winchester. The debate upon this motion led to an emphatic declaration from Lord Granville of the interest felt in the subject at our Foreign Office, and a declaration that most of the measures suggested by the Bishop of Winchester were, or would be, adopted by the Foreign Office, so far as that office could secure the co-operation of the Administration—declarations which were well followed by the notice of the subject in the Speech put, at the close of the Session, into the mouth of the Queen, which committed the whole Government to exertion in this cause. 'My Government has taken steps intended to prepare the way for dealing more effectually with the slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa.'*

Happily these exertions are not confronted—as those were by which, after so fierce a conflict, the West African slave-trade was abolished through the labours of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their allies—by any great domestic interest. Though, as we shall have to show, there is too much reason to fear that British capital does surreptitiously aid in maintaining this detestable traffic, yet it can no more openly parade the injury which it will suffer. Lord Brougham's Bill of 5 Geo. IV. c. 113, has made it felony for any subject of Great Britain openly or secretly to take part in the vile trade in the bodies of men. This difficulty, therefore, is gone. But still no Government, even if it were united and determined in the cause, could, without national support, incur the expenses of bringing to a successful issue a contention like this; waged at a distance from home, entangled with many conflicting interests, and liable to be represented as one not immediately concerning our own national obligations, and so to incur the easily-whispered reproach of being a busy and unnecessary interference with others, suggested to unpractical minds by a dreamy and sentimental humanity.

The necessity of counteracting this inevitable tendency by engaging in the great cause the hearty interest of all who will attend to the claims of justice and mercy, must be our excuse for stating plainly, in the first place, the actual evils of the existing trade; we shall then show our readers how we are nationally connected with it, and end by suggesting the best modes which present themselves to us for relieving humanity from this scourge, and setting free legitimate commerce from all the evils which are inflicted on it by such a horrible rivalry.

The trade in negroes from the East Coast

of Africa is, so far as export goes, now almost confined to the different ports within the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. There is an internal traffic along the coast-line from Zanzibar, but by far the greater portion of the traffic is with the Coast of Arabia, a certain amount with Persia, and a yet smaller with Madagascar. The Zanzibar dominions extend along the East Coast of Africa, from the Equator to ten degrees South Latitude, about 350 miles, and include the islands of Momfia, Pemba, and Zanzibar; this last being the seat of Government, separated from the mainland by a channel about twenty-five miles wide—about five miles farther than the distance of Calais from Dover.

A port named Kilwa, almost at the southern border of the Zanzibar dominion, is the place at which nearly all the slave caravans arrive from the interior, and where the victims of the traffic are put on board the dhows which are to convey them to the slave-market at Zanzibar.*

Leaving then, for the present, the slaves who reach the Zanzibar slave-market, let us travel back with them from their native territory, and glance at the horrors of their capture and their transit. The mode by which the slaves are obtained is described in an official communication from Brigadier Coghlan to the Chief Secretary of Government at Bombay; quoting the words of the eminent African missionary, Dr. Krapf, he says:—

'To the South of Pangani is the territory of the heathen Wasegua tribe and the great centre (in 1860) of the slave-trade. The Arabs of Zanzibar come here, and promise the Wasegua Chiefs a number of muskets and shot for a certain number of slaves: so, when a chief has entered into the contract he suddenly falls on a hostile village, sets it on fire, and carries off the inhabitants; among these tribes the slave-trade has hitherto flourished to a frightful extent, chiefly owing to the encouragement of the Arabs of Zanzibar. From 10,000 to 12,000 slaves are said to pass yearly through Kilwa, on their way to the various ports of the Sowahili coast and to Arabia, and we saw many gangs of from six to ten slaves chained to each other, and obliged to carry burdens on their heads.'—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 115.

Again, Colonel Rigby, her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, says,—

'The Arabs go into the interior with large numbers of armed followers, on purpose to procure slaves, and whole districts are systematically hunted to procure them; the cupidity of the native chiefs being excited by the muskets, gunpowder, and cotton cloth they receive from the Arabs in payment.'—*App.*, p. 116.

* Queen's Speech, August 10, 1872.

The Rev. Horace Waller gives the same evidence:—

‘I can speak distinctly to the fact of its being the chief aim of the slave-traders to set one tribe against another, in order that they may bring on war and the consequent destruction of the country, which produces just the state of things which makes slaves cheaper.’—*App.*, p. 87.

Mr. Allington, one of the witnesses, gave an instance which fell within his own experience, when he was residing with Bishop Tozer in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, of one of these acts of violence:—

‘I remember going into a native village near Mount Mollumbala. The slavers were there just before we got there, and on our approach they fired some shots and took to their heels, carrying away with them some men out of the village. When I got to the village there was an old chief hiding in the bush, afraid to come back to the village on account of these slavers. I have not the slightest doubt that whilst I was there parties of slavers attacked villages with the view of obtaining slaves.’—*Ans.* 1326, 1327.

Again, the Rev. Horace Waller gives the evidence of an eye-witness:—

‘I have seen as many as three villages burning in one morning within two hours, and I have seen hundreds of captives carried away from those villages. The villages are set on fire, and in the confusion the men, women, and children are captured.’—*Ans.* 945, 946.

All this is abundantly confirmed by the fell seal of depopulation and destruction which has been set by these deeds of iniquity upon populous and thriving districts. Here is an official report to Lord Clarendon:—

‘On arriving at the scene of their operations, they incite and sometimes help the natives of one tribe to make war upon another. Their assistance almost invariably secures victory to the side which they support, and the captives become their property, either by right or purchase. In the course of these operations thousands are killed, or die subsequently of their wounds or of starvation; villages are burnt, and the women and children are carried away as slaves. The complete depopulation of the country between the coast and the present field of the slave-traders’ operations attests the fearful character of these raids.’—*Report of House of Commons*, 1871, p. iv.

This utter depopulation, as if fire had passed over the land, is made the more horrible by the contrast which it presents to all that was going on in the same district before the ravages of the slave-trader swept it with the besom of destruction. It is thus that Dr. Livingstone describes the aspect of the country before the advent of the man-stealer.

‘We crossed Kirk’s Range, and got amongst Manganja in the primitive state, working in irons and spinning buaze, and sowing grain extensively.’ ‘Buaze,’ adds Mr. Waller, ‘is a fibre used for nets. Dr. Livingstone is speaking here of a population which had not been visited by slave-traders.’*

There is the like testimony from every quarter. ‘The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.’ The evidence of Major-General Rigby (who was Consul at Zanzibar and Political Agent of the Indian Government from 1858 to the end of 1861) before the Committee of the House of Commons, may be considered as settling this question for ever:—

‘The vast and rich country,’ he says, ‘from Lake Nyassa to the south is becoming depopulated. Banians who have been for years at Zanzibar have told me that they remember, when they first came to the coast, the whole country was densely populated down to the sea-coast, and now you have to go eighteen days’ journey inland before you come upon a village almost. That is fully confirmed by Baron Von der Decken and Dr. Rosher, who travelled that route. Baron Von der Decken talks of miles and miles of ruined towns and villages; the whole way up to Lake Nyassa, where there is now no population at all. . . . Dr. Livingstone recently travelled through the Manganja country, where the whole population was engaged in the cultivation and working up of cotton, and he said that he had never seen such a wonderful cotton country in his life, or such a fertile country. A year or two afterwards, he went through the same country, and found it entirely depopulated, all the huts being full of dead bodies. The children had been carried away, and most of the adults slain. That is one of the worst features of the slave-trade in that country. . . . The slave-traders kill all the men and women, and burn the villages, and carry off the children, who are driven more easily. . . . the men they lose more by desertion on the way.’—*House of Commons Report*, p. 48, *Ans.* 611

Here, then, is the curse with which Central Africa is cursed by the slave-trade. Intestine wars created, promoted, aggravated; scenes of peaceful, useful and active industry broken in on rudely by the cupidity of the man-stealers; whole villages burnt to the ground, whole districts depopulated; and, by this terrible whirlwind of physical suffering sweeping over the land, all possibility of the increase of civilization, and, even more, of the spread of a better religion, rendered absolutely impossible.

From year to year, moreover, these terrible evils are extending themselves further into the land. Through the depopulated

* ‘House of Commons Report,’ *Ans.* 1352.

country the slave-trader has to press on for his victims to a further tract of land, which is as yet prosperous and peopled, because the curse has not yet reached to them. 'Every year,' says General Rigby, 'this slave-trade is extending further and further inland. A great number of the slaves are now brought from the western side of the lake Nyassa; the Arabs have got dhows in the lake on purpose to convey their slaves across.* Here is the completion of this portion of the picture. This march of death is perpetually advancing onward. The ring of fire is widening its circumference, and gathering within its folds of destruction more and more of the doomed land. Districts rich in all manner of natural fertility, in iron, in cotton (so abundant that all the people of both sexes are busily employed in spinning and weaving), in all sorts of grains and vegetables, in sugar, in dyes, in the Sim-Sim tree—from which most of our finest olive-oil is made, which goes very largely to Marseilles—in gold and in copper,—this land is being reduced to barrenness and utter desolation. 'It was formerly so thickly populated that you might have travelled for seventy or eighty miles and have come to a village at every half mile—thoroughly well-watered; a flourishing cotton-growing country. Two years pass over it, and you may cross a tract of 120 miles and not find a human being of any kind; and all this damage and misery caused by the slave-trade.†

But there is another sad chapter of this misery into which we must pray our readers to have the courage to look a little with us. We ask them to follow with us the caravan of misery, the collecting of which brings this utter destruction upon so wide a district of God's earth. It is indeed a march of death, the horrors of which every successful raid increases by prolonging the distance over which the captives have to be conveyed before they reach the sea-shore, whence they are embarked for the slave-market at Zanzibar. When the emigration towards the coast begins, 'the slaves are marched in gangs, the males with their necks yoked in heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened to the ground, or lashed together so as to make escape impossible. The women and children are bound with thongs: any attempt at escape, or to untie the bonds, or any wavering or lagging on the journey, has but one punishment—immediate death. The sick are left behind, and the route of a slave caravan can be tracked by the dying and the

dead.* Thus they have, now that the man-stealers' hunting-ground has been forced by depopulation further back from the coast, to traverse a distance estimated as 500 miles, occupying three months of almost unequalled misery. We will not shock our readers by the detail of horrors which they may find in the answers of the witnesses before the House of Commons Committee. The imagination can supply, it cannot exaggerate, the actual scene of cruelty and blood. The earth cries aloud to Heaven against it. 'The road between Nyassa and the coast is strewn with the bones of slaves that have been killed or abandoned on the road; and for every slave brought to Kilwa there is a loss of four or five additional lives;† or, as it is estimated by Dr. Livingstone, not unfrequently of ten, for every victim who reaches the coast.

When the diminished remains of the caravan reach the sea-coast of Zanzibar, at the Port of Kilwa, they are embarked in Arab dhows, and the greater number are transported to Zanzibar, to be sold either in the open market or to private dealers. On this voyage, though the special character of their sufferings is changed, it would be difficult to say that they were diminished. In the words of the Report of the House of Commons, 'The sea passage exposes the slave to much suffering, and, in addition, to the danger from overcrowding and insufficient food. . . . Between Kilwa and Zanzibar a dhow lately lost a third of the slaves; there were ninety thrown overboard dead, or dying, many of them in a terribly emaciated state.‡ Here is a picture of this voyage from the hand of an Officer in Her Majesty's Navy who has been himself engaged in the naval prevention of the trade:—

'The dhows or vessels generally used by the Arabs for the transport of slaves, vary in size from 30 or 40 to 120 tons, and carry from 100 to 250 slaves. They are for the most part more or less unseaworthy, and badly fitted and equipped. The slaves are packed literally like herrings in a barrel. In one dhow of 37 tons captured by me, I found 160 slaves, of which number four were dead—the dead being packed in tightly with the living. Several more died within a few days from the effects of previous starvation and ill-usage, many of the poor creatures suffering from frightful sores and ulcers, caused by the abrasion occasioned by slave-irons.

'Whilst in these dhows they are given barely sufficient food to sustain life: a handful of—very often unboiled—rice or sesamum and a cocoanut shell of water form their daily meal,

* 'Report,' p. 48.

† 'Report of House of Commons,' Ans. 947-950.

* Report to Earl of Clarendon, quoted in 'House of Commons Report of 1871,' p. 5.

† 'House of Commons Report,' pp. 287, 288.

‡ 'Report,' p. iv.

and in consequence many of them appear like living skeletons. Men, women, and little children (generally more of the latter) are huddled up together; women with infants at their breasts, who from utter weakness and exhaustion are hardly able to stand upright when brought on the decks of a man-of-war.

'The dhows for the most part generally skirt along the coast, and on being chased by a man-of-war, or her boats, invariably try to run on shore. In this they very often succeed. Regardless of all risk, they deliberately run into the boiling surf, which in a few minutes reduces their vessel to a total wreck, and, as may be expected, numbers of lives are lost. I myself, on several occasions when landing to secure slaves, have seen the beach literally lined with the bodies of little children and women who perished miserably whilst trying to struggle with the terrible surf. The Arabs generally succeed in making their escape with the able-bodied men and women, but, as may be expected, the children and weaker women perish in great numbers. In many instances, from the nature of the country where they run on shore, great numbers must ultimately die before the Arabs can reach any town or place of safety with them. On one occasion, when I was fortunate to capture 69 slaves, chiefly women or children, out of some 150, after having pursued them five miles into the interior, I found that the unfortunate creatures had then been two days without water; and of course the ones who escaped, some 60 or 70 more, must have been in the same plight. They would have, at least, 80 miles to march before they could hope to reach either food or water, so most of them must have left their bones on the road.

'The Arabs, on being chased by a man-of-war, invariably tell their wretched cargo that the English will cut their throats and eat them, and by these means succeed in making them run away when the dhow is run on shore. The saddest of all sights is to see the bodies of the little children washing about in the surf. I have seen the rough Blue-jackets almost crying whilst picking up the bodies before burying them.

'I have watched the slave-ships come into Zanzibar harbour, under the very guns of the English men-of-war (which, in consequence of our treaty with the Sultan, were powerless to touch them), and discharge their wretched cargoes at the Custom-house. The vessels were brought as close to the shore as possible, generally grounding in four feet of water, and then the slaves shoved overboard and left to struggle on shore the best way they could. Many of the poor wretches were so utterly exhausted, that on reaching the shore they fell down on the sand, some of them never to rise again; their masters looking on, affording them no help, and merely waiting to see whether it was worth while to pay the custom dues for them or not. If it appeared to them that their case was hopeless, they were left to die where they fell, or to be drowned by the incoming tide. All this I have seen myself, and on remonstrating with their owners and some of the

Custom-house people, have been only laughed at for my pains. As long as the Government allow the Sultan to carry on the slave-trade such scenes will always exist.'—*Private Letter.*

Those who survive this voyage are sold either to private dealers or in the open market of Zanzibar. To describe this last abomination, what can be added to the words of the Hon. C. Vivian before the Committee of the House of Commons? 'I visited the slave-market here yesterday, and a more painful and disgusting sight I never saw. Hundreds of poor negroes of both sexes ranged about in all sorts of conditions, some living skeletons, others fat and well dressed, pulled about with a crook stick, and examined just like sheep or other animals in a market.* From this market are distributed first those who are needed to supply the internal wants of the dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. But these form a small proportion of the whole number. Mr. Vivian, Sir Leopold Heath, and others, estimate the whole number of slaves annually exported from Zanzibar as amounting to 20,000; whilst the number retained within the Zanzibar territory does not exceed 1700. Here, then, begins a new set of horrors for these miserable creatures. The export trade is a violation of the treaty obligations of Zanzibar with Great Britain; and the cruisers of Her Majesty watch for the slave-dhows, and, if possible, capture them. This of necessity entails on the wretched Africans all the horrors of being the living subjects of a contraband trade—greater crowding on ship-board, less provisions taken, with the probable chance, if the slave-dhow is sighted by a British cruiser, that the slaves will be thrown overboard to prevent the condemnation of the vessel. Here we may end our inquiries into this dark history. With the after-expatriation and foreign servitude of those who reach the Arabian, Persian, and Muscat slave-markets we have not directly to do. It suffices for our purpose to have shown this accursed traffic devastating and depopulating Africa, making impossible its civilization or conversion, destroying the possibility of lawful commerce, and inflicting upon its immediate victims, in their convoy to the coast, in their voyage from Kilwa, and in their ultimate transportation to the shores of Asia, an amount of helpless, hopeless suffering, from the thought of which humanity revolts.

But then arises the question, What have we to do with this system of iniquity? When the eloquence of William Wilberforce awoke against the slave-trade from the West

* 'House of Commons Report,' p. 13, Ans. 186.

Coast of Africa, it was against the crime of his own countrymen that he inveighed. It was to purge from this deep criminality the commerce of our own land that he devoted his life to the cause of abolition. This, it is urged, was our own concern. But what right have we to constitute ourselves the curators of the purity of Arabian commerce, or to trouble ourselves as to the slave-trading iniquities of the Imam of Muscat or the Sultan of Zanzibar? There is something plausible in the argument; and addressing itself, as it does, to the practical mind of Englishmen, which in spite of occasional paroxysms of enthusiasm, naturally revolts at all mere Quixotic undertakings, it is likely, if it is not answered, to hang as a drag upon any national efforts to put down this trade. Can it, then, be answered? We have no doubt that it can, and will proceed to allege what seem to us convincing answers to it.

In the first place, we are nationally concerned in this trade. Dr. Livingstone—no slight authority upon the matter—asserts positively that the trade is absolutely maintained by the capital of our East Indian subjects. In one of his letters, just published by the Foreign Office, Livingstone says:—

‘The subject to which I beg to draw your attention, is the part which the Banians of Zanzibar, who are protected British subjects, play in carrying on the slave-trade in Central Africa. The Banian British subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave-trade; their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass-wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slavery, of the nature of which every Banian is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called “Cutchee,” or Banian trading, is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow-subjects. The canny Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slavery rest on their Arab agents. As a rule, very few Arabs could proceed on a trading expedition unless supplied by the Banians with arms, ammunition, and goods. . . . It strikes me that it is well I have been brought face to face with the Banian system, that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India who see only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banians does not allow them to harm a fly, very naturally conclude that all Cutchees may safely be intrusted with the possession of slaves, but I have been forced to see that those who shrink from killing a flea or a mosquito are virtually the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, amongst whom I spent nearly

two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian fellow-subjects. By their Arab agents, they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their fleshpots in ten; and could the Indian gentlemen who oppose the anti-slave-trade policy of the Foreign Office but witness the horrid deeds done by the Banian agents they would be foremost in decreeing that every Cutchee found guilty of direct slavery should forthwith be shipped back to India, if not to the Andaman Islands.’—*Livingstone's Despatches.*

Now whilst it is not entirely correct to class, as this letter does, the inhabitants of Cutch, who are not British subjects, but the subjects of a protected State, with our actual fellow-subjects in Bombay, yet the force of the argument that the criminality of the trade is nationally ours remains altogether unshaken, whilst Bombay merchants and Bombay capital are really maintaining these horrors in Central Africa. And even as to the Cutchees themselves, the charge of moral complicity lies undoubtedly at our door; for there can be no doubt whatever that we could at once, if we so desired, conclude a treaty with the ruler of Cutch and the other protected States, which would bring their subjects under the operation of our own anti-slave-trade laws. Indeed, the more accurately we estimate the full extent and character of this Banian trade, the more clear becomes the case by which our moral complicity with it is established. The Indian traders generally known as ‘Banians’ are of several castes and classes. Some are Hindoos, of various sections of the great trading castes, who may be termed ‘Banians’ proper; others are Mahomedans of various sects, generally reckoned heretical by the more orthodox, and retaining some rites and peculiarities which are accounted for by the tradition that their ancestors were Hindoo traders converted to Islam, many of whose old Hindoo customs they retain. But all these various sections of the ‘Banian’ community have many points in common.

The whole trade of the East African Coast passes through their hands. They are to be found, in greater or smaller numbers, at every port on the coast, as far south as Delagoa Bay; numerous and influential in the ports under the Sultan of Zanzibar, more sparingly in the Portuguese ports. They collect from the native traders all the country produce for export, and prepare it by packing, sorting, &c., for sale to the European merchants on the coast, or for direct export to India, and other foreign parts. In like manner they are the immediate customers of the European or American importer of foreign produce, purchasing his goods wholesale, and preparing

them for the native markets. There is very little trade between Europe, America, or Asia, with East Africa, which does not pass through the hands of some branch of the Banian community. From their knowledge of local customs and language they are on that coast necessary intermediaries in all commercial transactions between Africans and foreigners. They have long held this position. The oldest historical records relating to the East African Coast testify to their presence, and apparently to their monopoly of all foreign trade. When the Portuguese first doubled the Cape, they found Indian Banians established, and possessing all the trade—then very great—at every large port. It was they who taught Vasco de Gama and his successors the secret of the easy approach to India by the aid of the trade-winds.

But, in spite of this long possession of the coast-trade, the headquarters of all these trading communities are in India: thence their capital comes; and thither the accounts of their trade are periodically transmitted. There reside all the heads of the firm; almost without exception at some Indian emporium; whilst the younger men, who are for the time resident on the African Coast, are either British subjects, or are under some sort of British consular protection. This last element must be thoroughly apprehended, in order to estimate aright our moral responsibility as to the slave-trade. What, then, we mean is this: the official aid of the British representative is continually needed by these traders. It can, too, be almost always secured. The different members of the 'Banian' community are so closely connected that almost every one has some unquestionably British subject with whom he is so identified in partnership or interest that, through him, the influence of the British official can be secured. Now, as all the strings of commerce—that of France, Germany, America, as well as our own—pass through the hands of Banian traders, who lean continually not only along the African Coast, but through all parts of India nearer to their homes, on the goodwill and aid of British officials, we have, in fact, an overpowering hold upon the whole community, and cannot possibly escape the responsibility which the possession of this power involves as to all the trade which so greatly depends for its existence upon our protection. The argument, then, that this Eastern slave-trade is no concern of ours, and that the zeal of England against the Western cannot properly burn as hotly against the Eastern, is absolutely false in its very first proposition. We are nationally engaged in the perpetration of these wrongs; our own commerce is defiled,

and the moral purpose which extinguished the Western should never rest until it has swept away utterly from us the contamination of the Eastern trade.

But further, we cannot, in other respects also, cast off the responsibility in this matter, which follows by necessary consequence from the maintenance of our Indian empire. Paradoxical as it sounds, there is great truth in the assertion that the Queen of England rules over the greatest Mahomedan kingdom on the earth. Whilst we continue to govern India the moral consequences of the acts which flow from the necessary effects of our maintaining that empire come back with all their responsibility upon us. And as to the Eastern slave-trade, certain political conditions of our imperial rule bring this specially home to us. For this Indian dominion, as it has mixed us directly up with so many Oriental dynasties, so it has specially connected us with the rulers of those states which form the basis of the internal African slave-trade, and from whose ports the victims of the trade are shipped and re-shipped. We have long cultivated the friendship of the ruler of Muscat,—the superior State, of which Zanzibar was formerly a conquered dependency. The old Imam, Syud Saeed, father of the present sovereigns of Muscat and Zanzibar, was a special friend of ours: faithful to us, and supported warmly by us. His death left an open question between his two sons Syud Thoweynee and Syud Majeed as to their succession to their father's sovereignty. War was imminent between the two chieftains. It has always been our policy to prevent such wars, which, beside their other necessary evils, have in those Eastern lands a constant tendency to degenerate into piracy,—the enemy of all commerce and civilization, which it has been a part of our special efforts to suppress. We accordingly intervened, suggesting that the two Princes, instead of settling their dispute by arms, should refer the question to the arbitration of the Governor-General of India. The arbitration was accepted, and war between the two Princes prevented. The history of the conduct of this arbitration, the questions which it raised, and the mode of their settlement, is not only most interesting in itself, but some knowledge of it is almost essential to understanding the intricacy of our connection with the Oriental dynastic question, and so to our comprehending our real responsibility as to all that flows from it. We will, then, give a slight sketch of the entanglement and its solution.

The islands of Zanzibar, Mombasa, and Pemba, with Kilwa, and other places on the Coast of Africa, were not originally part of

the dominions of Oman, but were taken from the Portuguese, between 1680 and 1698, by Syud bin Sultan, the Imam of Muscat. The Imam was the chief of the Arab tribes of Oman in Arabia, and, beyond his character of temporal ruler, was invested in their eyes with a certain sanctity, not indeed as possessing any direct religious authority, but as having a religious fitness to rule over pious Moslems, so that Imam may not improperly be translated, as it is by Burton, 'the Prince-Priest.' Successive Imams, in virtue of their succession to the rule of Oman, were also the rulers of Zanzibar and the other African settlements. The Imam Syud Saced, or as other writers Anglicize the Arab name, Sayyed Said, who succeeded to the seat of empire early in this century, was a man of very superior abilities both in war and in civil administration. For his personal gallantry, in 1820-21, he received a sword of honour from the Governor-General of India; whilst he refused in successive years grants of money which we offered to him for the aid he gave us in the suppression of the slave-trade. By his force of character and by his success he both added to his African territories and consolidated greatly the dominion which he had inherited from his father, who, though he had nominally conquered the African provinces, had done little more for establishing his rule over them. He reigned for no less than fifty years. Though Muscat was the cradle and the head of his rule, yet, perceiving that Zanzibar was the living and flourishing part of his possessions, he, about 1840,* fixed his own residence there and made it the seat of government. By this step he greatly weakened his hold over the tribes of Oman; but, on the whole, his administration was eminently successful, especially as regarded the African provinces. He induced many Arabs from Oman to settle in them, and he promoted agriculture and commerce; he broke down the monopoly which had crippled trade; concluded, in 1835, a commercial treaty with the United States of America, which thus early discovered the riches of the country in ivory, copal, and hides; four years later he received a British consul, and in 1844 concluded a treaty of commerce with the French, and received a consul from that nation.

The fruit of these enlightened views was seen at once in the growing prosperity of Zanzibar, which he found a mere line of huts and converted into a commercial town. So successful was he in this, that whilst Zanzibar was described in 1834 as having little

or no trade, it possessed in 1859 a trade which was estimated at 1,664,577*l.* sterling, with a revenue increasing at a proportionate rate. With a view, doubtless, to retaining the sovereignty in his own immediate family, he had in his lifetime appointed his second son Khaled—passing wholly over the eldest—to be Governor of the African provinces, and his third son, Thoweynee, to the government of Muscat. On the death of Khaled, in 1854, he placed a younger brother, Majeed, as his successor in the Government. In 1856 the wise old chief was gathered to his fathers in the odour of Mahomedan sanctity, bequeathing, in his last will and testament, '500 dollars to whoever washes his body with the washing of the departed. Also 1000 expiatory prayers, each expiatory prayer to be of the value of what will feed 60 poor people. Also remuneration to whoever shall fast for him for the space of 50 months, in lieu of what was incumbent on himself for his transgression of the fast of the month of Ramadhan. Also remuneration to whoever shall perform in his stead the pilgrimage of the Mussulmans to the Holy House of God, which is in the renowned Mecca, and shall visit in his stead the tomb of our prophet Mahommed, upon whom be peace. Written by the hand of the vile Saced.'*

When 'the hand of the vile Saced,' as he describes it, rested in his honoured tomb, his two sons—Thoweynee, the elder, and Majeed, the younger—were in possession of the governments respectively of Oman and of Zanzibar; and, according to the old man's desire, each after his death retained the governorship of his own province. At that time Syud Majeed paid to his brother Thoweynee 40,000 dollars: of brotherly affection and to equalize the inheritance, as he afterwards averred; as a tribute from Zanzibar as dependent upon Muscat, as was alleged by Thoweynee. It was but for a very short time that a good understanding existed between the two brothers, for, as early as 1859, the British Resident learned that Syud Thoweynee was preparing by force of arms to dispossess Majeed, and unite the Asiatic and African provinces again into one dominion under his own rule. According to what we have already said has always been a wise part of our policy, namely, the prevention of such wars, which not only disturb the surrounding tribes, but have also an inevitable tendency to degenerate into piracy, and so, by a twofold operation, to interfere with that progress of commerce and civilization which

* Mr. Burton places this as early as 1832.

* 'House of Commons Report,' Appendix, 1871.

it is our interest as well as our duty to promote,—we set ourselves to prevent this fraternal conflict. Propositions were accordingly made to both the brothers that the questions between them should be submitted to the arbitration of the Governor-General of India instead of to the issue of arms. Both consented, and the inquiry into their claims began. In order to adjust them, it became necessary to decide whether the old chief had in fact devolved either sovereignty on his successor; whether, if he had, he was by the laws and customs of Oman entitled to do so; whether the elder prince had rights of primogeniture which he could claim; whether Thoweynee ruled by election of the tribes of Oman; whether a like right of electing their sovereign ruler had devolved upon the Arab tribes in Africa, and had been in like manner exercised in favour of Majeed; and whether the 40,000 dollars were paid as tribute-money, or as an equalizing gift. On all these points papers, admirable for their learning and judgment, were supplied by Brigadier Coghlan and the Rev. P. Badger; and the questions having travelled up through the Bombay Government to the Viceroy of India, were solemnly settled by Lord Canning, in a judgment to which both parties submitted, and which ruled that each should retain his own dominion, and that the annual payment of the 40,000 dollars should be continued by Syud Majeed to his brother of Muscat, not as a tribute from a dependent state, but as an equitable adjustment of the unequal value of their several inheritances. So far our interference had adjusted these difficult relations. But one of those revolutions which belong to Oriental kingdoms threw all again into confusion. Syud Thoweynee was assassinated by his own son, who then usurped his father's dominion, but was soon driven out by a new pretender. Syud Majeed refused to pay the 40,000 dollars to the parricidal assassin of his brother, but paid it into the hands of the Bombay Government; who, now that the second usurper has been dispossessed, and another son of our old ally Syud Saeed seated on the throne, will doubtless hand over to him the stipulated sum which the ruler of Zanzibar paid the Imam of Muscat.

No intermixture with the affairs of another people and government can be more evident or closer than all this. And it is as a part of this system of direct interference with the internal affairs of these governments that treaties were concluded with us which professed to limit the slave-trade of Zanzibar and to prohibit that of Muscat. The Sultan of Zanzibar bound himself to enforce, and to

allow us to enforce, within his own waters these limiting conditions of the trade. Here, then, we are met by facts which establish beyond all doubt our moral responsibility as to this detestable traffic. We have constituted ourselves in the eyes of Heaven, and of the world, the protector of the Negro, and we cannot shake off at will the responsibility which such a protectorship involves. We are bound, if the treaties we have made are shamelessly evaded, or are ridiculously inadequate for their declared purpose, to reconsider and revise them. Even further than this, if these treaties have been so evaded as to allow of the continuance and even increase of the trade which they were intended at first to limit, and ultimately to destroy, whilst we find by experience that they tend, through their recognition of the slave-trade within certain prescribed boundaries, to give to it even the semblance of a legal character which it would not otherwise possess, we are absolutely bound by every principle of national obligation to insist upon so altering the treaties we have made as to prevent their sheltering the abominations they were intended to root out. So that here again we are brought back to the same conclusion: we are nationally bound to take in hand the just demands of our acknowledged clients, and, before we can be ourselves blameless in the matter, to do for them all that the acceptance of such clientship involves. The judgment which is formed by those upon the spot, even though their interest is at stake in the preservation of the trade, as given to us in the vigorous words of Admiral Cockburn, can scarcely be read without a blush. 'I assure your Lordships it is a matter of sneer and jeer by the Arabs, our impotent attempts to stop that horrible abomination. Yes, my Lords, even the Sultan says the English will talk and bully, but can't, or won't, stop the trade.'*

But we venture to say that there is an obligation upon us to root out this crying evil from off the face of the earth, which rests upon foundations deeper, we had almost said more awful, than any of those on which we have yet touched. It is with nations as it is with individuals. Great talents call for great achievements. There is a reckoning for their use to which He who entrusts them summons every one who receives them at His hand. In one sense this is even more true and more apparent as to nations than as to individual men. For whilst there is a future retribution for the individual, there can be no future life to nations, and so their

* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, Answer 176.

retribution is here. Like almost all retribution, it is slow, but it is sure. The pages of history, which record the downfall of once powerful peoples, is but the tracing out of the fulfilment of the doom—

‘Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.’

Self-destroyed, cut down by strokes of the axe of vengeance which their own hands have edged and wielded, have the mighty ones of the forest, whose shadow was cast over half a subject-world, one by one fallen and perished. Like the Jewish people, they ‘knew not the day of their visitation.’ They have ceased to fulfil the purpose for which they were raised up, and even through their own instrumentality, the hand of Him that felleth has been lifted up against them. Pre-eminently has this been the case when nations have comprehended their mission, have undertaken to discharge it, have gone some way in fulfilling it, and then have fainted in their course. The Roman empire broke in pieces when the Roman people ceased to be the world’s subduers for that world’s natural regeneration; when they fought their battles with hired soldiers and conquered only to fill Rome fuller with the vices of the vanquished and the luxury of the subject-world.

And Great Britain has, before God and man, accepted the championship of the negro race, and taken up the man-stealer’s gauntlet, and borne it high on her helmet, with the declaration that the slave-trade shall be abolished. In ten thousand British hearts the accomplishment of this deliverance of humanity has been accepted as a religious duty; it has mingled with their prayers, it has exalted their personal religion out of the selfishness with which, alas! it too can be infected, into a noble and beneficent enthusiasm; it has elevated low and commonplace minds—as the possession of one grand idea acted on only can—to a nobleness of passion; and it has diffused itself as an indwelling spirit through a generation. It raised Henry Brougham against precedent, and almost beyond belief, to the representation of Yorkshire; it lent a glory to the foreign administration of Lord Palmerston; it did exalt the generation who accepted the charge, and brought the charge they had accepted to a triumphant issue. The evil has broken out again; the same evil, cursed with the same destruction of life, the same infliction of utter misery on its innocent victims, the same stern and heartless prohibition of civilization and new life to the continent our fathers pledged themselves to deliver from its abomination. Woe unto us if we

do not secure the fulfilment of their pledges and claim the inheritance of their deeds of light! The peculiar danger of a high and general civilization is, that selfishness should eat out the cement of society, whilst luxury, like some wasting rot, saps the strength of its foundation-stones. The presence of this insidious but mighty danger to the national life was no doubt what dictated to the ascetic mind of Lord Bacon the statement that ‘in the growth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle of a state, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the decline of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.’*

Now, for a people who are, from the very fact of their great material prosperity, of necessity exposed to such a danger, there can be hardly any other safeguard equally sure and ready as the taking up, with a thorough purpose of heart, some cause which possesses strongly the character of unselfishness, which embodies in itself some high principle of humanity, and which presents itself for accomplishment, not of a mere Quixotic seeking, but as the natural accompaniment of its national condition. Everything declares that from exactly such outward circumstances, under such conditions, is this cause offered to us: let us fear to turn aside from it, lest another take it, and we, with our own faint-hearted consent, be put into the lower room. Let us undertake it as our predecessors undertook the like charge when it was laid on them; let us heartily resolve to take no rest until it is accomplished; and most surely it may well be for the lengthening of our prosperity that we have undertaken its charge. This is the conclusion reached by no sanguine and enthusiastic advocates of universal intervention in the cause of philanthropy, but by the calm wisdom of the Governor of Bombay, Sir G. Clerk, and his Council, who solemnly ‘resolved’:—‘The Honourable the Governor in Council is certain that the details furnished by Brigadier Coghlan as to the extent to which the slave-trade is carried on on the East Coast of Africa, will convince the British Government, which has ever been the chief instrument by which Providence has curbed this inhuman traffic, that its work is not completed.’†

It remains for us but to indicate briefly what appear to us to be the instruments which we should use in carrying out this great crusade.

Of these, the first appears to be that we should indeed make it a true crusade. The purchasers of these slaves are now all of

* Bacon’s ‘Essay on the Vicissitudes of Things.’

† ‘House of Commons Report,’ p. 122.

them Moslem. Yet whilst this is so, we are reminded, in the Translator's Preface to M. Berlioux's work, that the Mahomedan Faith, whilst it does not forbid slavery, gives no countenance to man-stealing. In the firman on the Circassian slave-trade, in 1854, the Sultan, 'so far from offering any defence of slavery on the ground of the Ottoman Faith, uses these remarks on the religious bearing of the question: "Man is the most noble of all the creatures God has formed, in making him free: selling people is contrary to the will of the Sovereign Creator."' The Pasha of Egypt spoke of slavery 'as a horrible institution, inconsistent with civilization and humanity, and that, therefore, it must be abolished.' Whilst the Shah of Persia, who raised some religious objections to the abolition of the slave-trade, was met by the opinions obtained from six of his chief Moollahs, who declared 'Selling male and female slaves is an abomination according to the most noble Faith, "the worst of men is the seller of men"—tradition of Mahomet—God it is who knows.* What then we have to do in this matter is to bring our Moslem brethren up to the more humane standard even of their own Faith and to the tradition of their founder. What cause can be more worthy of the united action of Christendom, than the extirpation of this abominable wickedness? To accomplish this end, we need not arms and violence, like the Crusaders of old, but the noble warfare of bringing moral force to bear upon nations who are below us in religion, morality, and civilization. 'Turkey,' says the Hon. C. Vivian, in his evidence before the House of Commons, 'is always ready to do what we ask her, when we show her the particular point.† What more encouraging state of relations than this? Persia has shown herself even more ready to second our views in this matter. The Shah has issued two firmans, one to the Governor of Fars and another to the Governor of Ispahan and Persian Arabia, peremptorily forbidding the introduction of negroes by sea into Persia. The firman recites, that at the request of Great Britain, 'with a view to preserve the existing friendship between the two exalted States, a decree should be issued from the Source of Magnificence, the Shah, that hereafter the importation of the negro tribes by sea should be forbidden, and this traffic be abolished.' Nor would the Government of the Shah allow any trifling with this abolition of the trade, for the firman continues:—

* Ans. 167.

† Preface to 'Slave-Trade in Africa,' by M. Berlioux, p. vi.

'In consequence of this it is ordered and ordained that High-in-rank, after perusing this firman, which is equal to a decree of fate, will feel it incumbent on him to issue positive and strict injunctions to the whole of the dealers in slaves who trade by sea, that henceforth by sea alone the importation and exportation of negroes into the Persian dominions is entirely forbidden, but not by land. Not a single individual will be permitted to bring negroes by sea without being subjected to severe punishment.

'That High-in-rank must in this matter give peremptory orders throughout his Government, and not be remiss.'—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, pp. 98, 99.

Beyond this the Persian Government has testified in the highest degree its sincerity in the matter, by permitting British ships of war, in order to prevent the chance of negro slaves being imported, to search all Persian vessels which are not Government vessels; the Persian Government pledging itself that—

'In no manner whatever shall any negro slave be imported in the vessels of the Persian Government. Treaties to the same effect have been concluded by our Government with many of the independent Arab chiefs, who have declared that the carrying off of slaves from the coast of Africa and elsewhere, and the transporting them in vessels is plunder and piracy, and the friendly Arabs shall do nothing of this nature.'

Further, they have also conceded to us the right of search in the amplest manner, agreeing that if these vessels 'come under the suspicion of being employed in the stealing and embarkation of slaves,' they may be detained and searched whenever and wherever they may be fallen in with by the cruisers of the British Government, and upon its being ascertained 'that the crews have stolen and embarked slaves, these vessels shall be liable to seizure and confiscation by the said cruisers.*

In like manner the Queen of Madagascar binds herself in the strongest manner to do all in her power to prevent traffic in slaves, 'being greatly desirous of effecting the total abolition of the trade.†

With the Imam of Muscat and the Sultan of Zanzibar treaties or agreements have been made, with a view to restricting the internal slave-trade and extinguishing the foreign; of the observance of these we must speak presently, but, so far as a professed acquiescence in our views goes, they leave little to be desired as regards the export of slaves to Asia:—

'In deference to the wishes of her Majesty and the British nation. . . His Highness the

* 'House of Commons Report,' App. p. 100.

† Ibid., p. 105.

Sultan of Muscat engages to prohibit, under the severest penalties, the export of slaves from his African dominions, and their importation from any part of Africa into his provinces in Asia, and to use his influence with all the chiefs of Arabia, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, in like manner to prevent the introduction of slaves from Africa into their respective territories.'—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 163.

Finally, he permits the seizure and confiscation by our cruisers of all vessels bearing slaves, except between the allowed limits of the internal trade in the port of Lamoo to the north of Keeluha or Kilwa to the south.

The first instrument, then, we would see used is an agreement amongst all the maritime Christian powers to enforce, and where necessary to amend, these treaties. It is eminently the interest, as it is the duty, of the mercantile powers both of Europe and America to unite in this true crusade. The natural products of Africa would enrich greatly the European and American markets. There is no limit to the increase of this trade, if only the slave-trade were abolished. Livingstone's last discoveries show us that there exist, outside that fire-line of death with which the man-stealer marks his progress, tribes of a far higher physical and moral class than the more degraded specimens along the coast-line whom we are accustomed to regard as the true specimens of the African race. All of these are devoted to commerce, and would welcome its legitimate development:—

'Markets,' says Livingstone, 'are held at stated times, and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.'—*Despatches*, p. 9.

And again, speaking of the cannibal tribe of Manyema:—

'The women never partake at a cannibal feast, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.'

'The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore, and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves; and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears amongst them; no prognathous jaws, barn-door mouth, nor lank heels are to be seen. . . . They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity, and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the fire-arms, not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would

ever leave their country. . . . The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere honest.'—*Ibid.*

Even with its present hindrances, the trade of England with Zanzibar is increasing every day. The Hamburg and French houses send their vessels direct to England, and import into Zanzibar British merchandise. In 1867-8 the returns from the Zanzibar customs amounted to 433,693*l.* A large trade exists between India and Zanzibar, where 3710 British, Indians, and subjects of protected States now reside. These, however, represent only a very small part of the commercial houses which are engaged in the Zanzibar trade. Sir Bartle Frere, a witness of the highest order, well explained this to the Committee of the House of Commons:—

'Almost all the banking business at the ports at Zanzibar and Muscat is done by natives of India, who have their homes in Scinde, Kurrachee, Kutch, Kattewas and Bombay, and some as far south as Cananore and Cochin. They never take their families to Africa. The head of the house of business always remains in India, and their books are balanced periodically in India. . . . When you have that kind of network of indigenous activity existing as a mercantile agency, it is impossible but that the traders will be as ready to push legitimate trade as they have proved themselves to be in India.'—*Evidence*, p. 453.

From the same witness we learn that the German trade with that coast has become a matter of very great interest to all German mercantile men and political economists; whilst, until it was interrupted by the war, a large and increasing trade was maintained between this coast and America.

Thus the interests of France, Germany and America coincide with our own in substituting for the robbery of man that legitimate traffic which, by God's appointment, not only enriches nations with material prosperity, but bears inevitably with it the seeds of civilization, and with them the yet higher blessing of the introduction of the Christian Faith. A union of these Christian nations for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade would be irresistible. We rejoice, therefore, to gather from Lord Granville's reply to the Bishop of Winchester, in the recent debate in the House of Lords, that he is bringing all his practised skill in diplomacy energetically to bear upon the accomplishment of this great result of gathering up the moral energies of Western Christendom and of America, to deliver Africa from its scourge. This clearly should be the first step in this great work. The jealousy of other European nations,

especially of the French, has been a serious impediment to our progress. A hearty unanimity amongst us would make a common failure impossible. We witness, therefore, with joy the stirring of the mind of educated France upon this matter. M. Berlioux, one of her distinguished professors, has written not only the smaller work translated by Mr. Cooper, but a larger volume, in which he thoroughly discusses the whole subject. Nothing can be more distinct than his conclusions :—

‘The Eastern slave-trade can no longer be tolerated. . . . If Europe is earnest, . . . she will prevent the transport of all slaves, and will, as a consequence, destroy man-hunting. . . . The embarkations which take place at Zanzibar under pretext of furnishing the Sultan’s ships, will quickly be suppressed when the British Government shall have renounced those unfortunate treaties.’ ‘It is for Christian powers, forgetting their differences, putting aside their jealousies, . . . and engaging with firmness of purpose in the great work, to bring the force of a united public opinion to bear upon the gigantic evil, when, with the blessing of God, it will disappear from the earth’ *

Amongst the Powers whose joint action should be secured, we have not named Portugal; and yet surely we may hope that the time is come when Portugal also might be included in so beneficent a Confederation. No country has so direct and vast an interest in stopping the East African slave-trade as Portugal. The enormous natural resources of her South African territories would be at once developed if the slave-trade were suppressed, and the restrictions on commerce, which are the evil legacy of her old slave-markets, were swept away. Her coal-mines alone would be an inexhaustible supply of national wealth. If the life of the late King had been prolonged, there can be no doubt that this would have been his action. And it is not too much to hope that with the general enlightenment of the nation, her Government may co-operate with Europe and America in substituting a wholesome commerce for this trade in degradation and death.

Second only in importance to this, we hold the next step to be to enforce upon our own Indian subjects, and, by means of agreement, upon the subjects of the protected Indian States, an absolute separation of every kind and degree from participation in the trade. The Act 5 Geo. IV. c. 113, gives to our Bombay Government all the power which it can need to enforce such an abstinence; and perfect, unmistakeable sep-

aration of our own subjects from the trade must be the first step to convince the Arabs, under whose jeers we now rest, that we are in thorough earnest in the matter. Every British subject taking any part, direct or indirect, in the trade, is guilty of felony; and if this is distinctly known, and it is known also that every effort will be made by our Bombay Government to trace home to the offender any such act, and if need be, to punish it with the utmost rigour of the law, we shall have at once done much to destroy the infamous traffic. For Dr. Livingstone is no doubt perfectly right in saying that, whilst the Arabs are ready enough to find the men who will conduct the actual risks of the trade, they have not the wealth necessary to advance the capital required.

‘It is well known,’ he declares in a despatch to Lord Granville, received on the 18th of August of this year, ‘that the slave-trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with the money of Ludha Damji, the richest Banian in Zanzibar, and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banians advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as their agents, perform the trading or rather murder; and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast the Arabs sell the slaves; the Banians pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents.’—*Despatches*, p. 10.

Moreover, as the Customs are farmed at Zanzibar by Banians, many of whom are British subjects, or living under British protection; and as a very large proportion of these Customs is levied openly and avowedly from the duty on slaves here in another way, the subjects of the British Crown are mixed directly up with the forbidden trade in its most open manifestations.

Diligence then, fearlessness and, if need be, severity, is what this country has an absolute right to demand in this matter from the Indian Government.

A third means to which we should have immediate recourse is a revision of our treaty obligations, or agreements, or whatever we may term them, with the rulers of Muscat and Zanzibar. The shameless violation of existing obligations by their subjects, even if not connived at by themselves, gives us most clearly this right. To us it matters not whether the Sultans and their governments actually connive at the entire neglect by their subjects of the engagements which they have contracted with us, or whether it be that they are altogether powerless to repress what they have agreed with us to prevent. Probably both causes are at work. But the result is the same: that is not done, which we have abundant treaty right to

* ‘The Slave-trade,’ &c. By M. Berlioux, pp. 62-64.

require shall be done. Lieutenant-Colonel Rigby doubtless does not overstate the case when he says, 'Daily experience more and more convinces me of the utter impotence of the Sultan of Zanzibar to stop the trade, and that the treaties for its suppression entered into by the late Imam and the British Government are now and always have been practically null and void.'*

The way being thus cleared for new treaty engagements, the question is what should be the conditions they enforce. We have no hesitation in saying that their one leading feature should be the absolute prohibition of the slave-trade. This should include the abolition of all local slave-markets; the absolute prohibition of the transport of any save domestic slaves, duly registered and certified as household servants of African or Arabian subjects; and the sweeping away of all customs and duties for the public revenue levied upon any sale of slaves whatever. We have a perfect right to insist upon this: not to dwell on treaty obligations, the shameless breach of which entitles us to demand compensation, the Western nations have abstractedly the right to insist on sweeping the abomination utterly away. This is no question of the mere internal usages of another people; if it were, however bad we thought them, we should transgress the law of national right if we compulsorily changed them. But the Arab tribes of Muscat and Zanzibar can have no national right to enter countries outside their own dominions to kidnap men, women, and children, to burn and destroy peaceful villages. We have by solemn legal enactment, as well as in a multitude of treaties, declared the slave-trade to be piracy, and Christendom has added its seal to our award. We have ever held that every nation has a right to put down piracy in all waters, because piracy is the right of no nation, and is a deadly crime against all nationality. Why, as a matter of right, should the piracy of these Arab tribes be an exception to the universal treatment of the same offence elsewhere? Instead of being marked by any mitigating circumstances, this piracy is perhaps the rankest specimen of the foul brood to which it belongs. Its area is the widest; its destruction of all lawful commerce is the most complete; the cruelty which is inseparable from it proves it to be the most horrible. We have seen what is its track of horror, from the capture to the sale in the slave-market of its miserable tortured victims. What is its climax in that market may be read in the words of a letter handed in to

the Chairman of the House of Commons from Bishop Ryan (late of Mauritius):—

"They were as naked as on the day of their birth; some of them with a long fork attached to their neck, so arranged that it was impossible for them to step forward. . . . Others were chained together in parcels of twenty. . . . The keeper of this den utters a hoarse cry: it is the order for the merchandise to stand up, but many do not obey. The chains are too short; the dead and the dying prevent the living from rising. The dead can say nothing, but what do the dying say? They say that they are dying of hunger. Let us look at some of the details; who is the creature that holds tightly in her arms a shapeless object, covered with filthy leaves? On looking close, you see it is a woman, holding to her dried-up breast the child of which she has just been delivered. . . . And the man who is working with his hands a piece of mud, which he is continually putting to his eye, what is the matter with him? Our guide tells us "he is a troublesome fellow, who sets a bad example, by throwing himself at my feet this morning, and saying with a loud voice, 'I am dying of hunger.' I gave him a blow which burst his eye; he is henceforth good for nothing; and," he added with a sinister look, "He won't be hungry long."—*Appendix to House of Commons Report*, p. 110.

In the name of our common humanity we declare that this foulest form of piracy is an insult and injury to God and man; and we claim for civilized Christendom the sacred right of taking its victims into her protection, and declaring the curse abolished.

But not only have we the right, we have the power also so to do, and are therefore responsible for a gross neglect if we refuse to use it. The fiat of England, France, Germany, and America has but to be uttered to be obeyed. In fact, the Arab mind has for some time been apprehending such a result. Lord Palmerston's noble despatch has long since been translated into Arabic, and read repeatedly in the Durbar to the Sultan. In it the Arab chiefs were warned 'that the traffic in slaves was doomed to destruction; that Great Britain was the main instrument in the hand of Providence for the accomplishment of this object; that it is useless to oppose what is written in the book of Fate; that the slave-trade shall stop, and that we will be the instruments in stopping it.'*

Some have proposed that, either by purchase or by other means, we should annex Zanzibar to our dominion. Others less violently have proposed that we should free the Sultan of Zanzibar from his stipulated payment to the Imam of Muscat by taking it upon ourselves. To the first suggestion we

* 'House of Commons Report,' Appendix, p. 121.

* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, pp. 574-583.

altogether object. In our judgment the injustice of such an act would be as great as its impolicy. Nothing could be devised which would throw such a suspicious character over all our attempts to extirpate the trade or alienate more hopelessly from us those through whose instrumentality and aid we must act against it. But though great names can be quoted in support of it, none greater for all reasons than that of Sir Bartle Frere, yet neither do we assent to the second proposal; for though the suppression of the man-stealing iniquity would, even for the increase of our lawful commerce, be cheaply purchased at the 8000*l.* a year which this would cost the nation, and though our undertaking such a payment might at the first moment remove some difficulties, yet we hold that neither right nor necessity requires the sacrifice. That we are entitled to demand and not to purchase the abolition we have already shown. And our demand would suffice to accomplish it without the addition of a bribe. General Rigby is strongly of opinion that the acceptance of such a payment might greatly endanger the Sultan's life. In truth, we have nothing to compound for. We should be conferring, in the very destruction of the traffic, an inestimable boon on Zanzibar. It is true that the head-money paid as a tribute on each slave must be abandoned. But, instead of this, Zanzibar would receive the lawful profits of honourable commerce (already the customs yield to the Sultan 24,000*l.* a year more than they did twelve years ago), whilst she would be delivered from that influx of the lawless northern Arabs whom the slave-trade draws into the country; whose presence makes life uncertain, trade feeble, and the paralyzing grasp of universal speculation irresistible. Relieved from this, 'Zanzibar would become a second Singapore or Kurrachee for that part of the world.*'

But, further, not only is the entire abolition of the trade the right, but it is the only course. The principles of righteousness on which we protest against this trade, make any connivance as to it, or any regulation of it, morally impossible. And even if this were not so, experience has convinced every one who has been engaged in the attempt to check it, that it is impossible to introduce any effective restraint upon it whilst its continuance in any shape is permitted. For, as the House of Commons Committee report,† 'Any attempt to supply slaves for domestic use in Zanzibar will always be a pretext and cloak for a foreign trade.' It must never be forgotten that the whole popula-

tion, from the Sultan's highest officer down to the lowest Arab, are personally interested in defeating all attempts at enforcing any restrictive regulations; whilst the restless intriguing and treacherous nature of the Arab eminently fit him to succeed in such a course.

Geographical peculiarities, moreover, enforce the conclusion that whilst the trade may undoubtedly be stopped, it cannot be regulated. By our present treaty, slaves may be carried, without interference from our cruisers, between Kilwa, on the south (S. lat. 9° 2'), and Lamoo, on the north (S. lat. 1° 57'), or along the whole extent of the African territory of Zanzibar. The vessels, therefore, which conduct the contraband trade can only be stopped after they have cleared out from Lamoo. But in these seas, with the help of the unvarying monsoon winds, it is, practically speaking, impossible that our cruisers should prevent the escape of dhows enough to pay, by the high price of the slaves landed on the other shore, for the loss of those whom we had captured, or whom, in even greater numbers than these, the fear of capture has caused to be thrown into the sea. The only way to make the sealing up of the coast possible is to allow the seizure of slave-dhows everywhere; and for this the trade must not be licensed within certain degrees of latitude, but absolutely forbidden everywhere. If only this absolute prohibition were required, and our cruisers were made somewhat more numerous, and were fitted with the steam launches which are essential for following the dhows into the creeks and bays in which they conceal themselves, the profits of the trade could be at once reduced to a point at which it would no longer pay to retain it.

We are brought to the same conclusion by the absolute necessity, of which we have spoken already, of wholly divorcing British capital and subjects from partaking in the trade. For when we attempt to do this, we are met at once by the extreme difficulty, from the indirectness of their connexion with the trade, of bringing home the offence to those who are subject to our laws. Against all avowed participation the enactments are stringent and comprehensive enough—more stringent than is always convenient to those who, with the best intentions, meddle at all with the traffic. Captain Fraser furnishes us, in the Letter the title of which is prefixed to this article, with a good instance of this. He was one of a firm who, in 1864, set on foot the cultivation of sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar by steam-machinery at Zanzibar. For this purpose the firm entered into partnership with the late

* 'House of Commons Report,' Evidence, p. 970.

† Page viii.

Sultan Syud Majeed. The Sultan was to supply 500 unskilled labourers, allowing, if he fell short in his supply, the firm to engage elsewhere the number of labourers necessary to complete the stipulated complement. These labourers were of course slaves, sent by their owner the Sultan, according to the use of Zanzibar, to labour for the firm in which he was a partner. This contract was certified by the British Consul and Resident, and was declared afterwards by the Law Officers of the Crown at home to have infringed none of our enactments against the slave-trade. The co-partnership, however, was by joint consent terminated after a few months; and the firm, having obtained the requisite machinery at a large expense, looked about for another mode of employing it. They first endeavoured to obtain free labourers from the Comoro Islands; but these would steal and would not work. Then the firm fell back again upon the employment of slave labour. But this time they entered into a contract with the Arab owners of the gangs of porters who were to supply them with slaves bound to work for five years, after which they were to obtain their freedom. The firm had not perceived the difference between entering into partnership with a native who employed his own slaves, and undertaking to receive the 'transfer' for five years of a gang of slaves to themselves: an operation decided by the Law Officers of the Crown to be a violation of the Act 5 of George IV. c. 113. Thus the firm had involved themselves unawares, and, as Captain Fraser argues, with most humane intentions, in a most serious violation of the law; from the penalties of which they escaped only by the Sultan manumitting the slaves in question, in consequence of which no penalties were sued for against the firm. Captain Fraser casts his uttermost scorn on this act of manumission—most unfairly, as it seems to us; and for himself and his firm most ungratefully, as that act of prerogative alone delivered them from the very serious complications in which they had become involved.

But dangerous as it is for a British subject to connect himself in any way directly with the traffic in slaves, yet, to bring home the indirect traffic criminally to them is, whilst the trade is legal at all, well nigh impossible. The Consul at Zanzibar may easily prove that a Banian house there, itself a branch of another great house at Bombay, and both of them of the very highest commercial character, fitted out a caravan for a most respectable Arab merchant, with the cloths of Hamburg, or the beads and wire of England and America, to go into the interior and trade for

ivory. Evil rumours may soon abound as to the conduct of the caravan; that its conductors are stirring up wars amongst the inland tribes and practising the slave-trade with its most aggravated enormities; but the Consul is utterly powerless as to interfering with it. After two years, perhaps, the Arab re-appears; slaves in numbers, as well as ivory, arrive; who are sold for the mainland, whilst some go to Zanzibar, some to Arabia. It is clear as the sun at noonday that all this is the direct fruit of the employment of British capital in the felonious trade; but how can we bring home the guilty complicity? How can we obtain evidence where the whole feeling of the place is against any inquiry?

Captain Fraser's own letter to the Select Committee of the House of Commons is a curious instance of the universality of this feeling amongst residents at Zanzibar. In the evidence given before the Committee, the Rev. Horace Waller had deposed that 'the fact of Captain Fraser employing slaves led to everlasting murmuring on the part of the natives.' 'One morning they would see us burning the dhows which were engaged in the slave-trade, and the next morning they would see an Englishman working factories and plantations with the slaves safely landed. . . . The poor slaves were hired in gangs from their Arab masters. . . . It was encouraging the slave-trade.' Our readers will remember Captain Fraser's defence of the transaction. But Mr. Waller's evidence stings him to the quick, and he 'protests against the injustice done him by receiving and placing on Parliamentary record such statements,' and claims earnestly 'the rehabilitation of his character for the great injury done to him.' Captain Fraser, therefore, considers, as most Englishmen would, that to be charged with having in any way promoted the slave-trade is a brand upon his character. And yet even upon such a mind the effect of a residence in the midst of slavery can too plainly be traced in the picture which he draws of the slave's life on the plantations at Zanzibar. It is the old story with which all who remember the struggle with West Indian slavery were so familiar. The comfort of the slaves, their ease, and the like; with, however, incidentally, the terrible admission as to the most prolific race in the world, that 'some children, not many, are to be seen amongst them.*' This is 'the East African slave-trade and its results as viewed by residents in Zanzibar.' The vital difference between slavery and freedom,—the degradation of humanity which is involved in men and women being happy because, though the property of a mas-

* 'The East African Slave Trade,' &c., p. 17.

ter as much as any other of his chattels, they have a 'good supply of poultry and perhaps a goat or two,'—seems almost to have faded away from the writer's view. If this is the effect of living in such a moral atmosphere upon a high-minded British merchant, we may conceive what it must be upon the natives of India and Arabia, who live by the abominations of the trade and how impossible it would be for the most zealous consul to obtain, in such a state of society, evidence which could lead to the conviction of the covert slave-trader.

Only in the fewest instances would it be possible to prove the guilt which he knows to exist. Legal slave-trading must, whilst it exists, effectually shelter the felonious act, and only by the trade being declared universally unlawful, can any general attempts to punish British subjects be successful. We are brought to the inevitable conclusion: the Sultan must be induced to give up a partial protection of the trade.

But if, without exception of any kind, the transport of slaves was absolutely forbidden, all these difficulties would cease. Nor would any evil accrue to Zanzibar. The British cruisers, acting in concert with the native Government, could, without any difficulty, prevent the acts of violence which are sometimes apprehended as a consequence of abolition from the Northern Arabs. Nor need any difficulty arise as to the supply of labour. The engagement for their manumission after a brief time of service, made by Captain Fraser as to the negroes his firm proposed to hire, might be universal, and a term of apprenticeship might terminate in freedom. The abolition of slavery would of itself substitute the far more useful exertions of free for the proverbial idleness of slave-labour; whilst, if in the Seychelles, at the Mauritius, and other places more remote from a labour-market, sugar and other exports can be grown without slave-labour, far more certainly could they be at Zanzibar.

When once this new condition of treaty obligation had been established, the Governor General of India could act upon the whole Banian community in a way which is now entirely impossible. If the Viceroy could notify, first, to the vast Banian confederacy, some members of which are to be found at every emporium of trade in India, and then through their respective chieftains (such as the Rao of Cutch, the Nawab of Jafferabad, and others) that the British Government was in earnest in its intention of suppressing the slave-trade, and that it would exert its power of punishing any Indian subject who might be convicted of participating in the traffic, the effect would be seen in

every branch of the great mercantile community. The effect of such notifications in India cannot be overlooked. As in the case of suttee, infanticide, and many other abominations, the clearly expressed will of the Imperial power carries immense weight even into the family and counting-house of a Banian subject of an independent chief.

One other suggestion, earnestly pressed by Dr. Livingstone, might, moreover, be most usefully adopted. He considers that the most beneficial measure which could be introduced into Eastern Africa would be the moral element which has done so much for suppressing the Western slave-trade. He quotes the report made by Colonel Ord, and laid before Parliament in 1865, as establishing the fact that, whilst the presence of a naval squadron has had its share in the work, after all, the suppression of the trade around the English settlements on the West Coast is mainly due to the existence there of settlements of free Christian Negroes. If, he urges,

'the native Christians of one or more of the English settlements on the West Coast, which have fully accomplished their object in suppressing the slave-trade, could be induced by voluntary emigration to move to some healthy spot on the East Coast, they would in time frown down the duplicity which prevails so much in all classes that no slave-trade treaty can bind them. Slaves purchase their liberty in Cuba, and return to unhealthy Lagos to settle as petty traders; men of the same enterprising class who have been imbued with the moral atmosphere of our settlements would be of invaluable benefit in developing lawful commerce.'—*Despatches*, p. 22.

He suggests that the Sultan can, without interference with any native rights, give ground for such a settlement, and is quite ready to do so, on the mainland opposite to the island, which in many places is perfectly healthy, and that all which our Government need do would be to provide an able man to begin and lead the movement; or at most to transport existing officials in a man-of-war, and to advance on loan part of the passage-money, and give rations and house-rent for the earliest infancy of the settlement. In this view Mr. Churchill, who has resided between two and three years as Political Agent and Consul at Zanzibar, entirely agreed in his evidence before the House of Commons,* and recommended, as Livingstone does also, the island of Momfia to be acquired from the Sultan as the best place for such a settlement.

The Rev. H. Badger, whose acquaintance with the whole subject makes his opinion worthy of the utmost weight, suggests

* Pages 416-420.

Iniaek island, in Delagoa Bay, with the surrounding country of Tembé, undoubtedly British property, as the fittest for such a purpose. Iniaek island, he urges,*—

'is admirably adapted for trade, whilst the two navigable rivers in its immediate neighbourhood, the Mapoota and Manice, are said to give access to the Zulu country, and to the territories of the Transvaal Republic. Should the result be favourable, Iniaek island would bid fair to become an important commercial emporium, whilst the adjoining country of Tembé, also British territory, might afford an eligible settlement whereon to locate the slaves captured by our cruisers on the coast. In short, the healthiness of the climate once proved, a British station in Delagoa Bay might occupy, on this side of Africa, a position analogous to Sierra Leone on the Western Coast; and should the scheme proposed be found feasible, benevolent societies at home would not be backward to crown the humane efforts of the Government in behalf of the liberated Africans, by corresponding endeavours to impart to them the blessings of a Christian civilization.'

Yet still, even when the assent of the Sultan of Zanzibar and of the Imam of Muscat has been given to treaties which absolutely abolish the slave-trade, our work will not all be done. No great, and long existing moral evil can ever be extirpated without testing, by the need of prolonged exertion, the real steadfastness of purpose with which it was assailed. How long and how exhausting was the struggle with the West India slave-trade! It is of the nature of such evil that it lowers the general standard of opinion to its own level. So many are interested in maintaining the abuse, so few are willing or able to assist in its destruction, that even when suppressed it must for a time be liable, like a half-extinguished fire, suddenly to blaze forth again with all its former intensity. For all this we must be prepared. We must maintain for a season our cruisers on the watch, and if only the Treasury will give them the support they must have, the authorities at the Admiralty know well how, and are thoroughly ready to do what is required of them. But, beyond the simply repressive powers of our naval force, we must be prepared for other exertions. Accurate information and concentrated command are two of the most essential elements of success in our undertaking. For the first it is essential that our Consul at Zanzibar should have an able and thoroughly trustworthy agent, whose field of action should be between the sea-coast and the Lake of Nyassa. His actual location might be left to his own determination. But he should be where he could for himself observe, and so prevent, every

attempt to renew the trade. The command of such means of information by our Consul is absolutely essential to any successful attempt to prevent the revival of the trade, even were it once destroyed. Until lawful commerce has established itself, and proved to the petty native chieftains how far better for them is honourable trade than felonious man-stealing, this watch must be kept; and, to make it effectual, there must be concentration of command. In every cause which demands for success rapid and determined action, divided command is the sure secret for securing weakness in execution; and these evils are increased when a wide distance is interposed between the different centres in which command is lodged. For this reason we hold it essential to our success in our great endeavour that the proposition of Sir George Clark should be adopted, and all political and consular officers from Zanzibar to the Persian Gulf be placed under the orders of the Governor of Aden, who should be invested with the authority now exercised through the Governor of Bombay by the Government of India, and be allowed to communicate directly with the Viceroy and with the Foreign and Indian Officers. This would at once put an end to the division of authority and responsibility between India and England which now paralyses exertion, and causes interminable delays which make it impossible for the political agent at Zanzibar to know what instructions he may receive from Simla, Calcutta, or Bombay, till months after the duplicates of the despatches on which instructions are needed have reached London. All these delays might be at once terminated by the political agents at Zanzibar, and along the coast to Muscat, being instructed to correspond, through the political agent at Aden, with the Foreign and Indian Offices; whilst the Indian Government, and the Government at Bombay, were instructed to abstain from giving orders to those authorities on matters relating to East Africa without previous reference to her Majesty's Government in London. With this concentration of command, and the now meditated line of postal steam-communication between Aden and Zanzibar, and Zanzibar and Natal, the increased powers of our officers to check the slave-trade would be immeasurably increased. Of all the suggested means for putting an end to it, this would probably be ultimately the most effectual, whilst it would be the most easily carried to completion. All that would be necessary would be the early protection which the presence of a judicious British consular agent would afford to the rising settlement. A firman from the Sultan

* 'Pall Mall Gazette,' Aug. 13.

or native Prince on whose territories the settlement was effected would give it the necessary status. Materials of increase would naturally gather round such a centre of protection, and, after its taking root, there need be no more outlay of British money or exertion of British power than in a Turkish port in the Mediterranean.

Another great and difficult question might thus at the same time find its solution. Perhaps the most anxious duty which our watching the Coast of Africa now imposes on us is the treatment of the slaves whom our cruisers capture. The whole process of the capture is one of sorrow and perplexity. The slave-dhows, when pursued and threatened with capture by our cruisers, begin, as we have seen, by throwing into the sea the least vigorous of the slaves, and often never cease their work of death till all are thrown over, or the dhow itself stranded upon the rocks. But, as to the comparatively few whom we do rescue, surely it is difficult to conceive more direct self-constituted responsibility than is ours towards these wretched creatures.

It is impossible to deny that at present we have, with all our good intentions, but ill discharged these duties. On this point the 'Resident at Zanzibar' speaks in terms of most unmeasured, and not, we fear, wholly undeserved severity:—'Up to this point I have confined my remarks to the Report of the Commission, but I would fain go beyond it, to record my feeble protest against the inhuman and selfish policy that has throughout characterized the national effort to suppress the East African slave-trade.' Strong words, but not more so than justice demands. It is not the mere expenditure of a certain yearly sum, to support a squadron for the repression of the traffic, that will relieve the country from the reproach of acting selfishly, nor will the release of any number of slaves per annum save it from the stigma of inhumanity. Contrast the slave located in Zanzibar with the slave liberated by Great Britain! We have already quoted the description of the slaves located in Zanzibar: here is the contrast. 'Where shall we find the freed slave under the protection of Great Britain living in equal comfort? Where shall we look for any such evidence that he is well-cared for and contented? Alas! we may search in vain: the prison islets of Aden, the stews of Bombay, the plantations of Mauritius and Seychelles, tell alike the same disgraceful tale.'

There is no future provided for the 'protected' freed slave, unless one infinitely more hopeless and brutalized than the lot from

which he was forcibly torn. Is it for this so much treasure is lavished, so much innocent blood shed?*

A free settlement of men of their own race and blood would, under proper safeguards, form the fittest home for at least a large proportion of the captives. The Church Missionary Society, which has long, so greatly to its honour, provided schools for training the children whom our energies have rescued, will, we may be sure, be represented at such a new home of freedom; and the more recent efforts which at Zanzibar itself have been made under the superintendence of Bishop Tozer and the Central African Mission, might co-operate with it. Dr. Christie bears some remarkable testimony as to the rapidity with which even adult slaves, into whose nature the curse of slavery had eaten deeply, might, by judicious kindness and regular employment, be transformed into useful citizens of such a settlement:—

'On my arrival,' he says, 'I resided on the estate nearly two months. The negroes were exceedingly filthy in their habits. . . . Many of them came from the same place and belonged to the same tribe, but they seemed utterly indifferent regarding each other. I was not prepared to see this, as I thought that a common affliction, viz., Slavery, would have produced a common sympathy. . . . Since I first came to the place, there has been a great change for the better in the condition of the people in every respect. At the time of their manumission by the late Sultan, not one elected to leave the estate. . . . The progress made by these people in the short space of six years is wonderful, and Messrs. H. O. Fraser and Co. have solved the problem completely as to what can be done with negroes in such a short space of time who have lived till the time of maturity in a savage state.'—*Appendix to a Letter, &c.*; p. 18.

Here is well-grounded hope that, in a friendly free settlement, even the poor degraded beings who have been rescued from the slave-dhow may become happy and useful members of a society of industrious freemen. Such a settlement of free negroes would not only be the greatest direct barrier yet interposed in the path of the slave-trade, but it might also be a principal means of opening those paths of honourable commerce into the centre of Africa, to which we must mainly trust at last for destroying in its interior districts the tendency to steal and sell men. When the native chieftains find by experience that men are more lucratively valuable to them as the producers and exporters of articles of commerce than they are by being sold into a foreign slavery, the temptation to internal warfare, to slave-hunting,

* 'East African Slave Trade,' &c. p. 18.

and to welcome the slave-dealer, will have passed away. Africa may be at peace within herself, her vast resources may enrich the markets of the world, and her now miserable children may know the blessings of freedom, security, and abundance; whilst along the highway which Commerce shall have opened, Christianity may speed upon its higher errand yet, of gathering in the nations to the knowledge of their God.

We trust that both the Indian and the Home Government will well weigh these suggestions, and will act with vigour in the matter. It is one which, from its own character and on account of the interest which will be raised concerning it in the country when the facts of the case are well known, will not brook listlessness and half-measures.

There are, in the evidence taken before the House of Commons and in the Report of their Committee, allusions of a painful kind to differences between different departments of the Government as embarrassing our action, and so preventing our success, and making our present expenditure on the cause useless and ridiculous. This must not continue. It is a case in which half-economy is entire loss. There must be no squabbling between the Government of India and the Administration at home as to the payment of officers needful to promote the objects of both; no frustrating by the Treasury, in one of its parsimonious fits, the more statesman-like proposals of the Foreign Office; no starving down of the squadron employed, so as to disgust its gallant commanders and give the nation the cost of maintaining it, and yet, through a paltry economy, maintaining it in vain.

On this question any Government which would act with a generous vigour would have the whole country with it. It is one as to which internal wrangling and the great waste of petty savings may heap up against the sure day of reckoning, to the injury of any Administration, a large accumulation of reproaches. It is one from which rightly-handled resolution, skill, and diplomatic success may reap no little harvest of honourable estimation. Great as would be the merit of having solved by geographical discovery all the problems which yet perplex us as to the mysterious deserts and mighty rivers of central Africa, how far grander would it be to have delivered these even unknown tribes from this deadly and greatly aggravated curse of the slave-trade! This is the great discoverer's own estimate of all his own labours. The noblest passage, as it seems to us, in his last despatches expresses, in his strong straightforward words, this as the utterance of his soul,—‘Baker came further

up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between 600 and 700 miles short of the *Caput Nili*. He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if he succeeds in suppressing the Nile slave-trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.’*

ART. VIII.—1. *Hansard's Debates*, 1871, 1872. London.

2. *Judgments of the Arbitrators at Geneva*. ‘London Gazette,’ September 24, 1872.

3. *Speech of Mr. Butt, Q.C.* ‘Times,’ October 4, 1872.

THE fickleness of fortune is one of those proverbial truths which has not grown old with time; and still, as in the old time, it is in the world of politics that her strangest whims and most startling infidelities are displayed. Happily the vicissitudes of political life bear a very different signification from that which attached to them in former times, and we can contemplate their possibility, and study their progress, with scarcely severer twinges of sympathy than we should feel for pieces that were unexpectedly taken in a game of chess. The fall of greatness was a thing to be mourned over in days when men were really great, and when they really fell. Now, they mount to so moderate an elevation, that when the turn of fortune comes they have not far to fall. The rulers of a democratic state are blessed with immunities of the same kind as those which are enjoyed by the rider of a humble domestic animal. His rate of progression may be moderate, and the figure which he displays to bystanders may not be impressive; but when his own imperfect horsemanship, or the temper of the animal on whom his fate depends, condemn him to quit the saddle, the catastrophe is more disfiguring than dangerous in its results. But the position of a politician is as precarious as ever it was, though the tumbles to which he is exposed are no longer terrible. Mr. Gladstone has no cause to fear the fate of Wolsey, or even of the light-hearted Ollivier. But his fall from the kind of supremacy he enjoyed is almost as sudden as if he had lived under the most despotic sovereign. Even within the narrow limits of the difference which with us exists between the power of one subject and

* Livingstone's Despatches, p. 8.

another, the turns of fortune are quite as startling as in the times and countries where the statesman who played the game of politics laid stakes of real value upon the board.

Any one who judged only by superficial appearances would, indeed, have been incredulous if in March, last year, a prophet had foretold to him the curious change of feeling which eighteen months has sufficed to bring about. Up to that time the fortunes of the Gladstone administration were apparently unbroken and unthreatened. The enormous majority of 1868 had been rather strengthened than weakened by intermediate elections. The prestige of the Government was undiminished. It had put its hand to three great measures—the Church Act, the Land Act, and the Education Act—and it had carried them without substantial alteration. It had thoroughly mastered the House of Commons, and cowed the House of Lords. It had sensibly reduced the estimates, and had been able to remit taxation which its predecessors had imposed. These were all brilliant, and, as far as appearances went, unqualified successes. Time enough had not elapsed to judge of the working of the revolutionary legislation which had been prescribed for Ireland, or to determine whether reduced estimates were due to true economy, or simply to the retrenchment of stores, which it would be necessary to replace. Even Lord Granville's foreign policy was too fresh to have yet stung the insensitive nerve of English national pride. Happily for the English, they do not understand when other nations despise them. Russia had torn up the treaty which it had cost two years of war and half a million lives to win; America had received traitors from Ireland with all the honours Congress could bestow; Prince Bismarck had repelled our efforts at mediation with ostentatious contempt; but trade was beginning to mend, and these trifles passed unnoticed. The first cloud in the serene atmosphere was the unlucky budget of Mr. Lowe. It would not be fair to use any severer epithet, for the scheme hardly deserved all the obloquy that was heaped upon it. It was not much to be admired, for subsequent experience showed it to have been rather a budget of panic than of precaution. The two millions raised were a useless addition to the burdens of the people. But its prominent demerits were rather political than financial. The match-tax was neither better nor worse than any other excise duty that was at once new and rather fanciful. The succession duty, which Mr. Lowe tried to increase, is less just, indeed, than the income-tax; but it is

more just than a rate. The succession duty is an income-tax confined to schedules A and C. The poor-rate is an income-tax confined to schedule A. But whatever might be advanced theoretically in favour of the scheme, its sins as a practical measure of political strategy were immediately apparent; it trod with vicious emphasis on the corns of two classes, one of which was very powerful and the other was very noisy, and both of them, unluckily, strongly represented among the supporters of Her Majesty's Government. The succession duty drew a protest from the brother of the Duke of Devonshire; the match-tax brought together just that sort of ragged, riotous, reckless mob that stirs the enthusiasm of the advanced Liberal to frenzy. A Government which subsists upon the combined allegiance of Whig landlords and trades-unions, might get on with tolerable safety so long as it could pit its supporters against each other; but before a hostile combination of the two it could do nothing but instantly succumb. The obnoxious budget was withdrawn, and was replaced by a twopenny income-tax which by no means helped to restore the popularity of the Ministry, but which passed because it was the least novel idea that could possibly be suggested.

The moral effect of this great defeat was enormous. The spell was broken which for more than two years had cowed large interests into submitting to the severest measures, in the fear that worse would come upon them. The huge majority was vulnerable: the all-powerful ministry had accepted the extreme humiliation of taking back their budget. It was a message of good tidings to many a threatened and trembling interest. They plucked up a heart to resist what a little before they had been inclined to accept as their inevitable fate. The Government had already thrown down the gauntlet to three powerful interests—the soldiers, the brewers, and the landed gentry. At first all three were disposed to submit with desponding apathy; but as soon as the discomfiture of Mr. Lowe announced that the Government had lost their talisman and no longer possessed a charmed life, they began to bestir themselves to resist. For the officers the day of deliverance came too late. It was against them that the Government directed its most resolute efforts; and they were weakest in numerical support. They fought their battle with professional determination, and but for the technical accident which placed it in the power of the Crown to disregard the adverse vote of the House of Lords, they would not have succumbed. A high-handed act of power, which prac-

tically passed an Act of Parliament by the assent of the Commons alone, was too pleasing to the self-love of the latter to involve any immediate danger to the Ministry. But the mode in which it was received in the country was very noticeable. It was within a month of the Royal Warrant that the Surrey election took place. That election was remarkable as announcing the conversion of one of the most radical constituencies of the kingdom; and still more, as the first of a series of disasters which have lasted from that time almost unbroken until now.

The two other assailed interests fared better. It was difficult to enlist against them the specious jealousies of class which had been fatal to the system of army-purchase. Mr. Bruce's assault upon the property of the brewers and the publicans, Mr. Goschen's ingenious attempt to sow dissension between the owners and occupiers of land, touched, not a dispute upon the relative efficiency of two rival plans of military organization, but the pecuniary interests of men who were to be found in every rank of society. As soon as a chance for resistance showed itself, they let it be known that they were not disposed to be shorn peaceably; and their opposition was so menacing, that the bills which excited it never even reached a second reading. The Licensing Bill has reappeared in a despoiled and mutilated shape, and favoured by its insignificance has, after surrendering its most salient enactments, survived the perils of the session. It is so badly drawn, and founded upon such false principles, that public discontent will probably enforce its modification next year. Mr. Goschen is happily removed to another sphere, where rating, at least in a parochial sense, is unknown; and his Bill is altogether laid aside. It was introduced to stifle the nascent agitation against the anomalies and iniquities of rating, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, and dividing the assailants against each other. The resolution carried by Sir Massey Lopes will probably prevent the revival of this strategy. The question of rating must be taken up shortly, and must be dealt with on much wider grounds than the division of [the rating between landlord and tenant.

But though the assault failed in two points out of three, the impression which it produced did not disappear. A feeling began to spread in men's minds that the mission of the ministry was to destroy; and no one knew whose turn would come first, or which institution would be next selected for attack. So many classes had either been visited or threatened with injury of some kind, that a

general sentiment of uneasiness began to prevail. So long as the spoliation was confined to Irish ground, English people were not vehemently moved. It seemed quite natural that there should be revolutionary proceedings in Ireland. It might be lamentable, but it was by no means new. Innumerable experiments in Government had been tried there at various times; and the proposed legislation was only the addition of another to the list. They had all failed, and this would probably fail just like the rest; but it was not worth any political excitement or alarm. It was absurd to suppose that any one would draw such measures into a precedent for England, or would confound the English Church or the English landlord with the Irish travesties of those cherished institutions.

Such was, in a more or less articulate form, the argument with which the average Englishman allayed any misgivings which the Irish Church Bill or the Irish Land Bill might have excited in his mind. It never occurred to him as a serious probability that the Government would import the eccentricities of their Irish legislation into England, and would begin to cut down upas-trees on this side of St. George's Channel. If for no other reason, he would have rejected the idea with anger, as implying that there really was some sort of analogy between England and Ireland. If his illusions were flimsy, his disenchantment was severe. When in 1871 the intentions of the ministry on this head were left in no kind of doubt, when in addition to the attacks on the army, the liquor trade, and the landlords, he was harassed by bold advances in direct taxation and new views as to its assessment, by hints from the Home Secretary of the approaching disestablishment of the English Church, and by the devouring activity of Commissioners scheming to alienate from their ancient uses local endowments in almost every town and village, he was roughly shaken from his complacency; and in proportion as his slumber had been deep, his awakening to the hard reality was disagreeable.

It would not be true to say that these predatory forays upon English interests entirely account for the more recent unpopularity of Ministers. The mishaps that have distinguished much of the Admiralty administration have had their share; and the Washington Treaty has not been without effect. The impression left by the negotiations which preceded and followed it have not been favourable either to the clear-sightedness or the resolution of the Government. The result of them in the heavy damages—equal to 2½ income-tax—inflicted by the award that has

just been issued, has been to a great extent what the world expected. The American negotiators knew perfectly what they were about: and they coaxed or drove our Government to affix the Queen's signature to terms of reference which much ensured our condemnation in respect to the Alabama. The selection of the arbitrators, and the use of 'less accurate' language, did the rest. Those who wish to see how the vaunted plan of arbitration is likely to work in future should not fail to master the eloquent judgment in which Sir Alexander Cockburn has recorded his protest against an ignorant decision, and laid down in masterly language the true principles of international law. A 'scratch' tribunal of foreign jurists, who neither understood the language in which the counsel addressed them, nor the laws of the country on which they were called to pass a judgment, guided by no other light than the studied ambiguities of the Washington Treaty, was not likely to produce a decision deserving of respect. The money must unhappily be paid; but it is worth while to cast a glance at the process by which it has been exacted from us, if only to appreciate the operations which go on in the mind of ill-informed judges called upon to interpret less accurate rules.

The rules required a neutral state to use 'due diligence, to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping within its jurisdiction of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or carry on war against a power with which it is at peace.' But no hint was given of what due diligence meant, or what were reasonable grounds of belief. It was not said whether the belief was to be that which an absolute Government might entertain upon hearsay, or only that which a jury would entertain under the strict laws of evidence. Nor was it explained whether the 'diligence' expected of the executive was to be shown in accordance with the institutions of a free country or by acts of lawless force overriding them. The three arbitrators were accustomed to the highhanded ways of foreign police. They would not understand that our Government cannot meddle with the liberty of its subjects until sufficient proof of criminal intent has been produced. M. Staempfli appears to have been especially irritated by this plea, which he always italicises contemptuously. His reply and that of the other foreign arbitrators is that the Government ought to have 'taken the initiative;' and ought to have found out for themselves the 'sufficient proofs' which the American agents had failed to discover. Count Schöpis actually goes so far as to say, 'It is a little surprising to find the Collector

of Customs setting himself up as a judge of legal proofs, when he ought to have had prompt recourse to more direct means of guaranteeing the duties of neutrality.' The extent of omniscience which the British Government was bound as a neutral to possess, in the opinion of these arbitrators, may be illustrated from a passage in M. Staempfli's judgment upon the 'Shenandoah.' This vessel—an old East India trader—was sold to one Wright, September 20, 1864. Wright had married the daughter of one Prioleau; Prioleau was a partner in the firm of Fraser, Trenholm, and Co.: and this firm were agents of the Confederate Government. On October 8, 1864, the vessel sailed from the Thames, and was armed as a cruiser in French waters. Except Mr. Wright's relationships there was not one iota of evidence or suspicion to connect her before she sailed with the Confederate Government. And yet one of the arbitrators, who has condemned us in large damages on her account, seriously lays down that the Government ought to have known that the vessel was sold to Wright; that it ought further to have been familiar with the fact that Wright had married Prioleau's daughter: that it ought to have further known that Prioleau was a partner in the firm of Messrs. Fraser and Trenholm; that it ought thence to have concluded that the ship which had been bought by the merchant, who had married the daughter of another merchant, who was a partner of the firm that had transacted business for the Southern States, must necessarily be about to sail for an illegal purpose, and accordingly ought to have interposed. And all these facts were to be discovered and acted upon between the 20th of September and the 8th of October. It is possible that the police of a Fouché or a Vidocq might have possessed this kind of information: and that their masters might have been arbitrary enough to act upon it. But the British Government has never yet held it to be an international duty to keep a register of the names of all members of all mercantile firms, with a full account of the marriages of all their daughters. It is fair to add that the utmost pains were taken to mislead the Arbitrators on points of British law of which they were likely to be ignorant. The American counsel had the effrontery to assert that 'the British Ministers do not scruple to suspend the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus*, whether with or without previous Parliamentary authorization, and whether in the United Kingdom or in the Colonies, on occasion of petty acts of rebellion or revolt.' Well might Sir Alexander Cockburn say that he was 'lost in amazement and sought

in vain to discover what could possibly be meant by so strange a statement.

But even Mr. Adams was misled into making an assertion as to English law quite as baseless, which must have had an important effect in adding to the bewilderment of his three colleagues. In commenting on the case of the 'Florida' he says that the English Government 'had in its hands all the means of extorting unwilling testimony through efficient and trustworthy agents.' What Mr. Adams can have meant by this wild assertion will probably remain an unsolved mystery. He is probably aware that the rack in the Tower of London has been disused for some time past; and that the modern substitute for that machine, known as the '*juge d'instruction*,' has not yet been introduced into this country. But his non-English colleagues naturally believed these statements without misgiving. It seemed to them a matter of course that an unlimited power of arresting obnoxious persons and a machinery for extorting unwilling testimony should form part of the jurisprudence of every well-ordered state. And England suffered accordingly. She has been condemned in enormous damages because her executive did not use powers which it has not, and, while her freedom lasts, will never have. The point was of capital importance both in the cases of the 'Florida' and the 'Shenandoah.' The final arming of the 'Florida' took place at the Bahamas. In one of the bays of a desolate island, sixty miles from Nassau, a merchant vessel brought out to her her guns and her crew. Great Britain is condemned by M. Staempfii because the Government did not know the errand of that merchantman—which of course cleared for some other place. No sort of evidence of its real intention was forthcoming; and though a Government might have extracted it by some such machinery as Mr. Adams contemplates, for want of it there was nothing to go upon, except a theory of the American consul's which turned out to be incorrect. The 'Shenandoah' was almost exactly the same case. We have been condemned to pay for the losses she inflicted because a number of sailors living at Melbourne stole off one night to join her. The Government had made great efforts to prevent any such accession of strength, which was from the known sympathy of the colonists likely to take place. Some men were caught and punished, others were sent back before they escaped. But on the night before the vessel sailed a certain number of men succeeded in escaping to her. The Government had placed a strong guard upon the pier from which the escape was likely to be attempt-

ed, but the men succeeded in getting off from a more unfrequented spot. In the vast circuit of Port Phillip some place of escape could have been found in spite of any vigilance. What the Government were really condemned for was that they did not find out beforehand, and so prevent, the plan for accomplishing this clandestine enlistment. A Continental police, with its lavish *espionage*, its power of seizing papers at will, and the information it receives from the moral torture-chamber of the *juge d'instruction*, might possibly have discovered the plan. 'England,' says Count Sclopis, 'is not to be exonerated by her own law.' If her Government cannot do what a Continental Government can do, so much the worse for her. The same spirit pervades the judgments given throughout. The 'Florida' was seized at Nassau; and after due trial was acquitted. One would have imagined that in this matter, at least, the responsibility of the Government would have been discharged. Not in the least. The proceedings were conducted according to English practice, and M. Staempfii considers English practice bad. The judgment was delivered by an English judge. Count Sclopis does not think the judgment was any answer to the demands made by the United States: and, apparently, M. Itajuba came to the same conclusion. The doctrine of judicial independence, so sacred to us in England, has no value in the eyes of an Italian or a Brazilian. It does not in their view protect a Government from the consequences of respecting it. Whether they expected the English Government to force the judge to give a different decision, or to treat the decision with contempt when it was given, does not appear. In any case they put it aside as of no account.

We do not complain of their ignorance. In M. Staempfii's case, indeed, it amounted to a scandal. He had studied his papers so little that he made two statements, which were of vital importance to his judgment of the 'Florida,' and which were absolutely incorrect. To show the negligence of the Government in allowing the 'Florida' to sail, he states that her armament had been brought across from Hartlepool to Liverpool, and was carried out to sea by a merchantman starting at the same time as she did. The exact contrary is the truth. The cannon were sent to Hartlepool; and the merchantship which carried them out started from that port; while the 'Florida,' for which they were destined, started from Liverpool. No Government not gifted with second sight could have guessed the connexion of the two vessels. Yet he condemns us to pay for this ignorance. Again, he is not aware

that witnesses giving evidence in a superior court, do not, with us, sign their depositions. He concludes, because he does not find the depositions signed, that the witnesses were never sworn; and he makes this neglect a ground for impugning the proceedings of a court of justice, and fining the British Government for negligence. The ignorance of the other arbitrators was of a more general kind; or, at least, they have not betrayed it by giving their reasons too elaborately. But we have no right to quarrel with that ignorance. They were not educated for the duty of sitting in judgment on the laws of England. Our complaint must rather be against our own Government, whose 'less accurate' diplomacy has given them power to decide that England is to be fined, if the freedom of her laws should jostle against the convenience of a foreign belligerent.

The truth is, that the attitude of the Government from the first has been that of suitors for a favour, too eager to weigh well the words in which it was granted. The pompous embassy, the patched-up, hazy verbiage of protocols and treaty, the heavy guarantee given to Canada as a bribe for her acquiescence, implied a strange solicitude for the promotion of a litigation of which the result could only be a heavy fine on England. The bargain will assume a still odder aspect if it should so chance that Mr. Greeley is elected President. He will probably conciliate his democratic allies by giving place in his Ministry to Southern statesmen; and one of their first duties will be to receive the damages which the arbitrators have sentenced us to pay. The net result of our triumphant diplomacy will then be as follows: We shall have paid Canada heavily to forego all compensation for American depredations, in order that we may have the privilege of paying American statesmen for the damage they inflicted on their countrymen. It is certainly difficult to understand why this privilege has been sought with so much labour—why the attainment of it has been the subject of so much triumph. Still stranger is it that the fear of losing this precious bargain should have induced the Ministry to hesitate for months before they could muster resolution to repel the outrageous and insolent demands which America, encouraged by our obvious terrors, ventured after the treaty to advance. Of course this policy has pleased a certain section of the community. It is highly gratifying to the Quakers and all who share their peculiar views on national self-respect. It is very pleasant also to those mercantile men whose affairs require the removal, no matter by what means, of all causes of es-

trangement between America and England. But on the larger portion of the nation, biassed by neither of these motives, we suspect that the whole transaction has left a disquieting impression. No one can calculate on the course our foreign policy is likely to take. It is easy to see that the old code of national honour no longer guides our statesmen. Neither Castlereagh nor Palmerston would have signed the recent treaties with Russia and America. But it is not so easy to see what controlling principle has taken its place. Is it chance impulse? or the political necessity of satisfying some cry here at home? or the excitement of a steeplechase after some Utopian ideal?

Yet it would be a mistake to attribute a very active political influence to these considerations. The nation feels strongly for its honour in its foreign dealings; but it has no foresight in such matters. It is too courageous to be sensitive to affronts or to scent danger from afar. Until, therefore, its rulers have actually involved the empire in flagrant dishonour or visible danger, it apprehends nothing and suspects nothing. It will not censure them for a course that promises such an issue, until the promise is fulfilled; and if any freak of blind fortune should save them from the plain consequence of these acts, the popular judgment will not distinguish between salvation by luck and salvation by prudent forecast.

In home affairs, the nation takes a far keener interest, and passes on those who conduct them a more discerning judgment. If the Ministry should finally lose its majority, it will be from domestic and not foreign miscarriage. Undoubtedly the failure of their Irish policy has done more to lower them in public estimation than all the rebuffs to which they have been compelled to submit at the hands of Russia and America. It was to cure the Irish cancer that they were called in; and the blindest can see that the disease is as malignant as ever. They were given full leave to apply knife and cautery; and upon the healthy portion of the patient's flesh they have operated with unflinching hand. But the gangrene is not narrowed in its dimensions, nor less angry in its aspect. All the evils that existed in Ireland before the remedial measures promised in 1868 exist now; and, superadded to them, the coldness or the disgust of classes whose loyalty has been sorely tried by the belief that they are the victims of calculating injustice. Whatever else has been done, neither peace nor loyalty has been given back to Ireland. The besiegers are in no gentler mood than they were before, though the garrison has been thrown over the battlements to please them.

Of course such objections are met with the ready answer, that sufficient time has not been allowed for the action of the remedies. The plea would be good if this were the first time that remedies of the same character had been tried. A new doctor recommending a style of treatment wholly novel, might fairly complain if his patient refused to go on with it, because he was not cured immediately. But Ireland is no such case. The course of treatment is not novel ; but nearly a century old. Ever since the war of American Independence a series of measures have been applied to Ireland, similar in their aim and character, though differing in the energy of their operation. They have all had for their object, either to meet the demands of the Roman Catholics, or to enlarge the legal rights of the poorer occupiers of land. Many of them have been passed only at the sacrifice of principles and feelings held sacred by a large proportion of the English people. At each of these great legislative experiments, the Minister who has demanded the sacrifice has always been sanguine that it would be the last. He has never doubted that it would lessen the antipathies of the Irish people, and make the government of Ireland easier. He has generally succeeded in communicating his hopefulness to his supporters. At whatever cost to English prepossessions or interest, the sacrifice has always been made. No measure proposed by any Government for the relief of Roman Catholics, or the enrichment of the Irish poor, has been ultimately refused by Parliament. Yet the result, after a century of such legislation, is that so far as loyalty and tranquillity are concerned, the condition of Ireland is worse than when this series of experiments began. We must not be understood by any means as condemning the whole of them. Some of these measures were commendable on other grounds : but this circumstance in no way interferes with the fact that looked at purely in the light of their chief professed intention, as remedies for the Irish difficulty, they have been lamentable failures. Ireland is more unruly, more hostile, more dangerous to England in the event of trouble, than she was in the reign of George II. If England were menaced again by such a danger as that from which she escaped so narrowly in 1745, is there any one who dares to hope that Ireland would be as passive now as she was then ?

It is of little comfort, with this history before us, to exhort us to wait a little longer, and give the most recent remedies full time to work. They have been at work long enough in one form or another to establish at least this fact—that their operation, what-

ever it may be, is not to make the Irish more fond of England. The same consideration disposes of the suggestion—coming indeed from no English statesman, but which we constantly receive from Ireland—that by doubling our concessions we may possibly make those fruitful that are barren now. The counsel is the favourite consolation of the charlatans or the enthusiasts of every age. From fortune-tellers to politicians, from alchemists to the projectors of branch lines, none ever fail to assure their patrons that, ‘one payment more, and success is certain.’ Our reply is simply that we cannot afford it. We are squandering, not money, but the attachment and support which we have nurtured for centuries, and which money cannot bring back.

Happily the experience of nations is longer than that of other spendthrifts ; and the promises which seduced us once are now ceasing to delude. The logic of facts is already beginning to tell even upon the most stubborn optimists. The enthusiasm which carried the Church Act and the Land Act has sensibly diminished in temperature. Hopeful prophecies of a coming age of Irish tranquillity and loyalty are less confidently uttered ; a justification for the policy of the years 1869 and 1870 is rather sought in the absence of any alternative suggestion. No one else, it is said, had any better remedy for the Irish difficulty to propose. Even if this were true, was it a sufficient defence for measures so violent, and, to one class at least, so oppressive ? Thousands of people were ousted of what they believed, and a few years ago every one else believed, to be their clear right. The least they were entitled to demand was that they should not be despoiled as a mere speculative experiment, but that some clear gain to the public weal should be shown as the set-off to their private loss. The optimist view of politics assumes that there must be some remedy for every political ill, and rather than not find it, it will make two hardships to cure one. If all equitable remedies have failed, its votaries take it as proved without argument that the one-sided remedies, which alone are left, must needs succeed. But is not the other view barely possible ? Is it not just conceivable that there is no remedy that we can apply for the Irish hatred of ourselves ? that other loves or hates may possibly some day elbow it out of the Irish peasant's mind, but that nothing we can do by any contrivance will hasten the advent of that period ? May it not, on the contrary, be our incessant doctoring and meddling, awaking the passions now of this party now of that, raising at every step a fresh crop of resentments by the side

of the old growth, that puts off the day when these feelings will decay quietly away and be forgotten? One thing we know we can do in Ireland, because we have done it in India and elsewhere, with populations more unmanageable and more bitter. We can keep the peace, and we can root out organized crime. But there is no precedent, either in our history or any other, to teach us that political measures can conjure away hereditary antipathies which are fed by constant agitation. The free institutions which sustain the life of a free and united people sustain also the hatreds of a divided people. Political aspirants striving to keep or to obtain a seat, newspapers competing for a circulation, will necessarily seek for influence by appealing to the strongest passions of the people; and they will not do it the less because that passion is hatred of the Government under which they live. We have a worse chance than any other nation would have of curing such a malady as that of Ireland, because our institutions—may we not add our superstitions?—forbid us to impose upon her the silence and the repose she needs. Our best hope—it is a feeble one—is that time may do what legislation cannot do. If it were in the genius of our Government to be stable in its purposes for a single generation—still more if we could acquire with the world a credit for firmness which we have utterly lost—the hope of separation might in time fade away from the Irish mind; and agitators' promises might at last be disbelieved, even by the Irish peasant. Time might then do its slow work of oblivion unhindered. But in the meanwhile it will be clear gain if English statesmen draw a clear line in their own minds between what legislative measures can attain and what they cannot. If we can persuade ourselves that our chance of making new friends is a poor one, we may be brought to abstain from the incessant meddling by which old friends are lost. It is a thriftless policy to throw away the affections of which we are sure, in order to captivate others for which neither our race, nor our creed, nor past memories, nor present appearances give us any ground of hope.

As yet we must be content to bear the necessary penalty of our vacillating temper. At present we are, or we believe we are, fixed in our resolve that no kind of separation shall take place. But it is vain to preach any such resolution to the Irish peasant. He knows enough of recent history to disbelieve it. The one impression our policy has left on his mind is a firm belief in the efficacy of turbulence. In proportion as he has rebelled against and broken the law, the law has been altered to suit his views. His

friends blew up Clerkenwell Prison, and brought down the Established Church at the same time. They systematically murdered Irish landlords and land-agents: and, in due time, when the murders had reached an intolerable number, the Irish Land Act was the reply. Nothing, of course, is easier to say than that those two measures were in no way caused by the fear of menace, but simply by an abstract conviction of their justice; and that the sequence of one set of events upon the other in point of time was sheer accident. If reiteration could only do the work of argument, this assertion would be as clearly proved as any proposition in mathematics. But the peasant does not seem to be convinced. Perhaps he remembers that the same odd coincidence has happened once or twice before. The Catholic Relief Bill followed very closely indeed upon the Clare election and the labours of the Catholic Association. The Maynooth Grant of 1845 was immediately preceded by the great Repeal agitation and the disorders which attended it. Even five years ago there was much to be said for his belief that shooting landlords and breaking the Queen's peace are the most effective form of petition wherewith to approach the Imperial Parliament; and the fate of the Irish Church and the Irish landlord have converted it into a certainty. He is not satiated, by any means, with the concessions that have been procured for him by these weapons. Liability to be turned out is one of the disagreeable incidents of occupying land which belongs to somebody else: liability to pay rent for it is another. The Land Act has practically relieved him from the first of these incidents; but his triumph is only half enjoyable as long as it is embittered by the second. Until rents go the way of evictions his objects will be only half attained. He knows—or his leaders know—that the landlords are a weak class in Ireland; that their rights of property are not sustained by any powerful commercial class; and that if Ireland could be in any form separated from Great Britain the landlords would be wholly at the mercy of the petty tenantry. He has good material reasons, therefore, for desiring 'Home Rule.' His sentimental reasons—more potent possibly—are harder to analyse. Whether he looks for a triumph of Catholic over Protestant, or of Celt over Saxon, or for some closer union with America, or simply sees before him that boundless horizon of jobs popularly expressed in the phrase 'Ireland for the Irish'—there is no doubt that this feeling is intensely strong, and seems to be growing stronger. The ballot will reveal to us its real intensity. If, as we

fear, it is strong enough to command a majority, or even a respectable minority of the Irish representatives, it will gain overwhelming force. It will attract to it a large class of waiters upon Providence who are quiescent because they are not yet sure which side will win. Its advocates have learnt by experience that Parliament is accessible to pressure, especially of an illegal kind. England will again be called upon to redress grievances—the last grievance for which she is responsible—her own presence upon Irish soil. What will a Liberal Government and a Liberal House of Commons do? On Tory principles the case presents much that is painful, but no perplexity whatever. Ireland must be kept, like India, at all hazards: by persuasion if possible; if not, by force. But on Liberal principles—on the principles of those who have shouted for the independence of Hungary, of Italy, of Poland—of those who mean to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas—what is to be done? Undoubtedly the Irish difficulty only grows in proportion to our efforts to solve it. It grows with the increased fervour and arrogance which are everywhere showing themselves in the Roman Communion. It grows with the growth of the power of America, with the spread of Republican principles in France. To conduct Irish affairs on any principles is difficult enough; but to govern a population which does not wish to be governed by you, on the principle of implicitly attending to its wishes, appears to be about as hopeless a task as ever politicians undertook.

From this quarter, if from any, the dangers of the Liberal Government are likely to arise. The position of absolute supremacy which they enjoyed three years ago has been destroyed, and will not probably be regained. But from the loss of undisputed power to the loss of office is a very long step. The county constituencies have shown a strong Conservative feeling even in places like Yorkshire, where a powerful Dissenting element exists; and there is a marked change of tone in the English boroughs. But it will require many victories among them to outweigh the growing Radicalism of Ireland, or the Radicalism of Scotland, which does not grow only because it is already universal. It is not easy to determine whether the movement of the past twelve months in England is a partial and temporary eddy, or a set current whose strength may be expected to increase. If it merely betokens the indignation of interests that have been attacked, or arises only from a reaction against the excesses of the Commune, its effects will not reach very far. The Government will proba-

bly be discreet enough not to meddle with powerful interests again, and the Commune will be forgotten in some new excitement. On the other hand the position of the Ministry is far from being secure. If no strong Conservative feeling has yet set in, it is certain that the subversive enthusiasm of four or five years ago has entirely abated. Commerce is highly prosperous, and little attention is paid to politics; for politics is treated by nations much as religion is by individuals—it is a subject of interest chiefly in adversity. This apathy would have been of less moment if a Government's tenure of office were decided in any regular way by the nation, or even by the House of Commons. But it is not so arranged under our system. Governments may be, and are, generally turned out by votes which are not avowedly votes of want of confidence, and which those who support them generally declare have not that result in view. The intrigue of a night may remove a Government with which the constituencies have by no means resolved to part; and sometimes, as in 1858, they upset one to which the constituencies are passionately attached. The state of parties in the House, and especially the internal condition of the Ministerial majority, are of more importance in forecasting the fate of a Ministry than the issue of solitary elections. Even if we believe that the tide of opinion has not turned sufficiently to give a working Conservative majority, it would be rash on that account to assume the safety of the Government. The condition of parties has, therefore, an importance for Conservatives which it certainly had not two years ago. Then their only solicitude was to mitigate or avert the dangers arising from the overwhelming power of the Government. Now, with a more uncertain future, they have to consider the difficulties, possibly not less serious, which might arise to them from an imperfect and temporary success. A real victory—a victory arising from the hearty acceptance of their views by the nation—would, of course, involve no difficulties; for it is always easy to go straight forward. But an incomplete victory, due rather to the imperfect action of our political machinery than to the true play of constitutional principles—a victory giving, as Lord Derby says, place without power, would leave the party in a condition of some difficulty, and possibly of serious danger. Powerless office is much more perilous to a party's cause than powerful opposition.

Such reflections are not likely to commend themselves to the actual combatants. The hot conflict of the hour engrosses the thoughts of every genuine politician. There

is no room in his brain for a passing reflection on the disenchantments of the past or the difficulties of the future. He flings himself into the attack or the intrigue which is to lead to victory, with a spirit as free from misgiving as if he had never passed through such scenes before, or as if a plunge in Lethe had washed out all memory of the perplexities of which they were the triumphant prelude. But the world has grown too old now in experience of the ways of constitutional partisanship to make this intoxication any longer pardonable. Statesmen who aspire to make the perilous voyage of office are bound to satisfy themselves that their knowledge of the dangers before them is adequate, and their projected course is carefully laid down. And to this obligation the Conservative party is more heavily bound than any other. It has a history of which the retrospect is full of warning for the future.

Take what view of policy we may, pass what judgment we will upon the acts of individual men, no one will deny that the achievements of the Conservative party during the past half century will furnish a strange page to history. Three times during the lapse of that period has the party triumphantly borne a favourite minister to power to resist some dreaded change; three times has the victorious minister made use of the power intrusted to him to carry out the change he was commissioned to avert. When Rabagas is made a minister his first official act is to quell by military force the insurrection he had organized a few hours before. The incident is received by English audiences as an amusing satire upon the hollowness and the corruption of the race of Continental demagogues. Yet it has its application elsewhere than on the Continent, and to other than dishonest politicians. It is no unfair picture of what was done by men like the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the late Lord Derby, upon whose honour slander has never cast a stain — of what was, if not approved, at least condoned, by the party whose previous pledges they had belied. For the Conservative party cannot stand aside and judge, as from an external point of view, the tortuous path pursued by its leaders at the three great epochs of Conservative history—the Catholic Relief Bill, the Corn Law Bill, and the Second Reform Bill. On each occasion it was, if not an accomplice, at least an accessory after the fact. In the cases of the Relief Bill and the Reform Bill, the party acquiesced without any open protest. In the case of the Corn Law Bill the acquiescence did not come at once, but it was solemnly

recorded in a Parliamentary resolution six years later. These are the acts, therefore, not of individual statesmen, but of a great political party.

It is utterly beside the question to inquire whether the measures which were passed by this strategy were salutary or pernicious. If they were bad they ought not to have been passed at all; if they were good they ought to have been passed by other men. If they were really a necessity imposed by the circumstances of the hour, their passage could not long have been delayed. In any case it was clearly purchased at the cost of a blow to the only principle that saves political parties from degenerating into greedy factions. The exigency, if it existed, did not call for such a sacrifice. All that was gained by the repudiation of the professions by which office had been won, was that the controverted policy in each case triumphed by the agency of those who had always denounced it, instead of by the agency of those who had always urged it.

Are these tactics to be accepted as representing a normal feature of our party warfare? Is each great change which our institutions may yet be doomed to undergo to furnish the Conservatives with a 'spectre' in opposition, and a policy in office? It cannot be so unless English parties, and the men who compose them, become fearfully and wonderfully changed. In spite of casuistry the point of honour will, in the long run, with the same men, remain the same for public as for private affairs. Men may be misled on particular occasions into assenting to a policy from which, if asked to adopt it in their private concerns, they would recoil. The plea of necessity, the claims of party fealty, the fear of making bad worse, or the hope of mitigating the inevitable, are motives of real cogency whose proper limits are hard to define; and though after the event they are seen to afford no defence for a shifty policy, they often appear at the time sufficient, not only to justify, but to demand, the successive minute steps of concession of which that policy was made up. Such pleas may serve to excuse exceptional deviations from the consistency which the law of honour requires between the promises of opposition and the performances of office; but only so long as they are exceptional. If ever they become so habitual to any party that leaders can plan them without scruple, and followers can be brought to accept them without shame or resistance, that party must renounce, unless English character shall greatly change, all substantial share in the councils of the nation.

Be our judgment of the past what it may,

no difference of policy can exist as to the future. We are persuaded that the recurrence of such a political conjuncture as those in which the Relief Act, the Corn Law Act, and the last Reform Act were passed, would be regarded by Conservatives of every shade as the heaviest disaster their party could undergo. There are few of them but would prefer, if it could for a moment be imagined that we were driven to such a choice, that the party should be doomed to a perpetual exclusion from office, rather than it should be held again upon such terms. The question is not one of purely theoretical interest. At a moment when the political sky is troubled and uncertain, it is of some interest to consider, whether we are quite secure from a similar danger; and whether there is any policy by which it can be averted. The premonitory symptoms of political change have been very marked during the present session; and though it now seems improbable that any crisis will arise for some time, yet it is unlikely that the majority will regain the cohesion it has lost, or resume the habits of passive obedience which it has broken through. The ministry contains several men whose passion for office is not strong; and even the keenest appetite for 'that invidious, that closely-watched slavery, which is mocked with the name of power,' is apt to pall after four or five years' enjoyment. Would a resignation, if it came, find the Tory party in better hope than heretofore to steer clear of the peculiar kind of peril that has beset and marred their recent ventures?

That the same peculiar disaster should have happened three times to the same party within so short a period of time, must indicate some general cause. It cannot in each case have been a mere accident, or only due to the characters of individual statesmen. Our adversaries would find a sufficient solution in the statement that the measures which were carried were wise. But this, even if it were entirely true, would not account for their being carried by those who had undertaken to resist them. Assuming a complete and sudden conversion—no slight assumption in the case of three men of mature age and conspicuous ability—it still remains a mystery why they did not resign the task of giving effect to their new views to those who had always held them. Even if they had suddenly changed their minds, no such transformation had happened to their followers. The submission of the party was due to the political exigency which the leader's act was causing; and no man's conscience could have driven him to drive other people to vote against their own.

Nor was there any explanation to be found in the previous traditions of English statesmen. They have never, on either side, held it to be part of their duty to give effect to a popular conviction at the sacrifice of their own. The idea that, when you find a difficulty in maintaining the position in which you have entrenched yourself, it is a right and proper thing to secure it by hoisting the enemy's colours, is entirely of modern growth. Mr. Forster, speaking the other day at Bradford, describes the duty of a statesman when his own convictions are at variance with those of the public. Much as we differ from his political views, we must admit that his language is a pleasing contrast to the limp servility displayed by many courtiers of the multitude in these days:—

'With regard to public opinion, I believe that it is the duty of those who have anything to do with government, because public opinion has put them there, to consider public opinion, to estimate it, to attempt to understand it, to defer to it as much as they can in details; but never to defer to it upon principles, if they are themselves convinced that those principles are right. Well, I dare say many of you think that office is a most desirable thing. I will not deny that the task of having any part in the Government of this great country is a task, the ambition for which no man ought to be ashamed to possess; but any man who has obtained that object of his ambition will find that with it there is toil, there is misconception, there is responsibility quite enough to make him very soon wish to get rid of the responsibility, misconception, and toil, if it were not for that which is the real prize that is won by the toils of office, viz., the recompense of being able to do something towards actually getting realized, and put into action those principles which a man has long cared for, and which he thinks will really do good to his country. Therefore, to ask him to remain in office upon the condition of deferring to public opinion, when his principles differ from those which the majority may seem to have, is to ask him to keep a place when it is worse than useless to possess it, and a place as to which everything held out as an inducement to retain it, ought to act as an inducement to relinquish it. But he may make himself perfectly easy upon that matter, because if he and public opinion really differ, the course is plain. Let another man take his place. He may be quite sure that if his principles are right he will come back, or if not he, somebody else will come back who is better able to carry them out than he is; and what is true about a member of the Government, what I feel true as a member of the Cabinet, I feel also true in that Parliamentary position which I have so long held as your member. There is no position which I feel it so great a pride and pleasure to hold as that of being your representative, so long as you can repose trust in me, upon the understanding that I do what, after the fullest, deepest consideration, I think to be right; but

when that time ceases, with a feeling of strong friendship one towards another, we must part.

Probably if any of the three great Ministers we have named had been asked their opinion on this point, they would have readily subscribed to Mr. Forster's doctrine. Yet it is their course on these great occasions that has shaken the faith of Englishmen in the independence of their statesmen. What common error was it that led them into a position so revolting to their natural instincts?

Something must no doubt be allowed for individual peculiarities. The Duke of Wellington held to the old maxims of loyalty in all their rigour, at a time when a Minister had become rather the servant of the House of Commons than of the Crown: and he acted on the doctrine which seems extravagant now, that a public man is bound to provide his Sovereign with a Government, even at the cost of his own opinions. Sir Robert Peel was an uncommunicative man, having little power of understanding other minds or being understood by them, and he probably, like Dr. Newman about the same period, deceived his followers without knowing it. Had he been able to lay bare to them the processes of his mind in 1841, it is probable that they would not have carried him to power as a great Protectionist champion. Lord Derby was in the peculiar and most pitiable condition of holding power on the sufferance of an adverse majority. A leader in that position has perpetually to choose between trenching on the principles of his party, or sacrificing the personal interests of his partisans. Perhaps also his judgment was in some measure biassed by a feeling that his opponents had not been playing fair: that they had used Reform much as Titus Oates had used 'the plot,' bringing out at a time only just so much of it as was needed for the purposes of its self-appointed guardian. But these peculiarities in the character or position of the three statesmen will not account for the phenomenon. For in peculiarities of this kind there is nothing unexampled; but this series of three conversions to the creed of a defeated opponent, happening to the same party, almost in the same generation, is surely a misfortune that has never happened before to any cause in any age or nation.

These paradoxical results could only indicate that the able men under whose guidance they occurred must have stood in a fatally false position—must have utterly misconceived the conditions under which they were working. They failed to read the riddle of their time. They did not see that a great shifting of political power was taking place,

which gave a new meaning to old words. The beginning of the period covered by these three conversions accurately marked the time when royal and noble power was being thrust aside. If not wholly extinguished, it was restricted to matters of mere detail; and with it disappeared the independence of Governments. The democratic power was assuming the mastery—a power capricious, and often apathetic upon matters of secondary importance, but, upon questions of the first rank, beyond all other political powers imperious and stubborn. The days of governing were gone by. It was easy—comparatively easy—to govern when there were only a sovereign and a handful of nobles to persuade; at least it was never difficult for a Minister to resist any course of policy he disliked. In the whole of the previous hundred and thirty years there was no instance of a Minister falling for refusing to sanction some organic change. But the popular power, which had dethroned all other powers, required not men to rule or to persuade it, but men to do its work. A Minister has since that time become again in great questions of policy simply and really a servant, though not a servant of the Crown. It is well for him if he is in hearty sympathy with his masters; he can then do without misgiving or reproach the work he is hired to do. But whether he sympathizes or not, he is there, not to command, but to obey. He is driven by a will far too masterful for at least any individual of our supple generation to resist. If he accepts and retains what is called power, under the delusion that he can serve the people and yet retain a will of his own, the result will surely be that he will find himself toiling, arguing, intriguing, entreating, to pass the very measures which it has been his most earnest aspiration from his youth upward to resist.

Nor is he any longer quite free to escape from his servitude. His power of resignation has been as much curtailed as his other powers. A Prime Minister's obligations towards his personal adherents have much changed. The purchase of political support is, indeed, no new thing. Under whatever form or veil, it is as much an essential part of free Government as terror is an essential part of absolute Government. Government has, therefore, always been carried on in part by the purchase of support ever since the Revolution of 1688; and in the last century the business was done much more corruptly and offensively than it is now. But this very change—the very diminution, large as it has been, of the purchasing power of the Crown—has aggravated a Minister's

dependence. When he paid in cash down for the support he received, the bargain was complete ; his obligations were discharged, and he was free. But he cannot pay in ready money now, and therefore he remains in debt. He pays in places, in honours, in careers, given as opportunity arises, and consequently deferred, as regards the large majority of those who, at any one time, think they have claims. These hopes are contingent on the Minister's clinging to power. His tenure of office, therefore, is no longer his own : it is pledged. The hopes of a multitude of devoted followers would be cut short by his premature resignation, like early blossoms by a spring frost. They argue with logic that seems irresistible, 'The measures in issue are sure to be passed by one side or the other. The policy must be the same whichever side is in ; why should we not have the spoils as well as our opponents ?' The moral pressure of such claims upon a leader is enormous ; and modern statesmen are not made to resist pressure.

The statesmen in question felt themselves under a pressure that was, doubtless, perplexing, because comparatively new. Their instinct told them that, in some form or other, the outside demand would probably be satisfied ; that the Parliamentary force ranged against it was inadequate to repel it. On the other hand, their supposed duty to the Crown and their partisans urged them to remain in office. The interpretation they gave to this conflict of obligations is much to be deplored. The course of our recent history would have been differently shaped if the Conservatives had never surrendered in office the pledges of opposition. The changes made would have contained a smaller admixture of evil ; and the force organized to resist further change would have commanded the unsuspecting adhesion of all the Conservative elements in the country. Our part, however, is not to blame them, but to draw guidance from their errors. The moral which their history preaches is a warning against Governments which are conducted by what is nominally or virtually the weaker side. As the power of the democracy increases, it is becoming more and more imperative upon every party that cherishes its political honour to abstain from office unless it has the full and unambiguous support of the constituencies. Statesmen must banish from their minds the old illusion that place means power. At best it means employment under a master with whom you agree. If you do not agree with him it is a debasing servitude. Chance majorities, made up of incongruous elements only brought together by some passing discon-

tent, will be no trustworthy substitute for such an agreement. The ill-compacted mass separates at the first shock, and the Minister who relied on it must seek his support elsewhere. The favour of the Crown is now but a feeble instrument to enable him to procure fresh support ; he must seek it and pay for it, in the more substantial coinage of some degrading compliance. In a victory won by the coalition of hostile parties, the half of the coalition which reaps its reward in policy is the half which does not reap its reward in places. The Conservative leaders can only escape from adding another to the sinister successes of which their last half-century's annals are made up, by resolutely refusing to avail themselves of any chance of office which may be opened to them by allies of whose general support they are not assured.

It may seem that to press this point on the attention of the Opposition just now, when the Ministry have a majority of not less than seventy, is a superfluous precaution. Probably, until next election, this is true. The House of Commons is very wayward ; but it is always recalled from its wanderings by the threat of being sent to that bourne from which a third of it will not return. But, if appearances may be trusted, it will some day be thought docile and submissive by those who have experience of its successor. The Conservatives hope, apparently not without reason, that the election will add materially to their numbers. Thus the relative strength of parties will be more even ; and the power, and consequent exactions, of the more unstable portion of the majority will be much increased. And that majority is likely to consist, more largely than at present, of ill-fitting sections. The Home Rulers will no longer be a small fraction of the Irish representation ; and their object will naturally be to make their presence as disagreeable as possible to the House of Commons, in order that that body may favour their speedy migration to College Green. The class of voters whom the Trades Unions represent, refuse to regard themselves any longer as merged in the Liberal party. They are insisting upon representatives of their own ; and the Liberal managers will be compelled—if we may judge by the experience of Preston—to concede this demand, on pain of provoking a dangerous abstention of working-men from the polls. Great cries are wanting ; and in the absence of great cries, party discipline languishes, and little sections form themselves each round the banner of its own small fanaticism. All these influences will tend to give us a House of Commons in which the Ministerial majority will be both

smaller and less homogeneous than the present. It will give smaller opportunities for those ingenious combinations, which promise to take off for a night, into the Opposition lobby, the small balance of voters, whose allegiance constitutes the title by which our executive holds its power. Mr. Glyn's heart will be made sore by an incessant series of small insurrections. He will pass his life, like the later Roman Emperors, in rushing from one frontier to another, summoned by the news of an ever fresh revolt. In short, it seems likely to be a repetition of the Palmerston Parliament, with a more unmanageable majority. Will there be a Palmerston there to manage it?

Such marvellous dexterity as that by which he contrived to keep power for six years, with a majority of not more than twenty, is not likely to be repeated. The danger, therefore, of a period of vacillating majorities, and frequent Ministerial changes, is not chimerical; and of course such periods offer to the Conservatives a chance, if they choose to use it, of a brief taste of office. But they will be falling into the most dangerous error they can commit, if they suffer themselves to be entrapped by any such accident into another minority Government. It may be said—and on such occasions is said—that a Government there must be; and that if the Liberal leaders have resigned in a huff, the Conservatives are bound to come to the rescue of the Crown, however difficult their task may be. No doubt when Lord Derby three times took office with a minority, some such motive actuated him; for his dislike of minority Governments had been strongly expressed, and was well known. But the doctrine belonged to days when the Crown was able to rally support round the Minister of its choice. The position into which Lord Derby was driven by obeying it, is a warning to future statesmen that it has no meaning or application in the present day. No man is bound to desert his convictions; and that is the only condition under which a Minister, unsupported by a majority in the constituencies, can serve his Sovereign now. The constituencies have assumed the unrestricted power of selecting the party which is to govern; and it is their business to find a statesman in that party to do their work.

The Conservatives have their special duties to the Constitution; and finding forced labour to assist in Radical demolitions is not among them. Whenever legislation, assailing the property of corporations or individuals, and all new attempts to shift political power shall fall thoroughly out of favour with the nation—when the present mania for restricting individual liberty shall be worn

out—the time for the Conservative party to accept office will have arrived; but as long as such legislation is demanded, they cannot propose it. They can only gain the custom of the nation by offering their own wares. They cannot compete for it, as they are often recommended to do, by offering the wares of their rivals, slightly varied in pattern. They are often taunted that they have no programme and no policy; and told that until they can get one, they have no hope of supplanting their adversaries. If by “programme” and “policy” is meant a scheme of change, the assertion is not only accurate but complimentary. That Conservatism implies conservation and not change, would seem to be a truism. It seems equally obvious that a list of exciting changes can no more be offered by a policy of conservation, than military glory can be extracted from a policy of peace. In truth, such a reproach wholly ignores, not merely the nature of the Conservative party in particular, but of English parties generally. Competition for office will exist in every community; but the character of the motives which work it, ranges from lofty devotion to low greed, according to the character of the community, and of the controversies which engage public attention. In a settled despotism, or in an extreme democracy, in either of which organic changes are too improbable to become prominent subjects of controversy, parties are mere joint-stock companies for the acquisition of place and pay. In such cases a statesman could not desert his colours, because he would have no colours to desert. He offers his services like any other professional man, to do the work set him by his employer; and though he may have predilections for one mode of action over another, just as an architect may prefer one style to another, neither he nor the architect is bound in honour to adhere to any particular combination of ideas. In this state of things politics become a purely selfish pursuit; the art required in them is of a disreputable kind, and the word ‘politician’ as now in America, or ‘courtier,’ as here in old time, becomes a term of reproach. On the other hand there are states in the opposite condition, where organic controversies are pushed to extremity; where parties are dynastic, where real opposition can only take the form of conspiracy, and changes of power are effected by revolution. In such a case—of which instances enough are to be found in our time—party spirit wears its most attractive, though not its most beneficial aspect; for selfishness is banished, from the beaten side at least, by the very extent of the risk incurred. But the case of English parties, and of all parties where there

is a constitutional system resting on general consent, is very different from either of these two extremes. The motive-force of our political machinery is something better than pure self-interest; and though the battles of our parties do not at present concern the very foundations of the State, and they do not desire to exterminate each other, there is enough left of enthusiasm for a cause to appeal to the higher class of motives, and to bring the nobler spirits into the political arena. The mere trader in politics will occasionally intrude; but he is at present happily the exception. Neither party is as yet largely infected with the spirit which provides political principles, as market-gardeners provide vegetables, to meet the tastes of the public.

To suggest to the Conservatives to compete with their opponents by presenting a rival programme of change, is to ask them to descend from the higher to the lower type of politicians. They and their opponents have not the same objects in view and do not appeal to the same kind of support. The two parties represent two opposite moods of the English mind, which may be trusted, unless past experience is wholly useless, to succeed each other from time to time. Neither of them, neither the love of organic changes nor the dislike of it, can be described as normal to a nation. In every nation, they have succeeded each other at varying intervals during the whole of the period which separates its birth from its decay. Each finds in the circumstances and constitution of individuals a regular support which never deserts it. Among men, the old, the phlegmatic, the sober-minded, among classes, those who have more to lose than to gain by change, furnish the natural Conservatives. The young, the envious, the restless, the dreaming, those whose condition cannot easily be made worse, will be *rerum novarum cupidi*. But the two camps together will not nearly include the nation; for the vast mass of every nation is unpolitical. From time to time, as its own special requirements may urge or discourage change, or more often in pursuance of the lessons which the experience of some foreign country seems to teach, it gives its confidence to one school or the other; and the rejected party must live through the winter of its discontent as best it may. It must be satisfied to use such strength as it retains to mitigate the action of its opponent, or to strengthen the best element in its opponent's councils. But the parties cannot change policies: they cannot adopt each other's parts. The Conservatism of Liberals will be hypocritical: the Liberalism of Conservatives will be clumsy and probably extra-

vagant. As long as things go on in their normal course, as long as each party pursues its appointed career in patience and integrity, any change in the inclinations of the nation will be always surely followed by a change in the persons of its rulers. Neither the nation at large, nor the better portion of the adherents of either party will tolerate that one party should 'steal the clothes' of the other. When in 1829 the Duke of Wellington, in obedience to what he thought an irresistible necessity for change, used a Tory following to do Liberal work, the rebuke that followed was prompt and severe. He found himself paralysed in his resistance to the onset of the Reformers, meeting with lethargy and mistrust even in the portion of the community that was least disposed towards Reform. They remembered and condemned, not the Act of 1829, but the hand that passed it.

The excuse for the Duke of Wellington is, that where a party has been for a long time in office, it comes to attribute to itself a proprietary right to office. The Opposition is looked upon as a permanent background to the pleasing picture; the idea of its ever again obtaining power appears as monstrous and revolutionary as if it were a proposal on the part of the background to become the foreground. Sydney Smith tells us of that period that 'there seemed as much probability of a Whig Ministry as of a thaw in Zembla.' This notion was naturally fully shared by the Tory leaders; and they could not admit the idea of sacrificing power with a still intact majority, because the exigency of events appeared to force them to borrow their opponent's policy. Now, after forty years of almost unbroken power, the Liberal party is wrapt in a similar complacency. Some of its less eager members seem to be contemplating without misgiving the growth of what is termed 'Conservative reaction'—in other words the increasing aversion of the nation to organic change: believing that the Liberal party can accommodate itself according to need to either mood. Old Reformers who have done reforming, are the fittest rulers they think for a nation which is much in the same case. On the principle that there is no gamekeeper like an old poacher, there is no bulwark of our institutions so trustworthy as a promoted Radical. As far as regards particular individuals, this philosophy may be true; but as regards the real Liberal party, it is as unsubstantial a dream as the idea that the Conservatives can put forth a competing programme of change. Neither one party nor the other can renounce the conditions of its existence. Members or sections of the Liberal party may fall away,

but the ranks will be filled up, and the main body will go on. It exists to accomplish, not any particular change, but change in the abstract. The discontent, the envy, the visionary dreams, which furnish it with recruits, exist independently of any particular institutions, and always will exist however largely any set of institutions may be changed. The Liberals themselves do not conceal this doctrine. It has been loudly preached of late to the Government, who are suspected of backsliding, by the authorized prophets of Liberalism. In one of those lectures we were recently told, 'The Liberal party can only keep together, as it is ever on the march. To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new is its perpetual impulse.* This is the uniform tenour of their language. The consequence is that the genuine and hearty members of the party have two programmes : an exoteric programme for to-morrow, an esoteric one for the day after to-morrow. It is not very discreet in any of them to betray this peculiarity ; but they are occasionally compelled to do it by the pressure of outspoken friends. Early in the year Mr. Stansfeld explained to his constituents that his acquiescence in the Church Establishment, and his consent to encourage religious education, were merely measures of expediency ; and that he was looking forward to the time when he could enter freely upon a new career of organic change. Mr. Baxter was pressed last summer by a constituent to vote for Mr. Miall's motion, and if necessary to resign his office, in order to obtain liberty to do so. Mr. Baxter, while avowing that his dislike of Established Churches was as keen as ever, declined to accept this friendly advice, and his reason for doing so is instructive :—

'At a time when our opponents are carrying seat after seat, we must take care not to play into their hands by giving a place in the programme of the party to questions not yet quite ripe for legislative action . . . I have not the slightest intention of resigning my post in a Ministry, which has already done so much for the Liberal cause, because it is beyond their power, the people not being prepared for it, to give perfect religious equality to England as well as Ireland.'

If the announcement were not so very frank, the strategy might possibly be characterized as dishonest. You cannot complain that a man cheats you, if, before beginning to play, he tells you that he means to put the honours up his sleeve. But nothing can be clearer than the explanation that he gives of the real significance of 'Liberal moderation.' It simply means that seat after seat is being

won by the other side. When these accidents happen, the ulterior programme without being in any way repudiated is put for the moment out of sight. But its temporary disappearance is only due to the exigency of the moment. As soon as, by keeping the programme carefully clear of questions 'not yet quite ripe,' the alarm of the electors has been appeased, and new strength has been obtained for the party, the process of subversion by which and for which it exists, will commence again. It cannot be otherwise. The forces which drive them, the passions which feed them, can never rest. If they have their way they must find as fast as one institution falls another to succeed it as the object of attack, and then another, and another, till incessant change has issued in decay, and the span of national life is run through.

It is in the results of this 'perpetual impulse' that the future prospects of the Conservative party probably lie. Though the tendencies of human nature which create a party of change, calling itself progressive in all communities, will compel it to be 'ever on the march,' it will by no means take with it all who have marched with it thus far. We do not speak merely of the defection of individuals, but of classes. That new enterprises should require new leaders, and that old leaders, who are passed over should be disgusted is neither new nor very important. The French Revolution is, in brief, the picture of all revolutionary epochs, long or short. The leaders who swore the Tennis Court oath are disposed of amid the contempt of their followers long before the movement has reached its Thermidor. But the defection of powerful classes is a much more fatal matter. It is notorious that the heterogeneous body now known as the Liberal party contains powerful elements which are only Liberal up to a certain point. It would be too long to inquire into the complicated causes which have numbered in the ranks of the party of change, large sections of the community to whom change has little to offer. The most potent cause of all has been hostility to the privileges of the Established Church. The hatred of the extremest Protestants to all the ancient forms of discipline, the aversion of Latitudinarians to systems of dogma, have bound the cultivated Whig with the wealthy Quaker or Baptist in a common revolt against our ecclesiastical constitution ; and as long as this question would furnish the staple of politics they worked together heartily enough with the forces of democracy. Causes of less importance contributed to make this co-operation easier. The

* 'Daily News,' May 23, 1872.

Whig party was a tradition from times when the battle for freedom and security meant a struggle against monarchical power; and the potent phrases invented then retained their power long after the realities of which they were born had passed away. Middle-class Liberalism—so far as it was not Puritan in its origin—was a rising against the concentration of patronage and power in the hands of the nobility which existed before 1832. Under the influence of the Corn Law disputes, it was largely reinforced by the jealousy of mercantile and manufacturing wealth against the older and more honoured property in land. A flavour of romance was added to all these ingredients by the sympathy for foreign conspiracies and insurrections which was fashionable some five-and-twenty years ago. The brutalities of some of the Continental despots, and the imbecility of the Papal Government, excited much compassion among all classes; and by a convenient process of substitution they were all debited to the account of the English Tory party.

But all this is ancient history now. The political doctrines which grew up in the infancy of the Whig party cannot by any violence be wrested to the use of present controversies. The Corn Law dispute is forgotten as Lancashire elections testify. The jealousies of manufacturing against agricultural wealth have died away with the disappearance of all shadow of a cause; for the jealousies of classes cannot, like the jealousies of lovers, sustain life upon 'trifles light as air.' The Continental despots are highly popular with their subjects: in fact the only unstable Governments in Christian Europe at this moment are the Republic of France and the two very Liberal monarchies of the House of Savoy. Even the Church is not the bond of common hatred that it was between democracy and its well-to-do allies. All its more assailable points have been carried; and its inner citadel will be, as Mr. Baxter feels, a 'big job' for the politicians who undertake to storm it. Moreover, the intellectual movement of the day is in its favour, as far as its secular interests are concerned. The rapid spread of infidel ideas among the literary class has dwarfed the differences which separate the Church from the Dissenters, and has somewhat deadened their desire to despoil the endowments which sustain so much religious teaching in this country. Thus the stream of political strife, for the moment at least, seems to be leaving the Church upon one side. The scheme of political philosophy which under one form or another is hostile to property, appears to be attracting more attention and support. It has all the charm

of a new and only half-explored field of operation. It promises to secure the alliance of the only large unappropriated class—the proletariat—the value of whose aid is as yet unknown, and therefore probably exaggerated. Of course, among various kinds of property, land stands first on the list for attack. In this direction all the more prominent men of the advanced Liberal school are directing their energies. The Cobden Club—which promises to astonish some of the Whig magnates who have made speeches at its banquets—is taking the subject up with an effusion of well-picked statistics. Mr. Mill has long been recommending this enterprise to his followers; and it excites much enthusiasm among the small but venomous clique of Academical Radicals whom he may be said to have created. Unprejudiced observers coming from abroad, and anxious to win their spurs in English politics—such as Sir George Grey from New Zealand, and Lord Napier from Madras—have selected this as offering the most promising foothold for attack. The proletariat, as represented by Mr. Odger and Citizens Vesinier and Hales, are not unwilling to join; only they will not be content unless the capitalist, against whom they are personally much more exasperated, is put under the same harrow with the landlord. Mr. Odger's plan, as is well known, is simply to buy up all the land—in what coin, and from what fund, remains to be explained. Mr. Mill proposes only to confiscate the increase of it, offering to buy, if the landowner should under his dispensation be disposed to sell. Lord Napier would be content with laying a rate upon every landowner to build whatever number of cottages the 'sanitary authority' might think suitable for his estate. Other plans still more vague and declamatory have been shadowed forth. The time in truth for detailed plans has hardly come yet—if it is ever to come. At present there is nothing but the zeal and the practical ignorance peculiar to a very young movement. But there is enough to show that here, now that the old Liberal platform is quite used up, the planks for a new structure must be sought.

Of course it is evident that, upon the doctrine of the 'perpetual impulse' preached by the 'Daily News,' the subversive movement must attempt to reach property sooner or later. Professor Seeley, in calling it 'the great monopoly,' clearly shows the character it must always bear in the mind of a thoroughgoing logical champion of complete equality. Such a reasoner must feel that it is to no purpose that, at the cost of infinite agitation, privileges have been abolished, and rank reduced to a mere

name. As long as property remains, inequality will not be the accident, but the characteristic of society. But all who have hitherto joined in the Liberal campaign are not followers of complete equality. This question will be the touchstone of the true disciple. The Liberal party cannot avoid entering upon it unless it gives up altogether its journey in quest of 'pastures new.' Yet it is in this dilemma that, while if it stands still, it renounces the condition of its existence, if it goes on it parts with a large portion of its adherents. The advocates of organic change have met hitherto with a resistance so feeble and divided, that they do not believe in the possibility of defeat. They picture to themselves the future of the world's history as this—that they and their successors shall go on for ever preaching fresh changes, which the world with a little coy reluctance will go on perpetually accepting. This is the philosophy which conquerors have always learned from a career of victory, and always learned to their ruin. But it is obvious that, if a society possesses any cohesion at all, a point in the series of changes must be reached at last in which the interests that defend will be stronger than the passions that assail. As Radicals instinctively attack the weakest points first, their operations necessarily become more difficult as they advance. The irritated victims of what is called 'progressive' legislation increase with every step it makes; at last they become strong enough to make an effectual stand. Nothing is so likely to reach this limiting point as an inroad upon the rights of property. This will probably be the file upon which the serpent's tooth will break at last. France has shown how savagely and how successfully even landed property can turn upon its assailants. English landed property is comparatively at a disadvantage for purposes of defence in some respects. The great prosperity of commerce has called away the smaller capitalists from the land, and has left it to find a market only among the rich, who buy it as an agreeable, rather than as a lucrative investment. It follows that proprietors of agricultural land are less numerous, and therefore in troubled times less strong. On the other hand, England possesses no such debased mob as that of Paris: and no centralization to place the reins of power within reach of an urban revolt.

But whatever the ultimate issue may be of the campaign against property which the advanced and genuine Liberals are opening, it must have the effect of separating from them the section who, for want of a better name, are called the moderate Liberals. In

a silent informal manner the process has been going on for some years. Many circumstances combine to indicate a gradual drift of the well-to-do classes towards Conservative opinions. The changed tone of the country constituencies ever since the death of Lord Palmerston is especially noteworthy in this respect. But a solution of party ties which is easy to the obscure, is made more difficult to prominent men by many causes. In the first place, there is the intense distaste which most men feel for the severance of old companionship. Then there is the dislike to part with traditional names, and epithets, and phrases, honoured by the homage of great names, though unmeaning now. Then the peculiar strategy of the Conservatives, on which we have already commented, has not been of a character to invite conversions. Rome would have made few converts of late years if it had been currently thought an even chance that she would at some early date declare her acceptance of the Shorter Catechism. Doubtless also the persistence of the present obsolete lines of party division has been in a degree due to personal considerations too transitory to need discussion. All these circumstances have hindered, and will continue to hinder; but the causes at work are too powerful to be permanently checked by obstacles like these. The Radicals must demand what the moderate Liberals cannot concede: unless the one are prepared to renounce all their ideas, or the other to renounce their rights of property. The connexion between the two sections has been more than once severely strained, and unless the Radicals are prepared to give up what they call 'progress,' it must be more and more strained as time goes on. How far the moderate Liberals will be willing to endure this strain—how soon they will muster resolution to refuse the further aid of their numbers to the triumph of Radical ideas—will depend entirely on the integrity and the unselfishness displayed by the Conservative party. When two sets of politicians are at one upon the most pressing questions of the day, it is pretty certain that they will work together; and if they have a dangerous enemy to contend with, they will soon find themselves forced, not only to work together, but formally to combine. Such a result cannot permanently be prevented by blunders or reluctance on either side. But it may be deferred for a much longer time than is consistent with the public welfare, in two ways. It can be hindered by the jealousies of prominent men; or by any general distrust attaching to the intentions of the Conservative party itself. The proverbial

difficulty of the groom, who had thirteen horses to put into twelve stalls, is only in an aggravated form the difficulty of all associations of men, who desiring a common object have occasion to unite. Dynastic or political parties, sects or railway companies, seeking to effect a fusion with their nearest neighbours, are all afflicted with the same perplexity. To put it in the language of the last named interest—what is to be done with the spare directors? In the present case it only requires to mention such a difficulty to dismiss it. If the Conservative party should ever, in dealing with the larger questions that are impending, come to form part of a larger organization, it is obvious that many politicians, who have been prominent champions of Conservative opinions, will fall into the background. In proportion to the extent of such a fusion, and, therefore, in proportion to its value for the institutions which Conservatives are anxious to protect, it will hinder the career of individual statesmen. Moreover an agreement directed wholly to future questions, and concerned with them alone, might be embarrassed if coupled with the names of men too prominently associated with the differences of the past. If Conservatives and a portion of the Whigs can ever agree to act together, it will probably be under statesmen of the latter type that the co-operation will be most easy and effectual. But the party would be utterly unworthy of its mission if it allowed difficulties of this order to be a serious hindrance.

A more substantial danger may be caused by premature efforts of the party itself. There has been a tendency sometimes to despair under the long exclusion from power which it has suffered; and plans are occasionally suggested for abridging these weary wanderings in the desert by an illegitimate short cut. Certainly advice to that effect has not been wanting from the other side. Critics belonging to the opposite camp are singularly fond of giving advice to the Conservative party. Sometimes they lecture it upon the principles which it would be proper in them as Conservatives to adopt; sometimes they disinterestedly point out the shortest road to office; at others they kindly help the party to choose its leaders. The practice is a very favourite pastime with Liberal writers and speakers. Mr. Gladstone pushed it to caricature at Wakefield last year, when, in the most friendly tone, he recommended the Conservatives to devote themselves mainly to foreign politics, for the purpose of propagating Liberal ideas upon the Continent. With respect to all this various counsel, it is no want of charity

to say that advice is likely to be influenced by the object which the giver has in view; and that the displacement of their own party from power is not precisely the chief object present to the minds of this class of counsellors. The advice all practically resolves itself into this—'Try a little Liberalism. It has kept us forty years in power; what may it not do for you?' Setting aside all objections of principle, such advice embodies the worst blunder that Conservatives could commit. If any political forces now severed from the Tory party should desire to unite with them, it will not be for the purpose of getting Radical measures from them in a Tory dress. If people want Liberalism, they will go to the original patentees of the article. If they come to Conservatives, it is because they want conservatism. Efforts to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds are arduous for an individual; hopeless for a party. If advanced Liberals occasionally praise, and try to use, some Tory chief or section, it is not because their confidence has been won: they will only squeeze out of him what can be got; and then fling him aside in derision. But though it is impossible to gain their permanent support, it is very easy to inspire distrust among the class of men from whom alone the Conservatives can hope for effective reinforcement.

We have given our reasons for believing that a considerable accession of force to the Conservative cause cannot be far distant. We think it to be their wisest policy to act with this object in view. But even if there were no ground for this hope, the duty of the party at the present juncture would not be materially affected. There is nothing in the present aspect of affairs to discourage them. For that limited portion of the party who may hope to enjoy the advantages of office, the prospect, in the absence of such a reinforcement as we have indicated, is, no doubt, less encouraging. But for that far larger portion—who have no other motive for the toil of political life except the preservation of the institutions which remain to us—there is abundant work to do, and no lack of power to do it. Certainly it was cheerless work enough during the dreary period immediately succeeding the last dissolution, when divisions were a mere form, and Mr. Glyn might with perfect safety have written the journals of the House beforehand. But that state of things—the product of a very peculiar crisis—has passed away and is not likely to return. The Opposition can hardly fail to grow stronger, or the Ministerial party to become more united. This is not a state of things wholly

unfavourable to Conservative objects. If it tends to paralyze all legislation, comfort is to be found in the consideration, that, as matters stand, more bad measures than good are thereby arrested. A very strong Conservative Government is, of course, the condition of things we should most desire. But next to it a weak Liberal Government is most advantageous for the country. It may be painful to see our friends deprived of office; but it is pleasant under such circumstances to reflect that half the Liberals who are now sitting on the Treasury Bench, silenced and tame, would, if they were in Opposition, be shouting fiercely for revolutionary legislation. It is worth while buying their acquiescence in our detested institutions at so cheap a price. Nor, if the immediate future is likely to be free from

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organic conflicts, will the action of a strong Conservative Opposition be less valuable on that account. We are promised an era of 'social' legislation—for which, doubtless, there is an ample field. In helping good work from whatever quarter it comes—in detecting and resisting all projects of Radical change which come in the sheep's clothing of philanthropic movements—the strength of the Conservative party will be usefully employed. Whatever interval of time—be it long or short—be destined to elapse before they resume a formal control over the government of the nation, their influence will still be deeply felt. In vigilantly practising the duties of Opposition, they will be exercising real power; in accepting office prematurely, they will be seeking not power, but servitude in disguise.